Caught.

Mr. Slimpurse—Do you know that ice cream, instead of making one cooler, makes one warmer?

Pretty Girl—When did you hear that?

"I have known it for years."

"Humph! Strange that you did not think to mention it last winter."

Tough Songs.

"There are some songs that will never die," said the musical enthusiast.

"I guess that's right," answered Mr. Comrox. "My daughter sits down at the piano and tries to kill a few of 'em every evening. But it's no use."—Washington Star.

Bench and Bar

THE MOTHER'S RIGHT.

"I once knew of a legal dispute about a child which ended in a way that somehow reminded me of the judgment of Solomon," said Lawyer George A. Dupuy. "It happened that in a St. Louis hospital a young woman whose husband had left her gave birth to a child. She was a very poor young woman, friendless and unfortunate. In her extremity of poverty, on the advice of some humane person, she agreed to leave her infant for adoption. Sorrowfully parting from it, she went away to her home in a remote part of Missouri.

"The child was adopted by a well-to-do family at Litchfield, Ill. There for several months it was cared for tenderly. Then, one day, the mother appeared on the scene. Her husband, having acquired some means, had returned to her, whereupon she determined, if possible, to regain possession of her child.

"'I have come for my baby,' she timidly said on reaching its home in Litchfield.

"For answer the woman who had adopted the child produced a revolver. 'You get out of here,' she said. 'If you touch that child I'll blow your head off.'

"The mother brought proceedings in court for the recovery of the child. The case brought a big crowd of farming folk one day into the courtroom at Hillsboro, the county seat of Montgomery County. Judge Phillips, afterward of the Supreme Court of Illinois, presided. The case lasted far into the night, and the scene in the crowded and lighted courtroom was dramatic. The rival claimants for the little morsel of humanity of course were there, the mother pale and anxious, the other woman with the child, beautifully dressed in rich materials, in her lap. While the woman who had adopted the child was giving her testimony the judge directed that the mother be allowed to hold it. The affecting way the parent wept over and caressed the child, and the way it clung and cuddled to her, as if by instinct, produced a deep impression in court.

"It was after midnight when Judge Phillips rendered his decision to the effect that there having been no regular legal form of adoption the child should be returned to its mother. The latter, on hearing this, fainted and was carried out of the courtroom. Then the other woman with stern determination proceeded before the spectators to strip the baby of all its costly finery and to dress it in the poor garments in which she had received it."—Chicago News.

THEY GAVE A BABY BALL.

MR. AND MRS. HAGGIN.

Mr. and Mrs. James B Haggin gave a "baby ball" at their palace, in Lexington, Ky. Men and women were dressed in infants' attire. The favors consisted of children's playthings, although many of the articles were adorned with costly jewels.

A Sarcastic Bishop.

Many good anecdotes are told of the late Bishop Dudley. He could administer a rebuke delicately; but on occasions he took care to see that the point was plain. One of the wealthiest members of his church, as well as one of the "closest," told him he was going abroad.

"I have never been on the ocean," he said to the bishop, "and I would like to know something that would keep me from getting sea-sick."

"You must swallow a sixpence," responded the bishop. "You'll never give that up."

Don't Brag.

"Don' brag because you happens to be a little lucky," said Uncle Eben. "If de hen wouldn't cackle so loud about de egg she done laid de white folks wouldn' be so li'ble to rob de nes'."—Washington Star.

We believe we never knew any one who didn't talk too much about the weather.

Remember the Gas.

The wedding was to occur soon, and she was telling her mother about her plans.

"When Fred is out late at night," she said, "I shall not scold him. I shall try to be reasonable. I think I shall go so far as to keep a light burning for him to make him cheery when he returns."

Her mother was silent.

"Don't you think it would be a good idea to keep the light burning?" she persisted.

"Well, it might do very well for the first month or so. But after you have paid a few gas bills you'll probably conclude that it will be just as well to put the matches where he can find them and turn the light out."

The Sun Bath.

When plants are sickly we put them in the sunlight, water them, and nurse them back to life Why not give our bodies the same care? Let the tired, worn out, nervous woman try sun treatment. Put on a light, clean wrapper, let the hair down, take an easy chair, and go into the back yard and sit in the sun for an hour. If you fall asleep, so much the better. Let the perspiration flow freely. After the sun bath go in and take a bath, rubbing the body briskly all over. Cool off away from a draught; dress, and you will feel like a new woman in the best sense. Take the baths often.

Growth of European Population.

Few persons have any idea of the extraordinary manner in which the population of Europe has increased during the last century. Acording to statisticians this population has more than doubled itself from 1880 to 1900. To this increase the Latin nations of the west and southwest contributed the least and the greatest growth was in the east, where the people have not yet become thoroughly saturated with the ideas of modern civilization.

An Unfortunate Choice.

Mrs. Black, with a family of eight, could keep a cook, but Mrs. Green, who paid the same wages and whose family numbered only two, experienced the greatest difficulty in persuading one to stay with her. Mrs. Green was troubled about it, and naturally sought suggestions wherever she could get them. One day the two women happened to meet at a news dealer's stand.

"I'm buying," explained Mrs. Black, "a Swedish newspaper for my cook. She likes to read, and I take one home to her occasionally."

"Why!" exclaimed Mrs. Green. "I wonder if that's the reason you're so successful in keeping a girl. I've always wanted to know the secret."

"Possibly it's one of the reasons," admitted Mrs. Black.

"I'm going to try it myself," announced Mrs. Green, promptly taking a copy of the same paper.

A week later the two women met again near an agency where Mrs. Green was looking for a new cook.

"Well," asked Mrs. Black, smiling, "how did the newspaper scheme work?"

"It didn't work at all," confessed Mrs. Green. "I bought a Swedish paper, and the girl was a Finn."

Don't Grit Your Teeth.

"No teeth to fill," the dentist said to the man in the chair, "but you are grinding off your teeth more than you ought to. Do you grit your teeth in your sleep?"

And the man said he didn't stay awake long enough to know about that, but were they much ground off?

"More than they ought to be at your age," said the dentist. "You have worn the enamel off from some of them and got down to the dentine."

"What's going to happen?" asked the victim.

"Why, if you keep on grinding them off," said the dentist, "the teeth will hollow out and we'll have to put plugs in them with gold tops to give them new grinding surfaces."

This wasn't a very pleasant prospect, so later the man sought to ascertain for himself whether he did grit his teeth unduly. And while he was still unable to stay awake long enough to find out, he did discover that he had a habit at times of gritting his teeth in his waking moments, when he sat back from his work to think of something, for instance. And he made up his mind that he would stop that, anyway, and he hoped that he might thus stop grinding his teeth in his sleep, if he did so grind them. For, fine as they might be, he didn't want any of those nice little gold-capped plugs put in his teeth if he could help it.—New York Sun.