A Question of Age.

Freddy—And can you really and truly remember Abraham Lincoln?

Grandpa— Why, yes, of course. You see, I'm a great deal older than you are.

Freddy—Say, grandpa, how old will I have to be before I can remember him?

A Masculine Lady's Maid.

A Bostonian while exploring the files of a paper printed in his town a century ago came across this rather startling advertisement: "H. Rogers informs those ladies who wish to be dressed by him, either on assembly or ball days, to give him notice the previous day. Ladies who engage to and don't dress must pay half price."

When the Proportion Is Right.

"But true love, you know," urged the young man, "can live on bread and cheese and kisses."

"That may be true when the proportion is right," returned the practical old gentleman, "but, unfortunately, in your case, it is about nine-tenths kisses,"—Chicago Post.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Mere Formality.

Haddon Erve—I want to marry your daughter, sir.

Mr. Goldrox—H'm! What are your prospects?

Haddon Erve—Fine. She's willing, so it doesn't much matter what any one else says.—Philadelphia Press.

Claiming Her Privileges.

"I want it understood, mum," said Bridget before signing with her new mistress, "that I shall have me reg'lar afternoons off during the hot weather without prejudyce to me vacation of wan week in October, mum" —Chicago Tribune.

Well Received.

Simpson—We went out last night to serenade the Perkins girls.

Hopkins—Did it go off all right.

Simpson—Their father threw half a dollar down to us and said please play till daylight—maybe it would help him to get some sleep.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Robbers.

"Henry! Henry!" whispered the wife of the good citizen, "there's a robber in the house."

"Lot's of them," replied Henry, "in the house and senate, too, but they ain't a circumstance to those in the city councils."—Philadelphia Press.

Each Anxious to Try.

"Fame," said the man with the melancholy eye, "is but an empty bubble."

"Yes," answered the friend with long hair "But every man has the idea that if he could get hold of it he could turn it into a dirigible balloon." —Washington Star

Noblesse Oblige.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds you do look so like Lady Plantagenet Gingham that I was own maid to! Are you any relation, ma'am?"

"No—at least no near relation. But you can have that pink silk shirt waist of mine, Nellie."

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Hard Reputation.

"You are wanted in a hurry at Mr. Gazzam's!" cried the youngster, breathlessly.

"Are you sure they sent for me?" asked young Dr. Killiam.

"Yes; they said you could not do any harm, as Mr. Gazzam's dying now."—Philadelphia Press.

Poor Start in Life.

"When I started out in life I didn't have a dollar to my name," said the man who boasts.

"That's notihng," answered his satirical friend. "When I started out I didn't even have all my name It was several weeks before I was christened."—Washington Star.

Just So.

Little Elmer (who has an inquiring mind)—Papa, what is firmness?

Prof. Broadhead — The exercise of will power, my son.

Little Elmer—Well, sir, and what is obstinacy?

Prof. Broadhead—The exercise of won't power, my son.—Puck

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No Gnawing Hunger to Forbid.

Brown—I wonder why big strikes always come on—or come off—in hot weather?

Jones—Oh, in hot weather a man generally gets the idea that he could sustain life on pump water—Chicago Record-Herald

News From the Interior.

"The new telegraph editor is a humorist"

"Well?"

"He heads an account of the cannibal islanders eating the German scientists, 'Trouble in Their Midst' " —Cleveland Plaindealer

Not Interested in Hay.

"They say the hay crop this year will be immense."

"How about the gasoline crop?"

"The what?"

"Hang it, man, didn't you know that I had bought an automobile?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOOD Short Stories

Bishop Philpotts, of Exeter, once went to stay with a friend in Devonshire. "It's a beautiful place, is it not?" remarked somebody upon his return. "Yes," said the Bishop, "it is a beautiful place; if it were mine, I would pull down the house and fill up the pond with it. That would remove two objections."

Attorney Isidor Rayner, one of Rear-Admiral Schley's counsel in the court of inquiry, was once interrupted by Thomas B. Reed, while making a speech in favor of a reduction of the tariff, with the remark: "Did not the gentleman hear my speech Saturday?" "No," replied Rayner, "I was at home preparing a speech of my own."

It is related that Fechter was more than once the victim of an outspoken London gallery-god. On one occasion, in a melodrama, the tragedian was slowly paying over a sum of money to the villain. Everything depended upon whether he had sufficient money for his purpose, and the paying out was most deliberate—so deliberate, indeed, that a member of the audience, wearying of the scene, enlivened the proceedings by yelling: "Say, Mr. Fechter, give him a check."

Once, when the Secretary of War, Elihu Root, had approved a punishment of an offender in the Philippines with a severity which seemed somewhat disproportionate to the crime, a visitor ventured to ask him whether he did not consider such a penalty a good deal like the old law of England which hanged a man for stealing a sheep. "Certainly," was the answer, "and we impose it in the same spirit, not as an expiatory sacrifice, but as a preventive. The thief was hanged, not because a stolen sheep was regarded as worth a human life, but in order that more sheep should not be stolen."

When President Roosevelt was a police commissioner of New York, in 1895, Dr. Ahlwardt, the anti-Semitic agitator from Berlin, visited the metropolis. Not a few of the New York anti-Semites came to Roosevelt in alarm lest the Jews should rise and mob the orator on the night of his first address. The commissioner's response was to select from the whole police force a squad of Hebrews whose physiognomy bespoke their race most conspicuously; these officers he placed in charge of the hall where Ahlwardt was to appear, with a reminder that in this country of free speech they could show their good citizenship in no more striking manner than by protecting the very man who had come to hurl contempt and abuse at their people. The effect of this bit of comedy was to make Ahlwardt ridiculous, and cause his whole crusade to fall pitifully flat.

A wealthy American who took the waters at Carlsbad this summer was given minute instructions by his physician, who dismissed him with this injunction: "As for smoking, you must limit yourself to three cigars daily; three light cigars and no more." After a few days, the patient visited his physician, who asked: "Well, and how are you?" "I should be all right," replied the patient, "but your orders about smoking are difficult to follow." "I am sorry," the doctor said, categorically, "but no more than three cigars a day. You must just put up with it." "But, doctor, it really is an awful business. Wouldn't two a day do? I feel ill every time I smoke." "Why, man, what in the world do you smoke for at all, if that is the case?" the doctor roared. "But, doctor, wasn't it you yourself who said 'three cigars a day and no more?' Of course, I thought they were part of the cure, and began upon them, though I never in my life smoked before."

SQUIRE'S WIFE TIED KNOT.

North Carolina Woman Marries Couple in Husband's Absence.

Squire Wade Bailes is a North Carolina Trial Justice who lives in the neighborhood known as Stewarttown, which is twenty miles from any town.

Half of his house hangs in Chesterfield County, South Carolina, and the other in the Tar-Heel State.

The State of North Carolina requires a license to be obtained for marriages. In South Carolina there is no such restruction.

Because of his location Bailes has found that fees for marriages constitute a large part of his income.

North Carolina couples who are unable or unwilling to pay for a license, or who are in an especial hurry, are invited into the South Carolina side of the house and there the service is performed.

Everything went smoothly until a few days ago. In the absence of the magistrate a young couple drove hastily up and demanded marriage in South Carolina. The squire's wife told them her husband was away. She said that she could perform the service, as she knew it by heart, and also knew the sliding scale of charges.

The young persons were satisfied; they were taken into the house and married.

Several days later, says a Philadelphia North American special, the girl's father heard that a woman had played minister at his daughter's marriage. He promptly procured a license and a preacher and had the knot retied.

Mrs. Bales has been notified not to do any more marrying, but she cannot understand why.

MENDING POCKET KNIVES.

Sentimental Reasons that Lead People to the Cutler's Shop.

A man of an inquiring turn who had read on the front of a cutler's shop the sign, "Pocket Knives Rebladed and Rehandled," and who recalled the fact that, when he was a boy, he used to get a new blade put in sometimes when he broke one out of his knife, found, upon inquiry, that boys still get new blades put in knives as they used to, but that, as a matter of fact, the people who have pocket knives repaired are mostly older persons, and that the knives are likely to be valued for their associations.

"I've carried that knife for fifty years," says one gentleman, and he hands over a knife that he's carried since he was a boy, and that he'd hate to lose.

Many knives brought in for repairs are prized because they are gifts; or they were bought in some foreign country, or they just suit the hand of the man that uses them. There are various more or less sentimental reasons why a man may prefer to keep the old knife rather than discard it for a new one. Then it may be that in some other cases the knife is too valuable to be thrown away. So that first and last and for one reason and another out of the vast number of pocket knives carried a good many come in to be mended.

The repairs made to pocket knives are of a varied character. They may consist, for example, in the putting on of one new pearl side on a pearl-handled knife to replace a side cracked or flawed. With long use the blade at the hinged end or the spring in the handle or the rivet by which the blade is held may get worn so that the knife blade won't close properly, or may be the spring is no longer as it should be, flush with the back of the knife. In fact, a great many things can happen to a pocket knife, and of course the more blades the more things can happen, but the cutler repairs them all.

The phrase "rebladed and rehandled" suggested, of course, the idea of a complete renewal, and the inquirer wondered if it might not be possible that with the repair of a knife in one part and another such a renewal might occur. And the cutler said that not only was it possible, but that sometimes it actually did happen that with successive renewals of its various parts the whole knife came sometimes to be entirely renewed, and there was left of the original knife nothing.

Locating Smokeless Guns.

The English war office's new scheme for the training of Tommy Atkins in maneuvers embraces many novelties, which will in due course see the light of practical demonstration. Among these none is more interesting or fraught with greater possibilities than the device fo training soldiers to locate guns firing smokeless powder.

Arrangements are being made to carry out experiments in this direction at Aldershot, and the sappers have already constructed an ingenious battlefield upon Ash Ranges, which will make field firing very realistic. In the trial to come an infantry force will approach the ranges, and will immediately be fired upon by distant guns. Endeavor will be made to locate the field pieces and the infantry will move forward in cover. As they advance surprise targets representing cavalry and mounted infantry will spring upon flank and front, an armored train will run out, and all the features of a modern battle-field will be represented against the advancing force. This method will call for great initiative from commanders, and the targets will be so made that good shooting will be recorded by the targets being knocked over.

As an inducement to make infantry take cover a new device has been adopted. Artillerymen are to accompany the advancing columns, and when a distant gun fires its dummy shell they will produce a corresponding explosion among the attackers by means of a small mortar—thus teaching the lesson of cover and caution as no other means short of live shell could do.—London Express.

Found Fortune and Love.

One of the most interesting romances of the great Southwest has recently come to light, and Miss Maxine Doubleday, a young school-teacher at the little town of Laurel Valley, Tex., is the heroine. Many years ago Maximilian Doubleday was in love with the girl's mother. When she married his brother he enlisted in the Southern army and the family lost trace of him.

The soldier, however, always kept his sweetheart's picture. Later he had a life-size portrait of it made and of recent years it has hung in a costly frame in his handsome castle at Cordova, Mexico. It was this picture which led to the discovery of his niece.

She has since her father's death supported herself and mother by her school-teaching in the little Texas town. A few months ago she went on a visit to Brazos County. There she met a young man, Lee Payson, who told her of her marked resemblance to the portrait of a beautiful woman whom a friend of his loved in his youth.

"And it is a curious fact," the young man added, "that his name is the same as yours—Doubleday, Maximilian Doubleday."

"Why, I wonder if it can be my lost uncle!" the girl exclaimed. Further inquiry proved that such was the fact.

A reconciliation followed. The wealthy Doubleday found his boyhood sweetheart, who is now his wife. He has made his niece his heiress and she is soon to wed Payson, the young man instrumental in bringing about all this good fortune.

A Sand Bow.

A curious phenomenon was recently witnessed from the Antelope Island, in the Great Salt Lake, U. S. One afternoon a gentleman saw what appeared to be a fine rainbow between the island and the mainland, yet no rain was falling anywhere in the locality. The bow was double the breadth of an ordinary rainbow, and there was a secondary bow above it. On looking into the matter he traced the bow to a cloud of sand from the shore of the lake. The sand is "oolitic," to use a geological word, and the pearly spherules reflecting the sunlight produced the bow.

A Wonderful Well.

M. E. A. Martel, the French explorer of caverns, whose discoveries underground have attracted much attention, reports that he has found in the Department Hautes Alpes a cavity in the form of a "natural well," the depth of which exceeds that of any other known. He has sounded it to the depth of about 1,027 feet, but the actual bottom has not been reached.

Whenever you hear a girl refer to a man as an idiot it's dollars to doughnuts that she is in love with him and he is in love with some other girl.

True wit never gives birth to ill thoughts.

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"Oh, yes I can. I have been in a tight bathing suit when it started to shrink."—Chicago News.

Pain, Suffering, Wizard Oil could not live together, so pain and suffering moved out. Ask your druggist about it.

A Sure Cure.

"And you say that Jorkins was cured of a bad case of insomnia by suggestion?"

"Yes, purely by suggestion. His wife suggested that since he could not sleep he might as well sit up and amuse the baby. It worked like a charm."— Chicago Record-Herald.

Sore On the Old Man.

"He said he'd rather go to jail than pay his divorced wife's alimony."

"Did she let him go?"

"Yes; she said she'd rather see him save his money behind the bars than spend it over them."— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Light Repast.

Hungry Horace—Kind lady, can't ye gimme somepin ter eat? I ain't ate nothin' sence day before yesterday.

Kind Lady — And what did you eat then?

Hungry Horace—Nothin' but de market report in an old paper.

Not Entirely Mute.

He—What I feel for you, Muriel, I can never tell you in words. True love is silent.

Muriel—Oh, no, I assure you. It speaks to papa.

Colonies as Kingdoms.

Queen Elizabeth was commonly spoken of as queen of Virginia. Virginia and Carolina were kingdoms under the Stuarts. Massachusetts was recognized as a sister kingdom by Cromwell's parliament.

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