

AN ARDENT SWEETHEART.

For twenty years my sweetheart has been courting me—she can use the ardent efforts of the most effusive man.

In these years she's tried to win me by the art that love displays, And I confess she wins me by the sweetness of her ways.

She has no hesitation to embrace me or to kiss Me on my lips a hundred times—am I wrong in telling this? She's a wooer most affectionate and she always says that she Wouldn't take the trouble of this living but for me.

I ought to fall in love with her, and I'm certain that I would If I were but as honest and as true blue as she's good!

For true enough she is to me my only bright sunshine— My sweetheart is no other than that sweet wife of mine.

—Denver News.

A Sentimental Journey.

IT was about 4 o'clock one afternoon in February, and Hippeley was sitting on the veranda of the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo. He sat, deep in thought, his ears mechanically listening to the strains of the little Hungarian band a few yards away from him. He was thinking of the reason that had brought him to the place. He had been abroad for twelve years, yet, within a month of his return, he had left again and hurried to spend a few days on the Riviera before taking steamer at Marseilles.

It was absurd, he knew it, but the longing to see her face again was irresistible. He would not seek an opportunity of speaking with her—the scheme on which their lives had been worked out made this impossible. He simply had an overwhelming desire to see her. Then he could go back to his lonely life, not happy—he could never be that, but with a fresh picture of the one woman he had ever loved.

He noticed a smart carriage draw up before the broad steps of the Casino, and almost simultaneously, a man and a woman came out of the building. The man was middle-aged, a trifle heavy in build and faultlessly dressed. He handed the lady into her carriage. Hippeley, as he caught sight of her face, gave a start, and clutched the hold of the table. She was a young Englishwoman, magnificently beautiful.

The color left his face, and he riveted his eyes on her. He watched her smilingly say "good-bye" to the man on the steps, then the carriage turned and drove rapidly away. As it vanished from sight he sank back in his chair, his mouth twitching. His throat seemed dry and parched; he stretched forward and drank some tea at a gulp. Then the voices of two men talking just behind him reached his ears.

"That was the Princess Zandra—she is living at the villa Erdond, at Beaulieu."

"Enormously rich?"

"She was tall a day or so ago." The man lowered his voice. Hippeley found himself straining for the next words. "I happen to know," came in almost a whisper, "that the late prince was sufficiently ill-advised to invest nearly all his money in an enterprise that has recently come to the ground with a crash, and the princess, who never had the slightest suspicion of her affairs not being in a satisfactory state, has suddenly been told that another year at her present rate of expenditure will leave her penniless."

"What will she do?"

"Go on living as she has done—and marry again!" Women with such beauty can pick and choose—there are no hard places for them. Rumor says it will be the man who has just left her. He is not a good man, but he is passionately in love with her, and a millionaire twice over."

Hippeley rose from his seat, and, making his way round to the terrace, sank into a seat. He felt he could hear no more. It was all so curious, so startlingly strange. To think that the girl he had left living with her father on the outskirts of a quiet English country town should have developed into this wonderful Princess Zandra, whose beauty was known throughout Europe. And they had loved one another! He had gone abroad with the hope of making a name for himself, of being able to claim her. But ill-luck had dogged him, and the time had never come when he could write to her. He had left her free, and as the years went by, bringing nothing but persistent failure, he knew that it was not for him to possess the only thing he counted worth having. Occasionally scraps of intelligence as to the course her life had taken drifted to him. Her father had died, and she had gone to live with a wealthy aunt in London. From stray papers that reached him he learned that her beauty had caused quite a sensation in society. Then at last came the news that she had married a foreigner of great position, Prince Zandra.

He wondered if she ever thought of him—remembered the night he had confessed his love to her. Not a day had passed in those long years of failure but her image had been before him. Now, at length, when he had achieved some slight success, it was too late. All that was left for him was to take the absurd little journey of sentiment.

Early next morning he traveled to Beaulieu. He got out at the railway station and, following the path that led round to St. Jean, passed the fishing village, and gained the point. There he sank down on the ground, and gave himself up to his reflections. It was a perfect morning, a cloudless sky, the air soft and pregnant with the perfume of the roses that grew right to the edge of the tiny cliff. Some thirty feet below him was the sea, not a ripple on its smooth surface, the clear blue tint gleaming in the sunshine.

Presently he was aware of a woman gazing curiously at him. The next moment they had recognized one another. She went suddenly pale and her lips parted in wonder.

"Ralph!" she gasped.

He looked at her mutely. He was face

DENMARK'S THREE LITTLE ISLANDS.



The Danish West Indies, which Denmark has been notified must not be sold to any other power but the United States, are three little islands lying immediately east of Porto Rico at the gateway of the Caribbean Sea. Santa Cruz is the largest of the three, and contains seventy-four square miles of territory, more than five-sixths of which is under cultivation. Its total population is 20,000, most of which is of negro descent. St. Thomas is the second in size, and is the first in importance because of its situation and fine harbor. St. Thomas also contains the commercial metropolis of the islands, the town of Charlotte Amelia, which is better known as St. Thomas. Charlotte Amelia is a town of 12,000 inhabitants, and the total population of the island is only a few hundreds larger. St. Thomas contains but thirty-three square miles of territory, most of it too rocky for cultivation. The third island in the bunch for which the United States now proposes to pay \$2,400,000, is St. John, a little rocky islet on which less than a thousand people live. Altogether the purchase would add 34,000 people and less than 110 square miles of territory to the United States.

In 1867 Secretary of State Seward made an attempt to buy these islands for \$7,500,000. The Danish government agreed to make the sale, provided the people of the islands were agreeable to it. The Rev. Dr. Hawley, pastor of the church which the Secretary attended at Ansonia, N. Y., was sent to St. Thomas to supervise an election held to give the people a chance to express their views. On all three islands but twenty-two votes were cast against the proposed union with the United States, several thousand being recorded in its favor. The sentiment of the people was almost unanimous. But the plan had many opponents in Congress. Chief among these was Senator Sumner, then the head of the committee on foreign relations. He pigeonholed the treaty and prevented its consideration for a long time.

A good many years later another attempt was made to buy out Denmark's possessions in the Caribbean. This time the price was fixed at less than \$5,000,000, but, in spite of the reduction, it came to nothing. Meanwhile King Christian and the Danish government have been growing increasingly anxious to sell. Denmark is not and is not likely to be a great naval power, and the chief value of the islands lies in the fact that St. Thomas has a good harbor and commands the gateway to the Caribbean Sea. Besides, the islands are not self-supporting.

Whatever the islands may lack in historic and romantic interest. They were discovered by Columbus on his second voyage to America, in 1493. But Columbus was not looking for a few little scattered islands, and when he found how small they were he hoisted sail and went away after naming them the Virgin Islands. Then for more than 150 years they lay unvisited by white men. In 1657 some adventurous Dutchmen sailed into the splendid harbor of St. Thomas and started a little settlement there. That lasted for ten years. Then the Dutch gave up the attempt, and a few years later the Danes took their place. Since then the English, French and Spanish have alternated in the control of one or more of the islands, which finally passed under the permanent control of Denmark in 1815.

But the chief romantic interest which attaches to St. Thomas lies in the fact that it was for years one of the headquarters of the famous pirates and buccaniers who so long infested and ravaged the Spanish Main. Before steamships were invented St. Thomas was more than it is today, a roadhouse of the seas, a sort of ocean half-way house between the continents. Into its great harbor Spanish galleons and heavily laden slave ships ran for shelter, and the buccaniers hanging close about were certain of good picking. Sometimes the pirate ships even pursued their prey into the landlocked harbor, and under the eyes of the town captured it.

All three of the islands are thought to be the tops of what were once volcanic mountains. In appearance they are typically tropical. When a ship sails into the harbor of Charlotte Amelia, for instance, the passenger sees a fringe of white houses along the shore, shining against a background of glossy green, while behind and above towers a line of stately hills, covered for most of their height with thick, tropical foliage. Almost all the houses have bright red roofs, and the whole landscape is a riot of vivid color. Charlotte Amelia is remarkable among tropical cities in that it is extremely clean—a fact which must be to the credit of the Danes. Its straight streets, lined on either side with two-story wooden houses, are paved with asphalt, with wide gutters on either side. When rain falls on the hills swift currents of water rush down through these streets, washing out the gutters and making it easier to keep the town clean. Almost every house has a balcony across the front of its second story.

One of the most picturesque sights to be seen at St. Thomas is the procession of coal carriers, which is ceaselessly passing from the docks down into the holds of vessels lying alongside. The coal carriers are all stately, new-looking, and carry great baskets filled with coal on their heads. They work in day and night shifts, and after darkness falls they sing weird songs as they work. In spite of the fact that the introduction of steam has taken much business away from St. Thomas, it is still a busy place. As a result of the people have little of the tropical laziness and listlessness about them. They do not even stop work to take a siesta in the middle of the day.

Prior to 1848 both St. Thomas and the larger island of Santa Cruz produced large quantities of sugar. In that year, however, the planters, who were all of the color of the people, were driven out by a revolution, and the sugar plantations were abandoned. The sugar planters could not get sufficient labor to work their plantations, and the industry almost disappeared. More recently it has been resumed on a considerable scale. The plantations on Santa Cruz, where there is a great quantity of fertile land. On this island many of the former slaves have set up as the proprietors of small plantations, and its annual production of sugar is now 12,000 tons, a supply sufficient to supply the wants of the United States for two days.

The temperature of the island of Santa Cruz ranges from 66 to 82 degrees. It has many magnificent drives, leading through avenues of palms, tamarinds, and bananas. There are two towns on the island—Fredericksted and Christiansted. Neither is of any importance from a commercial standpoint. Practically all of the 20,000 inhabitants of the island speak English, and the only sign of their allegiance to Denmark is the flag and a little garrison of about 100 Danish soldiers. Fredericksted is a tumble-down town of stucco-covered, two-story buildings, the fissures in the walls and the tumbling walls being a result of the sack of the island in 1878, when the negroes on the island revolted against the Danish government.

to face with her at last, and the blood went throbbing through his veins.

"Yes—just Ralph!" he said mechanically.

She held out her hand, and he took it awkwardly.

"And to think it is you after all these years!" she said softly.

Hippeley did not speak. His thoughts had flown back a dozen years to the night when he had left her. An indefinite idea came to him that she, too, was thinking of the same thing.

"I won't lie!" he said, abruptly. "I am not here by chance. I heard you were on the Riviera, and after all these years, I wanted to see you again—just to see you. I had no notion of speaking."

She gazed at him steadily, as if trying to read his thoughts.

"You have loved me all this time?" she asked, slowly.

He bowed his head. She turned away with a little sob.

"And you never wrote?" she cried.

"Oh, why didn't you write?"

"I was a failure—such an utter failure I could not write to claim you," he said, hoarsely. "You did well; I wasn't worth waiting for."

She looked at him, the tears glistening in her eyes.

"What a jumble Fate made of our lives!" she sighed.

"It did not matter. You are the Princess Zandra."

"Oh, I am tired, tired to death of it all!" she cried in a tone of weariness. "To have to live in an artificial world, among people who are not my people—there is no one left to me now—and to have to begin it all over again," she added in a half-sorrowful, musing tone.

He understood. He remembered the words he had overheard at the cafe. It was all true then. She looked up at him quickly with a smile.

"But you, Ralph—what have you done?" she asked, gently.

"For years nothing. Now, at last, I've got a small estate in Ceylon. It's a fair living whilst I worked hard—not a bad life, too, for a man who has lost his ambitions."

"No, not a bad life," she repeated. "A lonely one, though." She gave a little laugh; there was an infinite note of sadness in it. "As lonely as mine has been."

She lifted her head, and their eyes met. He read something in her gaze—

HORSE SHOE STYLES.

THEY ARE GREATLY VARIED IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

None Can Equal American Makes for Utility and Merit of Workmanship—Many Kinds of Iron Footwear in Use in Late Years.

On Twelfth street, near the new city hall, is a show window that holds many attractions for horsemen and lovers of the curious, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. It contains nothing but rusty, discolored horseshoes, but such is the variety and character of the collection that it is surpassed by but one other in existence. Shoes ranging in style and beauty from the dainty racing plate that has been worn by thoroughbreds in record-breaking performances to the antiquated patterns used more than 150 years ago are in the collection, and about each shoe something of interest can be told by F. C. Snow, the owner of the collection.

Probably the oldest and most valued of the collection is a shoe known to have been made by a Pontiac Indian in 1743. The shoe was for years an exhibit in the Detroit Historical society's headquarters, but came to its present owner through a member of the Case family, in whose possession the shoe has been kept for generations. Considering the tools and the period, the shoe is really an excellent piece of workmanship. The calks, or toes, as people unversed in shoeing lore would term them, are small, the whole shoe showing that, with the exception of the improvement in manufacture, the general conception of the horseshoe of that period is still the basis of manufacture. Other shoes of interest rarely seen in these days are those for oxen. Each ox wore eight shoes in the old days, one on either toe on each foot. Like the horseshoes of the early part of the century, those for oxen now used in the west have been changed but little in recent decades.

The smallest shoes in the collection are those of burros from the Rockies and old Mexico. In contrast with them the huge shoes commonly used in England and Belgium are most noticeable. Both the larger makes are clumsy and exhibit poor workmanship. The average size of English shoes is greater than that of any other country.

Comparison of American horseshoes with those of other countries easily gives the palm to the manufacturers in this country. A specimen of the French shoe of the variety known as "country shoe" shows clumsy workmanship on a poorly shaped shoe with which square-headed nails are used. From Arabia Mr. Snow has secured two specimens of the shoes used upon the rough steeds of the desert. One is a round-shaped plate of hammered iron. From this blank the shoe is shaped to provide what horsemen know as "roller motion." The toe is turned up at an angle of 45 degrees, the ends being shaped and fastened together with a rivet instead of being welded as in this country. Such a shoe would kill a horse if used upon the cobble stones of St. Louis.

Probably as odd a shoe as is found in the collection is one that was used in Ireland. The iron shoe proper is of common pattern, save that it has two lugs, or projections, pierced with screw threads. By means of screws the shoe is fastened to a board platform two inches thick and about twelve inches square. When it is desired to use the horse upon one of the peat bogs the wooden platform is screwed or bolted fast to the horse's shoe. Despite the awkwardness of such footwear the wearers soon learn to avoid stumbling and make surprising headway. Similar shoes are worn in the peat bogs of California.

Among the new varieties of shoes are those with a rubber heel plate or cushion, designed to break the concussion of the heavy blows struck by horses when moving rapidly over granite pavements. Such shoes are worn by the horses in the city ambulance service. Among the other curios in the collection are mule shoes from Havana and Santiago, one from Guaymas, Porto Rico, near which battery A came so close to a baptism of fire. Shoes from Australia and from a dozen other countries, all of which are little better in workmanship than those used in this country half a century ago, and not equal to the shoes worn by the average dray horse in this country. Though many nailless shoes have been invented, they have never been successful.

CHINESE TEACUPS.

They Are Rapidly Growing in Favor in Western Countries.

Although it is several centuries since Occidentals adopted Chinese tea as a daily beverage it is only of late that they have begun to use the Chinese tea service. Like all Mongolian institutions, it is the opposite of our own. The service consists of a metal stand in which rests a large cup. Over the cup fits a saucer and alongside of it is stationed a little cup scarcely larger than an egg. The metal stand is of brass or bronze, though wealthy mandarins use silver and even gold. The large cup should be of the handsomest porcelain. It is very rarely plain. The commonest variety have a monochrome field on which are enameled leaves and flowers in color. Another beautiful variety is made of crackle ware, on whose surface the cracks are generally decorated with little crabs, fishes, beetles or locusts in natural color and high relief, while Nanking cups are tinged with sang de boeuf, imperial blue, or imperial yellow. The saucer should be of the same material, according to the tastes of the owner.

The service is placed before the guests at the beginning of the meal. A small quantity of tea leaves is thrown into the large cup, covered with boiling water. To keep the steam in the saucer is inverted over the cup. It is allowed to stand for two minutes and then the guest, holding the large cup with the thumb and middle finger and guiding the saucer with the forefinger, strains and pours the fluid into the little cup. It seems simple, but until a person has practiced repeatedly it is a very difficult task. The average Occidental scalds his fingers and drops the tea on

the table, and often lets fall the cup and saucer together. The large cup will fill the small cup three times, and then boiling water is again poured over the leaves. If the leaf be of fine quality the second drawing is about as good as the first. After the second drawing is finished the cup is removed, the spent leaves are thrown away and a fresh supply is put in their place. The service is a very important element in the Chinese household. The cheapest set costs ten cents in China and twenty-five cents in New York. The figures run up from this limit, and when crackle ware, porcelain and silver stands are employed they reach \$5 and \$6.—New York Evening Post.

Seattle's Proposed Canal.

Seattle purposes to build a canal eight miles long from Puget sound to Lake Washington, which is twenty miles long and 200 feet deep, and will make an ideal harbor.

A good many women too good to gossip take care to invite several lively gossips to their parties, in order to keep the guests from going to sleep.

The man who never forgives a favor or forgets an injury isn't apt to make a desirable friend.

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GOOD Short Stories

The painter Mokart, who was sometimes as taciturn as Von Moltke, sat for an hour one evening at dinner next to the soubrette, Josephine Gallmeier, without volunteering a word. Finally she lost patience, and exclaimed: "Well, dear master, suppose we change the subject."

The following unique claim is posted on a mine in the Grand Encampment, in Wyoming: "We found it, and we claim it by the right of founding it. It's our'n. It's 750 feet in every direction except southwest and northeast, and there is 300 feet on each side of this writin'. It's called the 'Bay Horse,' and we claim even the spurs, and we don't want nobody jumping on this Bay Horse—that's what's these trees is around here, and we've got the same piece of rope that we had down in old Missouri."

During a confirmation tour in the diocese of Peterborough, the late Bishop of London put up one evening at an old manor house, and slept in a room supposed to be haunted. Next morning at breakfast the Bishop was asked whether he had seen the ghost. "Yes," he replied, with great solemnity, "but I have laid the spirit; it will never trouble you again." Being further questioned upon the subject, the Bishop said: "The ghost instantly vanished when I asked for a subscription toward the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral."

Tim Murphy, the popular comedian, saw an old colored woman sitting under an awning fanning herself, when he was in Washington, D. C. "It's dreadfully hot, isn't it, mammy?" asked Mr. Murphy. "Deed it is, chile," said the old woman; "deed it is. Tain't right for it to be so hot this-a-way. I tell you, forty years ago, when the blessed Lawd made the weather, we didn't have these stewing days, honey, no, deed, we didn't; but now these biggy men up at this here weather office has the making of the weather, they does send us anything they please, and they ain't skillful, chile, they ain't skillful."

Lord Rathmore has told a friend how he once took "Ouida" in to dinner and how disappointed he was to find that the novelist devoted herself to the dishes rather than to intellectual refreshment. He said at last, in despair at having only been able to get "Yes" and "No" in answer to the different subjects he introduced: "I'm afraid I'm singularly unfortunate in my choice of topics. Is there anything we could talk about to interest you?" To which the chronicler of Society's shortcomings replied: "There is one thing which would interest me very much. Tell me about the duchesses; I have written about them all my life and never met one yet."

Not long ago an American professor attended a reception in the royal palace, given by the Kaiser to an association of scientists, at which William appeared in the gorgeous robes of royalty, preceded by liveried chamberlains bearing the crown and insignia. It was a most impressive display, and when the professor came away he said to a friend: "I am a republican to the backbone, but I believe that if monarchs are necessary they should be monarchs to the last bit of gold lace, just as William is Kaiser." The next day his friend had an audience with the Kaiser, and in the course of the conversation told him what the American professor had said. The Kaiser laughed heartily. "That is exactly what I believe," he said; "Dom Pedro of Brazil illustrated the folly of trying to be a republican on a throne."

How You Spend Your Life.

Did you ever stop to inquire how you actually occupy the hours of your life? Supposing you are an average business man, how will your account on the book of time appear when it is balanced at the end of three-score and ten years? The largest item will be sleep, which has consumed twenty-five years—a little more than one-third of your life. It counted rapidly during childhood, less rapidly in age, and was at a minimum during the working days of middle life. Those working days will count twenty-one years, and in the course of them you will read for two years and write for a year and seven months. The next item will be that of pleasure, which will have consumed nine years, and your walking will have consumed six and one-half years more. Then your eating accounts will show that you have sat at the table, stood at lunch counters or cuddled elsewhere for five years. You will also have a dressing account of three and one-half years, which will have been devoted to buttoning and unbuttoning—remember it is a man who is being considered. In this dressing account you will find eight charged to bathing account and seven months to shaving.—New York Herald.

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SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Yes; she rejected him after accepting attentions from him for a year." "I think he was entitled to more consideration."

"O! I don't know. I think she was considering him all the time."—Puck.

After the Best One.

Huskinby (chuckling)—It was 12 below zero by my thermometer at 5 o'clock this mornin', an' H! Radgely's on'y showed nine below at the hour. Rubenahy (disdainfully)—Huh! Mine registered twenty-three below at that very time.

Huskinby—By gosh! How much will yew take tew boot an' trade?—Puck.

Inside the Man.

First Grip Germ—Ugh! What's wrong with this man's protoplasm anyhow?

Second Grip Germ—Oh, he's taking ten grains of quinine every three hours; let's vamoose.—Ohio State Journal.

But.

McSwigan—I don't like that goat that comes into our back yard.

Mrs. McSwigan—But—

McSwigan—Exactly; that's why I don't like it.—Ohio State Journal.

Professional Rates.

Mr. Tattered Hedges—Howdy, Bill, whatever think of me new Raglan overcoat?

Well, Well!

"Old Crouch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear." "Did anyone recognize him?" "Nobody but his wife."—Detroit Free Press.

Present Needs.

"Yes, that's a beautifully bound book of your sermons, Mr. Stratcliffe. Well, no, George hasn't read it yet. He only has time to read at night, you know. Yes, he understands it's for the saving of souls. But George is so practical. He thought he'd rather save his eyes first."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Correct, if Not Grammatical.

Johnny—Pa, Aunt Hannah says boils are healthy. Shouldn't she say "healthful?"

Wise Father—Well, your aunt didn't mean to be grammatical, but I guess she was this time. It is the boil that is healthy, not the fellow who carries it around.—Boston Transcript.

Wise Bird.

"Give us a proof of your boasted wisdom," cried a lot of chattering magpies to the owl.

"I will," he said, and flew away.—Philadelphia Times.

Her Triumph.

"She seems so happy. Did she marry him for love or for money?" "Neither. She took him to spite a lot of other girls."—Chicago Times-Herald.

No Chance to Talk.

Black—Mumsey is not a good conversationalist.

White—No, he was the only boy in a family of nine children.—Cleveland Leader.

Invented by a Lunatic.

The resident physician of one of the largest lunatic asylums in Great Britain stated, as an instance of the cleverness of lunatics, that a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, and now in daily use everywhere, was invented by the inmate of an asylum, well known to everyone by name. As the inventor was afterwards quite cured, and became a prominent man, the physician did not give any details, but the invention, designed and modeled as a diversion while absolutely insane, has brought him in thousands of pounds. Another lunatic invented a simple automatic contrivance for the head of a lawn-tennis racket, to pick up the balls and abolish stooping. It acted perfectly, and the asylum doctor advised his friends to secure a patent for him in case he should become cured.

Can't Last Forever.

"Hopely"—What seems to trouble your baby?"

Popey (wearily)—"I suppose it troubles him to think that eventually he'll have to go to sleep at night."—Philadelphia Press.

Qualified.

Section Foreman—Do you think you can boss a gang of men?

Mr. Bear—I think so; I've had my own way during thirty years of married life.—Ohio State Journal.

Welcome Ready.

The Boss—Mr. Bjornson, if you can't keep up with your work better, we shall have to look for another man.

Bjornson—I'm glad to hear that. I've been thinking all along that I was doing enough work for two.—Indianapolis Press.

Woman—If you will saw that wood for me I will give you a good, square meal.

Tramp—I would, lady, but I had my fortune told yesterday and the gypsy said heart disease was going to carry me off, so I must be very careful.

For the Landlord.

Rigby—Was the banquet an enjoyable one?

Sturgis—From the landlord's point of view, yes. He got a big price for a mighty poor layout.—Boston Transcript.

Friendly Interest.

"She fell in love with me at the last Covent Garden ball, old man!" "Really? How were you disguised, old fellow?"—Scraper.

Hard to Excite.

"How that woman glared at you?" "Yes; I've either bowed to her when I don't know her, or else I know her and haven't bowed to her."

Won't Like Some.

"What do you find in that stupid old paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly asked Mrs. Youngcouple.

"I was just looking at the money market," he answered.

"Oh, do they have a money market? Are there ever any bargains?"—Indianapolis Press.

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Evening It Up.

"They have a new barber shop in Baltimore where every feature is run on antiseptic principles." "It's a pity they cannot carry it to the point where some of the patrons could be treated to an antiseptic bath before entering the place."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He Was One.

Snappy—That's what jars me. Sappy—What's that?

Snappy—Oh, some people are never satisfied to take things as they are, but always want to know the why and wherefore.

Sappy—That's so. I wonder why it is.—Philadelphia Press.



Shocking.

"By gum! of the women in ther city ain't so bold an brazen that er modest one hex ter hang out er sign tellin' er bout it."

Another Chance.

Susan—I just hate these conundrum riddles.

Kitty—Indeed! Why?

Susan—Because the other evening Mr. Stubbins asked me "Will you be my wife?" and when I said "Yes," he said he would give me another guess.—Detroit Free Press.

Love in a Cottage.

"Will you be satisfied with love in a cottage?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, confidently, for she had heard that the cottage was located at Newport.—Philadelphia Record.

The Unconquerable.

"Why don't you discourage him if he don't care for him?"

"Oh, he won't be discouraged. He is really in love."

Characteristic.

"Woman has no sense of humor." "No; but she seems to have an awful sense of being humored."



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"Old Crouch went to the masquerade the other night disguised as a bear." "Did anyone recognize him?" "Nobody but his wife."—Detroit Free Press.

Present Needs.

"Yes, that's a beautifully bound book of your sermons, Mr. Stratcliffe. Well, no, George hasn't read it yet. He only has time to read at night, you know. Yes, he understands it's for the saving of souls. But George is so practical. He thought he'd rather save his eyes first."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Correct, if Not Grammatical.

Johnny—Pa, Aunt Hannah says boils are healthy. Shouldn't she say "healthful?"

Wise Father—Well, your aunt didn't mean to be grammatical, but I guess she was this time. It is the boil that is healthy, not the fellow who carries it around.—Boston Transcript.

Wise Bird.

"Give us a proof of your boasted wisdom," cried a lot of chattering magpies to the owl.

"I will," he said, and flew away.—Philadelphia Times.

Her Triumph.

"She seems so happy. Did she marry him for love or for money?" "Neither. She took him to spite a lot of other girls."—Chicago Times-Herald.

No Chance to Talk.

Black—Mumsey is not a good conversationalist.

White—No, he was the only boy in a family of nine children.—Cleveland Leader.

Invented by a Lunatic.

The resident physician of one of the largest lunatic asylums in Great Britain stated, as an instance of the cleverness of lunatics, that a very valuable improvement connected with machinery, and now in daily use everywhere, was invented by the inmate of an asylum, well known to everyone by name. As the inventor was afterwards quite cured, and became a prominent man, the physician did not give any details, but the invention, designed and modeled as a diversion while absolutely insane, has brought him in thousands of pounds. Another lunatic invented a simple automatic contrivance for the head of a lawn-tennis racket, to pick up the balls and abolish stooping. It acted perfectly, and the asylum doctor advised his friends to secure a patent for him in case he should become cured.

Can't Last Forever.

"Hopely"—What seems to trouble your baby?"

Popey (wearily)—"I suppose it troubles him to think that eventually he'll have to go to sleep at night."—Philadelphia Press.

Qualified.

Section Foreman—Do you think you can boss a gang of men?

Mr. Bear—I think so; I've had my own way during thirty years of married life.—Ohio State Journal.

Welcome Ready.

The Boss—Mr. Bjornson, if you can't keep up with your work better, we shall have to look for another man.

Bjornson—I'm glad to hear that. I've been thinking