

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER V.
"Martin Dobree" ejaculated both in one breath.
"Yes, mademoiselle," I said, unrolling the tress of hair as I went. "I have heard of you surprised to see me?"
"Surprised!" echoed the elder. "No, we are amazed—puzzled! However did you get here? When did you come?"
"Quite easily," I replied. "I came on Sunday, and Tardif fetched me in his own boat. If the weather had permitted I should have paid you a call; but you know what it has been."
"To be sure," answered Emma; "and how is dear Julia? She will be very anxious about you."
"She was on the verge of a nervous attack when I left her," I said; "that will tend to increase her anxiety."
"Poor, dear girl!" she replied sympathetically. "But, Martin, is this young woman here so very ill? We have heard from the Renoufs she had had a dangerous fall. To think of you being in Sark ever since Sunday, and we never heard a word of it!"
"Is that the young woman's hair?"
"Yes," I replied; "it was necessary to cut it off. She is dangerously ill with fever."
"Both of them shrank a little towards the door. A sudden temptation assailed me, and took me so much by surprise that I had yielded before I was conscious of it. I was impatient, yet strangely reluctant, to look at the sick girl again, after the loss of her beautiful hair. The change in her appearance struck me as singular. Her face before had a look of suffering and trouble, making it almost sick, charming as it was; now she had the aspect of quite a young girl, scarcely touching upon womanhood. We sat up again together that night, Tardif and I. He would not smoke, lest the scent of the tobacco should get in through the crevices of the door, and lessening the girl's chance of sleep; but he held his pipe between his teeth, taking an imaginary puff now and then, that he might keep himself wide awake. We talked to one another in whispers.
"Tell me all you know about mademoiselle," I said. He had been chary of his knowledge before, but his heart seemed open at this moment. Most hearts are more open at midnight than at any other hour.
"There's not much to tell, doctor," he answered. "Her name is Olivier, as I said to you; but she does not think she is any kin to the Oliviers of Guernsey. She is poor, though she does not look as if she had been born poor, does she?"
"Not in the least degree," I said. "If she is not a lady by birth, she is one of the first specimens of Nature's gentleness I have ever come across. Has she written to any one since she came here?"
"Not to a soul," he answered eagerly. "She told me she had no friends nearer than Australia. That is a great way off."
"And she has had no letters?" I asked.
"Not one," he replied. "She has neither written nor received a single letter."
"But how did you come across her?" I inquired.
"She did not fall from the skies, I suppose. How was it she came to live in this out-of-the-world place with you?"
"I'll tell you all about it, Doctor Martin," he said, and he related how he had met the young lady in London.
"Tardif," I said, when he had concluded the relation, "I did not know what a good fellow you were, though I ought to have learned it by this time."
"No," he answered, "it is not in me; it's something in her. You feel something of it yourself, doctor, or how could you stay in a poor little house like this, thinking of nothing but her, and not caring about the weather keeping you away from home? There was a curious thing—she had not any luggage with her, not a box nor a bag of any kind. She never fancied that I knew, for that would have troubled her. It is my belief that she has run away."
"But who can she have run away from, Tardif?" I asked.
"Heaven knows," he answered, "but the girl has suffered; you can see that by her face. Whoever or whatever she has run away from, her cheeks are white from it, and her heart sorrowful. I know nothing of her secret; but this I do know: she is as good, and true, and sweet a little soul as my poor little wife was. If she should die, it will be a great grief of heart to me. If I could offer my life to God in place of hers, I'd do it willingly."
"No, she will not die. Look there, Tardif!" I said, pointing to the door all of the inner room. A white card had been slipped under the door noiselessly, and I agreed upon between mother Renouf and me, to inform me that a patient had at last fallen into a profound slumber, which seemed likely to continue some hours.
The morning was more than half gone before mother Renouf opened the door and came out to us, her old face looking more haggard than ever, but her little eyes twinkling with satisfaction.
"All goes well," she said. "Your little mademoiselle does not think of dying yet."
"I did not stay to watch how Tardif received this news, for I was impatient myself to see how she was going on. Thank heaven, the fever was gone, the delirium at an end. The dark gray eyes opening languidly as my fingers touched her wrist, were calm and intelligent. She was as weak as a kitten, but that did not trouble me much. I was sure her natural health was good, and she would soon recover her lost strength. I had to stoop down to hear what she was saying.
"Have I kept quiet still, doctor?" she asked faintly.
"I must own that my eyes smarted, and my voice was not to be trusted. I had never felt so overjoyed in my life as at that moment. But what a singular wish to be obedient possessed this girl! What a wonderful power of submissive self-control!"
"I should like to see Tardif," murmured the girl to me that night, after she had awakened from a second long and peaceful sleep.
I called him and he came in barefoot, his broad, burly frame seeming to fill up all the little room. She could not raise

her head, but her face was turned towards us, and she held out her small, wasted hand to him, smiling faintly. He fell on his knees before he took it into his own, and he looked down upon it as he held it very carefully with tears standing in his eyes.
"Why, it is like an egg shell," he said. "God bless you, mademoiselle, God bless you for getting well again!"
She laughed at his words—a feeble though merry laugh, like a child's—and she seemed delighted with the sight of his heavy face, glowing as it was with happiness. It was a strange chance that had thrown these two together. I could not allow Tardif to remain long; but after that she kept devising little messages to send to him through me whenever I was about to leave her. Her intercourse with mother Renouf was extremely limited, as the old woman's knowledge of English was slight. It happened, in consequence, that I was the only person who could talk or listen to her through the long and dreary hours.
CHAPTER VI.
My mother was lying on the sofa in the breakfast room, with the Venetian blinds down to darken the morning sunshine. Her eyes were closed, though she held in her hands the prayer book, from which she had been reading as usual the Psalms for the day. Whilst I was looking at her, though I made no sort of sound or movement, she seemed to feel that I was there; and after looking up she started from her sofa, and flung her arms about me, pressing closer and closer.
"Oh, Martin, my boy, my darling!" she

to receive it when the cutter returned. It was in haste to secure a parcel of books before the cutter should start home again, with his courageous little knot of market people. I ran down to Barbet's, I looked through the library shelves until I hit upon two novels. Besides these, I took a book for Sunday reading. Barbet brought half a sheet of an old Times to form the first cover of my parcel. The shop was crowded with market people, and as he was busy I undertook to pack them myself. I was about to fold the newspaper round them, when my eye was caught by an advertisement at the top of one of the columns. "Strayed from her home in London, on the 20th inst., a young lady with bright brown hair, grey eyes, and delicate features; age twenty-one. She is believed to have been dressed in a blue silk dress and sea-skin jacket and hat. Fifty pounds reward is offered to any person giving such information as will lead to her restoration to her friends. Apply to Messrs. Scott and Brown, Gray's Inn Road, E. C."

THE RICHEST AMERICAN CITIES.
Baltimore is Fourth, Following New York, Boston and San Francisco.
There is no way in which the diffusions of wealth among the inhabitants of American cities may be gauged with absolute precision, but the amount of personal property held in each furnishes one test, for it includes generally bonds, cash, money, furniture, jewelry, equipages, stocks and money invested in business.
It is a fact well known, of course, that the general taxation of all such personal property is impossible, that a considerable portion of it escapes taxation, and a considerable portion of it, too, is exempted by law, but the relation which personal property of one big city bears to that of another furnishes a fair guide to the wealth of each.
By this standard New York ranks first among American cities, but not very far in advance of the city of Boston, one of the oldest and most opulent of American municipalities, and one in which personal property bears the relation of one to four of real estate value; in New York it is only one to six.
Following New York and Boston, which are at the head of the list of the richest American cities, comes San Francisco, with \$120,000,000 of taxed personal property, a condition of affluence due to the vast property which has come from the Pacific coast mines, the chief owners of which, or their descendants, have an actual or, at least, a legal residence in the Golden Gate city.
Following San Francisco is Baltimore, one of the most substantial municipalities of the United States, with a larger amount of personal property taxed than San Francisco, but with a much larger population as well.
Following Baltimore comes Chicago and then Detroit, St. Louis, Providence, one of the wealthiest of American cities; New Orleans and Indianapolis.—New York Sun.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.
Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.
Nebb—You must like to hear that dreadful grand organ, since you pay the man to play under your window every day.
Nobb—No, I don't like it any more than that girl over the way who is taking vocal lessons.—Boston Post.
Answers.
"What do you fish mostly for?"
"We mostly fish for a living, numm."—Judy.
Expensive.
Fannybizz—Freshleigh's sweetheart has sent him word from abroad that she cannot marry him.
Fiddlesticks—Freshleigh must be dreadfully broken up.
Fannybizz—He is; she sent word by cable, collect, and explained why.—Ohio State Journal.

As You May Have Noticed.
"Look at the stuff that goes to waste in the grocery business," said the lounger in the store, "and think of the small margin on most of the goods. Where does the profit come in?"
"The profit," said the impatient man with the basket on his arm, "comes from having only one clerk to wait on thirty-six customers."—Chicago Tribune.
Art Bold Means.
Elaine—Did you notice the mean way that Smythe girl sneered at my new hat?
Gladys—Yes, but those sneers were only artificial means.—Ohio State Journal.
Wealth's Vexations.
Mrs. Newriche—Mrs. De Smythe told me last evening that she is troubled with onguee.
Mr. Newriche—What's that?
Mrs. Newriche—Dear me! I don't know. I've looked all through the "O's" of three different dictionaries and can't find any such word.—Puck.
All Alike.
Farmer Dunk—How's your new hired man, Eery?
Farmer Hornbeak—Just like all the rest of 'em I've ever had—so laxy that he gits tired restin'.—Puck.
Easily Discouraged.
"Binglebang says he isn't going to do any more courting." He claims he can't see any fun in it.
"What's the matter with Bingley?"
"He's so short he can't turn down the gas."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Willfully Misunderstood.
"Some of my latest photographs," said the camera fiend, "I took fifty feet under water."
"Why did you go to the trouble of taking them there?" remarked Peppery.
"It would have been easier to just tie a stone to them and throw them in."—Philadelphia Press.

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(Successor to E. L. Smith, Oldest Established House in the Valley.)
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Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Flour and Feed, etc.

This old-established house will continue to pay cash for all its goods; it pays no rent; it employs a clerk, but does not have to divide with a partner. All dividends are made with customers in the way of reasonable prices.

Davenport Bros.

Are running their two mills, planer and box factory, and can fill orders for

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SHIPPERS OF
HOOD RIVER'S FAMOUS FRUITS.
PACKERS OF THE
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MANUFACTURERS OF
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DALLES BOAT
Leaves Oak Street Dock, Portland
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PORTLAND BOAT
Leaves Dalles 7 A. M. and 3 P. M.
Daily Except Sunday.
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Str. "Tahoma,"
Daily Round Trip, except Sunday.
Leave Portland... 7 a.m. | Leave Astoria... 7 a.m.

The Dalles-Portland Route

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Daily Round Trip, except Monday.
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Make the Very Best.
This route has the grandest scenic attractions on earth. Sunday trips a leading feature. Landings and office, foot of Alder street. Both phones, Main 35, Portland, Or.
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DEPART	TIME SCHEDULES From Hood River.	ARRIVE
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Spokeyn 8:27 p. m.	Walla Walla, Lewiston, Spokane, Minnneapolis, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	Portland Flyer 4:30 a. m.
Mail and Express 11:42 p. m.	Balt. Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	Mail and Express 5:42 a. m.

OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE FROM PORTLAND.

DEPART	ARRIVE	
8:00 p. m.	All sailing dates subject to change. For San Francisco—sail every 5 days.	6:00 p. m.
Daily Ex. Sunday 8:30 a. m. Saturday 9:30 p. m.	Columbia River Steamers. To Astoria and Way Landings.	4:00 p. m. Ex. Sunday
6:45 a. m. Ex. Sunday	Wilmington and Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Ex. Sunday
7:00 a. m. Tues. and Sat.	Wilmington and Yamhill River.	3:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
6:45 a. m. Tues. and Sat.	Portland to Corvallis & Way Landings.	4:30 p. m. Mon., Wed. and Fri.
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"LOOK THERE, TARDIF."

sobbed, "thank heaven you are come back safe! Oh, I have been very rebellious, very unbelieving. I ought to have known that you would be safe. Oh, I am thankful!"
"So am I, mother," I said, kissing her. "You have come back like a barbarian," she said, "rougher than Tardif himself. How have you managed, my boy? You must tell me all about it."
"As soon as I have had my breakfast, mother, I must get up a few things in a hurry to go back by the Sark cutter," I answered.
"What sort of things?" she asked. "Tell me, and I will be getting them ready for you."
"Well, there will be some medicines, of course," she said; "you cannot help me in that. But you can find things suitable for a delicate appetite; jelly, you know, and jams, and marmalade; anything nice that comes to hand. And a few amusing books."
"Books!" echoed my mother.
"I recollected at once that the books she might select, as being suited to a Sark peasant, would hardly prove interesting to my patient. I could not do better than go down to Barbet's circulating library and look out some good works there."
"Well, no," I said; "never mind the books. If you will look out the other things, those can wait."
"Who are they for?" asked my mother.
"For my patient," I replied.
"What sort of a patient, Martin?" she inquired again.
"Her name is Olivier," I said. "A common name. Our postman's name is Olivier."
"Oh, yes," she answered; "I know several families of Oliviers. I dare say I should know this person if you could tell me her Christian name. Is it Jane, or Martha, or Rachel?"
"I don't know," I said; "I did not ask."
"The packing of that hamper interested me wonderfully; and my mother, rather amused at my talking the superintendence of it in person, stood by me in her store closet, letting me help myself liberally. There was a good space left after I had taken sufficient to supply Miss Olivier with good things for some weeks to come. If my mother had not been so kind, I should have filled it up with books.
"Give me a loaf or two of white bread," I said; "the bread at Tardif's is coarse and hard, as I know after eating it for a week."
"Whatever you are doing here, Martin," exclaimed Julia's unwelcome voice behind me.
"He has been living on Tardif's coarse fare for a week," answered my mother; "so now he has compassion enough for his Sark patient to pack up some dainties for her. If you could only give him one or two of your bad headaches he would have more sympathy for you."
"Have you had one of your headaches, Julia?" I inquired.
"The worst I ever had," she answered. "It was partly your going off in that rash way, and the storm that came on after, and the fright we were in. You must not think of going again, Martin. I shall take care you don't go after we are married."
Julia had been used to speak out as calmly about our marriage as if it was no more than going to a picnic. It grated upon me just then; though it had been much the same with myself. There was no delightful agitation about the future that lay before us. We were going to set up housekeeping by ourselves, and that was all. There was no mystery in it; no problem to be solved; no discovery to be made on either side. There would be no Blue Board's chamber in our dwelling. We had grown up together; now we had agreed to grow old together. That was the sum total of marriage to Julia and me.
I finished packing the hamper, and sent Tardif with it to the Sark office, having addressed it to Tardif, who had engaged to be down at the Croux Harbor

to receive it when the cutter returned. It was in haste to secure a parcel of books before the cutter should start home again, with his courageous little knot of market people. I ran down to Barbet's, I looked through the library shelves until I hit upon two novels. Besides these, I took a book for Sunday reading. Barbet brought half a sheet of an old Times to form the first cover of my parcel. The shop was crowded with market people, and as he was busy I undertook to pack them myself. I was about to fold the newspaper round them, when my eye was caught by an advertisement at the top of one of the columns. "Strayed from her home in London, on the 20th inst., a young lady with bright brown hair, grey eyes, and delicate features; age twenty-one. She is believed to have been dressed in a blue silk dress and sea-skin jacket and hat. Fifty pounds reward is offered to any person giving such information as will lead to her restoration to her friends. Apply to Messrs. Scott and Brown, Gray's Inn Road, E. C."

THE ACCOMMODATING WAITER.
"In haste and at leisure."
"You seem to be in something of a hurry," said the divorce lawyer. "It hasn't been more than six weeks since you were married, has it?"
"No, no, sir," faltered the fair young client, "but it—it was a St. Joe marriage."
"I see. And this is a Chicago reputation."—Chicago Tribune.
Thirteen Stories.
"O'Hoolihan—Plawat wud yez do if yez wur 't fall of this rufe?"
"O'Marrity—Faith o'd make up me mind goin' down.—Ohio State Journal.
So Sweet of Her.
"They—they—swiped all—all—they wuz on—the table—and—skunk!" said Johnnie, breaking forth into a fresh torrent of tears.
Farming Told on Him.
It was not an American farmer of whom an English paper tells a story, although the incident might possibly be matched on this side of the water. The agriculturist in question had been to a rent dinner to enjoy himself among men of his own walk in life, while his hard-working wife stayed at home and saw to it that the farm suffered no loss in his absence.
"I'm about tired out," was the man's greeting upon his return. "Is 't cows in 't barn?"
"Yes, long since," replied his spouse, barely stopping a moment from her duties to glance at him as she spoke.
"Is 't horses unharnessed and fed?" he inquired.
"Yes."
"Fowls locked up?"
"Yes."
"Wood chopped for mornin'?"
"Yes."
"Them ducks plucked and dressed for market?"
"Yes."
"Wagon-wheel mended and ready to start in 't mornin'?"
"Yes."
"Oh, then," concluded the good man with a sigh of relief, "let me have my supper and turn in. Farmin' is beginnin' to tell on me."
By Rail From Egypt to China.
Consul-General Richard Guenther of Frankfurt, writes that an English engineer has worked out a plan to connect Alexandria, in Egypt, directly with Shanghai. The railroad, which will be about 6,400 miles long, will have three divisions. The middle one, of 2,125 miles, is already in existence; it is in the railroad net of India. From Alexandria the road will run east southeast over the Isthmus of Sinal to Akaba, the north end of the Bay of Akaba; from there, almost due east to Kurvel and Bassorah, thence through Surtan and Persia to the frontier of Baluchistan and across this State, which is under the English protectorate, to connect with the India railroad net. From Shanghai to Chungking the road will run along the Yangtze Klang, touching all important trade centers such as Nankin, Hankan, etc. Then it will run by way of Shan Tung, Yunnan and Taiifu to Kuning, the most eastern terminus of the India roads. A road will connect Mandalay and Calcutta, Karache, at the mouth of the Indus, will become one of the principal stations.
Within a few weeks after a man dies, his wife's name begins to appear oftener in the personal column of the newspapers.

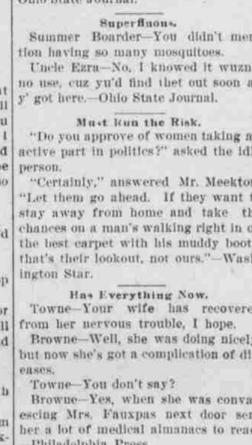
THE ACCOMMODATING WAITER.
"Can I offer you another chair?"—Fliegende Blaetter.
Too Busy.
Uncle Joshua—I s'pose yec yer son John got back from collig he's helpin' y' considerable on 't farm?
Ebenezer—Naw, John jes' hain't got time; he's too plague bizzy swingin' dumbbells an' smokin' cigarets.—Boston Post.
Then He Takes His Chances.
"A millionaire can have things pretty much his own way in this world," said one philosopher.
"He can't," answered the other, "until he comes to make his will."—Washington Star.
Too Tired.
Dusty Dan—Hi, git off the track! Here cums de loco freight.
Layaround Lucea (sleepily)—Wuzn't fer gittin' my cles tore I'd lay still.—Ohio State Journal.
Punishment in Advance.
Mother—Johnnie, I am going to whip you for taking that piece of pie.
Johnnie—All right, ma; whip me real hard; there's another piece left.—Ohio State Journal.
Superfluous.
Summer Boarder—You didn't mention having so many mosquitoes.
Uncle Ezra—No, I knowed it wuzn't no use, cuz you'd find 'em out soon as y' got 'em.—Ohio State Journal.
Must Run the Risk.
"Do you approve of women taking an active part in politics?" asked the idle person.
"Certainly," answered Mr. Meekton. "Let them go ahead. If they want to stay away from home and take the chances on a man's walking right in on the best carpet with his muddy boots, that's their lookout, not ours."—Washington Star.
Has Everything Now.
Towne—Your wife has recovered from her nervous trouble, I hope.
Browne—Well, she was doing nicely, but now she's got a complication of diseases.
Towne—You don't say?
Browne—Yes, when she was convalescing Mrs. Faupax next door sent her a lot of medical almanacs to read.—Philadelphia Press.
Ant-Catching Thistles.
Many flowers have the power to form for themselves a contrivance which answers the same purpose as the fly papers which are sold in shops and by hawkers in the streets. Among these plants is the common thistle. Ants manage to climb the stem as they are eager to obtain the sweet juices in the flower, and they struggle their way through the close fibril of small leaves thickly set with thorns, which ants throw around the blossoms. The ants then find that they are caught in a trap. On each scale of the green cup in which the flower is set, there is a streak of gum. The moment the insects touch it they are fast prisoners. The more they struggle the more helpless their case becomes, for every movement causes them to get more entangled. In a little while the gum stops up the breathing holes in their sides, and then all is over. They are literally smothered to death. A score of dead or dying ants may be often seen on the head of a thistle growing just above their nest.
The value of a man's advice depends upon the success he has achieved in following it.



"Can I offer you another chair?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Krupp's Fortune.
The German papers state that old man Krupp is worth \$5,000,000.
"Who is old man Krupp?"
"He is the maker of the Krupp guns."
"Well, say, \$5,000,000 isn't much for a cannonmaker when you consider all the startling reports."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
A Continuous Strike.
"Your cousin, Cholle, isn't a youth of striking appearance."
"He isn't? Well, I never saw him yet when he didn't appear to be striking matches to light his cigarettes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Sentiment and Discretion.
Billy—Did she accept you?
Jack—Well, she said she'd make a memorandum of my proposal and consider it when the weather gets favorable for mental effort.
Easy All Around.
"Birthdays go off all right at our boarding house."
"How's that?"
"We don't allow but sixteen candles to anybody's birthday cake."
An Intimation.
"Dot was a perfect fit," said Moses Cohenstein, the clothier, as he plucked up the customer's coat in the back.
"It seems to be loose," said the customer doubtfully.
"Vell," said Mr. Cohenstein enthusiastically, "but see how much extra goods you get for de same munny!"
Wh' He Did It.
"Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed on her first visit to the dairy. "Why do you crowd the cows so close together in the stalls?"
"Them's th' condensed milk cows, numm," replied the accommodating chambermaid.—Denver Times.

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Browne—Well, she was doing nicely, but now she's got a complication of diseases.
Towne—You don't say?
Browne—Yes, when she was convalescing Mrs. Faupax next door sent her a lot of medical almanacs to read.—Philadelphia Press.
Ant-Catching Thistles.
Many flowers have the power to form for themselves a contrivance which answers the same purpose as the fly papers which are sold in shops and by hawkers in the streets. Among these plants is the common thistle. Ants manage to climb the stem as they are eager to obtain the sweet juices in the flower, and they struggle their way through the close fibril of small leaves thickly set with thorns, which ants throw around the blossoms. The ants then find that they are caught in a trap. On each scale of the green cup in which the flower is set, there is a streak of gum. The moment the insects touch it they are fast prisoners. The more they struggle the more helpless their case becomes, for every movement causes them to get more entangled. In a little while the gum stops up the breathing holes in their sides, and then all is over. They are literally smothered to death. A score of dead or dying ants may be often seen on the head of a thistle growing just above their nest.
The value of a man's advice depends upon the success he has achieved in following it.



"Can I offer you another chair?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Krupp's Fortune.
The German papers state that old man Krupp is worth \$5,000,000.
"Who is old man Krupp?"
"He is the maker of the Krupp guns."
"Well, say, \$5,000,000 isn't much for a cannonmaker when you consider all the startling reports."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
A Continuous Strike.
"Your cousin, Cholle, isn't a youth of striking appearance."
"He isn't? Well, I never saw him yet when he didn't appear to be striking matches to light his cigarettes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Sentiment and Discretion.
Billy—Did she accept you?
Jack—Well, she said she'd make a memorandum of my proposal and consider it when the weather gets favorable for mental effort.
Easy All Around.
"Birthdays go off all right at our boarding house."
"How's that?"
"We don't allow but sixteen candles to anybody's birthday cake."
An Intimation.
"Dot was a perfect fit," said Moses Cohenstein, the clothier, as he plucked up the customer's coat in the back.
"It seems to be loose," said the customer doubtfully.
"Vell," said Mr. Cohenstein enthusiastically, "but see how much extra goods you get for de same munny!"
Wh' He Did It.
"Merciful heavens!" she exclaimed on her first visit to the dairy. "Why do you crowd the cows so close together in the stalls?"
"Them's th' condensed milk cows, numm," replied the accommodating chambermaid.—Denver Times.