A Satisfactory Score.

"You never seem to give even a thought of your ancestors."

"Oh, yes, I do; I often rejoice that, within public recollection, none of them ever got hanged."

No Disappointment.

"Isn't your new house taking longer to build than you expected?"

"Oh, no, I've only spent twice as much on it, so far, as I anticipated."

Keeping Up Appearances.

Excited man (to reporter)—Now, in writing up the story of the burglary of my house, you must say that they overlooked $4,000 in the cupboard.

Reporter (incredulously)—Really?

Excited Man—Yes. You see, I don't want the public to know that they could go through my house and only find $32 worth of silver and stuff worth stealing.

Two-fold.

Sniffs—There is more sin in Chicago than in any other city on the face of the earth.

Snuffs—I beg to differ.

"I defy you to name another with more sin in it."

"Cincinnati."

Disproved.

"He can't be a good business man. Why, he is a college professor."

"But he has married the daughter of a millionaire."

Preferred Them at Rest.

"You want the pockets to run up and down, I suppose," said the tailor.

"No, sir," the irritable customer replied. "I prefer stationary pockets. You may make the slits perpendicular, however."

A Man of Courage.

She—I didn't suppose you had the nerve to kiss me.

He—Oh, yes, I have got nerve enough to do anything.

The Literal Mind.

"Tommy, how many wars has the United States been engagedi n?"

"Five, sir."

"Enumerate them."

"One, two, three, four, five."

His One Commission.

"Does your artist friend have many commissions?"

"I believe he had one last year. His father-in-law asked him to paint the barn."

Eminence.

"She married a poet, didn't she? And is he successful?"

"Oh, yes, remarkably so. Why, his name is a household word on two continents, and last year his income was nearly $300.

Still More Counterfeiting.

The Secret Service has unearthed another band of counterfeiters and secured a large quantity of bogus bills, which are so cleverly executed that the average person would never suspect them of being spurious. Things of great value are always selected for imitation, notably Hostetter' Stomach Bitters, which has many imitators but no equals for disoders like indigestion, dyspepsia, constipation nervousness and general debility. Always go to reliable druggists who have the reputation of giving what you ask for.

Syndicate Defined.

"Papa, what is a snydicate?"

"My son, it is a body of human beings entirely surrounded by money.'

Necessities Come First in Texas.

On account of a scarcity of bricks in a Texas town the congregation of the local church allowed their new edifice to remain unfinished while a saloon was being erected.

Up-to-Date Game.

Ted—Was the game close?

Ned—Close? I should say so. The crowd was just pouncing on the umpire when the police reserves arrived.

YOUR HOME AND FENCES.

No Man Can Conveniently Go Without Either of These Necessities.

You may as well talk about going without eating as going without fences. If you have a house and home you must have a fence around it. If you have a farm you must mark its boundaries by fences, and also shut in the stock with fences. A fence is in many ways as important as a man's house. As a community grows the subject of fences assumes more and more prominence.

The success of the "Anchor" fence in the United States has been phenomenal for the chief reason that it combines economy, strength and beauty in a way that instantly appeals to everybody. In the Eastern states, where it has been known longer, the factories making it are pressed to full capacity. In this state, where it is comparatively new, its widespread adoption seems to be only a question of the agents getting around and showing their wares to the people.

There is ample reason for all the talk going on about the "anchor" fence, as it is solving the great fence problem satisfactorily. It is not only well adapted to ornamental work, but it is the biggest kind of a blessing to stock raisers and ranchmen generally. It is made of heavy wire and the joints are held rivet-tight by the patent "anchor" clamps. It does not cost as much as the old-fashioned fences, yet it lasts practically forever. It is worth anyone's while to write to the manufacturers, The Portland Anchor Fence Co., 742, Nicolai Street, Portland, Oregon, for catalogue and pictures explaining their wonderful fence.

Repartee.

He—How do you feel when I beat you at whist?

She—Not quite so bad as you feel when your friend Jenkins beats you at poker.

THE FUGITIVE.

A hunted thing, through copse and wood
Night after night he skulked and crawled,
To where, amid dark homesteads, stood
One gloomy garden locked and walled.

He paused in fear each step he took,
And waited till the moon was gone;
Then stole in by the little brook
That still laughed down the terraced lawn.

And up the well-known path he crept,
And through the tangled briars tore;
And he, while they who sought him slept,
Saw his ancestral home once more.

There song and lights were still astir,
And by her he could see one stand,
(And he had fared so far to her!)
Who spoke with her and took her hand.

Then back by copse and wood he crept
While yet the dawn was cold and dim;
And while in her white room she slept,
'Twas his old hound crawled back with him.

—Century.

THE END OF IT ALL.

DOLLY and I had been arguing—as we usually had. But, strange to say, neither of us had enjoyed it. It was a regularly understood institution between us that we would quarrel about once in so often. It was such a lot of fun making up.

Dolly and I were not engaged, but some time we were going to be. This was another regularly understood institution between us. This was a lot of fun also, particularly as our respective families—the heads of them, rather—had long ago decided that we had better keep apart for some time to come. Because they had so decided and sternly forbidden any engagement until we should both be of age, at least, we had gloried in the fact that we should be engaged some time. And to-night, for the first time, we had enjoyed neither

PERSUADING DOLLY.

the quarrel nor the reconciliation, and neither of us had made any reference to that coming engagement.

I had been rather silent about it for some time. I was so anxious to make the engagement a reality, and I hardly knew how to set about it. Dolly, I feared, had been silent recently for quite other causes. The grim old aunt with whom she lived and who was her guardian would harm my cause all she could, I felt sure. Dolly reported that she, too, had been silent concerning the coming engagement for some time. As opposition is always food for Dolly's determination I was not as grateful for this silence on the part of her aunt as I might have been.

While I was wondering now how to render the engagement an actual fact instead of an ephemeral promise, Dolly's voice broke the silence snappishly.

"This is the last quarrel I will ever have with you," it announced, to my astonishment.

"I hope so, Dolly," I answered, going over and sitting down on the sofa beside her.

"I detest cowardice," said Dolly, still more acrimoniously.

"I loathe it," I answered, still very much in the dark.

"We've done nothing but quarrel and fight for years." I fancied tears in her voice, although her snapping eyes belied the fancy. "I'm tired of it, and I never mean to quarrel with you again."

"Dolly," said I, pleadingly, "tell me what I've done to annoy you?"

I was conscious, immediately, of having taken the wrong tack.

"Nothing!" You would have thought she was ready to eat me, from her tone and manner. "I've been just as much to blame for all the quarreling as you have. But I'm tired and sick of it all."

She turned from me pettishly and pulled the fringe off an entire side of the prettiest sofa pillow beside her before she spoke again.

"Everybody is making fun of the way we quarrel and fight," was her next remark, spoken in a low voice. "The girls make my life a burden, teasing me!"

"They make mine a burden asking when you are going to let me propose."

Dolly shrugged her shoulders disdainfully, but I knew I was on the right track. I dared not draw any closer, but I did venture to lay my hand on hers—a little timidly, but she liked the action none the less for that—and I pushed my advantage to the full and immediately.

"It's rather unkind of you to keep me in this position so long, Dolly," I continued. "It's hard on a fellow to be known as hanging about a woman, with nothing settled, for so long. Haven't I proved my devotion yet, Dolly?"

I knew she'd like this sort of talk. Women always do. And when they're dying to be kind to you they don't mind accepting any reasonable opportunity of yielding their forgiveness graciously. Besides, it was stating the matter nicely to say Dolly had kept me in this undefined position. We had both taken and staid in it, for reasons of mutual fun and enjoyment, and, until recently, I hadn't suffered at all. The fellows had troubled me a little bit of late.

Dolly regarded me gravely, and her snapping eyes softened. The hand over which mine rested trembled a little. I took my cue from that hand. Gathering courage, I folded my own long fingers around it. Then I said what I had been longing to say for so long.

"Dolly," I whispered, "why need either of us suffer from fun-making any longer? You were of age last Monday"—although I really hadn't remembered the fact in this connection before—"I was of age some time ago. Why shouldn't we leave off talking of the time when we are going to be engaged and be engaged immediately. We're neither of us children, to be dictated to, any longer. Let's be engaged right now, Dolly!"

"Right now!" Dolly's eyes were wide, her tone wondering. "You don't mean now—this minute?"

"I do, Dolly," said I, firmly. "This second, now, this moment," and I emphasized my asservations with a kiss.

"You'll have to persuade me," said Dolly, all laughing, when she emerged from my arms. And I was busily engaged in "persuading" her when the door opened and her aunt walked into the room.

Both Dolly and I are rather nervous, temperamentally, and we can both move quickly, upon occasion. Dolly's aunt, who is a most observant old lady, noticed that we were as far apart as the room allowed us to be as soon as she had come in.

"Heyday! What's all this?" she cried, interestedly. "The beginning of another of your spasms of quarreling and fighting, I suppose."

And then it was that Dolly gave evidence of having been successfully "persuaded."

"Oh, no, dear aunt," she said, softly with a lovely glance in my direction, "it's the end of them all."—Elmira Telegram.

WISE WHITE HOUSE EMPLOYE.

Built Up Brisk Trade in Offspring of Mansion's Official Cat.

Evidences of prosperity exhibited by one of the colored employes of the White House, best known as George, have made him the envy of his associates. He recently appeared in a new suit of "store clothes."

When they saw him bring a little kitten into the White House the other day, says a correspondent of the Toledo Blade, and subsequently hand the little pet over to a fashionably attired lady who was riding in a trap the secret came out.

Not long since the official White House cat gave birth to twelve kittens—an even dozen and no more. The old cat and her family were in George's keeping. When the event became known in official and social circles there was a great demand for kittens born beneath the roof of the executive mansion.

Learning that George was their keeper, society girls sought him out and each wanted the prettiest one in the lot. Each was promised the "prettiest" one. When a dozen customers had been supplied the demand was as great as ever.

As some of the kittens had brought as high as $5 each, George could not think of retiring from the cat business. He went among his friends in South Washington and discovered other kittens. They were just as pretty as the White House ones and passed readily for the genuine article. When a customer was to be supplied George would take one of the South Washington born kittens to the White House and from there deliver it to the fair one. It may never be known how many kittens are being tenderly cared for about the city and pointed to as having been born in the White House. Nor will it ever be known just how much revenue the cat industry forced upon the colored employe yielded him.

Wanton Killing of Birds.

Extermination of birds is not alone the work of fashionable vanity but of fashionable gluttony. The seizure in a New York cold-storage warehouse of great numbers of dead birds during the close season illustrates the easy evasion of the law by those careless of consequences.

In hotels travelers often find upon the bills of fare the names of birds unknown to ornithologists and dictionary-makers. When asked what kind of birds these represent the waiters are permitted to answer only by smiles and silence, or by confessions of ignorance. In the cold-storage house in New York were found so many birds that the legal fines would have run to millions of dollars. What would they amount to for the United States? As a result of such practices everywhere those butchers and dealers who obey the law are really punished for their honor, while the reckless are rewarded by great profits.

We are fond of pointing out excellent spheres of work and usefulness for those who are greatly troubled by a few deaths of animals in scientific laboratories. Why should this stupid and ruinous war of extermination of birds, with its great resultant suffering, not arouse the energies of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?—American Medicine.

A homely woman shouldn't wear a sun-bonnet, because she looks worse and a pretty one shouldn't hide her good looks under one.

The rooster makes two-thirds of the noise, but the hen does all the work.

Lacking in Melody.

Jones—Van Pounder's latest music is bald stuff.

Smith—Why bald?

Jones—Because it needs an "air restorer."

Getting Back to Form.

"Is your ma well again, Eddie?"

"Well, yes'm, but she ain't quite up to her old form yet. Pa fought a draw wid her last night."

After the Reconciliation.

Dooley—Say, Hooley, gin me a punch on th' jaw opposite phwere yez kicked me.

Hooley—Phat for.

Dooley—I want yez to straighten out me face.

Hence the Term.

Clarence—Why do you say the wedding was patriotic?

Algernon—Well, the bride was red, the groom was white and her father, who had all the bills to pay, was blue.

For Others.

"It sounds funny to hear you talking that way. When we were at college you didn't believe in eternal punishment at all."

"I know, but I didn't have any enemies then."

His Impression.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntossel, "I guess it would be just as well not to say so much about home cookin' when you are talkin' up your summer board."

"Why not?"

"'Cause some of these fellers act, to me, like that was what they was tryin' to get away from."

Great Risk.

"De pusson dat goes froo life actin' hahd to please," said Uncle Eben, "runs de riesk o' habin' folks take him at his word and quit tryin'."

Sorry He Lied.

De Garry—You are the only woman I ever loved.

Madge—In that case I can't be your summer girl. I don't want any amateur.

A Straight Tip.

Gentleman (caressing a pretty little girl)—You little beauty! You shall be my wife when you are grown up. Will you?

"No, I don't want to get married, but aunty there would like to."

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