A Woman's Reason.

"How did you happen to insure in that particular company?"

"I consulted the wishes of my wife."

"Of course; that's very praiseworthy. But—does she know anything about life insurance companies?"

"Yes. She investigated and found that this one always issues the prettiest calendars."—Tit-Bits.

Three a Day.

Tourist in Ireland (to rural postman)—How many mails have you here in the day?

"Three—breakfast, dinner and tay."—London Fun.

Sad Affair.

"I hear they give Hank a cross examination in that trial up town."

"Yes, and I can't see why they needed to be cross about it. Hank's the best natured cuss I ever see."—Chicago News.

Very True

How do people enjoy trolley rides in such crowded cars?"

Oh, everybody is buoyed up by the expectation that everybody else will get off at the next corner."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Well Up in Art.

"I hear he is well up in art."

"Yes. His studio is on the top floor, and his paintings are always skied."—Judge.

South America.

Competent authorities assert that South America has greater undeveloped resources than any other portion of the world. Any crop grown elsewhere can be duplicated there, and the country abounds in mines of coal, silver and gold, most of which has been only slighly develped.

If With That Tongue He Cannot Win.

Mrs. Dawn—You hateful thing. You told Millie Meadows you only wished you were single again.

Mr. Dawn (with happy inspiration)—Of course I did. It was only that I might experience once again the joy I felt when you accepted me, darling.

Mrs. Dawn—You dear boy! I knew you couldn't be so cruel.—Tit-Bits.

The Bill Would Grow.

"I've brought you a little brother," said the doctor.

"No" said the impossible child; the stork brought my little brother."

"Well I'm the stork" said the doctor.

"But where is your bill?" said the impossible child.

"Itis claimed by those who should know that an impossible child is never wittier than upon the occasion of somebody being born into the family.

Her Predicament.

Mamie—I think Mr. Crustleigh is just too mean for anything.

Fannye—But he married your mamma.

Mamie—I know he did. I jilted him for Harold, then he married mamma, and now he won't let me marry Harold.—Baltimore American.

Misgivings.

"That was a very lucid document you prepared," said the friend.

"Yes," answered the statesman dubiously. "I made it so lucid that I am afraid the public will fail to regard it as able and profound."—Washington Star.

End of the Boer War.

Tiresom.

"I'm so tired" she sighed to the woman next door.

"What have you been doing?"

"I've been the last four hours at the photographer's having an instantaneous picture of the baby taken."

A Strong Man.

"What a very heavy voice he has!"

"Yes; but he is able to lift it in his own defense."—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

It Was Possible.

Clara—You haven't seen my engagement ring yet, have you?

Made—I don't know. Who is the man?—Town and Country.

Diplomacy.

First Boy—It's 6 o'clock. Let's go home.

Second Boy—Nit! If we go home now we'll get licked for stayin' so late. If we stay till 8 we'll git hugged and kissed for not bein' drowned.—Puck.

Her Reason.

"Did you ever try any of these health foods?" the sympathetic friend asked of the dyspeptic lady.

"Yes," she replied, "and I'm not going to eat any more of them."

"Why not?"

"Because they spoil my appetite."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Muscles.

Human beings have six muscles to each eye, that they may move it on either side, but horses, cows, sheep, and other quadrupeds, which habitually incline their heads to the ground in search of food, have a muscle by which their eyelids are suspended and supported, and which we do not need.

A Willing Youth.

"You say that you don't care for the salary so long as you can get a chance to work?" said the billionaire.

"That's the idea," answered the youth with the sharp nose and chin.

"I am willing to start right in at a big reduction and take one of those $25,000 positions you say are so hard to fill at half the money."—Washington Star.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN

How He Obtained His Present Enviable Position.

"Honesty, aggressiveness and health are the requisites for success."

These are the words of John H. Riley, of Cazenovia, N. Y., who has attained the main thing that all men desire. "The first two qualities I mention are necessary," he continued, "if a man or woman wants to rise in life, but they are of little use if the third is not in your possession."

In response to questions he said:

"About two years ago I was taken down with inflammatory rheumatism and was flat on my back, racked with pain and as helpless as a child for fourteen weeks. During those weeks I suffered as only they who have inflammatory rheumatism can suffer."

"Didn't you have any medical attendance?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, I had the best that could be procured, but the doctors did not help me."

"But how did you become cured?"

"Before I was taken sick I had seen advertisements of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which stated that they were good for rheumatism. I was willing to try anything for relief so I got some and was benefited almost immediately. I had taken but six boxes when I was able to return to my work, but I continued taking them until nine boxes were used up. I was entirely cured and have had no return of the trouble since. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a wonderful remedy, and I have recommended them to a great many people.

Rheumatism has been cured in hundreds of other instances by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

They are a specific not only for that disease but for all ailments arising from a disordered condition of the blood or shattered nerves, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, nervous headache, the after effects of the grip, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

In the Future.

First Billionaire's Son—What did you get for yor birthday?

Second Billionaire's Son—I got a railroad.

"That's nothing. I got a whole system."—Life.

No Defered Payments.

"Is your daughter learning to play by note?"

"Certainly not," answered Mrs. Comrox, a little indignantly. "We pay cash for every lesson. The idea!"—Washington Star.

The Habit.

Tess—Oh, she's the girl who used to go arond in the riding habit all the time.

Jess—Yes; but she's got the automobile habit now.

Tess—That so? What is it?

Jess—Running over people every chance she gets.—Philadelphia Press.

The Fisherman's Gamble With Death.

In bad weather, the fisherman's wife said, when the boats were out, she could never stay in the house because of the clock. As it ticked she heard nothing but "Wife, widow; wife, widow," over and over again. And, she said, 'tis but the swing of the bob which name should be the true one.—Cynthia in the West.

Reason Enough.

The teacher at the kindergarten has a great deal of trouble with Mabel, who is 4 years old. The other day she had occasion to ask: "Mabel, why did you strike Freddy?"

"'Tause he's littler dan me," replied Mabel.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Not Friends.

Kind Lady—Poor Fellow, have you got no friends?

Hap Hazzard—No, mum; I hain't got nobody but relatives.—Tit-Bits.

GOOD Short Stories

Ex-Speaker Reed was in the Supreme Court at Washington, D. C., recently, when the justices were slow in assembling. Mr. Reed waited with an elephantine patience. Presently a friend of his leaned over to him and whispered: "Mr. Speaker, can't you count a quorum?" A look of grave reproach overspread the retired statesman's face. "Sir," said he, in a tone of dignity, "you forget that when I counted a quorum, there always was a quorum."

Senator Bailey, of Texas, has a face like a cherub. It is round and soft and full of color. One day, in the corridor of the Senate, he was approached by a giggling young woman, who asked, rapturously: "Oh, Senator, where in the world did you get your pretty pink complexion?" Bailey was embarrassed only for an instant. Looking her straight in the eye and tapping her lightly on her slightly rouged cheek, he very gravely asked: "Where in the city did you get yours?"

Edward FitzGerald, who wrote t quatrains from Omar which have co into such great popularity under t Persian name of "Rubaiyat," and the by excited a curiosity sufficiently gre to have his other translations and ad tations given to the world, was wi and when in society left his mark. I told of him that being once thrown company with a notorious tuft-hunt whose only conversation concerned personal experiences with the nobil FitzGerald waited for a time, then r to go, saying with an attitude and cent of profound dejection: "I kn a lord once, but he is dead."

Mr. Sim, the major-domo of Staff House, the residence of the Duke Sutherland, is distinguished among most distinguished major-domos, m tres d'hotel, and butlers of the high circles. It is said that the King's o servants look up to him as the lead of their profession. The seal is upon his aristocratic fame by a rem rk which is attributed to him. They say that he once went to see Beerbohm Tree play "Hamlet." Asked afterward what he thought of it, he is reported loftily to have remarked: "Well, it's extraordinary the various ways the lower orders have of getting their livings."

Herbert Spencer, the great English sociologist and philosopher, is very fond of a game of billiards, and the other day at the Reform Club in London he met an acquaintance whom he invited to play with him. The young member accepted, and Spencer said, joyfully, as he chalked his cue: "Young man, good billiard-playing is the proof of a well-balanced mind." "I believe it is," replied the young man. They played and the great writer was beaten fearfully. He had only scored thirty-eight when his young antagonist finished his one hundred. Herbert Spencer put the cue away in disgust. "Young man," he said, "such fine billiard-playing as yours is the proof of an ill-spent youth."

As a youngster, Admiral George Dewey was completely carried away by tales of valor on bloody fields, and by stories of great campaigns won by famous commanders. Once his father read to him the story of Hannibal crossing the Alps. The recital made a great impression on the boy. It was in the dead of winter, and on the following day he told the story to his little sister Mary, and asked her to be his army, proposing to cross the only "Alps" in the neighborhood, a large hill which flanked Montpelier to the north. She readily consented, and young George and his army set out on their undertaking. It was keen and cold, the snow lying deep on the ground, and piled into huge drifts in ravines and along fences. With wooden sword in hand, George conducted his army to the crest of the "Alps," from which he looked down on that part of "Italy" encompassed by Washington County. The "army" froze the tip of its nose and one ear, while Hannibal had two of his toes frost-bitten. A farmer took the expedition into his bob-sled, and carried it back to Montpelier.

Quelling a Panic.

The New York Mail and Express tells how a woman's self-control and good sense averted serious disaster.

A street car caught fire in the tunnel above Thirty-fourth street. The car was crowded. A puff of smoke came up from somewhere about the wheels at the forward end, and three women in the second seat leaped in horror to their feet. A man rose and called to the conductor in a sharp tone:

"Can't you see your car is on fire?"

A girl with a big bundle in the second seat tried to fling herself off the car against the stone wall. The conductor began calling:

"Keep your seats! Don't be alarmed! You can't get out until you get to Thirty-fourth street!"

Then a lady in the front seat turned and put her hand on that of the girl with the bundle, who was quivering and trembling in every nerve and muscle.

"We are safe! The conductor would not take us on if there was anything else to do," she said, in a clear, gentle voice of authority, smiling into the girl's dazed eyes. "We are safe!"

The girl calmed down like a baby at its mother's touch; the other passengers harkened to the conductor's command to sit down, and obeyed like children.

When the car got out of the tunnel and was vacated, the lady disappeared in the direction of Fifth avenue. She had undoubtedly quelled a panic and saved life.

Canceling Postage Stamps.

The method of cancelling postage stamps in vogue throughout the world was instituted by the French Government in 1830, but was not adopted by this country until comparatively recent years.—Washington Times.

Infection of Lumber Piles.

Experienced lumbermen say that in the process of seasoning wood should be occasionally repiled and decayed or defective pieces removed, lest they infect the others.

She—Yor proposal of marriage was quite unexpected.

He—So much the better.

She—Why, pray?

He—Because it is the unexpected that usually happens.—Chicago News.

She Felt Wicked.

Revivalist—Is it possible that you dance?

Fair Sinner—Oh, yes, often.

Now, tell me, honestly and fairly, don't you think the tendecy of dancing is toward sin?"

"I must confess that while dancing I have very wicked thoughts."

"Aha! I feared so. When is it that you have wicked thoughts?"

When my partner steps on my toes."—New York Weekly.

Willing to Chance It.

He was obviously anxious, and she seemed almost willing.

"I shall refer you to papa," said she, with a becoming blush "before giving you a final answer."

"But I am perfctly willing to take you without any referrences," said he magnanimously.—Indianapolis News.

Hoist by His Own Petard.

Biller (to Stark, with a perambulator)—Hello! That your baby?

Stark (trying to be smart)—No, it's one I borrowed from a neighbor.

Biller—So? It's a homely little brute, isn't it?—Boston Transcript.

A Natural Query.

Mamma (who is expecting the minister)—Willie, we will have a very nice old gentleman to tea this evening, and you must be very good while he's here.

Willie—Why, is he Santa Claus?—Philadelphia Press.

His Preference.

"Would you rather have something else than a piece of pie?" asked the kind neighbor of little Freddie, who had run an errand for her.

"Yes, ma'am," said Freddie, promptly; "I wu'd ruther have two pieces."—Ohio State Journal.

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Crushing a Lawyer.

De Wolfe Hopper was once a witness in a suit for slander and the opposing council in the courtroom said:

"You are an actor I believe?"

"Yes" replied Hopper.

"Is not that a low calling?"

"I don't know, but it is so much better than my fathers' that I am rather proud of it."

"What was your father's calling may I ask?"

"He was a lawyer" said Hopper.

Never Can Satisfy Them.

"The idea of a man holding one office entering upon the campaign for another one!" exclaimed the politician. "Its' outrageous. He can't help using his official position to advance his own interests."

"But the man in question has just resigned."

"What! Resigned! Well, that's a despicable trick to gain public favor! I didn't think he would do such a thing."—Chicago Post.

His Admission.

"I wonder what is the matter with my head" remarked Jones as he rubbed a bruised spot on the top of his cranium.

"Oh, nothing unusual, I guess" rejoined the other half of the family. "Merely a soft spot."

"No doubt you are right, my dear," answered Jones. My friends all said I had a one when I married you."—Chicago News.

Reason for It.

"But the gown doesn't fit," insisted the patron.

"That" replied the modiste calmly, "is because you are not made right."—Chicago Post.

Lost a Friend.

Fond Parent—Isn't he a fine little chap?

Prize Idiot—Rummy little shrimp, I call it. How long have you had it?—Punch.

Excusable.

First Sheep—But the young folks are so giddy and thoughtless! They don't consider the future!

Second Sheep—Oh, well, my dear, you can't expect a young lamb to spend all his time thinking of roast mutton!—Puck.

Literary Note From the Century Co.

The coming season of the Century Magazine will be "A Year of American Humor." Contributions have already been engaged from the best known American writers of humorous stories and sketches. There will be during the year a number of contributions from new humorous writers, and articles reminiscent of those of the past.

A Poser for Him.

He—I have always said that I would not marry a girl who was stupid.

She—But how are you going to know?—Town and Country.

Much Too Rude for Society.

It's no use," sighed the pork packers' fair daughter, "trying to go into society when pa insists on calling a golf club a shinny stick!"—Judge.