

CARICATURE

THE WIT & HUMOR
OF A NATION IN
PICTURE, SONG & STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICA'S GREATEST ARTISTS

SPECIAL EDITION

CARICATUR

(TENTH EDITION)

WIT AND HUMOR OF A NATION
IN PICTURE; SONG AND STORY

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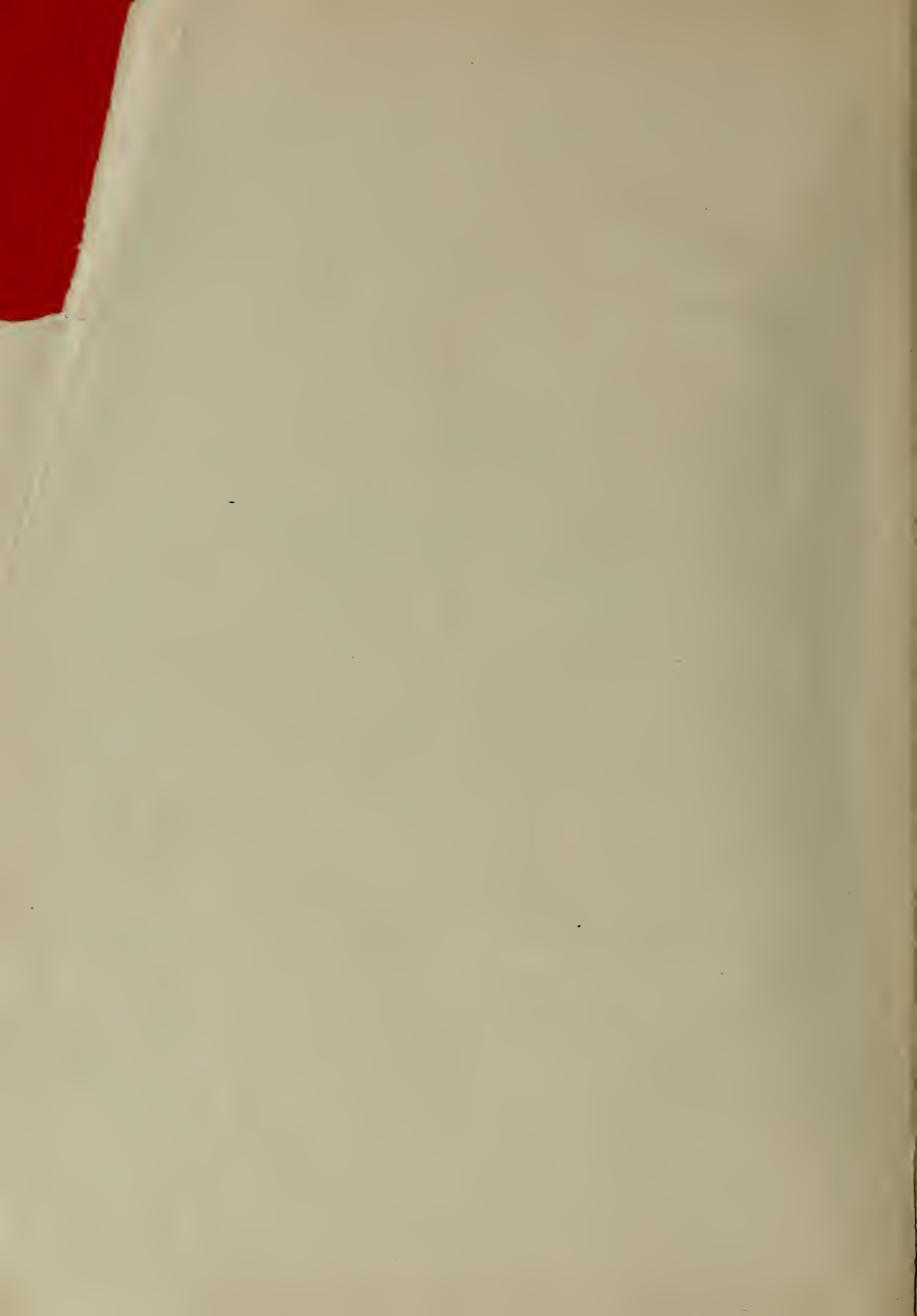
Carolyn Wells

Henry Tyrrell

and others

JUDGE COMPANY, 225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

1909



Amphibious Cottage

By F. P. Pitzer

THEY called it the Amphibious Cottage, I guess, because half the time it was in the water and the other half it was on land. The proprietor was an old sea-dog; but the way he chewed tobacco made him look more like a sea-cow. The cottage stood so close to the sea that the boarders occupying front rooms on retiring put on bathing-suits instead of pajamas, because no one knew what minute a wave would come up the front stoop and crawl into the rooms. Every morning the mosquito nettings were full of fish. The pillows were stuffed with cork and the beds were built in the form of rafts. There were old-fashioned mottoes hung about the rooms reading, "Paddle your own canoe," "We will gather at the river," etc. One dark night we heard a terrific bump against the house. Some mistook it for an earthquake on its way home from San Francisco; but upon looking out of the parlor-window we discovered that a ferry-boat from Jersey City had run into us.

There was no shooting about the premises, but every Friday the boarders used to fish from the roof of the cottage.

One dark night a newly-arrived couple held a spoon-fest on the front piazza. In fact, their yum-yumming was so strenuous they actually soup-spooned. They did not see the tide rising, and as they spooned, oblivious of all surroundings, the tide riz. Soon the water came up round them, but they kept right on spooning. When their feet had been in the salt water long enough to be pickled, he said to she, "Dost know, Dryid, 'tis gètting dam-damp?" (No; the man stuttered.) "Yes," said she to he; "an' methinkest 'tis 'goingski to rain—me corn aches." But upon reaching down for that afflicted member she discovered their predicament. She jumped up with a scream and a crab dangling from

her little toe. Then he jumped up, only to find the turn-ups of his trousers full of fish. They both immediately got cold feet and retired.

Amphibious Cottage! I shall never forget it.

He—"Miss Olkyrl and Mr. Stagit played cards together the whole voyage."

She—"Which won?"

He—"It resulted in a tie."

L OUD sing the praises of the golden straw
That slants aloft at forty-five degrees—
The frail connecting link that weds serene
The rapt soul and the julep lush and cool.



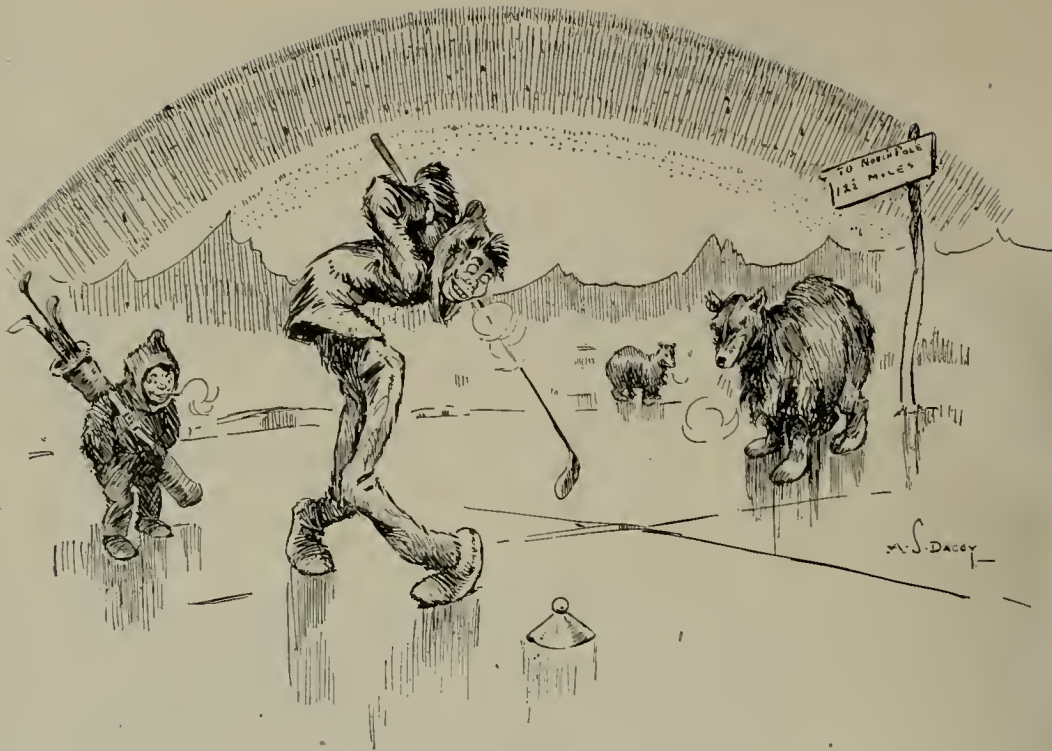
A STANDING JOKE.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"What did you do with those cigars I bought you last birthday?"

MR. NEWLYWED—"Oh, I'm saving them up for a few of my dearest friends."

MRS. NEWLYWED—"Till when?"

MR. NEWLYWED—"The first of April."



ICED TEE.

A Vegetable Sentiment.

IT was Memorial day, and an astonishing spirit of sectional friendliness prevailed. Flowers had been scattered indiscriminately over the graves of Federals and Confederates, and a regiment wearing both the blue and the gray was headed by a banner appropriately inscribed.

Old Uncle Eb had brought his mistress's little grandson to see the "show."

"Watch out now, I on-ey," he said, "when dem Yanks and Rabels comes along. I dunno zactly why, but dey has printed on a flag in big letters, 'Pease and hominy.'" A. F. M.

Success Assured.

Drawing - teacher — "Your son's drawing is abominable, sir! His perspective is all wrong, and his blending of colors is atrocious!"

Ambitious father (delightedly)—"Good! Then I need have no further concern regarding his success as a leading exponent of the impressionist school!"

Smart Little Girl.

MOTHER was telling little six-year-old Gertrude a fairy-tale.

"Two great princes wished to wed the beautiful princess," ran the story. "One of the princes was poor, but he had a noble heart. The other prince was rich—oh, very rich—but he was not good. Still, the princess could not make up her mind, because, you see, the bad prince acted very nice to the princess. And the princess was almost worried to death"

"Well, I think she was very silly," broke in little Gertrude. "Why didn't she marry the rich prince, get his money, then divorce him and marry the good prince?"

And little Gertrude's big, earnest eyes rested inquiringly upon mother's face.



A QUERY.

MISS JACKSON — "Am yo' gwine ter de masquerade-ball ter-night?"
 MR. JOHNSON — "Yes; Ah's gwine as a 'walkin' delegate.'"
 MISS JACKSON — "What am yo' gwine ter wear—stripes or diamonds?"

Leaf from a
Poet's Note-book.

- sonnet,
- price,
- bonnet—
- nice.
- pawn it
- poke.
- doggo



SECOND NATURE.

An irresistible movement of hands on reading the poster.

Spoiled His Story.

"SIR," says the dignified stranger, walking into the office of the chief of police of Chicago during convention week, "I have a complaint to register against your men."

"What is it?" politely asks the chief.

"They are too officious. Before coming here I had heard a great deal about the dangers of life in this city, but whenever two foot-pads try to hold me up an officer steps from the shadows and arrests them. When a pickpocket gets his hands on my watch an officer nabs him; when a restaurant man overcharges me, or a cabman tries to skin me, an officer is on the scene and readily adjusts matters. And so it goes."

"Well, I certainly can't see where you have any complaint," said the chief.

"Can't? Why, how thickens am I going to put any tinge of interest and excitement in the story of my visit to Chicago if this thing keeps up?"

Graft.

WHEN Jason sneaked to the Hesperides
And neatly pinched, one night, the Golden Fleece,
'Twas happily not known to the police,
Or they would promptly cry, "Our divvy, please!"
To captains sailing oriental seas

The pregnant word "backsheesh," was just a peice
Of native wit, that caused their woes to cease
And landed were the priceless argosies.
"How moves the world?" you ask. Well, just the same
As it revolved a thousand years ago.

The common people, still raked fore and aft,
Submit without a murmur to the game.

'Tis called finesse, diplomacy, we know—
But in its brazen nakedness 'tis graft.

EUGENE GEARY.

A Sure Method.

"LOOK here!" shouted the practical politician, hursting
into the headquarters of the boss. "We must have
that new district-attorney kicked right out."

"What has he been doing?" inquired the man of experience suavely.

"He's been doing everything and everybody. Why, he has even been enforcing the laws."

"That's pretty bad," said the boss. "What do you propose to do about it?"

"Do!" exclaimed the irate worker. "I propose to have charges made against him and have him broke."

"My son," said the boss, "you are only a beginner. By doing that you'd only place him in a position to have himself vindicated, and he would be a constant menace to us."

"But something has got to be done."

"Quite true, and I'm going to do it."

"Going to have him sandbagged?"

"Worse and worse! I'm going to have him nominated for a judgeship, or even for governor."

"What's that?"

"I guess you heard me right. I'm going to promote him, for that's the latest thing in practical politics. We who have experience find it much easier to push a man off the roof than to kick him out of the basement door, and it settles him much more effectively."



STICKY FLY-PAPER.

What little Willie Fly would like to do if he was a king.

Entirely.

ONCE there was a would-be joke-writer who gave birth to a funny story. It was known to be funny because the man who wrote it, and who, therefore, knew it most intimately, said it was funny.

He had heard that it was hard to market literary material by mail.

So, as a friend of his was going next week to New York, the writer of the funny yarn said to this friend,

"As you are going to New York next week will you not please take my funny story and market it? I would gladly do as much for you sometime."

As the friend was in the butcher business this was a good, safe promise for the writer to make.

The butcher-man was anxious not to offend the writer, as the latter owed him money.

(The butcher's name was Meredith, and the writer had been owing Meredith for a long time, which was what made him think he could write.)

So the friend took the jest and put it in the inside right-hand pocket of his coat and went.

First to one office and then to another went the man with the funny tale, and everywhere he went the result was the same.

Each editor looked at the manuscript a short while and returned it with thanks that did not seem sincere.

At last, when the friend's pedometer showed that he had tramped twenty-three miles, he took the funny story from his pocket, tore it into several thousand bits and threw it into an open coal-hole, remarking as he did so,

"There is such a thing as carrying a joke too far."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Mr. Wright's Fwright.

THERE once lived a man named Wright,
Who came home very late one dark night.
"You can pull your old freight,"
Said his wife at the height.
He forgot what to say in his fwright.

Had the Papers.

A FEW bold spirits determined to prevent the new lady agitator from Kansas from speaking.

"Where is your lecture license?" they demanded.

With a glance of withering scorn, mingled with triumph, she opened her grip, extracted therefrom a paper, and waved it in their faces.

"Here it is!" she shouted vindictively.

It was her marriage certificate. Even then there was one man on the committee of protesters who could not understand why his associates acknowledged their defeat so readily. He was single.

Another Odd Thing.

"AND there is another strange thing I have observed," remarked the aged philosopher, stroking his long white beard.

"There is?" asked the interested listener. "What is it?"

"That the coming man is always one who has got there."

An Art Critic.

"WHAT! call that picture art?" he sneered.
"Those greens give me the blues.
I know what's good, and, by this beard!
What I dislike I chews."

Then sections of that poster rolled
With gusto down his throat,
This Ruskin of the summer world—
His majesty the goat.

EUGENE GEARY.

A Reversal of Fortune.

IN the vicinity of Los Angeles, before that city was provided with a complete drainage system as at present, lived and thrived a man of large wealth derived from the sale of vegetables raised on land fertilized with the sewage of the city. The dissemination of that sort of provender in the town was the occasion of much discussion privately and in the newspapers. Several crusades were started and vigorously maintained against the use of sewage-raised vegetables.

When this excitement was at its height and the city council had the matter up for a wrangle at almost every session, a newspaper wag remarked,

"Well, it might be a good deal more practical to be suing the old man for damages a while instead of continuously damning him for sewage." STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

Can It Be?

THE two Russian belles are discussing their mutual friends.

"And there is Rosiekoff Dimitriskewatchiskebooliskevitch," says the first girl. "I think she is such a sweet thing! And don't you think her name is beautiful?"

"Oh, yes," concedes the second. "But I have heard—now don't you whisper this to a soul—I have heard that her name isn't all her own."

"Mercy! What do you mean?"

"It is hinted that she wears an artificial skevitch."

Kind fates preserve us! If the ladies in other parts of the world begin amplifying their names as they do their hair, we never shall know whether a lady is really possessed of the aristocratic cognomen engraved upon her cards, or is simply a plain Smith, Jones, or Brown.

Should Be Equalized.

BECKONING the waiter, the guest says, "I see on the menu that this house charges extra for one order served to two guests."

"Yes, sir," answers the deferential waiter.

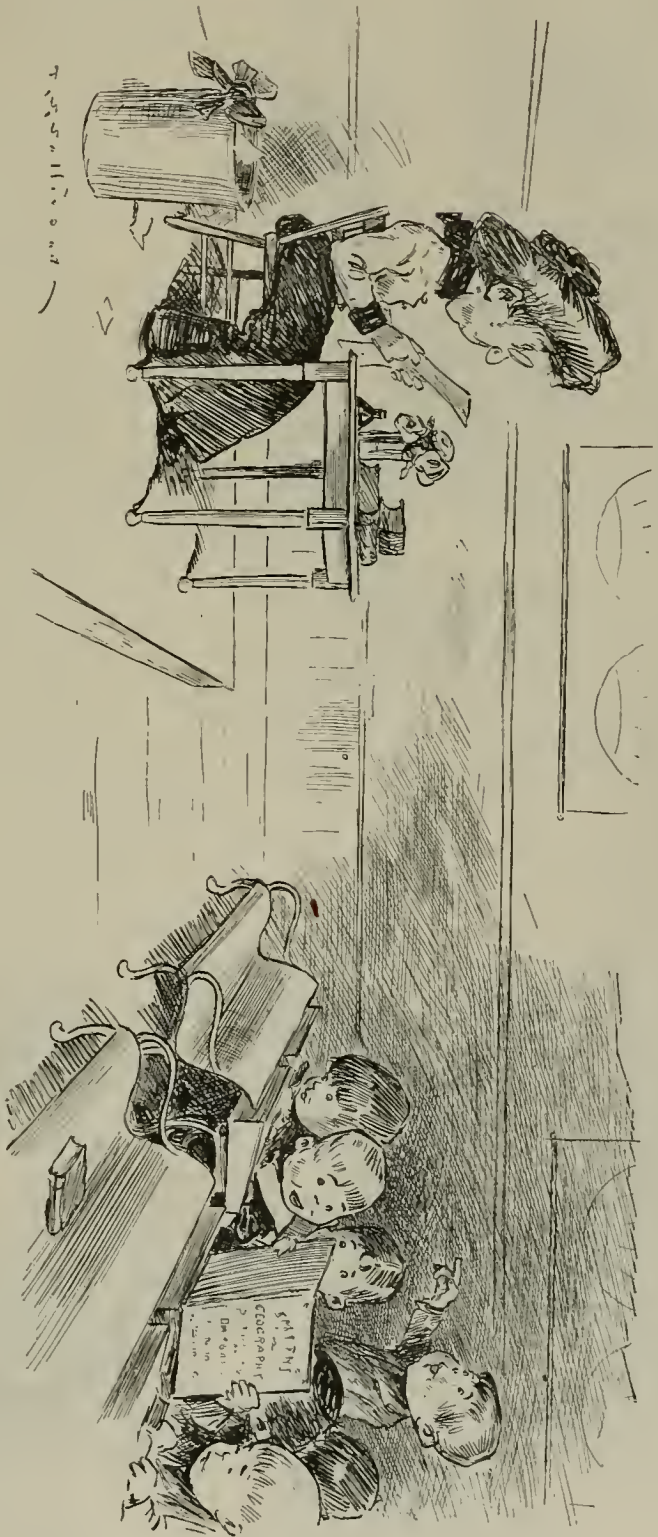
"Well, do you make any reduction for two orders served to one guest?"

"No, sir."

"Then I shall proceed to inform the manager of this gross injustice. It seems to me that the rule ought to work both ways."

The Man, the Mule and the Maul.

A MAN hit a mule with a maul
While stealing in stealth past his stall.
The mule put his heels
Where the man put his meals
And the bells are now pealing his pall.



WHICH GOT LICKED?

BOY—“Teacher, Bill Jones is makin’ faces at you from behind his geography.”

TEACHER—“How do you know he is?”

BOY—“Why, how kin a feller help it when he’s behind his geography?”



NO USE HAVING MONEY.

MOSE JACKSON (in jail)—“Ef I on’y had fifty dollars I could git out on bail.”
 FRIEND—“Iuh! Ef yo’ had fifty dollars yo’r lawyer would git it.”

Played Football with Him.

Geraldine—“You are a baseball player, are you not?”
 Gerald—“Yes; and I wish you’d mention it to your father.”
 Geraldine—“What for?”
 Gerald—“He took me for a football player last night.”

A Mournful Finish.

THERE was excitement in the hen-house. The turkey on the top roost gobbled himself hoarse with frenzy, and every other hen in the establishment cackled like a punctured tire.

“Young Fatten Fluffy was monkeying around in the yard,” exclaimed the messenger who had just arrived, “and met the boss with a large hatchet.”

“And how did he behave himself?” asked the flurried chorus.

“Oh,” said the messenger, “he lost his head completely.”

Small Choice.

FATHER had carved the turkey and had given the drumsticks to two of the children, the thighs to two more, the wings to his old-maid sisters, the white meat to mother and some of the other guests, the back to Uncle Bill, who took what he could get and murmured not, like a true philosopher; then father looked at the platter and mused, “The situation grows desperate.” He turned the remnants over and over and went on, “It seems to be neck or nothing with me.”

Where His Mind Was.

Professor Knowitt—“William, please give me a sentence showing the difference in meaning between sufficient and enough.”
 William—“To-morrow I’ll have sufficient turkey, but I won’t have enough.”



SUSPICIOUS.

MEDIUM—“Madam, I can’t seem to get your husband—he won’t come at my bidding.”
 WIDOW—“The wretch! He’s probably off flirting with some hussy of a lady-ghost.”



ON THE RIATTO.

FIRST ACTOR—"So young, brilliant, is making love to Dolly Foodiglats? What are his prospects?"
SECOND ACTOR—"Very good. He has almost succeeded in convincing her that his income is sufficient to pay her the alimony to which she has been accustomed."



SECOND-HAND WITH HIM

MISS DEPOINTER—"Why is it your brother doesn't ride his horse any more?"
MISS ROYCE-JONES—"Oh, never in the summer, my dear. He can't let it get shoptorn before the horse-show."



A SWELL NAME.

MRS. CASEY—"An' phat did th' docthor say ailed ye?"

MR. CASEY—"Appendicitis."

MRS. CASEY—"Och, worra! Oi knew he'd say that if ye wore that new Sunday suit."

Foiled at Last.

"TELL yew what, them bunco men didn't git none o' my money this trip," boasted Uncle Silas.

"They didn't, hey?"

"No, siree! I lost my pocket-book on the way to town, an' they wasn't nothin' fer 'em ter git."

To Get Out of It Cheap.

Mrs. Newcomb (on being asked to contribute a dollar to help make up the deficit in the minister's salary)—
"Really, I can't afford to give so much money; but I'll buy two chickens, a pound of coffee, a can of condensed milk, a bottle of olives, some cottage cheese, a spare-rib, and some cut flowers for the church supper, the proceeds of which, you know, are to be turned in."

Not in the Books.

"WHAT are the chief products of South America?" asked the school-teacher.
"Tommy Taddells, you may answer."

"Rubber, coffee, ultimatums, and insurrections," replied Tommy.

He Is Sorry Now.

"SO Jarvis got his wife by advertising?"

"Yes; and now he's thinking of the exchange column."

Out of Business.

Cobwigger—"I hear the storm blew your tent down?"

Circus fakir—"Worse than that. The rain gave the sword-swallower a sore throat and washed all the designs off the tattooed man."

He Knew.

Teacher (to class in geography)—"And who knows what the people who live in Turkey are called?"

Class (unanimously)—
"Turks!"

Teacher—"Right. Now, who can tell me what those living in Austria are called?"

Little boy—"Please, mum, I know. Ostriches!"

Forever Debarred.

Lassitudinous Lemuel—"Why was Weary refused membership in the brotherhood of enervated pilgrims?"

Peregrinating Paul—"We discovered that he was born in Bath, Maine."

Art and Nature.

"WHAT a queer pattern!" says the patron of the tailor. "It looks like one of the maps showing the parallels of latitude."

"Yah," says the tailor. "Id iss a new pattern, made especially for dem bow-legged men's pantses."



TO THE HEAD OF THE CLASS.

TEACHER—"What was 'the restoration,' Bobby?"

BOBBY—"A fake. Pop 's just as bald as before he used it."



A HARDER MATTER.

MISS STRONGMYND (*who has been struck for a nickel*)—"Well, you're a fine specimen of a man!"
 WORN WILLIE—"T'anks, awfully; I couldn't so readily classify you."

Fowl Fable.

THERE was once an humble hen, who hatched out, by mistake, a flock of owls.

Of course, so soon as the owls were big enough to make their débuts they began staying out until all hours of the night and mingling in the giddy whirl of society.

To this, however, Mamma Hen objected, saying that she had not been brought up in such a way, and she did not believe that it was proper for her children to go gallivanting around.

At this the owl-chickens conferred among themselves, saying,

"Poor mamma! With her antecedents it naturally is hard for her to know who's whoo."

Mora.—Sometimes it is difficult for the parents to enter society.

Easy Lesson in Politics.

"GOOD-EVENING, Mr. Buttin," said Gladys, rising to greet the caller. "Mr. Honey and I were just discussing politics when you arrived. We have been arguing about the difference between a majority and a plurality."

"Well," said Mr. Buttin, with a patronizing glance at Mr. Honey, "it is easily understood. A majority is a preponderance of favor between two parties, while a plurality is an excess over all."

"Ah, yes," sighed Miss Gladys. "It is just like the old saying that 'two is company and three is a crowd,' isn't it?"

And the meaning look that passed between Gladys and Mr. Honey convinced Mr. Buttin that he had been counted out.

Reason for His Haste.

McCloskey—"Phat is yure hoorry, Moike?"

McGowan (on the sprinkling-cart)—"Shure, it's goin' to rain. Pat, an' it's me thot wants to git me wur-rk done befor it comes."

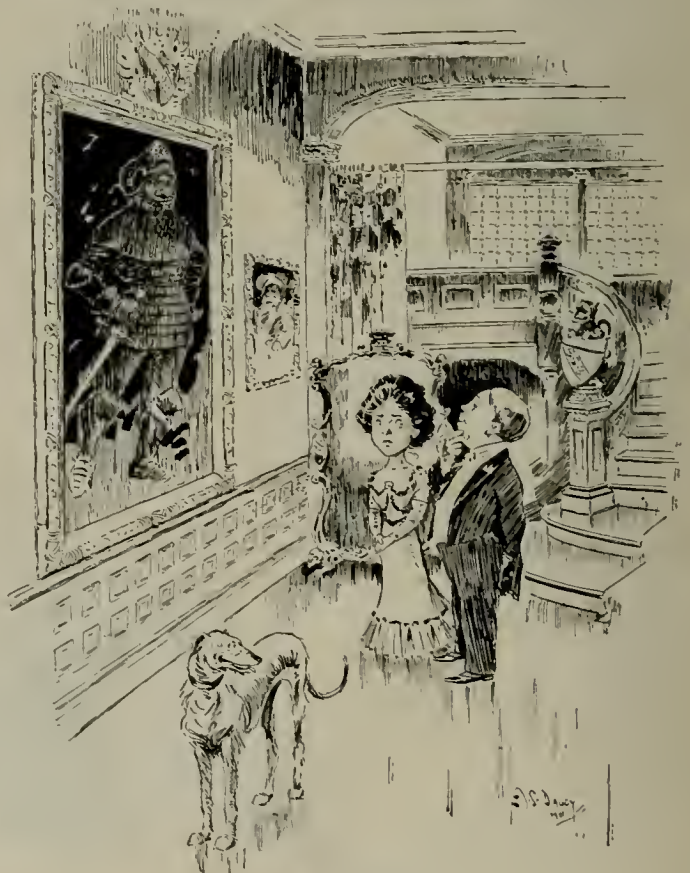
Notable.

SUDDENLY the bands in the great convention-hall struck up a ringing air, which was echoed by the bands stationed on the streets in the neighborhood. The great doors of the hall were thrown open and, preceded by a guard of honor and two or three bands, and followed by another guard of honor and four or five bands, a small man, trying hard not to wear a self-conscious look, was escorted to the rostrum. After the cheering had subsided the chairman rose and said,

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is unnecessary for

me to say that we are about to have the pleasure of listening to a few remarks from the Honorable Gabe Izzent of Hackasack, Florida, the only man in the United States who has never had a vice-presidential boom."

Among those inclined to thanksgiving the editor highly ranks; He thanks when he is receiving and always declines with thanks.



HIS COSTUME.

EDITH—"That is my first male ancestor."

PERCY—"Ah, taken in masquerade costume, I see."

TOO SLAPPERY.
Customer: "So you think hair-oil will keep the hair from coming out?"
Druggist: "To a certain extent. A woman can't get a good, reliable grip on well-oiled hair."





SWEEPING THE DECKS.

FIRST SAILOR—"So you lost your wife last month? Wasn't it a terrible blow?"
 SECOND SAILOR—"It wor a regular tornado. She cleaned out everything in the house before she eloped."

The Mystery.

"HERE," said the man with the paper, "is an account of a Reuben who came to town and lost two thousand dollars to bunco sharks. Isn't it remarkable?"

"Not at all," replied the other man. "The remarkable part of it is that fellows of that sort ever get the two thousand dollars to lose."

Coming to This.

THE baseball game being over, the manager gave a signal, and large cages, similar to those used in a circus, were wheeled into the field.

Into them, with much cursing and shoving, the players were driven.

After announcing that for a small additional entrance fee the audience might see the players fed and hear the umpire sing his death-song, the manager smiled,

"There hasn't been any contract-jumping since I thought of this scheme."

Unavailable.

SAFE in the editorial desk
 She saw her love-pome laid.
 But still, with hand upon the knob,
 She lingered and delayed.
 Upon her face the editor
 A question then could see,
 And answer made, "For pomes like this
 We always P. O. P."

The damsel, starting, stared and blushed,
 Then hung her pretty head;
 "Really this is so sudden, sir,"
 In faltering voice she said.
 The editor, precipitate,
 Burst out in explanation,
 "I mean, of course—that is—you know—
 We Pay On Publication!"

WILLIAM LINCOLN BALCH.

Changed His Tune.

"I KNEW a feller once," said the nail-keg philosopher, "who often said he would not take a million dollars for his wife. She run off with a fruit-tree agent, and he offered a reward of ten dollars for her."

Saving.

WITH a self-satisfied smile the miser reads the book of maxims. He finds nothing therein which he cannot improve until he reaches this, "Time is money."

Then, with much haste, he rushes to the dining-room and to the parlor and to the hall, and all over the house, and stops every clock he can find.



END OF THE HONEYMOON.

MR. JUSTWED—"When I die, love, I want to be cremated."
 MRS. JUSTWED—"That is a good idea, John. The gold in your teeth ought to pay all the expenses."

A SONG-TALE FANTASY

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

COME, listen to a fairy tale
Which I will tell to you ;
You'll find the story isn't stale—
In fact, it's very new !
It's all about a lady fair
Who had a broken heart,
And—that's enough of poetry,
At all events, to start.

IT IS RELATED, TOLD AND SAID :

Now, once upon a time there was a lovely maiden, so lovely that her beauty was wont to shatter every mirror into which she looked. She never had her photograph taken, because photography hadn't been invented in those days. You must picture her, therefore, to yourself. She loved and lost. The course of true love didn't run smooth even then. The man she lost wasn't to blame, for he didn't know she was looking for him. She only saw his profile once, but that was enough. She loved that profile. It was so Napoleonic ; that is, ante-Napoleonic, and—but an inspiration !

IT IS SUNG :

She fell in love, this lovely miss,
With a man she didn't know.
As he was not aware of this,
It didn't affect him—no !
He went away to foreign lands,
Maybe to Timbuctoo,
Or else to Afric's sunny sands,
Or, p'r'aps, Hon-o-lu-lu !

IT IS RELATED, TOLD AND SAID :

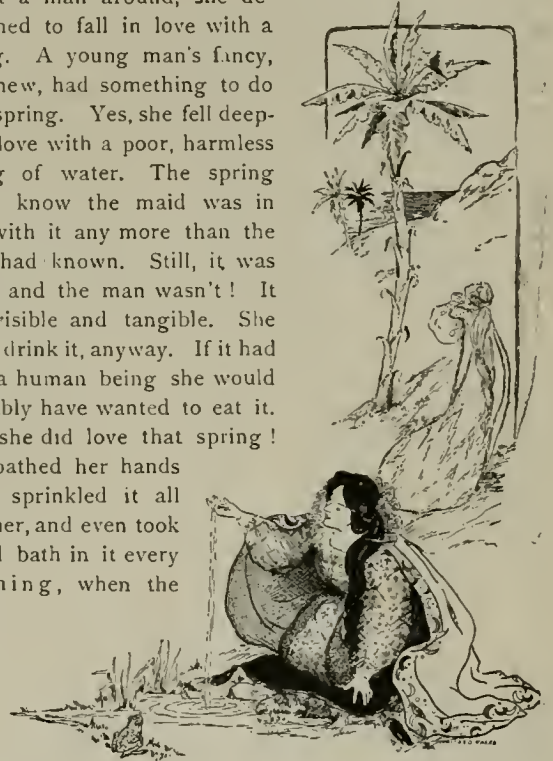
Well, he went away and her heart broke. At all events, her heart throbbed so rapidly, when he had gone, that she imagined, like all self-respecting maidens of that period, it was broken. Then she had an idea. She would go to a desert island, taking another broken-hearted maiden with her as chaperon. There they would mend their hearts, and their ways. No more men for them ! They might certainly meet monkeys, which even in those days were exceedingly like men, but monkeys hadn't been Darwinized yet. The two maidens started off—it doesn't matter how—and reached the desert island—it doesn't matter where. When they arrived they lived on—it doesn't matter what ; but they grew so desperately miserable that the situation became ludicrous. You'll notice this almost immediately. Meantime

IT IS SUNG :

They were quite happy just at first,
But it grew somewhat slow,
Though neither of them ever durst
Acknowledge it was so !
Yet to the situation then
One maiden straightway rose,
But what she did, and how and when,
Is better told in prose !

IT IS RELATED, TOLD AND SAID :

She made up her mind that, broken-hearted or not, she was going to love somebody or something. As there wasn't a man around, she determined to fall in love with a spring. A young man's fancy, she knew, had something to do with spring. Yes, she fell deeply in love with a poor, harmless spring of water. The spring didn't know the maid was in love with it any more than the man had known. Still, it was there, and the man wasn't ! It was visible and tangible. She could drink it, anyway. If it had been a human being she would probably have wanted to eat it. How she did love that spring ! She bathed her hands in it, sprinkled it all over her, and even took a cold bath in it every morning, when the



weather was warm enough. Her broken-hearted sister, by the way, fell in love with a tree. But she's an item, and that's another story. Well, one day—but this is better warbled !

IT IS SUNG :

Upon the sands a ship got stuck,
And every person lost
Save one young man, who by great luck
Was on the island tossed !
He did not see the maidens fair
For quite a week or more,
In prose I'll tell you when and where,
Just as I did before !

IT IS RELATED, TOLD AND SAID :

He happened to be walking along one day—it was Friday—when he heard a voice. He had already seen a footprint, but it was so big that he gave it no thought. Had there been a Chicago in those days he might well have passed it over. He heard a voice. That voice was beautiful, so he listened. There were words of love in it. Addressed to whom ? Why, to him, of course ! He listened again. The words were so rapturous and



complimentary that he almost involuntarily ejaculated, "Why was I born so beautiful?" Then the voice ceased. He peeped around the corner. The lady was bathing her hands in the spring. He drew

nearer and nearer. She saw him—saw him—gave one cry, and fell into his arms. It was not the first time a lady had fallen into his arms. He knew what to do. He put her under the spring. That revived her. And—but this is too rapturous for prose.

IT IS SUNG:

"Thou art my love, my love!" said she.
He mildly acquiesced.
It seemed to him this course would be
Presumably the best.
"Thou art my fountain come to life,
A fairy set thee free!
Whoe'er thou art, I am thy wife!
I love, I love but thee!"

IT IS RELATED, TOLD AND SAID:

This rather startled the prince. He was a prince, of course. The hero always is in fairy-tales. He soothed the young maiden and asked her to tell him quietly and confidentially what the trouble really was. Then she confessed all. She had seen him—at least his profile—

and had loved him—that is, the profile. He had gone away before she had a chance to tell her love. Then she had come to the island and fallen in love with the spring, which she had personified as him. Did he mind? Not a bit! It didn't matter. He was quite willing. She was beautiful. She had said that he was beautiful—that is, the spring, which was his personification, and—well, that closed the incident. But, *horribile dictu!*

IT IS SUNG:

A rush, a roar, and a rock crashed down
On the prince and the maiden fair!
It hit him exactly on his crown
And her on the top of her hair!
'Twas the jealous spring—or, maybe so,
Or, p'r'aps, 'twas an accident,
Though we shall none of us really know
The truth of this sad event!

IT IS RELATED, TOLD AND SAID:

No! no one ever knew. At all events, the prince and the maiden fair perished, and, doubtless, lived happily ever afterward in some fairyland, where there were no divorces. What became of the other maiden history deponeeth not. She was, however, merely an item. Probably she married the tree, and is now a weeping widow—that is, willow! And now for the last time

IT IS SUNG:

Now tales like this a moral impart,
No matter if sung or said,
And this one shows the vulnerable part
Is not the heart, but the head.

The Origin of Pumpkin Pie

ONCE upon a time—a long while ago, children—there lived a wise old man who was always trying to see what he could discover.

Having made several perpetual-motion machines and one or two air-ships, he was walking through the fields to avoid his creditors, when he came upon a pumpkin.

"This," he said to himself, bending down and feeling of the yellow orb, "is a vegetable growth; but I firmly believe that it acquires its hue from small particles of gold which it extracts from the earth."

So he put the pumpkin on his shoulder and took it home, telling all anxious inquirers that he was going to discover how to extract the gold from it.

At home, in spite of all his wife said, he cut the pumpkin up and put it in a pot and boiled it—only he argued that he was melting it.

When at last it was a pulpy mass, he poured it out of the pot and right on top of a pan of dough that his wife had rolled out for the purpose of making a dried-apple pie.

Now you know the kind of a wife he had, do you not? A woman who will feed her husband on dried-apple pie deserves to be married to two or three inventors, doesn't she?

And so, he put the pumpkin pie and the dough into the oven, asserting that he would harden it with the heat and produce a solid sheet of gold, and be so rich that he could run for office on a reform ticket.

But, bless you! when the pumpkin and the dough came out of the oven it was not a solid sheet of gold at all, but a rich, golden, tantalizing section of goodness.

And the poor inventor was hungry, so he bit into it. A few moments later several of his creditors broke into the house and came upon him, crying, "Look here! Where is all that gold you were going to get for us?"

And he never even looked up at them, but kept right on eating, saying, "Who cares f'r gold? (Bite, bite. O-o-o-oh!) Who cares fr gold? Men, I have discovered pumpkin pie!"

And the creditors sat down also and ate, and they, too, were happy ever after.

So now, when you eat pumpkin pie you should be glad that the poor inventor did not succeed in making gold of the pumpkin. For if he had, the pumpkin might never have gone further than to fill your teeth.

"MAMMA, is it the Fourth of July in heaven?" asked little Johnny, as he watched a shower of falling meteors.

The Great American Novel.

Young author — "Ah! I'm glad to find you in. Are you busy to-day?"

Publisher — "I'm never busy, sir. It's against my principles."

Young author — "That is good. I came to talk with you about the 'great American novel.'"

Publisher — "Aha! I suppose you have written it?"

Young author — "I flatter myself that I have."

Publisher — "I see. Now, young man, to get at the bottom of this thing in a hurry, I want to ask you a few questions."

Young author — "Delighted, I assure you."

Publisher — "How many characters have you introduced in your story?"

Young author — "The usual number—about a dozen, I should say."

Publisher — "Bad at the start. You've got to have at least five hundred. How many nationalities are represented?"

Young author — "Oh, it's purely American, don't you know. My characters are all American born."

Publisher — "Bad again. You've got to have at least fifty different nationalities. Have you sent any of your characters across the pond by wireless?"

Young author — "But, sir, I don't write impossible, improbable stuff. My book is high-class fiction, after the style of Hawthorne and Goldsmith and"—

Publisher — "Wait! Have you depicted lynchings, head-on collisions, political intrigues, society scandals, mobs, riots, strikes, explosions, absconders, homicides, infanticides, suicides, poisoners, automobile criminals, bridge-jumping, prize-fighting, steamboat and theatrical calamities, etc., etc.?"

Young author — "No, sir; I"—

Publisher — "Enough, young man! You might do to edit a fancy-work page in some *Old Girls' Home Journal*, but as the writer of the coming 'great American novel' you are on the wrong train."

JOE C. A.E.

A Liberal View.

"HAVE you seen much of Miss Dumonde?
She's apt to be reserved, they say,
And seldom lets one get beyond
The commonplace of every day."

"Oh, yes, indeed! I saw so much
That really I was stricken mute,
Although I only met her once—
But—she was in her bathing-suit!"



DOCTORS STUMPED.

FIRST BEETLE—"What's the matter?"
SECOND BEETLE—"Oh, Mr. Centipede has broken a leg and the doctors are trying to find which one."

An Unwritten History.

THE humorist was sitting in his office, dull and discouraged, chewing the end of his pen and spitting in the direction of the advertising-man's cuspidor. Not a single joke for to-morrow's paper could he get. Inspiration had fled and burned the bridges behind her. But the darkest hour is just—while your chickens are being stolen.

Just then a creamy, melting, chorus-girl smile diffused itself over his face. Taking his feet from the table and slapping his legs, he exclaimed, "Oh, I have it! I will write something and call it a weather-prophet joke." And it was copied in all the papers, and drummers told it in all the hotel-lobbies.

A Theory.

She—"The man came to look at the roof to-day, but he didn't do any work—just looked at it and went away."

He—"Maybe he's going to mend the leak by Christian-science treatment."

"If he wasn't in the wreck why is he suing the railway company for damages?"

"His wife was on the train, bound for South Dakota to get a divorce, and the nervous shock, together with an impairment of her complexion, caused her to drop the proceedings."

Hi Hunks's Happiness.



ALTHOUGH the old pertater-bug
 Around the furrers hops,
 The cider that will brim the jug
 Into my dream just pops ;
 So I don't worry much about
 Pertaters, don't you see ?
 When I hev cider I kin shout
 An' very thankful be.
 The pigs are gettin' good an' fat,
 An' so 's the hens an' lambs ;
 An' soon the beams, I'll bet my hat,
 Will bendin' be with hams.
 So I will very thankful be,
 Though the pertaters fail,
 For lots of turkeys now I see
 A-settin' on the rail.
 Among the corn-stalk's russet ranks
 I hear the wild dove coo,
 An' am so blame chock full of thanks
 I don't know what to do.
 An' when I see the pumpkin bob
 Amid the weeds, breeze-fanned,
 For joy I fill my old "corn-cob"
 An' smoke to beat the band.

An Old Salt's Observations.

FAME, as far as I can figger out, is bein' popular with a lot of strangers that wouldn't like you if they knew you.

Th' records of our good times are written with a pencil on a slate. Th' records of our sorrows are engraved upon a monument with chisels.

We spend about two-thirds our lives in sayin' that we hadn't been afraid to do th' things we dast.

It must be mighty nice to be a king an' run a country ; but I reckon that it ain't a marker on what 'twould be to be a queen. *She* runs the king, you know.

Th' nearest to th' ideal kick that I ever heard a man come was when Bill Jones burst out with th' statement, "Gosh hang it ! it's bad enough to be poor, without havin' to work, too." He was an awful lazy man, Bill was.

Life is full of mix-ups. Th' first v'y-age I made to sea th' fo'c's'le grub was so plum bad that the hungry sailors couldn't eat it, while in th' cabin, where th' food was fine, there wasn't a passenger that wasn't seasick an' without an appetite.

I never git mad when I read about an American girl a-marryin' of an Englishman to git his title. All I have to do to calm me down is to look around these United States an' see what she *might* have took at home an' not even got a title.

A millionaire was on my ship, an' every chap aboard was lookin' at him envious like an' sayin' that he wished that he was him. Next day a block fell an' cracked him on th' head. They quit their wishin' then. It's only good luck that we envy.

EDWARD MARSHALL

No Wonder.

"SMITHERS says he lights one cigar from another now, he smokes so much."

"I don't wonder, considering the kind of cigars that Smithers smokes."

"Why?"

"Matches must cost more."

No Doubt.

"YOU know, genius has been defined as an intense capacity for hard work."

"Yes. I suppose it would be much more satisfactory if it were a labor-saving device."

Cinderella's After-thought.

CINDERELLA had just finished the slipper-fitting episode.

"Dear me!" she remarked as her lover was dusting off his knees, "I do hope he is a real prince and not a shoe-clerk in disguise."

Only the assurances of the fairy godmother that everything was as represented made the young woman keep the engagement intact.

Careful Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH's a model child,
 Who cleans and sews and bakes.
 Her manner is both sweet and mild ;
 In work much joy she takes.

"To-day," said she, "I must prepare
 My work-basket, I s'pose,
 And to the flower-garden fare
 To darn the garden-hose."

JACK APPLETON.



HOW HE FOUND HIM.

MRS. FARMLY—"Well, how did yew find our son Reuben at college ; was he at the top of the heap in language?"

MR. FARMLY—"No, b' gosh ! he was at the bottom o' the heap in a scrimmage. His language, Mariar, I won't repeat."

The Principle of the Julep.

MAJOR," asks the northern visitor of Major Shotenfast of Clay Corners, Kentucky, " what is the theory of the mint julep ? I have heard that it is a pleasant drink, but what is the reason for its different ingredients ?"

" Well, suh, it's simple as shootin' a man across the valley. Yo' see, fust yo' have to use watah as a basis ; then yo' put in some sugah to hide the fluidity o' the watah ; then yo' put in the mint in ordah to mollify the unpleasant taste o' the sugah an' watah ; an' lastly, yo' covah it with whiskey, so that the flavoh of the othah ingredients may be propely disguised."

A Shining Success.

Dr. Pellet—" What became of Puffer ? He failed in law, medicine and teaching."

Judge Codex—" Why, he started *The Hustler* magazine and wrote articles on ' Why men fail,' and made a big thing of it. You see, he was well qualified."

Had To Qualify.

" HOW is the daughter of Mr. Muchstuff getting along ?" asked the principal of the summer school.

" Not very well," answered the assistant. " I am afraid she will not make sufficient progress for us to give her a diploma entitling her to enter the woman's college she wishes to attend."

" Oh, but she has to," asserted the principal.

" But she won't pass muster."

" But we must pass her," said the principal with a wan smile.

Ignorance.

Reporter—" I meant my article to be pathetic, sir."

Editor—" Pathetic ? You don't know the rudiments of pathos, sir ! Here you have written ' baby '"—

Reporter—" What should I have written, sir ?"

Editor—" ' Babe '— always ' babe '—when writing pathos."



IN ELDRIDGE STREET.

FIRST KID—" How dirty your face is !"
SECOND KID—" Yes. Me mudder jes' slapped me."

The Happy Drum-major.



HEN I the street along,
As stiff as starch,
Unto the wild ding-dong
Most proudly march.

I know the reason why
The ladies smile
And heave a wistful sigh
At all my style.

I am a very great
And pompous thing,
The while with vim elate
I swash and swing—

The haughty drum-ma-jor,
Who is the bird
That swells and leaps before
The Twenty-third.

A Bright Night.

NOW, when e ye severalle knyghtes of ye rounde-table were gathered together, as was theyre customme, to cracke merrie jokes and sing jollie songes, there was one of them, whose name was Sir Burbonne, and he didde talke with an amazinge wittuenesse.

Nor colde anie one saye aniethynge but whatte he wolde come ryghte back atte hymme wyth a repleye ye wych was even funnyer than whatte had been sayde.

Soe thatte all ye table didde laugh heartilie.

Excepte thatte there were one or two who didde seeme to have a grouche. And whenne some one sayde unto these one or two,

“Is notte Sir Burbonne brylliante—is he notte a bryghte knyghte?”

They made repleye, surlilie,

“Of a truth, he sholde be a bryghte knyghte, seeing thatte he is fulle of moonshyne.”

Feminine Timidity.

OLD Betsey Nabors was one of the rudely picturesque characters of a large rural district in the mountains of Virginia. She was a great, muscular woman, her masculine appearance being emphasized by heavy boots and an immense bundle, since the gentle nomad carried her home on her back.

“I should think, Betsey,” said one of the farm-wives, “that you’d be scared to death out in the woods all night.”

“No, I ain’t skeered o’ nuthin’—exceptin’ sometimes,” she added with a shamefaced air, “I do be a bit shy of a b’ar.”

A Musical Effort.

“**W**HAT,” we ask of the member of the orchestra; “what instrument do you find the most difficult to play?”

“The slap-stick.”

“But we did not know that was an orchestral instrument.”

“It is used in one selection only. There is a very difficult slap-stick obligato in Mike-towski’s ‘Mosquito Sonata in New Jersey.’”

The Kindly Cannibal.

“**M**Y DEAR,” said the kindly cannibal to his wife, “I wish you would realize that my business affairs are not within your scope. I don’t like this habit of yours of always putting your finger in my pie.”

“I want you to understand,” retorted the wife, “that I am going to exercise every right I have. As your wife”——

“And I want you to understand,” interrupted the cannibal husband with some heat, “that if you keep on putting your finger in the pie the first thing you know all the rest of you will go into a pot-pie.”

Silenced, the woman returned to her household duties.

Dead Easy for Him.

“**A**ND you found not the slightest discomfort in your perilous voyage?” we asked the man who had recently gone through the whirlpool rapids in a barrel.

“Me?” he chuckled. “Not on your period of years! Evidently you are not aware that I am a regular patron of the Manhattan ‘L’ roads.”

The Same Feeling.

Her grandmother (reminiscently)—“Yes, Dorothy; I remember how happy I was when some one told me your grandfather’s name was one of the best in Burke’s peerage.”

Dorothy—“Oh, I suppose you felt just as I did when I found Charlie’s name was in Bradstreet’s.”



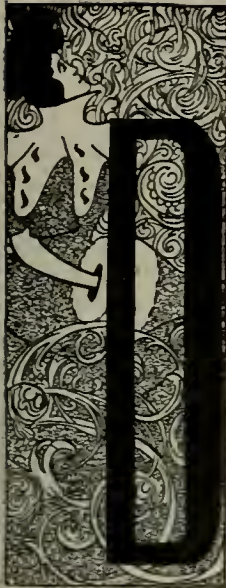
LOOKING FORWARD.

MISS JOHNSON—“But marriage is not all bread an’ beer an’ kisses, yo’ know.”

MR. JACKSON—“Suttinly not. I expec’s ter git de poker occasionally.”

A Short Study of Short Jokes

By Walter Eugene Traugher



“DON'T you know,” said the joke expert, when the conversation had turned to humor, “that I am inclined to agree with Solomon in his assertion that there is nothing new under the sun. I also am almost a convert to the declaration of Mark Twain to the effect that there are only seven jokes in the world and that all the others are simply offshoots.

“For the past quarter of a century I have been a student of short jokes. I do not claim, of course, that I have read every short joke ever published, but I do claim that I have read every one that has enjoyed any considerable circulation; and not only that, but I remember the point of every joke I have ever heard or

read, and when I see an old witticism in a new garb I recognize it at once, and, without the least hesitancy, fall upon its neck, figuratively speaking, and effusively greet it as a valued friend of former days.

“The fact is that the perusal of the joke columns of the humorous papers of to-day reminds me of the economical mother, who was asked if the clothing of her three little boys was not an expensive undertaking. ‘No,’ she replied; ‘you see, I cut Willie’s clothes down for Johnny, Johnny’s down for Robert and Robert’s down for Sammy; then, when Sammy wears his suit out I use the material for patches for the older boys.’

“That’s the way the short joke has been handled for the past quarter of a century or more. I do not believe that within that period a single good idea has been evolved into a short joke that has not been used over and over and over again in a slightly modified form.

“Jokes, of course, are divided into many classes, two of which—the joke told ‘on’ the prominent man and the joke told ‘by’ the prominent man—are the most popular among jokesmiths. Under the first heading, standing out more prominently than any of the others, is the railroad-magnate joke.

“Contemporaneous with the baggage-transfer system on railroads, a story was printed to the effect that a plainly-dressed man—he is always plainly dressed—noticed a baggageman at an out-of-the-way station handling a trunk in a manner well calculated to reduce it to fragments. ‘Aren’t you a little rough with that trunk?’ the plainly-dressed man is credited with saying. ‘Well, what of it?’ the baggage-smasher retorted. ‘You don’t own this trunk, do you?’ ‘No,’ responded the plainly-dressed man; ‘but I own this railroad.’

“Now, if there is a railroad magnate in the country

to-day who hasn’t been made the hero of this joke, he will learn something to his advantage if he will so advise me, backing up his statement with an affidavit. So far as I am informed at present, Jim Hill, of the Great Northern, is the most recent magnate to have this bit of humor attributed to him, the scene being laid at a small station in western Montana, and the time within the past six months.

“But, coming to the joke told ‘by’ the prominent man, here is a fair sample: A member of the Metropolitan Club, of New York, is made to tell a good story on General Miles. As the story goes, the general was engaged in conversation with a number of friends in the billiard-room of the Metropolitan, when a man, having a very slight acquaintance with General Miles, approached him. The man evidently had been drinking, for, as he stepped beside the general, he slapped him on the back and exclaimed, ‘Well, Miles, old man, how are you?’ For an instant a frown shadowed the face of the noted army officer, but it soon gave way to a quizzical look, as he replied to the offender, ‘Don’t be so formal, old chap; just call me Nelse.’

“Good story, isn’t it? And it may have happened; but if General Miles said anything of the kind the retort was not original with him. This story was first told more than twenty years ago, and John R. MacLean was the hero of it. As the story was told at that time, a fresh young reporter, who barely knew Mr. MacLean, addressed him as ‘Mack.’ ‘Don’t be so formal, young man,’ was the quick reply; ‘just call me Johnnie.’

“Here’s another: Sir Conan Doyle very recently is credited with a story to the effect that a young English army officer suffered a severe injury and was compelled to undergo an operation in which a portion of his brain was removed. Later the surgeon who performed the operation met the officer and asked whether he was aware of the fact that a portion of his brain was in a bottle in a laboratory. ‘Oh, that does not matter now,’ replied the officer. ‘I’ve got a permanent position in the war office.’

“Of course I am not asserting that the creator of Sherlock Holmes did not tell this story, but if he did he borrowed it, as it was told in this country long before Sir Conan achieved reputation enough to admit of a good story being attributed to him. In the American version, however, the man who was alleged to have lost a portion of his brain explained that he did not need it for the reason that he had been elected to a state legislature. Not so bad, either, if you know much about state legislatures.

“Here’s another sample: At the inauguration of Flavel S. Luther as president of Trinity College, at Hartford, Connecticut, the story is told that Dr. Luther, when riding on a car, saw a student crouched down in one corner in an advanced stage of intoxication. Leaning over, Dr. Luther whispered, ‘Been on a drunk.’ The bleary-eyed

student looked at the noted educator and replied, in a sleepy tone, 'So have I.'

"This story is more than a quarter of a century old, but it is slightly changed. As first narrated, a Catholic priest met one of his parishioners wabbling along the street under a very heavy load of intoxicants, and, wishing to rebuke the man mildly, said, 'Drunk again.' 'So am I, father,' was the immediate response of the inebriate, who, in all probability, was not as drunk as he might have been. According to another old version, a priest was being shaved, and the barber, an Irishman, being under the influence of liquor, cut his customer's face. 'You see what whiskey does, Pat?' remarked the priest. 'Yis, father,' replied the barber; 'it do make the skin mighty tender.'

"Another good one is wafted from the other side of the Atlantic. Marie Corelli is made to tell the story of a Stratford farmer who went to a dentist and asked him what his charges were for pulling a tooth. The dentist replied that he charged fifty cents without gas, and one dollar with gas. 'Well, we'll just yank her out without the gas,' was the rejoinder of the farmer. 'You are plucky,' the dentist remarked. 'Let me see the tooth, please.' 'Oh, it isn't my tooth,' said the farmer. 'It's my wife's tooth; she will be along in a minute.'

"Now, that is what I call a crack-a-jack—a hummer—but Marie, if she told the story, purloined it from this side of the pond. It was first published, and had a big circulation in this country, shortly after alleged painless dentistry came into vogue, years and years ago.

"Here's another along the same line: 'I thought,' cried the victim indignantly, 'that you were a painless dentist.' 'I am,' replied the smiling operator. 'I do not suffer the slightest pain.'

"This joke is as old as the one credited to Miss Corelli. As first told, the dentist was advertising to pull teeth without pain, and when a customer put forth a protest, after frightfully painful experience, the dentist sprung his little joke, and the victim is supposed to have seen the point and subsided.

"John Sharp Williams, I notice, is telling a story of a negro down South who had shot a dog which he thought intended biting him. When asked why he did not use the other end of the gun on the dog, the negro asked the owner of the dog why the canine didn't come at him with the other end. Of course I would not, for a moment, accuse the Democratic minority leader of swiping this joke from Sam Jones, but I do assert that the reverend Sam wore it out twenty years ago during a tour of the middle West. The evangelist, however, made a pitchfork, instead of a gun, the weapon used.

"And now to turn to the short joke proper. Here is a fair sample: A young lady is asked if her sweetheart got down on his knees when he proposed to her. 'No, indeed,' she replied; 'he was too polite.' 'How was that?' is asked. 'Too polite to ask me to get up,' is the reply.

"If the girl in this case is as old as the joke she would find infinitely more comfort in a cushioned chair. This joke has flourished for more than twenty-five years. The only change is that the girl, in the original version, gave

as the reason for the failure of the young man to get down on his knees that she was sitting on them. The change, however, does not make it a new joke.

"And again, listen to this: 'Papa,' said little Willie, who was looking at a picture of Atlas, 'nobody could hold the world on their back, could they?'

"'I don't know about that,' answered papa; 'I have heard people talk about Wheeling, West Virginia.'

"Nice little play upon words, you say; yes, but it was worn out by comedians more than fifteen years ago. Ask any old-time specialty man and he will tell you that I am correct in this statement.

"Here's another, more than a quarter of a century old, which is still hobbling around the country in first-class publications:

"'I say, old man, does your wife still call you by the sweet names she used to?'

"'Oh, yes; that is to say, with some slight variations. Instead of honey, for instance, she now uses the kindred term, old beeswax.'

"I must admit that I never before saw this joke in print. It was told to me by my mother before I could read. As she told it, a farmer said to his hired man, 'The old woman almost called me honey this morning.' 'That so?' queried the hired man. 'Yes,' replied the farmer; 'she called me old beeswax.'

"Here is one from one of the highest-class publications of the country, that was deemed worthy of illustration recently:

"'What are you doing, Brown; training for a race?'

"'No; racing for a train.'

"I do not know whether Murray and Mack, the farce-comedy comedians, have discarded this joke or not, but they were making a great hit with it five years ago.

"Listen to this one, published in one of the leading papers of the country:

"'Say, do you want to get next to a scheme for making money fast?'

"'Sure I do.'

"'Then glue it to the floor!'

"This gem is more than twenty-five years old. It had its start in a New York paper, the story, as told then, being to the effect that a sharper was advertising to tell people how to make money fast, for the sum of ten cents. Those who answered the advertisement were advised to glue their money to the floor.

"A weekly publication of great reputation recently perpetrated the following:

"'What did he get three hundred dollars back pension for?'

"'Oh, he was shot in the back.'

"It is reasonable to suppose that some bright young man pulled down at least fifty cents for this gem, but it lacks about seventeen years of being new. As originally told, a pension lawyer asked a client who was applying for a pension if he wanted a back pension. 'Certainly,' replied the applicant; 'that is where I was shot.'

"Here is still another, handed to us within the past few months: 'And so poor Daggs is dead. I never got a chance to bid him good-bye. The first thing I do when I get to heaven will be to say how sorry I was.'

“ ‘But suppose he didn't get to heaven?’

“ ‘Then you can tell him for me.’

“ ‘Exceptionally neat, isn't it? But it lacks many, many years of being new. This witticism was evolved during the well-remembered controversy as to whether Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's works. As originally told, a woman said to her husband: ‘When I get to heaven I am going to ask Bacon about it.’ ‘Suppose he is in the other place,’ the husband rejoined. ‘Then you can ask him,’ was the retort.

“ ‘Then there is the rough railroad story. It was written by Opie Read, for the Arkansas *Traveler*, when the paper was published in Little Rock, but it is still going the rounds. The story is to the effect that a passenger who

had been jostled and bumped until he was in great distress finally realized that the train was moving along in a highly satisfactory manner. He remarked upon the change to the conductor, and that individual said, ‘Yes; you see we have run off the track.’ And yet Andrew Carnegie and George F. Baer are credited with telling this story within the last few months, each laying the scene in a different country.

“ ‘And so it goes, year in and year out. It reminds me of what Mr. Dooley said to Mr. Hinnessy, after getting off an old joke: ‘'Tis mine, Hinnessy. Others made it before me, but I made it las'. Th' las' man that makes a joke owns it. That's why me fri'nd Chancy Depoo is such a humorist.'”

Concerning the Summer Boarder.

AIR you folks reckonin' on takin' boarders this summer, Luke?” inquired Seth Turniptop of Luke Leatherbottom when the two met, the other Saturday, at the post-office.

“ ‘Hey—boarders did you say? Humph! Wa-al, I should reckon not! I d'want none of them city folks 'round me ag'in, arter las' summer. If they warn't the peskiest lot o' critters I ever *did* see! They cum all chuck full of highfalutin' notions, but I guess they got some of 'em tuk out of 'em 'fore they went back. They bothered ma to death, an' made her that narvous—my! They wanted a separate spoon fer the sugar-bowl, h'gosh! Tew high-toned to stick their own spoons in! Ever hear the like of it? No; I reckon not! Then the table-cloth had to be took off right in the middle of the week—turnin' so 's to hev the spots on the *under* side warn't enough. Ma mus' hustle it off an' lay a bran' clean one. An' the napkins! *One spot* on a napkin made 'em sick, an' *that* napkin had to go. Sunday cleanin' warn't often enough. What else? Plenty. They wanted me to give 'em helpin's, 'stead of passin' the platter an' lettin' each feller dish his own mess. Wa-al, I kicked on that. *I* was there to *eat*, not to scrape fer other people. An' I didn't put a collar on, neither, week-day meals, tho' one of the boarders—a man, b'gosh!—was that finicky he hinted to ma to ask me to. I had somethin' else to do besides dressin' an' undressin'. They wouldn't wash in the basin where the res' of us did. Sh 'd say not! They made ma lug water clean up stairs, fer their *private* use, by jinks! An' each room used three or four towels a week! Poor ma 'bout broke her back washin' things. Sundays they wanted risin' bell at seven, 'stead of five, tho' how a body kin lay a-bed till near noon is more 'n we kin figger. Durned if some of them people didn't try to eat peas with a fork! Shelled peas, mind ye! An' the fool talk, an' the way they thought they knowed everything. But not a one could tell which end of a horse or of a cow riz first from the ground, gittin' up. Wa-al, they 'bout wore out our forks an' feelin's, an' didn't go any tew soon. No more city folks fer us—no, sir! They're more bother than they're wuth.”

EDWIN L. SABIN.

OF two evils it is not always possible to choose the least. Sometimes they are twins.

The Late London Fad.

(The ladies of London who are in swell society have introduced, as a new fad, the study of Plato.—*Exchange paper.*)

THE ladies of London are doting on Plato—
For, they think, without doubt, it's a delicate way to
Uplift the low state of their trivial society,
And gather a culture of perfect propriety.

The gems and the jewels they once could expand on
Are not now *au fait*, and their use they abandon;
To sparkling champagne they no longer give "sippage";
And they've given up all ostentatious equipage.

They take off, in fact, every fashionable feather,
To revel in things transcendental together.
No longer they coo, and call somebody "Dearie,"
But cogitate simply, consider and query.

What though, by their task, they look paler and hectic,
Sweet joy they get out of their deep dialectic,
With the hope that rare things, far beyond this cold real,
May come from their hunt for some lofty ideal.

The flight of their minds is, in two senses, Attic,
Through balancing thoughts in the manner Socratic;
One suspects they design with new wisdom to fool men
By gaining the art of the subtlest of schoolmen.

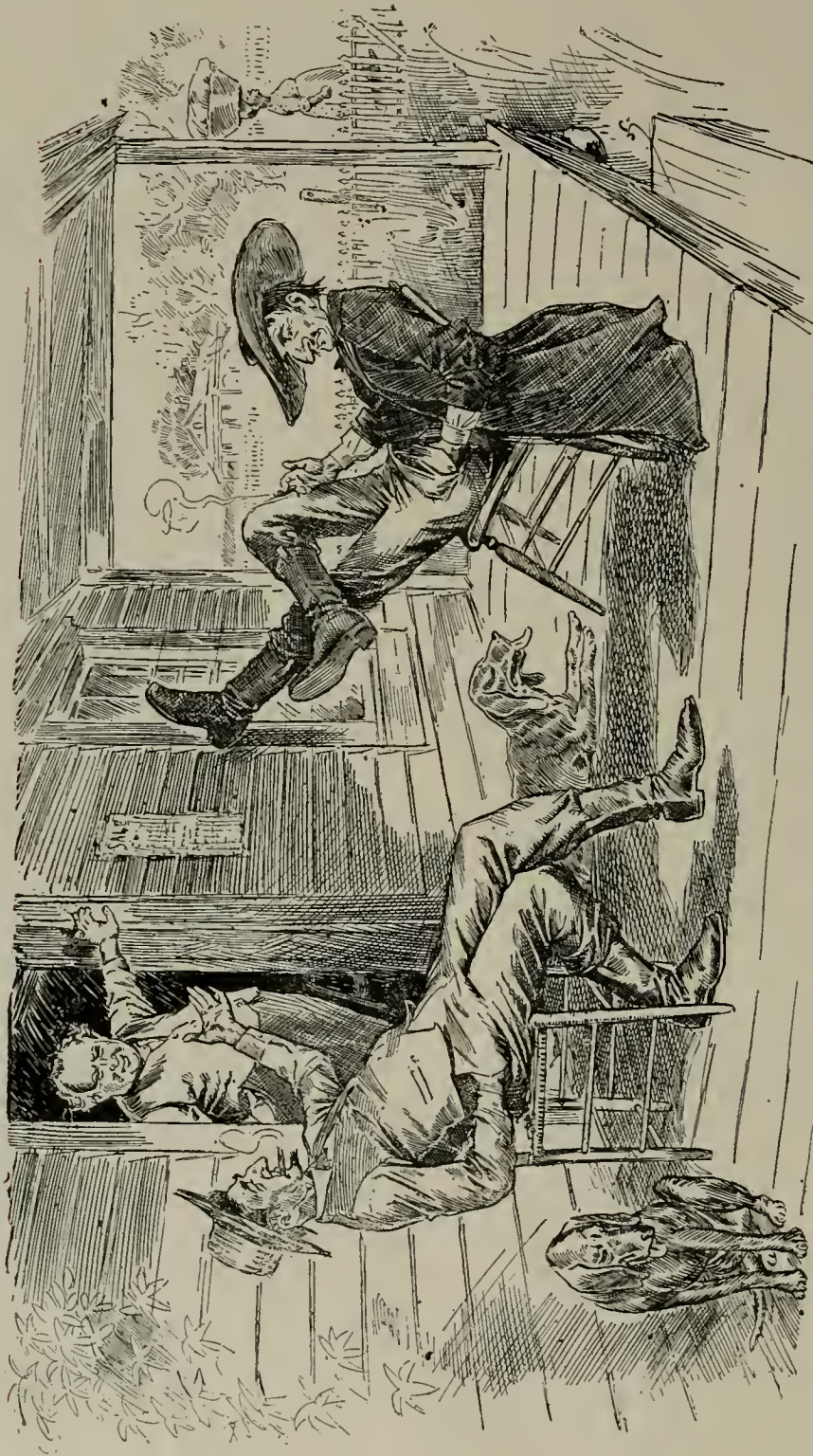
Perhaps if the late Matthew Arnold were living
He would see in this work happy cause for thanksgiving;
And say his "All Hail" for the scheme they have started,
And think the Philistine's coarse creed had departed.

For, material ends—money, homes, and their progenies—
They will loathe—and find better the tub of Diogenes;
Things worldly and crass they'll have little to say to
Since they're dipped in the depths of the magic of Plato.

Perhaps, though, we err, with a dullness Teutonic—
These "dears" may seek only the love termed "Platonic";
And, holding the old ways, one thing to discover,
May still be the same to friend, husband, or lover!

JOEL BENTON.

“ ‘**M**Y DISCOURSE next sabbath,” said the erudite preacher, “ shall be upon recognition in heaven—a subject which I have studied in Greek, in Latin, in Hebrew, and”—with a gesture impressively casual— ‘ *perhaps* in several other languages ”



HIS PREFERENCE.

COLONEL BLOODGOOD—"The powers should have an open door in China."
COLONEL BLUEGRASS—"Well, suh, that's a mattah of preference. I prefer an open windy, or a good wide crack in a barn, fer good safe shootin'!"

Love and a Motor-car

By William J. Lampton



HAD loved Mary Moore for sixteen months and several days, but had never distinctly mentioned the fact of my adoring passion, simply because I was afraid to. Of course I had sent up distress signals at frequent and persistent intervals, but they had been cruelly ignored. Not absolute ignorance, perhaps, but enough to be culpable. If I had been wrecked a court of inquiry could easily have determined the responsibility.

When Mary acquired a motor-car I was pleased because, first, it indicated a prosperous condition of her finances, and, second, it is my nature to rejoice in the prosperity of others. I am a born altruist. But the machine itself did not please me. I had dodged too many of its kind on narrow margins to have any feelings of that sort. In addition, I had be-

come habituated to street-car transportation. There were pecuniary reasons for the habit.

Nor was I overwhelmed with joy when, later, she asked me to go out with her in the pesky whizzer. A trolley ride would have been more in harmony with my taste. But Mary was an auto enthusiast who had small regard for those who thought the automobile was an invention of the devil. If I had not loved her passionately I never would have gone. Perhaps she would not have asked me. But I loved her passionately.

Hers was not one of the gigantic gee-whiz whizzers. It was only a snug little affair accommodating two, and she was her own chauffeuse. Have you ever observed that automobiles are like women—a little one can make just as much trouble as a big one?

We had not been out more than half an hour before I was thoroughly embarrassed by my ignorance of motor-cars, and lully realized that I was outclassed. What Mary knew about her car was only exceeded by what I didn't know of any of the breed, and I keenly felt my total inadequacy. I tried to get my mind off of it by referring to the scenery and mentioning the beauties of nature, but Mary had no thought of anything on earth except her car.

We were speeding along a country road at such a rate that I could not distinguish a cat from a cow in a pasture, and was not trying to, being too busy holding myself down on the seat. Mary was exasperatingly composed. I was wondering when we would loop the loop.

"Isn't this just too lovely for anything?" she fairly revealed at me.

"For one of my less exaggerated capacity I should say it was quite too," I managed to reply with some degree of

sarcasm, and at the same time grab for my hat, which was loosening from its foundations.

"You will simply dote on it when you get used to it," she laughed in such silvery tones that I hated the white metal from Bryan to the Bronx.

"I hope you are perfectly familiar with the management of the brute," I said as we struck a bump in the road and I almost lost my anchorage.

"Have no fear, Harry, dear," she reassured me—thank heaven she hadn't heard me call it a brute!—"this is not my first trip."

For the moment I forgot my auto-nervousness in a cold fear that meant more to my impassioned soul than the entire output of all the automobile factories in the world.

"With other men?" I asked in jealous, tremulous doubt.

She laughed almost as one who gives his victim the horrid ha, ha, and watched me as if I were a mouse. But I was no mouse. I was a green-eyed monster.

"One other, only," she said, cruelly deliberate and painfuly exact.

I choked down whatever it was rising in my throat.

"Who was it?" I demanded, taking a firmer grip on something or other that felt solid. It was a crucial moment.

"The man who taught me how to handle the car," she laughed again, and I relapsed and echoed the laugh hysterically. The crisis had passed. She was very kind not to play football with my throbbing heart, as she might have done. I should have thanked her for that, but the reaction drove the smaller amenities from my mind, and I—

The car began spluttering, wheezed a time or two, staggered and stopped on the highway.

"What is it?" I asked spasmodically, returning to earth as she quickly jumped out to investigate.

"Oh, nothing much," she answered carelessly, reaching under the wagon-bed after something or other that had gone wrong.

"Can I be of any service?" I inquired, preparing to join her.

"What do you know about the mechanism of a motor?" she responded in a tone which indicated that the question was less an inquiry for information than it was a veiled allusion to the fact that there was no information to be had.

I instinctively realized that my duty was to maintain an entirely neutral position with discreet silence, and I am a slave to duty. I didn't so much as look her way. Presently she resumed her place at the tiller and we went forward again. There were grease spots on her gloves and a smut on her nose. I did not refer to these things. *She* could see the grease on her gloves and *I* could see the smut on her nose, so why call attention to the obvious?

"You know," she explained clearly and concisely, but

with an air of superiority which I hardly thought necessary, although it might have been, "that this is a chain-driven machine, with roller chains and sprockets, in contradistinction to the direct-driven by longitudinal shaft and bevel gear to the rear axle, and a stone got into the sprocket."

"Oh, yes," I assented brightly, under a forced gleam of intelligence. "Oh, yes; did that stop it?"

There was more pity than reproof in the glance she bestowed upon me, and I most devoutly wished that I was in town riding in a plain street-car which didn't have sprockets, or bevel gears, or other mysterious insides that were not responsible for their actions. At the same time, if I had not loved her so I should have laughed at that ridiculous smut on her nose. It was in such grotesque contrast with her superior manner.

"Really, Harry," she said solicitously, when we had got going again, as if nothing had happened, "you ought to know something about the mechanism of an automobile. It is awfully simple, and I learned all about it in three or four days. Surely, if a woman can learn machinery that easy, a man ought to be able to master it much more readily."

Which might have been a compliment to my sex, or a vaingrant thrust at me, but I was thinking about something else.

"Teach me," I implored her, not so much because I wanted to learn about the confounded thing, as that she wanted me to learn. I should have willingly taken a course in burglary and safe-cracking if she had asked me.

She smiled radiantly. "I knew you would want to know more about it," she exulted, as if she had already drawn me from the moss-back notions of an age of street-cars.

"I do—I do," I urged, thirsting for knowledge—from this particular source.

"Don't you know even the least little bit?" she asked in her tantalizing fashion. "Nothing about carburetors, nor induction gears, nor spark plugs, nor jump sparks, nor primary sparks, nor any of those?"

Possibly there might have been some slight accent on that word "sparks," but far be it from me to intimate such a thing.

"As I hope for heaven, I do not," I answered, helpless as clay in the potter's hands.

She went into such a fit of laughter over my undisguised solemnity that she let go of the pilot-wheel, the machine skiddooed, or whatever they call it when it begins to prance and cavort and cut figure 8s, and I came near tumbling into the road. Mary was quick enough to catch the wheel on the rebound, and, with a twist or two, she brought the crazy vehicle to its proper senses and got it straight on its course again. I was disturbed in mind and body.

"That was very nearly a spill for you, wasn't it?" she laughed, as though it were a laughing matter.

"Does it do that way often?" I inquired, struggling to regain my composure and my place on the seat.

"Only when people make the driver laugh, so the steering-wheel is neglected," she replied, as if I were to blame.

"What were you laughing at?" I demanded, innocently ignorant of anything amusing having occurred.

"You."

If there is one thing more than another which I abominate it is to be laughed at. I always feel a certain degree of sympathy for jokes. Good jokes, I mean, which are laughed at.

"Well," I said, with some asperity, "I may be funny, but I don't feel funny."

She laughed again. "But you are funny, and"—

Something underneath us began to kick and splutter and wheeze, and the car came to a standstill. Her annoying laughter did the same.

"Another sprocket dropped a cog?" I inquired, rather sarcastically, I fear, because I felt that she had sandpapered my sensibilities too rudely, and I forgot my Christian spirit of humility.

She resented my inopportune inquiry by deigning no reply, but hopped out confidently and began tinkering under the car. I proffered my services as before, but they were declined snippily and in silence. I retained my seat. It was so much easier to do so than when the car was moving, that it was a positive relief. She was busy for some time with the machinery, and I was busy with my wordless thoughts. She emerged at last, with her hat on crooked. It was a bad sign, but I made no comment. I have moments of prudence that are almost wisdom. When we were going again she kept her eyes on the road. Her gloves looked like a map of grease. She must have rubbed her nose on them, for the smut was nearly obliterated. Did you ever notice a machinist's nose? It seems to be the only portion of his anatomy which is in touch with his griny hands. Mary was a machinist. She had told me so.

"What was the matter, really?" I asked, so evidently anxious to learn that she looked my way and a kindlier light brightened her face.

"I think something is wrong with the carburetor," she replied, but not with her former confidence. Indeed, I could detect unmistakable doubt.

"Don't you *know*?" I plumped the interrogation directly at her.

"Oh, yes; I know for all ordinary purposes," she said, with a brave attempt to recover; "but I shall have the man at the garage look at it when we get back."

It was an evidence of weakness I was glad to hear. A man is never at his best with a strong and self-reliant woman. But I was not urgent in Mary's necessity. I began to appreciate the automobile as my friend. I was willing that it should heap coals of fire on my head as soon as it was ready to do so. My spirits rose as Mary's remained stationary.

We were going ahead once more, but not with the oily smoothness which makes perfect autoing a dream of motion, as Mary had explained before she tried it on me. There was distress in the iron-works somewhere; for the machinery would gulp at intervals, as though choking, while other sounds would issue forth which I, inexpert as I was, knew were symptomatic of functional derangement. At a cross-roads Mary veered to the left and struck out on a new way. This divergence was made without consulting me.

"I know this road," I ventured with chivalrous politeness.

ness. "It's bad all through, and, if you will take my advice, you will continue where you were."

"It is a short cut home," was all the explanation she vouchsafed.

"Are you in such a hurry to get home?" I gently pleaded, forgetting the tribulations of the machine in this new difficulty which she had so unexpectedly thrust into the situation.

"No; but I'm afraid something is wrong with the car, and I prefer to get it back to the garage."

"What's the difference?" I cried heroically. "You know all about it and can fix it. I'm willing to trust you."

"Thank you very much," she said, half way between sweetness and sarcasm. "But it is such greasy work to get into the machinery, and I'd rather some one else did it."

"I'll do all the rough work," I insisted, "and you can do the part calling for skill. Let's don't go home," I begged. "It is so beautiful here in the quiet country, and I have something to say to you, Mary."

She smiled. It was not the first time I had had something to say to her and had not said it. Possibly she thought she would have to wait out there indefinitely. She made no effort to change her course. I was becoming desperate. I didn't want to go home. Home might have charms for her because she had one. I hadn't. I lived in a flat.

Then the car stopped; this time with a wheeze of despair and a chug that was ominous. We had got half way up a steep bit of hill and the car not only refused to proceed, but started back the other way. I didn't know what to do, and would have hesitated to do it, even if I had known. Mary was running the machine.

"Jump out and chock it," she commanded, as she thrust her dainty little foot hard down on the brake, which failed to respond properly.

I knew enough about the law of physics controlling automobiles to chock one backing down a hill when I was told to do so, and I flatter myself that I did it as well as an expert could have done. I felt proud of myself when I had chocked it to a dead stop, and I backed off a few steps to survey the entourage. I never saw Mary looking prettier, and I thought her car was a beauty. Love is blind.

"I've done all I can do," I reported quite cheerfully; "and you will have to do the rest."

"I suppose so," she replied, as if she firmly believed I might as well be at home sewing doll-rags.

She got out rather reluctantly and with small show of confidence in the result of the work before her. What she did when she went under the wagon I don't know, but within a minute or two she was out again, and there was that look in her eyes which those have who go forth on hopeless undertakings.

"Well?" I said, and waited for her to report on her findings.

"I—I," she hesitated pitifully, "I don't know what is the matter. I guess the spark-plug must have come out of the carburetor, or—or something."

"What kind of a looking plug was it?" I asked, sympathetic and solicitous. "Give me a description and I'll

go back and see if I can find it. It must be in the road somewhere. There wasn't enough pressure on the carburetted, or whatever you call it, to blow it over the fence, was there?"

Her lip trembled and there was positive distress in her manner. Never had she been so attractive. I wanted to hug the automobile.

"How far are we from home?" she asked, as a child might.

I began to feel bully. I wasn't such a mut after all. I didn't know motor-cars, maybe, but I knew the country we were in.

"Oh, about a dozen miles or so," I told her, with a confidence that was almost insolent. "You ought to make the distance back in an hour, even over this road, when you get the machine into running order."

"But, Harry," and she drew a step nearer to me, "I can't put it in order. I don't know how."

"Gee," I exclaimed, and whistled the remainder of the bar, crescendo.

She came over a little nearer—nearer to me than to her beloved car, helpless now in the road. My star was rising. But I could never forget the car for the lift it had given.

"What shall we do?" she asked in a shaky, scared voice.

"I can walk to town and send another machine out for you," I suggested with unfeeling practicality.

"And leave me here all alone?" she shivered.

"Oh, you won't be alone," I laughed, like a hyena. "You'll have your car; I guess it won't go away and leave you."

"You are horrid and cruel; that's what you are," she half cried.

"And you are thoughtless and selfish," I retorted. "You should have known what this confounded Juggernaut would do in the open air, and thought of others before bringing me away out here in the woods to strand me like this. You might as well kill people with the blamed thing as to scare them to death."

She was very unhappy and I gloated over her. "Forgive me, Harry," she pleaded, coming so close that she laid her hand on my arm. "Forgive me, and I'll never do so again."

"But I want to come again," I blurted out in haste, forgetting the villain's part I was playing.

She laughed then, and I laughed, and we sat down together on a log by the roadside to consider ways and means of relief in our sore extremity.

"I can fix it so it will go all right," I asserted, after I had teased her for some time to my infinite delight and her great discomfiture.

"How?" she inquired, betraying incipient appreciation of my hitherto despised capabilities.

"By applying a plug, different somewhat from the lost one, to the running-gear instead of the carburetor," I replied, assuming such a technical tone that I was sure I should convince her of masculine superiority in mechanics.

I was not mistaken.

"And you knew all the time how?" she blazed at me

so suddenly that I could not have bounced off of that log quicker if a lizard had run up my back. "And you let me worry and work over it trying to fix it myself?" she added, rising from the log and facing me.

I bowed in affirmation. Words would have been fuel to the flames and we were ten miles from a fire-engine. She patted her foot on the ground with an ill-suppressed fierceness that would have frightened me into spasms under ordinary circumstances. She had actually lost her temper. But she should not be judged too harshly. The real value of a woman's temper is not appreciated until it is lost.

"Will you be kind enough to procure the plug, Mr. Denton?" she said with a frigidity of manner calculated to freeze me beyond the possibility of any future warmth to thaw.

I was ashamed of myself for the imposition I was playing upon her, but the end should justify the means.

"You will have to wait here ten minutes," I replied as stiffly as if the congelation had occurred, "until I go to a place down the road a bit where they keep such things. You are not afraid to wait alone for ten minutes, are you?" I added, with a Samaritan solicitude which should have brought tears of gratitude to her eyes, but it did not.

"I am not afraid at all," she said, tossing her head defiantly at every power of evil. And only so shortly before she had been palsied by pale fear at the mere thought of being left alone there in the grewsome silence of the voiceless fields, the dumb and devious road, the wild, weird woods. Oh, Mary!

I bowed again and slowly retired. Ten or a dozen minutes later, because I hurried when she couldn't see

me, I came back on a rather rickety but reliable farm horse. He was collared and traced for service, and I had a rope to attach him to the erstwhile horseless vehicle which had brought us to this humiliating strait. She stared at us as we approached, but she was too greatly overcome to speak.

I pulled up before her.

"I have procured the plug," I said with calm confidence in the potentiality which I straddled. I may have felt the victor's emotions of triumph struggling within my bosom, but I made no sign.

"Attach it to the running-gear," she responded, a great light dawning upon her—a glory enveloping her and the plug and me. It touched with its inspiring radiance even the mute inglorious motor-car, standing cold and still in the middle of the road. She looked up at me and laughed; laughed as though it were tonic to her atrophied spirits.

"Harry, dear," she cried in a voice of happy hope and promise, "you are a jewel."

"For you to wear always, Mary?" I murmured 'twixt joy and fear, and tumbled incontinently off of the old plug, which was the very foundation of our deliverance. Mary held out her hands to me and—however, that is an entirely different matter.

Ours was not much of a pageant to look at as we wended our way homeward, with me now as chauffeur, but what did we care? We were so buoyantly happy that we weren't any load at all, and Mary's motor-car had a plug attached to its running-gear which for sparking purposes made inductions and differentials and bevels and carburetors no more than a bunch of sounding brass-works and tinkling cymbals. Selah!

His Other Half

IKE was an able-bodied, valuable negro. His master regarded him as his best hand.

Ike also set a high value on himself. He was ambitious, as well as industrious, and desired to be his own owner. Therefore he made his master an offer to become his own purchaser.

On all regulated plantations before the war negroes had allotted lands or tasks whereon or whereby they could earn money for themselves, the master and mistress usually buying from them any products of their industry offered for sale.

The master put a fair price upon Ike—the negro's pride would have been deeply hurt had the price been too low—and Ike began paying for himself on the installment plan. All went very well till Ike had gotten his price half paid.

Whatever happened, Ike had always ready this self-gratulatory assertion, "Um-hum, I half-free anyhow. Um-hum."

On a holiday for Ike he had hired himself out for driver for bringing home a drove of newly-purchased cattle to a neighboring plantation. It was high-water time, the sea-

son of fierce spring freshets and dangerous swollen sloughs. Ike got nearly drowned in the big swamp. His resuscitation seemed almost a miracle, so nearly had he gone over the Great River.

Next day he came to his master and stood before him, fingering his wool hat, when the following dialogue ensued,

"What is it, Ike?"

"Master, I sho' liketer been drownded yistiddy!"

"You surely were nearly gone, Ike. We had a time bringing you to."

"Yas, massa; thank you massa. I sho' thought I was gone. Massa, I come ax you fer ter buy back fum me my y'o'her half."

"Buy the half you have paid me for? Want to go back to lifelong slavery? Why?"

"Massa, ownin' niggers is too good a way to los' money. I liketer los' all dat five hund'ard dollahs worf of my half er me yistiddy by jes drowndin'. Nigger prop'erty's too resky fo' me. Gimme back dat five hund'ard dollahs, please, sah, an' yo' take de resk er ownin' dis nigger."



AFTER THE AUTO ACCIDENT.

MOTHER—"Oh, doctor! if you trepan my boy's skull and put in a silver plate, what effect will it have on his mentality?"
 SURGEON—"Well, ma'am, his brain may perhaps be clouded, but the cloud will have a silver lining."



IN THE MUSEUM.

"So the living skeleton wanted to marry the fat lady?"

"Yes; but the manager kicked—said it was a well-known fact that married people grew to look like one another."

The Useful Capitals.

CADMUS sat down one day and invented the alphabet. After several hours of painstaking toil he had designed all the small letters.

"They are very pretty," he said. "I like their curves and curls, and no doubt they will be of inestimable benefit to the people." Musing for a moment, he continued, "I wonder, though, if these letters will be sufficient to supply all the needs of the future. Ah, I had forgotten the writers of fables."

Whereat he turned to and invented the capital letters.

Otherwise we might never have had any instructive morals in our daily reading.

An Unpardonable Fault.

Mr. Rounder—"Why did you ever let Makeup go? He was a thoroughly reliable man."

Mr. Bounder (newspaper owner)—"Reliable? Yes, but careless. He printed my best editorial on the Venezuela question on the tax-sales supplement and signed it 'Old Subscriber.' Reliable? Humph!"

The Quarrel.

"HOW did it happen?"

"Well, she insisted on going to the club and he threatened to go home to his father."



ANENT A PERSONAL FRIEND.

"But she 's so homely!"

"Well, that 's her privilege, I suppose"

"Yes, I know; but some persons abuse their privileges so!"

A Songless Song.

UPON the waving birk
The turk
Is dreaming of his
doom;
His wattles to and fro,
Aglow,
Incarnadine the gloom.

As second joints and wings
Are things
For which he knows
we long,
He with his drumsticks
drums
And hums—
He is a songless song;

A songless song to fill
And thrill
Our souls with verve
and vim,
Until we see him puffed
And stuffed
With chestnuts to the
brim.

Millie's Boat.



I WINKLING in the breezes,
Twinkling on the brine,
Bobs that frail and dainty
Little boat of mine.

O'er the waves she scampers,
Rocking all the while,
And she'll soon be weary
Sailing mile on mile.

But she will be happy
When the night is here,
For then with my playthings,
Bright and ever dear,

I will lay her gently,
And to dreams she'll dart
With the pasteboard camel
And the yellow cart.

Her Little Error.

"IS SHE gentle?" asked the city chap, who thought he wanted to buy a steed.

"Gentle?" ejaculated the country chap, who had one to sell. "Why, she's as gentle as a suckin' dove. Hain't got a fault or failin' in the world—nussir. She don't kick, or strike, or bite"——

At that instant the equine paragon swung her head viciously around and snapped off a piece of the rural robber's southwest ear.

"That is, not with the deliberate intention of doin' any harm. The mare is sorter absent-minded at times, an' I kinder guess she must 'a' mistook my ear fer a cabbage-leaf."

Safer, Perhaps.

"BELLINGHAM'S religion is like his property," said Trivvet to Dicer.

"How's that?"

"It's all in his wife's name."

He Was Hardened.

(A fable.)

ONCE there lived a man who went out west to hunt squirrels and birds.

On a lonely road he was captured by a band of Indians, who said they composed the western branch of the society for the prevention of cruelty to the feathered tribe, and as he had brought no whiskey with him with which to square himself they decided to punish him.

Accordingly they put him between two freight-cars and crushed him twenty minutes.

But the man still lived.

Then they threw him down and danced fandangoes all over him.

But the man rose happier than ever.

Then they put him under a pile driver, pummeled him and knocked him around like a medicine-ball.

But the man was as lively as ever and begged for more. He said it made him only a little homesick.

Then it suddenly came to the red men that perhaps this individual was possessed of the devil, and they knelt down and worshiped him.

Then they hurried off, and as the liberated man walked away he mumbled,

"Had they known I was a Brooklynite and had crossed the Brooklyn bridge every night at six o'clock for ten years it would have saved them a great deal of humiliation."

Moral—Before tackling a man have him looked up by some mercantile agency.

F. P. FITZER.

After the Convention.

A YEAR ago they sought me out
To learn my views on this and that;
They asked me what I thought about
High tariff, also standing pat.
My silence only urged them on;
Bewilderedly to me they turned—
But all my high estate is gone
Since they've adjourned.

A month ago they said of me
(Although I firmly shook my head),
"He is a possibility,"
And paid no heed to what I said;
For I—I was so dignified
And hinted that high place I
spurned.

Well, now I walk—I used to ride—
Since they've adjourned.

A week ago 'most all the bands
Were playing in my neighborhood,
And I was always shaking hands
And telling folks they were too
good.

I can't begin to tell you how
The rockets whizzed and bonfires
burned;
But all is mighty silent now,
Since they've adjourned.

A dark horse I—and that was all.
Most cautiously I had been groomed
And carefully kept in my stall
And by an "undercurrent"
boomed.

Oh, well, it's over. As for me,
One solid lesson I have learned—
I'm not a possibility
Since they've adjourned.

W. D. NESBIT.



AT THE WHANGDOODLE CLUB.

"Ah always makes up mah best jokes jes' aftar Ah wakes up in de mawnin'."
"Huh! yo' always tells 'em jes' afore eberybody else goes ter sleep"



PROOF THAT SOUND ASCENDS
 "Isn't it lovely and quiet up here, Jack?"
 "Yes, dear. We're right above Philadelphia."

Mental Microbes.

THE course of duty is another one that doesn't run smooth.

The way of the transgressor is barred by extradition treaties.

Fate gets a good deal of blame which belongs to stupidity.

The vice-presidency is not usually preceded by a vice-presidential bee.

The cloud has no silver lining for the man whose umbrella has been borrowed.

The bee doesn't talk about "making things hum"—it does the humming itself.

The man who rests on his laurels is apt to excite the suspicion that he won them by a fluke.

If you want ocular demonstration of the fact that the world moves, go to Harlem on the first of May.

The Two John Smiths.

JOHN SMITH number one stole one chicken. He was sent to jail for thirty days.

While there he reformed and became another man. He became John Smith number two.

John Smith number two organized a chicken trust, took two million chickens as his fee for organizing it, and sold the chickens when the market was at its highest.

Thus he was enabled to endow the jail with a library.

This goes to show that if we ponder properly over our misdeeds we will readily see where we did not make them big enough.

Gauzy Affairs.

"I'VE sworn off wearing open-work hosiery," stated the fair damsel.

"Mercy!" cried her friend. "What a sacrifice!"

"I know it is; but I hung a pair of them on the Christmas-tree and all my presents slipped through the holes."

Not Creamery.

"**H**OW was the show?"

"The first part wasn't bad, but the rest of it was pretty rank."

"Well, that's not surprising, seeing that it was the oleo."

Insuperable Obstacle.

Fosdick—"Come and see us, Keedick. You'll find us in the same place."

Keedick—"I thought you intended to move."

Fosdick—"We did, but we couldn't find a house that suited the cook."



TOO FAR OFF.

MR. GIRAFFE—"I must certainly buy myself a stronger pair of glasses or give up wearing high collars. I can't see a thing at this distance."



T. S. Williams

NO TIME TO WASTE.

Mrs. FARMER—"If I offered you a job would you refuse it?"
WEARY WHITTLE—"No, lady; I couldn't spare de time, I'm simply rushed ter death refusin' offers uv jobs."



THE SUFFICIENCY OF WEALTH.

CHIMMIE—"So yer refuse me 'cause I'm poor? Well, yer'll find dat money don't bring happiness."

AMANDY—"Well, it don't have ter. See? It kin hire it brung."

Ohio Corn and Pumpkins.

THERE happened at my home a party of young folks. Amongst them was a young man who had been a student in an agricultural college in Indiana. He was telling about the wonderful exhibits of farm products that came to the college from different parts of the state, and among the things that he mentioned were pumpkins. After he had finished, my father, who was a farmer in Ohio in years long gone by, spoke up and said,

"Young man, there never was a time when the crops in Indiana could compare with the crops in Ohio. Why, one time we lost a sheep, and, try as we might, we could not find it. We lost another one and still we could not find them. We kept losing them until nine had disappeared. We examined the fences, found them all intact and in good repair. We finally wandered into the pumpkin-patch and there found the tail of one of the sheep protruding out of the side of one of the pumpkins, and upon further examination found that all nine of them had burrowed their way into that pumpkin. You speak about the corn the hoosiers raise in Indiana. Why, I recall one time, when a company was building a railroad through Ohio, they had to cut through a hill to the depth of ten feet, and while doing so one of the teams, in feeding, dropped some grains of corn on the yellow clay. The next year a young man who happened to be a professor in an agricultural college in Indiana happened along, and, after viewing this very fine specimen of Ohio corn raised in the yellow clay without any culti-

vation, pulled out his knife, cut a couple of stalks about seven feet long each, with two fine ears on it, and remarked, 'Why, they raise better corn in the yellow clay here in Ohio than we raise in black fertile soil in Indiana.'

The young student had no more to say about the splendid crops on exhibition in the agricultural college.

W. F. FINEFIELD.

Over the Wedding Presents.

"NOW, marriage isn't a lottery after all, is it, dear?"

"Well, I don't see how we are going to get rid of some of these clocks unless we hold a raffle."

Between the Acts.

Willie—"You don't seem to enjoy that sandwich, Miss Magin."

Bonnie—"No. This chicken tastes like sawdust."

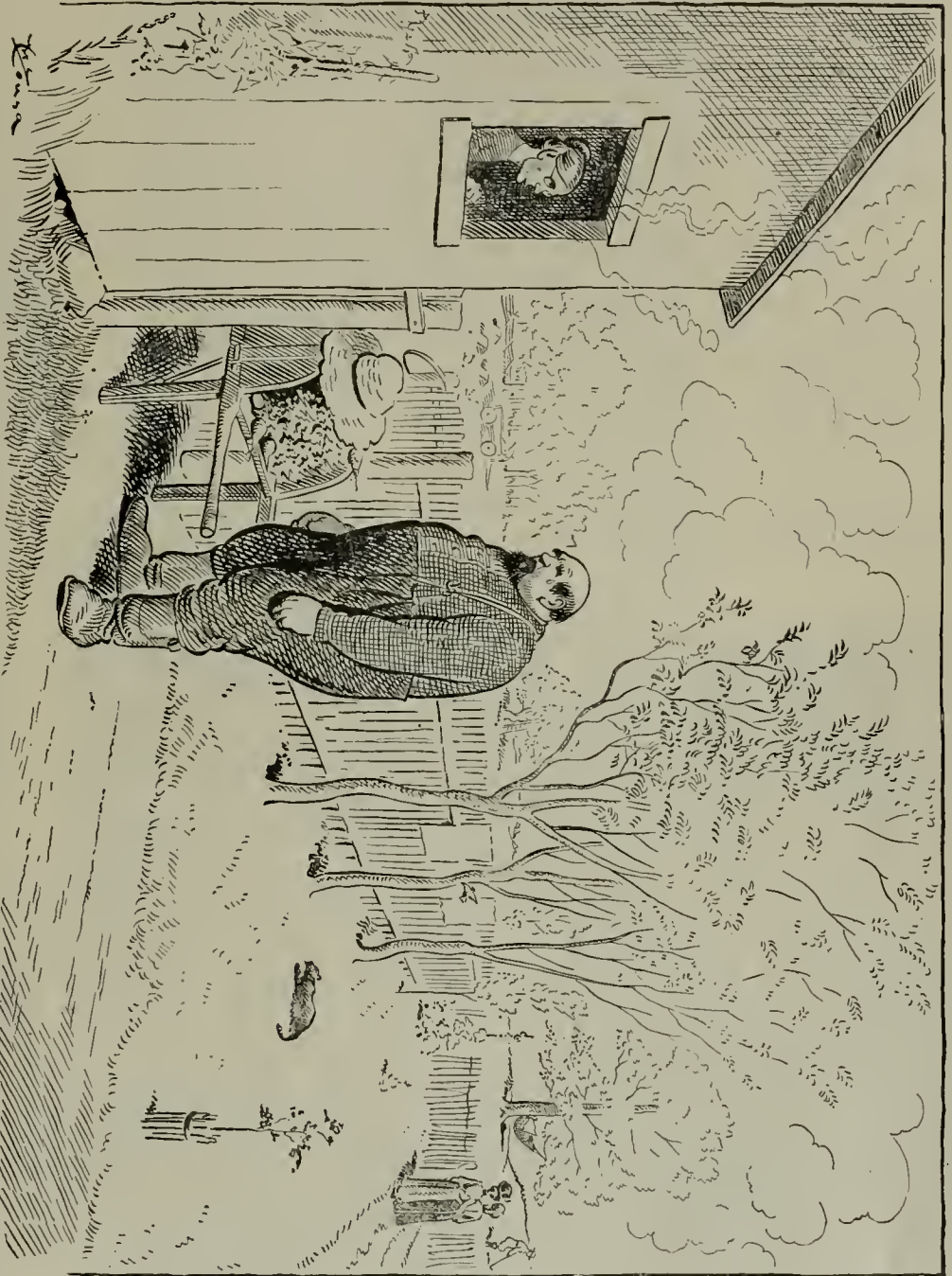
Willie—"Well, Miss Magin, you must remember that's 'fine board.'"



BETWEEN ACTORS.

COMEDIAN—"Why, when I did my act in Centreville the audience simply howled."

TRAGEDIAN—"And nobody else there to put the pup out, I suppose?"



THE ODDS AGAINST HIM.

EZRA PIKE—"Mother, you got ter stop takin' in summer boarders, er else I got ter quit farmin'."

MRS. PIKE—"Why, pa, what's the trouble?"

EZRA PIKE—"Thev's no use prayin' fer rain with fourteen summer boarders prayin' fer fair weather."

Human Nature.

THE Esquimau desires things hot—
He seeks the land of Hottentot.
The Hottentot oft yearns for snow—
He searches for the Esquimau.
Thus you and I forever go,
Like Hottentot and Esquimau,
In search of either cold or hot,
Like Esquimau or Hottentot.

Lackaday, Ladies!

Cobwigger—"Did the women's clubs have a harmonious convention?"

Merritt—"No. The only time they got together was when they were having their picture taken."

His Quandary.

Druggist—"What is it, sir?"

Mr. Chiney—"I really don't know; I'm in a quandary. The moths have almost ruined my wig, and I don't know whether to get moth-balls or hair-restorer."

Freddie—"Say, dad, why did those fellows in the tally-ho toot the horn?"

Cobwigger—"I guess they were trying to revive memories of the time when their ancestors peddled fish."



OBVIOUSLY BENEFICIAL.

VISITOR—"I trust you will profit by this experience."

FOOTPAD PETE—"Sure! De next time I won't tackle such a big feller."



APPROPRIATE.

UNCLE HANK—"Yessir; when I git enough material collected I'm goin' ter build a house thet'll be a regular monument to me an' my ancestors."

NIECE—"What kind of a house will it be, uncle?"

UNCLE HANK—"It'll be a brick house—a gold-brick house."

Her Surprise.

IT was the first pair of bed-socks that Beth had ever seen.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, surprised; "I wouldn't want to wear soft-shelled shoes."

A Faint-hearted Pirate.

Tommy Tuff—"Say, fellers! this kid's no good. He won't play pirate 'cause his mudder 'll give him a lickin' fer gittin' his collar dirty."

Hot and Cold.

AN experienced Chicago woman says that a fine example of hot and cold may be found in the case of a lover who becomes a husband.

Acme of Bliss.

Pat—"An' phat would yez do if yez wor rich?"

Mike—"Oi'd hov wan av thim autymobiles thot hlowa a whistle ivery block."

Wholesale Mining.

"GOLD is often found in the gizzards of birds shot in the Klondike," observed the man who reads the interesting notes in the papers.

"Yes," said the other man; "and if I were seeking gold I believe I would rather train some of those birds than hire miners."

"Why?"

"Because the miner gets the gold in quartz, but the bird finds it by pecks."

Marked Down.

THE marked-down habit was strong in her. She had been telling her husband that her dearest woman friend had made her feel so cheap.

"Like thirty cents?" he queried.

"Like twenty-nine," she replied.



SHOWING HER ANCESTORS.

Her Pipe Went Out.

"HE comes so often to call upon me," she mused, "that I can draw but one inference. Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

Two weeks later she was abashed to learn that he was going to marry another girl. Then she recalled, bitterly, her musings.

"The smoke I saw," she reflected, "must have been that from a pipe-dream."

Slang is sometimes a balm to a broken heart.

Gossip.

"MADE their money recently?"

"Yes. Her father was a promoter. It is rumored that they are going to adopt as a coat-of-arms a watering-pot rampant."



TOO MUCH TONNAGE.

FIRST ELEPHANT—"What a shame they wouldn't allow us to sit in the grand-stand!"
 SECOND ELEPHANT—"Well, they had *weighty* reasons for it."



HOW HE LEARNED.

SHE—"W-ho taught you how to s-skate?"

HE—"I t-taught myself from a school of correspondence, by mail."



OH, HORRORS!

A certain young person of Bray
Was so very homely, they say,
Every clock she looked at
Not only stood pat,
But promptly went 'round the wrong way.

One Girl's Sacrifice.

Judge—"How does she come to give up
so many things during Lent?"

Marjorie—"She realizes it is the only way
she can save enough money to buy an Easter
bonnet."

Expressing an Opinion.

"NOW, gentlemen," says
the irate individual
to the iceman, the
plumber, and the
coal man, "I wish
to voice my opinion
of you while I
have you all three
together. I do not
wonder at your
robbing me. What
forces me to stand
aghast is your consummate nerve in
dispensing with
the conventional
mask during the
operation. Are
you so utterly lost
to the proprieties?"

With a forced
laugh, they turn
away.



WELL PICKED.

"They picked me down at the club to win the
feather-weight championship to-night."
"So I see. And they did an excellent job."

His Bright Idea.

CHEOPS was building the pyramid.

"That was a bright idea of my own," he
explained. "I was bound to put some laundry-marks
on a thing they couldn't mangle."

With a rueful glance at his cuffs, he felt he had
outwitted his mortal foe.



CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"Musicians have such long hair!"

"Yes; it's the listeners who get bald."



A HANDY MAN.

MIKE—"They say Tim Cassidy died without th' aid av a docthor."
PAT—"Well, Tim was always a handy lad at anything."



The Frog-hunter's Opinion.

HIT the frog up on the head
And stretch him on the sand,
And in an hour, be it said,
He's breaded and he's panned.

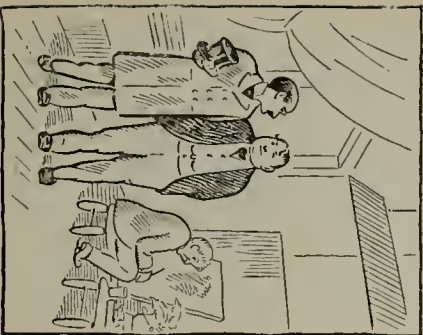
And then he steams upon the toast,
A gilt-edged, lovely thing,
I gild down fancy's golden coast
And rapturously sing.

Oh, froggie, pungent, sweet and rare!
You 'round joy's race-track burst;
And while you win, I must declare
Your hind legs come in first."

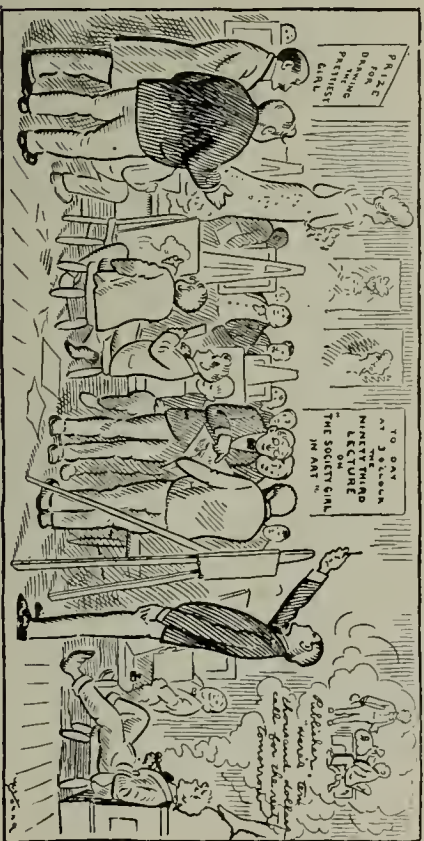
ACCIDENTALLY hitting a target without aiming at it is often expensive, as it sets a bad precedent.

Made Her Cry.

Mrs. *Grayford*—"This lovely Easter hat cost me only sixty-five dollars. Don't you think I look pretty in it?"
Grayford—"I'll bet that ninety-eight-cent lamp-shade you bought the other day would be just as becoming to you."



BEFORE THE FOOT LIGHTS.



A TRIP THROUGH A MODERN ART-SCHOOL.

GUIDE—"That fellow off there in the corner has a crazy notion that he wants to be a landscape painter."

"And this one labors under the delusion that he will win glory and wealth as a sculptor."

"But here's the 'real thing,' eight hundred of them—six graduates a day—all studying to be 'American girl' artists."



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

MORGENSTERN—"Good-evening, Rosenstein. I see you've got your new clothing-factory started—the Rebecca Suit Company, you call it. Why did you name it after a woman?"

ROSENSTEIN—"For luck. It's the name of an old flame of mine."

Worse Yet.

MY dear," said Mr. Penheck timidly, pausing in his occupation of dusting the chandelier, "did you mail those letters I asked you to post for me?"

"Of course I did," answered Mrs. Penheck, deep in her perusal of the evening paper.

"It is strange," commented Mr. Penheck, with a touch of doubt in his tone, "that I haven't received any answers yet. One of the letters was to Brother William, and"—

"Maybe somebody forgot to mail the answers," interrupted Mrs. Penheck. "Don't always be hinting that I am the only woman on earth who forgets to mail letters."

"I am not hinting, my angel," faltered Mr. Penheck as he started toward the kitchen; "but I certainly think it strange"—

"Now just wait," ordered Mrs. Penheck, dropping her paper. "Let's get this all straightened out right now. I don't want those letters bobbing up at every meal for the next month. When did you give them to me to mail?"

"It was either last Monday or Wednesday"—

"Good heavens, man! don't you know what day it was?"

"I am trying to decide. I can't remember whether I wrote them after I had hung out the clothes or after I had finished the ironing"

"It must have been after you finished the ironing. You evidently had them on your mind while you were ironing, for my white-duck skirts are simply not fit to wear to business."

"Well, whenever it was, I remember I made some memoranda on my desk-calendar. That will prove it," Mr. Penheck said with a triumphant smile, going to his own little desk in the corner of the room. "Why, here are the letters!" he cried. "I must have forgotten to hand them to you."

"I guess you did!" sniffed Mrs. Penheck; "I guess you did! I do think it is time you were learning to know your own mind, Henry."

"But I"—began Mr. Penheck.

"But nothing! Am I to eat at home this evening or go to a restaurant? Next thing I know you'll be accusing me of forgetting to eat my dinner when you have forgotten to put it on the table."

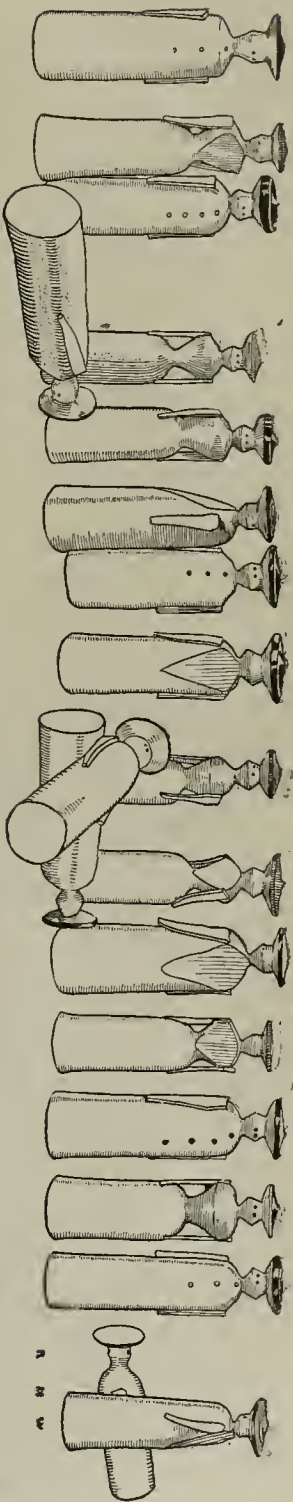
Mr. Penheck hurried to the kitchen, while his wife added the disputed letters to a bunch of others which were in her ample pocket, and which she had forgotten to mail.

"I'll post the whole batch on my way to the office in the morning," she said, "and then Henry will get enough letters in reply to keep his mind off my summer clothes until the weather gets cooler."



PROVEN!

"Hivin' fergive me fer iver makin' th' shtatemit that a dude wor no use in this wur-ruld!"



TWENTY MODEL PEOPLE.

THESE worthies standing in a row are very fair to see ;
 Within the straight and narrow path they frisk in moral glee,
 They're paragons of everything that's beautiful and good,
 And quite incapable of wrong—because they're made of wood.

At Palm Beach.

BUT why," we ask of the leader of the campaign party, "do you take that simpleton Flatbedde along? Surely he is not a congenial companion for any of you."
 "But," protests the leader, "we have to have some one along to rock the boat occasionally."

A Woman's Way.

Mr. Thompson—"Jones told me a secret to-day."
Mrs. Thompson (anxiously)—"What was it?"
Mr. Thompson—"The one I told you last week."
Mrs. Thompson—"Oh, dear me! that Mrs. Jones is such an everlasting tattler. I'll never tell her any-thing again."

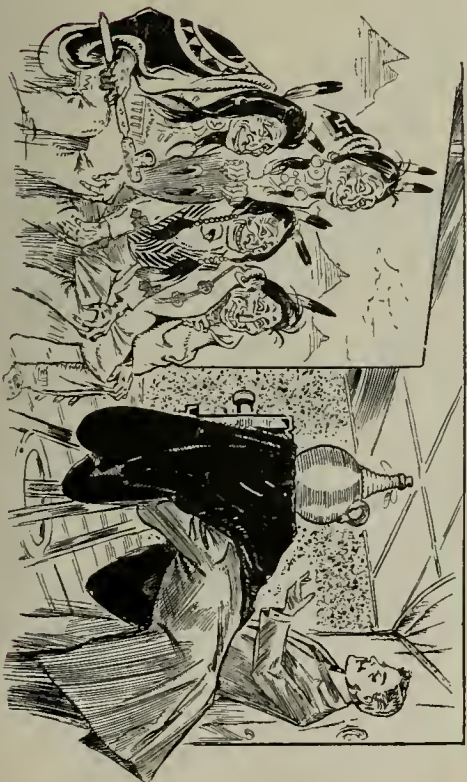
Advantage of Leap-year.

THEY are going to be married on the twenty-ninth of February."
 "Sensible couple."
 "In what way?"
 "Why, the date will not constantly be coming up to remind them of the occasion."



PHOTOGRAPHER—"How in the world am I going to make these stoical Indians look pleasant? Ah, an idea!"

A MAGICAL AUXILIARY.



MR-THE-JUG (the interpreter)—"Waugh, braves! 'Firewater'!"

Pure Pessimism.

WOMEN go to cooking-clubs
And always hire a cook ;
People go to reading-clubs
And never buy a book ;
Women go to sewing-clubs
And never make a seam ;
People join the writing-clubs
And never spoil a ream.

People go to golfing-clubs
And never find the tee ;
People lead in boating-clubs
Who never see the sea ;
People join athletic clubs,
And still their strength is weak ;
People in debating-clubs
Are seldom known to speak.

People in amusement clubs
Declare this life a bore ;
Those in peace-procuring clubs
Are always out for gore ;
Those who fill the singing-clubs
Are destitute of song—
That's the look of all the clubs
To one who can't belong.

"OUT on the fly!" ex-
claimed the quick-wit-
ted but unpopular actor as he
stopped an egg from which a
chicken dropped.



HE UPHELD A BANNER OF THE FREE.

What Would Be Expected.

HOW are you getting along
with your project of or-
ganizing a breakfast-
food club?" asked Clarke.

"Fairly, only," replied Tigg.
"You see, I sent out a lot of
tentative constitutions and by-
laws, and I suppose the recipi-
ents have not yet fully digested
their provisions."

"There's where you made
your mistake, man," said
Clarke.

"Mistake? How?"

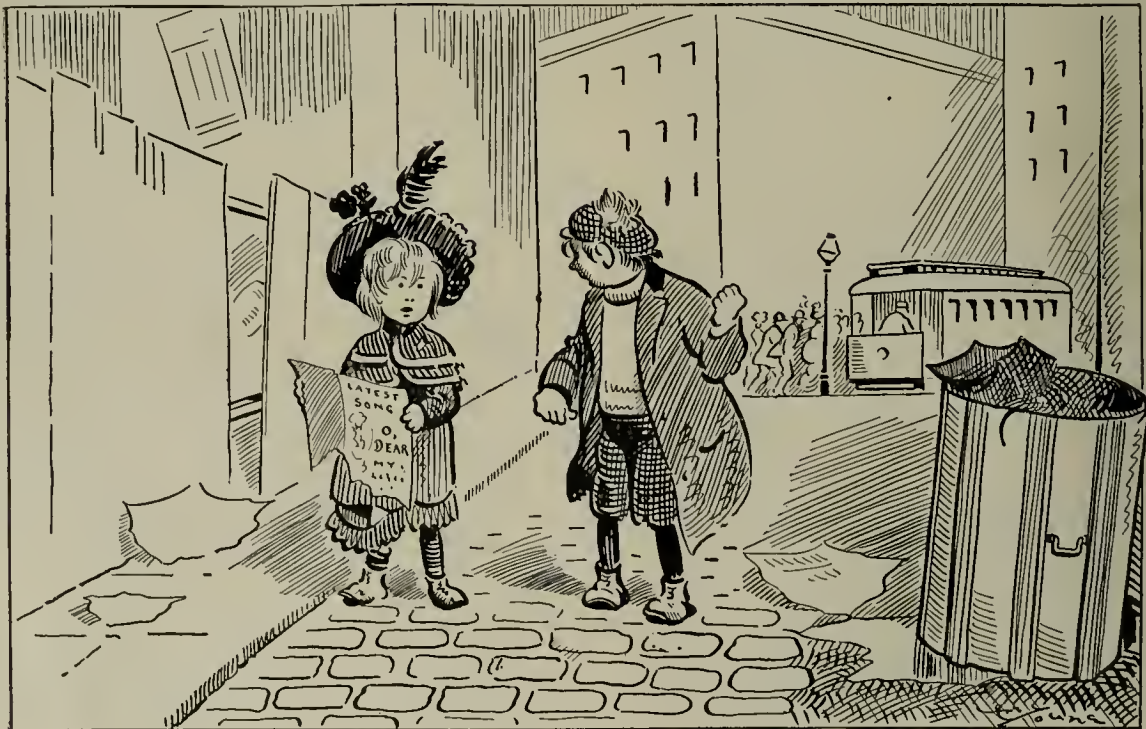
"Such a club should have a
predigested constitution," was
the answer.

Will Be Absorbed in the Game.

Jason—"I paid twenty-five
cents fer thet there checker-
board."

Samantha—"Yew spend-
thrift! Yew needed a good
many other things worse'n yew
did a checker-board."

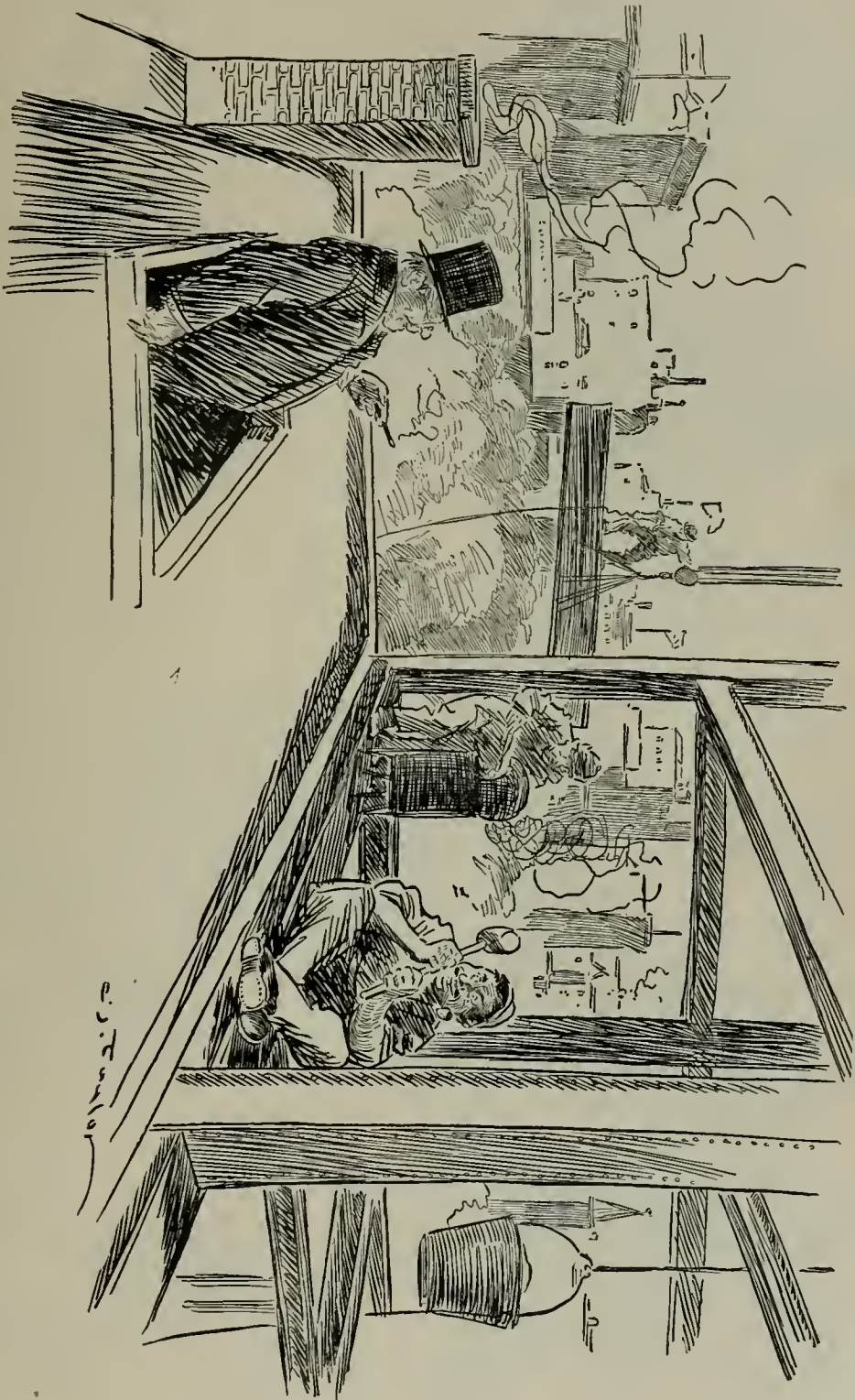
Jason—"I knowed it; but
now I won't hev time tew think
thet I need 'em."



FAMILY PRIDE.

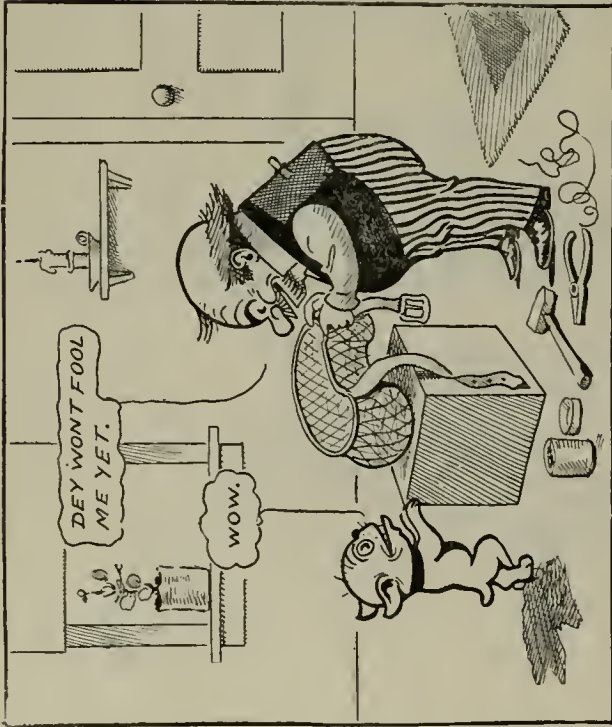
LIZZIE—"Aw, say! me sister Mag's got Paderewski skinned ter death as a pianist—an' she never took a lesson."

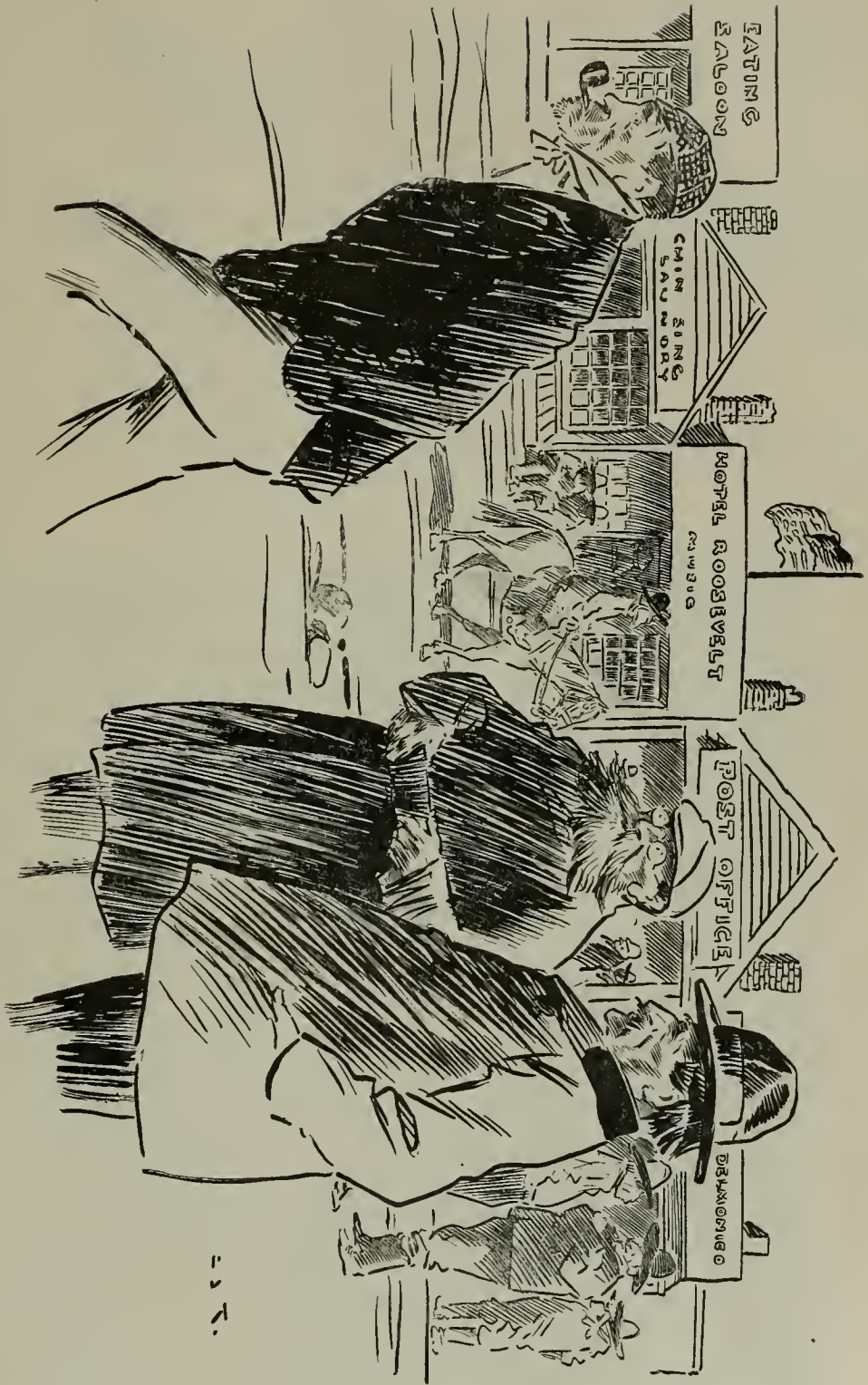
CHIMMIE—"Hully gee! Me big brudder Mike hez got 'em all fried to a crisp on de violin—an' he made his own violin, too, outen a soap-box an' some leather shoe-strings."



WHERE THE WORK CAME IN.

INQUISITIVE CITIZEN—“I suppose your occupation is very hard on the hands?”
IRON-WORKER—“It’s harder on the feet. Our union is prading most of the time when it ain’t out on a strike.”





SWELLING THE ROLL.

MOOSE MEADOW SHERIFF—"Yes, that's 'Spike' Moran, alias Big Eddy, alias Jim Thornton, alias 'Kid' McDuff. He's a burglar."
 STRANGER—"But why do you let him live here?"
 SHERIFF—"Jest to fat up the census. We put him in the directory under each name, you see."



THE BIBLE TRUTH.

ZEBRA—"Say, move over and let me have that spot under the green bay-tree, will you?"

LEOPARD—"What a foolish wish from one of your stripe! Don't you know a leopard can't change his spots?"

Obituary.

(From the Weekly Trego Truck-patch.)

THE old man Gunn,
Of Jayhawker's run,
Who had the mon,
Died to-day at one.
A neighbor's son
Shot Gunn
With a shot-gun.
He leaves one
Son.
Now every one
Asks every one,
"Shall we call this son,
This Gunn's son,
This son of a Gunn,
The heir Gunn?"

Correct Time.

Fat—"An' whoy do yez carry two watches?"

Mike—"Faith, Oi nade wan to see how shlow th' other wan is."



IN THE ROUGH.

"It's cruel of you to snub him. He's a good sort if he is a rough diamond."
"That's the reason he needs cutting."



ALL RIGHT.
 Casey—"Riley, ye owe me an apology—ye called me a liar."
 Riley—"Ye're a liar—O' didh't I!"
 Casey—"Well, it's all rought, thin an' ye don't owe me an apology."

THE "S" "L" "V" "A" "T"



MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

UNCLE HIRAM (with a sigh of relief)—“Wa-al, this is what I call luck. Thought sure 'Mandy wuz after me.”

Not Definite.

“PLEASE print instructions for smoking sausage,” wrote the constant reader to the “answers-for-the-anxious” editor.

“Which—the long or the fine cut?” he wrote beneath the query.

PAYNE had just written “Home, sweet home.”

“Yes,” he admitted proudly; “I don't think it is bad. I got my inspiration while I was watching Kelly slide for it.”

Eagerly he scanned the score to see if the home team had won.

Don't Rush the Season.

(Remember “Punch's” advice.)

HEARD a robin on the limb—
Took my flannels off to him.
Saw a bluejay on the wing—
Pitched goloshes with a fling.

Saw a fish-worm on the lawn—
Winter coat went into pawn.
On the fence an old tomcat—
Out of sight my old cloth hat.

Saw the merry kids at play—
Bought a light top-coat that day.
Hurdy-gurdy struck my ear—
Then I said, “I know it s here.”*

That night came a snow and sleet—

Ergo, cold and clammy feet,
Backache, earache, nose a-whiz—
Laid up now with rheumatiz.

* The spring-fever.

A FELLER took a pig to sea
an' give him th' best room
in th' first cabin. He fed him
on prime beefsteak; he
dressed him in th' finest clo'es;
he put money in his pocket.
“Ain't you happy?” he says
to th' pig. “No,” says the
pig; “not by a long shot!”
says th' pig. “There ain't no
mud a'board to waller in, an'
what I like to eat is swill.”



SETTLED.

MR. JONES—“I think I'm going to have appendicitis.”
MRS. JONES—“Oh, you do? Well, I think I'm going to have a new hat, and your appendicitis can wait.”

Advertisements in the "Hourly Digest" for 1925.



OST—A splendid opportunity to rise by a young man who did not take our correspondence course in "air-ship navigation." Address Findem & Fakem.

Female help wanted—A cook; no questions asked about place just left. We have no children, no hobbies, and can furnish recommendations from former cooks. Cook can have every other afternoon off, and the remaining

afternoons can entertain in the parlor. Call on Mrs. Long Suffering.

To let—A corner room in the Smoke-stack building on the forty-second floor. Room has four window fire-escapes, six chemical extinguishers, three parachutes, and an asbestos air-ship. Call at building after non-union hours—three p. m.



CHARLES VOUGHT.

TRUE.

"Do you know, Cholly, I could just die yachting."
"Yes? I feel like giving up everything for it."

The Classical Bee-keeper.

WE venture to complain to the bee-keeper of the quality of the honey he has sent us.

"We don't believe the stuff is pure," we declare. "It seems to us that it has been adulterated."

"'Honey soit qui mal y pense,'" he quotes, dignifiedly.

Awed somewhat by the sonorous quality of his speech we retreat in semi-confusion.



CAPTAIN CRUMB—"The kind of bait I uses, Cap'n Blunt, depends on wot I fish fer."

For sale—An original and polished monkey. Can be used at dinners. The owner is going to retire from society and write a society novel. Mrs. Will Gadabout.

He Stopped.

"NOW, there was Jones. He was one of your methodical men—always boasted that his business ran like clockwork."

"What of it?"

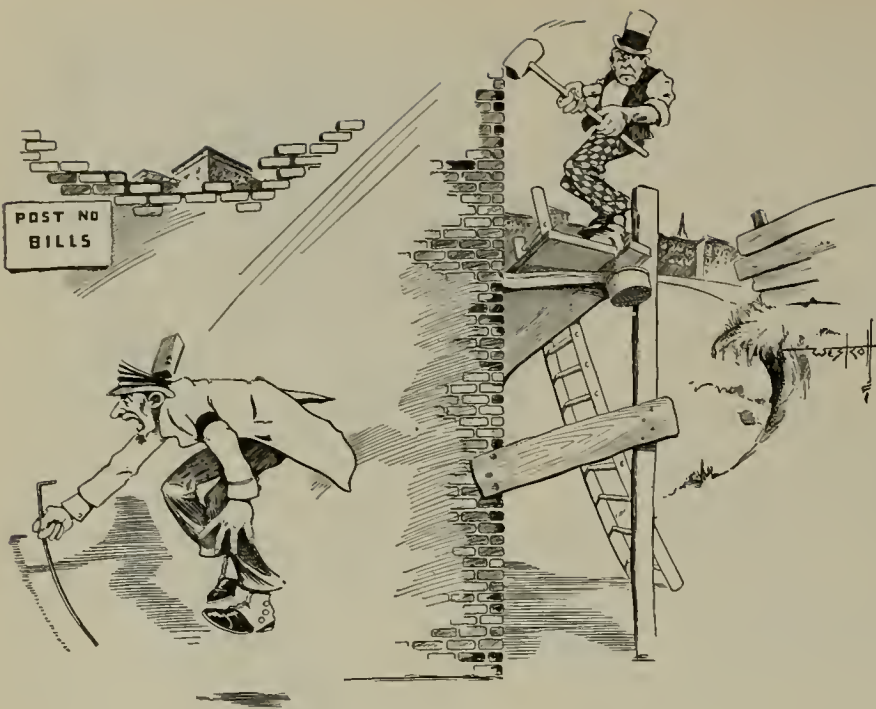
"Well, that was what there was of it. He thought he could lose all the time he wished and the business would run on just the same. The result was he had several strikes when he wasn't looking for them, and finally his creditors wound him up."

"What became of him?"

"Saw him yesterday. He's as set in his ways as ever."



CAPTAIN BLUNT—"What in the wide seas are ye fishin' fer now, Cap'n Crumb?"
THE WRONG KIND.



"A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK."

An Old Salt's Observations.

A YELLER journalist crossed with me. "What do you use such tarnation big head-lines fer?" I asked of him. "What do you use such surprisin' big sails fer?" he asked of me. "To make th' ship go," I says. "Same with me," says he.

I knew a farmer whose crops was a-sufferin' from drought to git down on his marrow-bones an' thank God when a shower come on. His daughter was at the county fair that day. She come home a-cryin' 'cause th' rain had spi'led her new hat.

A ship's caulker, gittin' a dollar an' a half a day, might, by doin' bad work with his hammer an' his oakum, be responsible fer the loss of a ship worth five hundred thousand dollars an' carryin' a hundred an' forty-eight passengers, besides th' crew an' fo'c's'le cat.

A brook-trout kicked because th' pool he lived in was too small. I took him an' put him in th' ocean. "There," says I; "I reckon that'll be big enough fer you. How do you like it?" "Lands sake!" says the brook-trout. "It's salt, ain't it? Take me back home, please, captain."

I dropped a ten-dollar gold piece overboard once, an' it sunk like a shot. Very same day I dropped an empty tomato-can into th' boundin' ocean—an' I bet it's floatin' yet. That's th' way with

men. I've seen solid merit that seemed to be too heavy to stay at the top.

A sailor was cast on a desert island with sixteen hunder an' four dollars in gold coin, an' jest exactly two hunder an' seventy-six thousan' dollars in one-thousand-dollar bills. He also had a gun an' quite a lot of powder, but he didn't have no shot, an' he was shy of waddin'. He cut th' coin up into slugs fer shot an' used th' bills fer wads. Then he shot a bird fer supper. It was a very nice, fat bird, an' tasted mighty good. "Beats all what money 'll do!" says he.

I knew a farmer that had th' reputation of bein' awful careful. He'd spend six weeks considerin' 'fore he'd buy a cow. My! how careful he would be examinin' that cow's meat an' milk an' disposition! But he married a girl he'd only known two weeks, an'

then said marriage was a failure 'cause she couldn't make good butter.

Far Ahead of His Time.

DEMOSTHENES was practicing with pebbles in his mouth.

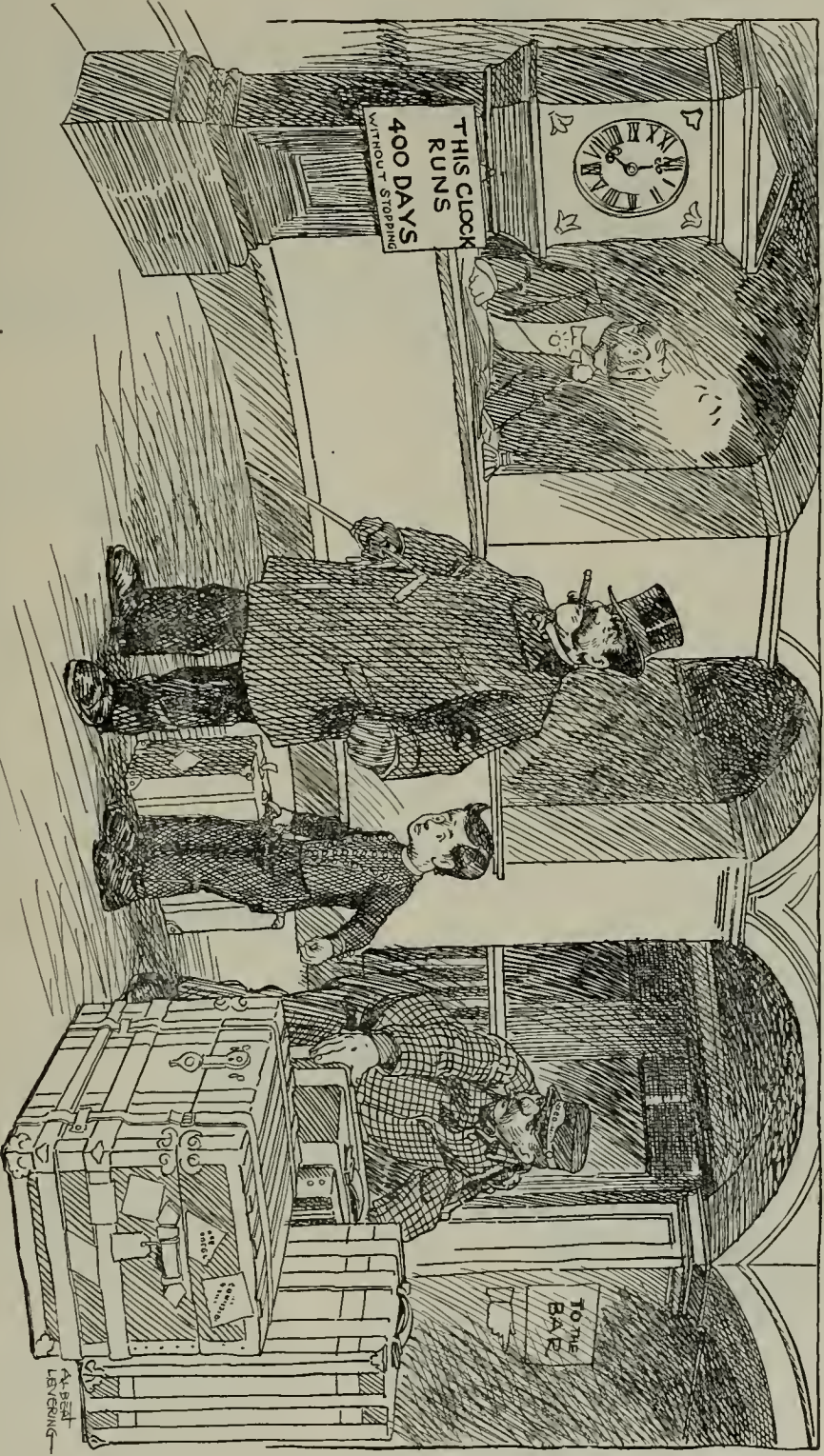
"How foolish!" said his wife. "Nobody is speaking Russian yet."

Perceiving his wasted efforts, he at once abandoned his attempt.



LADY (who is posing and rather tired)—"Oh, my dear Mr. Doolan, haven't you yet got it all right for taking me?"

MR. DOOLAN (amateur photographer)—"My dear lady, it'll be fine? You're just in the very attitude. Come 'round, now, and see for yourself."



HE'D CALL A STRIKE.
WALKING DELEGATE (as he eye his the sign)—“Runs four hundred days without stoppin’, does it? Well, O’f’ hov that stoppocd be layin’ af’ th’ hands.”



Ferd Sclofferinsky's Confession

UPON the fiddle all the day,
 And sometimes all the night,
 I with my finest vigor play.
 And quickly put to flight
 The grim mosquitoes as they file
 The air in manner gay
 About my little domicile
 In Morristown, N. J.

I'm worth my weight in gold because
 I make the skeeter scoot,
 And more than spike his hungry jaws
 And beat the burning boot
 In swiftly knocking him awry ;
 And so I shout "Hooray !
 No skeeter 's fiddle-proof when I
 A fugue from Wagner play."

JUDGING from what they have to
 show for it, some people's time
 must be counterfeit money.

An Idyl of the Street.

IT was in Broad-
 way at the cab-
 stand by Gree-
 ley square. A
 foolish questioner, who
 belonged to the great ag-
 gregation of the blind to
 the obvious, came by.
 She paused and ap-
 proached a cabman on
 his box.

"Are you the driver of
 the cab?" she asked.

The cabman was cyn-
 ical, as cabmen grow to
 be in their profession.

"No, ma'am," he re-
 sponded, with a dipping
 motion of his bent index-
 finger toward the animal
 in the shafts. "That's
 the driver; I'm the horse."

Only a seasoned cab-
 man could have done it
 as he did, and the lady,
 with an indignant sniff,
 woke up.

Tactics.

Cora—"She didn't tell
 him that she has been
 engaged before?"

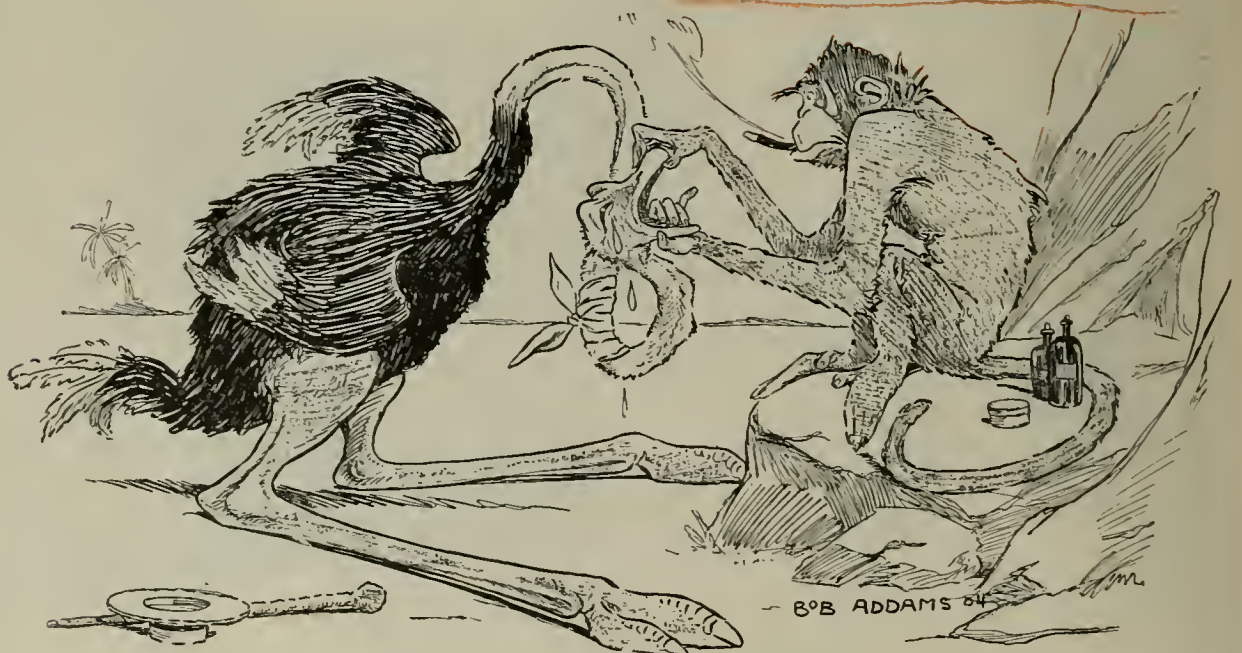
Dora—"Oh, no. She's
 keeping that quiet for
 strategic reasons."



A CASE OF JAM.

"You say you are crying because you jammed your
 finger, little boy?"

"Y-yeth, thir ; I put my finger in the jam an' m-
 mother caught me doing it."



THE REMEDY.

DR. MONK — H'm! No appetite—can't eat a thing, eh? Diet on tacks and small nails and take a magnet before each meal."



GOLF DIALECT.

HIS WIFE—"Sir, you are intoxicated; your speech betrays you!"

MR. HIBAUL—"Madam, 'ahmshamed of your (hic) ignorance; you're 'way behind timsh—don't you know golf dialect when you (hic) h-h-hear it?"

From the Spanish

DURING a review of his soldiers the commanding officer, observing that he could not see the shirt of one of the soldiers, approached him, unbuttoned his coat and discovered that he wore none.

"How is this, you dirty fellow," he exclaimed; "where's your shirt?"

"Ah, captain," replied the soldier, "I sold it to buy some soap with which to wash it, for it was sadly in need of it."

IF YOU want a neighbor—be one.

An Eye for Business.

I DON'T want to do any advertising," growls the merchant when the solicitor approaches him.

"But I am sure you will soon see the advantage of having your name and firm mentioned in our paper," argues the solicitor. "Let me show you our last circulation statement, and"—

"Now, look here, young man! Can't you take no for an answer? First thing you know I'll lose my temper, and"—

"If you do, sir," suggests the courteous solicitor, "try our lost-and-found column. You're sure to get quick results."

"**H**E has a wife in ev'ry port," says they. "No wonder, then, he stays to sea," says I.

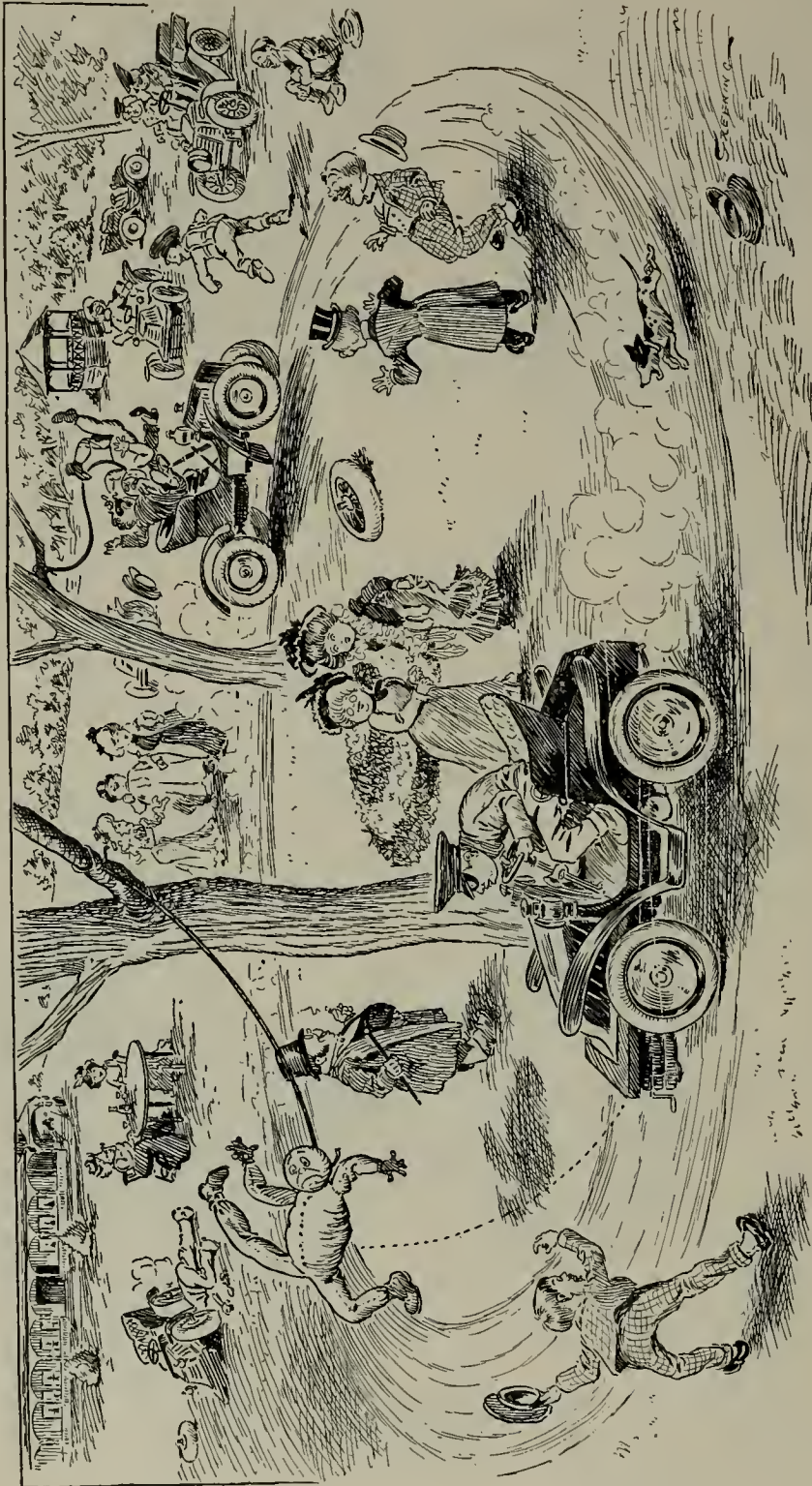


A HORRIBLE TORTURE.

FIRST BURGLAR—"We had ter torture de old gent ter make him give up his dough."

SECOND BURGLAR—"Burn him?"

FIRST BURGLAR—"No; me partner played Wagner on de pianner."



SOCIETY NOTE.

Cholly Aughter entertained the elite auto club at his palatial country seat with a new game called "Sock the pedestrian." Those who were unable to scorch away in time to avoid the returning swing of the "ped," were greeted with uproarious laughter. The game will be all the rage this season.

He'd Heard
About Them.

SITTING before his straw bungalow was Mustafa Dhrinke, king of Canabilia-on-the-bog. His slaves stood like a minstrel troupe in a semi-circle about him, salaaming so low that they burned their foreheads on the hot sands of the desert.

"By the beard of Pfeffer!" began the king, "here I've been ringing for a waiter for the past moon. Hereafter I swear by the left ear of Bryan that I will deduct a peso from your wajjis for every kilometre that you keep me waiting. What was that you served me yesterday a. m.? It upset me entirely."

"That, oh, Pickleface!" began the tallest slave in a sing-song tone of voice, arising and reading from a yellow papyrus, "was a United States senator from Chicago."

"Well, the next time you serve one of those things," yelled Mustafa, "if you'll just serve him without his whisk-



AT OUR SUMMER BOARDING-HOUSE.

"The outcry against abbreviated bathing-suits is all nonsense."
 "I'm afraid you don't look at the question from a high standpoint."
 "Indeed, I do. I watch them from the top of the bluff every morning."

ers it won't taste so much like bird's-nest soup. Sabbe? What have you on the men-u for tu-dhiy?"

"A good missionary," replied the chef.

"To fudge with a missionary!" hoarsely replied the chief. "My stummique is too weak for that. Besides, these Amerikhans tell us it's hard to keep a good man down. Bring me a shredded hobo. Avaunt!"

And they avanted.



COULD HE DO IT? NO!

"I want you to recline on that divan, and don't move. I'll give you a dollar an hour. Do you feel equal to it?"
 "Equal to it? Say, miss, stick a pin into me an' wake me up, will yer?"



TRUE ENOUGH.

MRS. GRUMPY—"Joel, I do wish you wuzn't ferever borrowin' trouble."
 JOEL GRUMPY—"Wa-al, that don't need ter worry ye. I giner'ly pay back what I borrow, don't I?"

A Military Necessity in this War.

WHY," demanded the Russian general of an orderly who had brought news of an engagement in which many were killed and wounded, "did not your colonel send to me the names of the poor fellows who suffered in this disaster?"

The orderly saluted. "Sir," said he, "he wished to; but my horse was weak from over-riding and not strong enough to carry them."

"Ah!" said the general. "It is well that we have the Trans-Siberian railroad. Have them shipped to me by freight."

Jes' Waitin'.

JES' a-waitin' fo' de robin.
 Jes' a-watchin' fo' de jay,
 Jes' a-lis'nin' fo' de hummin'-
 Bird dat's loafin' on de way.

Gittin' tired ob eatin' 'possum,
 Gittin' tired ob roastin' yam;
 Nigh a-found'rin' on de side meat,
 Nebber want ter taste ob ham.

Moughty weary wakin' mawnin's
 Wid de shivers an' de shakes;
 Kind ob achin' fo' spring-feber—
 Wouldn't mind ter see sum snakes.

Jes' a-waitin' by de hen-house
 Fo' de dominick ter hatch.
 When dese am cum de watahmilyun
 Will be ripenin' in de patch.

A Wonderful Deterrent.

Crawford—"There isn't as much talk about the war in the far east as might be expected."
Crabshaw—"That must be because most of us don't know how to pronounce the names of the places."



EXPENSIVE.

MISTAH JACKSON—"How yo'r son makin' out up in Noo Yawk? Do it cost moah fo' vittles up dah?"
 UNCLE SAMBO—"Free times as much. Henry sez dat dere ain't a chicking-coop er a watahmillion-patch in de whole place."

The Trouble.

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune," declares the human quotation-mark.

"Quite so," agrees the white-bearded philosopher. "But I have observed that he usually attempts to build it on plans suggestive of the fashion-magazine hints on 'How to construct a neat suburban home for fifteen hundred dollars.'"

Their Choice.

BROTHER smokes "The Turk's Delight,"
 Uncle, "Golden Ray";
 Hired man finds relief each night
 In "Sweet Virginny Spray."
 Father chews "Carliny Leaf"
 And mother chews the rag.
 This house is just a case in brief
 Of tag, tag, tag.

An Old Salt's Observations.



OST explanations is no good. I looked in the dictionary to find out about fiddler crabs. I found out that they wasn't re'lly fiddler crabs, but *gelasimus pugilator*. Then I looked up *gelasimus*, an' I found out that it was Greek, an' meant some-thin' about laughin'. I also found out that fiddler crabs didn't have no posterior pleurobranchiæ, an' that anteriors of the same thing was mostly missin' from 'em. Furthermore, th' book said that th' two pairs of pleurobranchiæ vestigial was also wholly absent from th' critters. Now, that was honest, wasn't it?

There was a sailor who went with me for a number of v'y-ages, an' as good a man to work as ever I had on my ship; but he would grumble. One v'yage I'd had her all refitted. I tell you, th' Lyddy's fo'c'sle was a palace. There wasn't no work to speak of to do, for th' weather was fine. I see he was unhappy, an' guessed th' reason was that



IN THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

THE ROSE—"I knew the lily bore a bad reputation, but I never thought they would tie him to the stake. I suppose they will set fire to him next."



there simply wasn't nothin' he could kick about. He got real down-hearted over it. But one mornin' he seemed pretty cheerful an' begun to cuss as natural as life. Oh, he was a-kickin' to beat the band! I asked him what the matter was, an' he growled out, "I'm goin' to quit the sea. There ain't no use of bein' a sailor. Th' seaman's allus th' under dog!" "Why?" says I. "Look at th' farmers," says he, "an' see what they git from th' government!" "What do they git that you don't git?" I asks. "Rural free delivery of mail!" he says; an' was as happy as a clam a-groanin' about it for th' hull rest of th' v'yage.

I used to kind of smile when people talked about the dangers that they'd passed through on land. Didn't seem to me there could be no dangers on land. But, then, one day I was ashore in San Francisco, an' somebody—wasn't that malicious?—got me to try to ride a buckin' bronco pony. My! how I did pray that God would please let me git back to sea, where every-thing is nice an' safe!

Tryin' to maintain your reputa-tion on a basis of lies an' false dealin' is like tryin' to hold your pants up with one suspender an' all your buttons off.

NATURAL GROWTH.

"He claims to have caught a ten-pound trout."
 "Why, trout don't grow as large as that."
 "They do after you've told the story a few times."



MODELS OF PATIENCE.

MRS. GADDINGTON—"They have postponed the wedding four times."
 MRS. BUFFINGTON—"Well, I hope they'll do as well with the divorce."

A Practical Connoisseur.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"What a beautiful collection of antiques you have, my dear!"
 Mrs. Parvenue—"It should be. My husband knows all about such things, and had them made to order."

The Happy Future.

Mrs. Waggles—"Everything we have here in the house is so old it is shabby."
 Waggles—"Have a little patience, my dear. When they get a little older they will be antique."

The Man and the Hour.

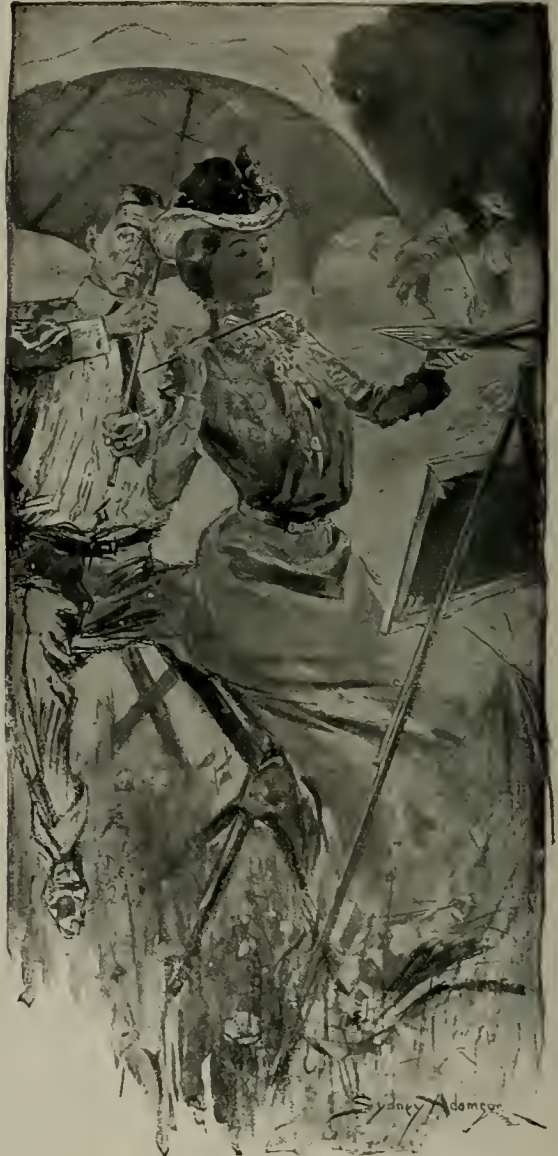
Mrs. Mason-Lodge (waking suddenly)—"Is that you, Henry? What time is it?"
 Mr. Mason-Lodge (comfortingly)—"Sh, dear! 'S mush earlier 'n us'ly is at thish time, I 'sure you."

Logic.

Teddie—"Pa, where do we get our milk from?"
 Father—"From cows, my son."
 Teddie—"And where do cows get their milk from?"
 Father—"Why, Teddie, where do you get your tears?"
 Teddie (after a long, thoughtful pause)—"Do they have to spank cows, papa?"

Fame.

First Colombian revolutionist—"I tell you, we are putting up a pretty stiff rebellion this time."
 Second Colombian revolutionist (proudly)—"Stiff? Why, I understand there was a magazine article written about us last month."



HIS PREFERENCE.

SUMMER GIRL—"Don't you love the scent of new-mown hay?"
 VACATION MAN—"Oh, passionately—but I'd a little sooner buy it by the ounce at a drug-store!"

NO WONDER.
"They say he hasn't bought his wife any clothes since he married her."
"Well, he can't very well. She only allows him fifty cents a week out of his salary."





JUDGE'S FASHION HINTS.

To make the latest style veil, take a plain veil and apply corn-plasters.

TRIFLING NOTIONS.

Grief is simply joy in the third person.

It is the listener, not the teller, who makes or mars a story.

A man does not usually think twice before he marries, but it often happens that he marries twice before he thinks.

The flight of time is largely a matter of temperament. Any practical person may prove this to another person by attempting to disprove it.

Mighty is the sovereignty of mind over matter. At a low estimate seven-tenths of the world's mental emotion springs from a sore toe or its equivalent.

**BOSTON
DICTION.**

Teacher (of English)—“Michael, when I have finished you may repeat what I have read in your own words. ‘See the cow. Isn't she a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. Can she run as fast as the horse? No, she cannot run as fast as the horse.’”

Future mayor (of Boston)—“Git



IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

MR. APPLE—“Oh, I'm a wise guy. When I pack a barrel of farmers for market I always put the big ones on 'top.'”

on to de cow. Ain't she a beaut? Kin de cow git a gait on her? Sure. Kin de cow hustle it wid de horse? Nit—de cow ain't in it wid de horse.”

HE DIDN'T TELL.

“What will there be for dessert, mamma?” asked little Percy.

There was to be a “company” dinner, and Percy was inquisitive as to the details.

“There will be nuts, but you must not tell during the meal.”

Percy said he wouldn't.

When dinner was about half over he called out to the guest of honor,

“You don't know what there is for dessert. I'm not allowed to tell, but it's something to crack and pick good things out of.”



A REMARKABLE CHEST EXPANSION.



AN ALTERNATIVE HINTED.

MRS. FALLON — "Good-marnin', Mrs. Toolan! Do yez t'ink we'll hov war?"

MRS. TOOLAN—"Oi don't know, Mrs. Fallon. It depinds greatly phether yez do or don't fergit to return th' flat-irons yez borrowed av me. Do yez moind?"

Drumming Up an Excuse.

THE tattoo artist to the king
Had always been most dutiful,
And he could tattoo anything
In manner that was beautiful.

One day the king thought of a test
And called the artist, telling him
Another artist was the best,
And he should be excelling him.

The king produced a rare design
Upon a tattooed attaché
And said, "Beat that in every line
Upon the form of Katisha."

The tattoo artist took a knife
And gloomily sought suicide.
"Though I should labor all my life
I can't beat that tattoo," he sighed.

The Dawn of Reasoning.

"**P**A," asked the little Wise boy,
"what is a buttery?"

"A buttery, my son," explained
Mr. Wise, "is where people make
butter."

"Then do they make augers in
an augury?"

Ballade of Aspiration.

THEY tell of joys most exquisite,
Of joys that last through
many a day;
But happiness will somehow flit
From every heart and fly away.
But oh, one thing from May to May
Would fill my soul with vast delight.
Just think how all my debts I'd pay
If I successful books could write!

Within my cozy den I'd sit
And scribble till the twilight gray
Forced me to rest my brain a bit
From puzzling plot and bitter fray.
For greater joys I would not pray
Than this—for I'm a humble wight.
And how I *would* attend the play
If I successful books could write!

At evening, when the lamps were lit,
I'd hie me forth in garb most gay,
That I might see if what I'd writ
Would make a drama. Who will say
I could not the foundation lay
Of many fortunes far from slight.
And through Fame's hall pursue
my way,
If I successful books could write!

L'ENVOY.

Good people, ye who read my lay,
Brief is this song that meets your sight.

A greater task were yours to-day
If I successful books could write.



STEPPING-STONES.

LOVELY MARY—"What fine boys you have, Mr. Stone! And each a step above the other."
MR. STONE—"Yes. I call them my Stone steps."

An Artistic Revelation.



ALL the things that bob and blow in the blooming mead
In wild ecstasy I paint, for the scads I need.
Oft I paint the golden rod on the earthen jug ;
On the tambourine I paint butterfly and bug.
As this is the kind of art that ne'er fetches fame,
On my airy splashes ne'er do I put my name.
For I have a level head, and whene'er I whizz
In the holy name of art it is purely biz.
While I have an appetite big to satisfy
With the oyster and the prune and the fleeting pie
I will paint the sort of stuff that corrals the gold,
'That about the said layout I myself may fold
And proclaim unto the world e'er I'll be a go—
I, old Botticelli Mike Titian Angelo.

Their Spheres of Action.

I AM the ship of the desert," proudly says the camel.
"All my passengers get seasick."

"I am the trolley-car of the desert," put in the ostrich.
"I hold everything."

"I guess I must be the automobile of the ocean,"
meekly murmured the smelt.

Automobile dealer—"This machine we guarantee can
be stopped in three lengths, going at full speed."

Prospective purchaser—"Um-m-m! Which side up?"

Two Sides to It.

"**P**ISH!" petulantly pouts the pretty wife. "From the way you object to my bills one would think you regarded a dollar as being as big as a cart-wheel."

"Huh!" haughtily retorts the huffy husband. "From the way you run up accounts one would think you regarded dollars as being fly-wheels."

Really Valuable.

"**B**UT, my dear, I don't understand!" exclaimed Mrs. Gadabout. "You got so many lovely things at the auction, and yet you say you think that cheap little kitchen-chair the greatest bargain."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Truthly; "that was the only thing that I really needed."

MISS SPINDLE says she wants a protector. Has she ever looked in her mirror?

Disproved.

YOU can't believe all the aphorisms you hear," said Snooper to Sumway.

"No?"

"The fact that banks are invariably quiet places gives the lie to the oft-heard proverb that says 'money talks.'"

THERE'S one good thing about bein' to sea. If my ship sinks in mid-ocean I don't have to git up th' next mornin' an' read all about it in th' newspapers.

Time!

GALILEO had invented the clock.

"Phat's the use?" queried a Florentine. "Begorra! Oi know enough to shtop wurk whin the whistle blows."

Fearing he had perfected a useless article, the inventor was plunged into despair.

Cobwigger—"Is your wife of much help to you in your literary work?"

Penfield—"I should say so! When I'm writing she keeps the baby quiet."



A FACT ON THE FACE OF IT.

CUSTOMER—"Have you any brains?"

BUTCHER—"No, ma'am; I'm oud ohf brains alretty."

His A-1 Joy.

AFTER all my day's labor I fly like a snipe
And take down from the cupboard my dandy clay pipe,
And I blow up the smoke-rings in time double quick
As I puff and I blow on the killikinick.

Oh, I see all the flowers that climb on a string,
And I see all the robins that chirp as they wing,
And I dream of the barge and the picnic the while
'Round the pipe-stem I twist my gay bottle-green smile.

Oh, my pocket's gold-lined and my head wears a crown
As I swing high my arms while I dance a breakdown;
And the secret of all my wild joy as I kick
May be found in my pipeful of killikin-ck

HOLLERIN' don't do no good when you've
sprung a leak. You have got to pump.

In Style.

"YOUR lawn-hose leaks badly," says the neighbor leaning over the fence and noticing how the water sprays out of tiny holes about every three inches in the rubber tube.

"Yes," says the man, dodging a fresh outburst of dampness; "but my wife thinks this is what we ought to have."

"That's funny, isn't it?"

"Tolerably funny. But she has been reading in the *Ladies' Own Journal* that open-work lawn-hose are absolutely de rigueur."



His Last Words.

THE murderer was about to be executed, and he was asked if he had anything that he wanted to say. His answer was in the affirmative, and he spoke as follows:

"I know that it is the custom at a time like this for the condemned man to protest that he is innocent of the crime of which he has been declared guilty. I do not propose to make any such protest, and could not if I would, as you all know that I killed the man. Even my able lawyers were not able to deny that. You all, I have no doubt, know the circumstances—that the night before the killing I had a quarrel with the man I killed the following day. I did not kill him then, as I might have done, but the next morning I waylaid him and committed the crime for which I am about to pay the penalty. The verdict, you know, was murder in the first degree, as the time intervening between the quarrel and the killing was sufficient to let the state prove that there was premeditation. Now, had I killed the man during our quarrel of the night before it would have been apparently done without premeditation, and instead of standing here to-day I should be serving a life sentence in the state-prison, with a chance of getting out, as the verdict would have undoubtedly been murder in the second degree. In view of these facts there is one thing that I want to say in closing, and that is in the way of advice. Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."



W. S. Dancy

A PATRIOTIC LADDIE.

THE OWL—"Hoot! hoot! hoot! hoot!"
WILLIE MCTEE (of *Llandudno*)—"Hoot awa'! Ya'll na' make the braw Skutch accent on American heather, though ya practice all day."

OUT to sea it don't make no difference how old the newspaper is.

Cinderella Revised.

WITH some petulance Cinderella notices that the pumpkin has been transformed into a golden carriage.

"Does it not delight you?" asks the fairy godmother.

"Oh, of course it is very pretty and all that," concedes Cinderella; "but surely you do not expect me to go to the ball in such plebeian style?"

"Plebeian?" asks the fairy godmother. "Why, that's the fines: transforming act I ever did in all my career."

"Yes; but the automobile is the thing now."

"All right," grumbles the fairy godmother. She gives her wand another sweep and the golden carriage becomes a huge tonneau, puffing and panting and ready for the spin.

"How sweet!" chirps Cinderella. "But are you not going along?" she exclaims as the fairy godmother begins to vanish.

"Not much!" declares the fairy godmother. "No automobiles for me. Even a fairy has to adopt some measures of self-protection."

Fraddie—"What's a hobby, dad?"

Cobwigger—"A hobby, my boy, is hard work that doesn't pay anything."

Herr Hasenpfeffer Speaks.

THE spigot I hit, and I make the beer fly
Like the sparks from a gun on the fourth of July;
And the rat-tat-tat of the mallet to me
Is quite like the music that haunts the blue sea.

There's no other joy like the joy which, I beg
To say, through the spigot flows out of the keg;
And while the torpedo makes glorious noise,
My dream's not disturbed, nor my thoughts' airy poise.

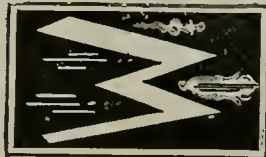
Hurrah for the glorious fourth of July!
Whose rockets are blazing and zipping on high,
Whose cannons are banging beneath the old flag—
My thoughts on the campus of freedom play tag.

Hurrah for the beer that's a balmy delight!
Hurrah for the Fourth and the red and the white
And the blue and the keg that I'm tapping to beat
The band, at my place, twenty Schmuckelfritz street!

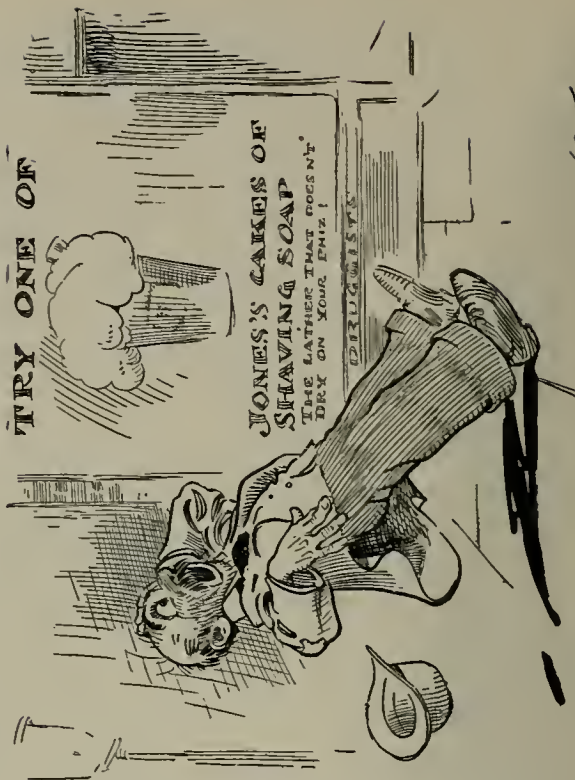
A Sign of the Times.

Traveling salesman (flatteringly)—"How Blankville is growing!"

Local tradesman (enthusiastically)—"I should say it was! A few years ago it was only a one-horse, and now it is a seven-automobile, town."



A thirsty tourist thought he saw an oasis—



A MAINE MIRAGE.

—But it only proved to be another mirage.

Chas. May



F. S. M. H. v. a. t.

MANY SUCH.

MRS. JONES—"Men who look upon their wives as burdens are nothing but beasts."
MR. JONES—"Quite right, love; nothing but beasts of burden."

Assayed.

SHE had a sil-
very laugh
and golden
hair. He had plenti-
ty of brass. He
knew she was en-
gaged to another
man, but believed
he could copper
the other fellow's
bets. But one day
he met her on
the golf-links. Her
arms were bronzed
and her teeth
gleamed as pearls
when she smiled at
him.

"Your lips," he
said, "are like rub-
ies and your eyes
are like great dia-
monds."

"And your
nerve," she tittered,
"is like steel, but
you haven't got enough tin."

It was then that the iron entered his soul. "Alas!"
he sighed, "she can never be mine."

THE Lord created woman, but you would never guess
it from the evidence of the fashion-plate.



LOST.

"George, dear, where are you?"

"I'm under this Sunday newspaper, trying to find the baby."

Impossible.

NO, no!" said
the singing-
teacher who
was instructing the
class of Kentuck-
ians; "this will not
do. You must let
your voices blend.
Get more of a mel-
low effect. Each of
you seems to strike
out on his own line,
according to his own
ideas."

"Wa-al, cun-
nel," said the first
basso, "Ah doan'
b'lieve yo' kin git
any blend hyuh.
Half th' boys has
been drinkin' rye
an' th' otheh half
drinkin' bouhbon,
an' they woan'
blend."

Had Heard Him.

"BELIEVE," said the minister, "that it would be a
good idea to have an 'S. R. O.' sign for our church,
that we might use on occasion."

"Yes," agreed the carping parishioner; "I suppose it
would mean 'sleeping room only.'"



A. S. DAGGY

AT THE TRACK.

CHOLLY—"Now, see here. You lay a bet on Bon Ton and you'll pull out good money."
FERDY—"Of course. If I pulled out bad money the bookie wouldn't take it."

What the Baby Thought.



REDED of face and long of breath, the infant lay upon the couch. Over it bent the mother, who had been given every advantage in musical training. In fact, until she spoiled her future by marrying well, she had cherished vague dreams of enthraling thousands by the magic of her voice.

The baby howled for some reason or other. Maybe it howled for no reason at all. They usually do.

"Bless its little heart!" whispered the mother. "I will sing it to sleep."

She lifted up her voice in Sleybach's arrangement of Chogner's fifth lullaby.

"Sle-e-e-p, sle-e-e-p, my little one,
My little one, my little one!
Ah-h-h! Ah-ah-ah-a-a-a-h! Tr-r-r-r-r-r-trill-l-l!
Slee-ee-eeep! Slee-ee-eeep!"

Wonderingly the infant blinked at her. Encouraged by its show of interest, she bent over it again. The child squalled louder than ever. She resumed singing.

"Now the night—now-w-w the n-i-i-i-ight has come.
Sle-e-e-e-e-e-e-ep! Sle-e-e-e-e-e-ep!
A-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-ah-ah-ah-ah!
Closeyoureyesingentleslumber-r-r-r-r-r-r-r!
A-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-ah-ah-ah-AH-AH-AH-H-H!"

But now the infant was redoubling its shrieks. Convinced that something terrible was ailing it, the



DRESSED TO KILL

She squeezes in her waist until
The other girls seem on the shelf
She thinks that she is dressed to kill,
While merely dressed to kill herself.



ENCOURAGING.

CHOLLY—"Before I had sat in the game ten minutes I had lost fifteen dollars; then my luck began to change."

FRED—"Of course!"

CHOLLY—"Yes; and in the next two hours I only lost seven dollars and a quarter, bah Jove!"

distracted mother rushed from the room to seek aid. The infant ceased its weeping, looked about for her, but did not discover her.

"Gee!" it murmured to itself. "She must have had a pin sticking her pretty bad."

When the mother, accompanied by the papa and the maternal grandmother and the nurse, hurried to the room they found the child peacefully slumbering.

Strike Season.

THE laborers were standing en masse about the huge rostrum erected for the present occasion. On the platform, speaking with the emphasis of a full-blown orator and with the allegorical gesticulations of a Demosthenes, was the champion of labor questions.

"Strike! strike! strike!" he shouted, banging his fist on the rail confronting him. "Strike! strike! strike!" he shrieked at the end of each platitude.

"No doubt he was at one time in congress," said a smooth-faced individual to the man standing beside him.

"Congress nuttin'!" said the tough one in reply. "Dat feller used ter be a baseball umpire."

Poverty.

Mr. Newrocks—"What sort of folks are the Bluebloods next door, Mariah?"

Mrs. Newrocks (patronizingly)—"Pleasant; but they must be frightfully hard up. They haven't got any mechanical attachment for their piano and have to play it by hand."



UTTERLY WORTHLESS.

JONES—"How much do you want for that dog?"
 COLORED MAN—"Does yo' t'ink fo'teen cents would be too much, boss?"
 JONES—"Yes. Anything would be too much if you want fourteen cents for him."

Bacillus and the Bugaboos.

BACILLUS had been discovered and sent out into the world on his mission of misery.

He loitered by the way and his discoverer waxed exceedingly wroth and said,

"Why do you not get busy, oh, Bacillus, and fill the world with bugaboos?"

Bacillus wept tears of typhoid and replied in a malarious voice,

"Behold, I am alone and there is no one to help me. I need an assistant."

Then the discoverer found Microbe and sent him forth to the help of Bacillus.

The twain soon found Germ, and the three became partners.

Bugbears, bugaboos and scares in thousands were planted all over the world and the discoverer was wroth no more.

But a lot of people were almost frightened to death nearly every day.

One Advantage.

First deaf-mute (making signs)—"Did your wife complain because you stayed out until after midnight?"

Second deaf-mute (chuckling)—"Did she? You should have seen her! But when it began to get monotonous I just turned out the light."

Tempora Mutantur.
 "YOU used to say," declared the angry wife, "that I was all the world to you."
 "That," sneered the brutal husband, "was before you grew so moon-faced."
 And he saw stars before he could escape from her orbit.

Isolation.
THOUGH Crusoe on the island
 Our fancy may appall,
 The berry in the shortcake
 Is loneliest of all.

The Wisdom of the Serpent.
Eve—"But I don't like apples, any way."
The serpent—"That doesn't matter. They are excellent for the complexion."
Eve—"Indeed! Well, perhaps I'll try it."

Paradoxical.

"YOUR aunt is shut up in an asylum, isn't she?"
 "Well, she is and she isn't. She is in there all right enough, but they can't stop her talking."

The professor—"We owe a great deal to chemistry."
Friend—"Yes, indeed. To chemistry, for instance, we owe a great many of our blondes."



VERY SIMPLE.

ETHEL—"I don't see how you can tell a wild duck from a tame one."
 CHOLLY—"Dead easy. If you can get near enough to shoot him he's a tame one."



STANAWS
TOKIO.

LITTLE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Cosmopolites who haply go
As far as distant Tokio,
Say you don't need to *try* to please,
You fascinate with (Japan) ease.

But since they do not bring you back,
Oh, bit of female bric-à-brac,
We wish you—widow, maid or wife—
At home a happy, Jappy life.



ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

"What in the deuce ails Scribble? He used to be the noisiest man in the place; now he never talks above a whisper, and tiptoes around like a kitten."
 "Why, haven't you heard? Scribble has a baby up at his house."

A Bit of Color.

AN ARTIST took his colors
 To paint a modern youth
 Who thought the world all beauty
 And thought all language truth.

He got his canvas ready
 To hold the pleasing scene,
 Then carefully discarded
 Each pigment save the green.
 WILLIAM J. LAMPTON.

In Old Kentucky.

Thirsty Murphy—"Please, colonel, gimme a dime. Honest, I hain't had a drink fer t'ree days."

Colonel Nosepaint (deeply moved)—"My poo' man! heah's the money; but don't go and squandah it fo' food."

A Costly Error.

First commuter—"Oh, hang it all!"

Second commuter—"What's the matter?"

First commuter (bitterly)—"Let the conductor punch my fifty-servant intelligence-office ticket instead of my-commutation."

Common Fourth-of-July Scene.

"**W**HO is that heavy-set gentleman who is walking up the street alone, carrying his heavy grip? He seems to be a distinguished man, and also seems in doubt as to where he wants to go."

The speaker was a visitor to Anyoletown on the fourth of July.

"Who—that man over there?" asked the citizen. "Why, that's the honorable George B. Holleran, the eloquent orator. The town's payin' him ten dollars an' expenses to deliver the oration this afternoon."

"And that other man—that little fellow with the curly hair, who is surrounded by such a crowd—who is he? Everybody seems to want to carry his grip for him and shake hands with him. Is he a speaker, also?"

"Nope. That's Senyore Al-phozzo de Gazzaggeroo, the celebrated tight-ropist an' hair-raiserist. We pay him two hundred dollars to walk a rope to-night with a bunch o' fireworks tied to each foot an' a ring o' Roman candles an' sky-rockets on his head."

Red Nankivel



SWELL.

DOLLY—"I like the bathing at this resort."

REGGIE—"Why?"

DOLLY—"The ocean is so swell."

A Piscatorial Enthusiast.



YANK from the brooklet with
 verve and with vim,
 The finest of fishes that wriggle
 and swim—
 The perch and the sunfish, the
 chub and the trout,
 Within my deep basket are flop-
 ping about.
 From sunrise to sunset I fish, all
 aglow
 With rapture that's finer than
 gold, don't you know ;
 Yea, finer it is than their fizz in
 the pan,
 That's heard by the ears of my
 old inner man.
 Oh, Eden 's, full often I fancy
 and wish,

A place where I'll have naught to do but to fish
 Through all the bright day with my bent pin and cork
 And think I'm up here in old Horseheads, New York.

Frills.

Mrs. Crawford—"Has your son finished his theological studies?"

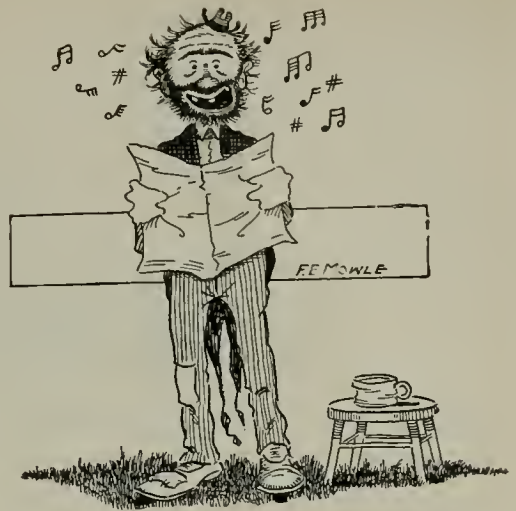
Mrs. Crabshaw—"Oh, yes; but in order to get a fashionable call he finds it necessary to take a post-graduate course in golf."

A Problem.

Penelope—"I suppose you are going to have an automobile boat."

Constance—"Yes. I am wondering which I should have embroidered on the sleeve—an anchor or a monkey-wrench."

WHEN you see some folks a-comin', pass the "good mornin'" an' keep a-steppin'.



A "BUM" SINGER.

Terrible Possibility.

"YES," said the man from Michigan, "we are going to appeal to congress to pass more stringent laws against the wasteful destruction of timber-land."

"Lumber getting scarce up there?" asked the man from Georgia.

"Lumber?" repeated the Michigander. "What do we care about lumber? We've got to protect the breakfast-food industry, haven't we? And if the sawdust gives out where will we be?"

TRUTH is occasionally, though not frequently, stranger than war-rumors.



1.

CHOLLY—"Darling, say that you will be mine! I worship you! To me you are as a goddess—"



2.

—on—



3.

—a pedestal."

BUT THE BIG BREAKER BUTTED IN.

Foolish Jap.

THE Japanese officer was being court-martialed.

"If you have any excuse to offer for allowing your command to be captured," said the general, "I will hear it now."

The man on trial shook his head gloomily.

"I have none, sir," he replied. "It was my own fault entirely. We had captured a Russian spy, and before we started to retreat from our dangerous position I asked him to tell me his given name. Ere he had finished the enemy surrounded us."

The Reply Courteous.

"YOU have the temper of a bear," weeps the young wife when her husband criticises her biscuits.

"Well, maybe if I had the digestion of an ostrich I shouldn't have that kind of a temper," he explains.

Still, she is not mollified.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND." ETC.

RESCUER—"Hold on a bit! I may never get a chance like this again."

A Diagnosis.

"WHAT do you suppose is the trouble with those American colonies of mine?" asked George III. while his physician was looking at the gouty foot.

"I should say," remarked the physician gravely, "that, from all the symptoms, the colonies have become affected with independencitis, and that is a hard trouble to treat."

Subsequent

events proved that the physician was correct, but it required a great many operations to relieve King George.

The Old Question.

SHADRACH, Meshach and Abed-nego had spent the night in the fiery furnace.

"Good-morning," they remarked when the doors were opened. "Is it hot enough for you?"

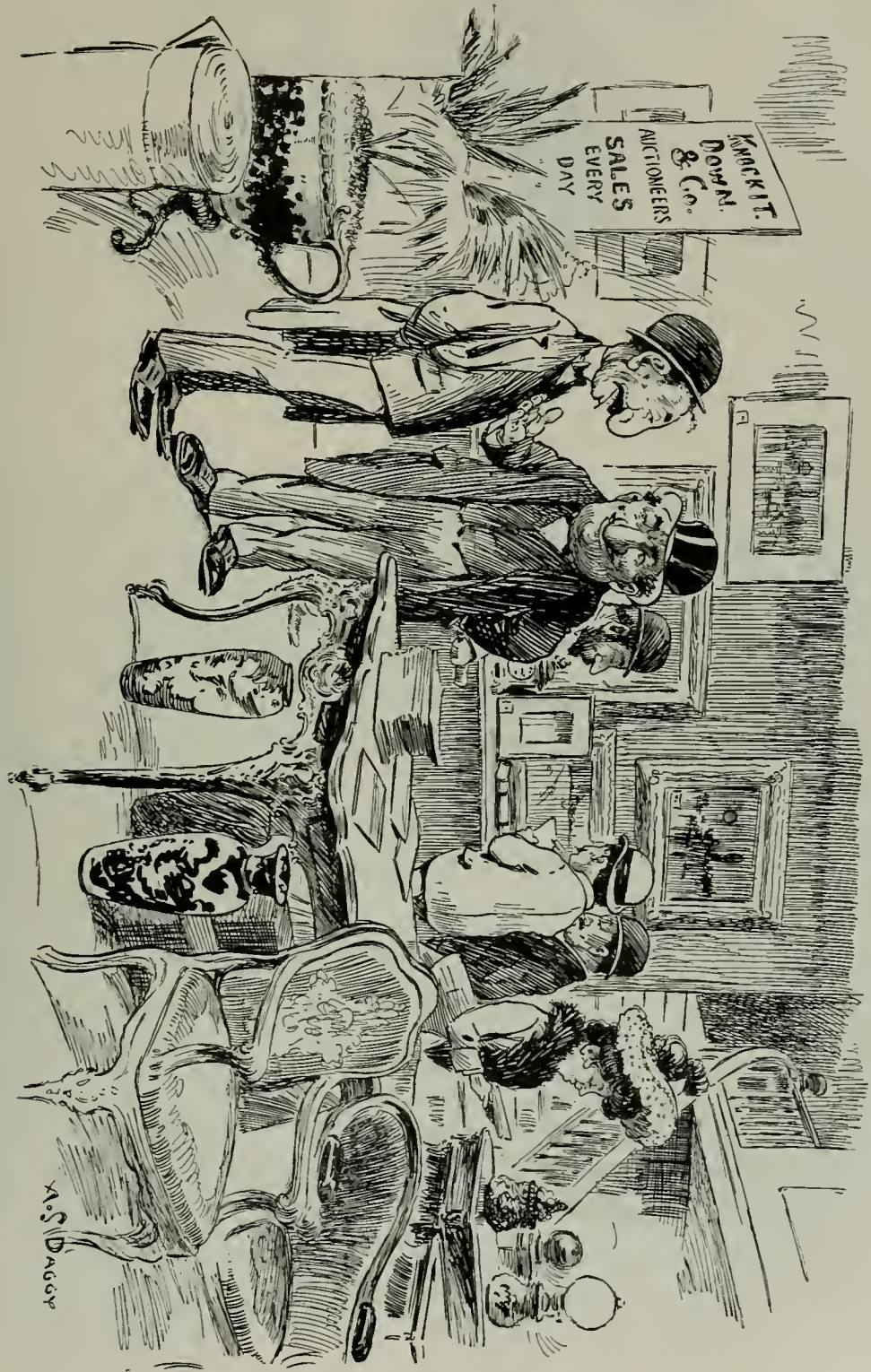
With a savage, baffled yell, their persecutors fled the scene.



REASSURING.

CHOLLY (*nervously*)—"But won't this canoe turn bottom-side up?"

BOATMAN (*cheerfully*)—"Possibly; but it's steadier bottom-side up than any other way, you know."



TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

"Vot dit Cohen fail for?"
"Ninety cents on der dollar — for Cohen."

As to Nonsense Verse.

IT was a plodding poet-man,
Who wrote some nonsense
verse—

The sort that frabbled readers
hail
With curdlous, crushful curse.

He sang about a bloojus jay
Which climmed a bushy
blunth,
And thus gave him a recksome
rhyme
To blendify with mouth.

He gleedled of the jelly-tree
Where foodled muggers wink.
And thought up hippodooop-
words
Till he ran out of ink.

He sent it by the whizzous mail,
With stampness for return.
It reached a writhous editor,
Who swore a dingful durn.

And this is why the glinking sun
Retains its goldsome glint—
The bugsome blob of nonsense
verse
Was never put in print.



QUITE APROPOS.

"Don't you know, you rascals, that I am his honor, Judge Jones?"

"Well, den, dis is er genuine case uv honor among t'ieves, hey?"

The Last Straw.

THERE were some things about the king which his subjects did not like. For instance, he was an inveterate punster. All punsters are inveterate; but as folks have to laugh at a king's puns, he is bound to be inveterate, and his puns invertebrater, than any others. But, nevertheless, the people were willing to put up with a few little foibles.

"Oh, king," said the chief of a large deputation of citizens, "may your reign be one long era of sunshine!"

"What!" shouted the king. "Won't it be funny to have a long reign and not an umbrella raised?"

It was then that the leader of the hoi polloi gave the signal to sack the palace and bag the king. Served him right, too.



NO WONDER.

KEEPER (of insane-asylum)—"That patient thinks he is an automobile."

VISITOR—"What caused his insanity?"

KEEPER—"He fell off a roof and broke both legs, both arms, ten ribs, his skull and jaw, and injured himself internally."

The Peels.

WITH majestic grace the stately ship cleft her way through the fog. All, indeed, was light and happiness aboard. Suddenly peel after peel rent the air. Swiftly a tug came to her side and hailed.

"Do you need assistance?" asked the captain of the tug.

"No," answered the captain of the steamer. "It's only these country excursionists throwing their banana-peels overboard."



CRACKING NUTS WHILE UNCLE JERRY PLAYS THE FIDDLE.

An "L" Incident.

BY JOVE!" said the excited passenger, "there's a vacant seat in the next car." And jumping to his feet, he would have dashed madly forward had not his friend grasped his arm.

"What's the matter? Haven't we seats already?"

"So we have!" said the first passenger, sinking back. "Upon my word, it's so unusual I didn't realize it."



WHAT THE CARDS PREDICTED.

MURIEL—"Next summer, dear, you will take a long journey abroad and become engaged to a tall, fair man with heaps of money."

MILLCENT—"Fine! That will just suit me to a t."

MURIEL—"But the next card says that a dark man will come along and cross your t."

A Slight Correction in Title.

BEFORE they were married," says the knowing one, "he called her the angel of his life."

"Well?" asked the listener.

"Now he says she is the angle of his life."

"And why?"

"Says she brought him up with a short turn."

Table d'Hôte, Fifty Cents.

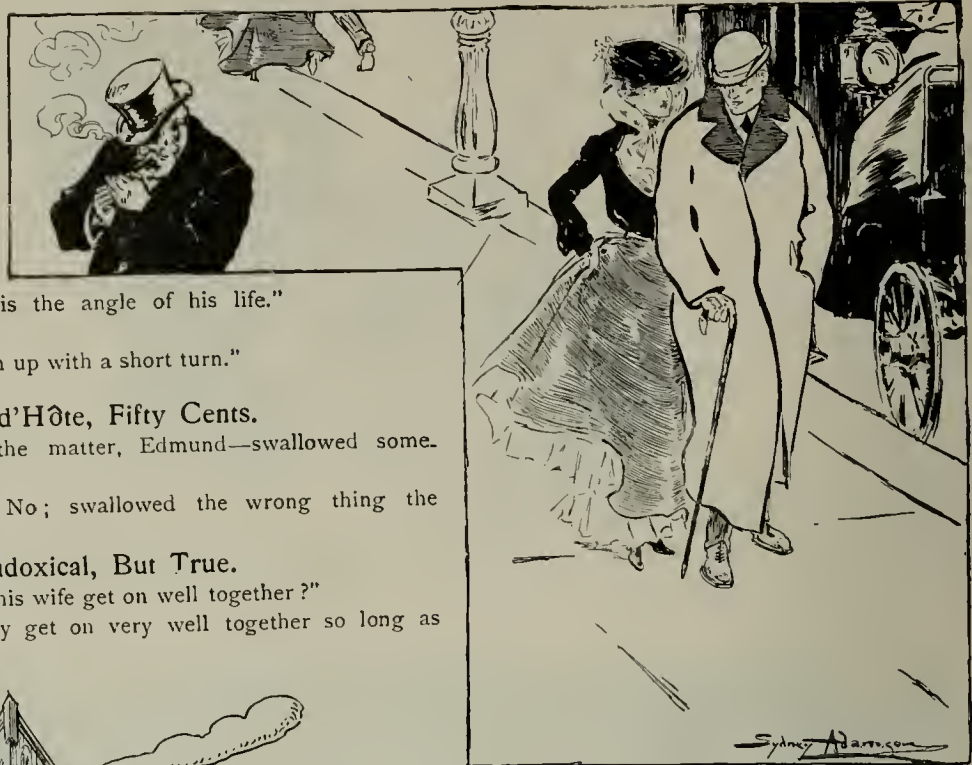
Angelina—"What's the matter, Edmund—swallowed something the wrong way?"

Edmund (hastily)—"No; swallowed the wrong thing the right way."

Paradoxical, But True.

"DO PECKHAM and his wife get on well together?"

"Oh, yes; they get on very well together so long as they are apart."



HIS OBJECTION.

MRS. NEWLYWED—"How dare you object to my bills? Papa pays them all."

MR. NEWLYWED—"Yes, hang it! But I haven't the nerve to ask him to pay any of mine while you are touching him up all the time."

Diplococcus Lanceolotus.

(Some doctors say that a "cold" has nothing to do with cold itself; it is merely an attack of certain micro-organisms.—*Exchange paper.*)

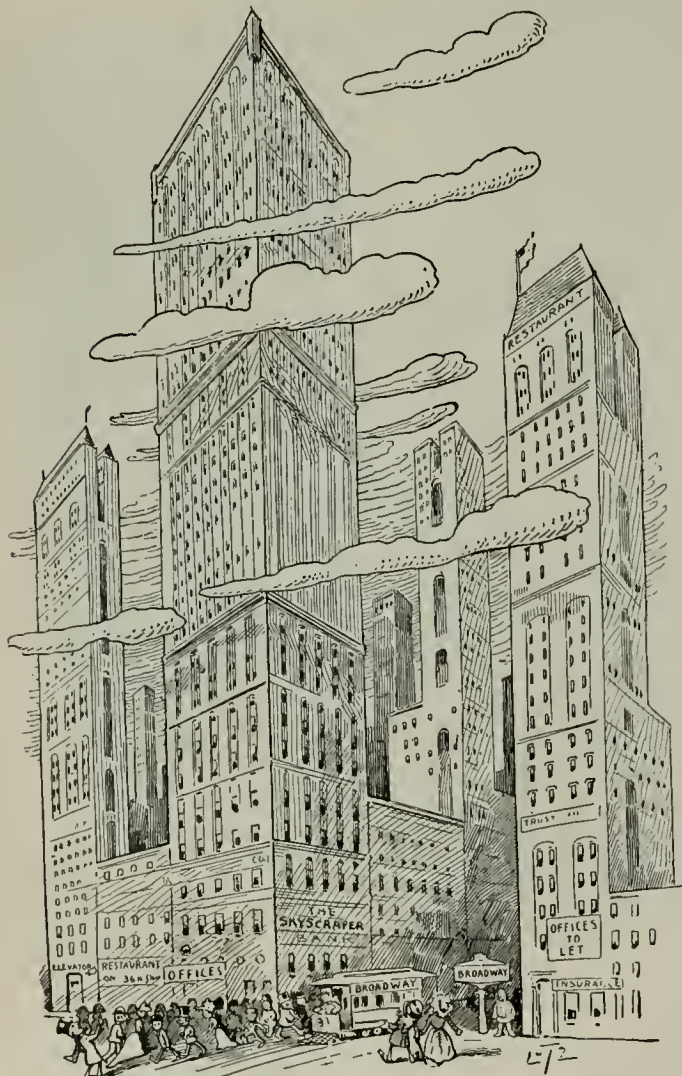
SINCE modern doctors now declare we have no "colds"—that vicious air is that which pains our systems so—'Tis well this latest truth to know: That vicious air obtains its sway Through millions of bacteria.

These diplococcus lanceolotus (small imps) are now "the go," For half the folks you chance to meet Upon the cars and in the street Have them quite badly; but we're told They are just suffering from a "cold."

The pathogenic critics say You cannot name the thing this way— That it's much wiser to be sure Of the right nom-en-cla-ture, Which, by its tortuous length, explains Much better all these aches and pains.

So weather cold and weather hot Are blameless, and should be forgot. What we must fight and drive away Are those absurd bacteria Till they are as a story told— And no one henceforth has a "cold."

Should some one ask what harms us so, Say diplococcus lanceolotus—and more if there be time. For this long word, which will not rhyme, Ought to drive questioners away, And even kill bacteria.



"THEY COME HIGH, BUT WE MUST HAVE THEM."



AN ECONOMICAL YOUNG WOMAN.

ALICE—"I thought you were going to marry Miss Gruet?"

ALGY—"Well, I guess not. I proposed to her by letter and she accepted me on a postal-card."

ALICE—"She's just the girl you want. You can bet she'll be careful of your money."

Filled All Requirements.

I HAVE here," said the poor inventor, "an artificial egg."

The purse-proud capitalist waved him away.

"Nope," growled the capitalist; "there's nothing to it. Couldn't find a market for 'em."

"But, sir," pleaded the poor inventor, "by a secret process I have been able to give these eggs the consistency and flavor of the cold-storage egg of commerce."

That afternoon the agreement was drawn up and the poor inventor went home with his little old ten millions in stock in his inside pocket.

The trick is not to invent a substitute for what the public wants, but to get up an imitation of what the public is used to.

War on the Mosquito.

(A largely-attended meeting was held this afternoon at the rooms of the board of trade and transportation, the object of which was to devise ways and means for the extermination of the mosquito.—*Evening Sun.*)

B LEAK January—and each Jersey dune
 With winter's crystal fretwork's glittering o'er,
 And sad-eyed residents along the shore
 With fear look forward to the month of June,
 When the mosquito comes with siren tune
 To illustrate phlebotomy once more,
 And draw full many a quart of native gore
 With fell intent beneath the gibbous moon.
 Onward, brave soldiers! Pour the kerosene
 In hogsheads o'er the festive swamp until,
 'Mid trumpets' blare, you've finished up the biz.
 Stamp out the lychnobite that mars the scene,
 And when the job is done present your bill
 Before the deadly skeeter puts in his.



JUST THE REVERSE.

MABEL—"Were you married in haste?"
 TOM—"No. Philadelphia."

A Scrap of History.

THE New Zealander was sketching the ruins of St. Paul's when a sturdy Briton approached.

"Begging your pardon, sir," said the latter, "do you 'appen to know 'ow this 'appened?"

"Don't you know?" queried the New Zealander in some surprise.

"No, sir. The censorship is very strict just now, and of course all loyal subjects of his majesty are willing to wait patiently until the news leaks out; but I thought as 'ow you might 'ave 'eard something."

The New Zealander imparted the desired information.

The Other Side of It.

THE amateur reformer is apparently much exercised. "Enough money," he says, "is spent in this country annually for fireworks to feed and clothe half the population of the Soudan."

"Yes," answers a smoke-stained person who is holding some lighted punk in his hand; "and if we didn't send so much money over there to buy clothes and breakfast-food for those savages we could have two glorious Fourths every year."

MEN who are born great are not always great at the finish.



A GREAT SUFFICIENCY.

MRS. YOUNGHUB—"He hasn't taken his wife anywhere since they were married."

MR. YOUNGHUB—"No. Since he took her for better or worse he seems to think he has taken her enough."

Almost a Winner.

DID he win a prize in the matrimonial market?"
 "Well, hardly. I think he got honorable mention."

"**I**N one place the audience simply raved over the performance," says Horatio Ham-latter, the eminent tragedian.

"Yes," comments Iago Denok-ker, the rival tragedian; "I saw in some paper that you had ap-peared in a charity performance at an insane-asylum."

THE good fish that are in the sea are particular about the bait with which they are to be caught.



HIS FIRST.

NEWLYWED (*proudly*)—"Our baby is so broad-minded—so liberal in his views!"

OLETIMER (*astonished*)—"L-liberal, broad-minded?"

NEWLYWED—"Oh, very. Why, he allows me and Jane to do almost as we please."

All Business.

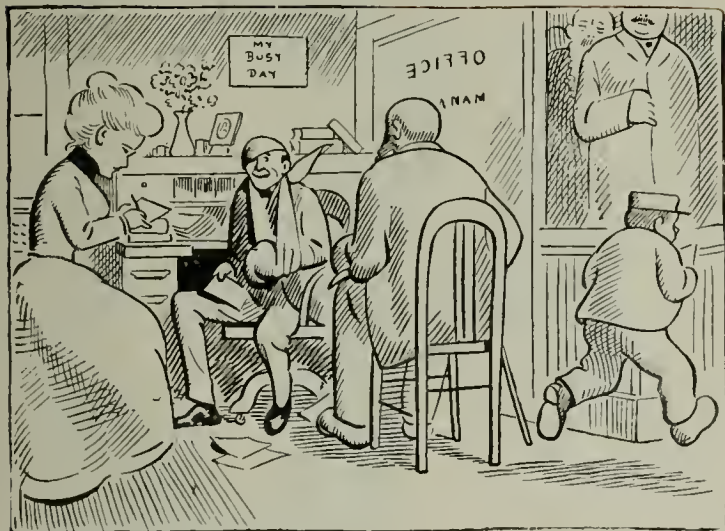
"**D**O you really think that he is in earnest with his courtship?"

"Certainly. He offered to deposit a certi-fied cheque with his proposal."

When He Walked.

De Style—"I suppose you've seen a great many footlights in your time?"

Old actor—"Yes; and a great many head-lights, too."



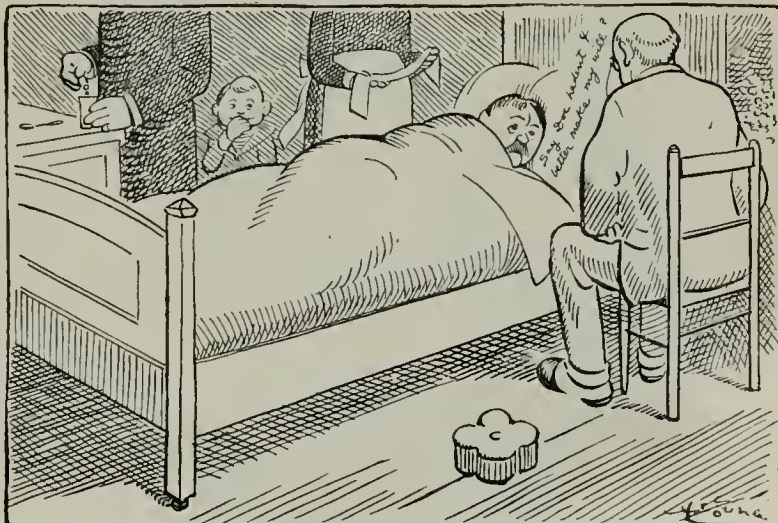
1. This is our small, delicate neighbor, after being blown up by a subway explosion and run over by an automobile, at his office next morn-ing, hustling as usual.

According to the Century.

MY brother John a dairy keeps.
 In emulating Samuel Pepys.
 I tell him, though he shirks and skips,
 If he would make a hit like Pepys,
 Inevitably the first step is
 To have a name like Mr. Pepys.

It Sometimes Happens.

HOW often, on the gladsome Fourth,
 We take the train to mount or sea,
 Intent upon enjoying all
 The celebrating there can be—
 And later find the folks at home
 Had a much better time than we.



2. And this is our big, healthy neighbor. Pinched his finger in the jamb of a door and took to his bed for a month.

Had a Plenty.



"YASSUH," said Unc' Mose; "'Lije Hossfut done got smaht down ter de 'tracted meetin' las' night, an' dey p'intedly 'jected 'im f'um de chu'ch—dat what dey do."

"Not old Deacon 'Lije?" says the listener.

"Yassuh; ol' Deacon 'Lije Hossfut—yassuh."

"Why, I thought he was one of the pillars of the church."

"Reckon he war, but he ain't no mo'."

"That must have been a great take-down for him. Wasn't he put out a great deal over it?"

"No, suh; not er great deal. Des' once seemed ter sa'sfy 'im."

Two Excellent Subterfuges.

"WHAT excuse," we ask of our erring friend; "what excuse can you have for drinking? It seems to us that no man could ever find a sufficient reason for imbibing the vile stuff."

He smiles knowingly.

"I have two good excuses," he explains, "and am so fortunate that one of them is always within my reach. In the daytime I play golf and at night I have stomach-ache."

Hard To Collect.

"THE world owes me a living," said the young man.

"I suppose so," said the old one; "but you are not so fortunate as to be a preferred creditor."



RUGGLAH
DIRKS

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY

"Try this acid on it and see if it's gold."

"Acid nothing! Give me a match—I think it's coal."



...BOB ADDAMS...

NOT PALATABLE.

THE VULTURE—"What's that stuck in your throat?"

THE TIGER—"My last meal had a wooden leg, darn him!"

His Idea of It.

AT the theatre the ladies are discussing the attire of those about them, as usual. By and by their attention is attracted to a lady who is the central figure of a box-party.

"Isn't she stunning?" murmurs one of the fair ones. "She is dressed in mauve satin, is she not?"

"No, no!" corrects another of the ladies; "it is a pearl-gray satin."

"Now," laughs another of them, "let us leave it to the professor here. What has he to say of it? What is she dressed in, professor?"

Here the professor, who has been studying the sights and scenes with all the interest of a savant, takes a casual glance at the object of the discussion and ventures, "As nearly as I can judge from here, she is dressed in *puris naturalibus*."

Whereat they laugh, thinking he refers to *peau de soie*, or some such fabric, and has merely made one of the numerous blunders which are common to the untutored man.

What Is Needed.

ANGRILY the owner of the automobile stares at the wreck, from which the chauffeur is crawling,

a look of apology mingling with the mud on his face.

"Didn't I tell you not to try to make that turn at full speed?" asks the owner. "If I hadn't jumped in time I might have been killed."

"But, sir," protests the chauffeur, "I thought"—

"Don't bother to tell me what you thought!" orders the angry man. "I should think a person who claims to be able to run an auto would have a little horseless sense."

The Real Thing.

WE listen in rapt attention while the successful novelist tells of his manner and method of composition. Especially are we interested in his exposition of the way in which his characters assume shape and form in his mind until at last they become living, breathing entities to him, and he feels a deep personal interest in their actions.

"And so all these kings and queens and princes and princesses of your stories are real people to you?" we murmur, with something of awe in our tone.

"Certainly," he responds. "To an author all royalties are the real thing."

Explained.

Sniff—"I see that an ancient poem, supposed to have been written by Homer, has just come to light."

Shave—"Ah, he had sent it to some magazine that paid on publication, I suppose."

The Thoughtful Employer.

"**N**OW, John," said the thoughtful employer to the astute youth whom he had engaged as office-boy and general utility person, "while you are resting from the labor of sweeping out the

office you might take the rugs out into the area-way and beat the dust from them."

"But I am not tired, sir," explained the new boy. "I really do not feel it necessary to take a rest."

"All right," responded the thoughtful employer. "You may take out the rugs and beat them until you are tired, and by that time I will have thought of something else you may do while you are resting."



THE OLD MAN'S OPINION.

"I told papa your poems were the children of your brain."

"What did he say?"

"Said they were bad enough to put in the reform-school."

The Wrong Simile.

HE KNEELS at the feet of the heiress.

Now, in order to make plain what is to follow, let us state that the heiress weighs three hundred pounds. True love, however, we will concede, for the sake of argument, knows no waist-lines. And no woman is ever so fat as her fortune. Therefore, to proceed, messieurs.

He kneels, as we have previously said, at the feet of the heiress.

"You are all the world to me!" he exclaims.

"What?" she pants. "You wretch! are you aware of the fact that the equator is the largest diameter of the world?"

In vain does he argue that the equator is an imaginary line. This only makes it worse.

Metaphorically, she sits down on him; metaphorically, he is crushed.



MEOW!

MARIA—"Will you love me all your life, darling?"
 THOMAS—"Dearest, I'll love you all my nine lives."

A Bit Personal.

DOWN!" shrieked the centre rush.

The opposing player, who had been flung to the earth, writhed violently; but the centre-rush only pushed his hand the more firmly into the face of the foe and cried exultantly,

"Down!"

Here the opponent wriggled from beneath and caught the centre rush a terrific left-hander on the chin that sent him to the grass and kept him there for the count. The referee, the players, the reserve players, and the police ran to the spot and clamored loudly for an explanation, saying it had been agreed that there

was be no rowdyism in the game.

"I don't care!" excitedly said the offender. "When a man rubs his hand over my chin and yells 'down,' after I have been shaving for two whole months, it makes me mad."

A WOMAN flatters with her eyes; a man with his tongue.

SOCIETY is human nature on dress-parade.



A BETTER PLAN.

JONES—"My idea of business is to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."
 SMITH—"My idea is to put all your eggs in one incubator and heat that incubator."

Literary Perplexities.



HE plodding author gazes disconsolately at the heap of manuscript before him.

"Is it not yet finished?" we ask. "It does not seem long since you told us you were at work on the book of the century.

"Oh," he answers, "this is another story entirely. I did not finish the book of the century."

"So? Why not?"

"Why, when I was half-way through writing it some fellow published the book of the decade. Before that had touched the high-water mark of sales the book of the decade



JUST AS HE PREDICTED.

"It says here, Samantha, that Reverend Toogood was a saloon passenger on the Majestic. Beats all how them preachers do cut up when they git away from hum."

A Sordid Soul.

IS Samson Huskiman going to coach your football team this season?" asks the visitor of the quarter-back.

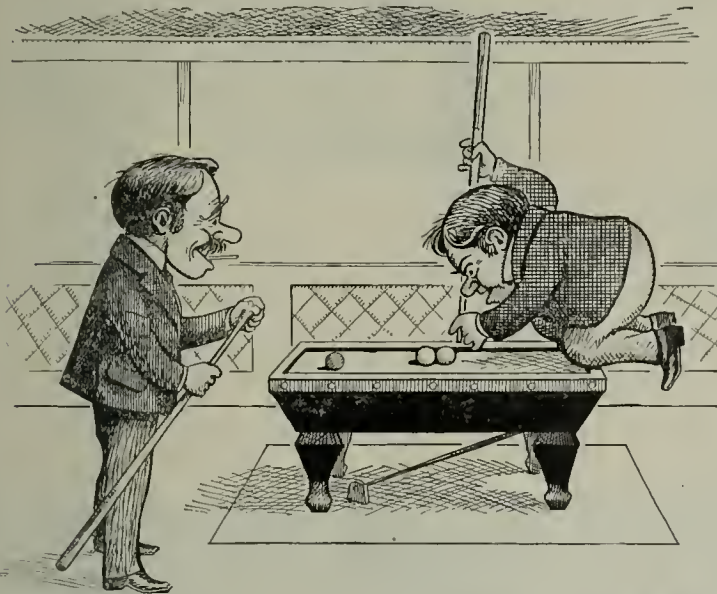
"Samson Huskiman? Don't repeat that name on the campus."

"Why, have you heard anything wrong about?"

"Wrong? Listen. Instead of playing with the boys this year, what do you suppose he is going to do?"

"Going into professional athletics?"

"Worse—ininitely worse! He has accepted the offer of a thousand dollars a week as demonstrator for a hair- tonic."

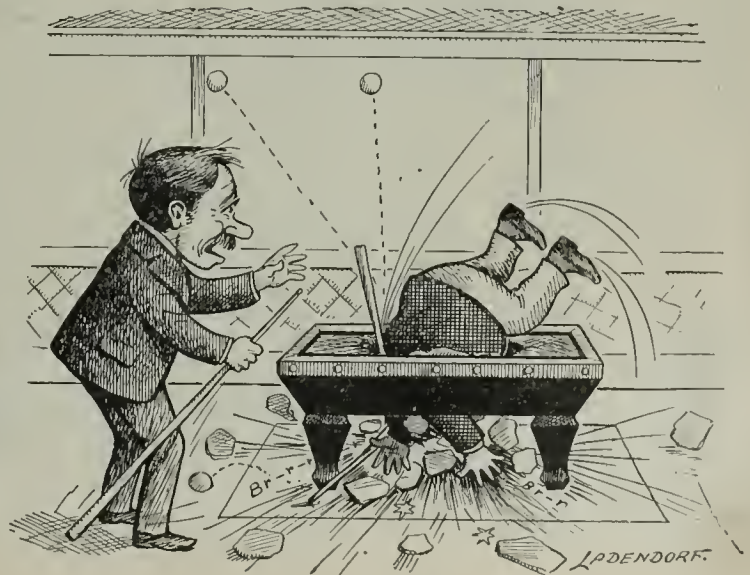


1. BING—"Do you think you can make it?"
BANG—"If I do it'll be—"

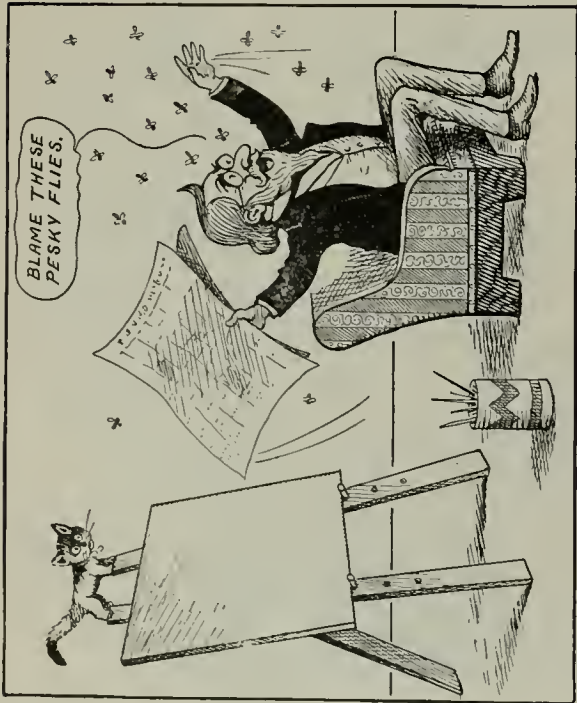
was in the half-page advertisements. No sooner was the book of the decade on the counters than the book of the year was announced. It was eclipsed by the book of the month, and that died before the onward rush of the book of the week, and that sank into oblivion under the irrepressible rush of the book of the day, which was hurled into the limbo of forgotten things by the arrival of the book of the hour." He resumes shaking his head sadly.

"And," we venture, "is this work you are now engaged upon to be the book of the minute?"

"I had hoped so," he tells us; "I had hoped so. But who can say? Maybe before I have reached the last page of the manuscript literature will have struck a split-second gait."



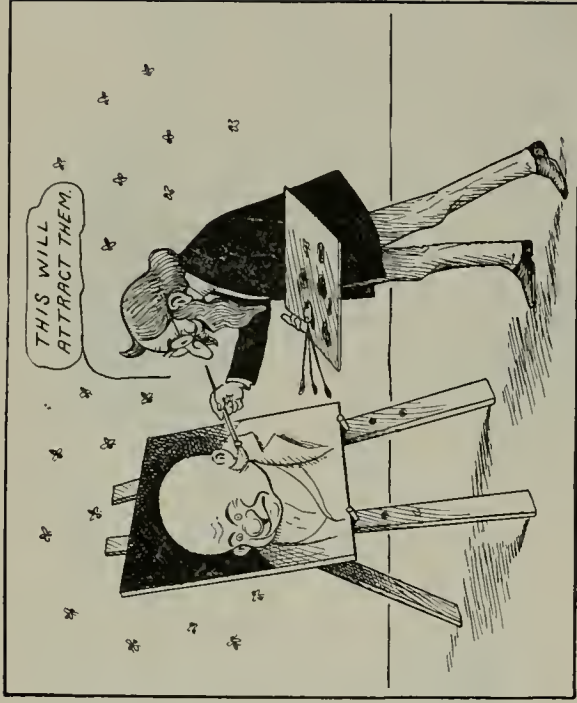
2. —an accident."



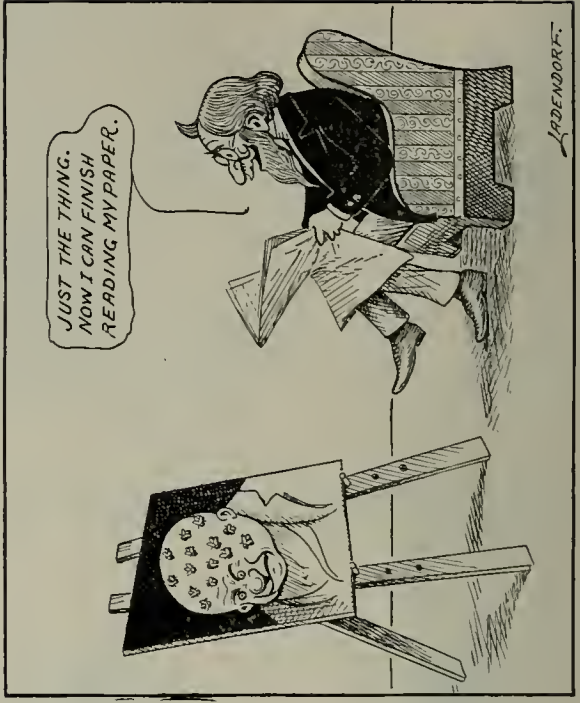
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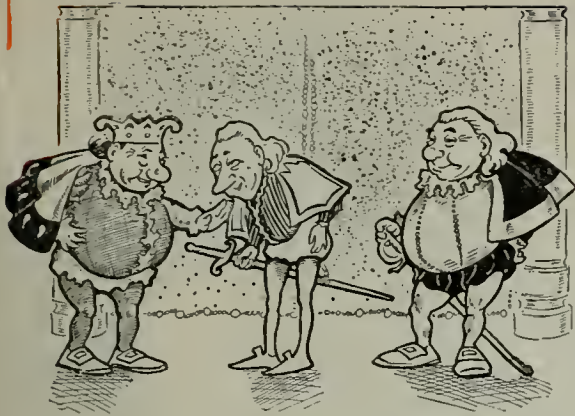


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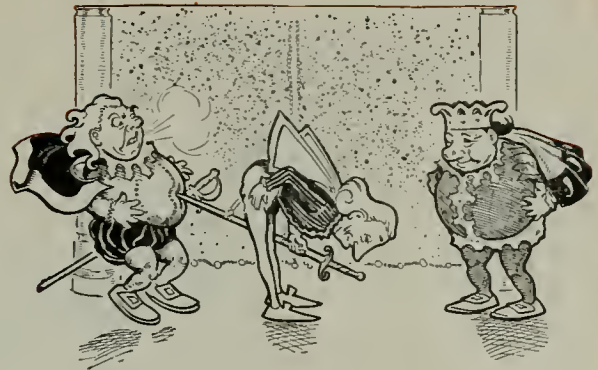
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HOW THE REALISTIC ARTIST FOOLED THE ANNOYING FLIES.



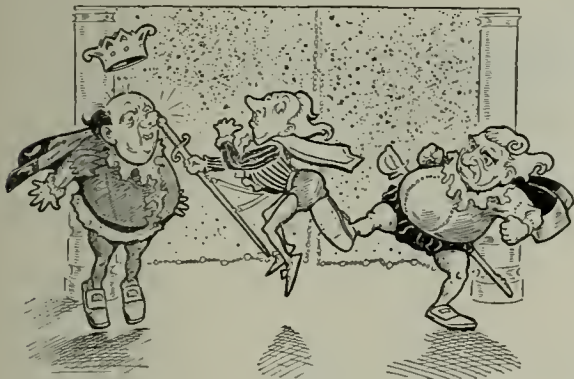
1.

THE KING—“Truly, retainer, thou hast a goodly wit Chamberlain, for that merry crack—”



2.

—I will have him knighted.—



3.

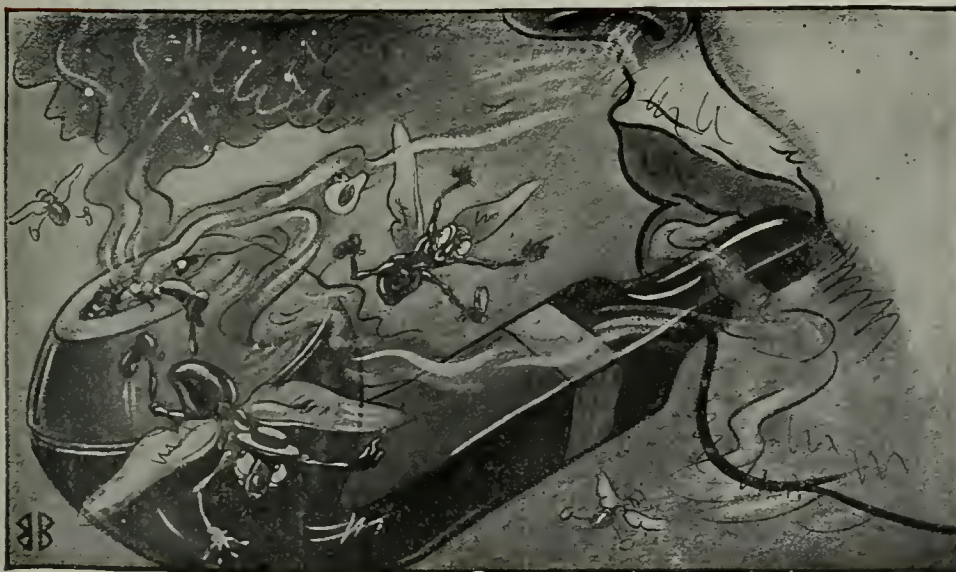
—By my halidom—



4.

—I've changed my mind!”

WHY THE KING CHANGED HIS MIND.



ANOTHER MONT PELÉE.

THE FLY—“Run, boys, run! There's one of those volcanoes just breaking out.”

It Got Twisted.

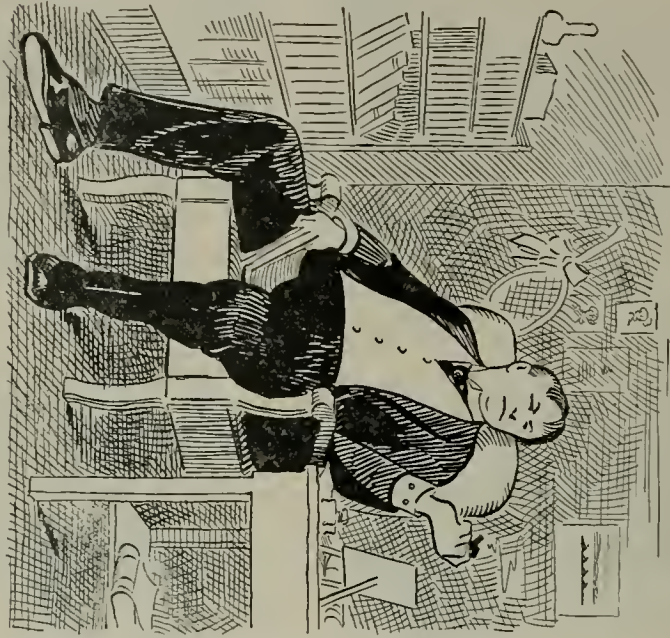
THE visitor from Kansas gazes intently at the spiral fire-escape which winds its way down the rear of the fifteen-story building.

“By jox!” he says, “that must have been a darned long ladder afore the cyclone hit it.”

A Good Character.

The ladies—“What sort of a person is Mrs. Newcome, Mr. Hopper?”

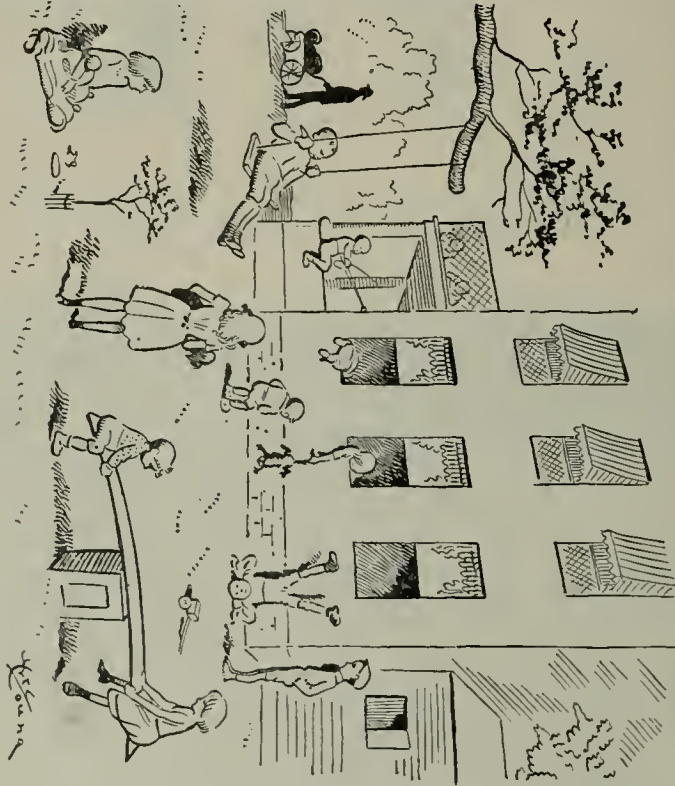
The general dealer—“She's a perfect lady—doesn't know one brand o' goods from another.”



As a young man Mr. Hightought decides as follows: "There is one thing I don't believe in, and that is large families. Two or three children are all that any man can raise properly."

WHAT A MAN INTENDS TO DO WHEN HE GETS MARRIED.

(Fifteen years later)—This is not an orphan's home; it is just the Hightought family.





FULL DIRECTIONS.

OLD LADY—"Little boy, can you direct me to Dacey's?"
 LITTLE BOY—"Yes'm; you walk right up this street till you come to a big drug-store."
 OLD LADY—"Well?"
 LITTLE BOY—"Well, then you go inside and ask some of the clerks and they'll tell you."

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Never bet your money early in the campaign. You may have a chance of losing it at better odds.
 Never work for a candidate with a poor memory.
 Never argue politics with a fool unless you're a fool yourself. It takes a fool to vanquish a fool.
 Never write letters during the campaign. Documentary evidence is hard to lie down.
 Never run for office unless your character will stand the witness-box test.
 Never vote for a candidate who speaks involved sentences. He is sure to have an involved head.



STANLAWS.

AN EXPENSIVE SMILE.

JAYSON—"That girl's smile haunts me still."
 PAYSON—"Her smile haunts me too. I asked her to have a smile the other night and she took it in champagne."

NIVER judge a man boy his looks, me b'y; judge him boy th' looks av his woman.

10

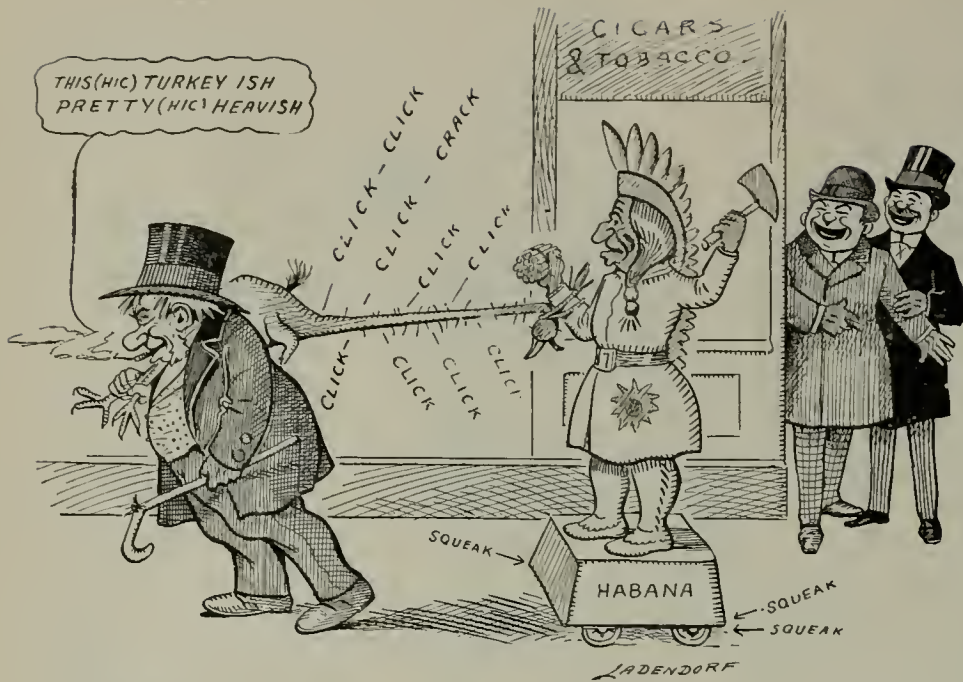


Jim Jonsing, aged six, and the turkeys.



Jim Jonsing and the turkeys ten years later.

TIME WORKS WONDERS.



JONES WON THE TURKEY, BUT HAD TO TAKE HOME QUITE A "LOAD."

Domestic Tribulations at the Zoo.

Mrs. Monkey—"I wish you'd drop in and see our milkman, Charlie, and give him a good calling down."

Mr. Monkey—"Why, what's the matter now?"

Mrs. Monkey—"I told him to leave three cocoanuts this morning, and he only left two, and one of them was only half full."

Logic.

BETWEEN the acts, like other men,
He stole away a while,
And when he came to her again
His face betrayed the "smile."

"No one will know," he softly said
(A foolish thing to say);
"For every time you turn your head
It takes my breath away."

A Polite Reply.

"**D**ON'T you think Miss Squairface ought to take more beauty-sleeps?" asked the dearest friend of Miss Squairface.

"Well," answered the young man who was trying to make an impression on the dearest friend, "possibly she suffers from insomnia."

A Mining Boom.

"**G**REAT activity in Idunno mining stock to-day!"

"You don't say so!"

"Ye-ah. Bill Sykes took forty thousand shares and eight dollars cash for that horse he was askin' twenty dollars for yesterday."

"Well, he made eight dollars on the deal, any way."



ITS PECULIARITY.

"My! what a peculiar style of riding!"
"Ya-as; I s'pose it does seem peculiar ter people wot's neber rid enny ob dese razor-back hosses."

**A Spirited
Expression.**

YOUR eyes," stammered the wooer, "are intoxicating to me."

The heartless damsel laughed roguishly at this. "For your own good," she hinted, "I should advise you to sign the pledge."

It took some moments for him to grasp the idea that this was his congé; then, resenting her chaffing, he arose from his knees and observed,

"Pardon me, but you interrupted my remark. I was about to say that your eyes are intoxicating because they have a wry look."

The Heroine.

IN the drama of existence, Should you take a searching look, You will find the leading lady Very often is the cook.



MERCY SAKES!

DOROTHY—"Say, auntie, is religion something to wear?"
AUNT JULIA—"My dear, why do you ask such foolish questions?"
DOROTHY—"Cause papa said you used your religion for a cloak."

A Public Benefactor.

YES, I took out an 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company last season and played to packed houses everywhere."

"Impossible! With that old chestnut?"

"But I did it just the same."

"How did you work it?"

"Gave 'em a production which guaranteed absolutely no Topsy's, Lawyer Marks'es or bloodhounds. This season I'm going to elaborate it, leaving out Uncle Tom and little Eva, and filling up with a ballet and some Dutch comedians and one or two popular songs."

WILLIAM TELL was quite heroic, But we'd have less cause to grieve Had he only shot the apple From the head of Mother Eve.



A GIVE-AWAY.

PHOTOGRAPHER—"If you have a dozen in this style, madam, we present you with an oil-painting enlargement like this—unframed."
MADAM—"Yes; but it will cost considerable to have it framed."
PHOTOGRAPHER—"Ah! but if you take a second dozen we present you with a frame."
MADAM—"Yes; but in the house I occupy at present I would not have room for it, and I wouldn't know what to do with a third dozen."



IN WYOMING.

EASTERN SPORTSMAN—"Is there any danger of a man getting shot out here by mistake for a deer?"
 BRONCO BILL—"Why, tenderfoot, how you talk! No. Who ever heerd of a deer gettin' drunk an' sassy in a saloon?"

Reverend Si Slopper's
 Bulletin.

DAR will be a quiltin' pahty
 At Miss Yokum's Mond'y
 night
 Fo' ter stah de 'scripshun papah
 Fo' de pastah's yeahly fight,
 Doan' fo'git de weekly mectin'
 Ob de amen-co'nah set;
 Reckombah dat yo'r pastah
 Got ter rise dat mawgedge
 debt.
 Raffle-pahty git togeddah
 Eb'ry Choosd'y night at
 eight;
 Any offerin's dat yo' min' ter
 May be left at pastah's gate.
 Convu'ts cum on We'n'sd'y
 ebenin'
 Wid deir weekly sacerifice;
 'Membah dat de pastah need it
 When he cut de debil's ice.
 Thu'sd'y night de pickaninnies
 Christen'd by deir rightful
 names.
 Dar should be sum conterbu-
 shuns
 Fo' de pastah's chillun's
 games.
 Frid'y night de ole folk gaddah
 Fo' ter 'range 'bout buyin'
 wood
 Fo' de chu'ch an' fo' de pah-
 s'nage
 An' de pastah's gen'ral good.
 Sat'd'y night de chu'ch choir
 'sembles—
 Tune yo'r voice ter sing de
 praise
 When de ushers Sund'y mawnin'
 Shoves de plates ter maik a
 raise.



CLOSE TO THE IDEAL.

PAT—"Casey's the model husband. He thinks ivyrything av his woife."
 MIKE—"He do?"
 PAT—"He do. Iviry toime he blacks her eye goes out an' gits a sirloin shtek to put on it."



HOW IT HAPPENED.

BLEEKER—"Yes; poor Jones lost control of his auto."
 BAXTER—"Heavens! How did it happen?"
 BLEEKER—"Why, he foolishly taught his wife how to run it."

Old Grimm—"Remember, young man, there is always room at the top."

Young Sprawley—"Oh, I know that. I'm waiting for the elevator now."

Precautionary
 Abstinence.

Host—"Have 'nother drink 'fore you go, ole f'ler."

Guest—"Like to, bu' dashn't"—

Host—"You' lasht man I'd 'xpected to be 'fraid o' goo' whiskey."

Guest—"Tain't whiskey—'ts sltairs 'my new boardin'-house. Moved in 'is mornin' an' don't know 'm yet."

Neither Beast
 Nor Human.

Waggles—"There's one thing about art that has always puzzled me."

Jaggles—"What's that?"

Waggles—"Where those artists who draw the fashion-plate figures manage to get their models."

"A castor, of course," responded the cravat clerk with the insouciance of a man who is studying for the stage by spending ten, twenty, or even thirty cents, as the case may be, every Friday evening.

The Unending
 Problem.

"WELL," says the first man, "my wife has finally quit worrying because the fall bonnet she bought in September did not prove to be just what she wanted."

"That's good," said the second man.

"I don't know. Now she's begun worrying about what kind of trimming she ought to have on the bonnet she will buy in April."

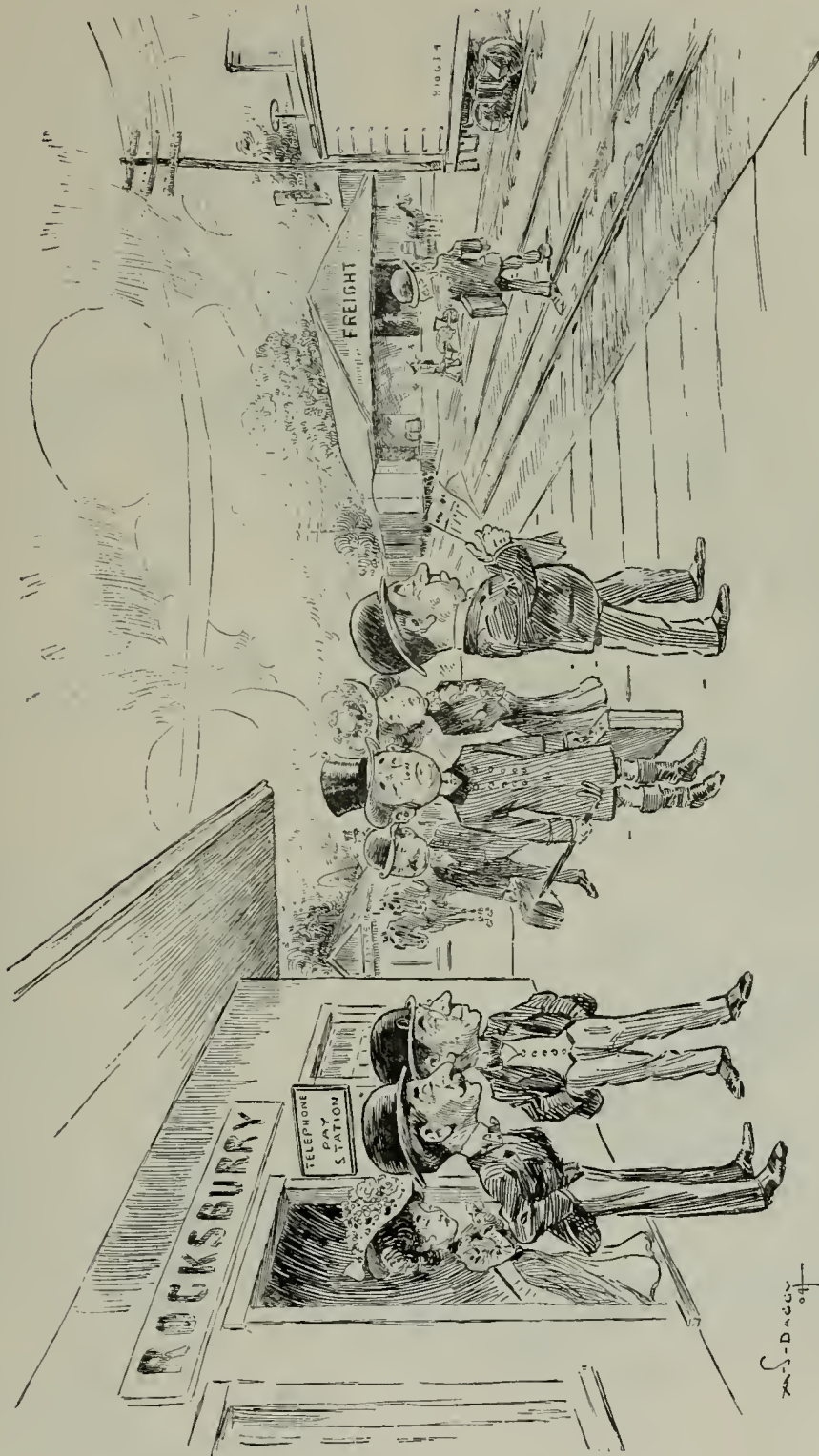
Shop-sauce.

"WHAT kind of a hat should a man wear with a pepper-and-salt suit?" asked the handkerchief salesman of the genius who held sway over the neckware counter.



COMING TO AN AGREEMENT.

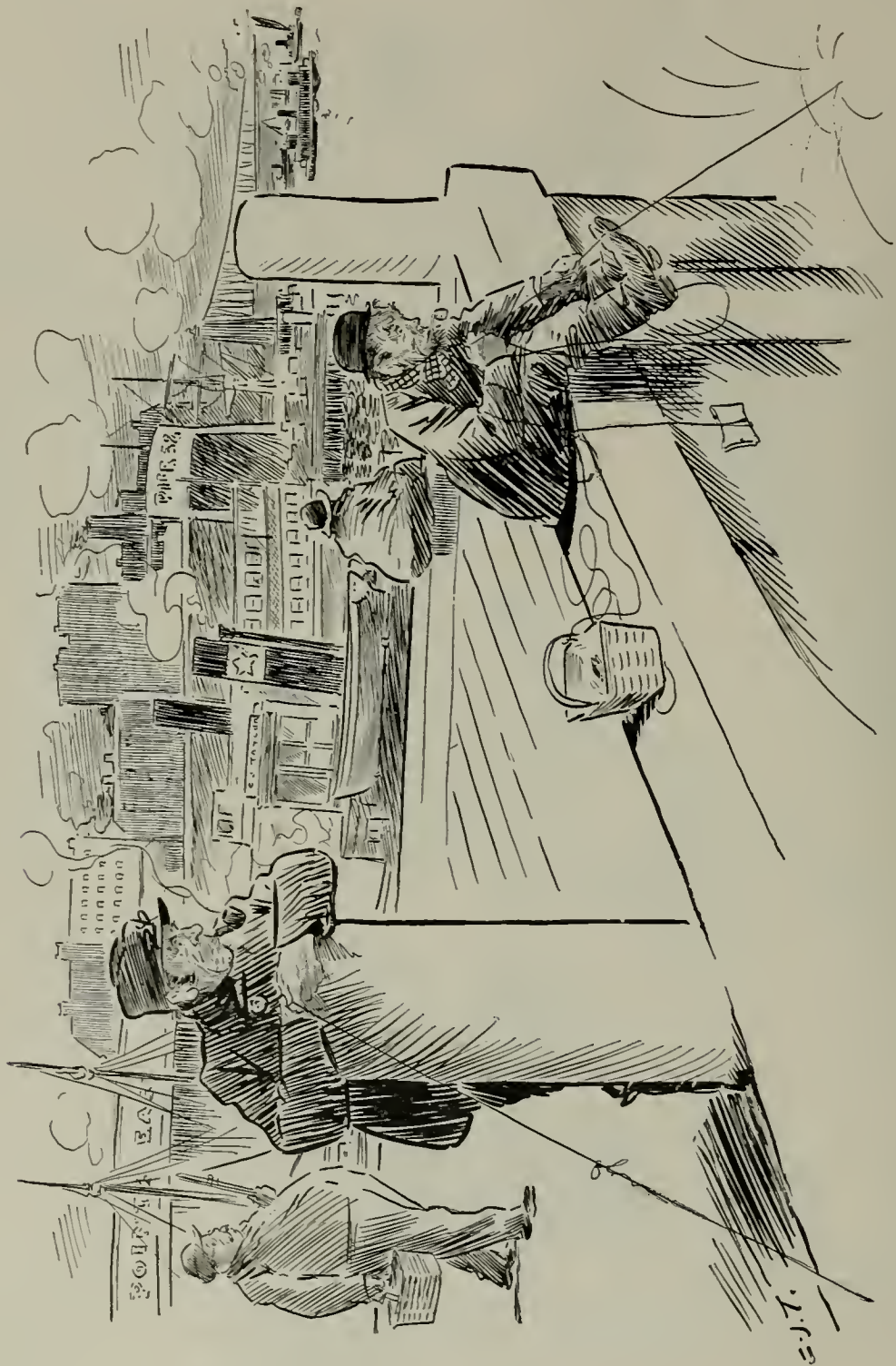
THE HIRED HAND—"If ye think ye kin change yer mind 'bout me not bein' good enough fer yer darter's hand mebbe I'll change my mind 'bout lettin' ye stay right where ye are."



HOW HE GOT IT.

"How did he get his money?"
"Railroads. He's been in six wrecks."

Max-Dugan
of



A TRUTHFUL MAN.

MIKE—"Phwat's th' biggest fish ye iver caught, Pat?"
PAT—"Shure, Oi niver caught him. He always got away."

Developed.

BUT why," asks the lawyer for the defendant of the eminent hand-writing expert, "are you so cock sure that your decision on this chirography is correct?"

"Sir," replies the expert with some dignity, "I have had the i's examined by my consulting oculist, the p's by my gardener, the b's by my apiarist, the c's by a retired ship-captain, the e's by a tramp that I picked up some time ago, the h's by a globe-trotter who has done England, the j's by a professional bunco-man, the k's by a scientific cheese-maker, the g's by the best teamster I could find, the f's by a renowned musician, the l's by an elevated-railway president, the m's by the



WHERE THE KICKING IS DONE.

UNCLE AMOS BEESER—"Say, mister actor, are they goin' to be eny high kickin' at that show t'-night? My old woman sez we don't go a step if they be."

THE ACTOR—"No high kicking on the stage, uncle; but, of course, we are not responsible for what goes on in the audience."

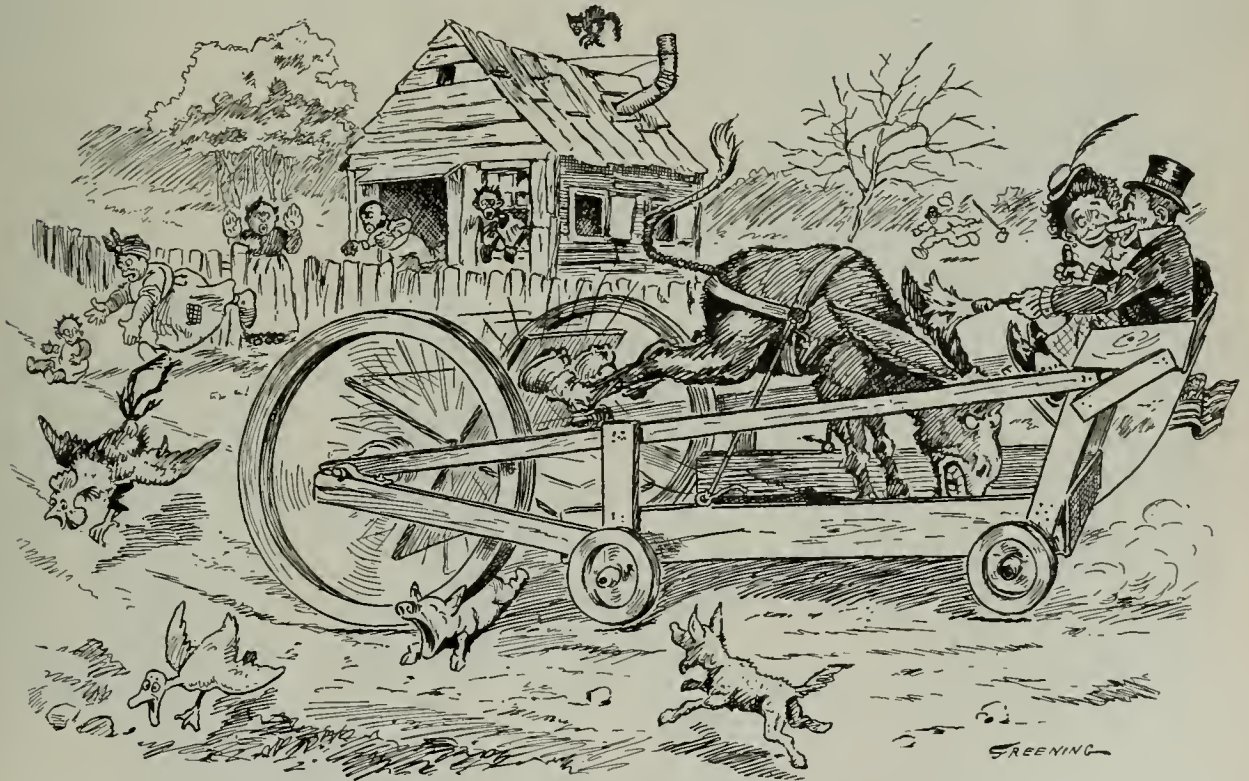
president of the typographical union, the o's by three shrewd bill-collectors, the q's by a Chinese savant, the t's by one of our leading importers, the v's and x's by a committee of bank-cashiers, the w's by a green-apple grower, the y's by a few members of a college faculty, and have relied on my own judgment as to the rest."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, "we have no further questions to ask."

Everybody Has Them Now.

THE editor-in-chief of the comic weekly called his staff about him.

"Gentlemen," he observed, "I perceive a tendency on your part to continue producing appendicitis jokes. Cut them out, please."



A COON EDISON.

'RASTUS—"Yo' see, Mis' Jackson, he wuz allus kickin' mah carts ter pieces; so I remembered mah experience on paddle-wheel steamboats, an' utilized his kickin'-power ter propel mah equipage in dis mannah."



MORE SUITABLE.

"Ah, Lenore! for a horse, a horse! that we might go hence quickly."
 "Methinks, my lord, *that* is your hobby."

A Give-away.

IRY a radium cocktail," suggests the bar-tender, giving the mirror an upper-cut with the towel.

"I guess not," says the man who is eating cloves.

"If I drank one of those things and then went home and put up the usual excuses to my wife for being out late she would see through me in a minute."

A Quartette of Ifs.

ID LIKE to hear the mauser crack,
 The cannon's thund'rous tone,
 If I could do the hearing by
 Long-distance telephone.

I'd like to fight the Russian bold
 With wild and fiendish grin
 If I could wear some armor-plate
 And uniform of tin.

I'd like to help the Japanese
 At morning, night and noon
 If I quite out of reach could fight
 Afloat in a balloon.

I'd like to camp out in the fields
 With all the men of might
 If I could eat at a hotel
 And sleep at home at night.

IF that Panama canal could only
 be dug elsewhere and shipped
 where it is needed, its construction
 would not be delayed.

They Are Usually So.

SOME OF these verses for monuments," observed the widow, who was making a selection, "are very sweet indeed."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the marble-cutter, without ceasing his work of carving. "Most of 'em is epitaphy, you might say."

Stage Gossip.

The actress—"Lottie Light-foot has had a row with her press-agent."

The actor—"What's the trouble?"

The actress—"Why, when she was examined in supplementary proceedings the papers only gave her a paragraph when she expected a column."

The New Literature.

Friend—"What is your new novel about?"

Novelist—"Oh, I couldn't tell you that. You see, the publishers are going to offer a prize to any one who discovers the plot."

An Inquiry.

He—"I don't see why you shouldn't believe that you're the only girl I ever loved."

She—"Why; did all the other girls believe it?"



A "CLENCHED" HAND-OUT.

TRAMPING THORLEY—"Did yer git de hand-out ye expected uv de lady?"
MIRY SMOLLETT (*growling*)—"Naw! I got a hand-out I didn't expect, consistin' uv bones and knuckles. Blamed if it wuzn't almost a knock-out."

A Commercial Traveler.

CUPID, with his arrows, wings and bow,
Was seen into an office-door to go.
"I am a drummer, I would have you
know."

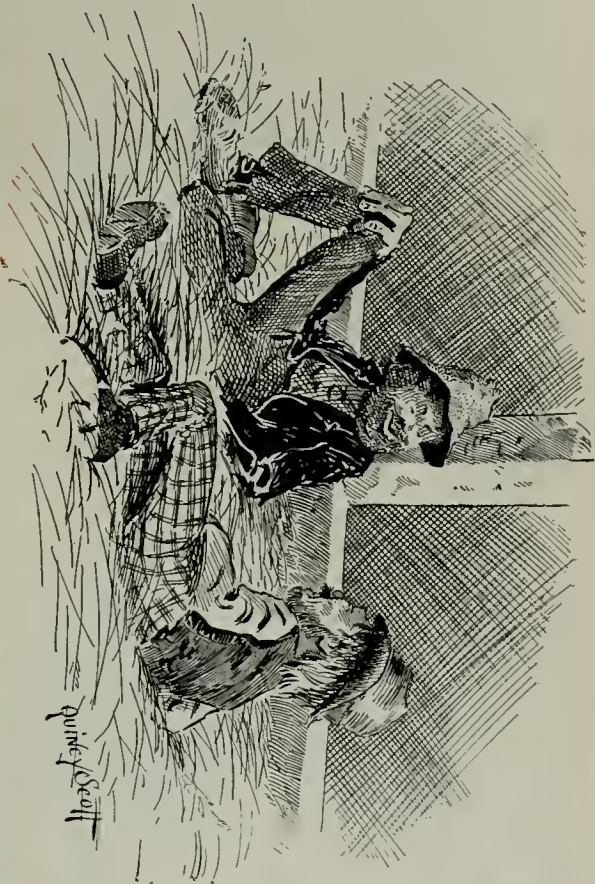
And I have samples of my wares to show."
"Although he doesn't even wear a hat,
No drummer ever dressed himself like that.
All men have got a heart, you know, or two,
So we don't care to purchase one of you."

Alas! that artful Cupid knew his game,
And showed his finest samples just the same.
The little rogue! before he did depart,
Had sold each man, for cash, another heart.

His View.

She—"Nobody knows just how old
she is!"

Her husband—"Then I suppose her
age is variously overestimated."



quincy staff

Cellar and Cellar.

NOW, Mr. Ramble," said the profes-
sor, "you may tell us the difference
between the cellar and the cellar
forms of life."

Mr. Ramble thought for a moment.
"One lives in a house," he ventured,
"and the other lives in a flat."

No Information.

"YES; she tried to find out how much
money her husband had in the bank."
"And did she learn?"
"No, indeed. They wouldn't let the
bank teller."

A Love-test.

SHE says she loves the art of song,
And sings and sings the whole day long;
Yet if she loved it she'd refrain
And never sing a note again.



1. THE OLD AND—

The "chancery" of the olden times was the art of getting the
opponent's head under the arm, so he could not fight.

A GOOD REASON.
"Say, Weary, d'youse know dere's
times when I jest can't drink a drop?"
"G'wan, youse! Wotcher givin'
us? When's dar?"
"Why, when I ain't got nuthin' ter
drink."

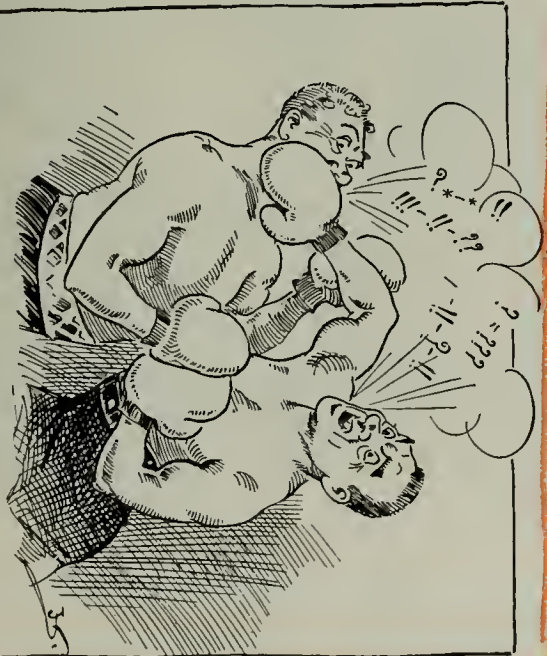
Turned Out Wrong.

"**I** TAKE no stock in these
pointers on the market,"
said Larkin to Dismore.
"Don't you?"
"No; the last pointer proved
to be a disappointment."

Mike's Guess.

Pat (just landed and seeing
street-surveyors at work)—"Oi
say, Moike, phwat be thim men
doin'?"

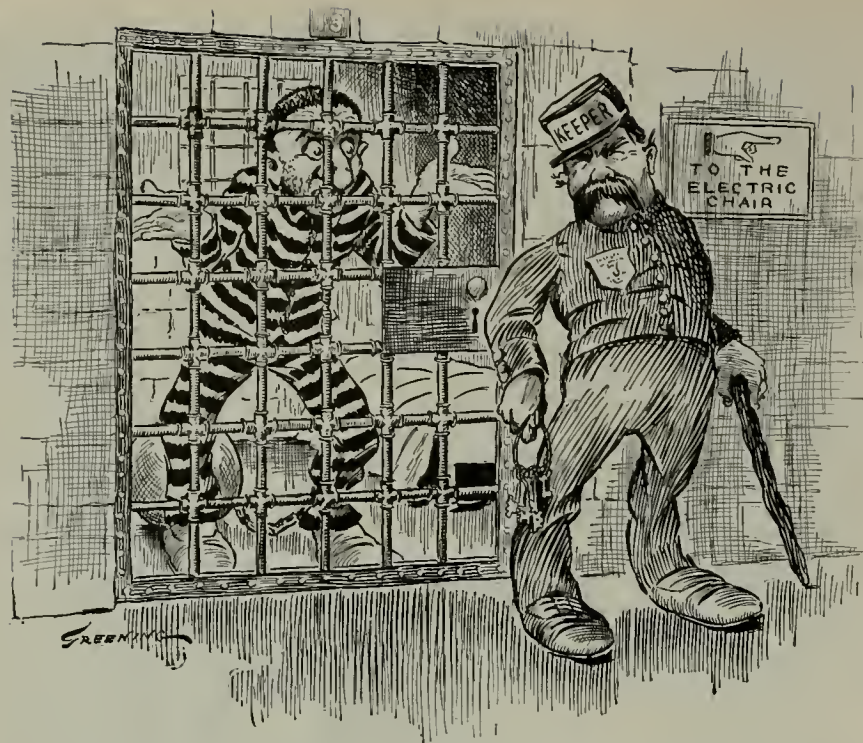
Mike—"Oi dunno, Pat; but Oi
guess they do be layin' wires fer
th' wirelless telegraph."



2. —THE NEW.

But nowadays the trick is to get your glove over your oppo-
nent's mouth, so he may not be able to defeat you talking.

1964 I saw the original of this.



A BARGAIN.

KEEPER—"Yes; it'll cost de state t'ree hundred dollars to electrocute you."
 COHENSTEIN—"I tell you vat I do—I'll shoot myselluf fer a hundred an' fifty."

His Satisfactory Status.

A SUCCESSFUL man, eh? Has he held some high office, achieved a great commercial victory, won a name in any of the arts, or become famous in some certain direction?"

"Well, no; not exactly. But he is the solidest farmer in the county, lives within his income, is never bothered by autograph-hunters, don't know he's got a stomach, has sense enough to be aware that he's not a logical candidate for anything, cares even less than he knows about good form, has a wife who is uncursed by social aspirations, trains up his children in the way they should go an' goes along with them in it, is not distantly related to any great man, can swap horses without skinnin' or bein' skinned, is never called prominent or stigmatized as 'colonel,' owns a roadster that is just a little bit faster than any other in the region, an' has a son-in-law that he's abundantly able to lick if they ever have a quarrel. Them's some of the reasons why I call John G. Fullenwider a successful man."

HE that would have an oyster from the soup must have a long spoon, a stout heart, and the eye of faith.

The Song of the Chauffeur.

(Sempre con gasoline—Molto veloce.)

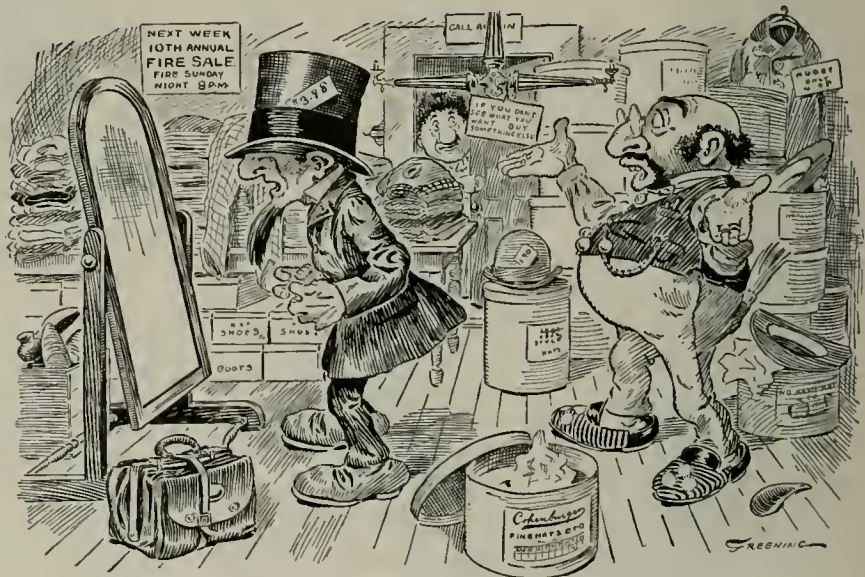
AT cloudless morn, with ceaseless horn,
 My horseless reckless speeds.
 If thoughtless men stand careless then
 Their wives wear widow's weeds.
 Remorseless pace, this goal-less race,
 But lawless on I steer.
 A hapless cow is legless now
 And spinneth on her ear.
 In helpless wrath my heartless path
 With speechless folk is filled.
 A guileless child—its name is filed
 Among those "also spilled."
 A luckless goat, a hairless shoat,
 Run senseless, tactless, by.
 The pig is pork; the wingless goat
 I make a butter fly.
 With toneless toot and fearless scoot
 I drive the heartless car.
 There's no redress, methinks—unless
 It be the gates ajar.

To Doris.

DORIS, empty now the place is
 Where my heart was wont to be.
 With the skill of all your graces,
 Won't you fill it up for me?

The Up-to-date Boy.

"WILL your employer be in after dinner?" inquired the visitor of the office-boy.
 "Nope," was the laconic reply.
 "What makes you think so?" was the next query.
 "'Coz," replied the boy as he prepared to dodge,
 "that's what he went out after."



WILLING TO PLEASE.

MR. MEDDERS—"Yes; it's a tony hat, but it's too blamed big. It comes down over my eyes."
 MR. COHENBURGER—"Rachel, get the scissors quick, an' cut der chentleman's two eye-holes in his hat!"

Poor Judgment.

YOUR proposal," sighed the young woman, gazing upon the man who knelt before her, "is very beautiful; but it sounds to me like the one Hector de Bauvilleine made to Genevra Colincourt in 'The Romance of Old Chizzlewick Castle.'"

"It is," confessed the swain; "it is almost word for word the same proposal. You see, it seemed to me that it was the best form I had ever seen, so I adopted it."

"Well, did you read the rest of the story?"

"No; only to see that she accepted him. That's as far as I read."

"You do not know, then, that Hector de Bauvilleine ran away with the cook after stealing all of Genevra's jewels and money? Please go away. I shudder when I think of what I have escaped."



MUST BE DRY.

"Have yez had yer breakfast yit, Moike?"
"Not a dhrop."

Literary Names.

YES," says the fond mamma; "I think we picked real pretty names for the twins. Pa got them out of a book. I always did like a name with a literary tone to it."

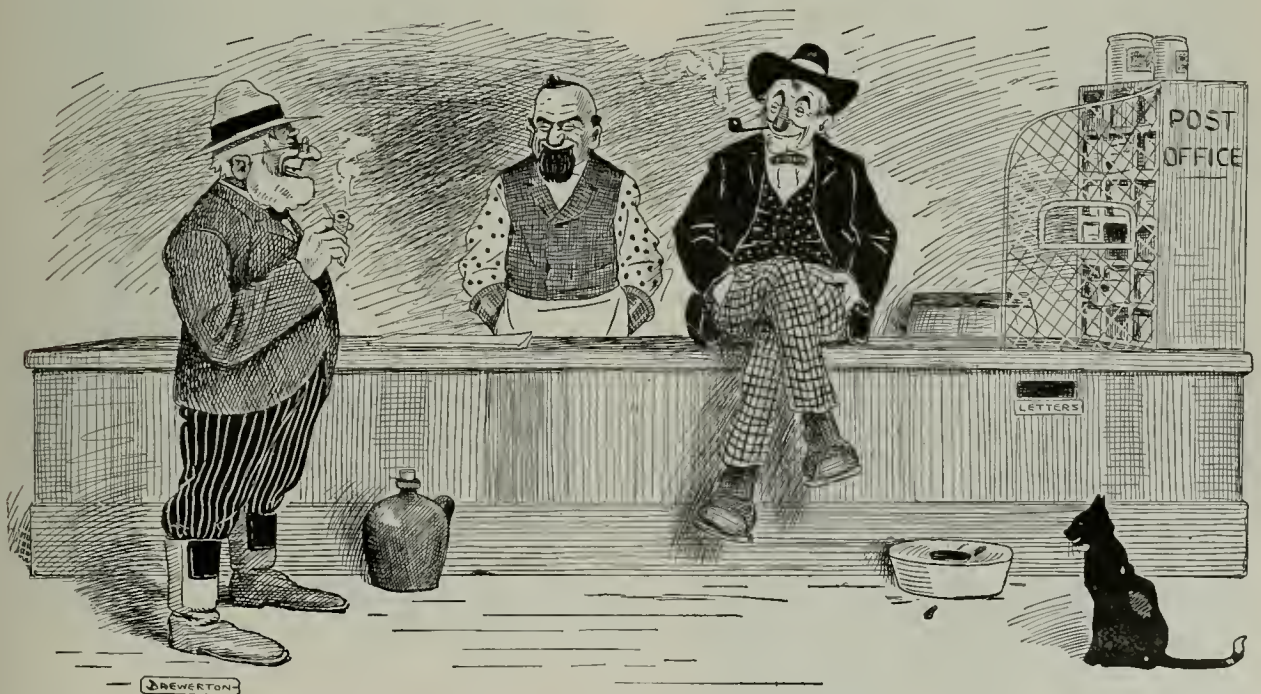
"And what do you call the little darlings?"

"Fauna and Flora. It's from a book in the library down town that tells about 'The Fauna and Flora of the western hemisphere.'"

Spirited Criticism.

MABEL SNOGGS wore a claret-colored gown with vermouth braid and rye ribbon and bourbon laces," says the first young woman. "And I heard Orville Bings tell her she was perfectly intoxicating. Tee-hee!"

"Intoxicating?" sniffs the second young woman. "I saw her. The dress was a mile too tight for her!"



SEVERELY PUNISHED.

"So Silas was charged with havin' seven wives. Was th' judge severe on him?"
"Awful! He discharged him with all seven of his wives waitin' fer him in th' corridor."



A Musical Confession.

PLAY on the fiddle from morning till night,
To gather the touch that is airy and light ;
I play to the daisies that bob to and fro,
And seem to be dancing with rapture aglow.

I play, and the pussy-cats on the back fence
All caper about with a joy that's intense ;
And spotted old Carlo, quite lost in his mirth,
Sits up and barks gayly for all he is worth.

Good friends, let me tell you that this is the way
I practice all night and I practice all day ;
And when I can rattle the rag-time so sweet
That quick 'twill get into the wayfarer's feet

I'll go for a job on the Rockaway boat,
And saw the four strings with my ringlets afloat,
And hear the folks shout, " He's a genius most rare !
Ye gods ! and he hasn't chrysanthemum hair."



Appropriate.

"WHAT are you doing?" asks the husband, watching his wife snipping into some goods with her scissors.

"Cutting out my spring suit."

He laughs merrily at her.

"Good joke on you," he says. "You have mistaken a map of the war in Manchuria for the pattern."

"It will not make so much difference," she smiles, putting some more pins in her mouth. "It is to have a Russian-blouse effect."

The Merry Manicurist.

HE watches the deft hands of the manicurist as she polishes his nails.

"I suppose you get a good many tips, do you not?" he asks.

"Yes; finger-tips," she tells him, swinging the chamois polisher a little more vigorously.

Why Homer Only Nodded.

HOMER nodded. Resenting his curtness, the members of the woman's literary club lifted their chins in the air and passed on coldly.

"I can't help it," mused Homer, dipping his pen in the ink again and resuming work on his poem. "If I should smile and bow the whole crowd would cross the street and demand autographs."

Palmistry.

"AND what are you doing?" asks the chairman of the committee on labor and charities, who is inspecting the factory where are made the perpetuated palms.

"I am telling fortunes," shyly answered the young woman whom he addressed.

"Telling fortunes?"

"Yes, sir. Can you not see I am reeding palms?"

And with a gay, insouciant giggle she bent over her work.



SATISFIED.

BARBER—"I trust the shave pleases you, sir?"

CUSTOMER—"Delighted! That's the best map of the scene of hostilities between the Russians and Japs I've seen yet."



I feel as if I'd like to vault
 And turn an airy somersault ;
 For on my claw I have a ring,
 Which makes me glad as anything,
 Until my soul with music flows,
 All made of dear Lysander crows ;
 And so I am in perfect tune.
 Dreaming of wedding-bells and June.

The Dropped Letter.

YOU made quite a mistake in my article on the modern hotel," said Mr. M. Inehost to the editor.
 "I'm sorry to hear that. What was the error? We will try to correct it."

"Well, where I wrote, 'The problem of feeding the corps of attendants and attachés has grown to be one of great importance,' your printers made it read 'the problem of feeling.'"

"Oh, that's nothing," said the editor, turning again to his work. "I thought at first that we had made some misstatement of fact."

The Purse and the Sow's Ear.

Freddie—"What's a connoisseur, dad?"

Cobwigger—"He's a fellow who can find bric-à-brac by poking about in a junk-shop."

Carrying Out the Simile.

AH!" SIGHED the romantic lady, as she and her escort stood at the top of the toboggan-slide at Montreal, "how much love resembles tobogganing! At first there is the pondering over the choice of a mate; then the settling down and coming to an understanding as to the rules of the game; and then together the happy couple sail far, far away, thinking of nothing except the delight and joy of being together."

"Yes," answered her practical escort; "and then comes marriage."

"Oh, yes," she simpered.

"Yes; then comes marriage. That consists in pulling the toboggan up hill with the girl on the toboggan."

There was no thaw that day.

Lucid.

Ebenezer—"Say, Gawge, whar wuz yo' gwine tudder day when I saw yo' gwine ter mill?"

George—"Gwine ter mill, ob co'se. Whar wuz yo' at? I didn't see yo'."

Ebenezer—"I nebber seed yo', nudder' till yo, got clean outen sight, an' den ef I hadn't a-seed yo' I wouldn't 'a' node yo'."



HIS READY ANSWER.

"Didn't I just give you a quarter down on Twenty-third street?"

"Yes, ma'am; I've got a branch office there."

In the Line of Progress.

CERTAINLY," said the steamship man; "we do all we can to stop gambling on our steamers."

"But is it wise?" asked his friend. "Why interfere with the natural course of things? You know that fools and their money are soon parted, so why try to keep together what were evidently destined to be put asunder? Why not, on the contrary, popularize your line by giving the gamblers every facility in your power? Why, with the advent of wireless telegraphy I should think you'd soon be able to get news direct from the race-tracks and run pool-rooms on your boats, to the delight of the sporting fraternity and the general public, who would thereby be enabled to take their dope-books to Europe and drop their money at every stage of the way over. Somebody will do it sooner or later, and you might just as well have the money as anybody."

'Sdeath!

THE doughty buccaneer has boarded the private yacht. Now, the private yacht carries no great treasure, whereat the doughty buccaneer is wroth. He goes from stern to stern and from hatches to hold in search of plunder. As he rushes into the cabin he is confronted by a pale young girl, whose patrician lips curl with scorn. Taken aback, he essays a courtly bow, such as was practiced by Captain Kidd and others; but the unfamiliar surface of the heavy carpet proves too much for his feet and he stumbles ungracefully.

"Ha, ha!" comes in a high treble from between the patrician lips.

"Why do you 'ha, ha'?" demands the angry buccaneer.

"You claim to be a freebooter, but you are only a carpet-slipper." And she walked the plank like the lady she was.

THE TABLES WERE TURNED ON THE BAD COWMAN.



1.

Pistol Pete—"Stranger, I'm sure yer wants ter buy dis yere bee-yoo-liful cannon—only a hundred bones."



2.

Pistol Pete—"Dat's right; I knowed ye wanted it. T'anks!"



3.

Little Willie—"And now that I've got the gun I'll trouble you to return my hundred dollars—quick!"



4.

Little Willie—"And I think I'll just keep the gun as a souvenir of this little adventure. On your way there! So long!"

His Dream of Joy.

I'LL soon be on the bleachers
 And watch the zipping ball
 A-cutting down the daisies
 That whisker all the mall.

I'll perch there like a shanghai
 Upon the moonlit limb
 And eat the bun-bound, varnished
 Frankfurter full of vim.

I'll root for all the "giants,"
 And stamp and clap and cheer,
 And punctuate my gladness
 With now and then a beer.

Hurrah for good old baseball
 That soon will be on deck
 From Brooklyn to Chicago
 And back to Little Neck!

'Twill see me, like a monkey,
 Upon the bleachers sit,
 As happy as a king, while
 The sunny moments flit,

The while I chant serenely,
 "Oh, never, never fret;
 One baseball makes a summer
 In first-class style, you bet!"

THE man who is his own worst
 enemy should declare war
 at once.



For the Picnic.

AND when I return," says
 the home-going mission-
 ary to the converted can-
 nibal chief, "we shall
 get our little flock together and
 have a church picnic, as is the cus-
 tom in my native land. Now, is
 there anything I can bring back
 with me that would please you?"
 "Well," said the cannibal chief,
 "suppose you bring a few sand-
 wich-men just for that picnic."

Quid Pro Quo.

ANOTHER fifty-dollar hat this
 spring?" asks the irate hus-
 band. "Why, you got one last year
 and only wore it once."

"What if I did?" asks the argu-
 mentative wife. "You only spent
 the fifty dollars once last spring,
 didn't you?"

No Cough for Him.

WHEN Bliggers had a cough he
 Was told to drink no coffee;
 And now he's sued,
 For he is rude
 And won't cough up his cough fee.



THE USUAL TIME.

PAT—"Would ye accept me if Oi should propose, Norah?"

NORAH—"Y-yis; but Oi should want at least two weeks to *consider th' matter.*"



IN BOHEMIA.

"Has van Dauber finished that painting of a ten-dollar bill?"
 "No. The poor fellow couldn't resist the temptation of painting the town with his model."

All Are Skaters.

ALL the world's a lake
 Of ice, begirt with snow.
 Many skaters take
 A header as they go.
 Some stay on their feet
 If they heed advice;
 Others take a tumble
 Trying to cut the ice.

The Obstacle.

"IT'S a wonder Mr. Henpeck doesn't stand on his rights."
 "He can't. Mrs. Henpeck always sits on them."

The Limit.

Blibson—"Foggs is becoming autocratic."
Glibson—"Worse; he's becoming automobilistic."

Graduated Eyesight.

YES, SIR," said the Denver hotel-clerk to the new arrival; "that white-capped mountain away off there is in the Rockies, and it is a hundred and fifty miles from here."

"Who would have imagined it was so far?" commented the guest.

"Oh," was the airy response from the clerk, "if the atmosphere was only a little clearer it would be three hundred miles away."

"THE corkscrew," said the white-haired philosopher, "has been one of the greatest aids to temperance."

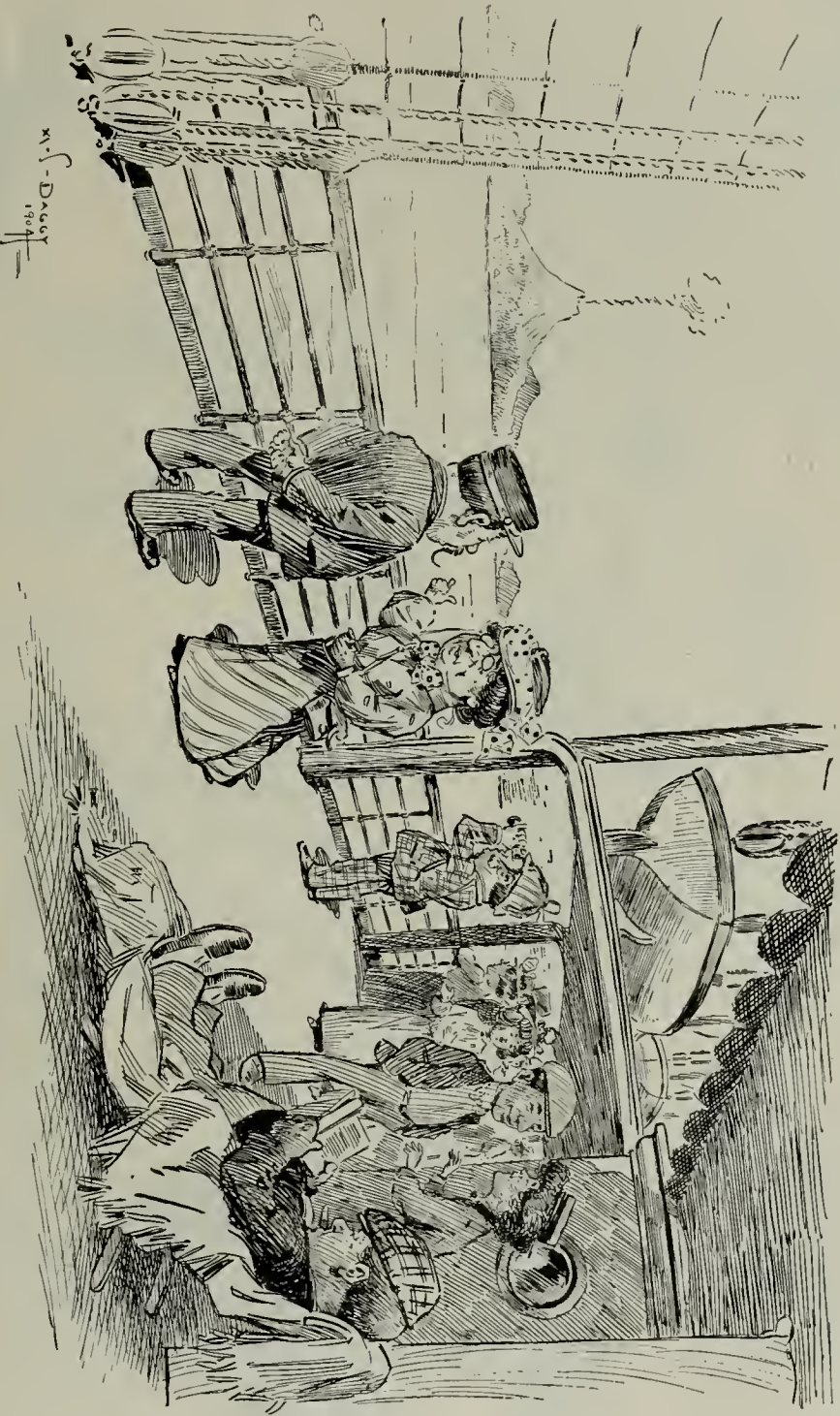
"Nonsense!" answered the hook-nosed disputant. "Why, the corkscrew is one of the first things a man wants when he thinks of taking a drink."

"I know; but he has always mislaid or lost it, and frequently he can't find another."



WITHIN THE LIMIT.

JONES—"I wish you would figure on a new house for me."
 ARCHITECT—"Something about five thousand dollars?"
 JONES—"No; something about five hundred. I've only got five thousand to spend on it."



WOULD BE WELCOME.

TOURIST—"Do the natives of this island need a missionary?"
STEAMER-CAPTAIN—"The worst way. Their crops were a total failure last year, and they're actually starving."

A Business Head.



THE interviewers ask the nobleman who has just arrived, why he is carrying the neat little savings-bank among his baggage.

"I wish," he explains, "to apply American business methods to my love affair—if there should be one."

"But we thought that would be perfectly understood," murmur a few of the interviewers.

"Ah, gentlemen, I see you do not understand. You see, I read the American papers. I observe how one may buy a piano, or a house, or a set of books, or anything, and take possession of it without paying in full. The dealers supply him with a small savings-bank, similar to the one I have. Then each day the purchaser slips a dime or a quarter or a dollar into the bank, the dealer retaining the key. Presto!

Before you know it you have paid for what you bought and do not notice the expense."

"And you—how will you apply this method to your own case?"

"And I—if I marry an heiress whose father is temporarily tangled in the markets—I shall install the little savings-bank in my home, retaining the key, of course, and my wife shall place each day a small sum in the bank. You see, messieurs, it will make it pleasanter all around."



NOT INFECTIOUS.

CUSTOMER (who has ordered a book)—"Have you got the encyclopædia?"
NEW ASSISTANT—"Oh, no, sir! It's something you can't catch."

The Woman of It.

WHEN Mrs. Pot met Mrs. Kettle the memory of the little dispute of their husbands was fresh in their minds. However, Mrs. Pot got over it gracefully, and the other members of the club said no one could have been nicer or more thoughtful about it. Mrs. Kettle advanced cordially, took Mrs. Pot's hand, and murmured her pleasure. Mrs. Pot cried,

"So glad to see you! And how well you look! Black, my dear, is so becoming to you!"

IT is a wise leap-year girl that looks carefully before she leaps.



AN ANNIHILATOR OF "TIME AND SPACE."

A Smoker's Joy.

WALK the quiet thoroughfare,
As if on breezy springs,
And blow serenely in the air
These flor del fumar rings.

I see them slowly drift away
While I cavort in style
And heave my chest in manner gay
And wear a happy smile.

And as my arms about me fly
And in the zephyr wave,
They envy me the weed that I
Puff on the purple pave.

And yet I have a little joke
While on my way I dive—
The flor del fumars that I smoke.
Are always "three for five."

Spring Bulletin.

THERE'S a most excited twitter
Going on just overhead,
For a newsboy robin shouted,
"Extra! Extra! Winter's dead!"



AN ACCIDENTAL HOLD-UP.

CAMP-FIRE JIM—"Are ye loosed, ye blame shorthorn? I ain't holdin' ye up."
 RUSTLING KUBE—"Them guns o' yourn has got human intelligence, Jim. I won't chance comin' down till ye move 'em."



MUST GET THEIR MONEY'S WORTH.

MRS. COHEN—"Oh, Jacob! I can't hold on a minute longer."
MR. COHEN—"You must, Repecca! We are paying feefly cents an hour for dis blame boat. Remember dot!"

The Horrors of War.

TWO men sat in the smoking-room.

"Have you read the account of the capture of Seoul?" asked the one with the newspaper.

"No," replied the other. "Let us hear it."

He of the newspaper began to read.

"At dawn the Russian column moved on the out-works, under command of General Ianovitchkiplevenovetskyovitch. When within seven hundred yards the enemy opened fire. The Japanese execution was terrific — seventeen Russian officers fell almost immediately. Among these were General Ianovitchkiplevenovetskyovitch, Colonel Og-oroffaklieffravone vitslnoff, Captain Romaniefflaysklernopieff, Licutenant Veranolieherallieff-kjonakoff" — The reader's voice suddenly ceased.



NOT ON THE JAW.

MRS. KELLY—"It sez here that if wimmen wor prize-foighters ye wouldn't be able to knock thim out."

KELLY—"No; there's no use thryin' to put a woman to shlope be hittin' her on th' jaw."

He fell writhing to the floor, and a physician was hastily summoned.

The man of medicine was shown the newspaper article. Upon seeing it he shuddered and shook his head sadly.

"Seven this morning," he said in a choked voice. "Send for the coroner."

Why He Knew.

"CAN no child tell me what kind of a bird Noah sent out of the ark?" asked the superintendent.

"Billy can," volunteered the children. "His father keeps a bird-store."

Diplomacy.

Mrs. Gramercy—"Weren't you pleased when your husband said you looked pretty in that dress?"

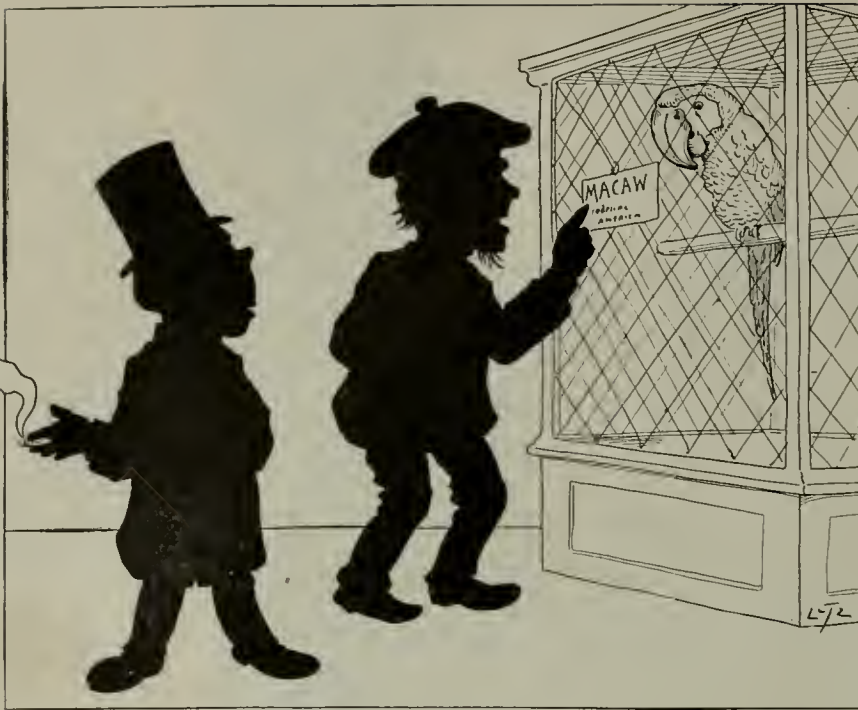
Mrs. Park—"No. I am sure he just said it in the hope that I wouldn't ask him to buy me a new one."



ANYTHING TO BLAME IT ON.

MOTHER—"Johnny Jones, did you get that awful cold out skating?"

SON—"Mother, I think I caught it washing my face yesterday morning."



ONE OF THE MAC'S.

PATRICK—"Phwat's th' name av th' bur-rd, Sandy?"

SANDY—"Macaw."

PATRICK—"G'lang wid yez! A bur-rd wid a nose loike thot named McAngh? Rade th' soign ag'in, Sandy."

The Reform Debil.

DE DEBIL ain't no roarin' lion,
 Seekin' fo' to devour.
 He quit dem tic-tacs long ago
 When he took on mo' power.
 He done cut off dat fo'ked tail
 An flung dem hoofs aside
 When he diskivered dat de world
 War runnin' open wide.
 He quit de pitch-fo'k fo' de fan—
 He smile so bery nice
 Yo' t'ink dey's nuffin' down below
 'Cept skatin' on de ice.
 De debil sol' his coal-mine out,
 Vacation fo' to take.
 Col'-storage plants are boomin' now
 Down by de brimstone lake.

At the Present Time.

Fimpson—"The horrors of war are certainly unspeakable."
Simpson—"And the names of the naval commanders are equally unpronounceable."

A Test of Altruism.

Little Willie—"Pa, what's an al-tru-ist?"
His father—"A man, my child, who carries his umbrella

PERHAPS the reason we are so prone to find fault with our neighbors is that it helps us to forget our own shortcomings.

all day without using it, and then is glad it didn't rain, on account of the people who had no umbrellas with them."

One Reason.

"**A**LSO," continued the portly lady who was delivering a lecture on "the duties of the model wife" before the woman's club, "we should always greet our husbands with a kiss when they come home. Now, will one of my auditors tell the underlying principle of this?"

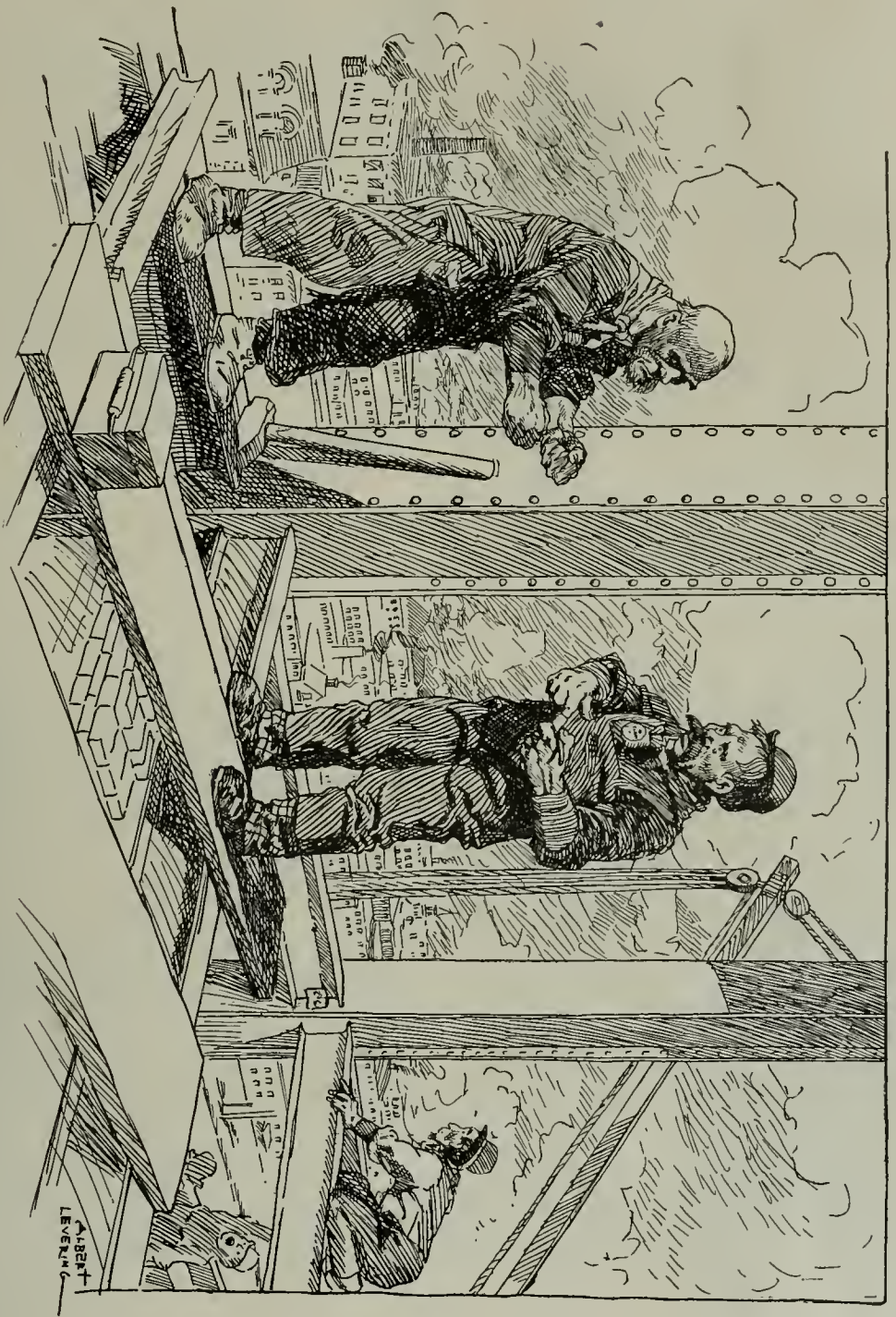
A stern, cold woman arises in the rear of the audience.

"It's the surest way to catch 'em if they've been drinking," she says with a knowing nod.



FOR FACIAL HARMONY.

BOTH OWNERS (*simultaneously*)—"Hey, friend! what do you say to you and me *swapping* dogs?"



ALBERT
LEVERING

AN UNGRATEFUL FELLOW.

HOGAN—"That mon Clancy, how no gratitude. 'Twor only yisherday, durin' the dinner-hour, that Oi saved his loife."
COOGAN—"How wor that?"
HOGAN—"Oi took out a fish-bone that got shtuck in his 'troat be poundin' him on th' back wid th' flat av me hammer."

Too Practical.

THE young woman, her hair tossed carelessly by the sighing zephyrs of the evening, her cheeks flushed with the glow of radiant health, and her lips parted in a bantering smile, asked,

"And am I really beautiful?"

Now, the young man was a student—he was a statistical student. Wishing to be exact and truthful in all things, he drew from his pocket a small note-book, turned to a well-thumbed page, and read aloud,

"The perfectly beautiful woman—The head should be a seventh part of the body—that is, the height should be equal to seven heads."

The girl looked at him in wonder.

"I should say," commented the young man, "that you are not quite seven times as high as your head; but still"—

"If I were seven times as high as my head I should be thirty-five feet high," asserted the girl.

"It doesn't mean that, Miss Purteigh. It means that if your head were to be taken off and six more like it put on top of it, it would result in a row of heads that should equal your height, if you were mathematically correct."

"They'll never do that with me unless I have to work in a museum," answered the girl.

The young man returned to his book.

"The eyebrows should be well marked and the lashes should be long and silky. Eyes that are shaped like almonds are the most beautiful."

"And what is the shape of my eyes?" she demanded.

"To be honest," he replied, "they are something the shape of an egg."

"Well, I'm glad they don't look like peanuts," she sniffed.

Still unconscious of the trouble he was dancing over, he resumed.

"The nose should equal the forehead in length. Its thickness should be in proportion to the features."

The girl clapped her fingers over her nose.

"You sha'n't measure my nose!" she declared in muffled tones.

"Very well," answered the scientific youth. "Let us go on. The chin should be

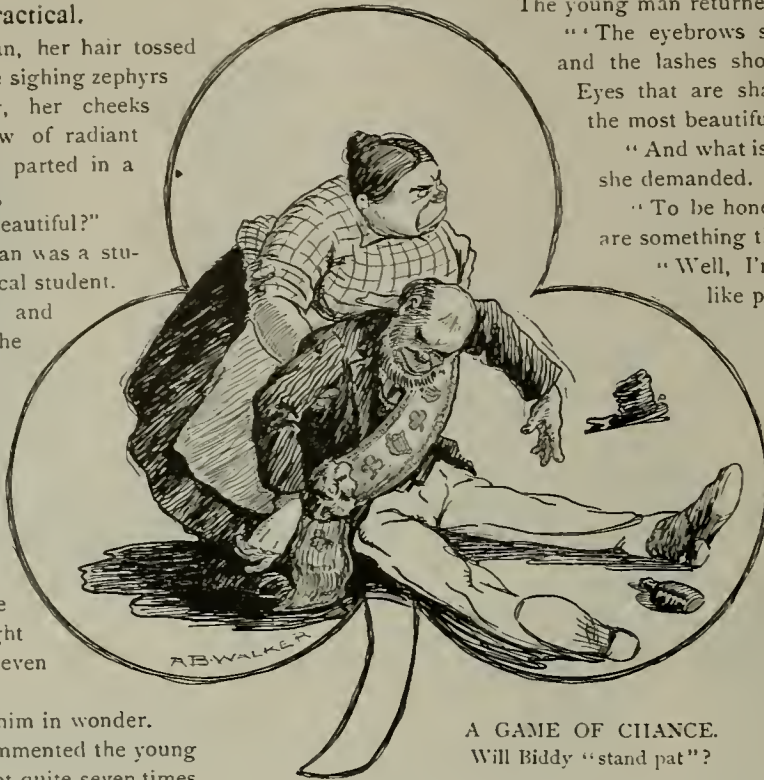
delicately rounded and free from indention." She put her other hand over the dimple in her chin.

"The hands should be long and plump, with tapering fingers"

"Herbert Muggser," came from beneath the hands, "you stop! You go home, and stay till I send for you."

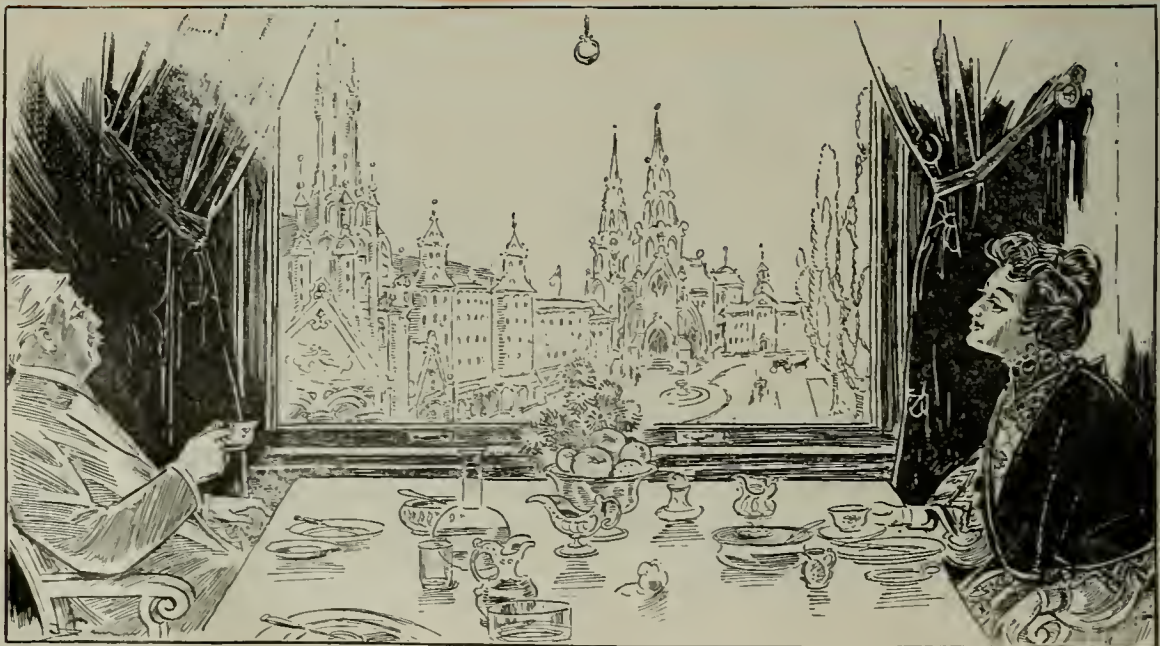
"When will that be?"

"Whenever I find a book of rules on how to tell whether a man has good sense."



A GAME OF CHANCE.

Will Biddy "stand pat"?



ORDNANCE AND ORDINANCE.

MRS. LENTLY—"Have you read that article about the Episcopal canons excommunicating divorced members who remarry?"

MR. LENTLY—"Yes. The new canons seem to be of the rapid-fire order, don't they?"



TURNING THE HOSE ON HIM.

A Family Affair.

WILL you marry me?" asked the fair young thing.
 "I—I—really, this is so sudden!" answered the timid youth. "I fear I may only be a brother to you, but you might ask papa."
 "You'll be a brother to me, anyhow," she replied.
 "Mamma is asking your papa, too."



His Home Shave.

I SIT ON the keg and I let the brush fly
 All over my face, from the chin to the eye;
 Then with the old razor I have, full of joy,
 The shave that is velvet, and not corduroy.

I push the old razor with speed o'er my chin,
 And crack the wire whiskers two days 'neath the skin;
 And as the keg wabbles I break into song,
 While to its andante I shave right along.

At last, when I've finished, I feel spick and span,
 And quite like another hen-bred Afri-can.
 'Tis then loud I shout, while my features I lave,
 "Hurrah for the joys of the dandy home-shave!"



DRAWING A PARADOXICAL PARALLEL.

MORALIZING MEHAFFEY—"How foolish uv dose high-toned folks to be out in de cold hittin' up a little ball!"
 PARCHED PARTINGTON—"Yes; but how sensible it would be if us low-toned individuals wuz *in* out uv de cold hittin' up a big *ball*! Now, wouldn't it?"

The Social Calendar.

YES, I have been so busy with my visits this week," said the impressive lady. "I Mondayed in Chicago and Tuesdayed at Peoria. Then I Wednesdayed at home and Thursdayed in Michigan city. I Fridayed with friends at Moline and Saturdayed at Waukegan."

"Yes?" asked the friend. "And where do you expect to to-day to-morrow?"

Reserve.

Assistant—"They say the report is to be accepted with reserve."

Editor—"Certainly. We'll just issue three extras—one giving the report, one confirming it, and one stating that there's no truth whatever in it."

The Rale Railroad.

MISTHER O'TUNDER," said Mr. O'Toole, "can ye tell me wan thing?"
"Oj kin tell ye more nor that," asserted Mr. O'Tunder.
"Thin tell me this: Is a railroad a rale road?"

"It is not, Misther O'Toole. A rale road is wan that has harses on it an' a rail-road is wan that hasn't, by raison of th' fact thot a harse hasn't th' conveynences ler walkin' on a railroad thot it has on a rale road."

Invidious.

Mudge—"Physical culture is just splendid. I'm taking beauty exercises."

Marjorie—"You haven't been taking them long, have you?"



An Aboriginal Toot.

We read all the papers, we like the Greek play,
And shout for dear Boston the bean-bound "hooray!"

We never scalp babies or murder a soul,
Or eat the bow-wow that's cooked à la Creole.
We love color studies of mountain and shore;
We're fond of Beethoven and Schubert and Spohr.
We love Charlotte russe, though we're not above
hash,

And still we are Indians who're out for the cash

OH, WERE the tame Indians that whoop with a will
And yank in the shickels for Buffalo Bill.
We're not half as wild as you'd think from our
yells;

We're fond of pink tea and we eat caramels,
You'd never suppose, as we whirl 'round the course,
All gaudily painted, upon the wild horse,
That we're aborigines, cultured, refined,
And striving each day to develop the mind.

And that's why we caper for Buffalo Bill
And let out the war-whoop that's strident and shrill,
And hurl the long lasso and do the war-dance,
To give the big crowd a good taste of romance,
'Till over to London we're shortly to sail—
The canvas and smoke flap about in the gale.
And when we are there we'll be Indians of taste,
And always æsthetic and never strait-laced.
Of Watteau and Whistler we'll dream with a will,
And shout loud the praises of Buffalo Bill.

A Rural Pessimist.



WHILE good folks are shoutin'

I am very glum.
All these dancin' blossoms
Do not mean a plum.

On the peach's blossom
You can never bet
Thet a peach for certain
You will ever get.

Folks may take ter dancin',
But your Uncle Cale
Bets his bottom dollar
Thet the crops 'll fail.

A Sign of Spring.

Cobwigger — "What do you want with a set of wheels?"

Freddie — "Want to make an express-wagon out of the bobsled."

double discounted." And he floated away, with a trail of sardonic laughter in his wake.

"Who is that old hoaster?" asked the new spirit of a by-flyer.

"The one you were talking with? Don't you know him? That's Adam."

He Was Flourishing.

"HEAR that Jimkins is getting along fine in the city," said Blobbson.

"I suppose he is, maybe; but I never thought he would," commented Niverly.

"His father told me he was flourishing, though."

"Yes, he is. He is teaching penmanship."

THE royal housekeeper found King Midas in the cellar weeping golden tears that were rattling down on the floor like hail.

"Good master!" cried she, "what is the matter?"

"Alack, alack!" cried the unlucky king. "It was dark down here, and I have put my hand in the coal-bin by mistake."

A Celestial Conversation.

EVERY now and then the newly-arrived spirit was rather inclined to throw on style, which, considering his abiding-place, was uncalled for, and was naturally distasteful to the other spirits. He was always talking about how many things had happened to him while he sojourned on earth. One day he fell in with a mild-mannered spirit who listened patiently to his boasting.

"And so you think you are entitled to some special distinction because you endured so much in your other life?" asked the mild-mannered spirit.

"Oh, I don't say that, exactly," was the airy, nonchalant reply; "but of course any one who has gone through what I did is of necessity entitled to some distinction."

"Um-m-m! Well, what was the most trying ordeal you suffered?"

"The very worst, I should say, was being operated upon for appendicitis."

The mild-mannered spirit laughed satirically. "Appendicitis?" he chuckled. "My good fellow, you don't know the least thing about critical operations. I've got you



A GOOD SIGN.

THE CABBY (*soliloquizing*)—"Shure, Oi knew from th' shtart 'twould be a match. He niver mentioned a wur-rd about th' price av' th' fare, bless his heart!"



WILLIE BACKBAY'S CONFESSION.

I lope on the flagstone at morning and night,
 And peddle the *News* with a grin of delight;
 I yell of great battles that never were fought,
 And all my big pack in a jiffy is bought.

I shout like a war-painted Indian, you bet,
 And smoke, while I'm shouting, the gay cigarette,
 And whirl in my flight like a dervish of song,
 Until my staccato is heard in Hong-Kong.

And then when my coins in the twilight I count
 The charger of rapture instanter I mount
 And glide to my chateau upon the Back bay,
 And fancy I lounge on the sward in Cathay.

And that's why I'm ever alert and elate,
 While dancing and snapping my fingers at fate,
 And filling the ambient zephyr apace
 With news of the battles that never took place.

Not Always.

“**N**O; the models are not a bad lot,” says the artist.
 “I hardly thought they could be as bad as
 you paint them,” comments the friend.



TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

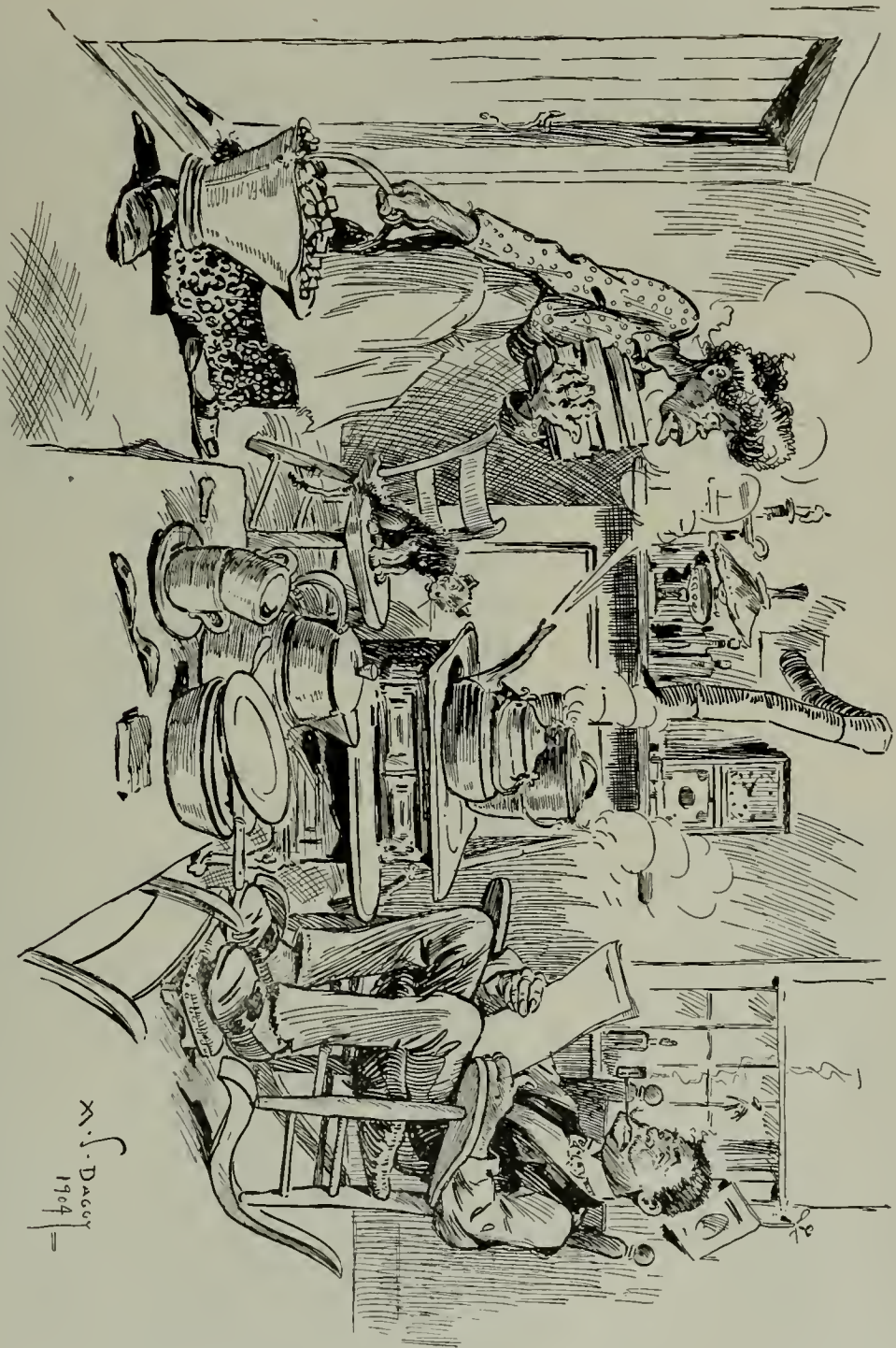
CASEY (from his hiding-place)—“Whist, Muldoon! How's th' Or-rangeman Oi shwatted yisterday?”

MULDOON—“He's in th' hospital, hangin' betwixt loife an' death.”

CASEY—“Hangin' is he? Shure, that's too good fer him.”



“BOXING HIS EARS.”



WHAT HE OFFERED.

Mrs. JACKSON — "Yo' ought ter be ashamed ob yo' saif ter let a poor, weak woman laik me bring up de coal an' split de wood."
MR. JACKSON — "Wa-al, habn't I repeatedly offered ter gib yo' physical-cultusher lessons, so as ter increase yo' r' strength?"

X. J. Dacey
1904



A Fair Incognito.

OH, THIS is the maiden I met on the beach—

A sylph and a siren, a bird and a peach;
And oft like a lily she capers and beams,
And with a fine gilding embroiders my dreams.

She fills me v ith rapture that never takes flight;
She haunts with her beauty my soul day and night,
Until on a roseate billow of song
I move like a leaf in the zephyr along.

This dear little damosel 's ever to me
A phantom of spring-time that gurgles in glee;
She'll live in my heart, that without her 'd be sad,
'This girl that I met in the lingerie "ad."

At the Minstrels.

"LADIES an' gemmen," said Mr. Colewhite, swinging his arms wildly, "I has a co-nundrum ter per-pound ter yo' dis ebenin'. A man in Pittsburg has built an 'I' to his store an' will not pahmit enny advabntisin' signs on it. Why am dat 'I' like a anonymous epistle?"

Here the audience looked greatly mystified, and Mr. Colewhite continued,

"Dat 'I' am like a anonymous epistle 'cause it am a unsigned lettah."

At this juncture Mr. Colewhite retired amid peals of laughter.



TROUBLES OF WEALTH.

PATERSON PETE—"I dreamt last night dat I had a million dollars."

SPACKED OATES—"Did yer enjoy it?"

PATERSON PETE—"Nit! I wuz sued fer breach uv pr-mise, operated on fer appendicitis, an' mentioned fer de vice-presidency, 'fore I'd even got it counted."



AT THE SEANCE.

WIDOWER—"Are you happy, Sarah?"
 SARAH (or her spirit)—"Yes, Henry; perfectly happy. I can now squeeze myself into a sixteen-inch corset, and the smallest size shoes never pinch."

Her Falseness.

AND so," ejaculates the wild-eyed lover, "you will not be my valentine?"
 "Why, the idea!" titters the fair young thing, smiling in derision and revealing a row of pearly teeth.
 "You laugh at me?" cries the youth. "At last I see your falseness!"

With a start the girl ceases smiling, closing her lips firmly. She also nervously clutches her top hair.

"Ha, ha!" is the bitter laugh of the rejected one. "I only meant to refer metaphorically to your heart. I had my suspicions, however, as to your teeth and hair."

Majestically he stalked from the room, while the woman, utterly crushed, fell to weeping before her mirror.

UNFORTUNATELY the things that are too good to be true are a good deal scarcer than the things that are too true to be good.

A 'Prentice Hand.

THAT man you had doing some carpenter work is a fraud."
 "How do you know? He did good work."
 "That may be; but he's no carpenter. He cleared up the mess he made."



BETWEEN ACTORS.

WILLIAM—"I say, Joseph; what's the good word?"
 JOSEPH—"Sh! Don't bother me, my boy. I'm getting my part for to-night!"

Fortune-telling.

SO YOU think you could read my future if I would let you hold my hand?" asks the maiden.

"Well, don't you think it shows more consideration for you than to go out and figure on the stars?" he asked.

Ten minutes later he was holding her hand and his own future had been settled.

Defined.

Johnny Wise—"Pa, what is a prospective bridegroom?"

Mr. Wise—"Well, my son, a prospective bridegroom nowadays is a young man prospecting for an heiress."



CUT IT OUT.

POET—“Here is a little poem entitled, ‘The Growing Corn.’”
EDITOR—“Pare it down, my boy; pare it down!”

Their First Punishment.

WHAT are you doing, Charon?" asked one of the shades who were loafing on the landing-pier at the Styxian ferry terminal.

"I'm rigging up a lot of straps on a rail over the centre of my boat," explained Charon. "It's a new wrinkle we've invented for the benefit of street-railway barons who do not run sufficient cars to accommodate their patronage. We'll make 'em hang on to these straps for fifteen round trips before we let 'em off the boat, and I'm going to stand close to 'em and holler 'Fare!' right in their ears about every two seconds."



HOW HE KNEW.

"How can you tell that the Shamrock is an Irish boat?"
"By the wake."

A Gilt-edged Outlook.

THE crops are all o. k.;
They're comin' mighty fine,

An' with the millionaire
I'll shortly be in line.

The cabbage an' the squash,
The turnip an' the bean,
Just bust to beat the band
An' make the future green.

Oh, soon I'll find that they
Are just as good as wheat,
An' sell them for the price
They're gettin' now fer meat.

An' then a millionaire
I'll caper, don't you know,
An' hang forever up
The shovel an' the hoe.

EVEN Christian science
would hate to tackle error
on the ball-grounds.



UNAVAILABLE.

FRAYED FAGIN—"Wot's good fer a dog-bite?"

SUNNY BEAM—"Git a hair uv de dog dat bit yer an' "—

FRAYED FAGIN—"I ain't got a chance. Dis wuz a Mexican hairless dog."

Fierce.

THERE'S Gabbsey over in the corner with Popsey, telling him all about the smart things little Willie has been saying," remarks Migglebury.

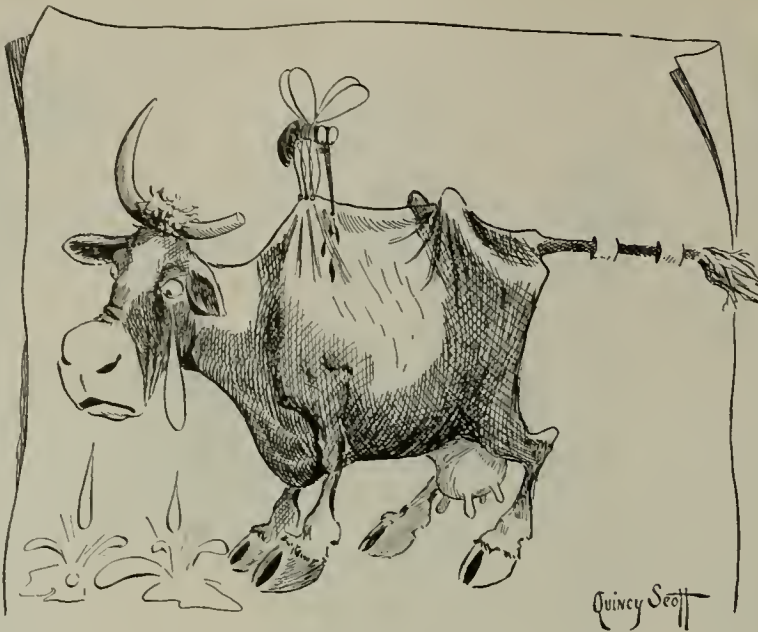
"Yes; and just notice what an interest Popsey is taking in it," answers Fadoogus.

"I don't see how the man can stand it."

"Oh, he'll get his evens all right."

"How?"

"Why, didn't you know that Popsey has a set of triplets, and they are only beginning to talk, and they all three say bright things at once?"



POOR THING!

Why weeps the cow? Why don't she give
The fly a swishing shoo?
See how the artist drew her tail—
What can the poor cow do?

A Reminiscence.

IT IS the tenth year of the world. Colonel Adam Adam, the popular farmer of the land of Nod, is busy in his field, when a political delegation calls on him. By way of opening the conversation, the chairman observes,

"We are having an early fall, this year, colonel."

"Not half as early as we had in one," snorts Colonel Adam, turning his back on the delegation.

Realizing that they have fractured the entente cordiale, the visitors silently withdraw.

DID you ever see a newsp per portrait of a man who was in politics for his health?

A PENNILESS man is always telling you how charitable he would be if he had the price.



HOW'S THIS FOR LOGIC?

"What are you plunging back in the water for? You just swam ashore."
"Shure, Oi had to save meself first; now Oi'm goin' to fetch Moike."

He Knew.

"THERE is a good deal of illiteracy around here, isn't there?" asked the man from the north, who was journeying through the wilds of Arkansas.

"Thar used to be, stranger," replied the native to whom the inquiry was addressed, "but them confounded revenue officers have done busted the business plumb up."

His Role.

"I SEE that de Rantem is going to be a star next season," observed Brutus Futlites to Beatrice Litefutes.

"A shooting-star, no doubt," commented Beatrice with that spontaneous wit which has made her press-agent famous; "for I understand he is to have the leading rôle in a wild-west drama."



HIS DEFINITION.

"By hookey! that must be the fire-water I've heerd the Indians tell so much on but never seed before."

The Merry Magnates.

"HA, HA!" laughed the first street-railway magnate, who was going through his mail. "Here's a funny letter."

"What is it?" asked the second street-railway magnate.

"Oh, the usual bunch of complaints about the service," explained the first speaker; "but it is signed 'A patron of twenty years' standing.'"

McFigger—"I saw Markley blowing off that theatrical manager to a ten-dollar dinner yesterday."

Thingumbob—"Yes; a scheme of his, and it worked beautifully. He was working him for a couple of passes."



HOW THE UP-TO-DATE PROPRIETOR OF MANLESS BEACH UTILIZED THE SEA-SERPENT.

In the Gro-
cery.

JAMES," said the honest grocer to his industrious clerk, "I find that you have taken in a counterfeit dollar and two or three lead quarters this week. You must be more careful. I have spoken to you several times about giving better attention to your work. Now, hereafter you must notice the money that is handed to you, and not let these swindlers palm off imitations on you. While I am on the subject of your inattention—I might say carelessness, but

let's call it inattention to duty—I might as well tell you not to pour any more water into that barrel of pure cider-vinegar. It's almost too weak now to avoid complaint, and it will not do to reduce it further.



'RASTUS'S INGENUITY.

"Say, boss, I bet dis yere combinashun 's gwine ter ketch me sumthin'."

Where's that 'pure country butter' sign? Hunt it up and put it on this tub of butter that has just come in from the packing-house. You ought to have done that when the goods came in. And what have you done with the 'new-laid eggs' card? Get it right away and place it on this crate from the storage-house. Oh, yes; and don't forget to push this genuine maple-syrup to the customers. Here's a couple of bottles I brought back from home. We can't eat the stuff. Put the bottles in stock and get rid of them. Now, move a little livelier, James, and look out for bad money, and you'll be all right."

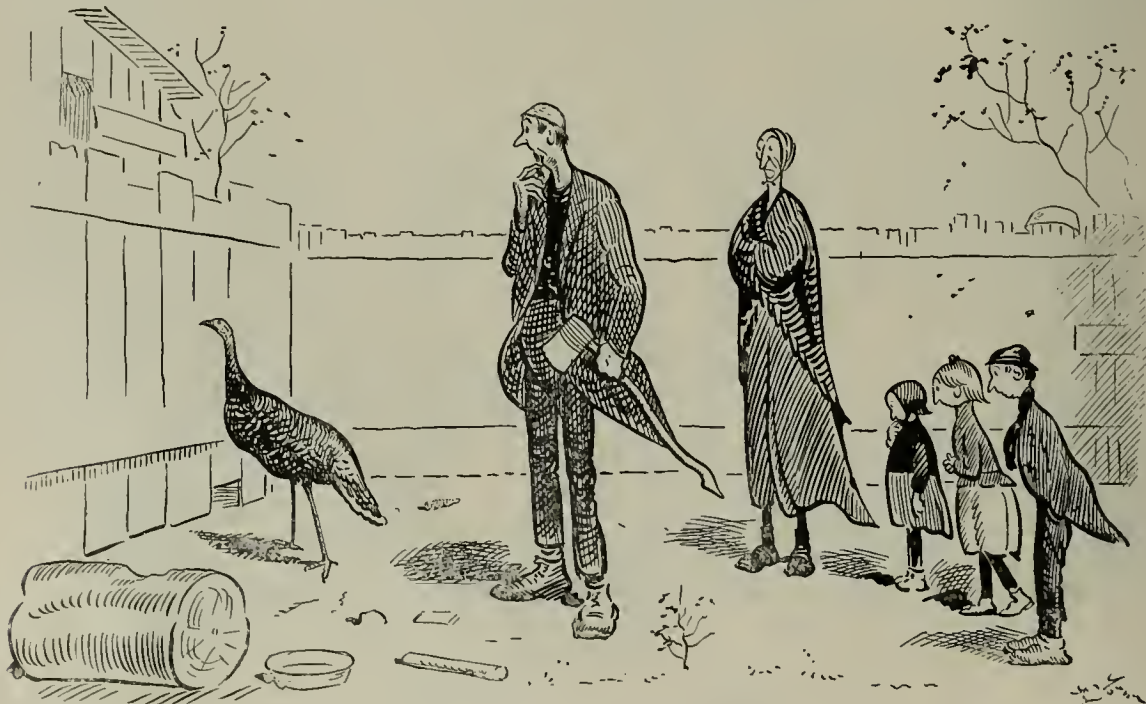
Useful Piece of
Furniture.

THEY are going to have a bureau of information at the corner drug-store during the convention," said Mrs. Perkins.

"Wonder if we couldn't get it after the convention is over," mused her husband.

"Get it? Get what?" inquired Mrs. Perkins.

"The bureau of information. We need one in the house. I could keep my handkerchiefs in it. Nobody ever knows where they are now."



"THE TIE THAT BINDS"

FARMER—"Mother, I hain't got the heart ter do it. It'd seem too much like killin' one o' the family."

COMEDY



A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

GOLDHEIM—“My wife is very sentimental. She has preserved der old shoes dot were flung after us at our wedding.”
UPENBERG—“Is dot so? I wouldn't eat 'em—I'd make her donate dot preserve to a church-fair or somedings like dot.”

2/27/11

Helpful Hints.

THE anxious mother rings up what she thinks is the day-nursery to ask for some advice as to her child. She asks the central for the "nursery," and is given Mr. Gottfried Gluber, the florist and tree-dealer. The following conversation ensues:

"I called up the nursery. Is this the nursery?"
 "Yes, ma'am."
 "I am so worried about my little Rose."
 "Vat seems to be der madder?"
 "Oh, not so very much, perhaps, but just a general listlessness and lack of life."

"Ain'd growing righd, eh?"
 "No, sir."
 "Vell, I dell you vat you do. You dake der skissors und cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und"

"Wha-a-at?"
 "I say, dake der skissors und cut off apoud two inches vrom der limbs, und den turn der garten-hose on for apoud four hours in der morning"

"Wha-a-at?"
 "Turn der garten-hose on for apoud four hours in der morning, und den pile a lot ohf plack dirt all aroud, und shprinkle mit insegt-powter all ofer der top"

"Sir-r-r?"
 "Shprinkle mit insegt-powter all ofer der top. You know usually id is noddings but pugs dot"

"How dare you? What do you mean by using such language?"
 "Noddings but pugs dot chenerally causes der troubles; und den you vant to vash der rose mit a liquid



I.

HARRY UPSTART—"Well, this is the day I throw up my job. I realize that it will be hard to fill my place, but you have never appreciated my ability; so I am going to make money for myself instead of piling it up for you."

preparations I haf for sale"—
 "Who in the world are you, anyway?"
 "Gottfried Gluber, der florists."
 "O-o-oh!" weakly. "Good-bye!"

Sambo in the Storm.

WHEN de big clouds dark de sky,
 An' de crows begin to fly;
 When a mewl prick up his ears—

Dat's de time a niggah skeers.
 When de lightnin' make a streak
 'Crost de fiel' an' down de creek;
 When de thunder growl an' roll—
 Good Lawd, save a niggah's soul!

When de screech-owl bulge his eyes
 Ten times bigger dan dar size;
 When de tree-tops swing an' bend—
 Good Lawd, be de niggah's friend.

When de winds in canebrakes roar,
 When de rains break loose an' pour,
 When de debil turn out wild—
 Good Lawd, hope dis niggah child.

His Estimate.

"**Y**OU used to tell me I was birdlike," complains the fond wife.

The brutal husband continues to bury his nose in the paper.

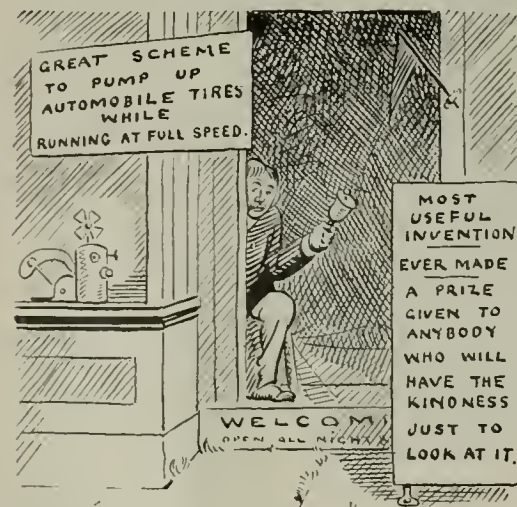
"You used to tell me I was birdlike," repeats the fond wife, "but now you never act as if you thought so."

"You're still birdlike," growls the brutal husband.

"One wouldn't think you thought so, to judge by"

"Isn't a parrot a bird?"

WHEN the red-haired young lady goes out for a stroll
 No longer a white horse with dread fills her soul.
 But oh, what unspeakable joy does she feel
 At the sight of a snowy-white automobile!



2.

In business for himself.

A Costly Oversight.

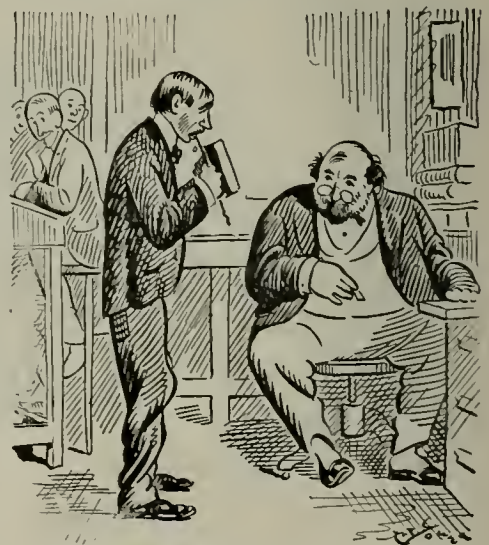
Kirby—"Poor Benedict thought two could live as cheaply as one."

Corby—"Discovered his mistake, eh?"

Kirby—"Sure! He entirely overlooked the bargain days."

Misnomers.

HOW often do we witness
 Quite a run on walking-canes!
 And who finds accommodation
 In accommodation trains?



3.

HARRY UPSTART (a year later)—"Are you in need of an office-boy, sir?"

At a Revival.



HE parson, after a sermon of fiery eloquence, exhorting the congregation to accept the spirit of the Lord and be saved, concluded his sermon by inviting every one to come forward for prayer, and all did so except Farmer Jones, who remained in his seat. There was a moment of awkward silence.

"Mr. Jones," said the parson in his most persuasive manner, "won't you come forward for prayer?"

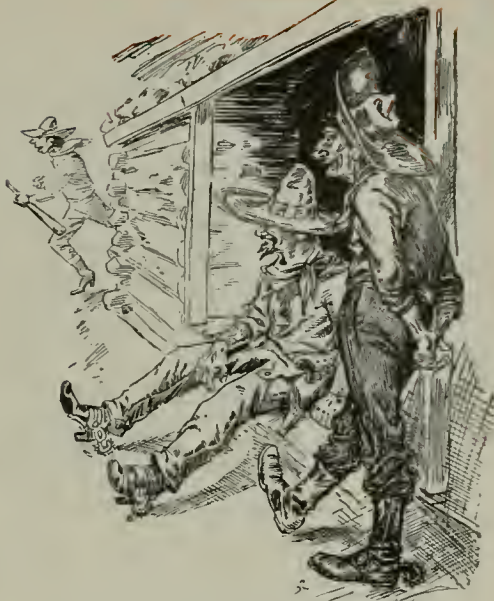
"No; guess not," said the farmer quietly.

"Don't you want to be born again?" queried the parson.

"No, I do not."

"And why not, may I ask?"

"'Fraid I should be a girl."



BASEBALL IN FROZEN DOG.

BRONCO BILL—"Lord! Jack's made a glaring error."

GRIZZLY PETE—"Why, de game ain't started yet!"

BRONCO BILL—"Nope; but he's going inter de game without his gun!"



BICYCLING TERM.

"A paced race."

Preceptress (to fair one beginning Virgil)—
"Miss Jones, you may begin."

Miss Jones—"I sing of arms and the man"—
let me see—"I sing of arms and the man"—"

Preceptress—"Well, Miss Jones, what follows?"

Miss Jones (with confidence)—"Oh! an engagement, I am sure."

A Bud of Passage.

HE JOYED that she was back in town.

He had resolved to tell his love.

To meet her train, he hurried down

In ardent haste his fate to prove.

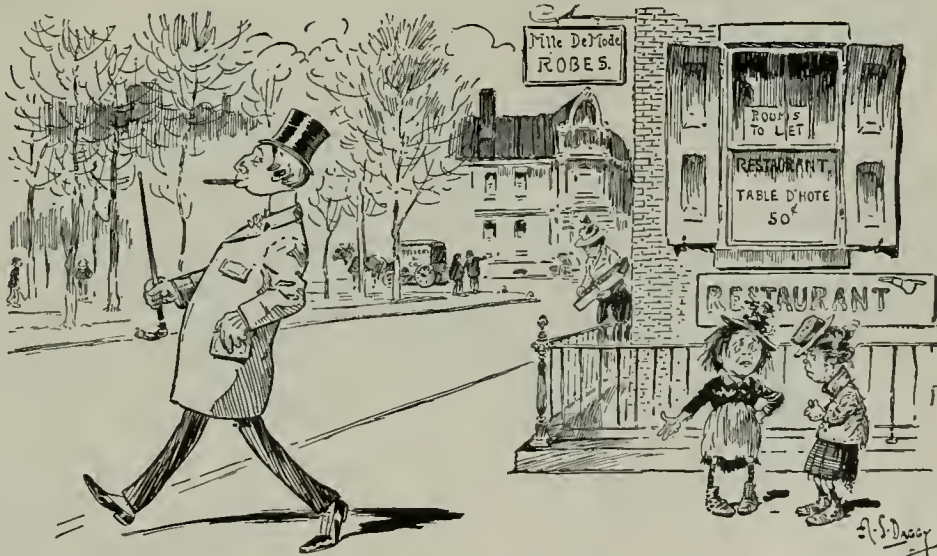
"You're glad to be at home?" His pause
She filled as fast as she could speak—

"Glad? yes, I'm awfully glad—because
We sail for India next week!"

Correct.

Jones—"In what time does McGovern usually win?"

Bones—"Jig."



THE CRY OF THE WEARY.

MAGGIE—"Ain't it orful de extravagance uv de rich?"

NORA—"Sinful! I'll bet de money dat young guy wastes on champagne and cigars would keep two or three poor families in mixed ale and terbacker!"



His Mission.

HE gayly sports
About the lot,
And oft cavorts
In joy red-hot
To keep in trim
His kicking gear
For lifting him
That ventures
near,
Around the bland
Sky to gyrate.
To scatter and
Disintegrate.

Friend—"Marriage is a lottery."
Confirmed bachelor—"Take no chances."



AN INDUCEMENT.

"Don't cry, little boy, and I will give you half of the worm out of this apple."

"ARE you a good all-round girl?"

"Shure, mum, it's all round the town Oi've bin in the lasht two months."

Mrs. Flynn—"It must hov bin a great blow whin Diddy died, Mrs. Murphy."

Mrs. Murphy—"Yis; but Oi r-remimbered we are all in the hands av an unshcrupulous providence."

Blibson—"I understand that South American general has resolved to sell his life dearly?"

Glibson—"Yes; he wants ten dollars for the library edition."



THE HOG-TRAIN.

TATTERDEN TORAN—"Bill's on de hog-train all right."

WESTWARD HOE—"He is?"

TATTERDEN TORAN—"Yes. He's a brakeman on de elevated railroad, down in New York."

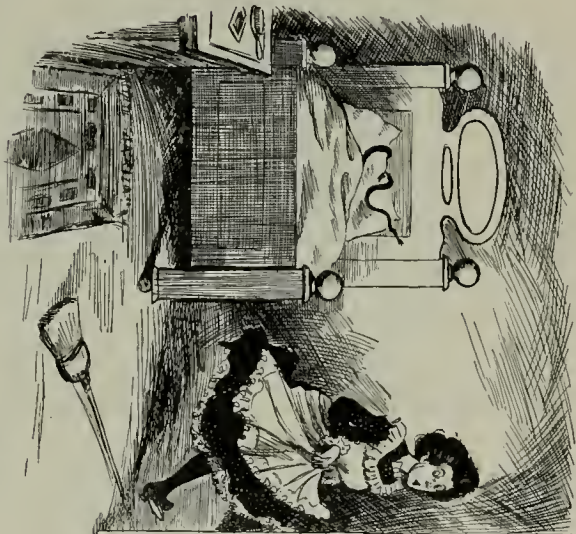
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A Philosopher.

A LONG the railroad calmly doth he stray—
Direct descendant of the line of Pan ;
The toothsome biliboard and tomato-can
His verniform appendix keep o. k.
What school he springs from moral cannot say—
The Stagyrte's or Plato's ? 'Tis his wan
Indifference to things observed of man
Makes life to him a rose-embroidered way.
What's Heeuba to him or he to Hee-
Uba ? He wags his beard and does not dwell
On battles, spoils, intrigues and things remote.
He climbs great heights and never risks his neck,
And is, as thinkers more advanced know well,
Our only true philosopher—the goat.

New One on Him.

"WOULD you take umbrage if I invited you to have a drink ?" asks the city cousin of his stem-faced country uncle.
"Umbrage ? I dunno. 'Tain't anything, like one o' these here radium cocktails th' papers is printin' things about, is it ?"



1. "Oh, heavens ! a serpent !"

The Street.

THE street it has a sorry time
That runs through our town—
Somebody digs the asphalt up
As soon as it is down.

They come with hammers, gravel, tar,
Steam-rollers, grings of men ;
They build the street secure and firm—
Then dig it up again.

They never ask the street if they
May take such liberties ;
They trample on its feelings, and
They do just as they please.

I wonder, if the street could talk,
How it would phrase its views ?
I guess we would not dare to print
The language it would use.

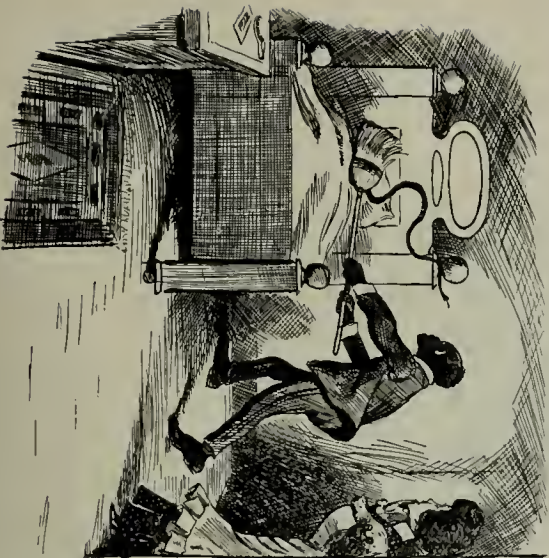
TALK about th' vanity of wo-
men ! What do us sea-captains
wear brass buttons for ?

To a Clam.

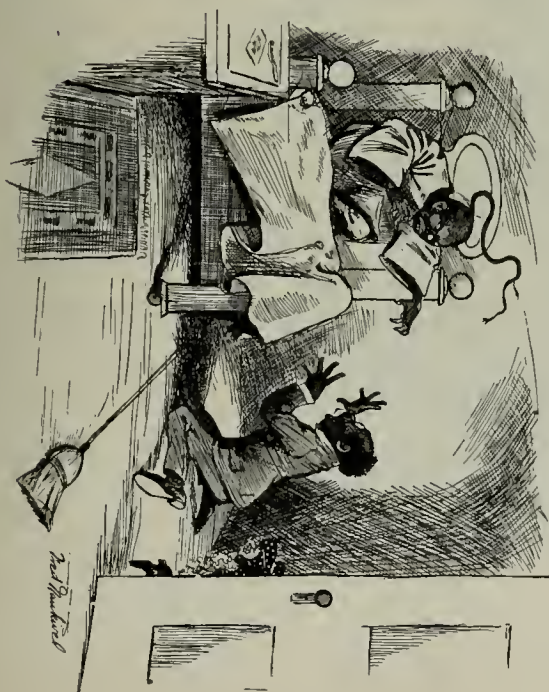
"Happy as a clam,"—*Senator Depew,*
"Don't be a clam,"—*Hindu proverb.*
THOU sapient symbol of terrestrial bliss !
Lone eremite within thy shining shell,
So like unto the gelid sonnet—well,
That won't add much to thy fair fame, I wis.
Thy valued aid to happiness in this
Cold world, where we are doomed, perforce, to dwell
Is greater than some ingrates choose to tell,
Whose little souls are steeped in prejudice.
The pessimists splenetically laugh
At thee, and, from their jaundiced point of view,
They liken thee to ignorance kossouth !
Thy fame's secure. Paraken on the half
Shell, or the chowder's gossamer frou-frou,
Thou art the counter of perpetual youth.

THE author of the remark, "Time will tell," was confronted by Time himself.

"Look here !" said the old gentleman ; "don't you know you will get people all mixed up about me ? I'm no woman !"



2. "Don't yo' be skeered. miss. 'T's killed lots ob snakes." (Biff! biff!)



3. "Forgive me, boss !"



HERR BOOMLAUTER—"Vait! I haf lose my trum-schdick. Neffer mind—"



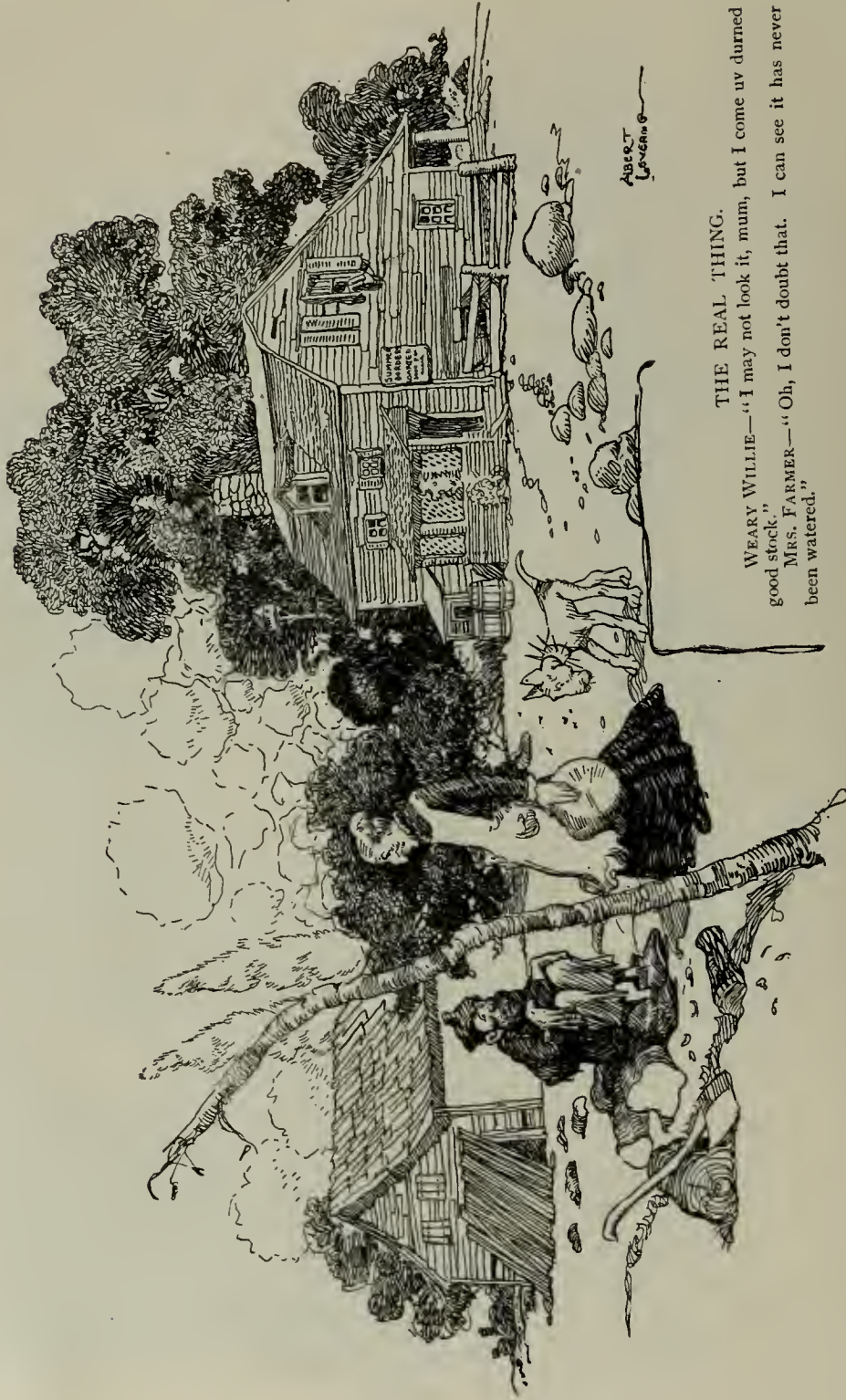
A TIMELY SUBSTITUTE.

— I haf found id."



WORSE THAN THE SICKNESS.

Mrs. HALLORAN—"Th' docthor sez ye are to hov' wan spoonful av whiskey in a toombler av wather twy' two hours."
Mr. HALLORAN—"As it Oi wasn't sooderin' enough alriddy' without sich a prescription as thot!"



THE REAL THING.

WEARY WILLIE—"I may not look it, mum, but I come uv durned good stock."
MRS. FARMER—"Oh, I don't doubt that. I can see it has never been watered."



A RELIEF.

TRAMP—"Lady, I hev no place ter lay me head"
 LADY—"Poor man! Here is fifty cents for a sofa-pillow."

Conflicting Emotions.

THE two girls—they were schoolmates once and ate olives from the same jar and made fudge over the same gas-jet—the two girls meet after the lapse of years.

"Oh, you dear old thing!" is of course the first exclamation from each of them.

The first confesses, with some embarrassment, that she has not yet been married.

"I am married, though," acknowledges the second.

"How sweet! Whom did you marry?"

"Tullyrand Stitchem, the famous ladies' tailor."

"Isn't that just grand? Now you can have your frocks made for nothing."

"Yes; but think what it is to know that your husband is making gowns for other women and may make one of them a handsomer one than he makes you!"

At this the first girl is properly sympathetic.

He (enthusiastically) — "How true to life Miss Warble sang that coon-song!"

She (acridly) — "Well, I should say so! Why, she was black in the face."

An Acquired Taste.

AT A luncheon to which little Mary and her mother were invited a peculiar kind of cake, new to the three-year-old, was served. After tasting it thoughtfully she said, "Mother, I wish you'd get the recipe for this."

"Why, darling?" said the gratified hostess. "Do you like it?"

"Not at all," answered the cherub decidedly; "but if mother'd make it and make it I might learn to like it."



HIS SEAT.

MOSE—"Dat's de bull Jeff swapped his ole mule fer."
 PETE—"Huh! Jeff 's got a seat on de stock-exchange."

The World's Cold Wave.

Mr. Quiller (the lawyer)—"By the way, I wonder what became of little 'Scrappy' McGinnis, who used to play 'hookey' to play baseball when we were back in the little stone school-house? I'll bet he came to no good end."

Dr. Poorpreach (regretfully) — "He's now getting ten thousand dollars a summer as a baseball pitcher."

From Stake to Steak.

"**T**HE horse must go."
 Full soon he'll be
 A figment and a fable.
 The auto on the road we see,
 The equine on the table.

ACCOMPLISHED HIS WISH.

To be a big gun
 Was what he desired,
 So first he got loaded
 And then he was fired.

ANYTHING FOR A RIDE.

Some fresh-air children were staying in a large farm-house on the outskirts of a pretty town. One of the little girls had a bad toothache. It was found necessary to drive into town with her and have the tooth removed. Next morning two more of the children announced that their teeth ached. They were taken in for treatment. Coming back the older boy was overheard to say, "Ain't this bully? I told Jim to come, but he was skeered. Didn't hurt much."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mrs. A. as she realized, with a gasp, that for the sake of the ride into town the boys had sacrificed their teeth. An omnibus was provided to take the children driving every day after that, and there



THE SMART SET.

"How am yo'r bloomin' bride segastiatin' dis mawnin', sah?"
 "She am feelin' quite preposterous, sah. In fact, she am de only toad in de puddle."

EXPOSED.

There had been a high time at the fashionable summer resort for some weeks, and the hero of it was a man of fascinating appearance and all the usual qualities to be found in the hero of modern fiction. When he smiled all the women were at his feet, and not simply because he was the only good-looking man in the place.

The gossips were already beginning to whisper and to predict an engagement between him and the belle of the town. They were constantly together, and the story of her heart could be read in her eyes.

But the end came at last. One day they were sitting together in a secluded corner, when he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and something fell to the floor. The adoring girl immediately grabbed it, saying that she would keep it as a souvenir of him, but when she looked at it their romance was ended. There was no need to be a Sherlock Holmes to know that he was a family man, and, what was even worse, that his home was probably in Brooklyn. The souvenir that she had picked up was a safety-pin.

was not another case of toothache.

BUILDING ON SAND.

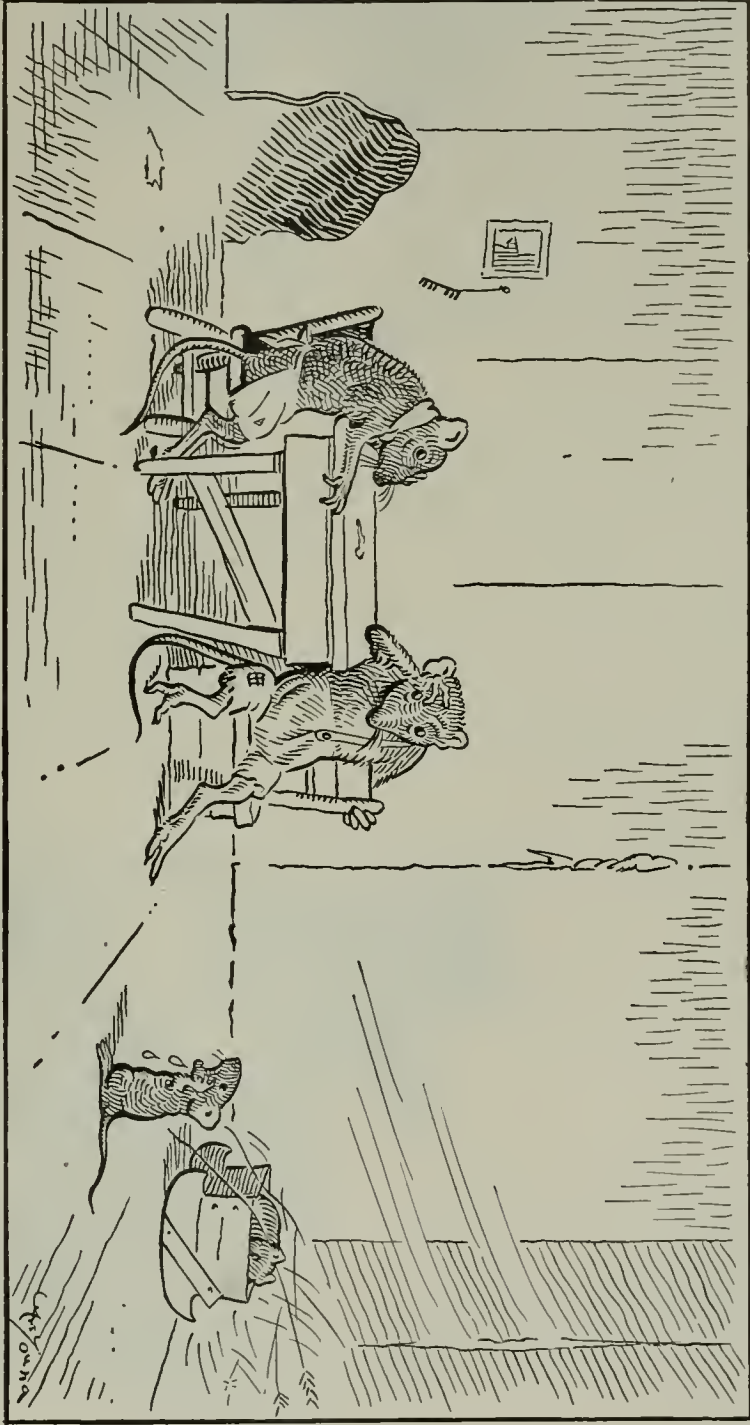
Freddie—"What is circumstantial evidence?"

Cobwigger—"As a general thing it's the theory of an expert, which is proved to be entirely wrong when the truth comes out."



IN THE SWIM.

"Dat feller wid de four-in-han' run me off de bridge an' make me 'take water,' an' dat's som'thin' I neber do if I can help it."



THE ONLY RELIEF.
Mr. Mouse—"Maud, it's one of two things—either starve in this poverty-stricken church basement, or go over to that new Christian-science church, where all you have to do is to imagine you're not hungry."

Culinary.

WHEN first upon a platter
My heart was served to you,
The cooking you did flatter
Because the dish was new.

My heart again did Cupid
Serve as a réchauffée.
You said the cook was stupid
To serve it every day.

Convinced that he must hide it
(Base use for hearts to stoop),
He cut it up and fried it
And served it in the soup.

Works Both Ways.

"IF WE had more money at
our command," declare the
polar explorers, "we could find
the north pole in no time."

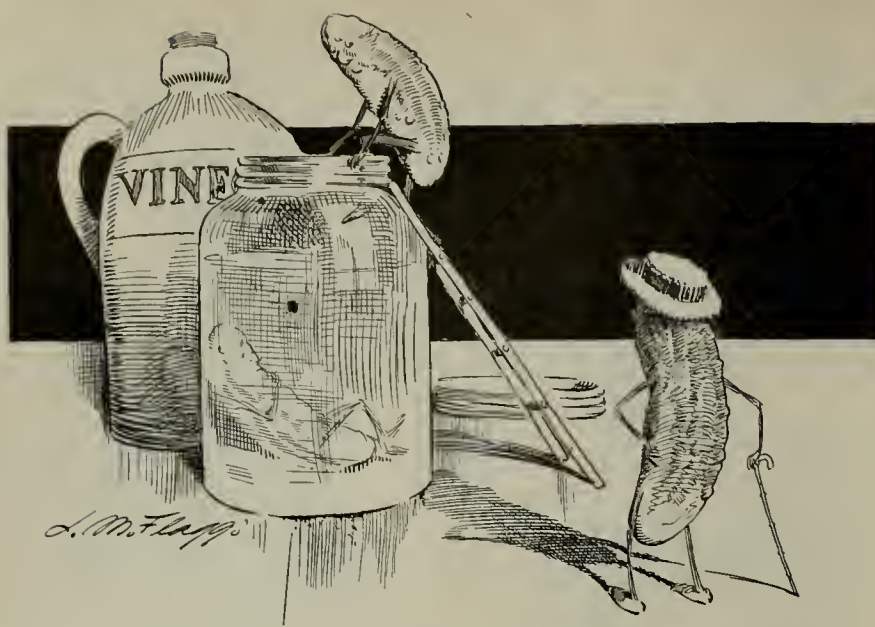
"If you had more north
poles," retort the plutocrats,
"you could discover one once in
a while, too."

Whereat the explorers dis-
cover that their compasses have been deflected by the
wrong bank-account.

Did Not Appeal to Him.

"NO," SAID the cannibal king; "I take great pleasure
in informing you that I have abandoned my former
custom of dining on such sailors as should be shipwrecked
on my island. I have lost all liking for them."

"Ah!" mused the missionary. "The salt has lost
its savor."



THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE.

FIRST CUCUMBER—"I say! what the deuce are you getting into that pickle for?"
SECOND CUCUMBER—"Merely as a matter of self-preservation."

The New Ceremony.

"IF ANY person," says the judge solemnly, "knows of
any reason why this couple should not be divorced,
let him now speak or forever after hold his peace."

The plaintiff and defendant gaze nervously about the
court-room.

"I object to this ceremony going any further!" cries a
person in a rear seat, who springs to his feet.

"Why?" asks the judge.

"The woman has no histrionic ability whatever."

Sternly the judge orders
the bailiff to escort the baffled
pair to the door.

No Trail.

"THE crime," declares the
great detective, "was
evidently committed by a
woman."

"Ah!" says the listener.
"And do you expect to dis-
cover her trail?"

"No," asserts the wise
sleuth "And I will tell you
why. My deductions impel
me to the belief that the
woman wore a rainy-day
skirt."

The Difference.

LIFE is light as any feather
If we're steering clear of
fogs;
And 'tis only "beastly" weather
When 'tis raining cats and
dogs.



THE SUMMER MAN AT THE BEACH.

He has an eye that seeks the light
That shines in lovely faces,
And an arm that is successful quite
In getting round waist places.

MISS KITTY'S PROPOSALS

By W. W. AULICK

THE place is too pitifully prosaic for words," complained Miss Kitty Kildare poutfully, tracing on the sand with the point of her pink parasol a most affrightingly grotesque figure; "here three days and not even a proposal!"

She stabbed the beach savagely with the ferrule of her sun shield, then suddenly sat bolt upright in the stationary chair which was hers for the season. The ever-dancing light in the big brown eyes flashed with a swift accession of fire, the parasol dropped from her dimpled fingers, and she sat with her bare elbows resting on her knees, staring intently into the boisterous sea. Then slowly she rose, gathering up her skirts and treading daintily across the strip to the short boardwalk which led to the road, noting not the laughing bathers in the surf or the tanned loungers on the shore.

"Not a bad-looking girl, that Miss Kildare," mused Montgomery, the big-bodied young broker, watching her from his seat 'neath the arbor. "I must find more time for cultivating her."

"Regular picture-girl," decided little Stewart, the lawyer; "she blends beautifully with that gentle ocean breeze. Guess I'll see a bit more of her."

Meantime, Miss Kildare gained the roadway and stepped into the dog-cart drawn by the fat little pony Pronto, so called on account of his undeviating dislike of fast motion. It is to be said of Pronto, the pony, that not only did he regard the frequently posted warnings as to illegal speeds—he actually anticipated them. And so it was that Miss Kildare reached the hotel not so soon as she wished, and jumping hastily from the cart, bitterly reproached Pronto for his deliberateness, to the which Pronto responded by showing his teeth in a smile of faint derision.

Miss Kildare hurried to her room, sought her writing-desk and wrote rapidly for ten minutes. Then she stretched back in the chair, chewed abstractedly on the end of the penholder and read her composition. In all, she had written two letters, and the first of these was thus:

"MY DEAR MR. MONTGOMERY: I scarcely know how to set about answering you, because the task is certainly the most distasteful I have ever had put to me. The words I should like to use will not come freely, and the words that do suggest themselves are much too hackneyed to be used on such an occasion. Of course I might tell you that I am immensely honored by the offer you have made me, and sincerely regret that I am not able to do as you wish. And, after all, I fancy that is the best thing for me to say. The expression is not new, but it is wondrously true. I do greatly respect you, Mr. Montgomery, and I do very earnestly thank you for asking me to be your wife, but I cannot marry you. You have been so

frank and manly with me that I feel a like candor is due you. When I say I do not care for you in that way, it is because I do care for some one else in that way, and this makes me the more considerate of your feelings because that some one has as yet given no sign that the sentiment is mutual. He is all things that are worthy—as a matter of fact, he is staying here for the season, and you must know him and his many fine qualities—and he has won my heart. I do not say this in the spirit to exalt him at this time, but rather because I wish you to know just why I cannot answer you as you wish, and also to prove to you that others suffer in affairs of this sort besides yourself. I trust that things being as they are will not make any change in our friendship. I respect you highly and shall value your continued acquaintance—but my love is no longer mine to give. Believe me,

"Very, very sincerely yours,
"KATHERINE KILDARE."

The other letter occupied the same number of pages, as indeed, why should it not, seeing that, word for word, the notes were indetical? The only difference was in the address. The second epistle started, "My dear Mr. Stewart."

Miss Kildare addressed two envelopes, following her critical inspection of her product. The one superscription was,

Mr. Martin Montgomery,
The Twiggeries,
Important. Town.

As for the other envelope, the legend ran,
Mr. Donald Stewart,
Hotel Hollyhock,
Important. Town.

Whereupon, with an inscrutable look in the still dancing eyes, Miss Kitty Kildare folded and properly creased the note of rejection to Mr. Montgomery and inclosed it in the envelope directed to Mr. Stewart. This leaving one note and one envelope, Miss Kildare effected a combination by placing the letter to Mr. Stewart in the wrapper marked for Mr. Montgomery, sealed the correspondence, and, tripping lightly to the reading-room, dropped both communications in the mail-box and sighed rapturously.

Mr. Martin Montgomery, at breakfast next morning, devouring the stock list in the city paper with almost as much relish as he did the porterhouse and grilled eggs, grumblingly laid aside the market report as an attendant handed him a letter. The momentary ill-humor speedily gave place to curiosity as the young broker regarded the envelope.

"Postmarked here," he commented, "and in the hand-

writing of a woman. And 'town,' too. I don't believe I know any girl here who writes to me."

He tore open the envelope in a puzzled sort of way, and the air of mystification with which he had received the note heightened as he read the first few lines. Then he laid the letter down and picked up the envelope, which he examined with the utmost care. This, too, he laid down, and for a full minute he regarded the ceiling with an inattentiveness which drew out the respectful alarm of the headwaiter. Then he put the envelope in his pocket and read the letter slowly and painstakingly.

After breakfast he walked out in the sycamore grove and dropped into a shaded arbor, where again he read the letter written by Miss Kildare and rejecting Mr. Stewart. Finally his thoughts took shape.

"So little Stewart has been proposing to Miss Kildare, eh?" he mused. "And been properly turned down, eh? Well, why not? What could a goddessy creature like that girl see in a little two-by-four lawyer? When she marries, I'll bet she marries some man she will have to look up to, a big, athletic fellow who can protect her, a fellow like—well, well, what am I thinking of? Now, I wonder who the man is she's in love with," thus ran the thoughts of Mr. Montgomery. "She says he's staying here. Why, she's only been here herself three days. She can't have become acquainted with very many. Let's try the process of elimination."

Mr. Montgomery thus indulged himself for a few minutes, when a strange look came into his eyes, a look as of appreciation and quasi-pity and speculation. Gradually the speculation passed away and smug satisfaction reigned. He re-read that portion of Miss Kildare's letter to Stewart dwelling on the loss of the lady's affections.

"He's all things worthy,' eh? Well, she's a fine little girl, and I'm really sorry for her. Think I haven't given any sign of returning her affection, eh? Poor little thing! I'll have to be more considerate of her. Of course she is quite right about the sentiment not being mutual, but I can't see a girl like that suffer. I'll pay her a little more attention in the future, and I do hope she will get over her infatuation."

It will be seen that careful self-examination and a studious reading of the note to Stewart had brought Mr. Montgomery to a position where he could not very well ignore the regrettable effect of his charm.

"Now, about this letter," ran on the big broker, "I can't very well send it to Stewart after the seal has been broken, and I don't feel like handing it back to Miss Kildare, because the poor child would be frightfully embarrassed if she knew I had learned her feelings toward me. I fancy Stewart will be hanging around her, anyway, and will get his refusal orally."

And with this reflection Mr. Montgomery stuffed the note in his pocket and strolled down toward the beach, where Miss Kitty might reasonably be expected to be found.

About the time Mr. Montgomery, in the breakfast-room of The Twiggeries, was reading the

rejection of Mr. Donald Stewart, that rising young lawyer was performing a similar service for Mr. Montgomery.

"There is one thing to be said of her," admitted Mr. Stewart, after he had grasped the substance of the note and comprehended that the lady had made a mistake in the inclosures, "she is a girl of a good deal of sense. I am right glad she has sent that long-legged ass Montgomery about his business. Now as to this other reference"—

The legal mind worked fast, the circumstantial evidence was strong, and the inevitable conclusion warranted Stewart in stealing a glimpse of his features in the dining-room mirror.

"She's just like the rest of them," he thought on, with the petty vanity of a little man. "I can't pay them the slightest attention, but—oh, well, what's the use? The damage is done now, and it is my place to undo it as far as I can by treating her in the manner best calculated to show her the case is hopeless. She will be wise enough to see that it is all for the best."

Then another suggestion occurred to the apostle of Blackstone. If he had in an envelope addressed to him a letter intended for Montgomery, it was logical to suppose that Montgomery had a letter intended for Stewart, and the latter wondered what it was Miss Kildare had been writing him about. This he would ascertain, and then set about reconciling Miss Kildare to the renunciation she must make. As for Montgomery's letter, Stewart would retain that. He was too good a lawyer to voluntarily part with important documentary evidence. Having settled



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

THE ONLY CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE.



THE UNCERTAINTIES OF GOLF.

"I drove a ball over in this direction. Did you see where it landed?"
 "No; but I can put my hand on the spot."

these matters to his satisfaction, he climbed into a Hotel Hollyhock vehicle and was driven to the beach.

Miss Kitty Kildare sat in her beach-chair, just at the edge of the arbor, tracing in the glistening white sand with the point of her parasol, the subjects being Cupids and hearts and doves, with due allowance for the lady's originality of conception and limitations of execution. A few chairs away, pleasantly out of earshot, taking into account the friendly murmur of the sea, Miss Kitty's aunt, Mildred, dozed luxuriously and decorously. Miss Kitty was not bathing, because one cannot be beautiful and bathe at one and the same time, no matter what the sentimentalists may tell you. If you have hair and let it fall down your back, you will be a spectacle two minutes after the sea has drenched you. And if you confine your hair under one of those red, white, or blue rubber caps, the effect is not inspiring. It is far and away the part of wisdom to sit daintily on the beach, clad all in white, from ties to straw hat, looking as fresh as the morning and as cool as the waters of a mountain spring—that is, if there is a task before you requiring delicacy of handling.

And, as a matter of fact, such a self-appointed task lay directly ahead of Miss Kitty Kildare, and even now approached her, in the somewhat puffing person of good Master Donald Stewart.

The young man gave an execrable imitation of surprise at the sight of the all-white vision in the beach-chair, paused as if he really had been intending to pass on to the other end of the bathing-ground, and then remarked that the day was fine but a bit sticky.

Miss Kildare explained that this was the humidity, and expressed the opinion that the proper place for water was in the sea and not in the air. Mr. Stewart agreed with this very reasonable view and was invited to sit beside Miss Kildare.

"In fact," said the lady, "I have something to say to you. I almost wrote you a note about it yesterday. I got as far as the envelope, then I thought I would wait until I saw you, for there really was no need of haste."

"So she directed an envelope to me and it lay there when she had finished Montgomery's letter," thought Stewart. "That accounts for it." Then he asked what had been the purport of the note that was never written.

"Aunt is going to get up a yachting party for me," explained Miss Kildare, "and she doesn't know very much about these things, for nearly all her life has been spent in inland cities, where they do not yacht. And I don't know much about it, either. So we thought we would ask your advice, because everyone says you are such an experienced sailor."

"She has noted every one of my likes and peculiarities," thought Stewart compassionately. "She is really a very pretty girl." Which utterly disconnected ideas were followed by his reply that he would consider the major domo-ing of Miss Kildare's yachting party the proudest privilege of his life. Miss Kildare thanked him very prettily and smiled, and Mr. Stewart noted that her teeth were as milky and regular as the white keys on a piano. "See here, boy," counseled Mr. Stewart to himself, "you've been losing a lot of time. This young lady is worth the most assiduous cultivation."

Whereupon he made himself very agreeable, and in thus pleasing Miss Kitty immensely pleased himself, which is ever the aim of his kind. So absorbed, indeed, were the merry pair that they did not notice that for the last quarter of an hour Mr. Martin Montgomery had been stalking up and down the sand, casting now and again a furtive glance in their direction.

"Silly little shrimp," growled the broker; "he wouldn't be laughing quite so heartily if he knew what I have in my pocket. And how well the girl carries it off. She must be surprised that Stewart has sought her out after she had dismissed him, but she is such a thoroughbred she accepts the situation with the greatest grace. I suppose she thinks Stewart has decided to accept the advice she gave him about friendship and all that. But I'll bet I wouldn't go hanging around a girl who had turned me down. But oh, he doesn't know he's been refused," thought Montgomery, with a start. "Say, this is getting somewhat complicated. I wish he'd get through. I want to talk to her myself. She looks glorious this morning. There, some one has called him away."

And the coast being clear, Montgomery, without too much haste, made his way over to where Miss Kildare sat, a picture of demure serenity, with the possible exception of a light which danced out now and then from the glorious brown eyes and transformed her into a veritable imp of mischief. Kitty greeted the tall broker cordially, and expressed a growing belief in the hidden, the mystic, and the incomprehensible.



THE ALTAR.

Said the sweet and single maiden,
 "Will you tell me, if you can,
 Why the lovingest of lovers
 Is no sooner wedded than
 He becomes the careless husband
 Of the matrimonial plan?"

"Oh, it is the marriage altar!"
 Said the bitter married man.



THE OBJECTIONS OF A CANNIBAL.

"Brother, why do you object to Christianity?"

"Because I've always found it hard to keep a good man down."

"Because," she said, "I was thinking of you at the very minute you appeared. Is that mental telepathy, or thought transference, or Christian science, or what?"

"I don't know the scientific term," said Montgomery, with easy gallantry, "but I should unhesitatingly characterize it as delightful to be thought of by Miss Kildare."

"Yes, indeed," went on the lady, ignoring the compliment; "I was thinking about you just now, and I was thinking about you yesterday. There was something I wanted to ask you about, and I even set out to write you a note. I got as far as the envelope, and then something distracted my attention."

"That was hardly fair to me," suggested Montgomery.

"It was a letter just handed me," said the girl, "and it required an early answer. When I remembered about you, I decided I would wait and speak to you, as I thought surely you would be on the beach."

"With such an attraction," said Montgomery, "the beach ought to play to capacity. May I ask what it was you were going to ask me?"

"Why, you see," said the girl, "auntie and I want to get up an amateur theatrical entertainment for charity, and we don't know much about the details of management. Everybody says you're a splendid amateur stage manager, and we wanted to ask if you would take charge of the affair for us."

"You are doing me a positive favor when you suggest it," said Montgomery warmly. And he added mentally, "How graceful she is! she would make an ideal Juliet—and I should like to play Romeo to her!"

Then they fell to discussing the plan, and were deep in the details when Stewart came hurrying away from the interrupting friends.

"Well," he stormed, "just see that lumbering Montgomery paying attention to that pretty girl! I never saw such assurance in my life. I fancy a sight of a certain letter would take the conceit out of him." And the little

lawyer walked over to the pair, because he was not going to resign any of his rights to a man who was not even a rival.

The gentlemen greeted each other with distant politeness, and the talk, perforce, became general. When Montgomery caught a darting glimpse from the big, brown eyes he read the message, "What an awful bore this little man is; I wish he would go, so we could resume our intimate talk." And when the brown eyes favored Stewart with a swift, comprehending glance, he interpreted it, "Now, why couldn't that fellow have stayed away? We were having such a delightful time together."

Neither gentleman showing signs of retreat, and the conversation by now having become practically a monologue by Miss Kildare, the situation was rapidly becoming strained, as they say in diplomatic circles, when Aunt Mildred providentially awakened, and the girl, excusing herself, hastened over to her relative. Then Mr. Montgomery strolled south along the beach and Mr. Stewart strolled north along the beach, and Miss Kitty Kildare explained to her aunt that they were going to have a delightful time, for Mr. Stewart was going to arrange a yachting party for them, and Mr. Montgomery would get up some amateur theatricals.

The yachting party was a merry affair, particularly for Miss Kitty and Mr. Stewart. The latter was full of importance in his new flannels, and looked more than ever like a fat Brownie. He moved over the boat with an air of proprietorship, tenderly solicitous of the comfort of all the ladies, with an especial watchfulness as regarded the wants of Miss Kildare.

Of all the party, Mr. Montgomery alone was gloomy. He stalked about like the ghost at the banquet, and experienced Cain-like feelings as he beheld the favor in which Stewart was esteemed. "Of course I'm not in love with the girl or anything like that," argued Montgomery, "but still I can't bear to see her wasting her time on that little apology for a man."

In the blue and white of her yachting costume Miss Kitty looked ravishing, and there was small cause for wonder that she should be the centre of attraction. It was long before the chafing Montgomery could manage a word in private with her, and then, throwing caution to the breezes, he spoke freely of the situation.

"I have been trying all day to get speech with you," he said, "but you have been so busy listening to what Mr. Stewart has been saying you haven't had time for any one else."

"Oh, but you mustn't say anything against Mr. Stewart," said the girl gently.

"Now, see here," said Montgomery masterfully, "you don't care for Stewart, and you know it."

"But Mr. Stewart—ca—that is, Mr. Stewart is very nice to me, and you have to be nice to persons who are nice to you, don't you?"

"You mean Stewart cares for you," said Montgomery rapidly. "I know he does. But what then? Others care for you, too."

"Oh, I don't know," said Miss Kildare dreamily.

"You do know," contradicted Montgomery. "You must know. Oh, Kitty, I"—

"There," said Kitty, moving away, "my Aunt Mildred is calling me," and she left Montgomery savagely kicking an unoffending coil of rope.

Next day Montgomery proposed, and was told to wait; he should have his answer in a little while. And very impatiently he waited. The preparations for the theatricals helped some, just as again they combined to fill the soul of Montgomery with added anxiety. The rehearsals brought Kitty very close to him, and of course this was most desirable, but at the same time there was the uncertainty. If Kitty should refuse him the present propinquity would have been but an extra cause for regret. On the whole, however, Montgomery, in daily possession of Kitty, was in a position more enviable than was Stewart.

The lawyer, since the day of the yachting party, had come to regard Kitty's affection for him as an understood thing, else why should she have elevated him as she had done? But now, here were these confounded theatricals coming on and taking up all her time, and throwing her constantly into the society of Montgomery. Finally Stewart pocketed his pride and applied to the stage-manager for a place in the cast.

"All right," said Montgomery cheerily, "I've got just the part left that will suit you."

"What is it?" asked Stewart eagerly.

"Well, you know," said Montgomery, "in the second act there is a scene on the dock of an ocean liner. She is just about to sail away. There are a number of bearded



A FONETIC ADVANTAGE.

"There's wan foine thing about this fomatic shpellin'—a man kin come home full as a goat an' wroite jist as sensible a shpelt letter as he kin whin he's sober."



THE BACHELOR'S WONDER.

Fair maid, in all your many guises,
 In any hat, whate'er the size is,
 In winter garb, chic, tailor-shaped,
 Or summer frou-frou, gauzes, draped,
 Your charm ne'er fails. One thought arises—
 We wonder, wonder what the price is,
 And if we
 Could finance so much finery.

old salts sitting on the string-piece. Just as the last warning whistle is being sounded the hero appears and dashes toward the gangplank. One of the old salts has risen to walk away, and the hero, in his rush to make the ship, collides with him and topples him over in the water."

"Ah," said Mr. Stewart amiably, "my part is the hero, eh?"

"Why, no," explained Mr. Montgomery; "I have been cast for that part myself. You are the old salt who gets toppled over in the water. It's a splendid comedy part and good for a big laugh."

Mr. Stewart wondered if he had heard aright.

"Who, me?" he sputtered, without

the slightest regard for grammar; "me be a bearded old salt and let you knock me over the head! You must think I'm crazy!" and he walked away muttering strange things.

"Now, there's an unreasonable fellow," murmured Montgomery; "give him a nice fat part that anybody would jump at the chance of playing, and what does he do? Goes up in the air. There's no pleasing some persons."

"Going to play the hero himself, is he?" thought Mr. Stewart, smarting under his wrongs. "And that will give him the chance to make love to Kitty." For some time past Mr. Stewart had been thinking of Miss Kildare as "Kitty." "He doesn't seem to understand that his society is distasteful to the lady and that she loves another. And she, poor girl, thinking he knows her sentiments, is just treating him with common politeness."

Mr. Stewart's steps led him to the hotel where Miss Kildare and her aunt were staying, and though the young lady was very busy reading her part, she gave him an audience. Wasn't Mr. Stewart going to be in the play?

No; Mr. Stewart wasn't going to be in the play. And without more ado Mr. Stewart gave it as his opinion that Mr. Montgomery, in the allotment of the parts, was guided less by motives of art than by considerations of craftiness.

"Now, please don't say such things," begged Miss Kildare. "Mr. Montgomery is a very nice man, I'm sure, and always doing things for people."

"He may be always doing things for you," said Stewart; "but that is very easy to understand. But you don't care for him. I know you don't."

"I don't see how you can know that," said Miss Kildare. "Besides, I have just told you I thought him very nice."

"Other persons would be glad to be always doing things for you," went on Mr. Stewart tenderly, and then his soul rushed forth, for he said, "Oh, Kitty, dear, they won't let me play the hero in this stupid little piece, but won't you let me play it with you for all time?"

"Are you asking me to marry you?" queried Kitty.

"Why, yes," said Stewart in some surprise. And he, too, was told to wait.



GEOGRAPHICAL—THE BLACK SEA.

After the amateur theatricals each man was more hopelessly in love than ever, and even Kitty began to experience the qualms of pity. "Of course they deserved it," reasoned the girl, "but I think they've been punished sufficiently." So she wrote a note to Stewart, making an appointment at her hotel for three o'clock, and a similar note to Montgomery, appointing ten minutes past three as the time she would give her decision. Then, to carry the little comedy to a conclusion, she wrote two other notes and left them with the clerk at the desk, saying one was to be handed Mr. Stewart, and the other given to Mr. Montgomery when those gentlemen should call. The note to Mr. Stewart read:

"At the last minute I find I cannot say to you what is in my mind, and I am going to ask you to speak with Mr. Montgomery when you see him. He will explain to you certain things which have a direct bearing on your offer."

The other note was the same, save for the transposition of names.

Mr. Stewart, promptly at three of the clock, appeared at the hotel, and was given the note by the clerk. He couldn't quite make out the meaning of the communication and retired to a corner to re-read it. As he was puzzling it out Montgomery hurried in, got his note and looked properly mystified. Then he caught sight of Stewart in the corner, and advancing, opened the conversation in the most direct way.

"Mr. Stewart," he said, "I have called to-day to get from Miss Kildare an answer to a question I asked her some time ago. I find a note from her saying you will give me that answer."

A slow grin widened the cherubic face of Mr. Stewart as he listened.

Then he said briefly, "I will," and he searched through his pockets till he found Miss Kildare's letter rejecting Mr. Montgomery.

Montgomery read with a clouded brow. "The communication bore the date of a month ago. As he read Stewart's grin grew even more expansive. "Now, you see," said that gentleman, the thought of the offer of the part of a bearded old sea-dog strong upon him, "now you see why Miss Kildare can't marry you."

"I don't know how you got hold of a letter addressed to me," said Montgomery, "and I don't understand why the date"—

"Don't try to," advised Stewart. "But see here; Miss Kildare has also written me that if I ask you, you can tell me something about her sentiments toward me."

"Oh, yes," said Montgomery slowly; "for a minute I had forgotten. Maybe you will be interested in reading this," and he handed the lawyer Miss Kildare's rejection of the month before.

For fully five minutes the men sat and stared, then, "Stewart," said Montgomery, "there's a train into town at four-fifteen. I think I'll take it. Do you want to come along?"

"I'll go you," said Mr. Stewart, and they left the hotel together.

Modern Therapeutics.

I WENT to a modern doctor to learn what it was wrong. I'd lately been off my fodder, and life was no more a song. He felt of my pulse as they all do, he gazed at my outstretched tongue; He took off my coat and weskit and harked at each wheezing lung. He fed me a small glass penstak with figures upon the side. And this was his final verdict when all of my marks he'd spied:

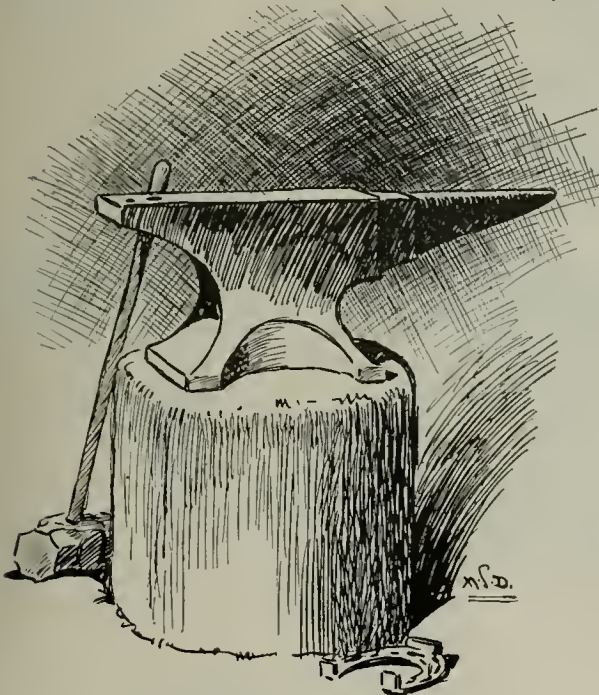
"Do you eat fried eggs? Then quit it.
 You don't? Then hurry and eat 'em,
 Along with some hay that was cut in May—
 There are no other foods to beat 'em.
 Do you walk? Then stop instanter—
 For exercise will not do
 For people with whom it doesn't agree—
 And this is the rule for you:
 Just quit whatever you do do
 And begin whatever you don't;
 For what you don't do may agree with you
 As whatever you do do don't."

Yea, thus saith the modern doctor, "Tradition be double durned! What the oldsters knew was nothing compared to the things we've learned.

There's nothing in this or that thing that's certain in every case
 Any more than a single bonnet's becoming to every face.
 It's all in the diagnosis that tells us the patient's fix—
 The modern who knows his business is up to a host of tricks.

Do you eat roast pork? Then stop it.
 You don't? Then get after it quickly.
 For the long-eared ass gives the laugh to grass
 And delights in the weed that's prickly.
 Do you sleep with the windows open?
 Then batten them good and tight
 And swallow the same old fetid air
 Through all of the snoozesome night.
 Just quit whatever you do do
 And do whatever you don't;
 For what you don't do may agree with you
 As whatever you do do don't."

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.



SOMETHING--HARD TO BEAT.



ABERRATIONS OF GENIUS.

WAYSIDE JIM—“Do yer t'ink genius is insanity?”
DEACON HARDCRABBLE—“No, Genius is only a capacity for hard work.”
WAYSIDE JIM—“Heavens! An' don't yer call *dat* 'insanity'?”

Cupid's Tempest.

THEY had quarreled. The cold steel shaft from the arc-light penetrated the shadows of the porch and showed that she had been weeping. As for him, big, broad-shouldered brute! he chewed fiercely on his black cigar and gazed sullenly into the darkness. She was the first to speak.

"I will never marry you now—oh, no, if you should beg me on your knees! I hate you!"

"And I shall never forgive you—no, not even when my bones bleach in the dust and snails crawl through my skull."

"Ugh! You are horrible—you are callous!"

"It is such women as you that make men callous."

"And it is such brutes as you that make women indifferent to everything. I shall never speak to you again!"

"Very well. I shall feel free."

"Oh, how I hate you!"

"Pray do not overtax your emotions on my account."

"My emotions? I have no emotions. I am absolutely without feeling, and you have made me so."

"That's right. Just like a woman—blame the man for everything."

"Man? I hope you do not call yourself a man?"

"Well, no. Perhaps I am only an apology for a man."

"And to think I once allowed myself to love an apology for a man!"

"Well, come to think of it, you were very willing to accept an apology."

"I would resent your insults, but I have taken a vow never to speak to you again. Now remember—never again!"

Ten minutes of silence ensued; then he spoke.

"Helen!"

"You dare to have the face to speak to me after all that?"

"Yes. Er—the drug-store down the street has a new soda-fountain."

"What have I to do with that?"

"And it looks just like a Greek temple."

"Well?"

"And they have twenty-four different flavors."

"My!"

"Will—will you come down, Helen, and—have a glass on me?"

She thought of the Greek temple, and visions of the twenty-four flavors flitted through her mind and drove away the tears.

"Yes, George," she whispered as she crept closer; "but—but remember, I shall never speak to you again—no, never!"

And the moon came out from behind a cloud and swam in the open blue.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.

Rather.

THE prediction having failed dismally, the ancient Romans were cackling merrily upon the Appian Way.

"Don't tell me!" shrilled one. "These newfangled ways of predicting things may be scientific, but this goes to show that even science has its faults."

"It occurs to me," observed Claudius Comedius, "that if this sort of thing keeps up it will put the augur in the hole, so to speak."

Didn't Wish To Be Disturbed.

Mistress—"I am sorry to trouble you, Bridget, but my husband wants his breakfast to-morrow at five-thirty."

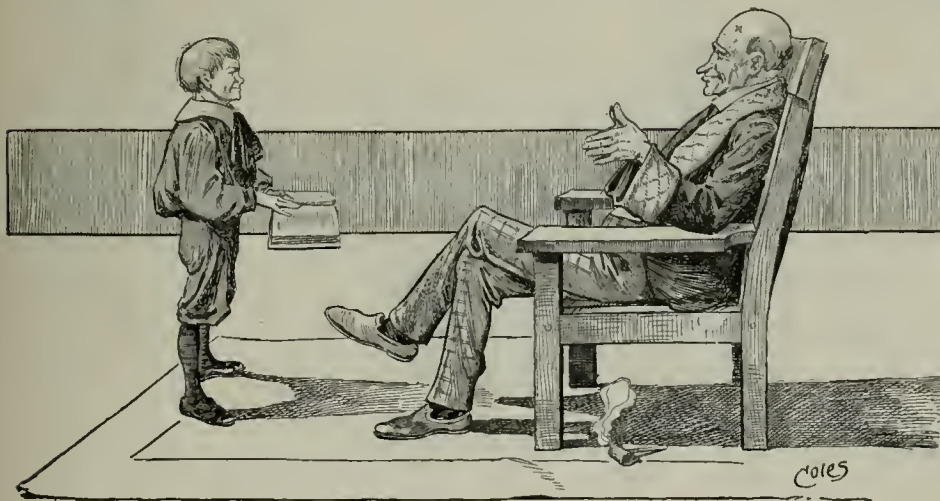
Cook—"Oh, it won't be no trouble at all, mum, if he don't knock nothin' over whoile cookin' it an' wake me up."

His Reason.

Johnny—"Mamma, when I grows up I wants to be a saint."

Mother—"Oh, you darling! And why?"

Johnny—"Why, I was reading that boys never grows up to be what they wants to be."



A SHINING EXAMPLE.

Boy—"Pop, what's a bachelor?"

Pop—"A bachelor, my son, is a man whom nature has set up as a shining example of what good luck can do for an individual."

Little Willie's Surprise.

MR. AND MRS. BLANK recently moved from the city to the suburbs. The first night in their new home their five-year-old son climbed into bed as soon as he was undressed.

"Willie," said his mother, "haven't you forgotten to say your prayers?"

"Why, mamma," he replied, "is God 'way out here, too?"

New Yorker—"What's the use of running? You say the train never leaves on time."

Suburbanite—"It would if we walked."



A COMPENSATING BLESSING.

BOB—"Yes; since the Smiths lost their money I have stopped calling there."
ETHEL—"How good of you! That ought to cheer them up a whole lot."

Waggley's White Elephant

By Will S. Gidley

WAGGLEY gave a gasp of surprise. Scarcely could he credit the message that his optic nerve sent flashing to the brain. Again he scrutinized the narrow strip of paper that had fallen from the envelope and was lying before him, face upward on his desk.

Yes ; wildly improbable as it seemed, he had read the figures aright. The check was for one thousand dollars—whew ! just think of it !—an even thousand dollars, “in payment (as the accompanying note ran) of prize awarded to your delightfully clever little story entitled, ‘The Bumptiousness of John Q. Bump.’”

Waggley picked up the check and carefully examined the back of it as if fearing he might find written thereon a line explaining that it was all a joke—a piece of “All Fools’ Day” humor.

But no ; although the date was April 1st the back of the check bore no jocular explanatory inscription, no merry “April fool, ha, ha !” or other seasonable witticism, but still remained in unsullied purity, awaiting only the hieroglyphics that stood for the signature of Willis J. Waggley to make it negotiable for its face value of one thousand dollars.

As he gazed enraptured upon this pleasing document Waggley’s mouth expanded in a smile so broad and so Hoosac tunnel-like in its general tout ensemble that his ears actually seemed to shrink back as if in alarm at their possible fate.

Presently his pent-up emotions found vent in speech.

“Haw, haw, haw !” he roared with a voice like a fog-horn on a February morning. “That was a lucky Bump for me. Well, I should smile !” And he did—the sort of a smile that declines to come off. See description above. “Yes, indeed ; I bumped the bumps to some purpose that time. Just think of it—one thousand big, cart-wheel dollars, and all in one wad at that, for a twenty-five-hundred-word story about my old friend, John Q. Bump and his load of bumptiousness! Mighty fine thing I discovered Bump first. Why, at that rate he’ll be a regular Klondike. Hurrah for Bump ! Hip, hip, hurrah !”

In the exuberance of his joy Waggley got up from his desk and essayed a hand-spring. It had been several years since he had attempted a feat of this sort, therefore it was not to be wondered at that the venture was not wholly a success.

As it was, Waggley raked the mantel clear of bric-à-brac, both ornamental and useful, with his feet, and then came to the floor with a crash that shook the building and brought the landlady up stairs on a jump to see what had happened.

“For mercy’s sake !” she ejaculated, opening the door and sticking her head inside. “Why, Mr. Waggley, what does this performance mean ? Really, I am astonished and shocked to see you in this condition.”

“What condition ? What do you mean ?” demanded Waggley, struggling bravely to his feet and facing the landlady, with the expansive smile still illuminating his countenance in spite of his downfall. “Appearances are frequently deceptive, Mrs. Flapjack, and they never were more so than they are in the present instance. I am not drunk, Mrs. Flapjack, as you doubtless imagine—that is, not in the ordinary and vulgar acceptance of the term. Oh, no ; I’m simply intoxicated with joy. I’ve just received a thousand-dollar check from the *Magnet* for one of my stories, and—eh ? what’s that ?”

But Waggley’s landlady had hastily backed out of the room and was on her way down stairs shaking her head and muttering,

“Crazy as a loon ! Poor fellow, I feel sorry for him, but with *his* imagination he ought to write better fiction than he does. I think I see him getting a thousand dollars for one of his stories. Ten dollars would be more like it. But he’ll pay for the things he’s smashed, just the same, when he settles his board bill Saturday night.”

And he did. But that is only a detail and has nothing to do with the rest of the story.

“How will you have it ?” asked the paying-teller of the ‘Steenth National Bank when Waggley loomed up at his window the next day and presented the check for payment.

“Big bills, please—the bigger the better,” responded Waggley, with a complacent smile.

The paying-teller smiled, too, as he reached over, and, picking up a single bill from a pile of crisp bank-notes, handed it through the wicket to his waiting customer.

“That big enough for you ?” he queried with a sarcastic chuckle.

“Just right,” was the response. “What I was looking for exactly. Don’t care for a lot of chicken feed to lug around. When I have money I want it in one lump, so I can take care of it without too much exertion. Besides, I’ve got just a few friends I’d like to astonish. Guess their eyes will look like Bermuda onions when I flash this bill on them.”

As Waggley passed out of the bank he felt as if he were walking on air. Permeating his being was a curious sense of elation—a sort of independent, millionaire feeling, such as Pierpont Morgan or John D. Rockefeller might be supposed to have, as they sit comfortably ensconced on their towering pyramid of dollars and complacently gaze down on the struggling masses below—the toilers who labor with their hands for a living.

At best, man—the ordinary, two-legged man—is a strange creature, a poor, weak atom of humanity, the helpless victim of his own vagrant moods and impulses, “pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw,” as the divine William expresses it.

Queer what a difference a little strip of paper with a few figures and other printed matter on it makes in one’s outlook on life ! Still, it is not so much to be wondered at

after all. An author with a thousand-dollar check in his pocket—received as compensation for one short story—can afford to be cheerful.

Waggley was not only cheerful, but beaming. Some men, under the circumstances, would have been tempted to incarnadine the town, but Waggley did his painting only in fancy. To his pleased and glowing imagination everything now possessed a roseate hue, and he saw Fame and Fortune (both with a big F, Mr. Compositor, if you please!) almost within his grasp—or at least not over a mile and a half away.

At this auspicious moment Waggley ran into an old friend and fellow-author named Beazley—Junius Brutus Beazley, for long. Ought to have been an actor with that tag on him, but he wasn't. He belonged to the Joke-Wrights' Union and wrote chopped-off witticisms and society verse for the periodicals and a living, sometimes making as much as fifteen per—per day understood, of course.

"Hello, Wagg!" greeted Beazley. "How's everything?"

"Never better," responded Waggley. "Just raked in a thousand-dollar prize for a short story."

"That's right; tell a good one while you're about it," said Beazley jealously. "But, say, Wagg, what's the use of stopping at a measly thousand? Why not make it five and have done with it? You are altogether too modest."

"Yes," admitted Waggley; "modesty is one of my strong points, and truthfulness is another. I said a thousand dollars because that is the correct amount of the bonus received in payment for my literary bantling, and, furthermore, I happen to be provided with the documents necessary to prove my assertion. How does this one strike you, for instance?"

Here Waggley yanked the thousand-dollar bill from his pocket and dangled it in front of Beazley's astonishing optics. "Speechless, eh? I thought you would be," gloated Waggley. "That's what I'm carrying this bill around for—to astonish my friends and confound my enemies. Oh, I'll get slathers of enjoyment out of this thousand-dollar shinplaster yet before I part with it."

And he did, after a fashion.

In fact, Waggley put in the most of his time for the next few days extracting enjoyment, or attempting to, at least, from that pleasing specimen of government lithography. He worked at it so constantly and persistently that he made a paripatetic nuisance of himself, and it finally got so that his friends and acquaintances would promptly vanish around the corner to avoid meeting him when they saw him coming.

The fun palled on Waggley, too, after a while, and he stopped showing the bill to anyone except himself.

It seemed good to look at it once in a while, though the feeling of elation over its possession no longer kept him awake nights.

One day, greatly to Waggley's surprise,

when he opened his pocket-book, he found he had only a solitary nickel in cash left outside of that thousand-dollar greenback. The surprise gave way to a feeling of annoyance and disgust when he reflected that he was at that moment twenty miles from a bank where he could get a bill of that denomination changed, and that he was aboard of a trolley-car which was carrying him still farther away as rapidly as possible.

He was, as it happened, on his way to Pineville Junction, in the wilds of Westchester county, to hunt up a summer boarding-place. It would require two more five-cent fares to carry him through to his destination; and somehow Waggley couldn't help wondering what he was going to do when his last nickel was gone.

True, he had the thousand-dollar bill, but if the conductor didn't drop dead from heart disease at the sight of it he would probably decline to change a bill of that size; or, if he did change it, he would give him all dimes and nickels, and then he would be worse off than ever.

Waggley was still frantically clawing around in his mind in search of some way out of the rapidly-approaching dilemma, when the conductor came through the car and halted in front of him, with extended palm.

"Fare, please."

Waggley handed over his final nickel.

"Going through to the Junction?" demanded the conductor.

Waggley gave a guilty start.

"Why—er—yes; I expect to if nothing happens," stammered the flustered Waggley.

"Cost you five cents more, then. Might as well pay it now and save me the trouble of coming around again after it."



LOOKING FOR QUANTITY.

WAITER—"Two high-balls, sir? Yes, sir."

CUSTOMER—"And say, waiter, just make those high-balls as wide as possible."

"I'm sorry," said Wagglely apologetically, "but —er— I'll either have to hang you up for a nickel until I see you again or let you change a big bill."

"You can't hang me up fer no nickel, mister; I'll tell you that to start with," growled the conductor. "I can't afford any luxuries of that kind on my salary. Trot out your bill. If it ain't anything more than a sawbuck I can cover it all right."

Wagglely took the thousand-dollar bill from his purse, carefully unfolded it and offered it to the collector of fares.

"Holy smoke!" erupted that individual. "Do you think I am running a United States sub-treasury on wheels? Imagine I've got all my pockets stuffed with ten- and twenty-dollar bills? Got an idea that I'm a William K. Vanderbilt or a George Gould running a trolley-car fer the benefit of my health? Take me fer a Wall-street syndicate? Hey, what? And how do I know but what your old government chromo is a counterfeit, anyhow?"

"I'm sorry—er"—

"Mebbe you be," interrupted the conductor. "But that won't save you from hoofing it the rest of the way to Pineville Junction all the samey, unless you cough up another nickel. You've paid to Shadyside, and that's where you climb off or git the g. b., and I'll give you exactly two seconds to take your pick which it's going to be after we git there. Understand?"

Wagglely intimated that he did. And when the car made its next stop and the conductor shouted, "All out for Shadyside!" he hastily gathered up his gripsack and umbrella and dropped off.

After the car had passed on out of sight Wagglely began to take stock of his surroundings. Shadyside was only a small village, consisting of some twenty or thirty buildings all told, one of which was a general store, and another a rather lonesome-looking railroad station, size 12 x 14.

"Mighty interesting time of it trying to get a thousand-dollar bill changed in this town, I imagine," remarked Wagglely as he gazed gloomily up and down the street. "Guess twenty would be nearer the size. Money is a mighty handy thing to have with you when you are traveling, but not in quite such large-sized chunks. Here I am with a thousand-dollar bank-note in my pocket and I've got to walk the rest of the way to Pineville Junction because I can't pay my car-fare!

"Talk about the fix old Midas found himself in with his golden touch! I don't see but what I'm just about as badly off as he was; I can't buy even a nickel's worth of transportation with this bill, and no doubt if I were on the verge of starvation I might stay there or go ahead and starve to death for all the assistance this piece of paper would be to me.

"I felt rather proud of my thousand-dollar bill when I first began carrying it around and exhibiting it to my friends, but it's a mighty lucky thing for me I never happened to show it when the fool-killer was around, or I'd been a goner!

"Seven dusty miles from my destination and nothing smaller than a thousand-dollar William. Great Peters!

what a fix to be in! I wonder, if I called a mass-meeting of the citizens of this delightful burgh, whether the entire crowd would be able to furnish change for this confounded bill? Probably not. The only thing to do is to walk and pretend that I like it."

And walk he did, reaching Pineville Junction two hours and a half later, footsore, travel-stained and disgusted.

There was only one hotel in the place, a big, rambling structure known as the Wayside Inn. To this inviting hostelry Wagglely wearily wended his way.

"Best room in the house and a warm bath!" he laconically ordered after making the usual picture of a picket-fence struck by lightning on the register.

"Correct," said the clerk. "No. 19, the bridal chamber and bath-room adjoining, is yours. Five dollars in advance, please."

"I wasn't figuring on occupying your bridal chamber, exactly, all by my lonesome on this trip, but I guess I can stand it all right. Just take your change out of that!" and Wagglely shoved that thousand-dollar bill across the counter with the air of a man who has collateral to incinerate.

The clerk picked up the bill and glanced at the denomination. Then he gave a sudden start, looked up sharply at Wagglely and remarked,

"Er—um—nothing smaller?"

Wagglely truthfully replied that he hadn't.

"Er—um—excuse me just a moment, please," and the clerk turned to his desk, picked up a newspaper, hurriedly scanned its pages until his eye alighted on a certain paragraph, which he carefully went over line by line, glancing at Wagglely occasionally as he did so.

Just as that gentleman began to manifest signs of impatience the clerk once more came to the front with the remark,

"Er—um—sorry to keep you waiting, but"—

Here he made a quick dive under the counter and as quickly bobbed up again, and the next second Wagglely found himself looking down the barrel of a Colt's .44 and heard the crisp and business-like command,

"Throw up your hands!"

Wagglely hurriedly obeyed.

"Don't shoot!" he begged, holding both hands as high above his head as possible. "That's all the money I've got, so there's no use of killing me. Good Lord! what kind of a high-handed (the pun was purely accidental on Wagglely's part) proceeding is this, anyhow? Can't you rob your customers fast enough in the regular way without holding them up with a gun?"

"That's all right," said the clerk coolly, still keeping Wagglely covered with his artillery. "I know what I'm about. And when it comes to a hold-up I reckon you ain't no amateur at it yourself. Pretty slick job you put through up in Connecticut the other night. Oh, you needn't put on an innocent look! I knew you were one of the gang as soon as I caught sight of this thousand-dollar bill. Look out, there! Don't go to dropping your hands or reaching for your popgun. Put 'em up, higher yet! That's right! Now march over to that arm-chair at your left and sit down; and be sure to keep your hands

up until I tell you different—that is, unless you're anxious to head a small but select funeral procession about day after to-morrow."

Not having any aspirations in that direction, Wagglely hastily complied with the orders of the gentleman with the gun, in the meantime dazedly wondering what was going to happen next.

He was not kept long in suspense.

Calling in one of his assistants, a thick-set, phlegmatic individual who answered to the name of Mike, the clerk ordered him to procure a stout rope and bind Wagglely hand and foot. "And be sure to make a thorough job of it, too," he ordered. "He's a dangerous character."

"Sure an' he looks it!" commented Mike, glowering at the unfortunate Wagglely, who, still seated as he was in the arm-chair, with both hands extended toward the ceiling, looked about as dangerous as a frightened sheep. "What's the red-handed villain been doin', anyhow—settin' fire to an orphan-asylum, or only murderin' his mother-in-law?"

"Not quite as bad as that, Mike, but he is a desperate character just the same. He is one of the gang of burglars that cleaned out the bank up at Farmersville, Connecticut, the other night. Among the money stolen was a package of thousand-dollar bills, the paper says, and I've no doubt this chap has got his clothes lined with bills of that denomination this very minute. He just attempted to pass one of them on me, but he put his foot in a trap that time. As soon as I saw that bill I suspected right away who he was and proceeded to capture him. There is a reward of three thousand dollars offered for the arrest of"—

"May I say a word?" interrupted Wagglely meekly.

"Not till I get through!"

"Perhaps I can explain if you will allow me."

"You'll have a chance when the officers get here. That will be time enough, I guess. Got him securely tied, Mike?"

"Sure thing! A couple more twists of this rope and he won't know himself from a bale of hay."

"All right; you can stand guard over him while I telephone to the sheriff. Don't want to take any chances on letting that reward slip through my fingers. I need that three thousand dollars in my business."

It was beginning to look pretty dark for Wagglely, and he probably would soon have been haled away to a Westchester county dungeon, there to languish until he had proved his innocence, were it not for the fact that at this psychological moment (it may seem like stretching the possibilities, but fact is ever stranger than fiction!) a motor-car bearing the paying-teller of the 'Steenth National Bank, of New York City, rolled up to the door of the Wayside Inn, and that official, who, luckily for Wagglely, chanced to be taking a day's outing, dismounted and casually strolled into the very room where Mr. W. was being held a prisoner.

Wagglely sat up and fairly barked with joy to see him.

"Hello, Mac!" he exclaimed—the teller's name was McBride—"just tell this raving lunatic of a hotel clerk who I am and how I happened to have a thousand-dollar bill in my possession. You remember that prize check

you cashed for me a spell ago? Well, I've got that bill you gave me yet, and just because I attempted to pass it on our friend here he takes me for one of the Farmersville bank robbers and is holding me for a reward."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared McBride. "Pretty good joke that. But do you mean to say you've been carrying that altitudinous bill around all this time, wearing it out and drawing no interest on the money?"

"Yes."

"Well, if that is the case you're a—a"—

"I know what you're going to say: I'm a bigger chump than the chap who took me for a bank-burglar! Correct. I admit it. I'm as many kinds of a durn fool as anybody chooses to call me—at least, I *have* been, but I think I am getting over it. In fact, I know I am. And now, if you will take that thousand-dollar chromo off my hands and give me small change for it I'll never get into a scrape of this kind again as long as my name is Wagglely."

And up to the present date, be it recorded, Wagglely has faithfully kept his promise.

The City Bard Speaks.

DEAR reader (if you read at all),
Can you the good old days recall—
The dear old farm in winter time?
The jelly and the pickled lime?
The lowing of the bossy cow?
The farm-hand with his cheery "How?"
And mother in the kitchen bak-
Ing pies "like mother used to make"?
The general store where were for sale
Dry goods and wet, and where the mail
Came every day at half-past three—
Long ere the days of R. F. D.?
The village cut-up, village band?
The miles and miles of fertile land?
The postmaster, the blacksmith, eke
Some things of which I cannot speak?
For I don't know the proper thing
For reminiscent bards to sing.
And I was not born in a small
Old burg, and I cannot recall
The things the poet says of it
When he is out to make a hit
Alas! born in a monster city,
I can't indite a rural ditty;
I cannot make the tear-drop come
By bringing up "The Dear Old Hum."

These and more things I cannot do.
But, then, I don't much care.

Do you?

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS.

Proof Positive.

The detective—"This is a plain case of suicide."

The coroner—"How do you know?"

The detective—"Why, here in his hand is the bill for his wife's Easter hat."

An Easy Mark.

Howell—"Did that fellow who wanted you to invest have a sure thing, as he claimed?"

Powell—"Yes; I was it."



1. A LAND-BREEZE.

"I think she'll go just lovely!" cried little Bobby Carter.

A Misunderstanding.

"NO, Bobby," said mother; "it is not right
 To whine or cry or pout.
 An angry boy is a shocking sight—
 I don't want one about."

"Now, when you're angry don't scream or roar—
 I won't have growls and grunts.
 You may go to your room and shut your door,
 And stamp your foot just once."

When next Bobby felt his temper flare
 He flew to his room and put,
 With most extraordinary care,
 A postage-stamp on his foot!

CAROLYN WELLS.

The Englishman's Jest.

THE Englishman was a good fellow. He was fully aware of his own shortcomings in the matter of the American joke, but not quite able to apply any remedy that lay at hand for the removal of the cause of the trouble.

His American chum was as typical of the witty Yankee as the Englishman was of the dense Briton.

One day, when they two were together and none others near, the American sprung that little bit of near-doggerel:

"I had a little bird; his name was Enza.
 I opened the door and in flew Enza."

The Englishman saw the point instantly, and was greatly pleased with himself thereat. Over and over again he repeated to himself, "Influenza, influenza. I'll jolly well remember that good one, now. Influenza, influenza. Really the deucedest best bit I've heard on this side, y'know."

The next day, when starting with his American friend to a pink tea or some other such solemn function, the Britisher turned to his friend and said,

"Oh, I say, old chap; when they get to telling their riddles and their conundrums and their other bally bits of nons'ense this awfternoon, won't you be good enough to let me—aw—spring that bit you gave me yesterday about the bloomin' bird, y'know? There's a good chap."

"Sure!" said the American, yielding the point cheerfully and with malicious hopefulness.

As the afternoon wore on the foolishest stage of the event came, and conundrums were actually opened up. How much the American friend of the Englishman had to do with steering the conversation into that channel he only knows.

At length, in a lull, the Briton piped up, "Oh, I say, now! Did you ever hear this one:

"I had a bit of a bird; his nime was—aw—aw—what was the bally beast's nime, now? Oh, yes! His nime was Enza.

And every time I opened the door to his cage—
 Lagrippe!"

The only person present who really enjoyed the jest and laughed at it with unaffected and intelligent heartiness was the Britisher's American friend. But perhaps he enjoyed it enough for the whole company.

s. w. g.

Defined.

"NOW, children," said an enthusiastic teacher, "Johnnie has spelled 'mite' correctly and told us that it is a very small object. Can any little boy remember where mite is mentioned in the Bible?"

One small hand was raised and a small voice said, "The pen is miteier than the sword."

His Motto.

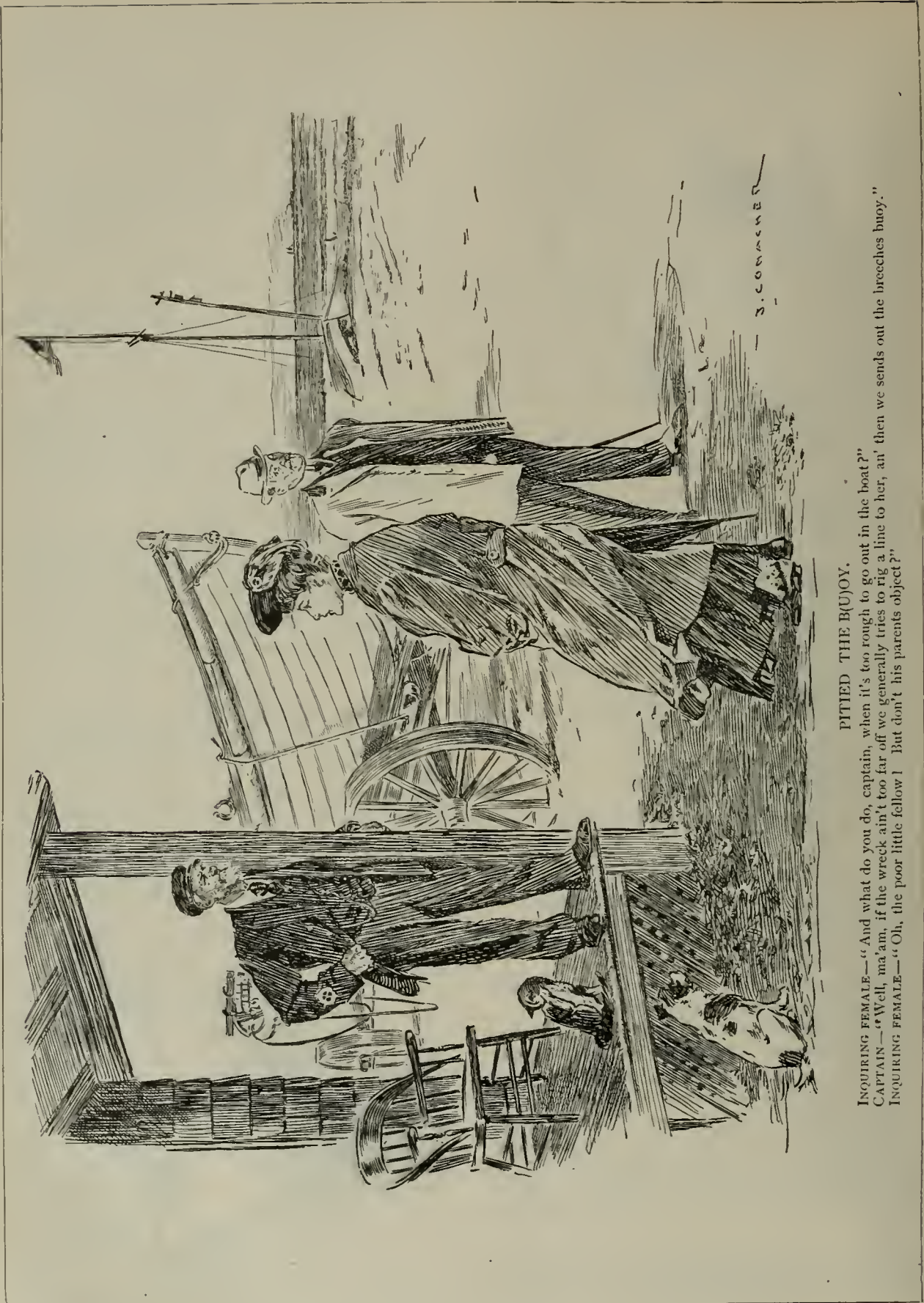
Well-digger—"Now, we have found a mighty good vein of water, but there is nothing like being doubly safe and sure of the supply. Suppose we dig it, say, twenty feet deeper?"

Owner—"No. I have always had for my motto, 'Let well enough alone.'"



2. A LAND-BREEZE.

But she began to sail like "sixty" before he reached the water.



PITIED THE B(U)JOY.

INQUIRING FEMALE—"And what do you do, captain, when it's too rough to go out in the boat?"
CAPTAIN—"Well, ma'am, if the wreck ain't too far off we generally tries to rig a line to her, an' then we sends out the breeches buoy."
INQUIRING FEMALE—"Oh, the poor little fellow! But don't his parents object?"

His One Failing.

“THERE'S one thing I don't like about Jones.”
“What is it?”

“Why, the infernal, half-witted, illiterate slob is always calling somebody names.”

Just So.

SOME men are born great, some achieve greatness, and of the others about one in every 1,000,000,000,000,000,000 has greatness thrust upon him.

The Gift of Speech.

Lady—“You said this parrot had the gift of speech. He does nothing but holler and shriek and say nothing.”

Dealer—“I meant de gift uv 'political speech,' lady.”

Nipped in the Bud.

Jones—“Yes, I intended to buy that shore hotel; but I went down there and stayed a week to look it over, and”——

Smith—“Yes?”

Jones—“And after paying my bill I no longer had the price of the hotel.”

The Other Way About.

Fidgety commuter—“Say, conductor, these everlasting stops drive a nervous person crazy.”

Cool conductor—“So? I had only noticed that they made crazy people nervous.”

THE way a miss can fool a mister is a mystery.



A NOVICE.

“Is Grace very much in love?”

“Terribly. Her first affair, you know.”

Digsby and a Button

By Morris Wade

WHERE will I find buttons?" Digsby asked the question with all the respect the size and good looks of the floor-walker demanded from such a small and homely man as Digsby was.

"Which?" replied the floor-walker, looking down on the little man in a patronizing way.

"Buttons. Where will I find buttons?"

"In the annex."

"And where is the annex?"

"Third aisle to the left, down to end of aisle and turn to left. Annex right ahead of you through the arch."

Digsby tried to follow these directions but found himself so balled up that he had to say to a second floor-walker, bigger, better-looking and more toplofty than the first,

"Where will I find buttons, please?"

"Buttons?"

"Yes—buttons."

"Second aisle—left! What is it, lady? Small-wares? Fourth right."

A cash-girl, with a huge wad of white gum momentarily at anchor between her teeth and displayed to the public, finally led Digsby to the button-counter, where he took a small steel button from the vest pocket into which his wife had slipped it that morning. Showing it to a young woman behind the counter with a pompadour nine inches high and a dog-collar of pearls and diamonds, he asked,

"Have you any buttons like this?"

She took the button into her jeweled hand, looked at it and handed it back to Digsby saying,

"Third lady down the aisle."

The "third lady down the aisle" extended her hand languidly for the button and said,

"Other end of the counter—the lady in the red-silk waist and gold chain."

"I was told I would find buttons like this here," said Digsby as he glanced at a near-by clock and realized that he had but fifteen minutes in which to make his purchase and get his train.

"You was told wrong then. We been rearranging stock, an' them kind o' buttons is up at the other end o' the counter now."

Then her voice cut the air like a two-edged blade as she shrieked,

"Mame! Oh, Mame! The gent comin' wants some o' them smallish steel buttons we moved up to your end o' the counter yesterday."

"I got a customer!" screamed Mame.

"Well, git some o' the others to git a move on 'em then! He wants to git his train!"

Mame took the button, eyed it an instant, and said,

"You sure you got that button here?"

"My wife said she got it here."

"Here, Sadie! See if you can find a button like this for this gent. Says he got it here, but I don't remember any such buttons!"

Sadie took the button.

"When did she get it here?" she asked.

"I don't know just when. I only know that she said she got it here."

"Not recent I don't think. Kitty! you remember of us having any buttons like this?"

She gave the button a fling over the heads of the three girls between herself and Kitty, who failed to catch the button.

"Whyn't you ketch it, gump?"

"I ain't no base-ballist to ketch things on the fly! I dunno where it went."

"It can't be far. Look for it," said Sadie with calm indifference.

"I want to get a train and"—

"Scurry around and find that button, Kit. The gentleman wants to git a train!"

Kitty finally found the button.

"I sold the last button we had down here like this just a few minutes ago, but there may be some in the stock-room. I'll see."

Then she beat a fierce tattoo on the counter with the



MUSICAL NOTE.

Professor Fiddlestix has a new string band.

end of her lead-pencil, and her voice had the penetrating power of a fog-horn as she shouted,

"Mister Gray! Mister Gray! Mister Gray! Here you, Cash! Go and find Mister Gray and tell him I want him!"

Digsby lost his train while waiting for "Mister Gray," who was head of that department. To him said Kitty,

"Will you send some one up to the stock-room and see if we have any more buttons like this? Think we have. The gentleman is in a hurry."

Fifteen minutes pass and the next train will leave in fifteen minutes more.

"I don't think that I can wait any longer," said Digsby. "I will come in again and"—

"There she comes now. Hurry up, here, girl! Slow as molasses in January. They got any buttons like that up there?"

"No; they ain't."

"Well, you needn't 'a' been forever an' a day finding it out!"

"Let me have the sample I gave you," said Digsby, but the girl did not produce it.

"Whyn't you give the gentleman his sample?" asked Kitty icily.

The cash-girl looked embarrassed and then tittered, and thrusting a finger into her mouth, said,

"I was carryin' it in my mouth and I—I—well, I swallowed it!"

"Ain't you turrible!" said Kitty with a grin, although she said tartly,

"I'll tell the floor-walker, you see if I don't. Sorry I can't give you your button, sir, but"—

She grinned and Digsby fled, saying,

"I'll call again—er—no—it's of no consequence!"

Her Little Hint.

THE full moon flooded the porch with shafts of steel-blue rays. It was late, but he showed no signs of departing.

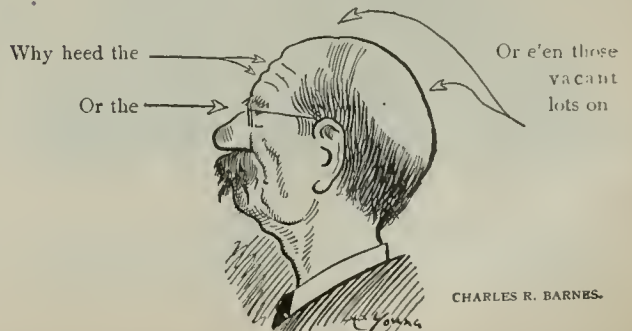
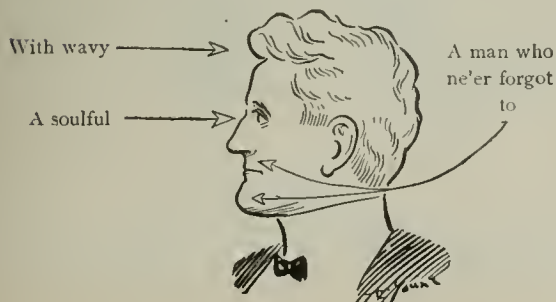
"It has been said," he remarked dreamily, "that the moon is dead."

"Is that any reason," she inquired with a yawn, "why we should sit up with the corpse?"

The Ideals of Genevieve at Seventeen and Thirty-two.

WHEN Genevieve was seventeen
She lived in dreams; she loved to plan
Her future happiness, when she
Should meet her fate—her ideal man.
She pictured him, as maidens will,
A perfect lover, strong and brave,

At thirty-two fair Genevieve
Forsook the type of early days;
The seasons, as they came and went,
Had taught her much of worldly ways.
She chose a man whose bank-account
Was fostered by a plumbing-shop.



CHARLES R. BARNES.

Some Curious Effects of the Boom in Ice Prices.

WE WENT over to the "parlor" across the way and called for a "brick" of mixed, and put down the price we had paid always before. The young lady chirped, "Five cents more, please." We asked why and wherefore. "Ice has gone up," she said. Ah, yes, so. Ice up from three dollars to five dollars a ton, ice-cream from thirty-five to forty cents a quart. Exactly. This led us to investigate. We found the following facts—approximately, allowing something, of course, to a deep inward activity of feeling: Our beef went up because of increased refrigeration cost. A bunch of radishes cost two cents more. Oranges jumped, and all kinds of fruits. But we did not see just why kindling-wood went up twenty-five cents a barrel. Of course it was easy after we found out: it cost more to supply the kindling-splitter with ice-water. Then bricks went up forty cents a thousand. The owner of the brick-yard ran the ice-plant, and the rise in bricks was a purely sympathetic movement—like the inflammation of the eye because the other has got a cinder in it. Then we discovered that a corner lot we wanted had gone up one hundred dollars. This stumped us until we learned the intimate connection between this corner lot and ice. The lot-owner, it seems, had got shut up for three hours in a refrigerator, and contact with ice had imbued him with the idea that everything was going up. But the most singular effect of the ice-boom came out as follows: We asked for an increase of salary and got the frosty face, the glacial glance, and the icy eye all in a moment. Then we realized that ice was up and it was costing more to congeal employing interiors, leaving just so much less for the interiors of the submerged classes.

A. R. E.

• Appropriate.

KOLB and Oates were rival candidates for the office of governor in a far southern state, and in the campaign "cobs" and "oats" were the emblems of the opposing factions. During this time Colonel Jones, a prominent politician, died, and on his coffin was laid a sheaf of wheat to typify the ripe old age to which he had arrived.

"How appropriate!" exclaimed young Mrs. Snow at the funeral. "He was such an enthusiastic Oates man!"

The Honest Man

WHEN the stranger with grass germs in his tresses was shown the last room back on the second floor of the Punktown hostelry and saw what sort of a stall he was to be bedded down in for the night, he bucked vigorously and said in the most offensive manner he could summon,

"Look at that chair! Liable to fall down even if I hang my shirt on it. The wash-pitcher is fatally cracked, and the bowl has a scallop as big as a summer squash. The carpet is full of holes and dirty, and so much quick-silver has been rubbed off the back of the looking-glass that I look as if I had the small-pox. The cover on the washstand has been on there for two long, hard, busy, dirty years, and the bed looks like a swaybacked horse with a thin blanket over it. If I were to try to sleep on that bed I would arise in the morning looking like a waffle. The wall-paper is off in large patches—in fact, it is off in a bunch. The ceiling is cracked, and a yard or so of plastering is liable to fall and smother me in the landslide

at any moment. That table is really only a one-night stand, and you couldn't write on it if you had two men standing and holding it."

By this time the porter was very tired and angry, so he cried out in his vexation,

"That's right—kick, kick! But I'll bet a big dollar you're not used to any better than this at home."

"Young man," said the stranger in Punktown, "your bet is begging for takers. Your proposition is too much of a cinch to bet on. Things at home are as bad as this, if not worse. But what does a man go away from home for if not for a change of scene? I hoped I would find something comfortable and clean, and perhaps even elegant, at a hotel."

Moved to tears of compassion by reason of the man's honesty, the porter surreptitiously escorted him to Parlor A, where things were much better because the wash-pitcher had a smaller crack in it, and there was one upholstered chair.

STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.



EXPERIENCED.

MISS WILBY BRIDE—"George wants me to decide where we shall go on our wedding-trip. I can't make up my mind."

MRS. MUCHWED—"What's the matter with Switzerland? That's where I usually go."

Preferred To Be Miserable.

AN aged negro cook in a prominent family recently received news of the death of a friend.

"Oh, mah Lawd! oh, mah Lawd!" she sobbed. "Dey's on'y me lef' now—all de res' is crossed de ribber!"

She howled and wailed for an hour or more, utterly impervious to all attempts of her mistress to assuage her grief. Finally the master of the house determined to try the effect of humor.

"Deborah," he said, "you know Mr. Elton, the butcher, do you not?"

"Yes, sah," she replied, looking up through her tears; "'deed I do."

"Well, what do you suppose he weighs?"

"Lawd, massa! how'd yo' spec' I know? Whut *do* he weigh?"

"Meat."

The humor of this appeared to strike her principally at the hips, for she held them with both hands and laughed with many a reverberating scream of delight. Suddenly, in the middle of a piercing screech, she stopped, confused and humiliated.

"Massa," she said solemnly, "whut's dat I ought ter be feelin' bad erbout?"

DWIGHT SPENCER ANDERSON.

This Language of Ours.

"ISN'T it funny," mused the man with mental strabismus, "that when two locomotives comes together the result is called a collision, while two babies coming together are called twins?"

A Little Banking Business

By Horace Seymour Keller

THE following happened in Cincinnati shortly after the close of the Civil War, when money was tight and times pressing. It is verified by Captain Beckwith, who is acquainted with the parties interested.

A young German, accompanied by a middle-aged man, entered a bank, approached the teller and said,

"If you please, will you gif dis man eight hundert tollars?"

The teller gasped, scratched his pate and asked,

"And who are you?"

"John Zimmerman."

"But you have no money on deposit here"——

"No; I got no money by any blace. Vot is der tifference of it? It vas a pank, ain'd it, where money vas got?"

"Yes; but I cannot let you have the money without security"——

"Vot of it? Der security vas der grocery-store which I haf bought off der man vor eight hundert tollars. He vants der money which I haf not got.

Der pank haf blendy money; so please if you vill, gif der man der brice of der store. It vas blain"——

"I can't let you have the money"——

"Gentlemen," broke in the cashier, who had been an amused and interested listener to the conversation, "step into this room. Perhaps we can disentangle the problem."

"It vas no problem. It vas easy as noding," uttered the young German.

"Please be seated, gentlemen. Now, Mr. Zimmerman, kindly tell me why you thought you could get the amount of money from this bank."

"Vell, dis vas a pank, ain'd it?"

"Precisely; go on, Mr. Zimmerman," responded the amused cashier.

"Und because it vas a pank where money vas, vas der reason vhy I come after der brice of der grocery-store. Oder beoples do der same, und vhy not I? I puy out his store."

"Where is the store?"

"Just down der street."

"And you paid the gentleman eight hundred dollars?"

"Not yet, but vill so soon as der pank gif me der money."

"And, Mr. Zimmerman, you were positive that the bank would let you have that amount without any security?"

"Vell, der pank haf blendy money. I don'd got no money. Der pank's pizness vas vor to gif me der money. It vas blain."

The cashier smiled, studied the honest, frank face before him and finally said,

"I think we can arrange the matter."

He drew up a bank-note for one year and asked the German to sign it. Leading the way to the teller's window the cashier said,

"Give Mr. Zimmerman the money."

And to-day the German, who had so slight a knowledge of banks, banking and securities—but who won out because of his frank, honest face—is worth a quarter of a million of dollars.



BETTER THAN A COBBLE-STONE.

JOHNNY—"Don't move, gampy; I've got only half a bag more o' these torpedoes, an' your head is the bulliest place I've found to set 'em off on!"



OTHER MEANS OF SUPPORT IN SIGHT.
“Lazybones Lincoln is goin’ to git married, maw.”
“How you know dat?”
“He done t’row up his job yesterday.”

"Poor Little Nina"

By Walter Beverley Crane

CONSTANCE, my dear," said Mr. "Willie" Rockwood, "allow me to present Lord Heron."

"I am afraid—I really am awfully afraid—that I am intruding here," said his lordship.

"Why, no," replied Mrs. "Willie" Rockwood, with a slight delay on each word to emphasize her negative. "You can help me choose a new automobile coat. Do you like that?"

She pointed to a swagger garment floating up and down Mrs. Gosburn's Fifth avenue shop's show-room on a most elegant young person, who had risen in life by the remarkable fall in her back.

"Why do they call me a Gibson girl?" hummed Mrs. "Willie's" husband, while Lord Heron exclaimed, "Charming! Charming! Upon my word, exceedingly smart and pretty!"

"Which do you mean?" asked Mrs. "Willie." His lordship was delighted. These little American women are so quick and clever, don't you know; they have so much self-possession and so much spirit without being vulgar or fast. His heart warmed to her.

"It must be a strange life," he observed, lowering his voice; "this sweeping up and down and bending of the body under other people's clothing."

"Why, it must be delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. "Willie." "Only fancy being always sure to have on the very latest thing!"

"Isn't it time for little Nina's medicine?" demanded Mr. "Willie."

"Yes, dear; do hurry home," pleaded his wife.

"Shall I have the pleasure of your company, Lord Heron, or do you elect to remain among the—er—clothes?"

"I think, if Mrs. Rockwood will allow me, I will stop and put her into her car." The lady smiled, and her husband strode off toward the Waldorf. Having finally decided on the touring coat and entered her waiting car, Mrs. "Willie" extended Lord Heron some beautifully-gloved fingers through the window of her luxurious limousine.

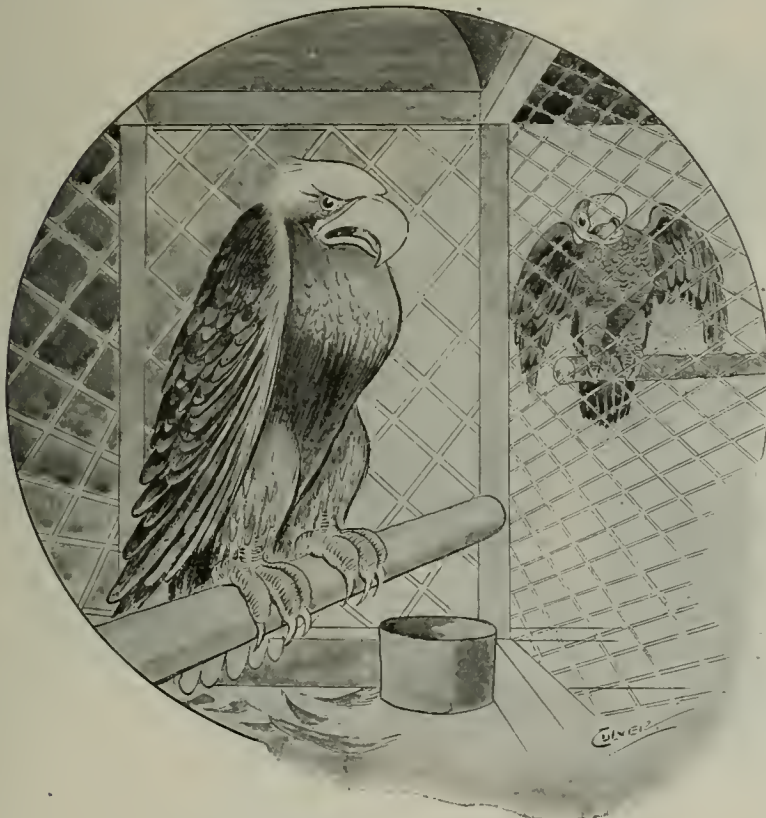
"Would you be so good as to tell me the time? Thank you so much. How late! Oh, dear! I hope Willie will give little Nina her medicine just on the hour. So good of you to have helped with the coat, Lord Heron.

I've a 'bridge' luncheon, and am awfully late. Tell François to hurry, please. *Do* call soon!" And Mrs. "Willie" flew up the avenue.

"Well, I hope little Nina gets her medicine," mused his lordship. He was a tender-hearted Briton. He thought of Tiny Tim and little Paul Dombey. He fancied the sick child lying like a faded flower on her little bed and lisping blessings on her mother, now on her way to keep a "bridge" engagement. "American women have even less feeling than Parsians," he found himself saying. "Unmothered mother! heartless, pitiless!" he repeated to himself.

Yet, on the following day after their first meeting, he called at the Waldorf. Though forced to disapprove of an attractive woman, he could not resist his inclination for her society. The door to their apartments was opened by a French maid, who was crying in a most becoming fashion. Lord Heron's imagination was aroused. "Is it little Nina?" he gasped, letting the monocle drop out of his eye.

She nodded despairingly. She could not speak for weeping. She led the way into the drawing-room. The sight which his lordship beheld was indeed surprising. On the Louis XVI. table was little Nina's medicine, and by it the most delicate of sweetbreads untasted. Mr. "Willie"



THE IRONY OF FATE.

ZOO PARROT—"Hey! don't you know this is the glorious Fourth, when you ought to be soaring over these United States, screeching 'Liberty and Freedom'? Get busy!"

EMBLEM OF LIBERTY (*sadly*)—"And here I am in a cage! Wouldn't that make you sore?"

Rockwood, his vacuous face seared with deep emotion, was bending like a "broken" breech-loader over a luxurious divan. Opposite to him was his wife, who had sunk upon the floor, and with tears coursing down her cheeks was soothing the little sufferer. The little sufferer! Between husband and wife, propped by the softest pillows, draped by the costliest rugs and shawls, important and deeply conscious of her importance, reclined the queen of French bull-dogs. "Willie" Rockwood came forward.

"I hoped you were the doctor, Heron. I say, old man, have you any acquaintance with the maladies of dogs?"

"None whatever," tartly replied his lordship; "and indeed, Mr. Rockwood, I am glad to see that you can interest yourself in a dog at such a moment."

"At such a moment?" repeated Mr. "Willie."

"When little Nina"—began Lord Heron, visibly affected.

"Why, my lord, this is little Nina," burst out Mr. Rockwood.

Lord Heron screwed his glass in his eye. "I think," he said, "perhaps I'd better go."

"Yes," said Mr. "Willie"; "I am afraid my wife is not equal to conversation at present. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you under happier circumstances."

"Ah, thanks! I'm sure, ah—thanks!" murmured the visitor, and he glanced again at young Mrs. "Willie." She was wholly unconscious of his presence. She was holding the limp right paw of the patient in her hand and was bathing it with tears. Lord Heron departed rather abruptly. The next morning, as he was toying with his breakfast at the St. Regis, a note was brought to him:

"Dear Lord Heron—How you must have wondered at my strange conduct yesterday! I was in the deepest despair and quite unfit to receive *anybody*. Today all looks bright again. The dear doctor came soon after you left. He is reckoned the cleverest man in the profession, and attends the dogs of the smartest people in this country and Europe. He says that our dear little Nina has no serious malady, but recommends a change of diet, and a change of climate as well. So we start at once for the Jamestown exhibition. I should prefer the south of England or the Isle of Wight for Nina, as the change would be far more radical, but the doctor says steamer travel is so irritating to dogs in Nina's delicate condition. Will you do me a great favor and send me some of Angel's flea-powder when you reach London? I would not trouble you, but Angel's is invaluable and so difficult to get in this country. Mr. Rockwood

is in despair at having to leave town so suddenly. He wanted to put you up at *all* the clubs. May I not depend upon you for the powder?"

"Very cordially yours,

"CONSTANCE ROCKWOOD."

"I buy flea-powder for that d—d cur!" cried his lordship. "Well, I suppose I shall," he added after a long pause. "'Poor little Nina!'" and he burst out laughing, causing the other guests of the St. Regis much polite and well-bred surprise by his noisy exhibition of mirth.

Self-protection.

"YOU say your wife is a poor cook?"

"The worst ever."

"And yet you say that you eat all of everything she prepares for the table. How can you do that if she can't cook?"

"Great earth, man! if I don't she will use up the scraps in some of those how-to-utilize-left-over dishes, and that will be my finish."



NOT A BIT STYLISH.

MARIE—"Does Marjorie smoke?"

ETHYL—"Heavens, no! She's hopelessly old-fashioned."



KISSING-BUGS?

HE—"Let us sit out on the lawn and watch the lightning-bugs."
SHE—"Oh, somebody might see us! Let's sit inside the grape-arbor and watch for the bugs."

Has to.

"THEY say she spends twice as much money as any other woman for complexion-powder."
"Of course she does. She is two-faced."

On Her Dignity.

"I UNDERSTAND," said the dignified English matron, "that your father made his money in—in trade."

"What do you mean?" asked the American heiress.

"That he amassed his wealth by buying and selling commodities that the common people needed."

"He did nothing of the sort!" retorted the angry heiress. "I want you to understand that papa did not work a lick for a cent of his. He made it every bit by skinning people with watered stocks. I guess that's just as easy money as the kind that you inherit, isn't it?"

Jewell—"How did the Jones-Robinsons get into society?"

Duell—"They were hyphenated in."

Aqua Essence.

Doctor—"Did that drug-clerk say anything when you asked him if he had added aqua pura to the prescription?"
Assistant—"Nothing. He just smiled acquiescence."

Sure Sign.

"YOU are losing interest in me," she complains.

He argues that he is not, but she pouts and repeats her assertion. Finally he wants to know why she says such a thing.

"Because," she says, "you tied my shoe this afternoon in a knot that would not come untied of itself."

Getting Away from the Past.

"IN MY plans for your new home," says the architect, "I have provided for a large, ornate frieze in the hall."

"Don't want it," asserts Mr Conjeeled.

"What?"

"Not a bit of it. Can't take any chances on having some one being reminded that I used to drive an ice-wagon."



JILTED.

MAG—"Billy, I regrets ter say dat our engagement has got ter be broke off."

BILLY—"Wot's de trouble now?"

MAG—"Me ma won't leave me wear yer ring no more 'cos it makes me finger black."

Hope for the Baldheaded

By Perkin Warbeck



SOME months ago I received a letter which I have not been able to answer until now, because it required a great deal of deep thinking and careful research to qualify myself to give the information asked for. I wish to apologize to the writer of the letter for the delay, and trust the following remarks will be found helpful. The letter is as follows:

"Mr. Perkin Warbeck—To settle a bet, will you please answer this question: Does hair ever grow on a bald head? I would also

like to have your opinion on the relative smartness of heads that have no hair and those that have. Was Shakespeare bald when he was at his best, or did he only become so as his powers waned? Can you mention some other men who were great, either before or after becoming baldheaded, and will you kindly tell me what is considered the best thing for a baldheaded man to do. Who is the author of the saying, 'Some are bald on the outside of their heads, some are bald on the inside, but, oh! beware of baldness on the soul?'

"By replying you will confer a favor on yours truly,

"E. BERTRAM WOOD."

Being slightly bald myself—only slightly, mind you, really not enough to be noticed—I consider that you have come to the right party to have these questions settled, Bertram. In coming to me you have accidentally struck headquarters. If you had gone to anybody else they would have referred you to me, any way; so, you see, you guessed right the very first time.

Now, Bertram, I suppose you know you have cut out quite a piece of work for me, and I think without more persiflage we had better get right down to hair—or rather to the absence of hair—and stay there till we get at the roots of the matter.

Does hair ever grow on a bald head? That, I take it, is the particular question on which the money is up. My answer is, it does. Did you ever hear, Bertram, of a barber charging a baldheaded man less for a hair-cut than others? Well, doesn't that prove something? Barbers couldn't keep up the illusion forever that they were cutting hair if they were only scissoring large chunks out of the atmosphere above the bald head. The logic is incontrovertible. What do they cut, if not hair?

To others a man's head often seems to be bald when it is really not so. And we must certainly allow something to a man's own idea about his own head. Isn't that right, Bertram? Take my own case. Many people say I am

bald; but do these people really know? Have they a right to force a constructive baldness, so to speak, on a head which is actually quite hairy? I admit that from a distance my head may seem to be bald, but by coming near and regarding the matter attentively it will be seen that the view from a distance did me a great injustice. I know others who are in the same case. The public considers them bald, but they know the inside facts, as you might say. They know that there is a fine silken down, like the inside of a mouse's ear, not aggressively noticeable to the public, but there just the same. Then again, while there may not be much hair on a bald head, there is usually some left, like the lonely cedars on the mountain side, and these sparse survivors become a matter of deep pride to the master of the head. While there is hair there is hope, and these lonely sentinels on the thatchless waste are a great comfort and solace. Technically, of course, they constitute an affirmative to your question, for they grow on a bald head.

As to the question of smartness, it might look conceited in me to say what I think on the question. Since you have mentioned Shakespeare, however, I may as well own up that there are some mighty smart baldheads in the world. You ask if Shakespeare was bald when at his best. I would rather put that the other way round. Was he at his best when bald? And I answer, I think he was. Shake is a power of comfort to baldheaded folks. You see, there wasn't any chance for two opinions in his case. He was just bald, and there you are. And he ranks pretty high.

The hairless fraternity, past and present, numbers within its fold some of the world's greatest men. Horace Greeley, you know, was almost excessively bald, and that great president and good man, John Quincy Adams, the defender of the right of petition, had a head so gloriously guiltless of hair and so splendidly pink and shiny that when he left his seat in the house of congress the other representatives would shut up their desks and go home, thinking the sun had gone down. Of dark nights in Washington Mr. Adams was employed by the public service to walk about the streets for an hour or two, so the people could see to reach their homes. They finally began to wonder how it was that there was always a full moon in Washington.

You suggest a very interesting question, which I would hardly have brought up myself, when you ask whether the world's most famous baldheads were bald before or after they were great. Now, it is a curious fact that in the best authenticated cases these men all grew bald as they grew great. That is, as fast as they became renowned they lost hair. What is the meaning of this? What do such facts indicate? Whither tends the logic of this baldheaded argument?

There is but one conclusion. You can't have wisdom and hair both. Nature doesn't give any man the earth

and then fence it for him. If you want hair she'll give you hair, but she will take it out of the expense account, so to speak. If you have got a fine head of hair, with a nice dudish part on the right side, make the most of it and be content, but don't go moping around and make everybody miserable because nature didn't include a large No. 12, latest model, double-gear, high-speed brain in the hand-out. Somebody has told me that you never see a bald head in the insane-asylums. This is significant, if true, but I can't verify it at this writing. I expect to go to an insane-asylum myself some day to see if the statement is true.

As to your next query I am in some doubt. Perhaps I don't catch the idea, and if I do I am still at a loss to reply categorically. Categorically, Bertram, is a word I am using this season for the first time. If it takes well I am thinking of staging it next fall for a regular run.

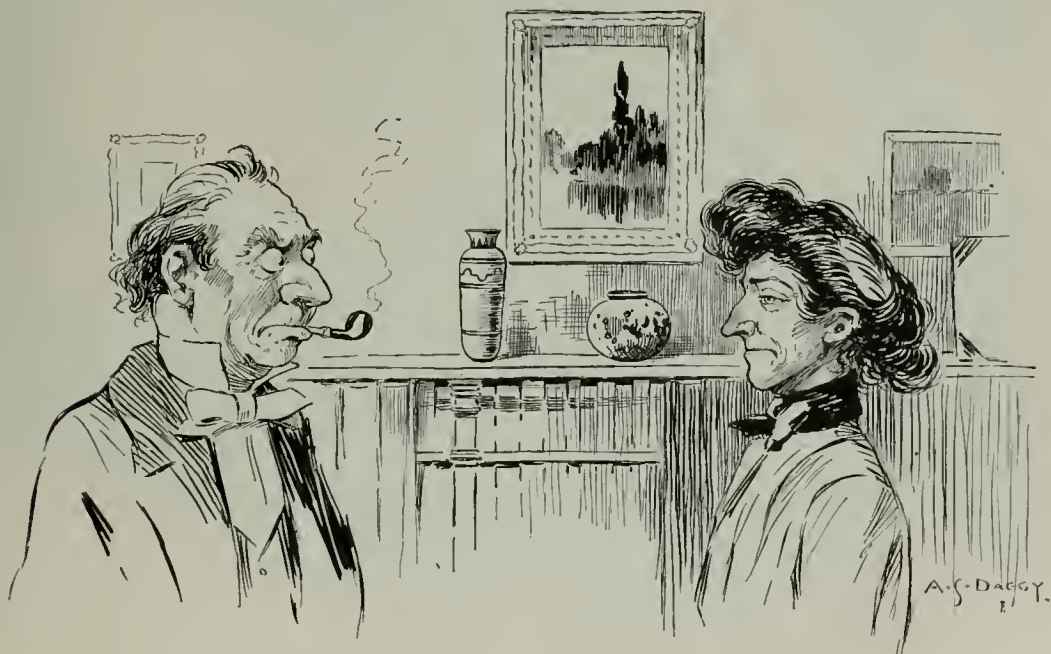
Your question is: What is considered the best thing for a baldheaded man to do? Now, do I understand you to mean what you say, or is it a question of remedies for baldness you are aiming at? You see the two things are totally unlike. Perhaps I had better offer some remarks on both branches of the subject.

The best thing for a baldheaded man to do, in my judgment, is to take it easy. He should live restfully and have a large income. I should say that ten thousand dollars a year should be the minimum of his demands, and from that up. A large income is apt to have a soothing effect on a baldheaded man. It fills him with refreshment and makes him feel that life is not so dreary as it may seem. He should patronize the best plays and be always at the front in the endeavor to have good amusements for the people. In marrying it is a good idea for the baldheaded man to select a young lady of independent fortune. By

care he will be able to find many young ladies who have millions and who will make good wives just the same. The point to be held in mind is that when the baldheaded man finds the girl he wants, if she should happen to be worth twenty-three million dollars he should not let this fact stand in the way of closing the transaction with all possible speed. If the baldheaded suitor be poor and the girl rich, go ahead just the same. Girls like to give their wealth to the poor, and do good with their money.

There are a great many remedies for baldness, but none so good as that invented by the famous Methodist, John Wesley. The trouble with the common run of remedies is that they seek some easy way out of it, flatter the man with the polished knob into the notion that all he has to do is to top-dress his head a few times with some sweet-smelling stuff and then watch the hair hump itself. Wesley took the bull by the horns, as it were. If you're going to do a thing, said Wesley, do it in such a way that you will know you have tried to do it, any way. Wesley's method will live in the memory of the trier, and don't you think it won't. Here it is: Shave the head, rub it thoroughly with a live, vigorous onion that has youth and power, and then pour a cruse of honey on and rub that in and sit in a cool place till the hair grows. This was the most efficacious remedy I ever tried, and I have never felt that there was any occasion to repeat it.

P. s.—The authorship of the lines you quote is in doubt. Some scholars think they were spoken by Elijah, who made a life-long study of the subject of baldheads. Others contend that Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is the author, but I don't feel that it is right to credit every bright thing written to this popular inspirer of the people.



LOOKING FORWARD.

HUSBAND.—“I should like to have one good long smoke without your interference.”

WIFE.—“Well, you may have your wish granted soon enough. You know you don't come of a long-lived family.”



A HIGHER CHARGE.

THE PATRON—"Why do you want to pull up and go to the Klondike? You're making a little money here. ain't you?"
THE PROPRIETOR—"Yes; but I want to start a shop where I can make more money at one *clap*."



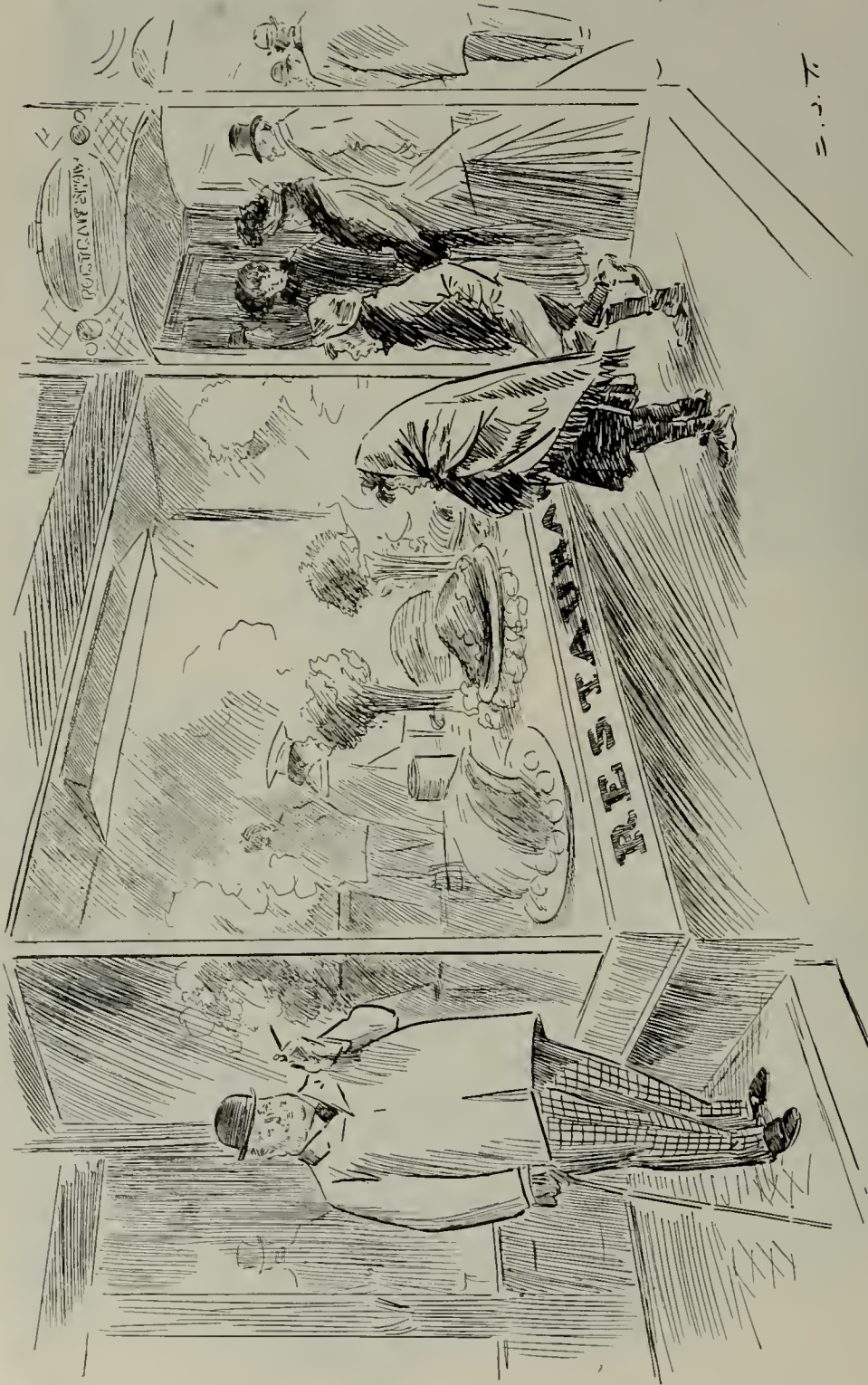
A PRACTICAL DEDUCTION.

MRS. WASHERS—"Mistah Jackson asked me to be his helpmate las' ebenin'."
 MISS CALLERS—"Dat s not surprisin'. It's well known dat he can't support himself alone."



BEFORE AND AFTER.

SHE—"What a handsome umpire! I should like to throw a kiss at him."
 HE—"Wait a while. After you hear a few of his decisions you will feel like throwing a bat at him."



HOW IT FELT.

MAGGIE—"I say, Chimmic, when yer look inter dat restaurant winder don't it make yer mout' water?"
JIMMIE—"Water? Hully gee! it makes me mout' feel like a ship-buildin' trust."

— 2.3.7



TO KEEP COOL.

DREAMY GRUMPS—"I wuz jest a-thinkin', pard, if I had a lot uv money I'd build a nice, big house."

DUSTY RHODES—"Wot kind uv a house—one uv dem marble ones, or brownstone, or red brick, or"——

DREAMY GRUMPS—"Nit—not fer mine! I'd have a ice-cream-brick house, wid lemon-meringue trimmin's."

The Hair of the Dog.

"NEED not tell me that like does not cure like," asserted the man with the apologetic mustache.

"Who tried to tell you so?" asked the man with the aggressive chin.

"No one; but the point I wanted to make was this: My wife wore one of these drop-stitch waists until she got rheumatism, and then the nurse spread mustard on the waist and made a porous-plaster of it and cured the rheumatism."

One Drawback.

EDITH'S father recently bought a new home, in the yard of which are some fine old elms. On being asked how she liked them the little lady replied, "Very well, all but their complexion—that's awfully rough."

"WE REALLY have no excuse for this war," said the statesman. "Very true," said the ambitious king; "but that need not worry you, as the historians of the future may be depended upon to develop a proper excuse."



EASY.

"Me face is me fortune. See?"

"Well, why don't yer increase yer fortune by gittin' de mumps?"



IN THE SMART SET.

“The Uppertens lead an ideal family life.”
“Do they never quarrel?”
“Never. She is in Europe, he at Saratoga, and the children are with their grandmother.”

— Taylor

HERLOCK SHOLMES AGAIN

THIS GLOVE," said Herlock Sholmes, the great detective; "this glove speaks to me of a great mystery."

"I knew it would," said Swatson, who had brought the glove to him.

"Yes," said Sholmes, lighting a cigarette and putting his feet on the mantel. He puffed in meditative silence for some minutes. "Now," he resumed, "the question is:—"

"The question is where and when was the murder committed," interrupted Swatson with the keen haste of a man who is tickled to death at anticipating the thoughts of a great personage.

"No, that is not the question," replied Sholmes, while Swatson shrank swiftly into his natural state of subjection. "The question is, shall we work it up into a hundred- and - fifty- thousand-word novel or merely make a short sketch of it?"

Swatson vouchsafed no reply, save to motion to his empty pocket.

"Ah, we need the money at once?" smiled Sholmes. "Then it shall be a short sketch, for the cash comes much more quickly from the magazines than from the royalties on a book." For some moments he pulled at his cigarette, then laid the glove in the open palm of his right hand. "This glove," he deduced, "was worn

by a young woman who belongs to one of the best families. How do I know that? Because she was on her way to the manicurist's. How do I know she was? Because you picked it up in front of the manicure-shop across the way. I saw you. Very well. I know she was going there because she was in a hurry, and she drew the glove from her hand before she entered in order to save time. She had an engagement for the theatre. How do

I know that? They all have. Yesterday she bought a copy of 'Lady Rose's Daughter' at the book-shop in Main street. How do I reason that out? The newspapers advertised a special sale of the story at that shop for that day. She plays golf. I deduce that because she plays bridge-whist. I am positive of that because she has a lap-dog. I am sure of that because she is a pianist. I

discover that because of the shape of the fingers of the glove. I venture the opinion as to the other attributes of her elevated station because she is an automobilist."

"Keen, keen!" cried Swatson. "But how in the world do you deduce that she is an automobilist?"

"Smell the glove," commanded the great detective.

Swatson did so. The scent of gasoline was overpowering.

"Now, Swatson," kindly said Sholmes, "don't you see how I did it all? I smelled the glove first and then deduced all the rest. I have cultivated the hab"—

"Excuse me, Mr. Sholmes," spoke a slender lady who had entered unnoticed, "but I took the liberty of running up here to ask if Mr. Swatson did not pick up my glove. I thought I saw him do so, and I knew I would find him here. I had cleaned the gloves with gasoline and hung them on my window-

ledge to dry and one of them fell into the street."

She took the glove, smiled her thanks, and left.

"Do you know who she is?" asked Sholmes after the door had closed.

"Yes," replied Swatson. "She is the manicurist."

"IS SPACECUT a capable editor?"

"He can get the good out of an article more completely than any other editor I ever worked under."



HE WAS IN IT.

"But, papa, he owns stock in twenty different corporations."

"Phew! I didn't know he had been in politics so long as that. Have him call whenever you like."

WHEN PEPPERMINT BLOSSOM RAN

By R. N. Duke



IT WAS to be one of the biggest killings that ever occurred on a race-track, but it did not occur. I am working under a heavy handicap when I try to tell about it, but I belong in the same class with that famous martyr of whom it is lovingly said in the school-books, "he seen his duty and he done it noble."

I never joined the dream-builders' association nor played Willie the Wild Boy at the race-track nor let the pipers perform that stirring piece, "Darling, Dream of Me," when I showed up at the bookmakers', and my notion of a horse is bound up with and inseparable from the related concept of a plow or a dray. But I am going through with this thing, even if I don't know a killing from a pigeon-shoot.

It was this way. There were three of us. In fact, there were a number of us. I will begin with Aloysius. Aloysius brought in the tip. He said it was an "air-tight." I think the boys would not have lost their heads if it had been just an ordinary open-air tip with plenty of ventilation. But when you get an air-tight tip what are you going to do? Pass it up? Neigh, neigh, Pauline.

(That neigh, neigh, will show the reader how conscientiously I am trying to give this story a horsy flavor.)

Aloysius came in out of breath and said he had got this tip straight from a jockey. The jockey had his head in a sling and his neck was broken and the funeral was set, and some friends had traveled miles to put him next to big money and told him to dig up, never stopping to consider that he was about to dig down, as it were, being in such broken health, as I have already intimated, from all of which the following beautiful day-dream had set its auroral dawn in the happy face of the said Aloysius.

As near as I can recall, this is the way it was piped to us. Peppermint Blossom, a spry young thing full of bed-springs and motion powders, was to run that day. Peppermint had been prepared for a killing, and in previous races had had his feet cut off to slow him down and work up the odds in good shape. The game was to sew his feet on for that afternoon and spread surprise and greenbacks all over the skating-pond. I use the term skating-pond, not because I have the least idea what it means, but because it is a favorite term in the celebrated works by John Henry, the noted racing expert.

Well, the story took, and we were all down with the fever right off. It was late in the week for the "Green Fellows," but by and by they began to crawl out of the bushes, and Peppermint Blossom was plastered with the left-overs from last pay-day. Then the boys went up on the mountains with horns and stayed there all day. Some were for going to Europe because Peppermint was a 40 to 1 shot. The fivers couldn't see anything nearer than Rome, Italy, while

the oners and twoers thought a week in Florida or at Old Point Comfort would about size up to their piles.

Taking only a spectatorial interest in this hot-air free-for-all, I at once began to look up Peppermint's record and present standing. I found this succinct and perfectly incomprehensible statement:

Horse—Peppermint Blossom; weight, 99; jockey, Willieboy; open high, 30; close, 60; place, 20; show, 10.

It struck me right off that a horse weighing ninety-nine pounds was fresh from the bone works and held a through ticket for the button factory, but Aloysius and Alphonse and Raymond D. and J. Henry and Arthur and the rest said I wasn't up on horses. That "open high" at thirty and "close" at sixty, with a "place" and "show" at only ten and twenty looked to me like a big come-down from the first ratings, but the boys wouldn't listen to me. They said they knew what they were about. Of course, not being up on horses, I had to let them go on tooting their horns and piling up grief against that hour when the alarm should go off and wake them up.

During the afternoon we heard from Peppermint Blossom at frequent intervals. I don't know how this information arrived, but there was very little of this whole business I did understand. I didn't know where any of the smoke rings came from that filled the room all day. In fact, I didn't know where Peppermint came from.

I will give the bulletins as they came in, as near as I can recall them:

Noon—Peppermint will run at 4:30.

1 p. m.—Peppermint is eating clover-tops and honey-suckles and drinking attar of roses.

1:30 p. m.—They are just sewing Peppermint's feet on.

2 p. m.—Couple of dray horses have just lit out. They are hitting the track like steers. Peppermint's feet are on and we have driven ring bolts and anchored him with ox chains to keep him on the earth.

3 p. m.—The slaughter draws near. Peppermint behaving beautifully. Put twelve sacks of sand on him to ballast him till the whistle blows.

3:30 p. m.—Drove of has-beens just came home. Looked as if they had been out all night. Peppermint is frothing at the mouth and has bit off three stablemen's ears in the last seven seconds.

4 p. m.—Three men are leading Peppermint out. He is no tin horse, all right. Something will be doing now directly.

4:30 p. m.—They are off. Peppermint is off more than any of them.

Then the bulletins broke off and we couldn't get central to answer any more. Some more hot ones were handed to us, but we couldn't swear they were true. For my part, they looked just as reliable as any of the news we had been getting all afternoon, but the boys said they were faked up.

They all looked alike to me. This is the way they read after 4:30:

4:32—It's Peppermint against the field. Six hired men are trying to push him over the line, but he seems to hesitate.

4:33—They have got a steam-roller hitched to Peppermint and will soon be off.

4:35—Peppermint is leaning up against the side of a barn, reflecting on his youthful days, now, alas! gone forever, never to return.

As I said, I do not know whether these bulletins were true or fake. They looked all right to me, just as the earlier afternoon ones did. I do know that toward the cool of the evening the boys began to come down out of the mountains and drift slowly away—sort of fade into the

landscape, as it were. The next morning there seemed to be a disposition to inquire how the Russo-Jap war was coming on. I suppose they were still interested in the killing, as you might say, though now they were thinking of those killings that are far away instead of those that are right at our doors.

Somebody in the course of the morning asked casually where Peppermint Blossom was, but you could see that the war was more interesting from a news view-point. The opinion was thrown out carelessly that Peppermint had not got in yet and it seemed to answer all requirements. Everybody appeared to feel that that accounted for Peppermint as far as he needed to be accounted for.

I never saw a subject lose interest as Peppermint Blossom did.

An Episode.

WHEN he came into the room where she sat he was struck at once by her marvelous beauty. At first she did not observe him, but finally she glanced in his direction.

There was something about him that caused her to unbend from her hauteur.

She fell quickly into his vein of merry banter, and when at last he left she rolled her eye at him.

With that innate courtesy for which our hero was celebrated, he picked up her glass eye and returned it to her.

Suited Him Better.

Cobwigger—"The doctor says you sleep too much. You must begin by getting up two hours earlier in the morning."

Freddie—"Say, dad, wouldn't it be 'ust the same if I went to bed two hours later?"

Speaking Confidentially.

Gladys—"Don't you think the duke looks careworn?"

Mae—"Er—no; sort of shopworn."

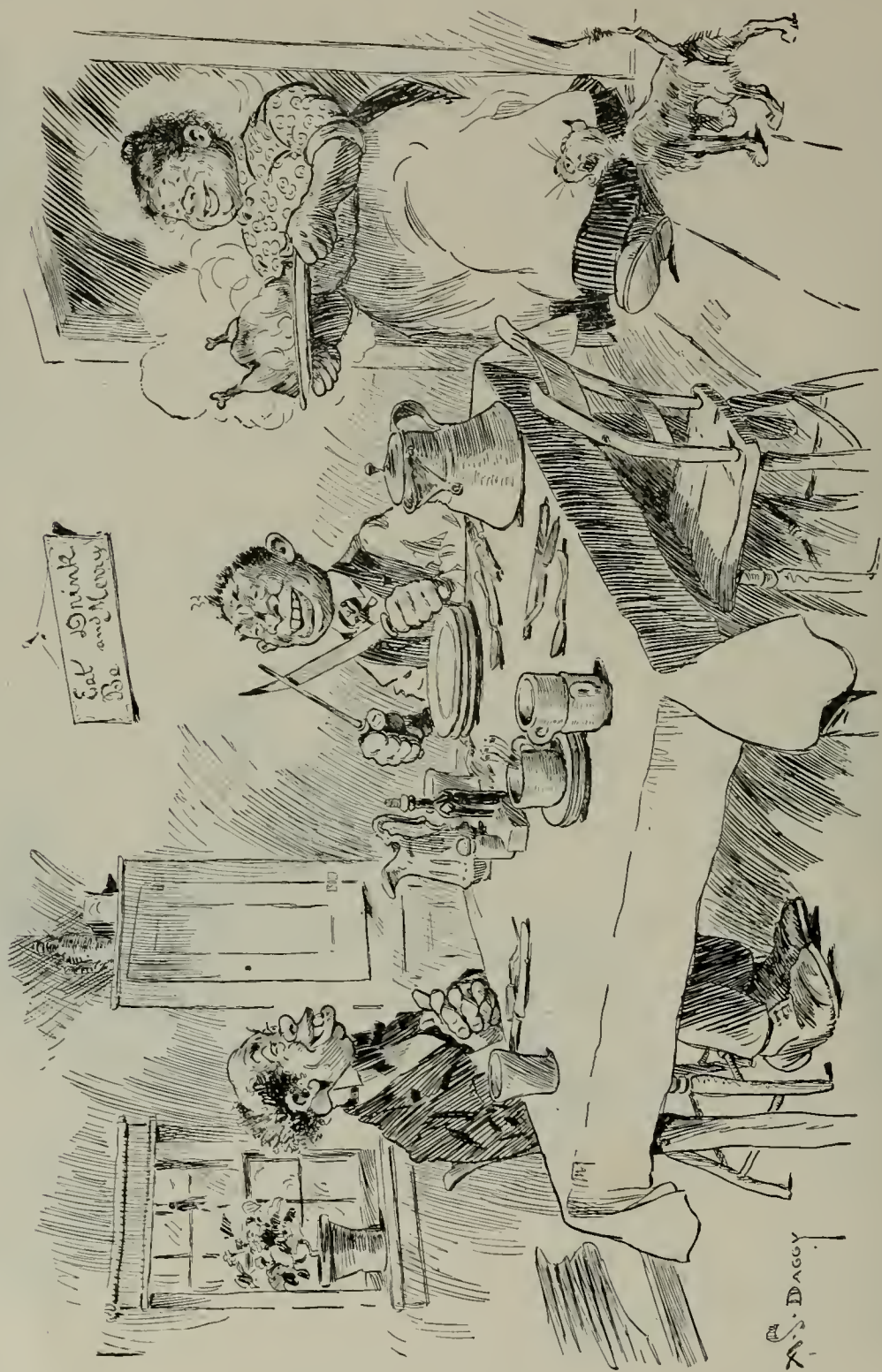


AT THE PESSIMISTS' CLUB.

"Well, borrowing money is truly borrowing trouble."

"Huh! What's the trouble?"

"Paying it back."



A HYPOCRITICAL "HOLLER."
 JIM JACKSON — "Hab yo' enny idee why Parson Chucks am harpin' so continually ag in de *sin* ob chicken-stealin'?"
 DRACON BONES — "I reckon it am because ob so many new adepts gittin' in de bizness dat de parson am gittin' mighty poor pickin's fo' himself."

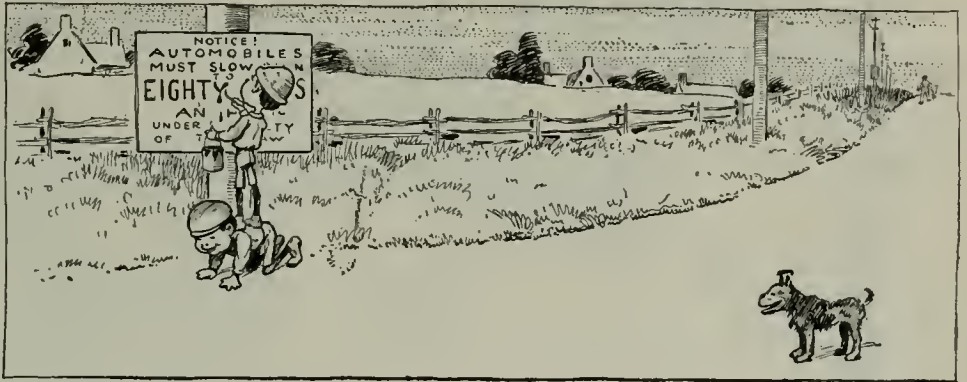
THE AUTOMOBILISTS WERE RIGHT WITHIN THE LIMIT.



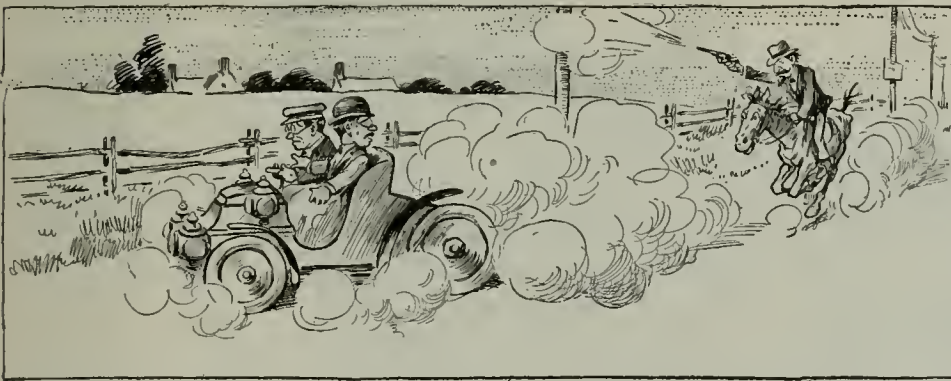
1. CONSTABLE—"I say, Bill, those signs are something like. Go 'long and git 'em up and I'll talk business to these fast-runnin' shawfurs."

In a Sorry Plight.

BETH, while making a call with her mother on a new neighbor, kept her eyes constantly fixed on the sofa, upon which were some very large sofa-pillows, the same color as the upholstering. "Oh, mamma," exclaimed the little girl on reaching the street, "how awfully bad that sofa was blistered!"



2. SMALL BOY (with brush)—"I say, Johnnie, we'll jest foller Bill up and put in a letter for the shawfurs."



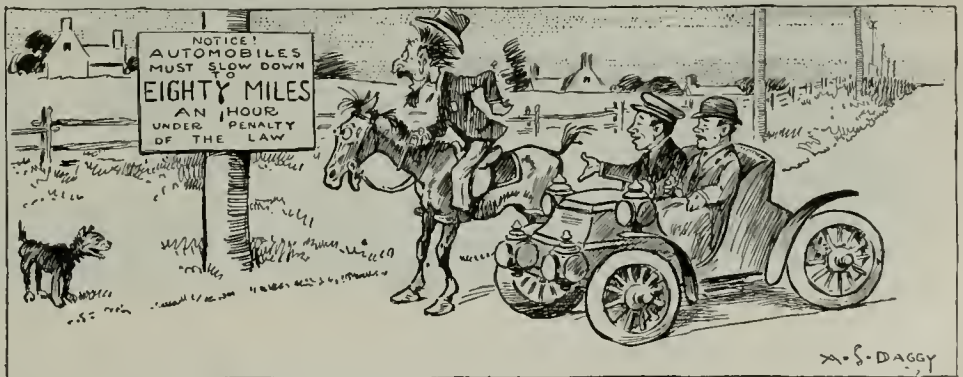
3. CONSTABLE—"Hey! Slow up there. Don't you see those signs—or can't you read?"

Her Reply.

McGorry—"Oi'll buy yez no new hat, d' yez moind that? Ye are vain enough ahriddy."

Mrs. McGorry—"Me vain? Oi'm not! Shure, Oi don't t'ink mesilf half as good-lookin' as Oi am."

BLESSED are the prophets of disappointment; for they can say, "I told you so."



4. AUTOIST—"My dear fellow, do you really suppose we were going faster than that?"

Inferred.

"GRANDMA is awfully cross, mamma." "You mustn't annoy her, dear; she has the rheumatism, and it pains her very much." "Is—is it in her voice, mamma?"

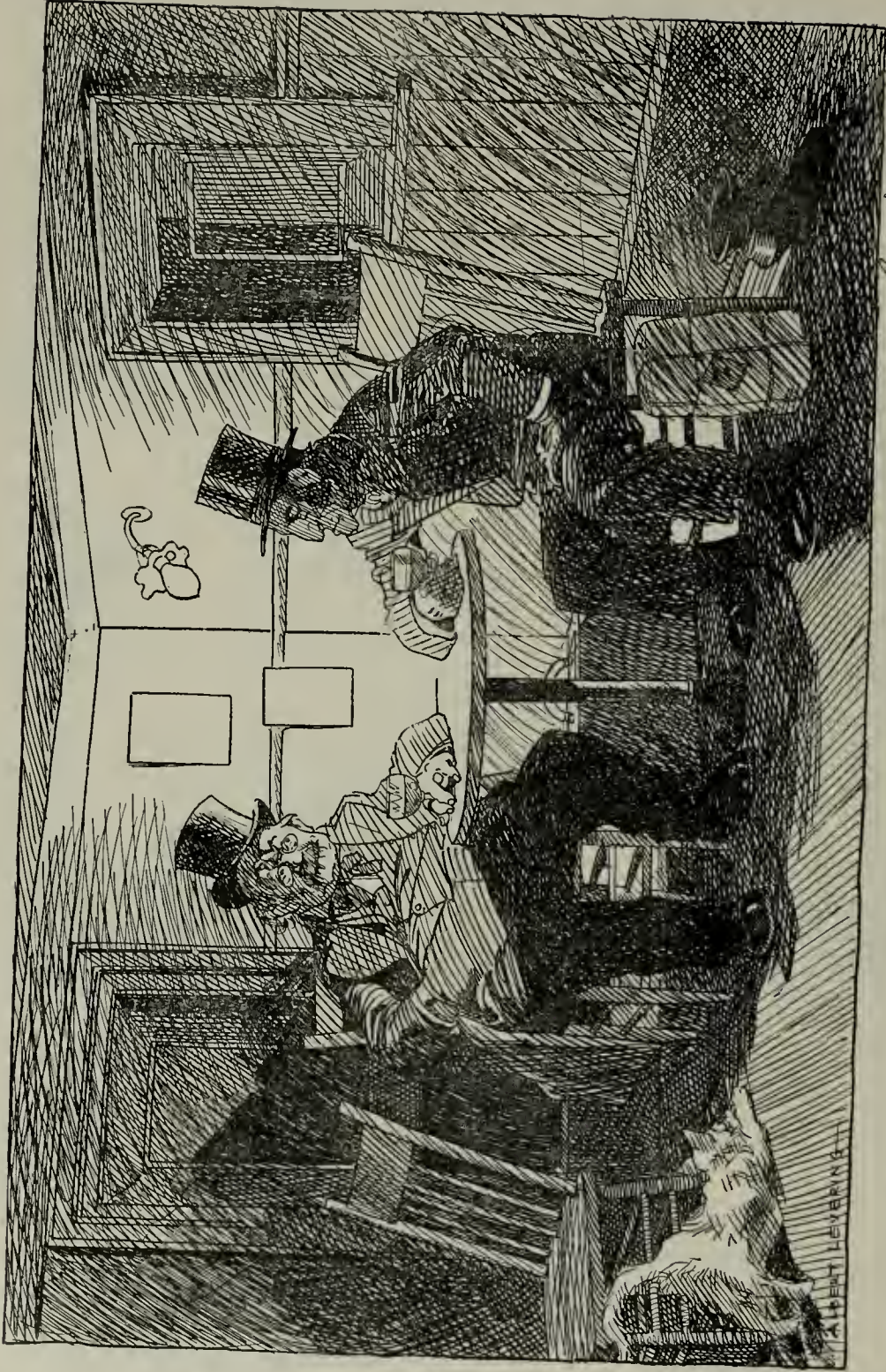
SOME day, perhaps, the Chicago river may be stood on end to serve as a monument to that city's greatness.

Collect?

"IT'S all nonsense," asserts the skeptic. "It's foolish to talk of communicating with the other world. Why, nobody can get a message to the other side."

"I don't know about that," replies the credulous person. "Only the other day I heard a man say he was going to wire a skeleton that night."

A. S. DAGGY



NO TRUST.
"Does your wife trust you?"
"Well, say! I'm glad she ain't my tailor."



REMARK.
OK. A.L.



HOW HE WAS INTERESTED.

MR. RILEY—“ Ah, ladies, yer don't know how I am interested in your cause, especially in de demolishment uv de vile gin-mills uv Casey and Coogan, on dis street. Acept ten dollars fer new hatchets ter smash deir saloons.”

MR RILEY (an hour later)—“ Dat was a coup— both me competitors put out uv bizness an' deir patrons pilin' in so thick dat de reformers couldn't find elbow-room ter smash my joint if dey tried.”

Recklessness.

“ ANY news up your way?” asks the country editor.
 “ Nope; nothin' much. Only — Did you hear about Jed Hawkins's trick with the lightnin'-rod durin' the thunder-storm last Friday?”

“ No. What was that?”
 “ Why, you know Jed's been a-arguin' all along to his father that lightnin'-rods didn't draw lightnin' down, an' finally he pulled the rod off the barn durin' that storm an' walked around with it slung over his shoulder to prove his side of the case. An' the lightnin' struck” —
 “ Struck Jed?”
 “ No; struck the barn.”

An Exception to the Rule.

“ YOU can fool all of the people part of the time, and part of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time,” declares the street orator.
 “ You can if you sell cantaloupes,” chuckles a man who is going toward the bank with the last installment of his summer receipts.

Her Explanation.

A LADY who warbled in mezzo.
 Repined, “ I am always in dezzo.
 My runs and my trills
 Could pay all my bills,
 And would, if I didn't forgezzo.”

At the Whist Club.

Hostess (in astonishment)—“ I was surprised that Mrs. Newbegin won the prize. It was just due to dumb luck.”
 Mrs. Ecksfert—“ ‘ Dumb luck,’ indeed! Why, she chattered every minute.”

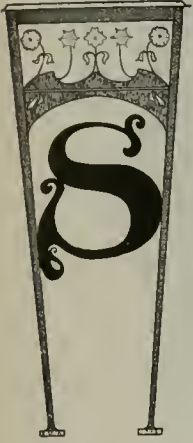


BASEBALL IN THE FAR WEST.

TOURIST (in Frozen Dog)—“ I suppose your ball-nine are all st r players?”
 BRONCO BILL—“ You bet they be! An' if th' decisions don't suit they're snootin'-star players.”

She Was a Lady

By William J. Lampton



O the Sunday-school teacher's got married?" said Big Jack Gilder, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and sighing as if there were other ashes in this vale of tears. He was sitting on a soap-box in front of the Yard-wide livery stable, Main street, Copperville, and the postmaster had stopped to tell him the news. The postmaster knew that Big Jack cherished a sentiment which had never found expression in definite language.

"She's gone and done it, sure," he asserted in positive corroboration of his original communication. "I know, because I seen it in a Boston paper that comes to a minin' ingineer over on Sil-

ver crick. Yes, sir, she's got married."

"Well, I hope she's got a man fittin' fer her," Gilder commented, "fer she was a woman that was high up in the heaven's-best-gift list, if there ever was one."

"Yes," the postmaster nodded, "and I thought mebbe you'd like to hear she was married," he added in the kindly manner of those who love to communicate glad tidings which are only relatively glad.

Gilder sighed again and smiled. The smile remained as he took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and began cutting strips off of it to fill his pipe. The sigh was for the present, the smile went back to some pleasant memory.

"Jou mind the time," he said reminiscently as he scratched a match, "when I brung her up in that covered wagon from the gulch to town? Lemine see," and he dreamed a moment, "that was the year before I begun drivin' the stage."

The postmaster nodded in affirmation, but with some degree of vagueness.

"I remember when you was teamin' from here to the gulch," he said, seating himself on a convenient bale of hay, "but I seem to disremember the perticklers of your haulin' the Sunday-school teacher. It don't seem to me that you was in the passenger business. She wasn't freight, was she?"

"Fer that day she was," Gilder laughed. "You see it was this way: She was down to the gulch doin' some kind of missionary work or other, temporary, when she got a hurry call to come to town to see somebody that was startin' over the big divide that couldn't go easy if she wa'n't there to say the word. I don't mind now who, but that's no difference. It wa'n't stage day and she couldn't wait. She'd 'a' walked first; that's the kind she was. I was startin' with only half a back-load and I offered free passage if she'd agree to take what come and not expect parlor-car lugshuries. She'd 'a' done anything ruther than not git back to town, and when I was ready to pull out she'd been waitin' most an hour fer me. Lookin' mighty sweet and purty, too, and smilin' to think she was goin' to

git back to where she was needed most. That's the kind she was."

Gilder paused in retrospection until the postmaster showed signs of impatience.

"I knowed I was assumin' a risk that was extry hazard-ous, as the insurance people says," he went on when his thought moved him, "but it was only a six-hour stretch from the gulch and I guessed I might take a chance with the load I had in the wagon and six mules in front."

"I wouldn't call that much of a risk," the postmaster said in derogation, having been a teamster himself before entering the political field.

Gilder sniffed at him scornfully. "That's all you know about what that gulch road was like in them days," he countered.

"It isn't so very d— smooth yet," put in a drummer who had just arrived on three wheels and a sapling under one axle.

"As I was sayin'," Gilder proceeded with a dry laugh of approval, "she was on the spot lookin' so angelly and so derned grateful to me that I couldn't have stood her off nohow, and we got away prompt, her settin' on a miner's pack of old clothes in the wagon, and me in the saddle on the nigh mule, goverment fashion. We got along middlin' well—mighty fine, I'd 'a' said if I hadn't had a lady aboard that was used to better things—till we struck Ball's hill about four p. m. in the afternoon. Up to and includin' that time most of the trouble had been jist plain joltin', and she bounced around in the wagon tryin' to stiddy herself on anything that she could reach hold of, till I was that ashamed of myself I wanted to resign and hire a private car-fer her. But she'd allus laugh between jolts and tell me to keep 'em goin', fer the main thing was to git to town in time. Then her eyes would kind of git dim and I knowed she was thinkin' about what was waitin' fer her to come." Gilder paused and looked wistfully across the street at the Cornucopia hotel on the corner. "And it was right there she stopped," he said, more to himself than to any other person.

"That's so; she used to board there," the postmaster assented, as if recognizing an important statement which needed corroboration.

"Well," Gilder gathered and went on, "as I was sayin', we done middlin' well till we struck Ball's hill. That's a hill, I want to say positive, that would paralyze any ingineer on reecord to git a road over it or round it that was half decent to travel on in dry weather, and when it was wet—well, Ball's hill ought to be in the place where there ain't no water at all."

"Right you are," said the drummer, who had become an interested listener.

"It had rained in the mountain the night before," Gilder proceeded, "and the road was mud all the way up till it got so steep it slipped off and slid down, so that where it was level enough to pull we'd stall in the mud, and where there wa'n't no mud we'd stall on the steep. I

didn't call the Sunday-school teacher's attention to the state of the case, but drove right at it, head on, and she didn't seem to take notice. Leastwise, when I kind of glanced back at the wagon she was under cover and quiet. Fer about half an hour we dragged through somehow, trustin' in Providence, but gittin' a leetle slower all the time, me a-lickin' the team with both hands and yellin', but bein' pertickeler in my languidge for the lady's sake, seein' she had Sunday-school scruples not fitted fer drivin' mules as they should be drove. I seen our finish right ahead, but I kept on exhortin' them mules till they sort o' give up the ghost and stopped as if they had been drove into the ground and clinched."

"You don't know how to handle mules," said the postmaster with fine scorn.

"I know how to be a gentleman when there's ladies present," Gilder retorted at this aspersion upon his professional skill; "which mebbe everybody don't, but that's not the question before the house. Seein' something had to be done er go into camp, I got off of the saddle mule and tried workin' 'em from the ground, but it wa'n't no use. Them mules was stuck and they knowed it; which is when it takes talent to convince a mule to the contrary. I knowed what to do, but a lady bein' in hearin' of the languidge necessary, I couldn't do nothin' but set down on a rock and cogitate the situation without appropriate remarks. In about three minutes, when everything had settled down as if we had bought the property and was goin' to live on it, I seen the wagon cover shakin', and right afterwards the Sunday-school teacher stuck her head out from in under and swep' the lanskip with her piercin' eye, as the border tales says. I was in the foreground settin' on that rock like I had been hewed out of it.

"What is wrong, Mr. Gilder?" says she, callin' me nister, which nobody would 'a' knowed me by that name," Gilder chuckled.

"We're stalled, ma'm," says I, holdin' back what was proper to say on sich an occasion.

"Must I get out of the wagon?" says she.

"Not at all, ma'm," says I, doin' the Chestyfield to a turn. 'If the'—I come mighty nigh blurtin' it right out, I was that full up—'If the mules can't pull *you* out they can't pull nothin'.'

"Have you tried every means to make them pull?" says she, hangin' on.

"Most, ma'm," says I, with a mental reservation, as they say on the witness-stand, which she noticed quick.

"Oh," says she, 'if you think you can make them pull by whipping them, don't hesitate on my account. I don't believe in being cruel to animals, Mr. Gilder, but we must get to town.'

"Yes'm," says I, not havin' much else to remark on the subject that I could say before her, bein' a Sunday-school teacher and a lady.

"Well, try the whip on them again," says she, and with that she went plumb out of sight under the wagon-cover. I lit in ag'in with renewed energy, as they say in print, and I larrupped the blacksnake around them mules till it was a shame and an outrage, but it wa'n't no good as I knowed it wouldn't be. They was broke different.

'Purty soon her head bobbed out from in under the

wagon-cover ag'in. It was so still outside that she got nervous, I reckon. I was settin' on the rock in the last stages of a hopeless contemplation, as they say.

"Mr. Gilder," says she in a different tone of expression, 'if you will help me a moment I'll get out of the wagon.'

"There ain't no use in troublin' yourself, ma'm," says I, gittin' up and movin' over her way. 'If they kin pull anything they kin pull you. You ain't a fly on the harness.'

"That may be, Mr. Gilder," says she powerful polite, 'but if I get out and go on to the top of the mountain, out of hearing, possibly you can urge them properly. I know something about mules.'

"She kind of laughed when she said it, and to save my everlastin' reputation I couldn't help gittin' red in the face and givin' myself dead away, but she never let on."

The postmaster and the drummer nodded at each other as if they appreciated the position of Mr. Gilder.

"All right, ma'm," says I, bowin' my best, 'if you insist on gittin' out fer a walk you kin, but I ain't sayin' you've got to.'

"But I'm sayin' it, Mr. Gilder," says she, 'fer I must be in town to-night,' and she begun climbin' out all by herself.

"Knowin' some how women is when they git sot in their way, I lent a hand to the lady, and in a minute she was out and hoofin' it up the hill like a mountain sheep. As she went out of sight she stopped and waved her hand at me to come ahead.

"Whereupon and hence I turned loose on them mules the kind of languidge they understood, and in about five minutes they had that wagon yanked out of the mud and was goin' up hill like a cog-wheel incline. I was some skeered that she might be waitin' fer me where the last pull was at the top, but not any. I found her settin' serene on a stump half a mile down the other side with some flowers in her hands that she give me when I helped her to git aboard ag'in, and she snickered some and said she was very much obliged to me indeed. Which the obligation was all on me fer her havin' give me the chance."

"Mules is almighty pertickeler in their habits," commented the postmaster retrospectively.

"She was a lady, all right," said the drummer, and Big Jack, with a nod and smile towards him, knocked the ashes out of his pipe again and sighed.

Sonnet in Summer.

By a clerk.

ON HIGH stool seated, right beneath the tiles,
Methought from out my perch aërial here
How better were a foaming glass of beer
Than penning stupid documents by miles.
For, ah! not easily one reconciles
Sweet summer with the desk and inky smear.
Vacation smiles but only once a year,
And beer alone the leaden hours beguiles.
The wealthy ones have to the seashore flown;
They walk the shady side of Easy street;
By wind and wave they're metamorphosed brown;
But when the clock strikes five and time's my own,
Then beer, cool beer, is compensation sweet
For all my griefs—and won't I pour it down!

E. G.



BOTH WORK HARD.

FARMER MEDDERS—"Yes, miss; us farmers work awful hard an' hev mighty little fun. There's only one class o' people works harder an' gits less enjoyment."

MISS SUMMERS—"Who are they?"

FARMER MEDDERS—"Th' summer boarders, miss."

FATE AND THE CIRCUS TICKETS.

BY ED MOTT.

"Of course that little caper o' the lightnin' made 'Lije and Katury's goin' to the show look



L IJE PERGENKAMPER is follerin' Caleb Cronk up, sure as he's livin', and if there's any law worth a pint o' shoe-pegs, he'll make Caleb sweat, I bet you! Will he? Well, you jest listen to me, and then judge!"

Sol Cribber, of the Pochuck district, was over to the Corners, and another chapter of doings,

fresh from that interesting precinct, was surely ready for delivery.

"If there ever was disapp'inted, heartsore and sot-down-on folks, them folks is 'Lije Pergenkamper and his wife Katury. And if conscience ever got a clutch on to any one and give 'em nightmares, then conscience ought to have a hitch on to Caleb Cronk enough to make him shed scaldin' tears.

"Five year or so ago a circus come along to that hail-wick, and 'Lije and Katury got tickets to the show for lettin' the showmen stick some pictur's on to their cow-shed door. There hadn't been a show of any sort along that way sence, not till last week, and when 'Lije and Katury heerd it was comin', somethin' like a month ago, they was feelin' chipper as cathirds, 'cause they was pretty high sure that the show 'd want the cow-shed door ag'in for pictur's. Sure enough, the show feller druv up to 'Lije's one day, jest ahead of a big thunderstorm that was hearin' down on to that edge o' the deestrick. 'Lije asked him in the house, and he drew up the papers for the cow-shed door and 'Lije signed 'em. 'Lije made an all-fired good bargain with him, too, for the feller throwed in tickets for the man-eatin' cannibal and the pig that played keerds.

"Well, sir, jest as the feller was signin' the paper for the tickets a blaze o' lightnin' busted out right over the farm and swooped down on to the cow-shed. In less time than I kin tell you, the cow-shed was snappin' and crackin', and the consekences was that before they hardly knowed what was goin' on, there wasn't no cow-shed door left to stick a pictur' on. Of course that ended the deal right there, and Katury took on tremendous, for she had sot her heart on goin' to the show, and here there wasn't another thing on the place to stick a pictur' on.

"Some folks, 'Lije says, mowt 'a' thought that Katury 'd felt wuss over the cow bein' killed in the shed by the lightnin' than over the wipin' off o' the face o' the earth of a 3 by 6 slab door; but setch folks ain't acquainted with Katury's y'arnin's, he says.

"Cows ain't skeerce," says Katury, "but I'll bet there won't be another circus within a hundred mile o' this spread o' hemlock not in forty year," she says. "Leastways, not one with a pig that plays keerds, and a man-eatin' cannibal," she says.

somethin' out o' the question, and things was gloomy around them premises, and no mistake. Josh Roper owed 'Lije nine dollars and forty-three cents on a choppin' job, but Josh had run all to emptyin's on cash, and there wa'n't much show of 'Lije gittin' any from him not for no tellin' how long; but Katury got an idee.

"'Lije,' she says, 'you go over to Josh's and tell him that you hate to pester him, 'cause you know he's a little close to the wind, but that there's a circus comin' and somethin' has got to be did. Tell him,' says Katury, 'that you'll take that old ewe sheep o' his'n and call it square,' says she. 'Them show folks has got to have meat for their animals,' she says, 'and you kin trade 'em that sheep for tickets to the show,' she says; 'but stick to havin' 'em for the pig that plays keerds and the man-eatin' cannibal,' she says.

'Lije he went over to Josh's on the jump. Josh he wa'n't no way slow on takin' him up, for he couldn't 'a' got five shillin' for the ewe. 'Lije druv the sheep home, and things cheered up around there amazin'.

"This Caleb Cronk lives jest beyend 'Lije's, and never had no cow-shed nor nothin' else that anybody could stick a show pictur' on to, so when he heerd that 'Lije was spectin' to hire his cow-shed door for tickets to the show he was madder 'n a snake, 'cause he didn't have no shad-



... THAT BEAR STOLE 'LIJE'S SHEEP.' "

der of a chance o' gittin' there himself. Then when he heerd that 'Lije's shed was eat up by lightnin', and that the deal for tickets was off, he come over to 'Lije's, grinnin' meaner than a hyeny.

"So you've changed your mind about goin' to the show, have you?" he says to 'Lije. 'It's goin' to be a hummer, they tell me,' he says.

'Lije didn't say much to him, 'cause he knowed that

Caleb couldn't go neither, and there was some consolation in that, for if Caleb had been goin' 'Lije says he'd 'a' jumped on to him right then and thumped him so that he couldn't 'a' got out in a month. And 'Lije made a big mistake by not doin' it; I tell *you* he did!

"But when 'Lije got Josh Roper's old sheep, and Caleb heerd what he was calculatin' on doin' with it, Caleb was madder than before, and he come over to 'Lije's and said he had his opinion of folks that 'd trade off an innocent old sheep for lions and tigers to tear up and eat, jest to git in and see a circus that wa'n't goin' to amount to much, anyhow. 'Lije laughed at Caleb, and twitted him 'cause he couldn't git to go to the show, and asked him how much of his clearin' he'd give to be him and Katury on show day. Yit 'Lije felt sorry for him, to think what him and Katury was goin' to see and Caleb was goin' to miss.

"On the mornin' o' the day before the show 'Lije went out to take a look at the sheep, and the sheep was gone! A bear had come out o' the woods, killed the sheep and eat it all up but a piece of its tail, right on the premises, without 'Lije ever gittin' an inklin' of it. Katury swooned dead away when 'Lije went in with the news, and he says he felt like singin' 'Hark, from the tombs,' and throwin' ashes all over himself. When Katury come to she give a few gulps, and then says to 'Lije,

"Don't you say a word so that Caleb's folks 'll hear o' this,' she says. 'I'd rather go right over Jurdan this minute.'

"So 'Lije kep' mum. And he gloomed for a couple o' days. Then Caleb come over, grinnin' wuss than ever.

"'Didn't see you and Katury to the show,' he says. 'It was a hummer!' he says.

"'How do you know?' says 'Lije, turnin' cold.

"'Why, me and my folks was there,' says Caleb, chucklin' gleefully.

"Then 'Lije most fell dead.

"'Yes,' says Caleb. 'Mornin' afore the show I seen a big bear sneakin' kind o' quarterin' away from your place, off towards the woods,' he says. 'I got my gun and headed the bear off,' he says. 'I only had to shoot him once,' he says. 'And who do you think bought him? The head showman! He give me ten dollars for him, and tickets for me and Hanner and all the young uns, and to the pig that played keerds and the man-eatin' cannibal, too. Sorry you and Katury changed your minds,' says he. 'You missed a heap,' says he.

"And now 'Lije Pergenkamper is follerin' Caleb Cronk up, and if there's any law worth a pint o' shoe-pegs he'll sock it to him and make him sweat! Why? That bear stole 'Lije's sheep and knocked him and Katury out o' gittin' to the show. Caleb killed that bear with 'Lije's sheep in it, and got to the show that the bear knocked him and Katury out of. If that ain't sheep-stealin' it's excessory after the fact, by gallinippers! And if 'Lije don't sock it to Caleb and make him sweat, then there ain't no law worth a pint o' shoe-pegs!"



BUYING THE REAL MUSE.

THE LOVER—"Here, mister, would youse mind goin' roun' de corner to de foist house youse comes ter an' play s' methin' soft an' sentimental-like fer a penny?"



SLICKER THAN ALL GET OUT!

"Yes, siree; Bill evened up fer that bar'l o' dy-luted merlasses slicker 'n scat. After the tradin' was all done ole Crawford says ter Bill, 'Them turkeys o' yourn weighs right smart fer their size.' 'Yep,' says Bill, takin' a fresh chaw o' terbacky, easy like; 'they orter. I ben a-feedin' 'em up on buckshot fer quite a spell.' Then they looks at each other real friendly like—same as them two dogs o' ourn when they meets up sudden an' unexpected."

Looking Ahead.

IT'S a great thing to look ahead. There was the case of the intellectual evangelist who stayed durin' the protracted meetin' with my brother Reuben. Jest before church-time Reub says to him, says he, "I'll go down to church with you. I'm goin' to git religion before this evenin's meetin' 's over. But I'll have to hurry home a leetle early, so's to fix the furnace-fire 'fore it goes out." "Better fix it 'fore you go," says the evangelist. "If I monkey with that fire before I go to church," says Reuben, "I'll not be able to git religion at the meetin'. I'll be so mad all evenin' that promises of heaven won't charm me nor thoughts of hell-fire scare me." "All right," says the evangelist; "fix it jest the same. If you fix it before meetin' you won't be converted; but if you fix it afterward you'd backslide if you was. Backslidin' 's worse than nothin'. I wouldn't try to git converted if I was you until after cold weather had passed on an' the furnace-fire was off your mind. Git religion in the spring; then you'll have a peaceful summer to become strong in the service of the Lord be-

fore winter an' the furnace come ag'in." That evangelist lost the credit of convertin' Reub. He caught religion from another exhorter in the early spring. But with all summer to work up self-restraint he got in sech fine moral shape that, when winter come ag'in, he could tend that fire with no worse language than "Blim drat!" an' "I'll be swozzled!"

Will Get His Wish.

"NO," said the billionaire, with deep conviction in his voice; "I would consider myself in error indeed should I die while I have even a tenth of the wealth I now possess. It is my wish to die comparatively poor."

"Oh, you dear old papa!" exclaimed his fair and only daughter as she embraced him. "The duke proposed last night and I accepted him. Isn't that just your luck?"

His Argument.

STANLEY was planning to penetrate darkest Africa. "But," protested his friends, "think of the danger of exploring an absolutely unmapped country!"

"That's nothing," he replied; "I shal luse a fashion-pattern diagram."

Realizing that any possible road would surely be there, they could think of no further objection to offer.

Doubt.

"HERE'S an ignoramus," said the assistant, "who writes to ask when the Christian era began."

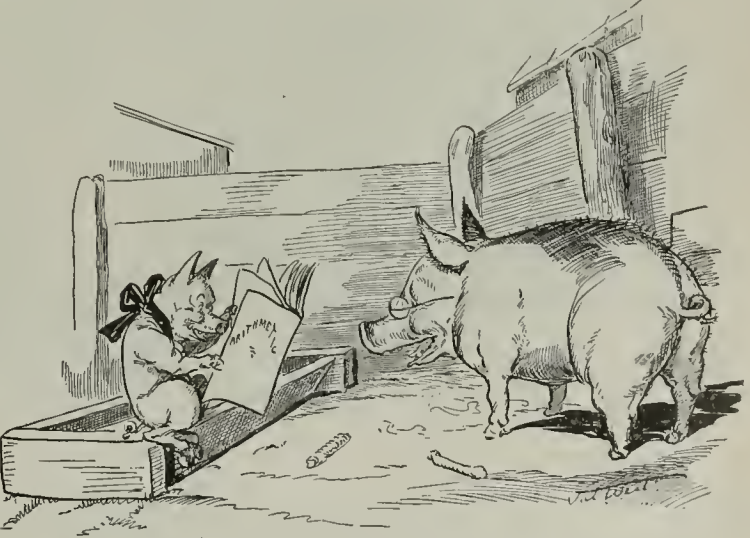
"Humph!" said the answers-to-correspondents editor. "I think we're a long way from it yet."

THE people who are most skillful at seeing the silver lining to the cloud are usually the umbrellaless ones that blockade your doorway while waiting for the rain to stop.

A Difference with a Distinction.

Faggles—"I suppose bric-à-brac is often sold for junk?"

Haggles—"Not nearly so often as junk is sold for bric-à-brac."



A PRACTICAL STUDENT.

MA HOG—"Well, what are you studying in your arithmetic, piggy?"
 PIGGY—"I'm interested very much in a problem of square root, ma."

Possibly So.

"YES, children," said Uncle Henry; "the fishes in the sea go in schools."

"Do they go in swimming-schools?" asked the smart nephew, who was planning to enter Yarvale.

"Most of 'em," replied Uncle Henry. "But the sea-horses go to riding-schools, and the star-fishes go to astronomical schools, and the seal goes to a law-school, and the sword-fish goes to a military school, and the saw-fish to a manual-training school."

"And where does the lobster go?" asked the smart nephew.

"He doesn't go anywhere. He stays at home and practices his college yell."

A Change in Method.

Bill—"Hello, Jake! Yer lookin' mighty respectable nowadays. Have yer quit de bunco business?"

Jake—"Not on yer life! I'm runnin' a correspondence school."



WILLIE—"I simply can't practice my piano-lesson, mamma—it makes me too nervous."

MOTHER—"What are you going to do this afternoon?"

WILLIE—"Why—er—I've got to put in six hours' practice with our 'drum-corps.'"

Uncovering

Their Past.

"ALL right," says the rich father, after the count has stated his terms; "I'll let Sadie marry you and agree to turn over to you one million dollars. Now, let's get it fixed up properly. Suppose we say one thousand dollars down and the balance at two dollars a week."

Here Sadie bursts into tears and leaves the room.

"Now, ma," says the rich father to his wife, "what on earth's the matter with that girl?"

"Well, I don't blame her at all, pa. It seems as if you never could keep from betraying the fact that we are of plebeian origin."

"What have I done now?" asks pa.

"Why, you talk as if you were buying the count from an installment-house."

A CONFIRMED bachelor yachtsman is what might be called a genuine single-sticker.



THE BIGAMIST.

KIND LADY—"Was there a woman in your case?"

PRISONER—"Wimmen, miss—wimmen! Huh! If dere wuz only *one* it'd bin all right. Dere wuz five er six. Dat's wot I'm here fer."



C.A. Volante

CHANGE!

“There goes Smith. Used to be a lion before he got married.”
 “Looks like a truck-horse now.”



GEORGE WEST

WITH PLEASURE.

OFFICER—“If you haven't a license you will have to accompany me.”
 GRINDER—“All right, sir—what will you sing?”

ANCIENT TAYLES

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

YE FEMAYLE MONK.



A FEMAYLE Monk once lived in povertie & longed to be rich & famous.

Alle her life she hadde been gay & festive, & ye gossips woulde gather atte ye sewing circle & shake their heddes & say:

"She is a verie forward young person!" & thenne they woulde stop their missionarie talk for a few moments to tear her reputation into stringes.

Alsoe ye menne shied at her & stayed afar off. For itte was soe thatte she was too bolde & menne hadde a reputation to sustain, egad!

Butte one day she attained ye zenith of notorietie atte one felle swoop. She didde somethynge thatte shocked ye Monk societie to ye foundations.

& thenne her fortune was mayde.

For she went straightway uponne ye stage & managers paid her manie plunks per week. She was inne ye public eye & everybodye wanted to see her—for she was ye limit inne notorietie.

She hadde passed beyond ye sewing-circle stage & ye whole worlde talked about her & her awfulle reputation.

Wherefore she married a duke & flirted with a king & didde stunts with affayres of State.

Menne fell over one another to pay her homage & ye ladies copied her clothes & tried to dress their hayre like hers. For she was one femayle Monk who could shock ye worlde to ye limit. Therefore she was a wonderfulle woman & verie much to be cultivated and copied, gad-zooks!

She was a sinner, yea, verilie; but hers was ye kind of a sin thatte maketh itself respected by its magnitude.

& soe itte was thatte she lived a long life of ease & owned her own race-horses & was known far & wide as "Ye White Rose."

Ye which symbolized her life in ye minds of her worshippers, ye menne & women Monks of an entiere worlde.

For whenne sin becometh blackest itte turneth white inne ye eyes of ye sedde worlde.

& thys is ye lesson we gather from ye life & escapades of "Ye White Rose."

First Burble: Never embark in crime unless thou art prepared to go ye limit.

Second Jolt: Ye Monkey worlde loveth a plunger in crime—but itte hath no use for a piker.

Third Wallop: Monkeys be verie like human beings.

YE SPECULATOR.

ONCE UPONNE a tyme two honest, hard-working dogges were going along ye highway carrying each a bone. & it came to pass that presentlie they came to a shadie

spotte, & satte down to rest & eate ye said bones, when uppe came a yellow dogge whose wit was sharp, but whose stomach was exceeding leane.

Now the yellow dogge was a speculator. "By my father's dew-claws!" said he, "but these be two fine bones!" & he licked hys lips & wagged hys tayle most friendlie.

"Lette me take your bones & invest them!" said the yellow dogge. "Behold! I will lette thee inne on ye ground floor!"

Now, ye first dogge was a cautious dogge. Wherefore he growled merelie, & went on eating hys bone; but ye other pup was a born gambler, & he gave uppe hys bone to ye speculator, who took itte & trotted away.

"Lo!" said ye speculator, wagging hys tayle, "I will take itte away & burie itte, & thou shalt be rich when we make ye Big Stryke!" & he was gone.

"Thou art a fool!" said ye cautious dogge, as he licked up ye last bit of gristle, & sighed contentedly.

But ye speculative pup drew himself uppe proudlie. "I have no bone, itte is true," he said coldly. "But I have made an Investment."

"I have no bone either," said ye cautious dogge, "but I have hadde a goode dinner."

By & by they went on. After a while they came to a brook where ye yellow dogge was taking an after-dinner drink of water.

"Where is my bone?" said ye speculating pup.

"I am surprised at thee!" said ye yellow dogge in a hurt tone. "Thy bone hath been absorbed!" & he went hys way looking for another Easy Thyng.

"Alas!" wailed ye Victim sadlie, "Investment soundeth big, but itte bringeth no bones!" Whereupon he kicked dirt at hys departing friend, & satte down & howled atte ye moon.

& ye cautious dogge satte down also, & scratched fleas while thinking within hymself thys bit of philosophy:

First Yap: Trust notte ye man who undertaketh to make two bones grow where hut one grew before.

Second Scratch: Trust naught to the man who is hungrier than thyself.

Third Bow-wow: A bone inne ye stomach is worth two on ye Stock Exchange.

YE OLDE DOGGE.

ONCE UPONNE a tyme there lived an Olde Dogge who satte out on ye streete corner & gave advice.

Yea, itte was soe thatte no other dogge could pass thatte way withoute carrying away with hymme a large hunk of valuable advice. Ye Olde Dogge charged naught for itte, but was immeasurablie glad to be able to give itte gratis, God wot.

Ye Olde Dogge hymself grew ragged & seedie. There were ratnests inne hys hayre & burrs inne hys tayle; yet he wist notte of these thynges. He was soe busie giving advice.

Ye fleas roved over hys mangy hyde, butte he was too

busie even to scratch. Foxes sneaked into ye back yard & stole alle ye poultry, butte ye Olde Dogge knew naught of itte. He was notte a fox-hound. He was a chronic giver of advice.

Whenne other dogges were hard atte work burying bones thys Olde Dogge woulde have some other dogge cornered, handing out a wealth of advice regarding ye care of hys coat & How to Succeed. He knew itte alle—from ye bottom round of ye ladder of success plumb to ye top thereof—yette never hadde he climbed ye sedde ladder.

He was a dogge of theories. He wist notte thatte a theory thatte hath been proved is whatte menne love. Hys theories might be wrong—butte they were good theories, anyway.

Now itte came to pass thatte ye Olde Dogge began to wake uppe. He saw alle ye other dogges sleek & prosperous. They were fatte & they hadde one & alle manie bones buried out in ye back yard agaynst ye rainie day.

Butte ye Olde Dogge hadde naught save ye rheumatism & a board bille. He hadde lost hys voice giving advice ; butte ye dogges who hadde listened to hys advice alle ye yeares now passed hymme by, saying,

“What a bore Olde Towser is, to be sure !”

Thenne ye Olde Dogge crawled under ye house to die, saying,

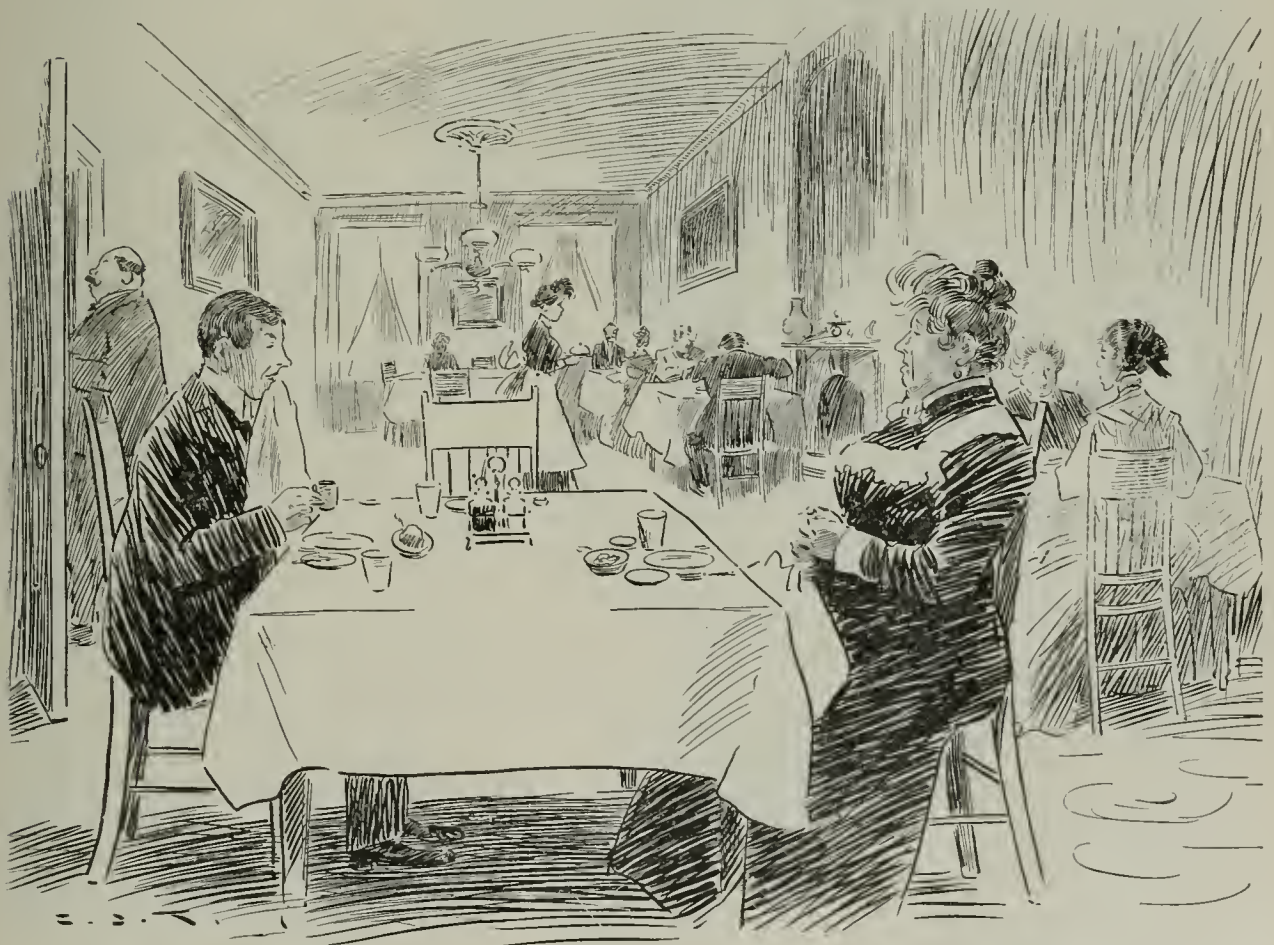
“Behold ! Alle my life have I been busie giving advice —whenne, marry & alack ! I hadde notte sense enough to take care of mine own prosperitie !” & he died.

& thys is ye lesson we gather from ye life & death of ye Olde Dogge :

First Wizzle : If thy advice be goode—take itte thyself. If itte be badde—keep itte to thyself.

Second Gurgle : Lette everie manne take care of hymself—& ye worlde will be comfortable.

Third Sneeze : Ere thou give advice be sure itte is goode. Ere thou take itte—be twice sure.



HAD NOT FORGOTTEN.

THE LANDLADY—“I’m afraid Mr. Slopoy has forgotten what a large bill he owes me.”

THE STAR BOARDER—“No, he hasn’t. He said only yesterday that he wished he had money enough to move.”



A LITTLE DANGEROUS.

THE PATIENT—"Isn't yachting dangerous?"
THE DOCTOR—"Well, yes. A chap is liable to acquire the liquor habit."

Dry, Too.

"SAIL, ho!" called the lookout.

"Where away?" asked the first mate.

"Six pints off the lee bow."

"Make it eight pints," ordered a thirsty passenger. "I can drink a quart, myself, any time."

What He Wanted.

First boarder—"I wish some benevolent monopolist would organize a hash trust."

Second boarder—"Why?"

First boarder—"Because I'd like to see the article out of the reach of the masses."

Mistaken Kindness.

ENID had been apparently greatly persecuted by teasing boys. Finally her good grandmother drove them from the door with some severity. Looking around, triumphant at having routed the enemy, she was surprised to find the little girl in tears.

"I liked it," she sobbed.

Business Ability.

Griggs—"Badgley has a great head for business."

Briggs—"Do you really think so?"

Griggs—"Why, that man could run a peanut-stand next door to a police-station."

Upsetting Finance.

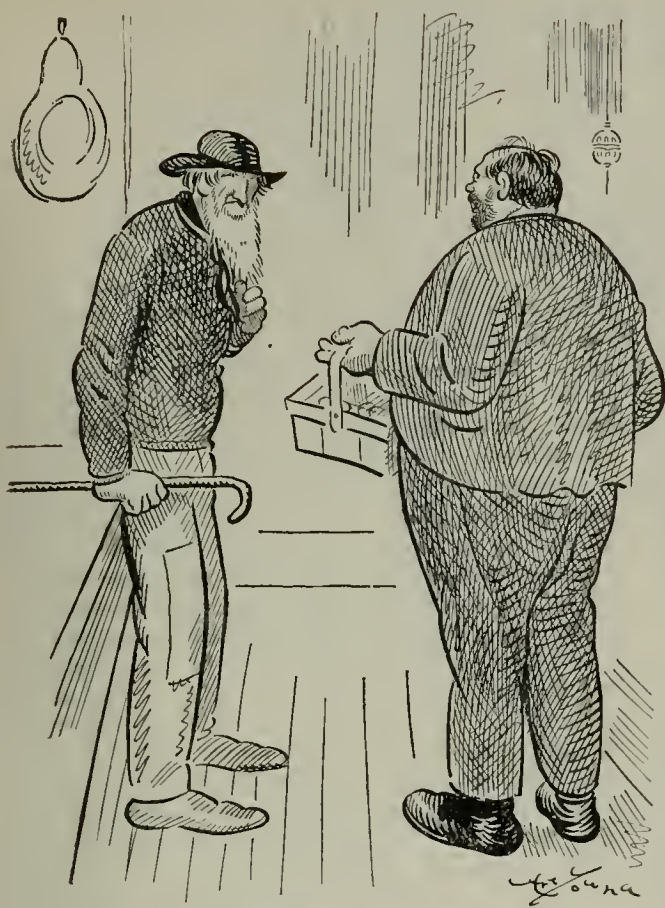
"A POLICEMAN," said the observant citizen, "is the laziest man on earth."

"You bet he is!" agreed the listener. "Why, I know a hundred coppers in this town, and if they were taken off the city pay-roll they wouldn't make a dollar."

Charitably Inclined.

Mr. Touchy (annoyed)—"But, my dear, I can't see why you squandered all that money in buying mission furniture."

Mrs. Touchy (petulantly)—"That's just like you men! I bought it to help the heathen—so there!"



UP TO THE GROCER.

"Uncle Henry, these aigs hain't as fresh as they ought to be."
 "Well, I hain't surprised. We giv the hens that health-food ye sold us last month, an' that wa-n't very fresh, either."

The Way Out of It.

IT was midnight. The emperor sat puzzling over the naval budget for the coming year. "The royal treasury is empty, your majesty," said the chancellor of the exchequer gravely, "and the taxes are twenty-eight months in arrears. We are bankrupt."

"You may call a peace-conference to consider the question of universal disarmament," said the emperor, "and reduce the naval estimate by twenty million roubles." He turned away wearily. "Saved by a length," he whispered.

A Liberal View.

"HAVE you seen much of Miss Dumonde? She's apt to be reserved, they say, and seldom lets one get beyond the commonplace of every day."
 "Oh, yes, indeed! I saw so much that really I was stricken mute, although I only met her once—
 But—she was in her bathing-suit!"

MADE IN BRIDGES.

A Test, Indeed.

REGINALD VAN PASTTHEMARK knelt on the balcony and gazed into his lady-love's fair face.

"Though we part to-night," he said, his voice shaking with emotion, "my love for you will remain as steadfast as ever. Call on me to show it whenever you like, and gladly will I undergo the severest test. Though I be thousands of miles away from you"—

Kathryn Futuregirl placed her hand upon his bowed head.

"Ah!" she cried, "do not use that expression of which our ancestors were so fond. Say not that you 'will fly to me.' That is no test nowadays. Promise me, if I ask you to, you will walk to me from the farthest corners of the world."

And so great was Reginald's love that, with his hand upon his heart and his foot upon the air-ship beside the balcony, he promised. It was the supreme test, indeed, in this year 2002.

No Longer in Business.

Maud—"O, Uncle George! did you see the medicine-man of the tribe of Indians that you visited?"

Uncle George—"No, Maud. I discovered that he retired several years ago in favor of the patent-medicine-man."

Absolutely Necessary.

"BUT, my dear," said Mrs. Fosdick in surprise, "you said you were very hard up. If that is the case we can't afford to give the swell reception you suggest."

"That's just it," rejoined Mr. Fosdick. "I am dreadfully hard up, and we can't afford not to give it."

Well Qualified.

"IS IT possible that you have intrusted the management of your campaign to a woman?"

"It is; and don't you worry about it. The lady just recently got herself elected organist of one of the most populous churches in this town."

A Musical Confession.

I DODGE the flying bootjack
 That's thrown to smash my skull;
 The cuspidore I side-step
 In manner beautiful.

But unto twenty bootjacks,
 That twenty pitchers join
 In hurtling toward my body
 I note one shining coin.

I glean the coin and side-step
 The missiles, don't you seek,
 E'en as I scoop the sunshine
 And from the shadow flee.

I e'er look on the bright side,
 A philosophic gent,
 And face misfortune's bootjack
 To gather fortune's cent.



The Patientest Feller

As related by the Job Hill Man



HE WAS the patientest feller I ever see," remarked the man from Job Hill as he sat in the store the other day. "Jim Barker didn't have such a thing as anger about him. No matter what happened, he could explain it, and when Jim could explain a thing it didn't bother him no more'n a skeeter on the other side yer window screen. I never see no such man as Jim was, before ner since, never.

"Why, one day Jim's wife ups and runs away, and he didn't blame her at all; said no doubt she was actin' accordin' to her

best lights, and if he had been in her place he'd 'a' done jest the same. A man never judged a woman fair, any way, Jim said, because a man wasn't a woman and didn't know anything about woman nature.

"I asked Jim if he didn't think his wife might have left some of the furniture, and at least a part of the money he had stowed away in an old boot in a closet, instead of gobblin' up the whole thing and luggin' it off while he was in town selling a calf.

"Well, now, look-a-here," was Jim's words, 'you can't blame a woman like you would a man. 'Taint her nature to do things by halves. She does it or she don't, and there you are. No half-way about it. She never thinks of dividin' things up, as you might say. I s'pose she wanted somethin' along to remember the place by and she jest naturally took the hull caboodle.'

"Yes; but how about that bow-legged swindler she ran off with? I asked Jim. You ain't going to let him go scot free, are you?

"Slow, now,' is the way Jim came back at me. 'Don't go too fast. He may be bow-legged to you and me, but then you and me ain't runnin' away with him. Look at him from her standpoint. To her he doubtless looks all straight and o. k. You've got to look at everything from the proper standpoint. It's the standpoint that makes all the difference.'

"Now, that was Jim Barker all over. Always talkin' about the standpoint and explainin' things easy and quiet-like. Why, one time he was goin' to a barn-raisin' and a dance, and his wife put his best pants out on the line to air, intendin' to give 'em a press and a breshin' after. But she fergot that part, and when Jim was dressin' he called fer them pants—all the good pants he had—and there the goat was a-chewin' at 'em and one leg nearly et up. But Jim didn't go out and kill that goat. He didn't abuse his wife, as some would. He didn't have a fit or a spasm, or anything like that. He said it was the goat's nature. He would have done the same if he had 'a' been a goat. Anybody would. Then he stayed at home and read the bible all evenin'.

"Jim had a cow once—the ornriest, stubbornest critter I ever see. I'd 'a' brained that beast with an axe inside of a

day. But Jim didn't. He jest pitied her. One day he made a nice flower-bed, and it was a beauty. Soon as he went away that cow got in the yard and went and stood in that flower-bed all afternoon, and stamped her feet and switched flies. When Jim see her there he didn't knock her liver out with a fence rail. He didn't pour kerosene over her and light a match. He didn't tie her on the railroad, so's the Cannon-Ball express would hit her. No, sir. He jest led her away soft-like, sayin' to bissel, 'the fine dirt felt good to her feet. I'd 'a' done jest the same if I'd 'a' been a cow.'

"I never see Jim Barker show the slightest what you may call nervousness but once," said the man from Job Hill as he lit his cigar and began to get his bundles together. "Once, I'll admit, Jim was mad—mad for him. He had a boil on his neck—one of the carbuncle kind, you know—and it was a whopper. I can see that boil on Jim's neck now if I shet my eyes and think a little. Well, one day Jim was settin' out on the steps with his head restin' between his hands and that boil pullin' on him pretty strong. A big, white rooster, with whiskers on his feet, was foolin' round pretty close to Jim and sort o' peekin' round to see what he could see, when his eye lit on that big poppin' boil. Well, sir, that rooster jest stood and gazed at that boil fer about a minute, Jim not takin' notice, his head bein' between his hands, you know. By'n'by old whisker-feet edges up to look at it a little closer, when, all of a sudden, out goes his neck and the rooster had pecked Jim's boil! Jim jumped into the air about sixteen feet, I reckon, and as he lit on earth again he caught sight of old whiskers leggin' it for the tall timber. At first I thought Jim was goin' to give his nibs the surprise of his life, but he didn't. He looked at that rooster a minute and then went back and set down on the steps.

"The only reason I think Jim was what you might call flurried a little bit, fer once, is because I heard him say, 'I s'pose if I'd 'a' been a rooster I'd 'a' done the same.' Then he suddenly flared up and said, 'No! I'll be dummed if I would.'

"It was the kind o' brisk way he said it that made me think fer once Jim had lost his temper a little mite.'

Poesie a la Mode.

I AM going to make a poem, and I think that I shall take
A league or so of shadowy sky, a dim, mist-haunted lake.
With the pale wraith of a legend floating o'er it like a spell—
But this strange, blood-chilling legend I must never really tell.

There must be a blotch of color and a mystery intense,
But with music, feeling, beauty one can easily dispense;
And—though this is all sub-rosa—it is be-t to leave out sense.

When I've made the little poem,
Blurring over very well
Any careless trace of clearness,
I am sure the thing will sell.

ADA FOSTER MURRAY.



CAUSE FOR THANKSGIVING.

“Well, you're a great one! Yesterday you borrowed ten of me, saying you were hard up, and now you are here eating red-headed duck and all sorts of things.”
 “Well, if I hadn't borrowed the ten I couldn't eat red-headed duck.”

The Logical Man.

WHEN the logical man is unwell, so they say,
 Then everything seems to get tangled straightway,
 Which causes conditions quite other than gay
 At the home of the logical man—
 The philological, psychological, physiological man,
 The biological, myological, anthropological man,
 The chronological, horological, logical, logical man.

He scolds and he grumbles from morning till night,
 He's as cross as a bear and as ready to bite,
 He grows disputatious and vows black is white
 When he's ill, does the logical man—
 The penological, phrenological, demonological man,
 The conchological, cryptological, craniological man,
 The pomological, dosological, logical, logical man.

His speech is absurd, his behavior is queer,
 To both sense and reason he turns a deaf ear;
 His mind is upset, it is woefully clear
 When he's ill, this poor logical man—
 This hydrological, thermological, technicological man,
 This geological, astrological, sociological man,
 This neological, noölogical, logical, logical man.

Till he gets so perverse he will fight to maintain
 That twice two are five, or a sphere is a plane;
 Alas! 'tis a fact he is quasi insane
 When he's ill, is the logical man—
 The topological, typological, termonological man,
 The pathological, ethnological, dermatological man,
 The zymological, nosological, histiological man,
 The one-time logical, not now logical, very ill logical man.

FRANK M. BICKNELL.

Full of Ginger.

“I SEE that Sissy Futlites, the celebrated stage beauty and flirt, is announced as engaged upon her autobiography,” says the literary man.
 “Her autobiography?” says the wise man. “It'll be an autosellography if she tells all she knows, won't it?”



FOOD FOR THOUGHT



AT THE HEAD OF HIS CLASS.

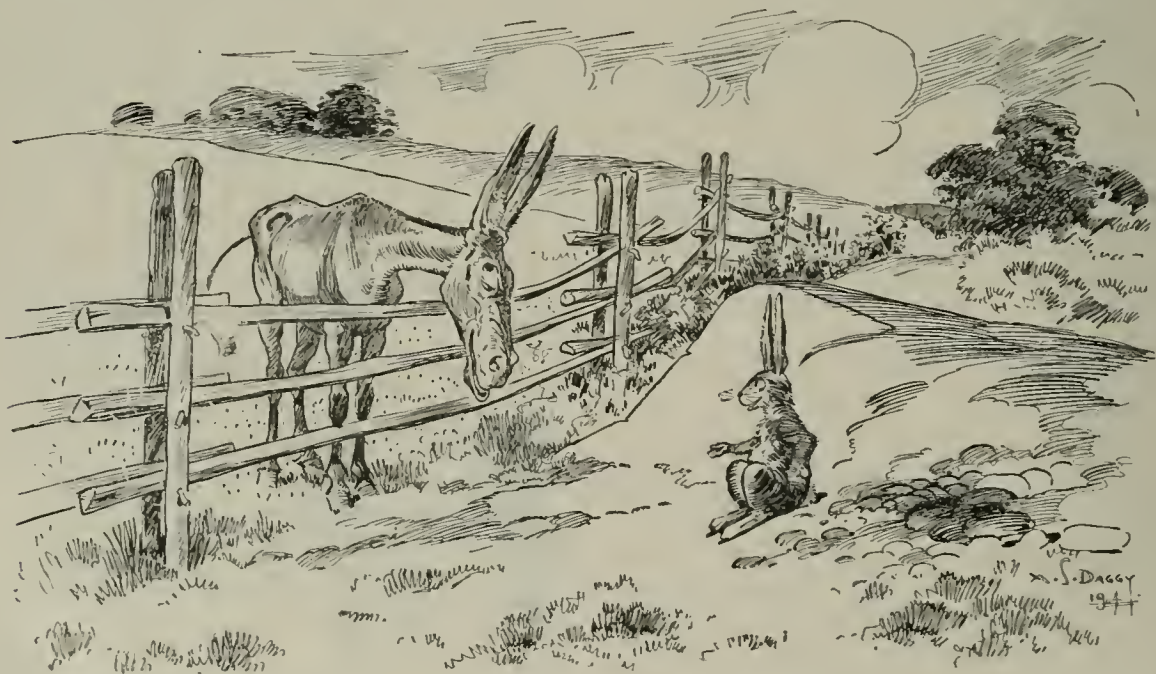
TEACHER—"How much is a pint?"
 JIMMY MALONE—"Ten cents."

Should Have Known Better.

"WHAT started the trouble between the Browns?"
 "Brown asked his wife a question while she was trying to put her hair up a new way."

Good Guess.

"TOMMY TADDELLS," said the teacher of the grammar class, "what is the feminine of 'vassal'?"
 "Vassaline, ma'am," replied Tommy promptly.



RESEMBLANCES.

THE JACK-MULE—"There seems to be a powerful resemblance betwixt you and I about the face and ears."
 THE JACK-RABBIT—"Yes; and a more powerful one is that with us both our force lies in our hind legs."



OPEN TO ARGUMENT.

Boss—"Well, what kind of a salary would you start in on?"

Izzy—"Ten t'ousand a year."

Boss—"What?"

Izzy—"Yep; but you kin beat me down to two dollars und fifty cents a week."

'Fore Sister Put Long Dresses On.

'FORE sister put long dresses on I had just lots o' fun
 A-playin' games with her, for then she used t' kick an' run,
 Er rassel good as any boy, an' didn't mind a bit
 A-doin' things that *mentioned* now jes makes her throw a fit!
 What brought about the sudden change is more'n I can tell—
 She used t' like t' hear me laugh an' stamp my feet an, yell.
 An' lots o' times 'twan't me alone that raised ol' Ned, you know,
 'Fore sister put long dresses on, an' went an' caught a beau!

You'd think t' see her now she'd been as quiet as a mouse
 Her whole life long, an' never raised such rackets in the house
 A-chasin' me up stairs an' down, that ma with achin' head
 Tol' pa on us, an' he—he sent us supperless t' bed!
 You wouldn't think a quiet girl, like sis has got t' be.
 Las' summer-was-a-year-ago played mumble-peg with me,
An' nearly allers beat me, too, but then, that was, you know,
 'Fore sister put long dresses on, an' went an' caught a bean.

The knees of sister's stockin's used t' wear out same as mine
 A-playin' marbles. As fer tops, my, she could spin 'em fine!
 At makin' kites an' flyin' 'em she was immense—an', gee!
 If one got tangled on a limb *the way she'd climb that tree!*
 I wouldn't ask a better chum than sis was to me once,
 But now she mopes an' lolls aroun' an' acts a perfect dunce.
 Gee! ain't a boy's life orful tame? An' yet it wa'n't so slow
 'Fore sister put long dresses on, an' went an' caught a beau!

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

"THE turkey is a greedy bird," wrote Bessie in her composition. "The one we had for our Thanksgiving dinner had eaten more than two quarts of oysters."

A Constant Patron.

A LADY enters the shop of the picture-framer and leaves an order. When she has gone the maker of frames turns to a customer who has been waiting and says,

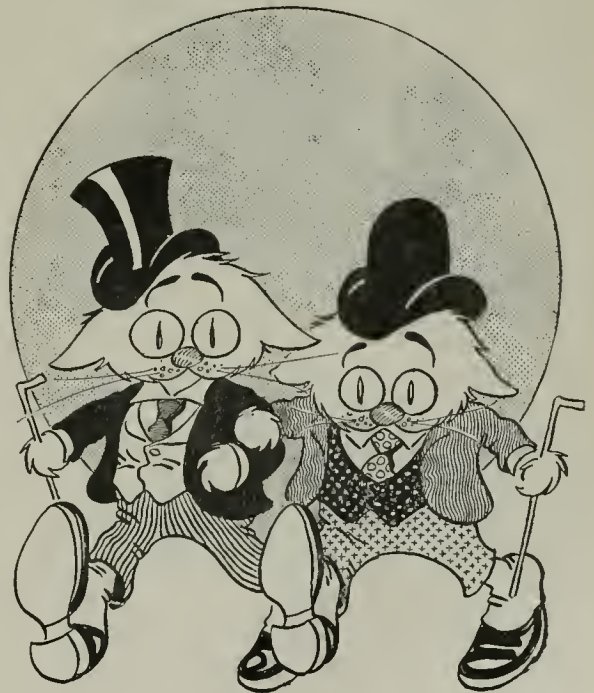
"That lady certainly is a good patron of mine."

"Gives you a good deal of work, does she?"

"Not a great deal; but if she continues as she has this summer I can count on a regular income from her. In May she came to get her college-diploma framed; in June she had me fix up her marriage-certificate in a neat gilt moulding; and now she wants her divorce-decree mounted and framed."

"HOW did your college cousin have his new photograph taken—full front?"

"No; half back. He is on the football team."



TIT FOR TAT.

"If you were a magistrate, how would you deal with autoists who exceed the speed limit?"

"I would exceed the fine limit."

How She Has Advanced.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH threw his cloak
At good Queen Bess's feet,
And ever since we've praised the act
And thought it very neat.

But chivalry is not gone yet;
We simply make less fuss,
Fair woman with impunity
Now walks all over us.

MCLANDRUGH WILSON.

On Common Ground.

ONCE upon a time the barefaced truth
met the bald lie. "Hello!" said the
barefaced truth. "I am glad to meet
you. What is your line of work?"

"I am a hair-restorer advertisement,"
said the other.

"Shake!" responded the first. "I am
a mustache-grower."



1.



2.

The Welsh Rabbit.

THERE once was a silly Welsh rabbit
Who had the preposterous habit
Of saying, "Now I
Spell my name with a y
And a w—when I can grab it!"

Reason for His Haste.

McCloskey — "That is yure hoorry,
Moike?"

McGowan (on the sprinkling-cart) —
"Shure, it's goin' to rain, Pat, an' it's me
that wants to git me wur-rk done befoor'
it comes."

First mosquito — "What makes you so
disgruntled?"

Second mosquito — "Here I've been
biting a billiard-ball by mistake for the
last ten minutes."



3.

MRS. CLANCY AND THE "CINSUS"

BY MORRIS WADE



ENUINE Irish affability made radiant the face of Mrs. Pat Clancy when she opened the door of her "tinnymint on the fourth flure back" in response to the knock of the young man who had had sufficient political "pull" to be appointed one of the census enumerators. He wore the "pleasant smile" photographers beseech their patrons to assume, and he obeyed the instructions he had received from headquarters to "be courteous to all." He greeted Mrs. Clancy with a gentle—

"Good-morning, ma'am."

She spread her hands apart and made him a ducking little courtesy

while saying,

"Good-morning, me bye. Will yeez come in?"

"No, thank you; I am one of the census enumerators and"—

"An' phwat is a cinsus enoomerator annyhow?"

"Well, I have to find out who lives here—how many males, how many females, their ages, occupations, and so forth."

"Is it so? Dear, dear! Did anny wan iver? An' yeez are to put it arl down in a buk? Luk at thot now! An' phwat good is de cinsus whin yeez get it? Not thot I moind havin' de goodness av givin' yeez a bit av infarmation, but phwat's de good av it arl, says I?"

"Well, it is necessary for the state to know a great many things printed in the census report. As I am hurried for time I would like to ask at once for the name of the head of the family here."

"De hid av de fam'ly, is it? Sure an' I'm no woman suffragar, an' far be it from Judy Clancy to be wishin' to onsex hersilf be goin' to de bally-box wid her voté, but whin it comes to bein' de hid av de fam'ly she takes sicond place for no wan, not aven Pat Clancy himsilf. Sure an' de honors are aquil whin it comes to bein' de hid av de fam'ly in this tinnymint, an' it's not me thot would be put under foot by no mon, an' Pat Clancy found thot out many an' many a long day since. Annyhow, phwat is de good av de state botherin' about who is de hid av de fam'ly? Will it mek kerryseen anny chaper, or bring down de rint, or give me ould mon a rise in his pay, or do anny good at arl at arl? No, it will not. Thin why be takin' de cinsus at arl? Sure an' if I was de prisidint or aven a dhrrawer in his cabbynet I would"—

"Would you mind giving me your husband's name in full?"

"His name in full, is it? Sure an' it's de same whin he's full as whin he ain't, if ye don't moind a bit av a joke. I was iver the wan to be crackin' me jokes an' seein' de

comic side av ev'ryt'ing, an' your riferince to Pat Clancy's full name set me up to me ould thricks. It was only this marnin' thot Clancy says to me, says he, 'Ye'd be crackin' yer joke if ye was on yer deat' bed, Judy Clancy,' an' so loike enough I wud. Phwat? Are there anny childer in de fam'ly? It's sorry I am to say thot there's none. It do be hereditary in me fam'ly not to have childer. Me own mither was just thot way, an' a great cross it were to her. It do be strange how thim thot would rejice in 'em has no childer, an' thim as don't want anny has 'em by de dozen. You tek de Noonans on de sicond flure back. It's tin years married they are, an' their tinth a wake ould an' named for me, an' ye should see de silver mug I was after givin' de yang wan wid its name carved on it beautiful. A dollar an' twinty cints it cost. There's two pairs o' twinses, an' Noonan wid only tin dollars a wake to his pay. It do come full hard on him to have such a fam'ly, but he ain't wan to complain, an' why should he, wid arl of 'em in full health an'"—

"Your husband's name, please. Is it anything beside Patrick?"

"An' isn't thot enough? Phwat is de good av layin' a name a yard long on wan? De Noonans wanted to give their little kid de names of 'Honory Isabelly' along wid my name, an' I tould thim if they did they nade xpict nothing from me, an' thot inded it. De nonsens av t'ree names for a weeny yang wan loike thot! An' thim wid tin to foind names for, an' who knows but aven more, it's savin' av names they'd best be. Wan av me ould man's brothers had foive first names an' growed up wid de name av 'Reddy' because av de color av his hair. Luk at thot, now. Phwat is de sinse av but wan name for wan person? Tell me thot, hye. If I'd the good forchune to have tin childer it's but wan name aich would they have for"—

"I have a great deal of ground to cover to-day and must work as rapidly as possible in the taking of names. Your husband's name is Patrick Clancy?"

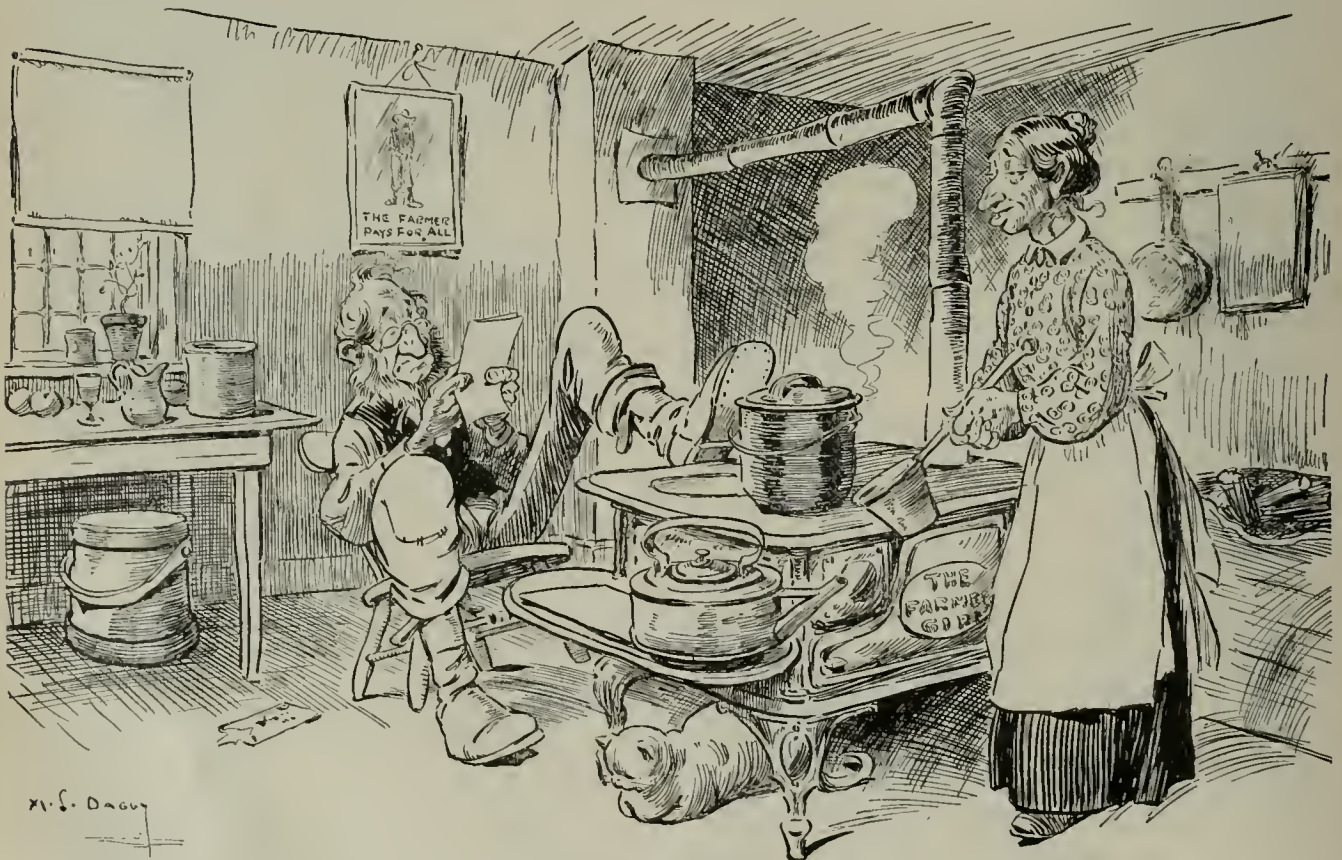
"It is thot, an' it's a name he's no nade to be ashamed av, for—where was he barn? Where should he be barn but in ould Oireland? He'd not feel he was a real Clancy was he barn annywhere else. Is it to go in de buk where he was barn? Luk at thot, now! An' do ye want his photygraft to put in wid it? Dear, dear! De Clancys are lukin' up whin it comes to havin' their names put in a buk. But phwat is it all for? Phwat is de good av a cinsus buk? How ould is he? Is thot to go in de buk too? Wan wud t'ink Pat Clancy was nothin' less nor an alderman, wid his name an' his age an' where he was barn arl bein' put in a buk. He'll be thot set up it's no livin' wid him will there be. If ye'll shtep insoide I'll show ye his photygraft, an' a good loikeness it is, phwat there is av it. It's phwat they call a half-len'th photygraft an' he's no legs in it. He'd it taken for a shurprise on me, an'

whin he showed it to me I says, says I, ' For hivin's sake, Pat Clancy, where is yer legs?' An' for a minnit I'd de cowl'd shivers thinkin' he'd lost his legs in a axidint av some koind an' he'd tuk thot way av breakin' de bad news to me. Phwat is de sinse av wan havin' no legs in a photygraft whin it's blist wid two good legs they are? It's phwat is called a soide view an' o'ny wan eye shows, an' he had to pay as much for it as if he'd both legs an' both eyes in it, so it's ch'ating himsilf he was whin he made thot bargain. There was a mon here but yistiday wantin' to inlarge de photygraft to de same soize as Pat an' put him in a goold frame, arl for sivin dollars in paymint av fifty cints a wake, an' I'd of had it done for a shurprise on Pat o'ny de mon wouldn't consint to put his legs an' his other eye in de picture, an' I'd not be ch'ated as Pat was. It's de iasy-goin' t'ing Pat is, annyhow, an' lucky he is to hov a wolfe to luk afther de dollars an' cints, or it's in de poor-house we'd be instid av us havin' good money in de savin's bank, an' both av us inshoored, so whin we die it will be for each other's benefit, and there'll be two hundred dollars to de good for wan iv us whin de other dies. Phwat is my name an' me age? Tut, tut, tut, bye, an' where is yer manners to be goin' round ringin' durehells

an' askin' de leddies how ould is they? Hivin' defind ye if ye ask some o' de leddies in this block how ould they are! It will be loike Ann Hoolihan to be passin' herself off for twenty-nine whin she's a bye past nineteen, an' de best part of her hair is a wig. Phwat is de good of puttin' de leddies' ages in a cinsus buk? How ould did Bridget Murphy, in de tinnymint below, say she was? Ye're not allowed to tell? Tin to wan Bridget herself niver tould, for it's a p'int on which she's sensitiv, her bein' a good tin years oulder than her husband, an' I—excuse me a minnit, but I shmells me bread burnin' in de oven an' it must be looked afther, cinsus or no cinsus. I'll be back in a jiffy."

But when she returned the "cinsus" man was gone, having made a note in his book to the effect that he would call at a time when he could see Clancy himself, and Mrs. Clancy went back to her work, saying,

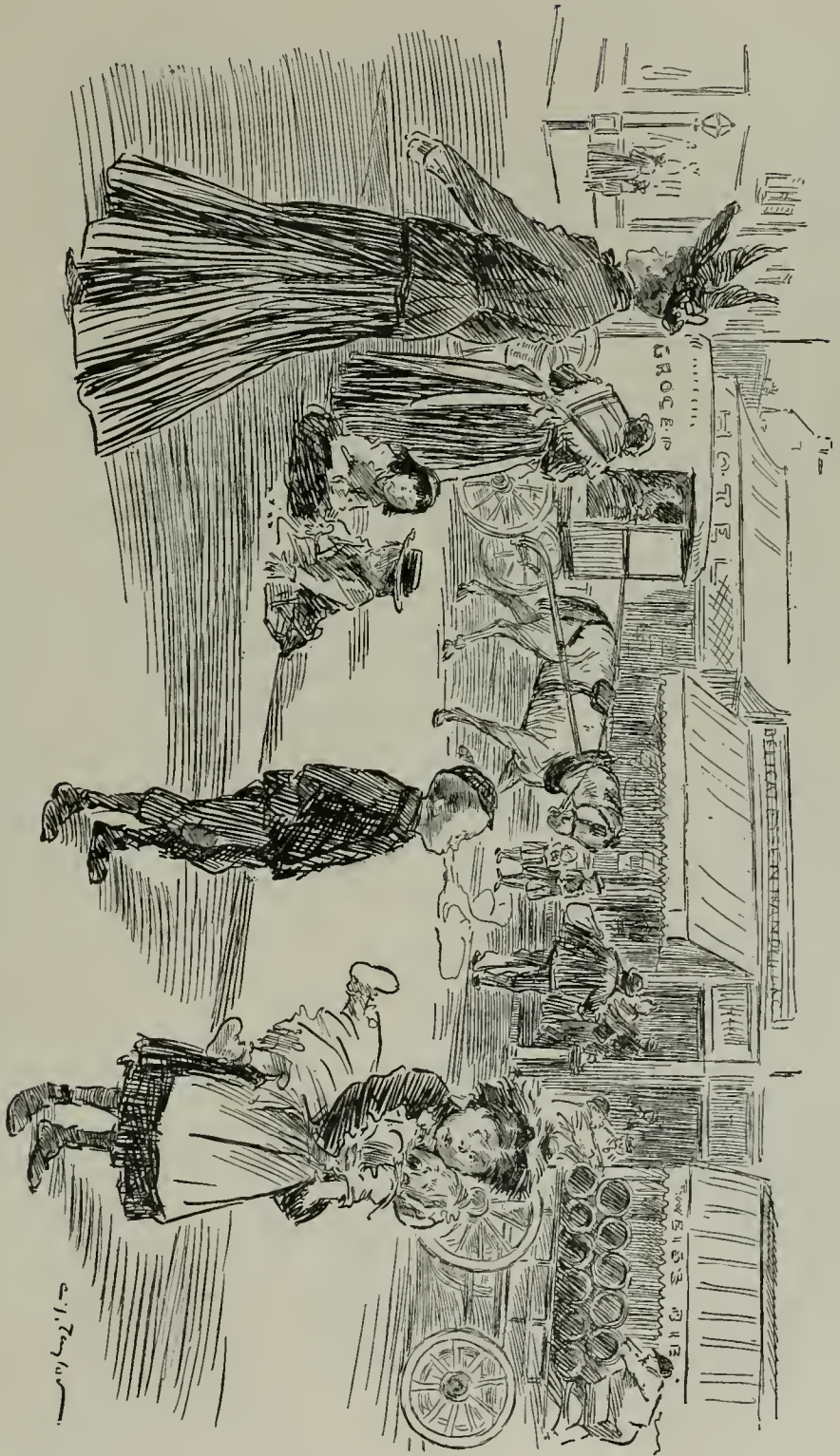
"To de divil wid de cinsus! Phwat is de good av it arl? He'd not got me age from me had he shtood there until he was ould as I am. I'll not have me age put in anny cinsus buk for anny wan to see an' fling up to me it I happens to want to sharten it by a few years now an' thin. To de divil wid de cinsus!"



BLIND HOPE.

MR. HAWBACK—"Our son at town sez in his letter fer me ter send five dollars ter him ter a manicure set. Sez he must look after his nails."

MRS. HAWBACK—"Better send it to him. pa. Perhaps he's l'arnin' the carpenter trade."



"BIRDIE, I AM TIRED NOW."
 GIRL (*with baby*)—"I wish I had a couple uv birds' wings on me hat."
 BOY—"Wot kind uv birds' wings?"
 GIRL—"De wings uv de stoork wot brought dis baby."

W. T. ...

The Little Fat Stranger

By Louis J. Stellmann



T. PETER surveyed the throng of applicants with a clouded brow.

"We are granting admission, at present, only to those who present the very highest credentials," he said. "The war in the orient has overcrowded us with heroes. Our supply of harps has run out and the commissary angel has been forced to put in an extra requisition for halos. So, you see, ladies and gentlemen, we've been compelled to raise the immigration standards. Yes, we're turning away a good many, and over at purgatory they're complaining about it—but we can't help it. Fall into line, please."

A couple of railroad presidents, who confessed to rebates, and a banker from Oberlin were quickly disposed of. A life-insurance magnate and a Chicago bigamist followed suit.

"Where are we going to find accommodations?" asked the latter sullenly.

St. Peter indicated an asbestos-lined elevator.

"Going down!" yelled the imp at the lever.

St. Peter paused to welcome the inventor of an unlosable collar-button and a woman who had devoted her life to plain housekeeping. Then he signaled to the elevator imp.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Here are some more." He rapidly weeded out a writer of problem plays, an appendicitis specialist and the president of a woman's club.

"Gee!" exclaimed a little fat stranger at the rear. And he laughed.

The severity of St. Peter's countenance relaxed into milder lines.

An American society girl who had married for love was admitted. An honest politician was passed with a handshake. A reformed train-robber who had refused to go on the stage or write the story of his life was given a special-privilege badge. An author whose novel of the old south was not based on a southern girl's love for a northern soldier was decorated with the cross of honor.

At each of these incidents the little fat stranger laughed and made some amusing remark. With his second cachinnation St. Peter's already modified sternness became a smile, with the third a grin, with the fourth a chuckle, and with the fifth his sides shook with a hearty cackle of enjoyment.

Finally the little fat stranger's turn came.

"Well, my friend," inquired St. Peter, "what qualifications have you got for entrance into joy everlasting?"

The little fat stranger shifted his feet uncertainly.

"I'm pretty good company," he said, with a bland smile.

"What did you do while on earth?"

"I was a hardware drummer."

"Hm! Did you give any money to charity?"

The little fat stranger bubbled with reminiscent mirth.

"Did I!" he gurgled. "Betcher pinfeathers. That's my wife's name."

St. Peter turned to hide a smile. "Did you rescue the fallen?"

"Picked up two fellows once that fell off a hay-wagon."

"Ha! Ha!" said St. Peter in spite of himself. "What was the best deed of your life?"

"Ten acres in the Texas oil fields," replied the little fat stranger.

"Sir," cried the next man in line impatiently. "This is frivolity. I demand to be heard. In forty years of metropolitan life I never swindled the street-car company out of a nickel."

"And I never asked any one if it was hot enough for him," urged a second.

"I missed more than twenty trains without swearing," exclaimed a third.

"I'm the only milkman in New York who didn't use *Formaline!*" yelled another. "Give us a chance."

St. Peter consulted his watch. "It's pretty near closing time," he observed. "I'm afraid I can't let you in—unless there's something else"—

The little fat stranger button-holed St. Peter with naïve geniality.

"Say, I've got something funny to tell you," he confided, gurgling at the memory of it. "Let's go around the corner a minute—out of the crowd."

And, despite the murmur of protest which arose, he led St. Peter away.

For a time the anxious applicants heard nothing but snatches of laughter from the little fat stranger—blithe, whole-souled laughter that was echoed by the deeper cachinnations of the old saint. Then the pair returned, arm in arm, and passed through the gate together. A wail of despair arose from the waiting ones, but St. Peter did not hear. Soon after an attendant locked the gate and hung out a placard reading,

"EXAMINATIONS CLOSED."

It was not until they had reached the celestial plaza, ten blocks away, that St. Peter suddenly recovered himself.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed in self-reproach, "I ought to have let in some of those others. There was a Chicago woman who had never been divorced."

He turned to the little fat stranger, who had already persuaded a bystander to give him a halo and was cajoling another out of his harp.

"How do you do it?" he asked wonderingly.

"I don't know," replied the other. "It was always that way. I sold more goods than any other man in my territory. All the men were my friends and the women thought I was great." . . . "Much obliged," he said, bowing to the angel he had despoiled of a harp.

"Don't mention it," replied the harpless one.

St. Peter left in bewilderment. For a long time he thought deeply; then he made his way to the registration department. There he caused the name of the little fat stranger to be inscribed on the roll—and, after it, in the space devoted to "merits in full," he told them to write,

"He has an infectious laugh."



COOKED AGAIN.

HUSBAND—"I've got a dandy cook coming to-morrow. She says she will stay with us for six months."
WIFE—"John, I won't have her in the house a minute. A woman who will lie like that will certainly steal."



A GASTRONOMIC INTERPRETATION.

DEACON FOWLS—"Happy Thanksgibbin' ter yo'."

PARSON COOPS—"Same ter yo'. We should all have *somethin'* ter feel thankful fo'."

DEACON FOWLS—"Yais. *I's* gwine aifah one, too."

How the Palms

Became White.

ONCE on a time eberybody wuz black—yer gran'daddies, Abraham an' Moses an' Norah wuz black, 'case dey nebber had a bath.

Gawd say ter Hisse'f, "I's a-gwine ter turn 'em inter white folks, an' I'll send a pool ob watah, so all kin take a bath." Well, de libeliest niggers gits dar fust an' jumps in an' splashes roun' till dey turns white, an' dat's how all yo' white folks cum erbout. I hates ter say it, honey, but dem fust niggers wuz so black an' dirty, an' dey muddied up de watah sech a terrible lot, dat when de nex' patch ob niggers cum erlong de watah was so cullud dat dey all on 'em turn inter merlattoes when dey jumps in, an' dat's how all de merlattoes cum in dis heah worl'.

'Cose eberybody wanted ter take a bath, so dey kep' a-jumpin' in lickerty split till dey'd all tuk deir turn 'cept de lazy, triflin' niggers, what's no good fo' nuffin—

jes' like we see 'em now down on de levee—dey nebber git nowhar on time.

Dey kep' a-foolin' roun' till de watah wuz mos' used up an' dar wuzn't nuffin' lef' but a leetle snaky pool a-runnin' 'long de groun', an' when de las' lot seed it all gone dey jumps in on all fours an' dabble roun' and wet deir han's an' deir footsies; an' dat's how mah han's cum white inside, an' dat's all I knows erbout it, honey.

Woke Up.

Waggles—"That college professor is more successful since he gave up trying to reason out everything by deduction."

Jaggles—"How does he do it now?"

Waggles—"Uses a little hoss sense."

Experience.

WE suffer much distress on Account of you, old bore! You teach us all the lesson We thought we knew before.



THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

"Golly! ain't he fat?"

"Yep; but I bet if he knowed wot wuz a-comin' ter him he'd worry himself thinner 'n a rail."



HER IDEAL.
"They are leading an ideal married life."
"That so? When did they separate?"

FIERCE PICKEREL

OF THE EAST WIND



BY ED. MOFF

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.



BELIEVE them pickerel is as big a lie as flyin' fish!" exclaimed 'Squire Brackett, from over Hogback.

"Me, too!" assented Landlord 'Kiar Biff, shaking his head solemnly.

It all began by 'Kiar Biff remarking that he had heard that the pickerel fishin' was jest more than prime—the cold weather having come, and the big pond back in the hills being frozen over—and by Solomon Cribber, who had just come in from the Pochuck neighborhood, taking up the remark with some snap, and exclaiming,

"Pickerel fishin'! Didn't know there was any pickerel any more."

And thus the evening was opened.

"What!" and 'Kiar turned rather fiercely on Solomon. "Why, there hain't never been a time knowed sence fish was made when pickerel was so plenty, and so savage and rampagein' to git at sumpin' to eat, as they be this here very winter, right up yender on the pond! And nobody knows it better than you do, neither, dodscoll-lop ye!"

"You're a leetle savage and rampagein' yourself, to-night, ain't you, 'Kiar?" said Mr. Cribber, but he grinned as if he was pleased at the mood he had worked the landlord into. "But it don't make no difference. You don't know what a real, genuine savage and rampagein'

pickerel is, all the same, 'cause there ain't none no more."

"Do you mean to set there and tell me that I don't know pickerel when I see 'em?" snapped the landlord.

"But, 'Kiar, you don't see none," persisted the Pochuck chronicler, now bland and smiling. "Not the real, genuine savage and rampagein' ones. I guess you'd say so if—there! I went and fergot to ask Cousin Marcellus Merriweather when he was down if there was any o' them pickerel left, up on the old Passadanky. Seems as if I was gittin' fergitfuller and fergitfuller every day. No, 'Kiar; you don't see none. Not the real, genuine savage and rampagein' ones, and



"I KNOWED FROM THE LOOKS OF HIM THAT THE CALF WAS INSIDE OF HIM."

❄ FIERCE PICKEREL OF THE EAST WIND ❄

I guess you'd say so if you'd ever knowed anything about the rampagein' and savage east-wind pickerel of the old Passadanky."

"East-wind fiddlesticks!" snorted the landlord, and 'Squire Brackett said "Pish! Tush!"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Cribber; "didn't you ever hear o' them pickerel? Them pickerel of the old Passadanky, that nobody didn't dast fish fer when the wind was in the east?"

"Pooh!" was all the reply that 'Kiar made, and 'Squire Brackett said, "Ridic'lous, Solomon! ridic'lous!"

"Well, this is the most amazin'est of all things!" declared Mr. Cribber; but there was nothing in the grin on his face to denote that he was amazed even slightly. 'Amazin'est of all amazin' things! Why, I'm glad I come

had sent me out to hunt up a calf that was lost, their idee bein' that it had broke out o' the pen and was some'rs around the clearin'. But my idee was that it had gone off with a bear, and so I snuck the gun and went out to find it.

"I come up to the bear by and by, and I knowed from the looks of him that the calf was inside of him; but he wasn't satisfied with that and the minute he seen me he concluded he'd put me in alongside the calf, and he come fer me like a steam injine. But I put somethin' in him that didn't set as well on him as I would 'a' sot, and he laid down and died. I drug the bear back two miled to the clearin' and met my old dad, who had started to look fer me, and he was madder than snakes. When he seen me draggin' that dead bear he lit on to me.

"I sent you to hunt up the calf, and here you come



“ THE HULL RAMPAGEIN' PACK WAS AT MY HEELS. ”

over, now, 'cause it ain't likely you'd ever 'a' heerd o' them pickerel if I hadn't, and you'd gone on thinkin' that you had seen savage and rampagein' pickerel to your dyin' day. Whatever it mowt 'a' been in them old Passadanky pickerel that made 'em so rampagein' durin' the east wind I can't make affidavit to, but everybody up there knowed that setch they was, and no mistake. I hain't got time to tell you much about 'em, but I kin give you an inklin' as to their natur' that 'll mebbe be satisfyin' to you that you hain't never see none that was the real genume.

"Long before I got big enough to gether in my first bear, I'd heerd our folks and others talk about them fierce east-wind pickerel—and that hadn't been setch a long while, neither, come to think of it, cause I was only jest turnin' my ninth year when I got that bear. Our folks

a-luggin' home a worthless old bear!" he hollers to me. "Where's that calf?" he hollered.

"Hold your horses, daddy," I said. "Hold your horses! You jest cut this bear open," I says, "and you'll find the calf," I says.

"That made the old feller grin, and he says,

"Thumps!" he says. "You'll be tacklin' them east-wind pickerel next," he says.

"So you see I hadn't heerd 'em talk about them east-wind pickerel so tremendous long before I had killed my first bear, after all, 'Kiar, and two or three years after that I says to myself, one o' the coldest days there was that winter,

"I'm gittin' tired o' hearin' about them rampagein' east-wind pickerel tha. nobody don't dast to go and try to

❖ FIERCE PICKEREL OF THE EAST WIND ❖

ketch,' I says, 'and I'm jest goin' to have a hack at 'em. This very day, too,' I says, 'providin' they've got the pluck to show up ag'in me,' I says. 'I'm goin' to fetch a mess o' them pickerel home,' I says, 'or else I'll make a mess fer them pickerel,' I says.

"So I rigged up a lot o' tip-ups and went to the big pond where them pickerel lived. I went out on to the pond more than a miled before I cut a hole, 'cause if there was goin' to be any muss with them pickerel I wanted 'em to have a chance fer themselves. I cut a dozen holes in the ice and put in my lines. There wasn't any wind of any kind, and I danced and slid around on the pond fer two hours or more and not a consarned pickerel, east wind, west wind, south wind nor north wind, even showed as much as a fin.

"'I've got enough o' this,' I says. 'I don't want to hear no more about these rampagein' east-wind pickerel,' I says.

"I took up my lines and tip-ups and started fer shore. I guess I hadn't got more than forty yards or so, when out o' the east come the wind, boomin' like a hurricane.

"'Jest my luck,' says I. 'I can't go back and fool with no pickerel now,' I says.

"But I stopped and looked around. 'Kiar, it would 'a' done your heart good to 'a' seen that sight! It would so. Out of every one o' them tip-up holes a pickerel, the biggest I had ever see, had his head popped, and they was all lookin' around with glarin' eyes to see what was goin' on. They got their eyes on me and out o' them holes they come a-pilin', and more behind 'em, and they come fer me like a pack o' wolves. Their mouths was wide open, and actu'ly frothin'. Their teeth stuck up like bear teeth. They was out fer blood, and I knowed it.

"'Here!' I says. 'My folks don't know where I be, and they'll all be crazy wild if I don't git back. I guess I'll put off getherin' a mess o' east-wind pickerel till some day when I got more time,' I says, and I turned and legged it fer shore.

"I glanced back over my shoulder every little while, and I could see that pack o' big pickerel was gainin' on me like all-possessed. I had half a miled o' pond to git over yit, and I calc'lated that if I could reach the shore I could laugh at them pickerel, and tell 'em to wait fer me till I come up ag'in and I'd show 'em some p'int's worth knowin'. But it begun to look as if they'd git their hooks

on to me before I sot foot on land, fer they was coverin' that space betwixt me and them in a way you wouldn't scarcely believe. But I dug my toes in the ice and went on a-hummin'. I landed on shore, and the pickerel was two rods behind me. I run on a little ways and then stopped to do my laughin' at the rampagein' pack, but when I turned around, 'Kiar, them pickerel was climbin' right out after me, and never stoppin' to take breath!

"'Thumps!' says I. 'I'm scrapin' up sort of an endurin' acquaintance with these east-wind pickerel, as it looks to me,' I says.

"But I turned an... struck out to give 'em another brush. I hadn't run fur, though, before the hull rampagein' pack was at my heels. I seen a tree jest ahead o' me and I made fer that. I skinned up it and was ketchin' holt o' the first branch, ten foot from the ground, as the pickerel got to the foot o' the tree.

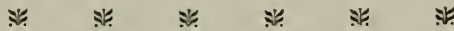
"'I guess I'll stop and do that laughin' now,' I says.

"I looked down, and was jest in time to see half a dozen o' the head pickerel gether themselves and spring. They shot up into the tree as easy as a cattymount could 'a' done it, and every one of 'em got a grab on to me. Down we went, all in a heap, and the hull pack pitched on to me. I shet my eyes and waited to be chewed, but I didn't feel no chawin'. That su'prised me, and by and by I opened my eyes kind o' keerful and took a sly look. Every one o' them pickerel, 'Kiar, was layin' there on the snow as mild and meek as lambs! Then I seen what the matter was. The east wind had stopped as sudden as it had started in, and of course all the rampagein' went out o' them pickerel at the same time, that bein' the amazin' natur' o' the beasts. I got a big club and knocked 'em all in the head, and cleaned up a two-hoss wagon load of 'em. So, 'Kiar, rememberin' them east-wind pickerel of old Pas-sadanky, I stick to it that there ain't no pickerel no more, not unless there's some o' them east-wind fellers yit—and I'm madder than a snake 'cause I forgot to ask Cousin Marcellus Merriweather, when he was down, if there was any of 'em left. I'm goin' home this minute and write to him and ask him about it before I fergit it."

It was some time after Solomon had gone before any one spoke, and then 'Squire Brackett, from over Hogback, turned to 'Kiar and said,

"I believe them pickerel is as big a lie as flyin' fish!"

"Me, too!" assented 'Kiar, shaking his head solemnly



He Couldn't Play It.

PADEREWSKI Joseffy Fortissimo Lee
 Was the greatest pianist you ever did see ;
 He rendered fantasias, gavottes and cantatas,
 Cadenzas and overtures, fugues and sonatas.
 He could play like the sweep of a rushing cyclone,
 Or as softly and low as the south wind's faint moan.
 He knew all the works of Beethoven and Liszt.
 Of Wagner and Chopin—not one had he missed.
 He gained honors and laurels wherever he went,
 And he knew he deserved them, so he was content.

But his pride had a fall, for one summer day
 A dear little girl came to hear this man play ;
 And she said, as he turned politely to greet her,
 "Please, sir, can you play 'Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater'?"
 He was deeply chagrined, and he felt very blue.
 But he meekly replied. "No, I can't dear ; can you?"
 "Oh, yes," she responded. She flew to the keys,
 With her two fat forefingers she played it with ease ;
 And she afterward said. "I would rather be me
 Than Paderewski Joseffy Fortissimo Lee."

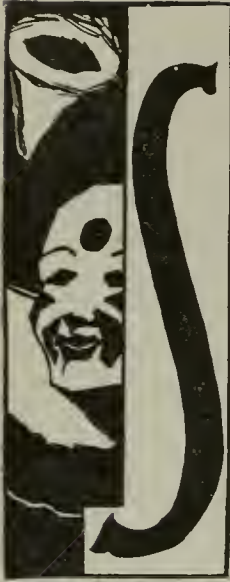


CONFIDENTIAL QUERY.

TOMASO—"Peppo Skimolino is coming da money nowadays-a."
 TOBASCO—"Wiz his monk and organ, or at home, in his back room, on ze quiet?"

How To Elope Successfully

By R. N. Duke



STATISTICS show that there will be 2,319 elopements in the United States in the next year. That is the normal expectation, as the insurance men say. Of course the figures may vary. Elopements are largely due to the girl in the case. It's her specialty. I might go so far as to say that if there were no girls there would be very few elopements. When a sweet girl whispers to a man, "Let's elope," the bystander takes no risk when he puts up all he has that there will be an elopement in that neighborhood at an early date.

Last year's elopements were planned for the most part by men. This year we may expect the girl to take the initiative. When you want to see blundering incompetence on a mammoth scale, something in the way of a fizzle that will stand out by itself and be its own shining advertisement, let a man get in his fine masculine work on an elopement.

When a girl plans an elopement success is written all over it from the moment the ladder is placed at the window of the lean-to to the happy moment when pa gathers the whole joint outfit into his arms and says "Bless you, my children."

Take a case in point. Last August, Eddie Rowerly, of Persimmon Flats, concluded to elope. He took the affair in hand, planned it from "a" to izzard, arranged all the details. In all respects it was Ed's elopement. Kathryn Hagerty was scarcely more than a lay figure in the adventure, a delightful accessory, as it were, but that was all. The night arrived, a half-moon stood off over Penny's brick-yard, and white bunches of cloud sailed in dreamy luxuriance through the silvered magnificence of the heavens above the Hagerty poultry farm. Dim stars shone fitfully in the deep dome beyond the clouds, and ever and anon the Hagerty rooster declared that it was day, when, as a matter of fact, it wasn't twelve o'clock yet. Suddenly on the dark side of the Hagerty home a tall ladder lifted itself stealthily toward a second-story window. By fixing our gaze attentively upon the foot of the ladder we shall see that it is being operated by brave Eddie Rowerly, who stands in the middle of a rose-bush under the window, slowly filling his system with the early rose thorn.

If we glance up now we shall see the window slide up noiselessly. Kathryn is excessively on the qui vive. Eddie joyously mounts the ladder. His heart swells with pride. His plans are working out!

Then Ed went swiftly through the window, leaving a portion of his raiment on the shutter fastening as a

souvenir. The room was dark. He heard a whispered "Here I am!"

"Ah! love, come to my arms," he whispered in reply. "I am going to carry you down the ladder. Put your arms round me. Now cling tight. Easy now. There, you can't squeeze me too close, sweetheart. I love to be squeezed. I went through a cider-press once."

Edward Rowerly was slowly descending the ladder with his precious burden. Kathryn was done up in a shawl and veiled until she was like a bolt of tailor's cloth with arms. But the Rowerly heart felt the antiphonal thrill of the Hagerty heart inside of the bundle and he was happy.

"Now, darling, let us be quick," he said, as he safely landed at the foot of the ladder. Then he tore aside the veil and implanted a passionate kiss upon—the two weeks' growth of beard on the face of little old man Hagerty; Kathryn's pa.

Edward Rowerly's elopement stopped right there. It didn't go another inch. Jim Hagerty took a small work by Smith & Wesson out of his blouse and lovingly rubbed it over Eddie's cheek and poked it against his vest pocket, and joked with Ed, and asked him to take his ladder and go out of the yard, and be careful not to tread down the turnips out by the well, and please to shut the gate after him.

Now, that was a man's elopement. A man had worked it from the ground up and down again and clear into the sod. Let us see how a woman does it.

Along in October Miss Josephine Sylvester Moler, of Kokomo, got up a little private elopement for herself and a young man friend by the name of Billings.

"Now, Billings," she said, in her winsome way, "I'll run this elopement. All I want of you is to be within call when needed. You are a part of the elopement, you understand, but in no sense the head of it. I want you to feel just as happy as if you were running it, only I want you to distinctly understand that you ain't. Now, I believe we are ready to proceed."

This is not all Josephine said, but I have given enough to show how matters were shaping themselves on the threshold of the married life of these two young, trusting souls. We shall see now how the affair panned out.

Erastus Billings lay dreaming upon his couch at the witching hour of two a. m. on a drizzly morning. He had been warned to be ready to elope at that hour, but it had slipped his mind. Fair Josephine saw that she was likely to be foiled, and instantly she decided upon a heroic measure to win out in the way she had determined. Erastus did not know that the chute of one of his father's coal-wagons was being hoisted to his window. He was all unaware that a vigorous, energetic, masterful young woman by the name of Moler was even now lifting the inside fastening of his window shutters with a putty-knife. How could he know that lithe Josephine had clomb up

the grape arbor and was now cutting a small circle of glass from his window-pane with a glazier's wheel? He did not see a resolute arm, sleeved in some soft, warm goods, deftly reach through the hole and turn the catch at the top of the sash. All unwilling was he when the window was raised and a tall, muscular young female strode lightly across the room. Still he slept when she gazed upon him in the half darkness and said to herself, "Ah, dear Billings crawled in last night with his boots on, so I am spared any delay on that account, thank heavens!"

Alas! Billings did not awake until he dreamed that he was sliding down the side of a wheat elevator. But he awoke then. To his surprise he found that he was in the onion bed in the rear lot. Josie had delivered him down the coal chute. Hastening down the grape arbor hand over hand, she picked him up lightly and ran out of the ward.

"We have eloped, Billings," exclaimed Josephine joyously, as she sped down the road toward the parsonage. "Soon you will be mine."

An hour later they were made one, and Josephine was it. When you wish to elope let the girl attend to it. It's in her line.

Money is not necessary to happy nuptials, but it is absolutely necessary to a happy elopement.

Beware of the dog. A healthy dog chasing an elopement over the back fence by the light of the moon is a foe to the marriage tie.

Marriage ties, by the way, without money, are apt to be a case of cross ties before the honeymoon tour is ended.

Some elopements are very happy and enduring; but you'd be surprised how quick some people elope and then lope back again after they see how it is.

The eloping habit should be avoided in times like these. Algernon Baxter sits in a cell in Punxatawney at this moment bitterly bewailing the day the eloping habit first got into his system. He has been paying alimony to two ladies of his acquaintance, and now a third has come upon the scene and asked for alimony. Baxter says they already have "all 'e money" he has.

Poor Algernon! He eloped three times when once would have been ample.

Ample.

Ada—"Do you get much exercise?"

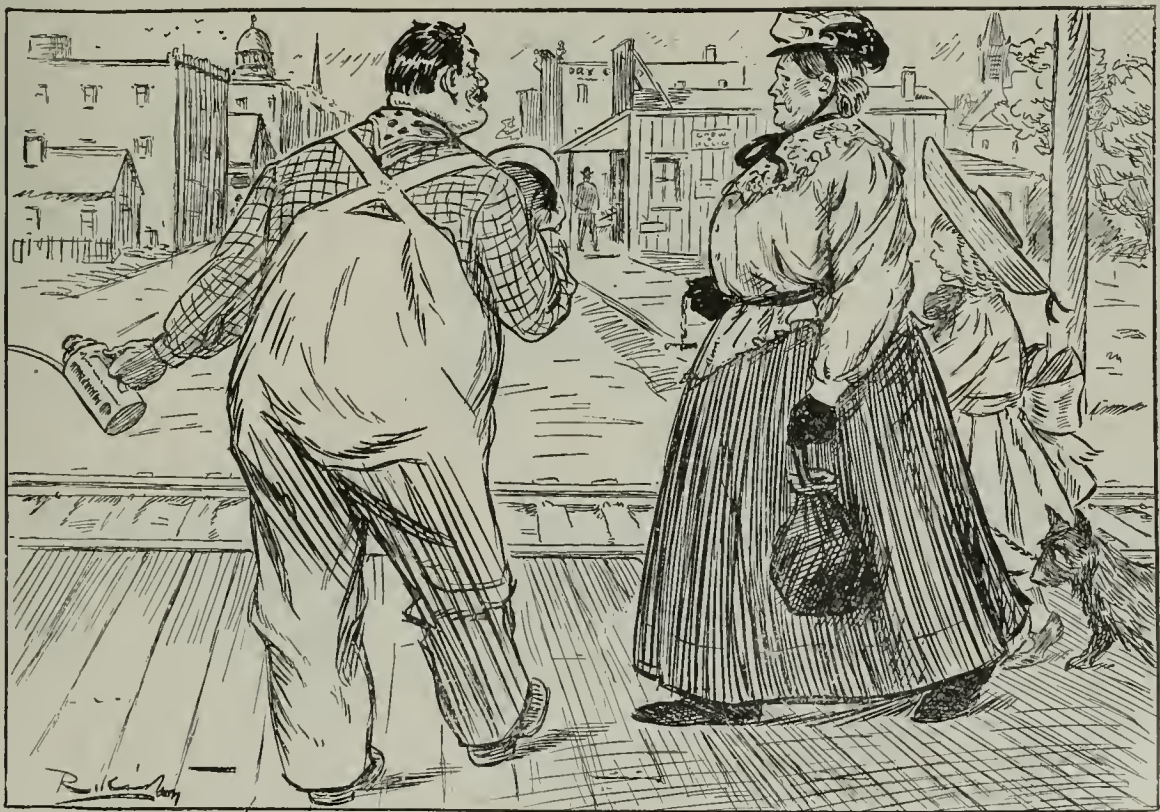
May—"Why, yes. I have no maid, and I have a waist that buttons in the back."

The Weather-man.

W'EN de weathah-flag of "warmah" flies,
 You bettah git yo' coat;
 An' w'en yo' see de flag fer "'col',"
 You needn't take no note.

W'en de weathah-man ain't weathah-wise
 He's othahwise, I guess;
 By sciynce he serves de weathah up,
 An' de Lawd—he does de res'.

SILAS X. FLOYD.



HIS PROFESSION.
 Bill Throttle, he was a civil engineer.



1.
ETHEL—"Sh! That's papa's footstep."



2.
"Is he coming this way?"

A Rehabilitated Healer.

TIME was when the barber was not a mere manipulator of the brush and razor, but a surgeon, and the time has almost come again. History is repeating itself on a higher plane.

Men who are in the know regard an up-to-date barber as a friend in need, and look upon his studio as a shelter in a time of storm. When a good fellow has been celebrating a birthday or a high rite of the mystic shrine, it is not to the family physician he tells his sorrows, but to George, the barber. When it comes to knitting up the raveled sleeve of care and smoothing down a frayed nervous system, the expert barber has the whole college of physicians and surgeons cuticled from the start.

One morning an actor, who was "resting" and had sat up most of the previous night with a sick friend, bulged through the door of a Broadway barber-shop and, catching the appropriate pose, rumbled at the chief expert,

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased.

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain?"

"Sure, I can," said George without batting an eyelid at this Macbeth gag. "What you need is to have your face manicured, your brain massaged and your sub-consciousness shampooed. We will begin with a hot towel on the back of your neck, and when I have pushed in your whiskers I'll put you through the course, and have you wind up by inhaling a lavender cocktail."

Twenty minutes later that young man was feeling like a man and a brother, and as he paid the fee he listened to the good advice regarding the liquid part of his diet with the deference due to an authority. There is no question about it—the barber is more than coming to his own. He is not a mere surgeon, but an alienist.



3.
GEORGE—"Quick, darling! One more."



4.
GEORGE—"Rawther too rum faw a joke, bah Jove! Good-bye fawevah!"

She Blushed.

SHE took the pledge. Oh, do not think The ruddy hue of her complexion Was caused by anything to drink— She took the pledge of his affection.

W. D. NESBIT.

'S Truth.

"LIFE," observes the sage, "is what we make it." Having rolled this thought around in his head for a few moments, he nods wisely and supplements it with, "And so is our autobiography."

His Definitions.

THERE was a small boy went to Sunday-school. When he went home his mother asked him what the lesson was about. "Faith," says the boy. "What's that?" his mother asked. "Believin' what you've got every reason to suppose ain't so," the boy replies. "And then," he afterward remarks, "there was some talk about duty, too." "What's duty?" his mother asked him. "Oh, duty," he replied, "is any old thing that you have got to do when you want to play baseball."

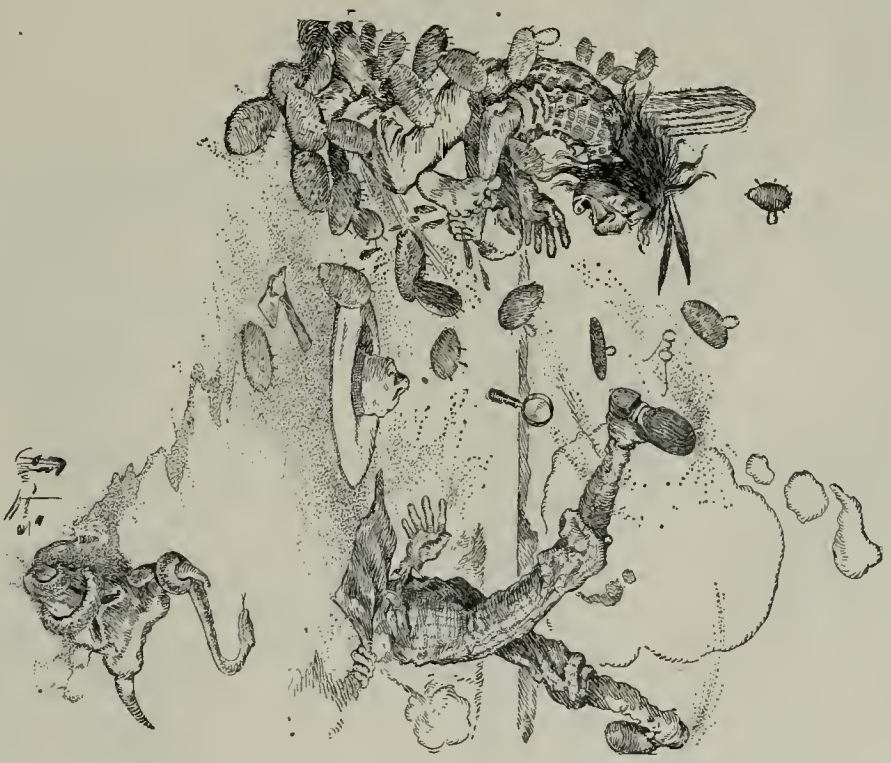
This Serum Business.

MODERN science is real marvelous. For instance, this serum business is fine for doctors. I know one. He doctored Cyrus Peck and all his folks. Cy is a mighty good old chap. He come down with lockjaw. Doc he drew some serum from his wife's uncommon busy jaws and pumped it into him. It loosened of him up right quick, but, 'fore it did, Doc tapped his cheek and got enough of lockjaw juice to fix up Mrs. Cy with a slight attack that will last her all her life. That family is happy, now, for the first time since Mrs. Cy first got her breath after the excitement of the weddin' ceremony, forty year ago.



PROFESSOR FIZZ—" Ah ! I am indeed most fortunate—a wonderful species of cactus hitherto unknown. I shall go down to posterity as its discoverer."

A DESERT TRAGEDY.



CHIEF TENSPOOT (*who has fallen by the wayside*)—"Wow ! Heap blame fool white man try to scalp big injun's foot ! Wow ! wow ! wow ! wow !"



THE FELLOW BEHIND—"Now you gimme back my orange! I only sa d you could sack it as far as Second avenue."

WHY THANKFUL?

What are we thankful for? That is a question That sometimes puzzles e'en a dinner guest : The rich are thankful for a good digestion, The poor if they have something to digest.

WOMAN'S REASONING.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"It would be a great saving if Christmas came in January."

Cobwigger—"How do you figure that out?"

Mrs. Cobwigger—"One can buy things so much cheaper in the stores after the holidays."

DISCOURAGEMENT.

"What makes you cry so bitterly, little boy?" asked the kind gentleman.

"De t'ree Sunday-schools I j'ined is goin' ter have der Christmas treats all on de same night," wailed the little boy. "Boo-hoo!"

CAD—An author who thinks that the favor of a fin-de-siècle publishing house constitutes him a leader of the age.

HIS LOSS.

"Confound the infernal luck!" the able editor of the *Pretyville Plaindealer* was snorting, as a friend entered the office. "Gosh-hang the blankity-blanked demon that stole, borrowed, or made 'way with our electrotype of the late Pydia E. Linkham!"

"Aw, what's the difference?" questioned the visitor. "That worthy lady has been dead several years, and"—

"The difference!" howled the angry scribe. "What in tophet and so-and-so are we going to use for a portrait of the dowager empress of China?"

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

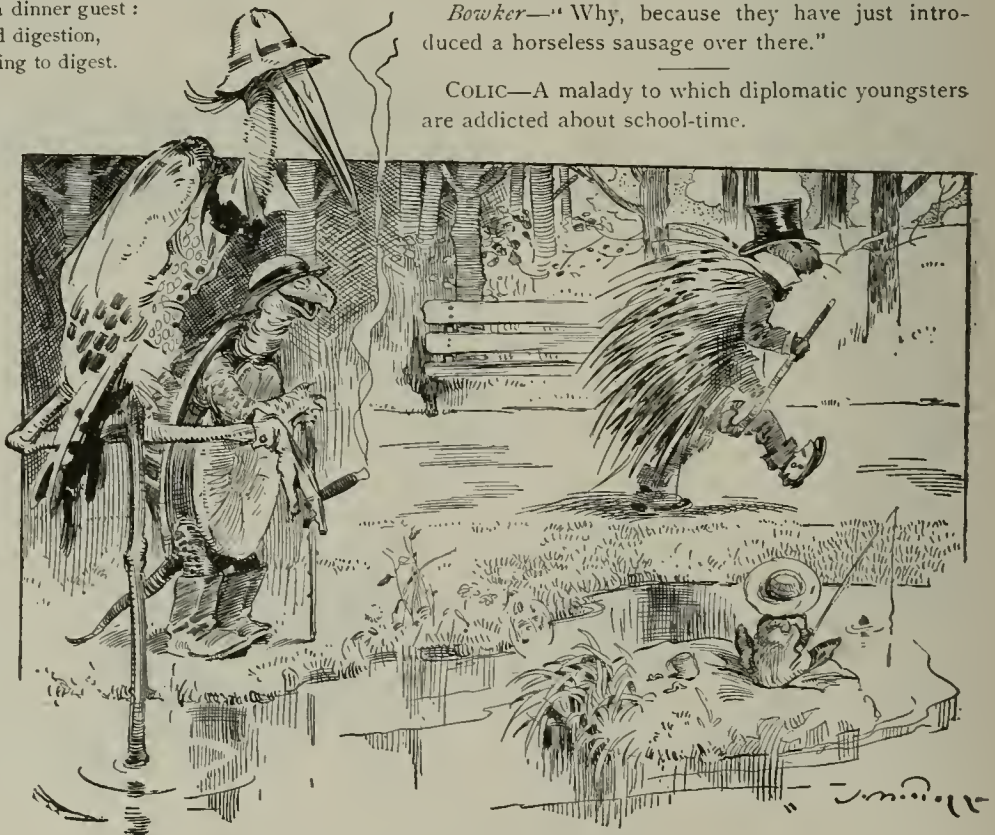
Bowker—"They are evidently keeping pace with the spirit of the times-

over in Paris just now?"

Jowker—"Why do you think so?"

Bowker—"Why, because they have just introduced a horseless sausage over there."

COLIC—A malady to which diplomatic youngsters are addicted about school-time.



SAVING GRACES.

TURTLE—"It's queer how unpopular that porcupine is."

CRANE—"Yes; because he really has a great many good points."

Caught in the Act.

"I WONDER if I'd better tell my father," thought Washington, junior, as he surveyed the cherry-tree.

"You'd better," whispered his conscience, "because you know Washington, senior."

A Worthy Substitute.

Madge—"As you are going to give up your French novels during Lent, what have you to take their place?"

Dolly—"Why, I've joined a Lenten theatre party."

MOST women read their love-story in snatches—here a beginning, there a bit from the denouement, here a sentence, there a chapter.

The Next Thing.

"THE British," remarked Fosdick, "are very grateful to the Irish soldiers for their services in the Boer war."

"I understand," added Keedick, "that when the Boers' territory is reorganized into a crown colony it will be called New Ireland."



1. "Ah! a trunk!"

Before.

"WHO'LL be elected in our ward, I'd give a ten-spot could I know!"

AFTER.

The next day with prophetic mien, He shook his head—"I told you so."



2. "I'll crack it!"

She Did.

"OF COURSE you take cream in your coffee?" said Miss Knickerbock to her visitor from Colorado.

"Yes, Miss Knickerbock; I prefer my coffee creamed," replied the fair westerner.

No Fun at all in That.

Harold—"I will make all my property over to you after we are married, my dear."

Edith—"The idea! What fun will there be for me in spending *my own* money?"

At a Dinner-party.

First young man (as he tastes a deviled egg the first time)—"My! but these eggs taste funny."

Second young man—"Is that so? The old hen must have been a comedienne."

Terminology.

"IN Japan," said the oriental traveler, "we make our houses entirely of paper."

"So do we, sometimes," returned the American manager gloomily.

He was thinking of some of the long runs at his theatre.



3. But the trunk had seen better days.

The Post-office Investigation

By Robert N. Duke



VERY student of the postal system of this country must feel grateful that the whole subject has been so thoroughly gone over recently and some of the worst evils exposed. The trouble with the national post-office seems to be that it will take care of the baser matters intrusted to it, but when it comes to the finer matters, where a single blunder may spoil everything, it is so apt to go wrong. For example, it will convey a bill or a dun with almost perfect fidelity, but if it's a love-letter with a kiss inclosed the entire machinery of the mail

service seems to be devoted to side-tracking that kiss and delivering it where it will do the most harm. A postal system that will strike twelve when it has a letter from the tailor and then fail miserably when a violet-scented osculation is inclosed can never be entirely satisfactory to a free people. Take this, for instance:

"My dearest love—It hurts, dear, to know we cannot have Thanksgiving dinner together. Dearest, I cannot tell you how I missed you last night. It was so lonesome. But I must stop that right now.

"We had such a good time in spite of my impatience. I hope you got home safely and will have a good Thanksgiving dinner.

"Clinton, I love you, dear, and hope we can see each other soon. Love and kisses. BESSIE."

Is there anything wrong in a letter of that kind? Isn't that just the kind of a letter you have written yourself and may some time want to write again? I am prepared to assert that that letter is consistent, *o. k.*, and fills a long-felt want. You say the kisses might have been omitted, but could they? Could a letter beginning "My dearest love" end without more or less business of that kind? It does not seem to me a normal inference from the facts of life as we know them.

Be that as it may, what happened to the above letter? How did the postal system of this broad land treat that privileged communication? Everybody who read the papers a few weeks ago knows full well what this great branch of the public service did with that sweet billy-doo. It delivered it to Clinton's wife—that's what it did. And what did Clinton's wife do? It ought to make this government sick to read what the woman did. She got right up in her wrath and made Rome howl. She said what a woman never says until she feels that the time has come to say it. According to the papers, which told of the divorce suit, I should think Clinton would never again be won back to the confidence he once had in the postal system. It was an awful throw-down.

Look at another case. A woman sued for breach of promise, and when she faced her whilom lover she brought into court a shoe-box full of letters. Every one of those letters ended with "love and ardent kisses." The poor chap was amazed to find that word "ardent" so often. Of course he would not have used it every time if the letters had been composed one right after the other. But the point is that the inadequacy of the postal regulations compelled him to put these kisses in in that way, and as he felt about the same way each time he forwarded a new consignment, he used the same shipping formula in each case. And they did him up. He had to step up to the cashier's window and settle for those "ardents" just the same as if they were so many bales of hay.

Ingenuous folks have sought to get round this weak spot in our post-office administration. One alleged recalcitrant lover was haled into court and the lovely complainant emptied a coffee-sack full of letters out on the floor of justice, but when the jury came to look them over they found that every letter ended up this way: "Yours, Jack 103." The girl explained that 103 had been agreed upon as a good-night code and meant, "Now, darling, I must close for this time as I have nothing more to say, but I hand you herewith the usual three million kisses." She testified that by this arrangement the kisses always reached her in good shape and were entirely satisfactory delivered in this manner, but the jury sided with the post-office authorities and wouldn't see anything in that 103 but just its face value, as it were.

From a careful study of divorce-court proceedings and the common or commercial love-letter, as you might call it, I have come to the conclusion that there is a crying need in this matter. A kiss can be delivered when the parties are near at hand without trouble or loss in transit, but the crux of the problem is how to deliver the long-distance oscule. Naturally people want to exchange this commodity just as much when separated as when together, but how are they going to do it, in the present imperfect stage of the mail system, so that everything will be satisfactory to all parties concerned afterward?

The postmaster at Job Hill lately discovered that every other day a post-card went through his office with a curious arrangement of little circles all over it. Some of the circles were very large, say about the size of cart-wheels, while others were small. He became worried and suspicious. First he thought it was an anarchist plot. Then he began to wonder if it wasn't some kind of a decoy scheme to trap him. But when he found that the card was taken from the box every time by a beautiful young woman he smiled, and for the first day in weeks ate a hearty meal and took a nap in the back office that afternoon.

Those circles were kisses. The big circles were the large-size, earnest kind. The little circles were just the little touch-and-go kind, and the in-between circles were variations on the same theme. I venture to say that if it

came to a show-down in court those circles would be true to the young man, and yet they answered their purpose admirably at the time.

There is a suggestion here that it would be well for all to take to heart, and yet all must acknowledge that it is by no means a solution. You are writing to your girl or your fellow, as the case may be, and when it comes to the wind-up you say,

"And now as the hour is growing late I must close. I send you a good-night. O O O O O O O O."

"JACK."

It's safe, but is it satisfactory? Does it rise to the occasion? Do you read it over and congratulate yourself that you have done the subject justice? It does not seem to me that we can truthfully say so.

Suppose you do it in this way: "As I can't think of anything more to say to-night I will close for this time. How I wish I was with you. The seven hundred miles that lie between us is all that keeps me from you. If it were not for that we would be together, and, oh, how happy we would be! Well, good-night.

"Your friend,

"GUSSIE, 103."

Does that seem adequate? Isn't there a disappointing, almost a chilly, abruptness about it? You know what that 103 means, but can you feel sure that it is true to its mission? You see, there is always the harrowing suspicion that it may have slipped a cog or something and reverted to its usual sense. If this style came into

vogue letters like this would be choking the post-office soon:

"Dear Jack—I got your letter with the regular weekly 103, but, oh, Jack, are you sure you mean the same you have meant heretofore, or is that last 103 just 103 and nothing more? Jack, I am dying with a broken heart over this matter. If I thought you meant just 103 and nothing more, Jack, I believe I could murder you. Do write at once and tell me the truth, or I shall go mad. As ever,

"GERTIE, 1234."

"(Jack, I mean 1234, too.)"

I trust I have made it plain now that the postal officials ought to do something. The public has a right to expect satisfaction in this matter. There are more things than grocer's bills and duns from the people who are putting music-boxes in your homes on the installment plan in this life. We want a mail system that will not play into the hands of the referee in chancery every time a warmish statement passes through the slot and flies forth on its errand.

Another great forward step would be taken if the government would fix it so that when an author sends out his manuscript it wouldn't come back so all-fired quick, but that's another story. If it could be arranged so that the same promptness would be observed, but that instead of the author's piece a large cheque would come back, that would make our post-office, it seems to me, almost an ideal system.



MORE THAN HIS DUE.

STAGE-HAND (of "Faust" company)—"Say, Bill, dis is de most appreciative aujince we've struck. Dey be-lieves in givin' de devil his due."



HOW IT HAPPENED.

ROONEY—"Where did ye git th' black eye, Moike?"
CLANCY—"Whoif, Tim Dolan's just back from his honeymoon—an' 'twas me advised Dolan t' git married."

The Christian Scientist.

HE had a madly jumping tooth ;
His pain was grievous, very.
He only smiled and said "Forsooth,
It's all imaginary."

He lost a leg, he lost an arm ;
But still the wight was merry,
And faintly smiled, "Feel no alarm—
It's all imaginary."

He died ; and when old Charon came
To row him o'er the ferry,
His words and smile were still the same—
"It's all imaginary."

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

They Were All Right.

HE was a typical backwoods farmer. His first visit to a city restaurant, however, had taken away none of the appetite he had at home, where everything was placed in large dishes on the centre of the table and each one helped himself. The waiter had piled the food around the plate in the customary little dishes, which the farmer cleaned up in turn. Settling back in his chair, he hailed the passing waiter.

"Hey, there, young man! your samples are all right. Bring on the rest of the stuff."

Golf.

IT'S strange you don't play golf. All the high-toned set do. Maybe they think it's funny to knock a homœopathic pill with a retroussé-nosed stick over half a township. But I don't.



MUST BE HUMILIATING.

ALGERNON—"It's quite a come-down for him."
SYDNEY—"What do you mean?"
ALGERNON—"When he is at home he belongs to the upper ten, but at college he is on the second eleven."

The Force of Habit.

THEY say that Versus's wife married him while he was still a struggling poet, on the ground that so thoughtful a man must make a good husband.

"How did she get that idea about him?"

"When he wrote to her, offering his hand, he mechanically inclosed a stamped and addressed envelope."

At the Zoo.

Bobby—"Say, mister, is this a cross-eyed bear?"

Keeper—"Nope, sonny; who ever heard of a cross-eyed bear?"

Bobby (superiorly)—"I have; they sang, yesterday, at Sunday-school about a consecrated cross I'd bear!"

Couldn't Miss It.

SAY, old fellow! I'm in a big rush with this. Won't you take the girl's place at the typewriter while she goes to lunch?"

"But I don't know this key-board."

"Oh, that'll be all right. This is an Illinois-French-Canadian dialect poem I'm working on."



GOLD COIN IN IT.

"Our firm has acquired the Bonanza gold-mine."

"Why, that mine was worked out long ago."

"No; not yet. Two thousand 'suckers have answered our ads."

answered our ads."

Mr. Kittleby's Chickens

By W. D. Nesbit



THAT Josiah Kittleby should have gone into the pastime of raising chickens was no wonder. That he should have found it no pastime was no wonder. That he should have stuck to it obstinately, clung to it persistently, fussed and fretted over the chickens continually, was no wonder. There never was any wonder about anything Josiah Kittleby did.

Mr. Kittleby's man-of-all-work, Erastus Johnson, a "cullud gemman" of the old school as to courtesy and chickens, had taken a great and abiding interest in the chicken-raising exploit of his employer. He had seen the flock of poultry dwindle from fifty fat pullets and two lazy roosters to fifteen plump hens. He had seen Mr. Kittleby's interest in the flock dwindle from a sunrise visit, a noonday inspection and a twilight farewell to a once-a-week look.

"Mistah Kittleby," Erastus announced one morning, "them thah chickens er yo's sho'ly is a runnin' dey haid off pesticatin' 'roun' dis yah neighborhood. Dey done spiled all de flowehs in yo' yahd, en now dey rampagin' up en down all de yutheh yahds wuss'n er tribe er elephunts bruk outen er suhkus."

"Well, 'Ras," answered Mr. Kittleby, "I'm tired of those chickens. Tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to dispose of the whole bunch to-morrow. Before I go into town I'll leave a note for you telling you what to do with them."

Erastus had reminded Mr. Kittleby that the Mohawk avenue Baptist church would have a grand supper and concert the next night, and that anything he chose to give to help the good cause along would be duly appreciated, but the discussion of the chickens seemed to have dismissed the church supper from Mr. Kittleby's mind. When that gentleman said that he would dispose of the chickens he sent an idea into the head of Erastus which impressed him, as he acknowledged, "as fo'cibly as ef er wasp hed done socked 'is stinger inter mah haid." It was late in the afternoon of the next day when Erastus narrated the following tale of adventure:

"Well, suh, w'en Mistah Kittleby done tol' me as how as he 'uz gwine ter 'spose er dem chickens, hit mek me meditate er heap, I kin tell yo'. De mo' I thinks erbout hit, de mo' I gits hit in mah haid dat de 'casion call foh expeditiousin' wuk. En so I goes 'roun' pas' Deacon Jones's house en gits him ter call ol' Brotheh Bindo ovah ter his gate, en den I lays de outcomin' er mah meditations befo' de bofe er em. Afteh some sagaciousin' 'round' we 'cides on er plan, en den we seperates en I comes back ter de bahn en finishes up mah wuk. At night hit was pow'ful dahk, bein' as dey ain' no moon en de 'lectable lights dey git de wires cross ev'y which way somehow ernurrer, en so hit hahd ter tell ef Deacon

Jones en Brotheh Bindo is white pussons or cullud gemmen w'en dey slips inter de bahn. We t'ree sits dah in de dahk ontwell pas' midnight, twell de white folks up at de house is all gone ter baid en ter sleep, en den we p'ceeds ter 'laborate mah plans. Deacon Jones he pos'es hissef ovah by de wes' eend er de chicken-coop, en Brotheh Bindo he tek keer er de eas' side whah de winder is, en I goes inside ter 'lieve Mistah Kittleby er dem chickens. Hit's mah 'tentions ter lif' dem one at er time fum de roos' en han' dem out ter Deacon Jones en Brotheh Bindo. De roos'es runs up en down on each side, en so I kin han' de chickens fum side ter side ez I tek dem fum de roos.' Well, ev'vything goes erlong all right twell I gits all but five er dem hens handed out, en den what does I do but fall right swop ovah er big box er chicken feed. In co'se dat stahtles de five chickens what I isn't got, en in co'se hit skeer de life auten Deacon Jones and Brotheh Bindo, ca'se' dey think hit somebody inside de coop what done grab holt er me. Dem five chickens des begin er squawkin' en er scuttlin' en flies outen de winders en de do' en bump inter de faces er Jones en Bindo, en dem fool nig-gahs draps de bags what dey has all de res' er de chickens inside er 'em, en den dey sho'ly is er mons'us racket goin' on, what wid me foutin' wid de feed-box en de roos'in' poles what come down en whack me on de haid, en tangle in mah laigs en th'ow me mo' times den I kin git up.

"Ol' Deacon Jones he lets out one whoop dat yo' kin heah clar ercross de crick, en stahts ter runnin' en lams-hissef up ergin' de fence so hahd dat he onj'ints he stomach en cain't eat nothin' foh nigh onter er week. Den he tek one mo' staht en des nach'ly to'e out er whole pandler de fence en goes yippity-yip down th'oo town des de same as if de constable is afteh him wid er gun en er pack er bloodhoun's. Ol' man Bindo he's got er lame laig en cain't run ve'y well, but he stahts de yutheh way en hit bein' dahk he cain't see whah he goin' en he ram hissef inter de side er de bahn en yell dat some one hit him wid er san'bag, en den pick hissef up en fall ovah de fence inter de alley en git hissef headed straight afteh lamin' his yuther laig on de fence on de yutheh side er de alley, an den he go down dat alley so fas' he leave er holler place in de aih behin' 'im. Dey say dem two men doan' wait ter open no gates ner do's when dey gits home. Deacon Jones bus' 'is own gate plum off er de hinges en nigh onter to'e de do' down erfo' his wife git up en onlock hit. En den he won' sleep nowhahs but undah de baid de res' er de night, en tell 'is wife dat er passel er whitecap-pers is got me en tuk en tek me way ovah ter de nex' county ter hang me afteh dey sick's er whole pack er bloodhoun's on me ter chew me up. Ol' Bindo he goes inter his house th'oo de winder—th'oo de glass en all—en hide hissef in de lof 'en pray en sing twell daylight. En all dis time I's thrashin' eroun' in dat fool chicken-coop. In co'se de white folks heahs me en puhty soon Mistah



W. D. NESBIT

Kittleby comes er runnin' out wid he gun ter see what am de matteh. En he bring er lante'n finally en dig me out fum undeh all de ness'es en rooses' en dat blame-fool feed-box what st'ant de whole rumpus. He ax me what in de debbil am de matteh, en soon 's I kin think up somethin' I tell him dat I hear some one er tryin' ter rob de hen-coop en I come out ter p'tect hit, en fo 'er five big men grab me en th'ow me inside en pile de whole business in on top er me. Den Mistah Kittleby des laff en say hit doan' matteh, he doan' keer er dam' erbout de chickens nohow, en foh me ter go on en wash mahsef en go ter baid.

"Nex mawnin' dey is er note foh me, des lak he say

dey gwine ter be. He done put hit in de tool-box in de bahn de ebenin' erfo', en dat hoccum I got hit. What yo think dat note say? Hit read: 'Mistah Erastus Johnsing, deah suh: Insomuch as I am erbout ter get rid er ma chickens I wishes ter tell yo' dat it is mah desiah ter donate dem ter de suppah ter be given ter de Mohaw'k avenue Baptis' ch'ch, consuhnin' which yo' has already spoke ter me'—des erbout dem ve'y wohds. En, dog mah cats! dat ain' bad ernuff, but de wusses' pah't er de whole thing is dat dem fool chickens, once dey git stahted, dey doan' stop runnin' erway, en dey ain' nary fedder er any er em been seen 'roun dis town sence dat night."

How Shall We Solve the Divorce Problem?

IN wilds of Texas dwelt Sam Pugh,
A lonely bachelor was he.
He had to cook his own beef stugh
And other things like that, you se;
And if he had a racking cough
No tender hand to nurse was there.
So one day Samuel started ough
Resolved to find a maiden fere.
A near-by town—'twas somewhat tough—
Revealed a damsel, trim and neat.
Said happy Samuel, "You're the stough!
Shall we before the parson meat?"
She shyly blushed, and said, "Although
I scarcely know you, still I see
That you're o. k., and I will gough
Along with you and married bee."
Sam grinned with joy. It thrilled him through.
So they were wed and Sam was glad
And gently whispered, "I love youh!"
It was a magic ride they had
Across the prairie, which the plough
Had never touched. Then, when at home
Sam gayly said, "Now I'll allough
That from this ranch we'll never rome."
And now there is a son and heir
Who plays before the ranchman's door.
You'd love to see that happy pheir,
Sam 's never lonely any moor.
Their joy it would be hard to gauge,
It's free from quarrels and deceit.
Sam never gets into a raugé
And Mary's temper 's just as sweet.
A man more true and free from guile
Or of a more contented mien;
A woman with a happier smuile
I'll bet a cent you've never sien.
And if all folk were like these two
With lives in harmony so keyed
The lawyers would have less to dwo.
Divorce courts we should never neyed
Fo undo marriages, because
The hearthstones where true love holds reign
Are ruled without the aid of lause—
In happiness instead of peign.
So from these two a lesson learn—
A lesson big and wise and true.
Oh, do not from its moral tearn!
It will help all, both me and yue.

The Ruling Passion.

THE little crowd of wraiths huddled together in Charon's boat. One among them held himself aloof and spread himself over two of the seats. Charon went through the crowd, collecting the fares. When he approached the aloof person that individual looked up haughtily. "Fare?" he echoed; "fare? Why, I always travel on a pass." Then the other tourists recognized him as one who had been a trust magnate.

Heredity.

"**I** KNOW I'm losing my hair early in life," says the young man, passing his hand over his bare scalp; "but my father and grandfather became bald at twenty."
"Ah," comments the pickle-nosed individual who is always thinking up such things, "then you are the heir to their hairlessness."



A REAL SPORTSMAN.

THE BOY ABOVE—"Is dere any game round here?"
THE OTHER—"Dere wuz, but I got it all."

My Little Boy-beau.

IT IS hidden away with the keepsakes
Of summers and winters ago—
A love-letter yellow and faded
And creased, from my little boy-beau.
The envelope reads, "To my dearest,"
The pages are tattered and torn,
The childish handwriting is blotted,
But it breathes of life's roseate morn.

The little boy-beau is sleeping
Where his regiment laid him to rest,
In a uniform buttoned and braided,
With a flag and a sword on his breast.
But it is not the dashing young soldier
In sabre and sash that I see,
But the little boy-beau with his ringlets—
He will never grow older to me.

Since, a girl of eleven, I found it
Slipped into my grammar one day
The years with their rains and their roses
Have rapidly glided away.
Lovers and hearts they have brought me,
Tears and my portion of woe ;
But never so pure an affection
As the love of my little boy-beau.

MINNA IRVING.

"SHUCKS!" said Mr. Meddergrass.
"I believe these here patent-medicine fellers is all in cahoots."

"What makes you say that?" asked the druggist.

"Well, I've got five different almanacs so far this year, an' every blame one of 'em is alike except fer the name of the medicine."



"EVERYTHING GOING DOWN HILL."



ON THE WRONG TRAIL.

MISS PHOEBE—"Mr. Johnson, de genelman I's settin' mah cap fo', spends two dollahs a week fo' cafrriage-hire. Now, don't dat show appearances ob prosperity?"

PARENT—"Appearances am deceitful, gal. De prosperity lies in Stable-keeper Jackson's pocket. He am de man yo wants ter set yo'r cap fo'."

How She Worked It.

"BUT were the boarders not suspicious sometimes? Did they not seem to act as if they doubted that the veal-stew was turkey?" asked the news-gleaner.

"Ah, but I took precautions," replied the retired boarding-house keeper. "I always stirred in a few feathers."

What It Feasted On.

The crank—"This turkey has a very salty taste."

The star boarder—"Of course it has. The bird was raised on the seacoast. If Mrs. Mealerham will give you some of the dressing you will see that the turkey had feasted on oysters."

Willie Littleboy (who has an inquiring mind)—"Papa, 'colonel' is a title, isn't it, that belongs to"—

Papa—"No, my son; it is an opprobrious epithet."

Happy High Hunks.



YOU bet I'm feeling pretty good.
 And any tunes my jig meet ;
 For now the back yard 's full of wood,
 The cellar 's full of pig-meat.

And when I know that down my throat
 I can this fine old food pile,
 I'm happy as yon cat afloat
 And tacking down yon wood-pile.

That's why my chest I gayly thump
 And all my face enamel
 With happy grins while I outhump
 With joy the circus camel.

Unanswerable.

EMULATING the modern naturalist, we resolved to interview a rattlesnake.

"Tell us," we asked, "if your buttons come off, will your wife sew them on for you?"

Having no antidote handy, we then judged it prudent to withdraw.

"**M**Y story," says the novelist to me, "is fiction, but it's founded upon fact." An' then I got to thinkin' what a good world this would be if every man who claimed to tell the truth would admit as frankly when his fact was founded upon fiction.

IF IT is a poor rule that won't work both ways, what shall be said of the many rules that refuse to work either way.

Why She Jumped.

THE cow had just jumped over the moon. "I wanted to get out of the range of that deer-hunter's rifle," she explained.

Hereupon the little dog laughed, showing that it had the true hunting instinct.

Standard Directions.

He—"I understand that Mrs. Wiggins rejected Mr. Wiggins thirteen times before she accepted him."

She—"Yes. She evidently thought it best to shake well before taking."

Still Noisy.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Freddie seems to have broken nearly every one of his toys already."

Cobwigger—"Yes, confound it! all but the drum and the tin whistle."

Driven to It.

First writer—"My next story will be in dialect."

Second writer—"What for?"

First writer—"I'm all out of plots."

All Is Vanity.

Cobwigger—"Hullo, old man! Wheeling the baby-carriage, eh? Why, where is your wife?"

Newspaper—"Taking exercise at the physical-culture club."

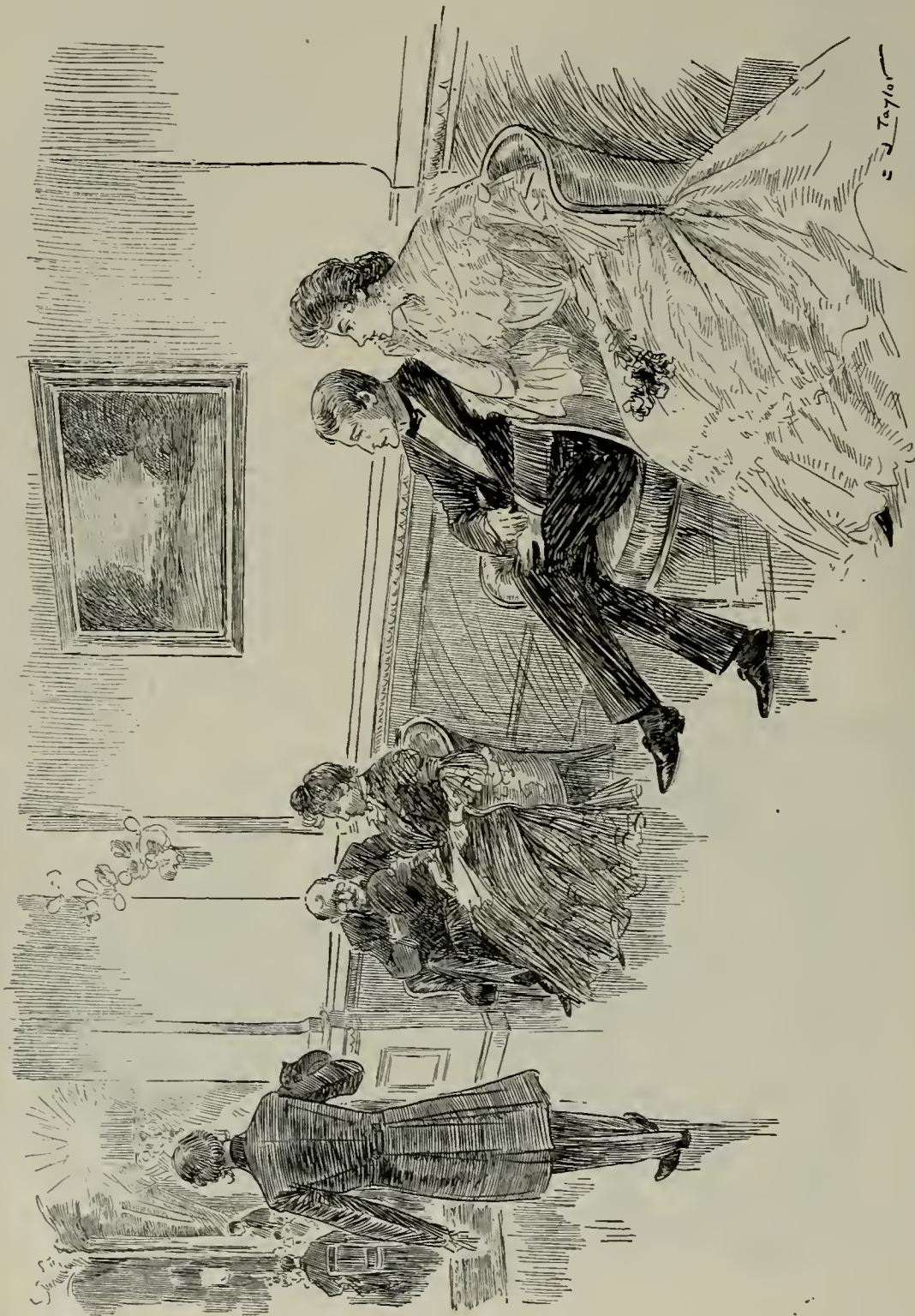


ON DECK.

MISS SHADYSIDE—"But *why* do you go out of your course to stop at the nearest port, captain?"

CAPTAIN—"Madam, I want a mate."

MISS SHADYSIDE—"Oh, c-a-p-t-a-i-n! this is *so* sudden!"



RAPID MONEY-GETTER.

“That man made money by leaps and bounds.”

“What business?”

“Why, a rich girl got stuck on his waltzing, but he dances like a kangaroo.”

COUSIN MARCELLUS'S WIFE'S FATHER OR, THE REWARD OF KINDNESS

BY ED MOTT



TURTLES can't turn a summerset, nor run a race, nor dance a jig, but don't you go and think for a minute that they ain't stuffed full o' brains. If they hadn't been, would Cousin Marcellus Merriweather's wife's father been her father? Well, scarcely not! And he wouldn't only not been her father, but there'd been a blotch on the Jaybolt family 'scutcheon that sandpaper never could 'a' scratched off! Never! Never! Quite a spell of disturbin' and spattery sort o' weather we been havin', 'Kiar. Quite a spell.'

'Kiar Biff, of the Corners tavern, replied to Solomon Cribber, of Pochuck, that we had been having quite such a spell, that was so; but Landlord Biff showed no further interest in the Pochuck chronicler, who had come over

for a little visit with the Corners folks, plainly charged with a tale that he intended to tell before he wended his way homeward again on that rainy fall day. The indifference of Kiar to his presence or his subject did not affect Solomon in the slightest; in fact, there was perceptible self-reproach in his manner as he presently remarked to the landlord:

"I ought to been over before with this, I know, because it's most amazin', but I've had to git here betwixt rains, and they've made travelin' dingswizzled slow and uncertain for quite a spell back, as you mowt 'a' noticed. You been 'spectin' me, o' course?"

'Kiar said no; there hadn't been any such trouble as that on his mind. Not that he knowed of, he said.

"Good! Then I hain't been disapp'intin' you!" exclaimed Mr. Cribber, with a cheerful smile. "I hain't never disapp'inted nobody yit, and it 'd jest hook me in with sorrow to begin doin' of it now. And 'mongst other things I've got to tell you is that all the signs is that the weather is goin' to settle right along, now, and we're goin' to have an open winter. Jest mark that down, 'Kiar, along with the ruln' figger for say about five fingers o' good old Jersey apple juice, till I come in ag'in, so's you won't forget it. The weather's goin' to settle, and we're goin' to have an open winter."

'Kiar said he'd stand for the open winter, and that he was glad the weather was going to settle. But he said he didn't believe the weather would go so far as to settle for the five fingers of Jersey apple. That would be cash, 'Kiar said. The Pochuck optimist turned pessimist for a moment, and said something about the people being all

wrong in charging the trusts with putting the necessaries of life beyond their reach, when anybody with half an eye ought to see that it was the spread of the no trust sentiment that was doing of it; but he came back to his wonted cheerfulness pretty soon, cracked a couple of fingers vigorously, and said:

"Yes sir, an open winter. That ought to be news to make you feel good, even over here to the Corners. And Cousin Marcellus Merriweather has been to see us ag'in. And it was him that said to Uncle David Beckendarter, only yisterday:

"'Uncle David,' he says, 'turtles can't turn a summerset, nor run a race, nor dance a jig,' he says, 'but don't you go and think for a minute that they ain't stuffed full o' brains,' he says.

"Uncle David he finished lightin' his pipe, and then says, 'Poof!' to Cousin Marcellus in the most discouragin' way, and Aunt Sally says, 'Your granny's nightcap, Marcellus!' she says, and made them knittin' needles o' her'n jest about snap.

"'How did my wife's father git to be her father, then?' says Cousin Marcellus, talkin' as though Uncle David's and Aunt Sally's 'sinations hurt him consider'ble. 'And why ain't there a blotch on the Jaybolt 'scutcheon that sandpaper couldn't never 'a' scratched off?' he says, and Uncle David and Aunt Sally said they didn't know.

"'Cause turtles is stuffed full o' brains, that's how and that's why!' says Cousin Marcellus. 'And not only stuffed full o' brains, but full o' the milk o' human kindness!' he says. 'If it hadn't been for turtles Bailwick Jaybolt wouldn't 'a' been my wife's father, and the Jaybolt 'scutcheon 'd be splotched worse than cow tracks on the week's wash laid on the grass to dry!' says he.

"I've an idee that mebbe Uncle David was on the p'int o' sayin' somethin' a little brash to Cousin Marcellus, the way he took his pipe out of his mouth and riz it in the air, but Cousin Marcellus kind o' gulped a little and spoke up quick and fast, like as if he was bound to git them turtles and the Jaybolt 'scutcheon before the mornin' while he had the floor, so as they wouldn't be lost, for it mowt be a good spell 'fore he got along our way ag'in.

"'Bailwick Jaybolt,' says Cousin Marcellus, 'even as a young man, had a good many p'int. He was a true child o' natur'. He was all-pervadin' as to the clutchin' o' bear and setch, and he loved his neighbor as himself. Fact o' the matter is, he loved one o' his neighbors better than himself. That un was Pol'y Krimfinkle. She was the daughter of old 'Squire Krimfinkle, and he was dead sot that she shouldn't never marry Bailwick Jaybolt, though Polly wanted to the wust way.

"'Now, then, Uncle David,' says Cousin Marcellus,

all that most folks thinks about turtles when they think anything at all about turtles, is soup. I don't blame 'em none for that, for there ain't nothin' in the eatin' line that is better than turtles, but soup is hardly the right way to consider turtles in; anyhow, old Passadanky turtles; so listen.

"If there's anything that roams the woods that knows wnat's good to eat its the bears of old Passadanky. Consequently they dote on turtles. When one o' them bears runs across a turtle he busts its shell with a stone, and tickles his palate with the meat that he finds inside of it. One day Bailiwick Jaybolt met one o' them bears trottin' along through the woods, lookin' so pleased that Bailiwick 'd 'a' knowed what it was up to even if he hadn't see that the bear had a big stone in its paws. That bear had lurtie on its mind, and there, layin' by a log, all but skeert to death, was the turtle. The bear riz its stone to drop it on the turtle's back and scrunch it, but Bailiwick had setch a gentle heart that he couldn't stand by and see murder done, and he shot the bear dead in its tracks.

"The poor turtle seemed so sorry to have Bailiwick go away an leave it there, mebbe for some other bear to come along and scrunch, that he carried it home with him. He got to likin' it so that wherever he went he took it with him; and a lucky thing for the Jaybolt family it was, too, I want to tell you, Uncle David,' says Cousin Marcellus. 'Well,' says he, 'one time they elected Bailiwick Jaybolt to be tax collector for that deestrick, and he collected all the taxes for the year, and started with 'em for the county seat to pay 'em in. He took his turtle along. He had some bear traps scattered here and there in the woods, one of 'em bein' a drop-door trap all shet in with logs and a roof. That door could be opened from the outside easy enough, but when it fell and closed things after a bear or somethin' had tetched the bait inside, nothin' could open it from that side.

"Bailiwick and Daniel, as he had named the turtle, strolled over to see if that trap was all right, and while Bailiwick was inside lookin' at things he tetched the bait some way, and, bang! down came the door, and Bailiwick mowt just as well 'a' been in jail. There he was, eight mile from home, with no more chance o' any one comin' along that way than there was o' that door openin' and lettin' Bailiwick out. Every day for two weeks Daniel squeezed himself out between two logs and went down to the creek, which was only a couple o' rod away, and ketched trout and brung 'em to Bailiwick and kep' him from starvin'. Then all of a sudden Daniel couldn't find no more trout. He fished and fished, but not a trout or anything else could he git his clutch on to. Bailiwick could see starvation glarin' at him, and Daniel jest about went into fits over it. Then one day Bailiwick made up his mind he'd have to eat Daniel, to sort o' piece things out some, on the chance o' somebody comin' along that way and lettin' him loose 'fore he passed away. Daniel seemed willin', and Bailiwick turned the turtle over and was on the pint o' stickin' his knife into him, when an idee hit him. Instead o' stabbin' Daniel to make victuals out of him, Bailiwick dug some letters on to the turtle's under shell.

"There!" says he "I'll turn Daniel out, and shet up the hole so he can't git back in ag'in. Then he'll

wander, mebbe, and be found, and spread the news, so as mebbe they'll find my bones, anyhow," says Bailiwick.

"But Bailiwick didn't have to turn Daniel loose nor shet him out. As soon as Bailiwick got through carvin' on to the shell, Daniel didn't lose a bit o' time gettin' out o' that pen and makin' for the creek, tumblin' into it and disappearin' quicker than scat.

"Consarn him!" says Bailiwick. "Lot o' chance there is now of any one findin' him!" says he. "I wish I had eat him, now!" says he.

"Well, what had folks been thinkin' all this time, 'count o' Bailiwick disappearin' that way? Thought he had cut sticks with the taxes, o' course; and, though it was hard to believe, a blotch come on that 'scutcheon and begun to loom up bigger and bigger. Polly Krumfinkle jest about cried her eyes out, and her old pap sot his foot right down that she was goin' to marry Japhet Salteider, which was his choice for her, anyhow, and the day was sot. That very day Polly was out 'mongst the rose bushes havin' her last cry, when out o' the water come somethin', and Polly wiped her eyes and see it was a turtle. The turtle come on towards her as fast as it could, and then Polly see that it wa'n't only a turtle, but it was Bailiwick Jaybolt's Daniel! Before Polly could get wind enough to peep, the turtle stopped in front of her, give a funny sort of a hitch to itself, and flopped over on to its back. And there, on Daniel's bottom shell, Polly read these here words:

"Shet in drop-door bear pen. Starvin'. B. Jaybolt."

"Polly gave one yell and fainted dead away. Her folks heard the yell, and when the old 'squire come runnin' to see what was the matter, and he see the carvin' on that turtle, away he sent two men on hossback to rescue Bailiwick, and they done it. And he come back and married Polly, and got to be my wife's father, to say nothin' o' wipin' the blotch off o' that 'scutcheon, which he couldn't 'a' done neither of 'em, by hokey! if turtles wa'n't stuffed full o' brains and the milk o' human kindness, could he?' says Cousin Marcellus, and Aunt Sally she heaved a kind of a pittyin' sigh, and Uncle David went out to feed the pigs. Speakin' o' them five fingers o' Jersey apple, 'Kiar, couldn't you sort o' consider 'em as in the light o' the milk o' human kindness, and"—

'Kiar shook his head with so much positiveness that the Pochuck chronucler got up and went out, remarking bitterly that it was a sad thing when men couldn't rise even to the height of the humble turtle.

Intensely Shocked.

Margie (who has left Boston to spend her vacation in the country, hearing her grandfather ask the hired man if he found any breaches in the pasture-fence)—"I do wish grandpa'd be more refined in the presence of ladies and say pantaloons."

The gushing boarder—"This turkey is delightfully tender."

Mrs. de Hasher—"Yes; I knew it would be. It was killed by being run over by a trolley-car."

The Cult of Nebuchadnezzar.

The latest health-fad is a diet of grass.—*Exchange.*

A WISE man said, "All flesh is grass."
And now at length it comes to pass
That there's no illness we endure
Which eating grass will fail to cure.

If sharp gastritis holds you down,
On ordinary diet frown;
But gather grass, gravied with dew,
And eat it and your health renew.

Even if you're thrown in that abyss
Of dire, cantankerous rheumatism,
Remember it cannot harass
If you confine your meals to grass.

Nebuchadnezzar, king of old,
We used to think was badly "sold";
But now it's very plainly seen
His was the coming true cuisine.

From pasturage of the field and lawn
His health and strength were daily drawn;
And so for years he shunned life's knocks
By eating like the faithful ox.

Who would not forfeit bread and cheese,
And quail on toast, with meat and grease,
Now those who know with force maintain
That grass surpasses flour or grain?

Vile drugs have thus become a bore,
And doctors need not practice more.
Fruits, too, will go, and garden "sass,"
Since all mankind must "go to grass"!

JOEL BENTON.

What He Thought.

Boss—"What on earth made you give out that interview? It reads as if you were drunk at the time."

Candidate—"That's just the trouble—I didn't know I was loaded."



THE GRAMMATICAL WAITER.

"Waiter, I find here in my soup a needle—a needle, sir!"
"That must be a misprint—that should be a noodle."

A Thought.

DICKY was in pensive mood.

"It's really dreadful," he reflected, "to gaze into the faces of your friends and remember that they all must die." He sighed. A moment later he arose and rushed to a mirror. He looked long and earnestly. "Bah Jove!" he said.

Her Trouble.

Blufkins—"Miss Splutter seems to have an impediment in her speech."

Blufkins—"Yes; her tongue keeps getting in the way whenever she attempts to talk."



SUPERLATIVE SCORN.

LIZZY—"Yer needn't scoff ter me because yer flung me lover over."
MAME—"Keep yer milk-sop! I wouldn't have a lover dat didn't git jealous uv me an' black me two eyes wanst in a while."

Mrs. Jepson's Weather Nerves

By R. K. Munkittrick



PERHAPS the queerest part of Mrs. Jepson's make-up is her weather nerves. There are doubtless many people with weather nerves, but I never knew any one else with this trouble or ailment that was affected by it in quite the same way that Mrs. Jepson is. If I may so put it, Mrs. Jepson is a series of sets of weather nerves, and she has nerves for every kind of weather. There is the set of nerves that is put in action by the cloudy day, the rainy day, the gray day, and every other kind of day. She also has snow-storm nerves and nerves that are made active by humidity. Now, during a rainy day she becomes dissatisfied with the appointments of the house, no matter what they may be, and then she makes a parlor and a library table change places, and takes the Carlo Dolci from the dining-room and puts it in the hall, and takes the Adirondack etching from the hall and hangs it in the living-room. And on the next rainy day she will change them all back. Mr. Jepson recently caused her great mental pain when he told her that a good spell of rainy weather would completely wear the furniture out; and when she told him what a horrid brute he was for making such a remark he told her that one kind of weather right straight along would kill her because of the awful monotony of the work in which it would involve her; and this did not put her in a better humor. Only the endless variety of the American climate, he continued, could save her from the lunatic-asylum, and she should therefore be thankful that once in a while there was a brisk east wind to cause her to let up on the furniture to give the dog a bath. How strange that she should want to give the dog a bath whenever the wind blew from the east! and how much stranger that the dog should run out every morning to ascertain from which quarter the wind was blowing before he could know whether he might spend the day in peace on the Japanese-silk sofa-cushions or be compelled to seek safety under the barn! But most of all Mr. Jepson disliked the weather that sent his wife forth on a shopping expedition, even if she remembered him generously in her purchases. And he also disliked the weather that so affected her nerves as to send her to the opera to seek the consoling influence of music, that her depression might be overcome.

Mr. Jepson made a great deal of fun of his wife's nerves. One day he asked her if she thought there could be a climatic combination that would cause her to tear the passementerie off her shirt-waist, give it to the kitten to play with, and then kill the parrot, stuff it with prunes, and perch it on the best hat of the servant-girl before she could "give notice."

This naturally upset Mrs. Jepson quite as much as could a Nile-green sky over a mouse-colored day lit by

the old-gold draperies of a fading woodland and an ice-wagon joggling down the road. I will not attempt to give her reply, as I know that even the English language has its limitations; but I will say that Mrs. Jepson wanted to know if she hadn't a right to her weather nerves when she couldn't help having them, or being a victim of them. Mr. Jepson, having a keen sense of humor, said that it was extremely unfortunate that the weather nerves that set her at moving heavy furniture around did not appreciate his financial condition sufficiently to drive her to doing something more useful. He thought that, if she could be driven by a rainy day to doing the weekly washing, that rain would be quite as desirable for his pocket as for the successful development of the crops; and he furthermore argued that, as she would then enjoy the washing, even as she enjoyed the changing about of the pictures and furniture, all would be well. He thought that the weather ought to drive her to doing the family mending instead of to the washing of the dog; and that instead of sending her off on an expensive and unnecessary shopping tour, it should have the salutary effect of opening her financial eyes and causing her to see how she could save money by staying home and going without a new gown, and by covering the straw hat with velvet for the winter and the velvet hat with straw for the summer.

One day she became so exasperated that she could stand it no longer.

"Why don't you," she asked sarcastically, as she drew herself up theatrically to her utmost inch, "find a climate that is always such as affects my nerves in a way to suit your fancy, and take me there to live?"

He remained silent, and she continued,

"Perhaps you think that such a climate does not exist outside of Paradise."

"It exists right here, my dear—right here," he finally said, "but it is misdirected."

"I don't understand you."

And thus the brute replied,

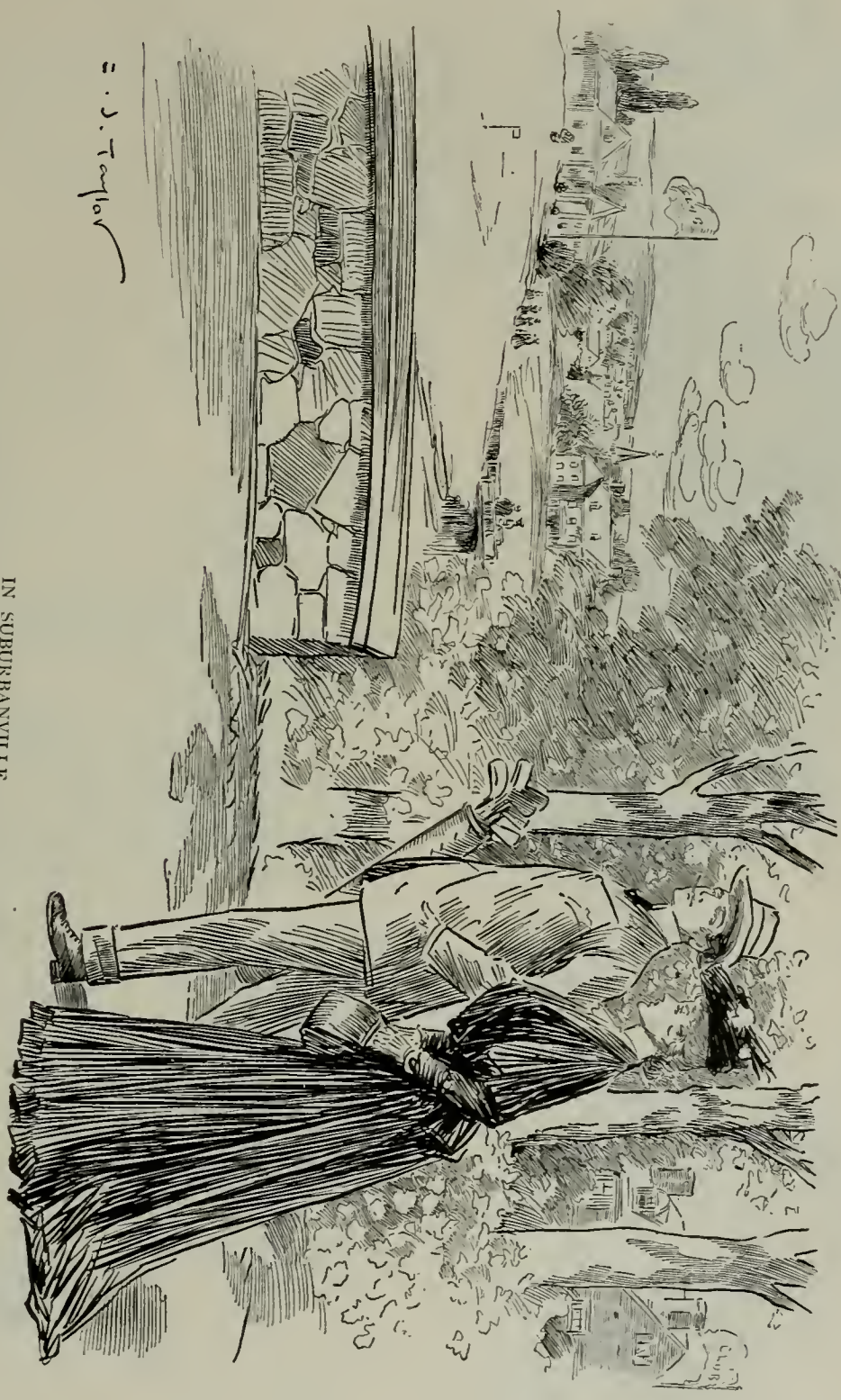
"I will explain. It is misdirected because it inspires you to move the furniture around instead of to do the housework. You just use your will-power so that your nerves will be superior to the weather insomuch as you will be able to select the kind of work that will do us the most good. Then there will be no wear and tear on the household effects, and you will be able to do all the work, until the first thing you know we shall be able to get along without a servant at all, and that will mean wealth and happiness beyond all doubt."

But Mrs. Jepson was in tears.

Keeping the Ball Rolling.

Robinson—"It seems as though women had a mania for spending money."

Rawlins—"I know it. Why, whenever my wife is too sick to go down shopping she sends for the doctor."



IN SUBURBANVILLE.

"Is this a city of homes?"
 "Well, rather; the women can go to the clubs when they like."



THE IDEA!

CHAUNCEY—"I think I am deucedly dull—don't you?"
 PENELOPE—"No; deucedly clever when you talk like that."

His Admission.

"THERE is considerable doubt in my mind as to what has just happened to me," said the philosophical person, who had been struck in the small of the back and knocked into the middle of the subsequent week and almost into kingdom come by a recklessly-managed automobile, which had run over his prostrate form in, seemingly, seventeen different directions and then disappeared around the corner before he could scramble to his feet and take note of its identity; "but, whatever it was, I am disposed to admit that it happened."

Why He Thought So.

Bunco-steerer—"How are all the folks in Philadelphia?"

Brooklyn man (indignantly)—"Why do you think I'm from Philadelphia?"

Bunco-steerer—"Because you are so deeply absorbed in yesterday's paper."

An Exception.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S veracity
 Has passed unquestioned by,
 And yet I know an instance when
 He carried well a lie.

Belinda wrote she loved me not
 (Of course, though, I knew better).
 And then she took George Washington
 And stuck him on the letter.

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

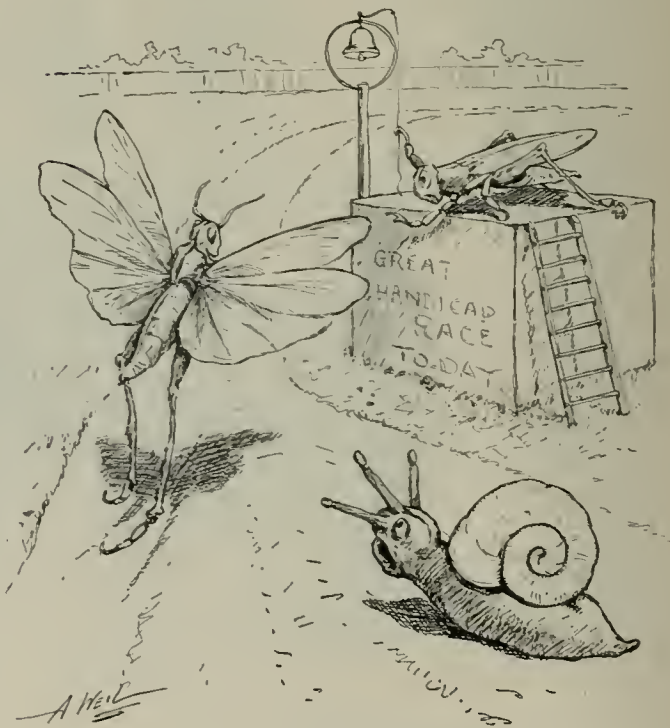
Quite Unexpected.

"WILL you please carve the turkey, Mr. Grizzly?" asked the landlady.

Mr. Grizzly, a malevolent scowl showing on his forehead, picked up the carving-knife as a warrior seizes the sword and attacked the fowl. Slice after slice of juicy white meat fell away as though it were snow yielding to the breath of early spring. Joints came apart as easily as a child's block-house is knocked down. Mr. Grizzly began to puff and pant. A strange look of bewilderment came into his eyes.

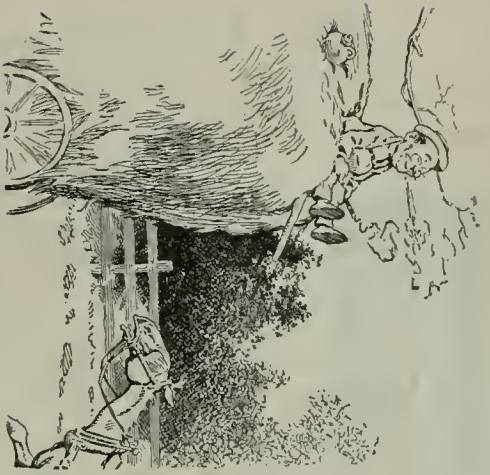
The cranberry sauce came on the table. It was perfect. It did not, as had been expected, have the thickness and stringiness of glue. Mr. Grizzly was breathing hard. And so it went through all the dinner, and when at last he failed to find a hair-pin and two or three marbles in the mince-pie he turned white as a sheet and fell to the floor. Physicians were summoned and labored over him for hours. When at last he returned to consciousness he muttered,

"Fourteen years in a boarding-house and heaven at last!"



UNFAIR.

SNAIL (to grasshopper)—"I sha'n't race with you. You cheat—you started before the bell rang."



1. MR. CITYMAN—"Ah, there's nothing like a ride in the country, on a load of fragrant hay, to bring sweet forgetfulness of the grasping city's nerve-racking rush for gold. Among these simple, open-hearted people, who never know the value of a dollar—why, I feel like a pert little bird on a swaying bough."

Judicial Procedure.

"I UNDERSTAND," says the northern tourist in Texas, "that the backward season has arrested the cotton crop."
 "Yes," replied the planter; "but we are going right ahead, as usual."
 "Not discouraged, then?"
 "Not a bit. Even if the crop is arrested we are sure that we will be able to bale it out."

Must Be Pure.

THE sunshine filtered through the leaves. The wayward wind laughed boisterously.
 "Why are you filtering yourself?" it asked of the sunshine.
 "I must," explained the sunshine. "This is the picnic-ground of a health-faddists' society, and if I am not filtered I will be boiled."

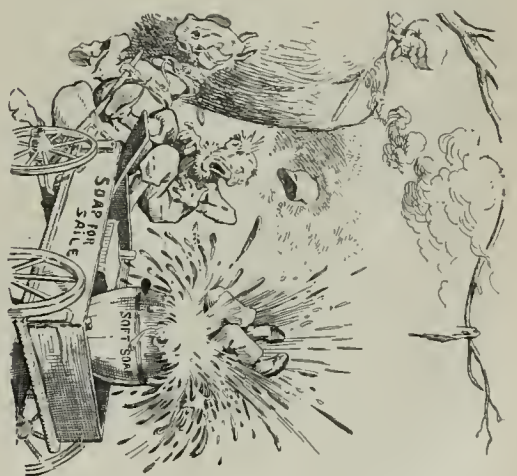
A DREAM DISPELLED.



2. —What the"—



3. THE SOAMAN—"Yew jest shell out ten dollars fer that bar'l o' soap, mister, or I'll prosecute yew."
 "The HAWMAN—"An' ef yew don't cough up thatty dollars fer my hay yer cigar burnt up I'll hev the law on yer afore nigh'."



3. 1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1

A Complete Record.

"WHAT is that little book your wife writes in every evening?" asks the visitor.
 "That?" asks her husband. "Oh, that is her new diary."
 "But she seems to put down nothing except names of articles and figures to follow them."
 "Of course. It's really her expense-book, but all she does is to go shopping."

A Sufferer.

"MADAM," said the haggard man at the door, "could you give me some assistance? I am a survivor of the siege of Port Arthur?"
 "Why," said the woman suspiciously, "you couldn't have reached here in this time."
 "Oh, kind lady, I was not at Port Arthur. I was the war-rumor editor on an excitable newspaper."

THE GOLDEN RULE ain't printed no plainer in a hundred-dollar bible than it is in a ten-cent testament.

A HARD-LUCK PASSENGER

BY ROBERT BURTON



THE lazy "accommodation" train on which I was wearily wending my way across the low lands of the middle west had come to a standstill in a corn-field, and most of the male passengers had gone out to offer advice in regard to the best way of getting a cow up from between the ties, through which she had fallen while trying to cross a little culvert directly in front of the engine. It was hot and I preferred to remain in the car. So did a phenomenally lank man with a complexion giving proof of a prolonged tussle with "fever-an-

ager." The outline of his pea-green face showed plainly through his thin red beard, and when he suddenly stretched his long, lank arms high above his head and yawned his jaws cracked and a plate of upper false teeth fell with a click to his lower jaw. Then he thrust one hand almost to his elbow down into one of his pockets, drew forth a home-made twist of tobacco, bit off a "chaw" with considerable writhing and twisting effort, and generously extended the twist across the aisle to me, saying as he did so,

- "Have a chaw?"
- "No; thank you."
- "Don't chaw?"
- "No; I do not."
- "Sensible, b'gosh!"

Having thus broken the ice, if such a figure of speech is appropriate in dog-day weather, the man crept over into the vacant seat in front of me with as little effort as possible and proceeded to converse with a good deal of fluency in a voice marked by the nasal note of the rural Missourian.

"Goin' down the road a little ways if we ever git there. Train's slower nor merlasses in Jiniuary. Still, I ain't in no hurry. Never was. It's ag'in' my principles to hurry much. I'm leavin' Missouri fer good, I hope."

His manner indicated that he expected me to inquire into the causes of his exodus, and I said,

"Doesn't agree with you there, eh?"

"Wa-al, I dunno as it's that so much as other things. I've shuk as hard with fever-an'-ager in Ohier as I have in Missouri. But I've had a lot o' hard luck there off an' on—mostly on. Two years ago the drought burned up my crap, an' last year the floods washed it out root an' branch. Come up in the night an' when it went down I'd nothin' left on this green airth but the shirt I'd swum out in. Hard luck!"

"I should think so."

"But I was used to it. I located in tue line of a

cyclone out in Kansas four year ago, an' one day the cyclone got a move on itself, an' when it went on after friskin' by my house thar wa'n't no house left. Blowed my three best dawgs to kingdom come, to say nothin' o' my wife an' ev'ry derned other thing I owned on airth. Hard luck!"

"It surely was."

"Wa-al, I ain't easily downed, so I scratched around an' got me another wife an' two of as purty Irish-setter dawgs as you ever laid eyes on an' started out once more—this time runnin' a saw-mill in a lumber camp, an' one day I had to drive thutty miles to the nearest town fer supplies, an' when I got back I'll be danged if the old saw-mill hadn't burnt clean to the ground, an' the man that had been doin' the sawin' had run off with my wife an' both o' them dawgs. Hard luck!"

I agreed with him for the third time, and he immediately added,

"I got on their trail with a Mexican mustang pony under me an' I run 'em down the first day an' got the dawgs back. Her an' him had had a fallin' out already, an' he looked as if he'd fallen in front o' his buzz-saw, an' ne wanted me to take her back, but I kicked when it come to that. I give her a dollar as sort o' allimony, an' the last I see of 'em she was chasin' him with a hoss-whip in her hand. Hard luck—fer him! She'd the git-up-an'-git-thar speerit of a hyena, an' she wa'n't afeerd o' anything that walked on two legs nor yit on four. She was too rapid for an easy-goer like me. Well, then I thought I'd open up a s'loon in a little new town where thar was likely to be considable thirstiness, but the wimmen o' the town objected purty fo'cibly. Fact is, they had caught the Carry Nation disease, an' they come on an' smashed ev'ry derned thing to flinders; and as if that wa'n't enough, they drug me out an' held me under a pump an' pumped on me until I was most drowned, sayin' they'd let me see how good cold water reely was. Then they chased me out o' town, an' said that was only a patchin' to what I'd git if I ever come back. Hard luck!"

I reserved my opinion regarding the merits of the case, and he waxed still more loquacious.

"Them fer-western wimmen has got plenty o' speerit, I tell ye. Well, then I went into the chicken bizness, an' I had five hundred plump young brilers just ready to slaughter an' market, when hanged if the chicken cholery didn't break out among 'em an' three hundred ol' 'em turned up thar toes in twenty-four hours, an' the rest was sayin' their far'well prayers! Some of 'em died so blamed sudden it didn't seem to me they could be hurt much, an', just between me an' you, I dressed an' sold a lot of 'em, an' a sneak of a chap I had workin' for me let his tongue run about it, an' if I hadn't got ten miles the start o' the sheriff an' the mob with him I reckon I'd not be here now to tell the tale. They went back an' burned ev'ry buildin'

I had to the ground, an' I had to change my name an' lay low for three months. Hard luck !"

Again I bridled my tongue and refrained from the rudeness of expressing my candid opinion in regard to the matter, and he said,

" Wa-all, next thing I did was to come east far as Ioway an' git me a tin-peddlin' outfit. I had a cousin that done right well at that. He'd trade his tinware fer old rags an' butter an' eggs among the farmers' wives, an' it was healthy bizness just ridin' round all day enjoyin' the society of the ladies ev'ry time you stopped. Well, I got an old plug of a hoss for fifteen dollars an' started out with fifty dollars wuth o' goods in my cart, an' something unexpected happened the very fust place I stopped. I'd got down from the wagon an' me an' a lady a few paounds shy o' three hundred in weight was dickerin' over her ten paounds o' rags that she wanted about three dollars wuth o' tinware fer, an' rags sellin' fer half a cent a paound, an' while I was descantin' on the bargain she'd git if she tuk a nutmeg-grater fer the rags, I'll be eternally dingsquizzled if one o' these gol-durned awttymobiles didn't hove to from around a corner. It come a-tootin' an' a-plungin' an' a-smellin' until I'm darned if I blamed my old plug much fer jist about goin' wild. Before I could grab the reins he was off down the road like a streak o' greased lightnin'. Run ! By gum ! I never saw no three-year-old beat him at no county fair I ever went to ! I lit out after him, but I might as well tried to 'a' chased one o' these thunderbolt express trains that they say runs four miles a minnit ! The last I see o' that old plug he was roundin' a curve in the road an' the air was full o' tinware. One shinin' dish-pan went a good forty feet into the air an' come down on a spiked post of a barbed-wire fence that jammed a hole right through it. An', say, stranger, I ain't lyin' when I tell you that that old nag was found dead six miles from that spot with a wash-boiler clapped down over his head, an' nary another bit o' tinware in sight. Hard luck !"

" Why didn't you sue the owner of the automobile ?"

" He never give me no chance. He lit out fast as my old plug did, an' I never saw him no more. Well, then I got up an Uncle Tom's Cabin theatrical show with another feller —me to furnish the money an' him the comp'ny an' the experience. He was to give the show in a tent, an' we got a couple o' old worn-out bloodhounds an' a little jackass for the street peerade an' for little Evy to ride on in the parade, an', between you an' me, little Evy wa'n't a day under forty-five. Fact is, she was about fifteen year older than her ma, or at least the lady who palmed herself off as her ma in the play. You see, she was a kind of a dwarf, little Evy was. My pardner he was Uncle Tom, and I was that Legree cuss, and by havin' one person take diffent parts we was able to give the play with seven people, includin' the jackass. Well, we'd been on the road a week, an' had made clear about a dollar an' sixty cents, when we struck a place where there was a county fair goin' on, an' our old tent was packed cram full. The awjence wa'n't fust class, fer they throwed peanuts at the actors right in their most techin' parts, an' they groaned an' giggled by turns all through little Evy's deathbed scene until she got so mad she plum forgot herself an' riz

up after the dyin' scene an' cussed 'em until I thought the tent would come down with them laughin' an' her cussin' like she did. We tuk in sixty-nine dollars that night. I went to bed plum fagged out, for I'd been Legree, an' that Harris nigger an' two or three others in the play, an' when I wa'n't any o' them I was monkeyin' with the scenery, or on the jump at somethin' else, so when I went to bed about one in the mornin' I was too blamed tired to care what happened. You know, stranger, I b'leeve I was drugged, fer I never opened my peepers until noon the next day, an' then I found that Uncle Tom, my pardner, had eloped with little Evy, an' his wife, who was Miss Ophelia, had eloped with St. Clair, an' the other man in the play had skedaddled, an' me an' the jackass was all thar was left to continue the show. Hard luck, stranger !"

The train had now drawn near a shabby little station and the hard-luck man picked up a limp oilcloth satchel and said,

" I git off here. I've come to see a man that wants me to go in with him and open up a shootin' gallery. I reckon if I do some streak o' bad luck will overtake us first thing. I don't think I was born in the right time o' the 'moon, an' I know I wa'n't born under no lucky star. So long, stranger. I'm glad to have had your comp'ny these last few miles. Travelin' ain't so tiresome when you kin find some one to talk to you. So long."

The train was delayed some time at the station, and I had opened my window for a little fresh air, when my friend of the unlucky star came along, and stopping below my window, said,

" What in time you reckon has happened now ? They tell me here that the man I've rid a hundred miles to see, an' that I've already sent fifty dollars to as first payment on the shootin' gallery, was jerked up las' night fer havin' three livin' wives an' two years of unfinished term in the jail he broke out of last spring, and"—

The train started forward suddenly and he called out over his shoulder, " Hard luck !"

I Love Them Both.

WHEN Mabel sings, so soft and clear,
Bright visions of heavenly choirs appear,
And echoes come from fairy dells
Like tinkling notes in silvern bells.
Ah, me ! Around my heart there clings
Sweet thoughts of love when Mabel sings.

When Sylvia glides in lithesome dance
My soul's aglow, as in a trance.
Like rippling waters on a lake,
Fantastic forms her footsteps take ;
With rhythmic tread, now fast, now slow,
My heart beats time with heel and toe.

Confess ? I love these sweethearts dear—
Fair Mabel, with her voice so clear,
And winsome Sylvia, as she trips
With grace from feet to finger-tips.
I love them both, none can deny.
I am their father—that is why.

FREDRICK BOYD STEVENSON.

Merritt—" Which would do you the more good, a sled or a pair of skates ?"

Johnnie—" Search me ; I ain't no weather prophet "

Spring Lamb with Caper Sauce

By Florence Edith Austin



THIS IS the true story, not of Mary's, but of Martha's, little lamb.

Its pedigree was Herdwick, so its fleece was white only as city snow long fallen. But it is not of beauty, but of intellect I am called to write.

This unsung lamb was born and bred in Illinois, and in County Cook—a name suggestive of its ultimate fate. From the first hour of its life it seemed born to trouble, for in that hour its mother firmly and positively disowned it.

This is where Martha comes on the stage, for it was Martha who looked after all the sick and unfortunate animals about the farm, and so it fell to her lot to instruct this unnatural mother in her maternal duties. At proper intervals she would proceed to the pasture and hold the sheep firmly by a strap about the neck while lambkin nursed its fill.

Martha's home, although a farm, lay upon the outskirts of the village of Poplar Grove—now a re-christened suburb of Chicago—and Judge Ives was an occasional visitor at the farm.

It chanced that on the second anniversary of lambkin's birth, reckoning by weeks, the judge dropped in for some tea and a chat.

Now, Martha was aware that it was also the lamb's lunch hour, but decided that lambkin must wait until her caller was gone. Lambkin, however, decided differently, and in the midst of a tête-à-tête there came the clatter of tiny hoofs along the piazza, then down the hall, and in another moment into the drawing-room trotted lambkin itself. When within conversational distance of Martha it halted, looked her full in the face, and gave an accusing bleat.

Being a sensible country girl, and proud of her protege, Martha explained the lamb's appeal, and the judge insisted on their immediately accompanying it on a foraging expedition.

Lambkin gamboled gayly on before, looking back after every antic to make sure that they were following. Arriving at the pasture it slipped through a break in the fence, then faced about as though to see if they could avail themselves of the same tiny aperture. After Martha and the judge were safely within the bars it right-wheeled, and, like a general, conducted them to the rear of the field, where its mother had concealed herself among the hazel brush.

The judge was not a Maud Muller "might have been," but then and there decided that a girl who could be such a good step-mother to a lamb would make a first-class wife. But this is the story of a sagacious lamb, not of love-struck bipeds, and a picture of a judge holding tightly with one hand the head of a bunting sheep while his free arm embraced a buxom, blushing damsel—the

lamb the while intent upon absorbing a full meal—would not be in the least romantic.

Hereafter, if Martha did not come promptly to lambkin, lambkin, like Mahomet to the mountain, would come seeking Martha.

It was a few mornings after this first display of unusual intellect on lambkin's part that the judge stopped at the farm for a moment's consultation with Miss Martha before court convened. Just as he was departing lambkin, skipping through the opening in the fence, recognized in him its benefactor of a previous day, and, bleating, bounced up to him.

There happened to be more urgent demands upon the judge's time just then, and only absent-mindedly saying "shoo" to lambkin, he mounted his horse and rode away. But after scampering back a few yards, lambkin seemed to remember that perseverance conquers all, and turned and followed, skipping along at the horse's heels like a frisky dog.

The judge was so absorbed in thoughts of a suit won outside the courts of law that when he hurriedly hitched his horse before the court-house and hastened in, a trifle late, he was still unconscious of the lamb close in pursuit.

And as the crier proclaimed "Hear ye! hear ye! this court is now declared open," lambkin wriggled its way between attorneys, witnesses, and line-fence contestants to a clear space fronting the judge's bench. Here, bracing itself firmly on its wobbly legs, much like a carpenter's horse, it proceeded to bleat out as ardent and impassioned an appeal as was ever addressed to a judge.

"What! another promising young barrister pleading at the bar?" exclaimed the judge, leaning over the desk to view the lamb. "Your case, sir, shall have precedence on the docket. I appoint Deputy Donnelly to provide the plaintiff immediately with a dish of milk."

It was but a few weeks later when a bridal party wended from the farm to the village church close by. The town and country-side were present, for both Martha and the judge were popular.

It was just as the clergyman had reached the most impressive portion of the marriage ritual that lambkin came capering in its stiff-legged way up the aisle, dodged the ushers who tried to intercept it, and lined up beside the minister; then, with a reproachful look at the bride, it bleated out the story of its neglect—for in the confusion of the day lambkin and its needs had been utterly forgotten.

When the bridal party left the altar lambkin led the way, bleating a recessional. But the bride still expresses grave doubts as to the validity of the marriage, for she avers that her "I will" was not a response to the nuptial vow, but was solemnly addressed to the lamb, being a promise that it should have its dinner.

BETH had never before seen a hump-backed man. "Mamma," she whispered softly, "did he know he was going to have a bicycle before he was born?"

An Old Salt's Observations.

THEM lawyers is clever chaps. I dropped in the other day when one was arguin' of a divorce-case. The lawyer for the other side had jest been sassin' him. He spoke up real indignant like an' said, a p'int in' to the chap that had been a-callin' of him names, 'You call me a wrecker of homes!' he said. "Nothin' couldn't be no further from the truth. I'm jest a letter-shifter." "A letter-shifter!" exclaimed the other lawyer. "What do you mean by that, sir?" "Why, all I do," remarks the first lawyer, "is to change the position of the letter 'i' in that well-known word 'united.' I shift it till it sets abast the 't,' an' then the couple that has gone to court is jest 'untied.'"

Praisin' a man for knowin' a little bit about a lot o' things is like praisin' one for havin' loved a lot of women some. Th' man you re'lly want to give a medal to is th' chap that knows all there is to know about one thing, an' th' feller that has loved one woman well enough to furnish up a little flat for her, with a mechanical piano an' other happinesses in it ready to her hand an' heart.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

No Chance To Spoon.

Bride—"What is the brake-man lighting the lamps for?"

Bridegroom—"We are coming to a tunnel, my dear."

Bride—"But what's the use of tunnels if they light the lamps?"

Sarcasm.

Maude—"I heard Mrs. Hardup had a dream of a hat?"

Annie—"I suppose she couldn't afford the real article."

WANTS TO KEEP IN THE LEAD.

"He's been running after that girl for six months."

"Why don't he stop?"

"Well, he'd rather be running after her than have her running after him."

Correct.

Gobang—"I wonder who this is that advertises for the return of a watch 'and no questions asked'?"

Ukerdek—"Some man. No woman would do it."

A Spot-matching Monkey.

UPON the stoop, throughout the autumn day,
I sit and listen to the sobbing sea,
And poker with a vim that's big I play,
And swift the chips come rolling in to me.

What care I if sarcastic people sigh
Of us, who're blithe as sun-kissed Hottentots,
The while we make the hearts and aces fly,
"They're but four grinning monkeys matching spots"?

We may be monkeys matching spots, ah me!
Because we're having cords of fun, you know,
Upon the top of sport's cocoa-nut-tree,
Milking the cocoanut of joy aglow.

No Danger.

WILLIAM TELL shot the apple from his son's head.

"No," he admitted; "I had no fear of hurting the boy. He had just raised a crop of football hair."

The truth thus revealed, the deed naturally lost much of its glory.

She (dreamily)—"Why don't you put your arm around my waist?"

He (earnestly)—"I would if you'd only give me a diagram."



Long Bill's Romance

By Lowell Otus Reese



NO, I NEVER has but one love affair, and I'm free to confess, stranger, that I doesn't yearn for any more of the same. Which it ropes a man's reason entire and starts him runnin' the range plumb loco, and when he wakes up they's burs in his hair and his whiskey don't taste right for a week.

We'd been workin' the Feather bar for six months and was plumb reekin' with dust when Calamity Ike and me comes down to Calore Station to do a little idlin' and vegetate some. I 'low that between us, me and Calamity has enough dust to sink a flat-boat, and we ain't none modest about sayin' so, either—especially when we has about six rounds of pizen tucked away under our jumpers. So it happens that by the time we're a week in Calore Station everybody there that's old enough to set up and take notice knows that we're a couple of gravel miners fresh from a big strike, and that we views expenses with contempt and pines for a town where we might spend money in a way that would cast more credit on our reputations.

One day there comes to town a tenderfoot actor and a shy-lookin' little girl which he gives out is his sister, fresh from some private dancin' academy in Philadelphia. He mentions that he's due to start a show over in McPhee's dance-house, and he plasters the town with bills advertisin' the same. Of course me and Bill arrives on the scene soon, and we early introduces ourselves by shootin' the Philadelphia actor's plug hat full of holes, thereby drawin his attention to us a whole lot. He takes it game, though, and after he's able to breathe without swallerin' his heart he invites us up to have a drink. We graciously accepts and takes two more, and then we falls on his neck and announces that we're ripe to take in his show and buy the whole house. He shakes us by the hand and assures us most solemn that never, even in Philadelphia, has he ever met two more accomplished gents, and to prove that he speaks from his heart he takes us round to his hotel and presents us to his sister.

Right there me and Calamity falls in love and mental resolves to shun the snake-pizen and throw away our guns. That little dancin'-academy bud ropes us both at one throw and we follers her round like a tame chicken and begs her to put the brandin'-iron on us any time. Of course me and Calamity falls out a heap. We're like two robins fightin' over the same worm, and I frankly confesses that I hankers to slay Calamity, while Calamity mentions with tears in his eyes that the time draws near when he plants me out on the sunny hillside, where the noddin' daisies blooms over my quiet form. It gets so that we avoids one another and meets only at the home of the shy dancin' girl, where we sits and glares at each other most malevolent.

It couldn't go on forever. The day before the two was leavin' Calore Station, Calamity and me drops into the

hotel, and we both asks the girl to yoke up. I hints plenty broad that if I ain't the happy man there's a funeral due to strike Calore, and Calamity gives it out cold that if he loses his ante he's not goin' to be responsible for what happens to me. The girl stampedes in her feelin's about that time and then the tenderfoot gallops in and soothes her grief.

"Now, gents," says the tenderfoot, after he quiets her a little, "you've got to proceed like they do back in Philadelphia or my sister pulls out of the game! The thing stacks up this-a-way: You both holds aces up and I judges neither one of you backs down?"

I maintains that I'm in the game to stay and Calamity points out most passionate that when he hangs up his bluff it's there for keeps.

"Then," says the tenderfoot, very sorrowful, "they's nothing left but to shoot it off."

Me and Calamity agrees, a whole lot zealous; but the tenderfoot stands pat and swears we have got to pull it off like they do in Philadelphia.

"You has a friend to take care of your weapons," he says. "You meets on some lonely hillside, marks off fifteen paces, and when the word is given you plugs each other. If you misses, you waits for the word and tears loose again all reg'lar."

Me and Calamity never hears of such fool plays as that, but we're in love and ready for anything. So we hands over our guns; and just at sunset we sneaks out into the chaparral and meets the tenderfoot and the dancin'-academy girl under a live oak about half a mile from camp. The girl is weepin' and nervous and I thinks she's afraid I'm goin' to be perforated. Calamity thinks similar about himself. The tenderfoot steps off the distance and hands us our guns and a pocketful of ca'tridges apiece.

"Now, gents," he says when all is ready, "in Philadelphia, when gents is about to shoot one another up, they has a drink together and uses one another very polite. For when one gent is about to stampede across the Great Divide," he says, "they ain't no use sendin' any hard feelin's along with him."

The drink idee seems a noble institution to Calamity and me and we takes to it gleeful and unanimous. The dancin'-academy girl mixes us a couple of glasses and hands 'em out like a born artist.

"Here's luck, Bill!" says Calamity.

"Here's hopin' you'll find pay on the other side, Calamity!" says I, and we drinks.

It ain't no more than down before it goes to my head. Calamity seems to be dancin' in the air and the world whirlin' around like a tumble weed rollin' across the desert.

"Take your places, gents," says the tenderfoot.

We wabbles to our posts and faces each other.

"Are you ready, gents?" says the tenderfoot. "Fire! One—two—three——!"

Something hits me spang between the eyes and I goes down in a heap. But I ain't dead none, and I sits up and sees Calamity sittin' on the ground with his left hand clutchin' his heart. He turns loose again—plumb forgettin' them Philadelphia rules, and I does the same. The girl is shriekin' and the tenderfoot beggin' us to act like gentlemen, but we're clean crazy, and we plugs away for four or five shots more, and then we keels over.

"I m done for, Bill," moans Calamity.

"My brains is shot out, pard!" says I. Then we mutual remembers them long years we has shared the same blanket, the sowbelly we has chawed together, and the many hard times we has had between us, and we crawls along and wraps our arms about each other's necks and remembers no more. The last thing we're conscious of is that it's commenced to rain and that somebody's leelin' in our pockets.

Two days later I wakes up, chilled nearly to death. It's still rainin', and ther's Calamity layin' by my side. I feels his heart and finds it's still beatin'. I examines my head and am a heap astonished to find they's no brains missin'. I staggers to my feet and kicks Calamity till he wakes up too.

"Ain't I in heaven yet?" asks Calamity.

"No," says I, "nor hell, neither—for it don't rain down there like this!"

We locks arms and staggers down to our shack, where we builds up a fire and has a drink. Then we sits around and marvels and wonders what's happened.

"That was powerful whiskey the tenderfoot saws off onto us!" says Calamity.

"Philadelphia must be a terrible place!" says I.

Just then I notices something wrong with the last ca'tridge in my gun. I examines it and Calamity does the same.

"Sour dough!" says Calamity.

And so it was! That pasty-faced tenderfoot had moulded some bread into bullets and blackened it with lead scrapin's!

"We've been flimflammed, Bill!" wails Calamity. "The blankety-blanked tenderfoot doped our whiskey an' then left us settin' out there in the rain pluggin' one another with chunks of flapjack!"

I has an idee sudden. I drags myself over to the fire-place, lifts up a stone, and discovers that our dust is all gone. Away down in the bottom of the hole I fishes up a note which reads:

"After a duel in Philadelphia, we always takes a drink.
'FRISCO JIM."

Which the same, bein' mighty good advice, we follers it with a dozen and pulls out for the Feather bar.



NO WONDER NO WEDDING.

MRS. REILLY—"Shure, an' after all their billin' an' cooin' Patsy Casey an' Mary Kelly ain't goin' to be married. Phwat's th' matter?"
MR. O'BRIEN—"Th' bride insi-sted on havin' orange-blossoms wid her weddin'-dress."

A Testimonial.



THESE long cigars are very fine.
 Although they're only three for five,
 And golden raptures e'er are mine
 When swift for one of them I dive.
 I smoke them to the very end—
 Yea, on them tight my teeth are shut.
 While all the wreaths of smoke ascend
 And they're reduced unto a "butt."
 The fragrant butts I gayly grind
 And granulate for cigarette
 And pipe, and in this way I find
 A pile of cash I save, you bet!
 In short, all care so quick is lost
 While on those lovely weeds I thrive.
 That I can scarce believe they cost
 Across the counter three for five.

No Difference.

Visitor—"Hello, boys, where have you been?"
 Boston Willie—"Out in our automobile."
 Visitor—"But that's a goat you have hitched to your cart."
 Boston Willie—"Yes; but his redolence is that of an automobile."

See W. Shakespeare.

Miss Frog—"Why don't you go on the stage?"
 Miss Toad—"Because I can't have the jewel grabbed out of my head."

And Avoid Colds.

"AH!" cries the lecturer, "we all must cross this vast ocean of life. Its deeps and its shallows, its calms and its storms, await us. Who among us can say what is best for us to take with us on the journey? Who"—

"Take a pair of Gumdrop's rubbers," advises a commercial traveler who has dropped into the lecture-hall to kill time while waiting for his train.

Biological.

"DEAR!"
 With a glance she tried to cow him. But he only looked sheepish.
 "Dog!" she exclaimed.
 He choked—there was a frog in his throat. Then, realizing he had made a monkey of himself by acting like a bear, he ducked.

Inconsistent.

"THESE artists make me tired," growled the theatrical manager, tugging at his beard.
 "They do?" asked the press-agent.
 "Yes. Here's the walking-lady demanding a carriage to and from the theatre."

Jaspar—"I think I have reason to believe that that last poem of mine is a classic."
 Jumpuppe—"Why so?"
 Jaspar—"I find that all my friends have either seen it or heard of it, but none of them has read it."



IT CAME IN HANDY.

WIFE (who has been away) — "You must have liked that breakfast-food, James, dear. There isn't a single box left."
 JAMES — "Yes, darling. It was great (sotto voce) to start the fire with, mornings."

Cash!!

“**B**RIGIT as a dollar.” said his dad
 When Louis went to Yale.
 The boy, you know, soon learned to row.
 He made the records sail.
 They never call young Louis bright
 As a dollar any more;
 He won a cup, his stock went up—
 He's now a Louis d'oar!

A Misnomer.

Cobwigger—“ Look here! Did you break that rubber-plant?”

Freddie—“ That ain't no rubber-plant. I pulled at it till all the leaves came out, and it didn't stretch a bit.”

A Comparison.

PIERPONT MORGAN, in his handling of the arch-bishop of Canterbury, has shown himself to be so efficient a manager that experts compare him with Billy Madden in the palmy days when that worthy had in hand and at heart the interests of John L. Sullivan.

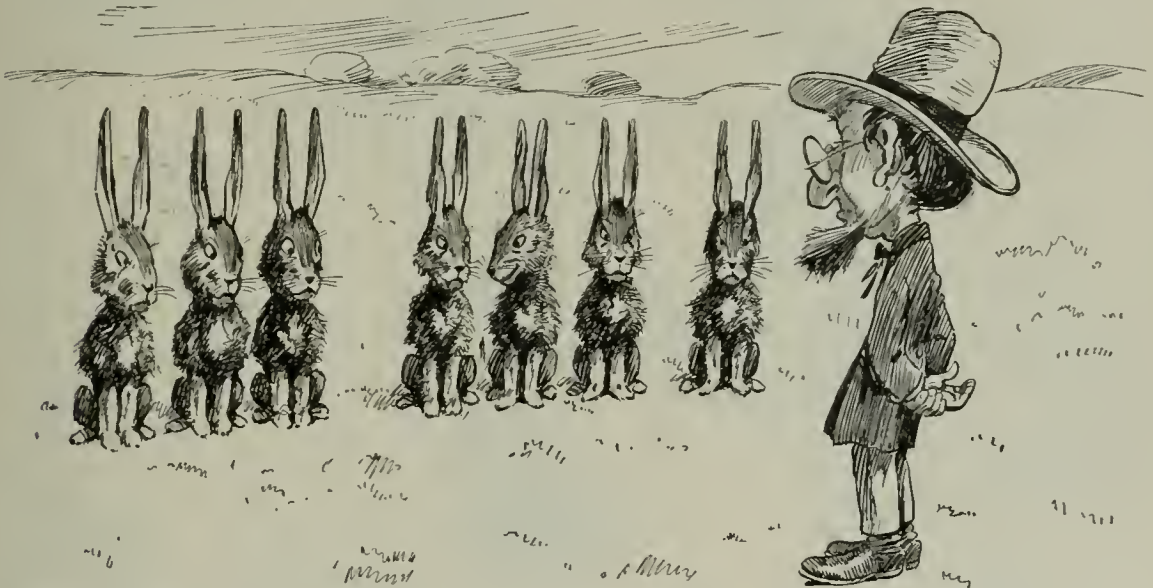
The Point of View.

Miss Weary—“ Father always turns the gas off at ten o'clock.”

Staylate—“ That's first rate. I was just going to ask you to do it.”

LIGHTNING does not strike twice in the same place because the place is not there the second time.

THE INTELLIGENT BUNNIES.



1. SQUIRE GOODMAN—“ If I only knew you would quit nibbling my cabbages I would try and stop hunters from shooting you.”



2. !-!-!-!-!-!-!

Rapid Transit.

"**B**ILL BALES bet Tom Smith a dollar that he could pick up a hornet and carry it across the street," says the first loafer in front of Seth Green's grocery-store.

"Which won?"

"Wa-al, Bill got across with the hornet, but Tom argies that the hornet lifted him about twenty foot o' the way."

The Hair of the Dog.

"**N**EED not tell me that like does not cure like," asserted the man with the apologetic mustache.

"Who tried to tell you so?" asked the man with the aggressive chin.

"No one; but the point I wanted to make was this: My wife wore one of these drop-stitch waists until she got rheumatism, and then the nurse spread mustard on the waist and made a porous-plaster of it and cured the rheumatism."

Fashion Note.

THE science of style being to place decoration where it will be seen by the greatest number of people and therefore be most effective, Russian blouses will this year be richly ornamented on the back, in a running stitch.

SHERLOCK HOLMES was boasting of his ability.

"But," asked the boarders, "can you find the strawberry in a short-cake?"

Seeing his failure, the great detective begged them not to tell Doyle.

The Confession.

NO attempt to cover up.
Keeping nothing hid,
I hear the blatant little fool
Yelling "Katy did!"

Ah, were human wisdom yours,
Katy, standing pat,
You would look us over and
Shout, "It was the cat!"

MC LANDBURGH WILSON.

He Was Convinced.

Smithby—"I know I need glasses."

Oculist—"How do you know?"

Smithby—"Because last night I was reading a newspaper and I couldn't tell whether or not a certain word was 'building' or 'blinding.'"

Oculist—"Which did it turn out to be?"

Smithby—"It turned out to be 'bulldog.'"

Why He Com- plained.

MY brother owned a milk-route. He says to me one day, "There's one man that I ain't goin' to serve no more because he's always kickin' on the quality of the milk. He says it ain't what it's cracked up to be." "Who is it?" I asked. "They call him Appetite Joe," he answered. "You've read about him. He's the chap who's been arrested such a lot of times for sellin' of gold-bricks to farmers when they come to town."

Occupation.

"**M**ISS CALLINGALL complains that she has too much leisure."

"Well, why doesn't she take up something?"

"She does—she takes up other people's time."

Proof Positive.

Hawkins—"That pickpocket they caught is really a very intelligent fellow."

Sampson—"No doubt of it. He proved that by his ability to locate a lady's pocket."

SLANDER travels farther than do compliments.

Influence of Early Surroundings.

WE are listening to the new prima donna.

"Her voice has a great range," we say. "How did she obtain it?"

"It is rumored," explains our friend, "that she used to be a cook."

A Fact.

FOOLS' day really begins upon the first of April and ends upon the thirty-first of March.



TOO MUCH FOR BOBBY.

MOTHER—"Yes, Bobby; in Greenland the nights are six months long."

BOBBY—"I am mighty glad I don't live there. You know you sometimes send me to bed without my supper."

Thought It Was "Mc."

THE headline writer, after much study and calculation, turned out a head beginning: "MCMII arrives on time." This, passing through the hands of the astute copy-reader, aroused his ire.

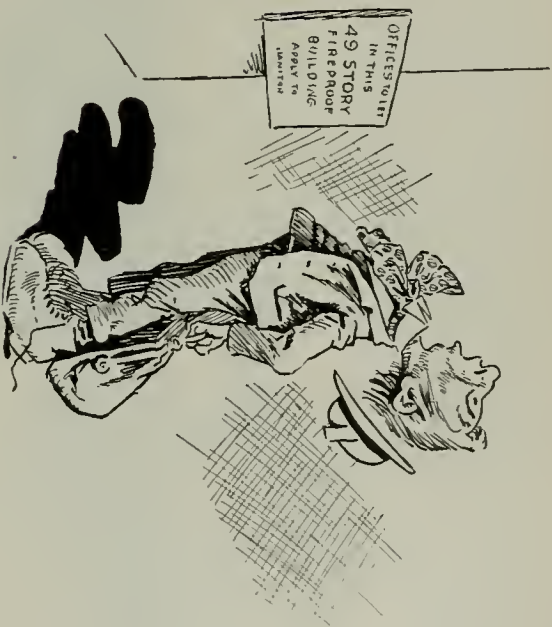
"Another one of those unspeakable Scotch names!" he growled. "It was hard enough to figure out how to pronounce Ian MacLaren, but if any one knows how to speak McMill they've got the best of me."

So saying, he jabbed maliciously with his blue pencil at the mystifying headline and dropped the copy into the pneumatic tube.

The Empty Box.

Miss Trisophyt—"Why wasn't Mrs. Tiarabump at the opera last night, I wonder?"

Miss Tryniter—"She had such a cold that she couldn't speak above a whisper, so of course there was no use in her going."



1. RAW.

The Improved Diary.

"THIS," explained the bookseller, "is our latest patent diary. We think it is the cleverest thing in that line ever devised."

The shopper turns the leaves idly.

"But I can't see where it is different from any other," she observes.

"No? Well, if you will look at all the dates after January 23d, you will see that in each space has been printed, 'Got up, ate breakfast, lunch and dinner, and went to bed.' That insures a complete diary for the year."

Partially Successful.

"MERCY!" exclaims Mrs. Wunder. "The paper tells of a woman who tried to kill herself by drinking a bottle of furniture-polish."

"Kill her?" asks Mr. Wunder.

"No; but it came near it."

"Huh! Only got an interior finish."



2. Medium done.



3. Well cooked.

At the Minstrels.

"MR. CROAKDALE," said Mr. Curntbork, as the two eminent end men settled into their chairs, "I have a puzzling interrogatory to propound."

"Indeed?" asked Mr. Croakdale, pulling up his collar and smoothing his wig; "indeed? You have a puzzling interrogatory to propound, have you, Mr. Curntbork?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," suavely said Mr. Croakdale, "I would suggest that you proceed with your propounding."

"Very well. What, sir, is the difference between a girl who always drops the letters in the mail-box at the corner and the girl who faints seventeen consecutive times in one day?"

"What is the difference between a girl who always drops the letters in the mail-box at the corner and the girl who faints seventeen consecutive times in one day?"

"That is the query I have advanced."

"That is too easy," observed Mr. Croakdale, carelessly thrumming upon his tambourine. "The girl who always drops the letters in the mail-box is looking for some one to write her, and the girl who faints seventeen consecutive times in one day needs some one to right her."

"Not so," declared Mr. Curntbork; "not so. You haven't guessed it."

"No? Well, there's another answer. One is a mail-dropper and the other is a female dropper."

"Wrong again."

"Tell it, then," sniffed Mr. Croakdale.

"One posts the mail and the other pales the most."

There was a rumble of the tenor-drum and a crash upon

the bass-drum, while a fanfare of trumpets indicated that Mr. Pulsifer Suggles, the world-renowned tenor, was about to sing "Susie's teeth were filled with gold and sunny was her hair."

Thomas's Little Joke.

THOMAS BIRDSALL is a bright little fellow of five and something of a practical joker. He also has a temper-

amental antagonism for Torkel Oleson, a class-mate, aged fourteen, who has all the stolidness of his nationality combined with a lack of mental ability, which gives the poor boy a vacuity of countenance and an awkwardness of body that the quick-witted and nimble-footed Thomas resents.

One day the teacher allowed Thomas to organize a game of "Follow my leader," and in choosing his train Thomas placed Torkel on the rear end, where he could get a good view of his follower's awkwardness as he turned corners. Thomas led his line through several agile movements, such as minuet steps, birds, flying frogs hopping, horses galloping—all the time



THAT PROVES IT.

MRS. NEWLYWED-ARTIST—"Good-bye, dearest, for a little while; but before I go tell me, do you still love me better than your life?"

MR. NEWLYWED-ARTIST—"Certainly, dear. Don't I eat your biscuits?"

keeping a mischievous eye upon Torkel.

At last the vivacious Thomas skipped toward Miss Brown, threw his arms about her and kissed her twice. Of course the whole line imitated this performance, and when it came Torkel's turn he, too, accomplished the feat. Miss Brown, looking for Thomas at this part of the game, discovered the young humorist dancing up and down, slapping one leg gleefully and hugely enjoying the embarrassment of the victims of his facetious fancy.

The Invulnerable Eel of Skeejack Pond

The True Tale at Last of How the Monster Was Undone

By Ed Mott



HERE was once a big eel lived over in Skeejack pond," Solomon Cribber began to chronicle, but Landlord 'Kiar Biff broke in on him and interrupted the thread of his narrative by saying,

"Yes, we recollect hearin' all about that big eel, Solomon, and he wa'n't so 'tarnal big, after all, so them says that recollects seein' him; not more than seven foot long, at the most, so they say."

This interruption seemed to disconcert Mr. Cribber a moment, as it was evidently unexpected; but he came to himself without a ruffle visible and picked up 'Kiar's gauntlet.

"Then their recollections must 'a' slipped a cog or two," said he, "or else they are shrunk by age, if that is the best they kin do fer that big eel of

Skeejack pond. Now, there ain't a better recollector in the hull ding county than Uncle David Beckendarter, and what does he say? He says that he has seen that eel sunnin' itself more times than he's got fingers and toes, and wunst or twicet he mistook it fer a sawlog layin' in the water, and only found out his mistake when he went to sock his pikepole into it to pull it in, and the pike bounced offen it like strikin' ag'in' a ton of Injin rubber, but woke the eel up, and it rolled over out o' reach. And what did Uncle David's brother Abner used to say about that eel? Why?"

"Well, it don't make no difference!" interrupted 'Kiar Biff again. "Nobody don't keer about that big eel, nowadays, anyhow. Penstock Swaly killed it fifty year ago, and it's dead, and nobody hain't never seen it sence."

Solomon Cribber almost gasped, he was so surprised at this from 'Kiar.

"What!" said he, after he had recovered his breath. "Penstock Swaly! If that don't make Uncle David Beckendarter's brother Abner's bones rattle in the tomb it'll be because there ain't no more rattle to 'em, on account o' their havin' fell to dust! Penstock Swaly killed that eel jest about as much as you did, 'Kiar, but there ain't no law to prevent your thinkin' he did if you want to! It that's the idee folks has about the takin' off o' that big Skeejack-pond eel it's time they knowed the truth! Poof! Penstock Swaly! Penstock Fiddlesticks! An unfortunate hear, that wa'n't a bit to blame fer the trouble he got into, killed that eel, and the harpoon he done it with is in the Beckendarter family to this day!"

'Squire Birkett, from over Hogback, stared at 'Kiar Biff, and 'Kiar Biff stared at 'Squire Birkett, both with their mouths wide open, but neither uttered a word.

"The truth has got to be told about the undoin' o' that

tremendous eel," said Mr. Cribber; "and I happen to be the feller to do it. This is it, unvarnished. Unvarnished? Why, there ain't even a primin'-coat of anything else on to it!"

"Early one fall, Uncle David's brother Abner got up one mornin' and says,

"'I guess I'll go over around Skeejack pond and hang up a few deer.'

"So he went over there and fixed things fer layin' in a stock o' venison. He had heered all about the big eel o' Skeejack, but he hadn't never happened to set his eyes on to it, and he had consider'ble doubt that there was any such a critter in the pond. The first day he was in camp on this huntin' trip o' his'n his dog started a whopper of a buck and run it straight fer the pond. Uncle David's brother Abner was layin' in wait fer him, and as he soused in the water he let him have one bar'l o' his gun; but the deer kep' right on swimmin'. Before Abner could git into him with the second bar'l the buck was a good ways out in the pond, but Abner plunked him ag'in, and jumpin' in his boat, pulled fer the deer with all his might, fer the game old chap was swimmin' right ahead, as if the heft o' lead in him wa'n't nothin' worth thinkin' about.

"'I hadn't gone more than three rods in the buck's wake,' Uncle David's brother Abner used to say, in tellin' about it, 'when I see him stop suddent-like, give a wiggle or two, and then go down out o' sight like sinkin' a rock. I couldn't see no reason fer him sinkin' so soggy as that, 'cause he was pullin' a strong and stiddy stroke, and deer don't die o' heart disease. So I thought he had only jest dove to have a little fun with me, and that I'd hang around a spell to be ready fer him when he come up fer wind.'

"So Abner hung around, but the deer didn't come up, and he charged it up to profit and loss, and paddled back to shore to start another one. The dogs wa'n't out more than twenty minutes when they begun to make music in the woods ag'in, and pooty soon in come a big fat doe, tearin' fer the pond like a locomotive. Uncle David's brother Abner plunked her, but she didn't stop, but went swimmin' to'rds t'other shore like a duck.

"'Rot my cowhide boots if I'm goin' to take the chances o' your sinkin' on my hands, like your pardner did!' says Abner, so he jumped in his boat and was most up with the doe by the time she got to the middle of the pond. He was on the p'int o' settlin' her hash, when, zip! up come a black thing out o' the water, as big as a punkin, Abner said. In less than a second he knowed he'd been wrongin' folks by bein' a doubtin' Thomas, fer he reco-nized to wunst that the black thing wa'n't nothin' else but the head o' that tremendous eel o' Skeejack pond!

"It kind o' skeert him fer a minute, but he got hisself back, riz his gun, and was jest goin' to sock a handful o'

lead into the terrible skeery head when down it went out o' sight. It hadn't been down more than a second, though, when the doe swashed out o' sight as sudden as the buck had. Of course then Uncle David's brother Abner knowed what was sinkin' his deer so amazin' quick and perpetual. That awtul eel was layin' fer 'em and yankin' 'em down to its den!

"That ought o' been bad enough, hadn't it?" he used to say. "But what else do you s'pose that ding eel done? As he drug the doe under he jest throwed his tail two or three foot out o' the water, and had the cheek to wiggle it at me most aggravatin', jest the same as a feller mowt stick his thumb ag'in' his nose and wiggle his fingers at some other feller that had tried to come it over him and couldn't! Mars and Jupiter! This is rubbin' o' it in!" Uncle David's brother Abner used to say he said when the amazin' impudence o' that eel struck him, so he up and whanged away at the yard or so of eel as it wiggled in the air.

"He wa'n't more than a rod away, and he heerd the bullet out of his gun go 'chug!' ag'in' the eel, and see it glance off as if it had hit a rock! Then he heerd one o' his dogs give a yelp, off on the shore. Lookin' over that way, he see the dog layin' there, givin' its last kick. The eel's tail give another wiggle, and a more aggravatin' one than it had before, and slipped under water like it was greased.

"My eyes was hangin' out o' my head," Uncle David's brother Abner used to say; "fer that glancin' bullet was the most amazin' sarcumstance I had ever run up ag'in'. As soon as I could git my eyes back in my head, I've heerd him say, many times, 'I sot down pooty nigh disconsolated and paddled back to shore. My best dog was deader than a b'iled ground-hog. A bullet had gone clean through him, and I see that it was one o' my own bullets, too—the one that had glanced off o' that eel's Injin-rubber hide!"

"Now, natur'ly, them sort o' doin's didn't make Uncle David Beckendarter's brother Abner as joyful as gambollin' lambs, and he used to say that if anybody should ever ask him if he didn't cuss a little he'd own up and say that setch was the way he remembered it. After he got ashore and found his dog dead he shook his fist to'rds the pond and spoke his mind.

"If that rantankerous eel," says he, "thinks that I'm hangin' round this pond jest to keep him in venison and to offer up sacrifices o' dogs to him, he's barkin' up the wrong tree! And I want to tell him wunst and fer all," says he, "that he's made the mistake of his life a-doin' what he has done! He's got me on his trail, now, and he mowt jest as well come to shore and deliver up his scalp first as last, fer I'm goin' to git it!" says he.

"So Uncle David's brother Abner went home. He got a ten-tined spear, and every tine was a foot long, and sharp as sharp could be. It was a harpoon that'd 'a' tetch a whale's liver if it had ever been slid into a whale. It had a long handle, and Abner knowed how to use it if anybody did, I tell you!

"I know," says he, as he looked the harpoon over, "that there's a spot right back o' that eel's ears where this harpoon 'll go in deep, like a red-hot poker into a cake o'

tallow, and I think I know jest how to aim this weepoon to tetch that spot," says he.

"Then he went back to the pond with his weepoon, gloatin' over the way he was goin' to red the waters of that ravenish eel. He follered the eel's trail, and he follered it and he follered it. He follered it by day and he follered it by night, and the times he throwed his harpoon ag'in' the eel was more than he could count, but the eel jest seemed to rejoice and be exceedin' glad every time it hit him, it tickled him so to see it bounce off o' that hide o' his'n at every chug, more than ten foot out o' the water. He didn't keep out o' Abner's way a bit, but 'd come up as soon as Abner went out in his canoe, and fix himself to be chugged at. And, do what he mowt, Abner couldn't slap the tines o' the spear in that soft spot behind the eel's ears. Do what he mowt, he couldn't hit it.

"After workin' day and night fer more than a month he found it was wearin' on to him, but the eel was as impudent and chipper as ever; so one afternoon, after peggin' away at the eel all day and only makin' fun fer the aggravatin' critter, and not gittin' any nigher to the marrow of its backbone than he had before, he got up and says,

"There ain't no use!" says he. "That eel wa'n't never made to be killed by the hand o' livin' man!" says he.

"Then he turned his boat and started to paddle in and go home, when he see somethin' movin' in the pond to'rds him. It turned out to be a bear, and it was comin' straight fer the boat. Uncle David's brother Abner cheered up to wunst.

"The chances is," says he, "that the eel will tackle that bear. If it does there 'll be a fight, and while the rumpus is goin' on I'll git my chance and sock this spear betwix the eel's backbone and its ears at last!" says he.

"So he hauled to one side to give the bear and the eel a fair show when they come together. The bear swum along, puffin' and snortin'. Abner waited fer the eel to tackle the bear, but it didn't. The bear went on by, and Abner was rip-tearin' mad.

"Dodwollop my skin!" says he; "I'm goin' to harpoon somethin', anyhow!" says he, and paddlin' 'longside the bear he slung the spear into it as hard as he could sling.

"The spear sunk clear to the handle in the bear's back. It was fastened to the bow o' the boat by a rope eight foot long. When the harpoon socked into the bear bruin put on more steam and went to towin' Abner along at a two-forty gait! This was better than a Fourth-o'-July picnic to the old man fer a while, but by and by he see that the bear was headin' for a dead pine-tree that stood in the pond one hundred foot from shore. When the bear got to the tree he clutched it and begun to climb. As he clim, the harpoon stickin' in his back, the rope begun to lift the bow o' the boat, and the first thing Abner knowed it was pooty nigh perpendic'lar in the air, and he was tumblin' backwards into the water, kerplunk! He swum fer shore, and when he got there he turned and looked back. The bear was up in the tree, tuggin' to git the harpoon out o' hisself. Abner run to his cabin and got his gun. When he got back there was the bear, still in the tree, but he had got the harpoon out of his back and was holdin' it in his paws, as if he was ready to chuck it at somethin'. He was starin' down into the water, and

Uncle David's brother Abner used to say that he never see setch a skeert look on a livin' creatur's face as was sot on the face o' that bear. Then all of a suddent the bear sent the harpoon a whizzin' down into the water.

"' Throwin' my harpoon away, be you ?' hollered Abner, madder than snakes, and he sent a bullet through the bear's conk. Down bruin tumbled, and fell dead in the boat, which had dropped back into the water at the foot o' the tree. Abner swum out and got into the boat. He grabbed the rope to haul the harpoon from where the bear had throwed it in the pond, but the harpoon wouldn't haul. He tugged and tugged, and by and by the harpoon begun to come. And when it did show itself Abner most dropped dead 'longside the bear. The big and unyieldin' eel was fast to it, deader than the old pine-tree! The harpoon was socked deep betwixt its backbone and its ears!

"Then Uncle David's brother Abner knowed what had put that awful skeery look on the bear's face. The

eel had followed the bear, and was on the p'int o' climbin' the tree and gittin' it, when the bear got the harpoon loose and harpooned the eel in the only place where a deadly chug could land! Of course if Abner had knowed all that he'd 'a' cut his hand off before he'd 'a' shot that bear, so I've heerd him say more than a hundred times. But unfortunately he didn't know it.

"Penstock Swaly!" exclaimed Solomon Cribber at this stage of his narrative. "So you think Penstock Swaly killed the big eel o' Skeejack pond, do you, 'Kiar? Well, now you see he didn't. The bear my Uncle David Beckendarter's brother Abner harpooned killed that eel! That's the true undoin' o' the big eel o' Skeejack pond, and it's time folks knowed it!"

'Squire Birkett, from over Hogback, stared at 'Kiar Biff, and 'Kiar Biff stared at 'Squire Birkett, both still with their mouths wide open, but neither one of them uttering a word; which seemed to please Solomon Cribber, for he went away smiling.

Original.

"CLEOPATRA had just dissolved the pearl.
"Lovely!" cried the girls. "What an original way of showing off an engagement-ring!"
The fact that it could only be done once, however, militated against its popularity.

Touching Farewell.

Mack—" Higbee borrowed one hundred dollars of me before he left."
Wyld—" Rather a touching farewell, eh?"

The Literary Life.

"I UNDERSTAND that Penthrall is devoting himself exclusively to fiction nowadays."
"Fiction? Well, I should say so! He's writing nothing but advertisements."

Highly Satisfactory.

Askum—" Is your patient with the grip progressing as rapidly as you expected?"
Dr. Fatfee (jubilantly) — " Yes, thank you. He has already developed pneumonia."



DISAPPOINTMENT.

THE COUNTRY BOY—" How'd yer like it out here?"
THE CITY KID—" Aw, dere ain't no trolleys ter dodge, an' no keep-off-de-grass signs, nor cops ter chase yer, nor nuthin'."



IT'S COME TO PASS.

THE WALKING DELEGATE—"The sign on the dure says y'u're a painter."

THE ARTIST—"Well?"

THE WALKING DELEGATE—"Well. Oi want to see yure union car-rd."

Significant Signal.

"I WAS much amused," said Cawker to Cumso, "at what a returned Klondiker told me of the customs of the gold mines."

"Interesting and funny, were they?"

"He said that in his shanty six men slept together. They all lay in a row, like spoons in a case, facing one way, to keep warm. When one of them became tired of lying on one side he would call out, 'Lawyer!' and they would all turn at once."

"Why did they use the word 'lawyer'?"

"That meant, 'Lie on the other side.'"

At the Pinnacle.

"DON'T you think the virtuoso, Rosinini, has made great strides in his profession, or in his art, whichever you choose to call it?" Mrs. Skidmore asked her husband.

"I suppose he has," replied Mr. Skidmore. "I am told that he began as a mere fiddler."

A Sincere Opinion.

"WRIGHT sent me a cheque this morning."

"Well, what of it?"

"I consider it the best thing he ever wrote."



HOW HE WORKED IT.

EDITH—"What is your system for playing the races?"

JERROLD—"Oh, I tell all my friends what horse to bet on; then, if they seem to think my advice is worth taking, I bet on some other horse."

George Washington.

His truthful soul is marching on.

HURRAH for George—great
George, our king!
We chant his praises high.
He fought the fight of good aright
And never told a lie.

'Tis said sometimes he blurted out
A sulphurous oath or two,
And often bold, great stories told,
But not a thing untrue.

Conveniences of modern days
Were all to him unknown;
He would not try to tell a lie,
Nor could he telephone.

No murderous trolleys troubled him,
No Waldorf salad cloyed;
No automobile caused him woe,
No telegraph annoyed.

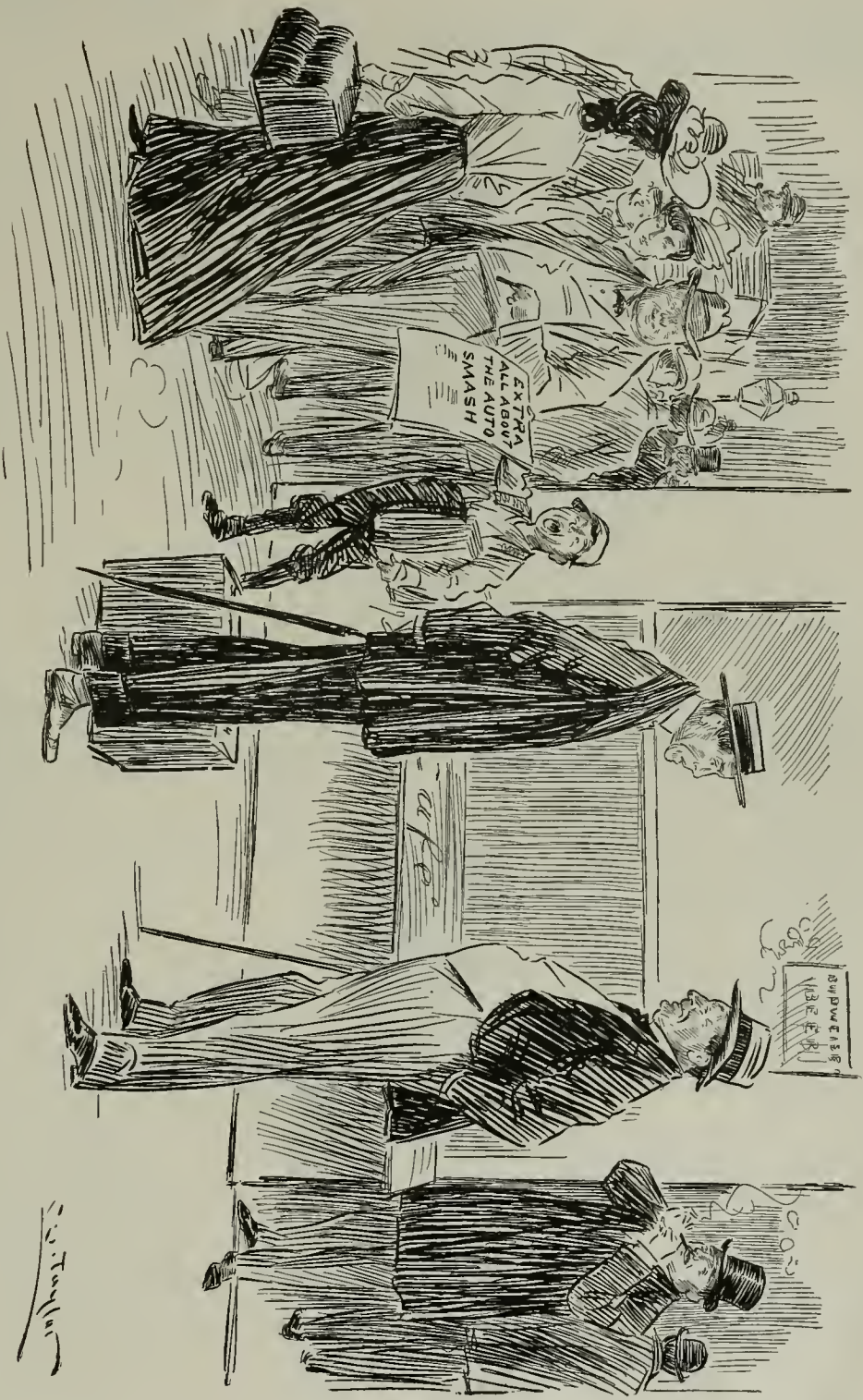
Perhaps if these inventions great
Had been to him supplied
'Twould had direct the same effect—
Like us he would have lied.

Some modern folks don't hesitate
To lie as well as pray;
And often then they lie again—
George was not built that way.

'Tis best that we achieve for truth
Great notoriety
Than take first prize for all the lies
Told in society.

Great soldier, patriot, lieless man!
We laud and honor thee.
Thy victories won were all outdone
By thy veracity.

JOHN H. KINGSBURY.



OUR AUTOCKACY.

"Oh, yes; I enjoyed my vacation. Had a fine, airy room, good bed, nice grub, perfect attendance, and lots of rest."
 "For heaven's sake! where were you?"
 "In the hospital, with a broken leg."

Tom Thayer



PARTICULAR ABOUT COLOR.

MIKE—"Some Green Point oysters would go good about now. Casey."

CASEY—"W'at's de matter wid Blue Points?"

MIKE—"No, sir. This is Saint Patrick's day. Make them green, or I don't eat."

The Earnest Reformer.

"YES, sir," said the earnest reformer, leaning over and shaking his long forefinger in the face of the unappreciative listener; "I want to say to you that the greatest mistake in modern business life is the haste with which men eat their lunch. Now, I'll venture to say to you that you are a victim"—

"Excuse me," interrupted the other man, "but I"—

"Now, just you wait a minute. What I was going to say was for your own good. I can tell just by looking at you that you are one of these men who think they must hustle all the time, and"—

"But I wanted to say"—

"One minute more, if you please. And as a result you jump from your desk to the table and from the table back to your desk, and what is the effect? Doesn't it show as plain as day? Now, I want to ask you, as a friend of yours—of course, I"—

"You are mistaken, sir. I"—

"No, I am not mistaken. I know I don't know you from Adam's off ox, but I am a friend of yours, the same as I am a friend of all humanity, and what I want to ask you is that hereafter you will have some consideration for yourself and for your future, and allow yourself a full hour for lunch. Why, man, it is

terrible to see the way our modern business men are rushing themselves into the grave. Now, promise me that you will adopt this plan of one hour for lunch."

"No, sir; I will not promise you that."

"You won't?"

The earnest reformer sputtered and started as if he had been stung.

"No, sir; I 'won't. Allow me, sir, to give you one of my cards. I never eat any lunch, as you may see from it."

And the earnest reformer spent the next half-hour studying an oblong piece of cardboard, which informed him that "James H. Nibbiker" was "president of the two-meals-a-day society."

Source of His Wealth.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR thoughtfully regarded his meal of chaff.

"When I get out of this," he remarked, "I won't do a thing but put this stuff on the market as 'royal breakfast food.'"

Humping himself, he continued his meal, while a gleam of speculation shone in his eye.

Better than Riches.

De Garry—"In making love to a Boston girl, what is the best thing for a fellow to possess?"

Merritt—"A dictionary."



The Unstumpable Poet.

NO airy fancy now will come
To start my little tumty-tum.

So where was Moses when the light
Went out? And if I guess aright,

The people all will loudly laugh
Until they simply split in half.

And quick I'll pocket, don't you know,
The gilded shekels, joy aglow,

And dance more wildly than they'll bark
Who read the answer—In the dark.

The Wax and Wane of Alderman Swerdloff

By Harriette Wilbur



THE FIRST gong struck and the pupils began to file in. Like all down-town districts, this school drew its enrollment from a neighborhood almost Tenderloin in its character. Witness the aggregation that filed in! Finlanders, Norwegians, Swedes, all very tow-headed, very blear-eyed, and very long-waisted; French, Italians, Polacks, and a smattering of Russian Jews, and a negro or two!

Miss Nichols, the new teacher, fresh from the well Anglicized schools of her own Iowa, gazed on this motley horde with inward shrinking. Horrors! How could she ever endure the stolid, unkempt, shock-headed gang?

It certainly was a dubious outlook; and, indeed, the first few days were discouraging. The few children who could speak English well were too bashful to do so, and the rest jabbered away to each other in their various languages, oblivious to all Miss Nichols's shouts of command. She labored under that common delusion that in order to make a foreigner comprehend English the speaker needs to raise his voice and wave his arms in frantic gesticulations, and she fairly shouted herself voiceless and dislocated joints in her efforts to bring order out of this babble of tongues.

But in a few weeks the difficulties solved themselves, and everything was running smoothly.

Then one day, while she was doing hall duty, the janitor gave her a little hint that all was not well with Jakey Swerdloff.

Jakey had just come striding in with that pompous, pouter-pigeon strut of his that never failed to arouse Miss Nichols's secret amusement. It was a cold day, and Jakey, sniffing audibly, resembled a young locomotive as he glibly marched down the hall in a bee-line for the foot of the stairs, then swerved around a sharp corner visible only to himself, and bore down upon his own cloak-room in a course at right angles to his previous one.

The janitor watched wee Jakey until the child disappeared with a flirtatious whisk of an extremely diminutive coat-tail. Then he gave a sidewise nod of his head Jakeyward.

"I don't believe that boy's all right," he asserted in tones of firm conviction.

"Not all right?" gasped Miss Nichols wonderingly.

"No; he ain't. Just look at his stomach—it looks like a fourth ward alderman's."

Miss Nichols giggled. (She was yet young.)

"So it does," she agreed, "but I think it's real cute the way it pouches out."

"But it ain't natural. I never saw a young one like him before. I think he's got a tumor," persisted the janitor doggedly.

Miss Nichols's eyes opened wide.

"A tumor? Why, I never heard of a child"—she began.

"Or worms, or something. Leastways, it ain't natural."

From that day the fears thus aroused in Miss Nichols's mind regarding the health of young Jakey Swerdloff never slumbered.

She confided them to her principal, and the two women talked it over, at first in confidential whispers, then covertly with the janitor, and then more freely in the presence of their co-workers.

They all began watching the alderman, as they nicknamed Jakey, until the embryo gallant began to consider himself of great importance in the Webster school.

Before the gong struck and the doors opened, Jakey had stoutly fought his way to the front to lead in the line. He came stamping up the stairs, puffed valiantly down the long hall at the head of a wavering line of urchins, sidetracked himself from the main line and cavorted briskly toward his own domains, all the time keeping an eye upon the sentinels that he might not lose any admiring glances—the vain little swain!

As colder weather came on, Alderman Swerdloff's girth of body waxed even greater, and Jakey's well-being became an ever-fresh topic for discussion among the women who had assumed the duties of *in loco parentis*.

From discussions they grew to quizzing Jakey (tactfully, of course) about the sensations of pain they imagined he must be suffering in martyr-like silence.

"Does it hurt you there when you sit down?" asked Miss Nichols, holding the alderman in the shelter of a protecting, loving embrace, and gently punching his rotund proportions with a forefinger.

"No, teacher."

Miss Nichols glanced apprehensively at the principal, who hovered over Jakey with a sort of maternal solicitude.

The principal nodded.

"I suppose he doesn't understand you," she vouchsafed.

"Does it hurt you to run, Jakey?" continued Miss Nichols, and she made a grimace intended to express extreme pain as she kept up the gentle prodding of Jakey's wee vest.

"No, teacher."

Both women exchanged a glance of pity and shook their heads deplorably.

"It's just as hard as—as a bullet," whispered Miss Nichols.

"It's certainly growing," affirmed the principal.

"Does it hurt you when you lie down?" pursued the investigator, and she accompanied this question with a

loll of her head to one side and a sudden droop of her eyelids as if simulating sleep.

"No, teacher."

The days grew shorter, but Jakey grew plumper; Jack Frost stung the grass and flowers to death, but Jakey had not faded in the least; the snow fell, but not so the protruding abdomen of the alderman. But, notwithstanding his apparent vigor, to the eyes of his self-appointed guardians Jakey was in a critical state. His roly-poly stomach had now become so large that his chin almost rested on the distended front of his little blue sweater; his short coat barely came together in front, the closing being now effected by a string spanning the distance between the button and button-hole—and this at the apparent danger of splitting down the back seam. His pouter-pigeon strut became an alderman-like waddle; he puffed and wheezed when he ran or exercised. "Rest position"—that of arms demurely folded in front—was a physical impossibility for Jakey, and Miss Nichols, after consulting with the principal, excused Jakey from the painful exercises: "Arms behind. Fold." "Lean forward. Lean." "To the floor. Squat." And to console him, Jakey was allowed to sit up in front, and, proud as a lord, he watched proceedings and reported whoever, in his eyes, excelled in some certain "stunt."

At last, one day shortly before Christmas, Jakey seemed more corpulent than ever, and the two women who had his well-being most at heart, sustained by a word of counsel from the observing janitor, braved the bitter-cold wind and accompanied Jakey home.

They proposed to instruct Mrs. Swerdloff in the duties she had been negligent in performing, even had their messages and warnings been understood as delivered by the offspring in question.

Jakey waddled along in front as the trio pursued their way down St. Croix avenue.

"Poor child" and "Poor child," the two reiterated, as they watched the distorted seam in Jakey's little jacket, and pondered the evident discomfort the Spartan sufferer was undergoing.

"His arms look as stiff as pokers" observed Miss Nichols.

"Do you suppose they're swelled, too?" queried the gentle little principal in a panic of new fears. "I'm afraid it's dropsy."

"He looks like a stuffed toad, or a boa-constrictor after a full meal," went on Miss Nichols, in a maternal solicitude very touching to behold.

Mrs. Swerdloff, a mountain of flesh and good nature, beamed upon them as Jakey proudly ushered them in.

"So, so, Jakey's teachers dey come. He say all times hees teachers look upon heem mit much luf."

"Yes, Jakey is a very good boy," said Miss Nichols, paving the way for what was to come.

"But is he well, Mrs. Swerdloff?" began the principal, fancying this a good time to broach the subject.

"Vell? Yah, Jakey he been vell all times. Heem nefer seek. Yust see heem eat and den you say heem vell," laughed Mrs. Swerdloff.

"Perhaps he eats too much?" said Miss Nichols.

"Just see how big he's getting," went on the principal, with a "never-give-up" air.

She drew Jakey to her side and indicated the swelling in question with gentle prods of her gloved finger.

Mrs. Swerdloff laughed.

"Yah, heem peeg poy now," she agreed.

"The ignorant woman!" muttered Miss Nichols, angered at this continued indifference.

"Have you ever seen a doctor about him?" she queried, tactfully controlling her rising indignation.

"Nein. Ve no need see doctor; Jakey all times ees vell—much vell."

"No; I'm sure he isn't," pursued both women in a breath.

"See," went on Miss Nichols.

She knelt beside Jakey and began pommeling his protruding little chest from his chin to the hem of his woefully distended and shortened sweater.

Mrs. Swerdloff laughed uneasily.

"Oh, yah, heem got peeg pelly all times now. Heem alway have peeg pelly een vinters. Ven somer comes he den have no peeg pelly."

"Oh, don't risk waiting till summer," exclaimed Miss Nichols, in dismay.

"See a doctor at once, Mrs. Swerdloff," fairly commanded the mild little principal.

"Oh, nein; ve no need see doctor. Nottings ees trouble Jakey. Hees vell. He no haf peeg pelly ache nefer," and again Mrs. Swerdloff laughed that throaty, uneasy giggle of embarrassment.

"I'm sure there is. Why, I never saw a child so fat," insisted the principal in grim determination.

"Why, he's swelled as hard as a drum," added Miss Nichols impulsively, and in an aside muttered,

"She'd let him swell till he burst before she'd incur a doctor's bill. That's the way with foreigners."

The principal gave Jakey a final poke.

"Now, Mrs. Swerdloff, will you let me take Jakey to a doctor? I'm certain he's get something growing there inside—a tumor, or a tapeworm, or something—and it's dangerous to wait. He gets bigger every day."

"Nein. Jakey he pe all right ven somer come," reiterated Mrs. Swerdloff.

"Why, he'll be dead by that time if he lives till then," chimed in the impulsive Miss Nichols excitedly; "he can't swell much more and—and not pop," she finished defiantly, not heeding the warning "'sh" from the mild little principal.

Mrs. Swerdloff put her big hands on her fat hips and rocked from side to side in a hearty laughter she no longer sought to restrain.

"Hees pelly ees svelled not," she said. "Come here, Jakey, ve show em."

While the two women looked on in amazement, Mrs. Swerdloff peeled the little sweater up under Jakey's arms until only his big black eyes and his thick shock of black hair showed above the roll of blue wool. A little plaid vest, tightly hooked down the front, was displayed to view. Mrs. Swerdloff tugged at the hooks and with subdued "pops" these fastenings gave way, and when the vest was

laid back the astonished onlookers saw another one, similarly fastened, of a nondescript green.

Mrs. Swerdloff unfastened this, and, lo and behold! a subdued pepper-and-salt garment was laid bare. This, however, was sewed on. Mrs. Swerdloff began ripping stitches, and with sonorous "cracks" they gave way to a glint of blue serge beneath.

But a howl from the submerged Jakey broke in upon the ripping.

"Ach, ach!" he wailed, "now I no haf peeg pelly more, and I no pe fat man."

"Hush, Jakey," whispered his mother soothingly, and she smiled reassuringly as she looked up into the resentful black eyes peeping over the blue barracks. "Ven de teachers pe gone I sew de wests all on tul de varm somer he comes."

By this time the two startled observers realized the secret of the alderman's make-up. They looked at each other and were seized with a sudden wild longing to escape.

"Please, Mrs. Swerdloff," interposed the principal "you needn't rip off any more. We—we understand."

"Yah, yah," nodded Mrs. Swerdloff; "ve sew heem on for cold vinter; dot geefs heem de peeg pelly all times vinters."

Once outside, the two scurried off.

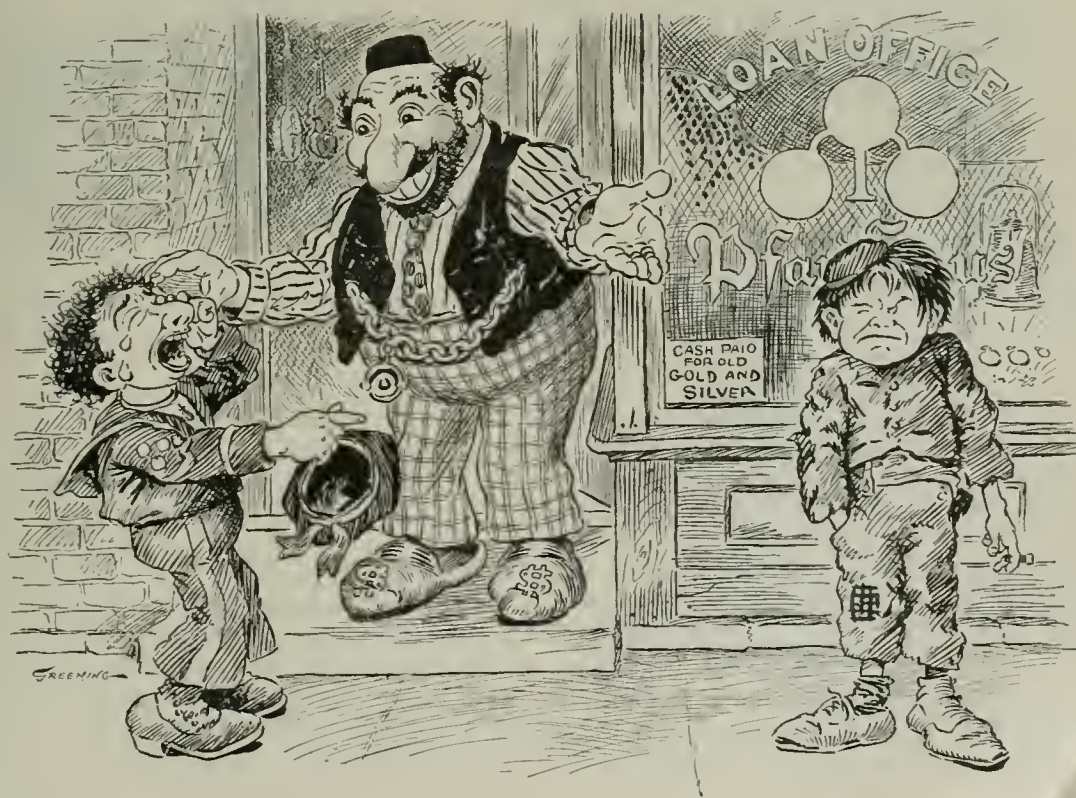
"Well, it I ever"—began the principal, but the laugh would out, and she choked and gasped instead of completing any remark she had to offer.

But the versatile Miss Nichols was not so handicapped.

"I—I wish we'd let her go on ripping. I'm curious to know just how many he had on," she gasped between giggles.

But Jakey was never the same after. No more gentle proddings of interested forefingers; no more pitying glances from motherly eyes; no more seats of honor during calisthenic periods—he shared with the rest and shared alike.

For, upon his return to a normal condition of health Jakey Swerdloff, alias the Alderman, was no longer an autocrat in Webster school.



GETTING SQUARE.

IZZY, JR.—"Fader, dot Irisher boy made for me a smash in der face. O-o-o—o-o-h!"
IZZY, SR.—"Don'tcher care, mein sohn. Ven his fader comes in Monday mit his silfer vatch to hock I gif him dis veek feefy cents less."

How To Write a Novel.

The old and the new method.

TAKE a pound of gossip
And an ounce of sense.
Served with sauce salacious
It shall seem immense.

Epigrams a thousand,
Culled from near and far ;
Call it conversation—
And then there you are !

Make a social setting—
Quite unreal, of course ;
Mingle much discussion
On marriage and divorce.
Risk the lady's virtue
Far as is discreet ;
Then your "problem novel" 's
Very nigh complete.

These are newer methods
That have come to pass
Since the old magicians
Took a lad and lass,
Wrought as nature found them,
Told their joys and tears,
That the world remembers
Spite of all the years.

Ah, the old magicians
Wrought in simpler way,
Yet their deathless manner
Wakes our tears to-day.
Just some plain, sweet story
Gushing from the heart,
Yet the tale like marble
Lives enduring art.

Why these different methods?—
Why not try the old,
If immortal stories
In that way were told?
Here's the answer surely
None may disavow—
There are lots of craftsmen.
No magicians, now !

JOSEPH DANA MILLER.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

JACK—"Your friend, Miss Anteek, lost her 'ruddy complexion' on her first visit to the seashore, didn't she?"

MAY—"Yes ; but I'll warrant she got it back again on her first visit to the drug-store."

A Barnyard Conversation.

"IT IS the opinion of eminent sociologists," said the philosophic gobbler, "that the tougher element of the country inevitably drifts toward the larger cities."

"Yes," answered the up-to-date turkey-hen. "I overheard one of the city boarders say this summer that it was strange the leathery, stringy turkeys always were sent to the cold-storage houses to be held for the Thanksgiving rush."

Professional Amenities.

Smith (the critic)—"You're a regular has been."

Villanelle (the poet)—"You're a regular never was."

Universal.

Cora—"Do you know the one thing that nearly every girl gives up during Lent?"

Merritt—"The diary she started to keep at the beginning of the year."

What Did She Mean?

"A KISS is an experiment,"
Said Mary with much merriment.
The man stood by,
Afraid to try—

When that was just what Mary meant.

Various Kinds of Shaving.

"WE HAD quite a lively debate at the school-house Saturday evening," remarked one populist. "We aim to discuss only questions of interest to the party ; but this was about the liveliest time we've had yet."

"What was the question debated?" inquired another populist.

"Last Saturday night the topic for consideration was, 'Resolved, that two barber-shops are worse than one national bank.'"

SOME people in this country appear to be laboring under the delusion that Pegasus is a jackass.



IN JUNGLELAND.

MR. ORANG—"Officer, can you tell me who that individual is in the van?"
OFFICER—"Oh, that's a second-story man we pulled in last night."

Where It Originated.

"IT IS shocking," observed the visitor from the north to the grizzled survivor of a Kentucky feud, "how these feuds perpetuate themselves. Is there no way to stop them? Do you ever try arbitration? Why not both sides come together some time and try to arbitrate the matter?"

"We did once, mister," replied the survivor. "That was how the blamed thing started."

A Paradox.

Brown—"It's very difficult to get one's income up to one's expenses, isn't it?"

Smith—"Yes; but it isn't half so difficult as to get one's expenses down to one's income."

Nor That High.

"YOU ought to buy this house," said the agent to Cumso. "At ten thousand dollars it is going for a mere song."

"It may be a mere song," said Cumso, "but it goes to high c, and I can't reach it."

Golden Silence.

Mrs. Beggs—"That Mrs. Grant I met at the hotel last summer is no boaster. Why, I find since I've returned home that during the last year she had grippie, typhoid-fever, a sprained ankle and an operation on her eye. And on the piazza, when we were all telling our ailments, she never even mentioned one of hers. No, indeed; she is no braggart."

Nor Absolutely Essential.

"BUT why," impatiently asked the Russian official, "do we not march on India? The hour is most opportune."

"The hour is very satisfactory," replied another Russian official, "but we lack"—

"Lack! We lack nothing. We have the men, supplies, cash, ammunition and everything."

"As I was saying, we lack an excuse."

The Way It Surely Appears.

Aunt Mehitabel (reading the police-court news)— "Well, well! there's one thing I'd never do. If I had fifty children I'd never name one of them Alias. Seems as if they're sure to go wrong."

The Show Girl

By Edwyn Stanley

SHE was fair, twenty, a little excited, and adorably sweet in her fetching tailor suit and smart toque as she fluttered up to the box-office window and deposited upon the shelf thereof her purse, gloves, two books and a parcel, and hung her umbrella by its handle on one corner. The seller of tickets sighed with the slightest suggestion of resigned martyrdom. He had seen much service behind the little barred window.

"Are you selling seats now for the—er—'Mad Spartan'?" she asked with a positively stunning smile.

"Get those at the Dreary Lane," replied the man, "where the 'Mad Spartan' is now running."

"Oh, dear!" she pouted prettily; "isn't this the Dreary Lane? I thought it was. It—isn't this Broadway and Fifty-first? No? Isn't that *too* provoking? Couldn't you sell me tickets for the 'Mad Spartan'?" If I'd only known that I shouldn't have gotten off the car. What is playing here? The 'King of Kilkenny'? Is it good? Oh, of course you *have* to say so. So silly of me to ask. Well, I'll not bother going up three more blocks now. Let me have two seats for to-morrow night. Why, I don't know—how much are the orchestra seats? Two dollars? Oh, goodness! that would be four for two—that is, you sell two for four. I mean two *seats* for four *dollars*. Then I should prefer the balcony. Yes—if we can see the stage from there. Can we? Mabel is near-sighted, poor thing! Perhaps she would rather sit in the orchestra. This is her treat, but I don't know whether she'd like to pay four dollars—oh, is *that* the diagram of the balcony? Isn't it a *funny* little thing. Do *all* those numbers represent seats? Which is the front row? That? Why, I should think that side would be towards—well, you know, of course. I think I'll take those two. Fifty-three and fifty-five, aren't they? Oh, no! Fifty-seven and fifty-nine—those others are in the next row. They're taken? For to-morrow night? *Isn't* that *too* provoking! Away back there? One couldn't see at all from away off there. *Could* one? H'm—I don't know. On the aisle? Oh, no; not on the aisle. There's always a draught—isn't there? Well, I suppose we shall have to take them. Are you *sure* that these are the right ones? Three dollars? Charge it. Oh, *what* am I saying! Goodness! where is my *purse*? Dear me! to be sure. How stupid of me! And I just put it there myself a moment ago."

A pause ensued while the young person searched the various compartments of her purse, and for her convenience placed upon the window-ledge a tiny, freshly-folded handkerchief, four hairpins, a glove-buttoner, a one-cent stamp, a two-cent stamp, three pearl buttons of various sizes, a chatelaine chain, a ring with setting missing, a bunch of keys, and, finally, a neatly-folded one-dollar bill. Meantime she had entertained the box-office man as follows:

Isn't that *too* provoking? I just know I put those bills in my purse at Racy's—of all the sillies! I had forgotten all about that dressing-gown I bought for Uncle Judson's birthday. I'll find it in just a second. My, but you do lots of business, don't you? Are *all* these behind me going to buy tickets? What is it? If they ever get a chance? I don't understand. Oh, *that* is unkind. I'm sure I haven't been here a moment. Well, of *all* things! I'm sure you'll think me *quite* stupid, but—no? I have only one dollar in change with me. Could I? Two for a dollar? Second balcon—why, that's the *gallery*, isn't it? No, no, no; that is positively absurd. I suppose I—*could* you? And they would be held until half-after seven? Very well, I'll just—oh, goodness! these tickets say *Thursday!* Is *to-morrow* Thursday? Why, I'm to go to West Point on Thursday. Of course I can't take them *now*. *Thank* you, *so* much. Perhaps I could go Saturday matinée. My umbrella? Oh, *thank* you. You'll think me stupid for—no? Do these cars transfer to Madison avenue? *Don't* they? *Isn't* that too provoking! *Thank* you again for explaining about West Point—I mean Thursday."

She was gone. A delicate hint of violets lingered over the line of sixty-seven people by the window.

Rara Avis.

GIVE me the man who loves old books,
Old clothes, old wine, and dusty nooks
In some quaint shop where, hid away,
Forgotten, lost since Louis's day,
Dim treasures hang on rusty hooks.

Give me that man whose only need
A pipe to smoke, a book to read;
Who loafa a summer afternoon,
Transported by a linnet's tune
From this gray world of cant and creed.

Give me that man who hates the mien
And prattle of a philistine;
Who loves old friends' companionship
And Cynthia's laugh and lip,
Yet holds his muse his only queen.

THEODOSIA PICKERING GARRISON.

The Football Craze.

THE old woman who lived in a shoe explained, "I thought it would be a fine place to bring up football players," she remarked.

Calling the little darlings around her, they practiced the latest kick.

The Dyer's Hand.

Brittles (who collects things)—"He's the only one of that family that can tell the truth."

Mrs. Brittles—"Well, it's a good thing one of them can."

Brittles—"Oh, I don't know. It spoils the set."



OUR PREHISTORIC GAMES.

The game of "skulls" as played by our prehistoric parents, and supposed to be the original of polo, so popular at Newport to-day.

The Wail of a Poet

By Perkin Warbeck



IT IS commonly known that the life of the true poet is essentially a sad one. But it never occurs to the great, unsympathetic public to ask why this is so. While not an out-and-out poet myself, I have worked at it enough to be able to treat this subject in such a way that the public will open its eyes with astonishment. Why should the millionaire, in spite of his indigestion, be happy, while the poet, with a perfectly healthy stomach, lives in the twilight gloom of the *weltschmerz*? (I introduce this German word because it is the only one we authors have to designate the sadness of the poet. Literally it means world-pain. Common people have various aches, but the poet, when he gets a pain, calls it a world-pain, to show how

much more terrible it is than any ordinary stomach-ache.)

The big *littérateurs* like Howells and Stedman are crying for more poets. They say it is the disgrace of a dollar-chasing, hog-raising age that there is so little poetry, and yet what do we see? When I have dashed off a few little things of my own to take the curse off the age, have they come forward and taken me by the hand and wept hot tears of joy down my shirt front? They have not. I do not wish to cast any reflections. I merely emphasize the statement in passing that they have not done so. The public is at liberty to draw its own conclusions.

Here, then, is the first woe of the true poet. With the shyness of a brand-new pa the first morning after, he shoots his anonymous thought-child into the air, expecting it to fall to earth, he knows not where, and it doesn't. On the contrary, he knows just exactly where it falls to earth, for it comes right back as quick as Uncle Sam's mail can bring it. This fills the poet with a vast world-pain and makes him excessively tired. Last Christmas I felt rather happy as the joy-season drew near, and dashed off a sweet, happy little thing, just to please the children of this broad land, and sent it off to a big magazine, and it came back with a note saying that I ought to have sent my Christmas poem in last February, and that they were then putting together their next August number. If I had some good bathing-suit jokes for hot weather, it said, I had better hurry them over. Now, what kind of a way is that? When the poets are tingling with Christmas cheer they are expected to be at their seashore poems, and when they are just over with Christmas and trying to stave off bankruptcy they are expected to be writing their next Christmas stuff. This also causes the poet to feel a great inward weariness.

Then, see how poetry is all the time changing. You

study up on the class of rhyme that seems to fill a long-felt want, and when you get so you can do it in good shape—that is, turn it out in marketable quantities, so that the returns will pay a dividend on the investment, cover wear and tear and provide a sinking-fund—you find there is no longer the want you had figured on, and the goods are left on your hands. Take Longfellow's lines:

Life is real, life is earnest,
At least that's the way it seems
To me. However, everybody has
A perfect right to his own idea.

Would that kind of stuff meet with a popular demand to-day? I trow not. Look at the "Sweet singer of Michigan," whose tender melodies made life different in that section of the country back in the 'eighties. She wrote:

My heart was gay and happy,
This was ever in my mind,
There is better days a-coming,
And I hope some day to find
Myself capable of composing.
It was my heart's delight
To compose on a sentimental subject.
If it came in my mind just right.

Is that what the public is sitting up nights waiting for at this juncture in the world's history? I cannot bring myself to believe so. What has become of the J. Gordan Coogler style of rhythmic thought-wave? Once all the vogue, who would attempt to sell the same kind of matter to the magazines now? Yet the South Carolina singer was there with the goods less than a dozen years ago. Listen to this:

Alas! for the South:
Her books have grown fewer—
She never was much given
To literature.

And this:

Sweet girl, I like to see you look
The very best you can;
But, please, do not try so soon
To imitate a man.

You are not masculine or neuter—
Neither of those genders;
Therefore, I advise you to
Pull off those suspenders.

Now, I had got so that I could turn out that kind in paying quantities, and had several tons ready to throw on the market, when along came another sweeping change in the magazine style. I sent this (cribbed it; we poets feel at liberty to take anything we like from each other—another reason why we are sad):

They stood on the bridge at midnight
In a park not far from town;
They stood on the bridge at midnight
Because they didn't sit down.

* * * * *

How often, oh, how often,
 They whispered words so soft—
 How often, oh, how often,
 How often, oh, how oft!

The great magazine editor sent it back at once, saying that the cut, style, finish, weave, texture, dovetailing, sand-papery, the entire vortex, maelstrom and nightmare of their poetry department had been changed, and that henceforth a poem that could be understood at one reading by a master of seven languages with a brain like a seed-squash could not be accepted. Prices, he added, had been cut one-half to curtail expenses in the shipping department. "I inclose a sample," he wrote in conclusion, "which you will please follow on all future orders until further notice. Here is the sample :

- " Tool, machine, tissued, sexed,
 Exquisitely interplexed.
 Gemmuled, force-form beauty-waked,
 Breath-fired motor reason-braked.
- " Verge or core, heart or brain,
 The mechanic beat is plain ;
 Mental taction open springs,
 Involutioned, prior things.
- " Record-celled counterfoils
 Which from convoluted coils,
 Fixedly recurrent flash
 At association's clash.
- " Vascular, afferent.
 Efferent, contractile, blent
 Processes where impulse sways
 Inmost ganglions of the maze
- " Which receive, store, transmit,
 Reflex-mandate-active sit,
 Ceaselessly—what craftsmanship's
 Richlier noble to eclipse?"

Now, wouldn't that jar you? Wouldn't it make you mad, dear public, if you were a true poet? That poem is by Godfrey Egremont, and we poets with the simple style of brain with two lobes are asked to compete with him, when I venture to say that his brain is exquisitely interplexed and at least twenty-four stories high, a regular skyscraper brain.

Finally, see what we poets get for our pieces. When I took charge of a paper a while ago, and before I got acquainted with the local customs, two colored women came in one morning when I was very busy and asked me what it would cost to run a little obituary poem. They said it was only four lines, and I said I guessed we could take it at the same rate as a want ad. "Where is it?" I asked hastily, but not unkindly. "Why, we thought you would write it for us," they said. And there I had given them a want-ad. rate!

I consulted with my foreman, who had been there all his life, and he said it was all right. They had always had their obituary poems written at the office. Just throw together anything that will rhyme and it will be satisfactory, he told me. I went down stairs and asked for particulars, which seemed to surprise them. They finally said it was an uncle. I wrote :

- " Dear uncle, you have left us,
 We shall never see you more.
 Indeed, you have bereft us
 And we shall miss you evermore."

They looked it over and seemed disappointed. Then one of them said, "He died fourteen years ago." I had to see the foreman again. "Sure" said he; "it's a memorial-poem custom here. So I tried it again :

- " Dear uncle, fourteen years ago
 It is now since you died.
 Indeed the years they travel so
 Since our dear uncle died."

They looked it over dubiously and handed it back. "Don't it suit you?" I inquired. "I guess it will do," replied one of them hesitatingly; "but it don't seem like the ones we've had here before." I tried again :

- " Uncle, dear, we miss you ;
 It's been so long, you know,
 Since we have seen our uncle
 Who died so long ago."

And that didn't suit them! "Can't you say that we still remember him?" they suggested; "for he used to say he'd bet a quarter we'd forget him in a month." Now I saw their idea. Not grief, but a wager, as it were. Now it was plain sailing :

- " Uncle, dear, it's fourteen year
 Since you were gathered hence.
 To show that you're remembered here
 This poem cost twenty-five cents."

I thought I had them sure, but I was mistaken. That's what they meant, but they didn't want to say it right out. I tried again :

- " Dear uncle, we have lost you,
 Fourteen years ago you went.
 But we are always going to remember you
 So long as we have a cent."

Then I saw that this was an order that was beyond me and I went up stairs to the foreman again. "You say you have done this before; for heaven's sake give these people what they want." The foreman and ad-setter wrote promptly :

- " Oh, uncle dear, the hills are green,
 The grass, it makes them so.
 While you are happy where you are
 We are, too, here below."

And that went. And the office got the quarter.

The Subsequent Action.

The widow (over the back fence)—"So you was over to Allegash yisterd'y? Any news there?"

The clam-peddler—"Wa-al, Lucy Ann Pine—you know her, I guess—was settin' alone in the dark, one evenin' about two weeks ago, when a strange man slipped into the house an' grabbed her an' forcibly kissed her."

The widow—"I want to know!"

The clam-peddler—"Yes'm; and they do say that she ain't had a light in the house sence."

Reunion at the Pole.

Jones—"Smith seems tearfully slow in starting out with his north-pole expedition. It's a rather peculiar circumstance all around."

Brown—"Yes? How so?"

Jones—"Why, the relief expedition has already been gone nearly two weeks."



1. RODIE (*the piper*)—"The kilts mak ye young again, Wully; but ye dinna leap so spry as ye once did."

Dismal Outlook.

"WISH you a happy new year," says the visitor, riding up to the home of the Kentucky mountaineer.

"Thanks fo' yo' kind wishes, suh; but hit looks almighty bad fo' me this comin' yeah."

"Now, I'm sorry to hear that. What seems to be the trouble?"

"Well, suh, 'long last spring me an' 'Lije Bingo happened to have a fallin' out ovah a couple o' haws; so we done had a time all sence then, shootin' at each othel fum time to time."

"Oh, I shouldn't be cast down over that. Even if you have a feud, it can be ended. There's no reason why"—

"That's jest it, podneh; that's jest it. 'Lije fell offen the side o' the mountain yestiddy, an' now I've got no feud at all."

Just Reached Easy Street.

Mrs. Jonesmith—"I've just been over to see Uncle Jerseyman. He's just past his one hundred and fourth birthday."

Jonesmith—"I'd hate to get that old unless I had plenty of property to live on. At that age a man is too old to work, and"—

Mrs. Jonesmith—"Oh, Uncle Jerseyman says he has a splendidly-paying job writing testimonials for three different patent-medicine concerns."

The Reason.

Mrs. Performing-Seal (at the museum)—"Seely, I don't want you to associate with those Trick-Dogs at all."

Seely—"Why, mamma?"

Mrs. Performing-Seal—"Because, my dear, they are low. See waat abominable taste they display in choosing their furs."

Her Thought.

SAID Prissy Ann, "I try to be
A very careful child and learn
From day to day what's good for me—
For knowledge I just yearn and yearn.

"To-day, for instance, I have read
'You can't believe half that you hear,'
Which put the thought into my head.
'Then we should listen with one ear.'"

JACK APPLETON.

A Diplomat.

THE young man who calls on Thanksgiving evening brings a sprig of mistletoe with him and attaches it to the chandelier. Later in the evening he lures the fair damsel beneath it and kisses her. In reply to her shocked expression he points to the mistletoe.

"But," she argues, "mistletoe doesn't have anything to do with the case until Christmas."

"This," he explains with the ponderous logic of a statesman—for he has served two terms in the legislature—"this is retroactive mistletoe."

Owing to the press of business, they then went into executive session.

Wonders of Mechanics.

"AND what is this massive machine?" we ask of the superintendent of the paper-mill.

"That?" he asks, stopping to lay his hand knowingly upon one or two valves. "That is the machine that turns out the genuine hand-made paper we make a specialty of."

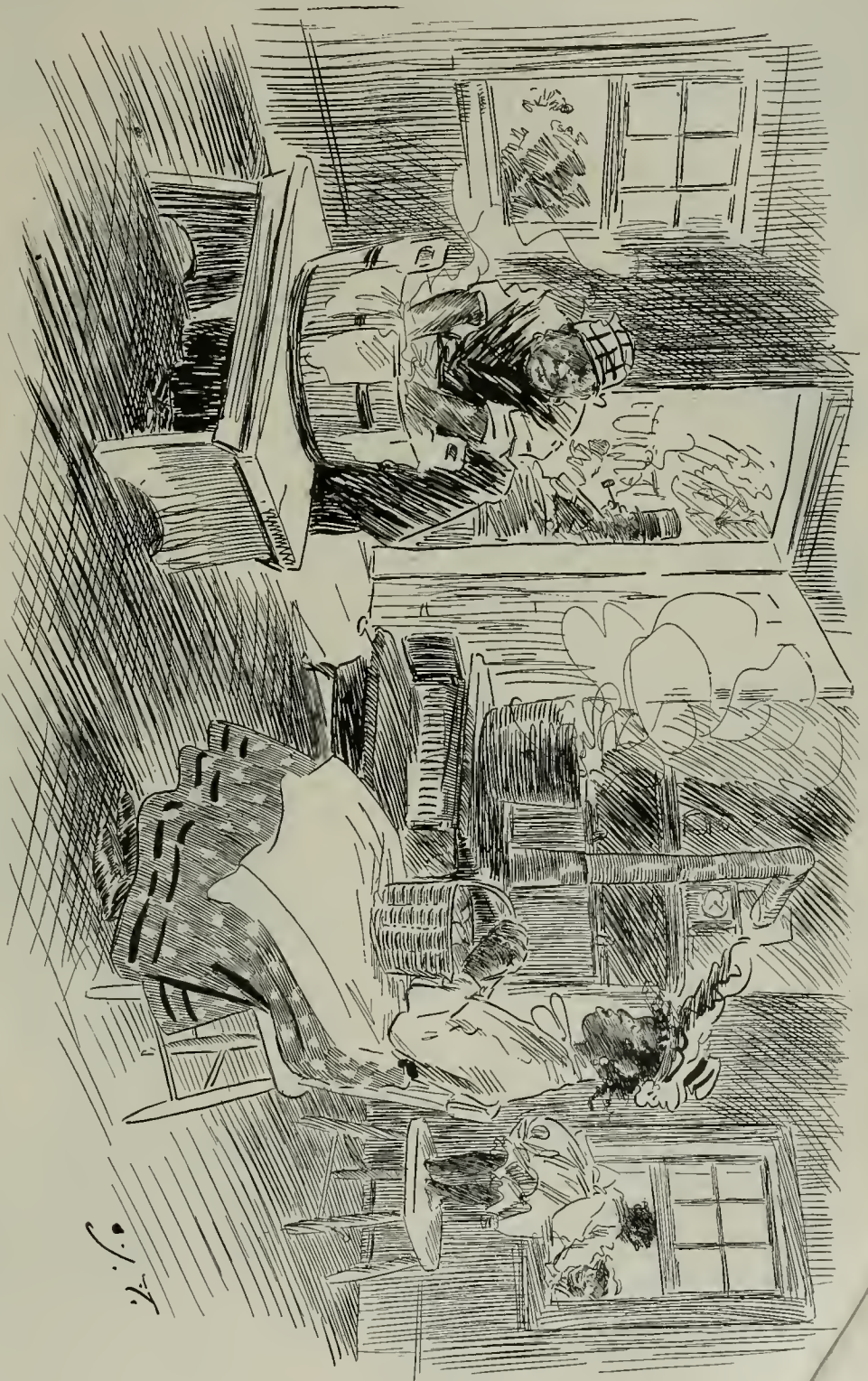
A Last Resort.

Client—"According to your showing, both the law and the facts are clearly against us?"

Attorney—"Yes; I shall be obliged to weep copiously before the jury."



2. JEAN—"Thot'll be mended, Roddie, when the bumble-bees warms him oop."



SOONER WORK.

Mrs. JACKSON—"Has your husband got a job yit?"
Mrs. JOHNSON—"No; but ef de Blackville football team keeps on losin' All reckon he will. He says he's sick o' seein' 'em play."



SHE IS.

When summer shines
And winter whines
She is the peachy pearl
That makes me whizz
With joy—she is
My all-the-year-round girl.

Got an Idea.

“A H!” said the visiting Russian as the pleasure-yacht scudded near the shore and he saw the crowds of merry-makers sporting in the water. “What do you call that?”

“That,” said his host, “is one of our great American pastimes—surf bathing.”

“Serf bathing? It is something needed in my country. I shall make a note of it.”

The Poet's Provender.

MY heart is joyous in the dining-hall.

Whene'er, at noon, the smiling boarding-ma'am

Displays beside the dulcet frittered clam

The still, calm beauty of the cod-fish ball.

And then the chicken of the spring is all

My fancy paints—e'en to the juicy ham

Embroidered with belated eggs I am

Quite partial, for it holds the muse in thrall.

Welsh rabbit makes me mad as à March hare.

For oft when I affect it some one dies

And 'm disposed to pen the threne—or monody.

But, ah! Night brings along her dreadful mare,

Then poesy 'ncontinently flies.

The muse won't work—she simply has strephonody.

EUGENE GEARY.

The Happy Little Dog.

I AM the little yellow dog that's happy all the day,
When I'm asleep beneath the stove or with the cat at play.
Yes, I am happy through and through, and to the very brim.
When up and down the stairs and round the house I gayly skim.

I'm happy when I'm sitting up a piece of cake to scoop;
I'm happy when I run to them that for me fondly whoop.
I have a home, and that is why I'm always on the grin,
Which means I'll never romp and bark within a sausage-skin.



An Unsatisfactory Assurance.

He—“There seems to be quite a coolness between them.”

She—“Oh, yes. He told her she was the only girl he ever loved platonically.”

Melon Days in Georgy.

GREAT times down in Georgy,
Livin' noughty fine,
Bustin' watahmilyuns
F'um de milyun vine.

Lif a big-stripe milyun,
Squash it on de groun';
Bite um in de middle
When nobody 's roun'.

Squat down in a corner
Ob an ole rail fence;
Shut yo'r eyes an' slumber
Twel yo' got no sense.

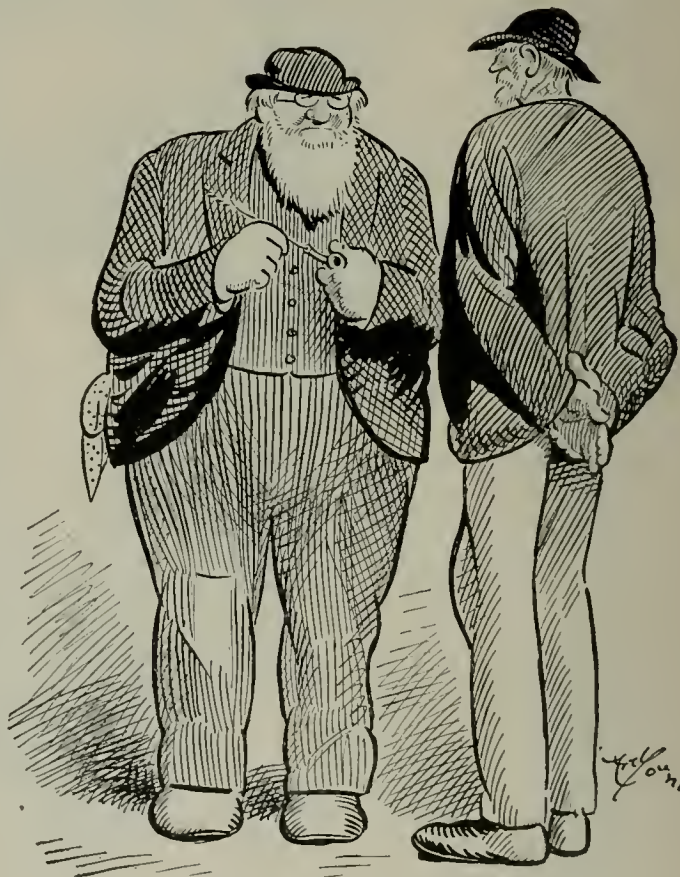
Den wake up right hungry,
Go an' eat some mo';
Tek 'em as yo' find 'em
On bofe sides de row.

What's de use ob wukin'
Enny time ob day
When de milyun 's growin'
Right dar in yo'r way?

A New Definition.

New reporter—“But I thought you required accuracy above all things?”

City editor—“Of course we do; but accuracy, as we understand it, consists in making the news fit the policy of the paper.”



SQUARING THE ACCOUNT.

JOSH CHUCKLEWEIGHT—“Well, how'd ye come out with yer summer boarders?”

HENRY LEAN—“Oh, purty fair. Mother wuz laid up three months from waitin' on thet dude; an' thet oldest son went out huntin' an' shot our Holstein heifer; an' them brat twins buried up the corn-crib; but when Lizzie goes to the city they promised to take her fer a ride in their autymobile.”

A Story with the Conversation Cut Out

By D. M. Reynolds

"—————," I objected as the butler, after taking my hat and coat, stood aside to let me pass into the drawing-room, and thus it was that we compromised on the library.

I found the easiest chair, lit a cigarette and possessed my soul with patience. Incidentally I expressed my opinion of Mrs. Bob's Wednesdays and some one laughed. Then I blew one last artistic smoke ring at the Bobs' latest atrocity in heathen gods and started on a tour of investigation. In the ingle nook, nothing; in the den, nothing; behind the curtains of the deep-bowed windows, Marjorie and a French novel. The mutual surprise of the discovery complete, she rose and greeted me with a smile.

I bowed gravely and took the empty end of the window seat.

"—————," she remarked impersonally.

"—————," I replied crossly. An "at home" was always my pet abomination, and then, inquisitively, "—————?" French novels are not commonly in the hands of those entertaining.

"—————," said she, resignedly, closing the book.

But I had no desire to be entertained, so I smoked in my corner while she settled herself behind the tea table.

"—————?" she questioned, waving the cream jug. I despised cream and she knew it.

"—————," said I, pointing a suggestive finger at the rum.

"—————," dictatorially, so we compromised on lemon.

Ensued a silence, while I looked at Marjorie over my cup and she looked out at the window.

"—————," she suggested conversationally.

I nodded, drank my tea in silence, watching the fire-light play upon the dark masses of her hair, touching them with occasional flashes of ruddy gold.

From across the hall came the melody of pulsating violins, pregnant with rich unknown harmonies. Pensive, we turned to the ingle nook.

"—————," I said softly, moving nearer.

Silence.

"—————," I whispered, still closer.

"—————," she defended, methodically piling pillows between us.

"—————," I objected, and getting no answer, began pulling the defenses to pieces.

The last pillow slipped to the floor.

"—————?" I pleaded.

Marjorie leaned forward and began to stir the fire, and I found it necessary to gently but firmly remove the tongs.

"—————!"

"—————," she protested.

"—————," passionately.

"—————," she replied, struggling.

The door opened and Mrs. Bob stood on the threshold.

"—————," said Marjorie, greeting her aunt.

"—————," I added, looking up from the fire, which I had been punching vigorously—an occupa-

tion that always lends color to my somewhat sallow complexion.

Mrs. Bob glared.

Marjorie busied herself again with the tea things.

I wished I had not come.

"—————," said Marjorie lightly.

Silence.

"—————," I ventured, looking at the storm-clouds outside.

Mrs. Bob was not to be appeased.

"—————," laughed Marjorie, as I rose to go, and then, as she gave me her hand, whispered, "—————."

Mrs. Bob bowed icily.

"—————," I called from the doorway.

And so I left them, Marjorie smiling, Mrs. Bob perched upon the high hobby of her dignity.

"—————," said I softly, and James the imperturbable smiled as he helped me into my coat.

How It Is Done.

MR. BOBSTAY FLUKE, the eminent yachting authority, sat at his typewriter, dashing off his opinion on the first day's race for the *Daily Streakoyeller*. At his elbow sat his faithful assistant, holding a dictionary of marine terms.

"At the end of the first leg," wrote Mr. Fluke, "the Reliance tried her new"—— Pausing, he turned to his assistant. "Turn the pages, Bill," he ordered. "Find the name of some hitherto unused form of rigging. The words you have dug out so far have been common ones. I want something unfamiliar—something that will demonstrate my excellent knowledge of nautical affairs. 'At the end of the first leg the reliance tried her new'"——

"Here's the word!" cried the assistant jubilantly—"Shoes!"

Complete Reparation.

"**B**UT your Harry broke my window, I tell you!" Mrs. Bellingham persisted.

"No, Mrs. Bellingham; he didn't," declared Mrs. Giddings. "He not only told me that he didn't do it, but he promised never to do it again."

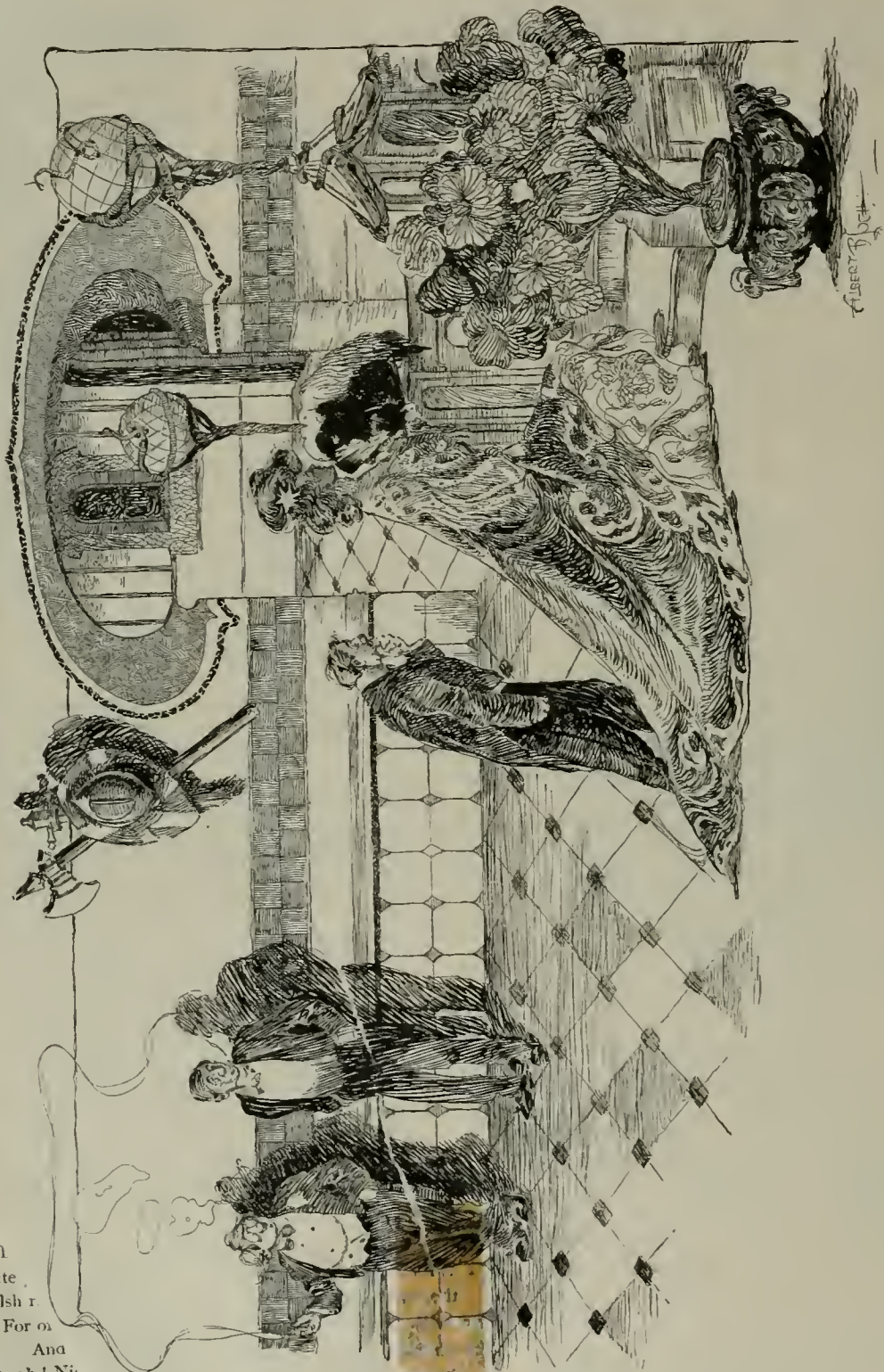
Madge—"The men have changed about giving us their seats in the cars."

Marjorie—"Perhaps it is you that has changed."

IT AIN'T the lighthouse that keeps us off the rocks, it's the man that keeps its lamp lit. It ain't the wife that makes home happy; it's the character of the women's clubs she don't

Once, when I was ashore, I was mighty death by a wicked horse I run across. I laughed at me. He was fourteen hundred times smaller'n I was, but that gee-gee rain he wears a bit.

1
 Quite
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 But, ah! Ni
 Then poes,
 The mus



THEN AND NOW.

"He used to be quite a dude before he married her."
 "H'm! Yes; and now he seems to be pretty well sub-duded."



A FORTUNATE FELLOW.

NEW ARRIVAL (*Dawson city*)—"You seem the only happy man in the town."
NATIVE—"I am, sir. I've got dyspepsia so bad I can't eat anything."

WHERE HE BELONGED.

Advertising was his hobby; he represented a patent-medicine concern.

That particular evening he drifted into the hotel in a condition of aggravated high lonesomeness, staggered up to the functionary in command and indicated a desire to be sheltered.

"Any choice of rooms?" inquired the clerk, with a view to comforting his woozy guest.

The promoter of testimonial publicity coveted a good room, but his professional vocabulary was the only one at command, and he murmured:

"Lemme have top col'm nex' pure readin'-matter; pure readin' on bo' shides; pure readin' above; pure readin' followin' on local page; four locals san'wished 'mong pershn'ls,' he went on, "an' gimme lowesh rates minush agensh c'mish'n." He got a room on the top floor, facing the skylight shaft.



A GOOD CUSTOMER.

COUNTRYMAN—"Clear out! You cheated me like the mischief the last time you was here."

JACOBS—"Vell, dem's der gusdomers I don'd like to lose, so I calls again."



DOUGHT NOT TO NEED IT.

FIRST KID—"I tell you that india-rubber man is a fake."
SECOND KID—"What do you mean?"
FIRST KID—"When he goes out in the rain he wears a mackintosh."



UNCLE ZEKKE—"Blamed if the bears ain't so anxious they can't wait till I git my trap set."

She Was There.

"MAMMA," said little Frances, "I dreamed of you last night. We were all sitting in the parlor, and you began to scold me."

"What did I say, Frances?" asked mamma.

"Why, you ought to know, mamma," replied Frances with some astonishment. "You were there."

Unreasonable.

Doctor—"Walker is the most unreasonable man I ever saw."

Friend—"Yes?"

Doctor—"I set his little boy's broken arm, and now Walker refuses to pay me, merely because it happened to be my automobile that ran over the boy."

Too Particular.

The star—"The author of this play is a great stickler for realism, isn't he?"

The manager—"I haven't noticed it."

The star—"Why, he objects to my wearing diamonds in the scene where I pawn the family bible to buy food for the children."



BREAKING IN THE BEAR.

—Roarin' Jehu! Zeke Peters is goin' ter cash in unless I kin muzzle that critter.

The Lame Mule.

WHEN I lived down in Arkansas, beside the river of that name, a rule we had, as good as law—

"Keep away from the mule that's lame."

And all the boys along the range

Who know the nature of that beast

Can tell you, if to you he's strange,
Provoked, his heels will rise like yeast.

Just touch him up a little bit

When dreamy-like he's moping round,

And that game leg will have a fit

Of motion that may well astound

A man unused to maulish ways.

So pick you out a place to land

When his old eyes begin to blaze

And lopping ears begin to stand;

For when he's riled you bet he'll throw

Those heels about in wicked wrath,

And with a motion hardly slow

Remove obstructions from their path.

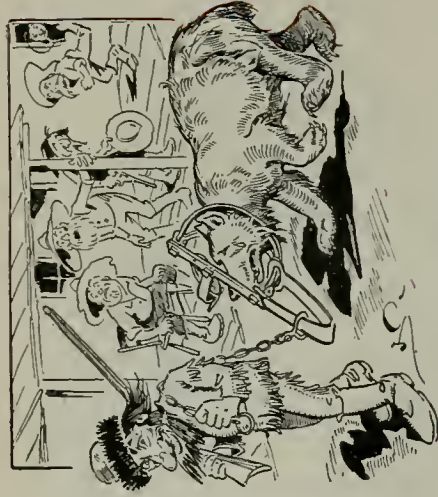
An ear will flop, a heel will rise

(And if that sixth word lose an "e"

And gain an "l," there are no flies

Thereon—it means the same, you see).

ELNOR S. FINNEY.



—No, boys; ye needn't mind hitchin' un ter bring in my bear. I break 'em ter lead."

The Champion.

IT WAS in the bar-room of an Arizona hotel.

"That chap," said the bar-tender to the new clerk, who had dropped in to get the liquid part of his salary, and pointing to a cowboy in chaps and a sombrero, "holds the record in this town. He has killed seven men in seven weeks."

"That's nothing," said the clerk as he gulped his wages down. "A man just registered from the east who has killed one almost every day for the last year."

"Gee!" said the bar-tender. "Is he running from the sheriff?"

"No," said the clerk; "he is touring in his motor-car."

Of Course.

"HERE'S that article from Professor Resurch on 'The development of chiropody since the Elizabethan era,'" says the magazine editor to his assistant.

"Is it interesting?" asks the assistant.

"Yes; but it is oddly arranged."

"How so?"

"There are two pages of the article and ten pages of foot-notes."



THE SIDEWALK ELEVATOR AGAIN.

LIZA—"Gracious. Lemme! what is it?"

LEM—"One o' them consarned earthquicks. Can't yer see the very ground yawnin' beneath our feet, b' gosh?"

HOMER CROY.

Apple-barrel Philosophy.

"I HAVE noticed," said the corner-store loafer, seating himself on the counter in reach of the dried-apple barrel and depositing a liberal supply of tobacco-juice in the coal-bucket; "I have noticed women cry over spilt milk when they ought to be thankful it wasn't the grease, and that a married man and his hair are soon parted, and that money makes the mare go, and horse-racing makes the money go, and that while ignorance is bliss it's a blis-ter to be wise, and that all signs fail in dry weather, 'specially fresh-paint ones, and that there are two sides to every question—your wife's and the other side."

Having filled one pocket, the loafing philosopher moved to the other side of the barrel to have the empty

A Flight of Fancy.

IT could only have been an iridescent dream—it must have been—and yet it was so lovely that one would fain have had it real. I heard somehow, somewhere—perhaps I read it, for I have read many strange things in my long life—of a policeman being punished for "talking back" to a civilian; or was it merely a heartless trick, fancy?

No Intermission.

Mrs. Wheeler—"Whatever else his faults, w can't but say that Elsie's young man is constant."

Mr. Wheeler—"Constant"? Humph! I should think 'continuous' expressed it better."

All in vain. The sharp iteration was merely changed to a heavy thump, thump, thumpety, thump. It was more maddening than before.

He stood it for ten minutes or so, growing hotter all the time, physically and mentally; then he flung off the coverings, sat up in bed, and glowered in the dark at the centre of disturbance. The clock was in no wise abashed, but hammered away industriously.

Bounceby bethought himself of his sweater, got up again, and wrapped the clock in it. He returned to his couch and noted with satisfaction a marked diminution of disturbance.

"That's the ticket," said Bounceby, ensconcing himself again beneath sheets, blankets and pillows, not forgetting the cotton in his ears.

"Ti-ti-tick-toc-k!" It was feeble, but it was still there; and to Bounceby's excited apprehension the buzz of a gnat was equal to the thunder of an express train.

"I'll forget it," said he, "and go to sleep like a sensible man." But the more he tried to go to sleep the more he didn't. "This must be stopped!" the sufferer cried with conviction. He did not refer to the clock, but to the situation.

There was a trunk in his closet. Bounceby carried thither the sweater-swathed timepiece, placed it in the trunk, put down the lid, shut the door, and went back to bed. To his great relief, he found that not a sound was audible. He composed himself, with a sigh, for his postponed slumber.

But a disquieting thought seized the luckless man. Had he overdone the matter? Would he hear the alarm now when it went off? Evidently he must test it on that point, or he could have no rest. So Bounceby rose once more, turned the hands till the alarm started, hastily thrust the clock into the trunk, shut trunk-lid and door, and, scurrying back to bed, got the pillow over his head before the clatter was ended. To his entire satisfaction, he found it sufficiently audible even beneath the pillow. He therefore set the clock to the correct time, wrapped it in the sweater, placed the bundle in the trunk, shut the lid, closed the door, and retired finally to his couch, where he slept the sleep of the prudent.

At six-thirty the next morning Bounceby woke from slumber and with wild eyes perceived the daylight, and realized that his train was well on its way. A bound took him to the closet-door. A jerk, and the faithless clock was in his hand, still ticking away for dear life. Bounceby was about to dash it on the floor when a sudden thought brought a silly expression to his stern countenance, and he set the timepiece quietly down.

He had forgotten, after his little experiment, to wind up the striking part again.

AMOS R. WELLS.



NO USE FOR HIM.

OLD GENTLEMAN—"What has been the cause of your downfall?"

TRAMP—"Well, yer see, I used ter be a music-teacher; but I've bin out uv work ever since dey had dese here autermatic pianner-players."

How Bounceby Woke Up.

MY friend Bounceby is a very nervous man and his nervousness is increasing to such a degree that he is a constant source of amusement at Mrs. Ginter's boarding-house.

The other day it became absolutely necessary for him to wake up as early as five-thirty the following morning, in order to catch the six-o'clock train for Chicago, where he had an important engagement. Now, six-thirty is Bounceby's rising hour, to which he adheres with bachelor regularity; therefore he came home from the office with an alarm-clock under his arm—his first alarm-clock. Bounceby wound it up, set it, and placed it on a table at the head of his bed.

"Now," said he to himself, "I can sleep in peace. I can let that machine do my worrying about catching that train. What a great thing is this modern inventiveness!"

But, alas! it was one of those loud-ticking alarm-clocks—the sixty-nine-cent kind. "Tick, tock! tick, tock!"—it beat a villainous tattoo on Bounceby's tympanums. He covered his head with the bed-clothes, but sheets and blankets were transparent to the imperious noise. He ^{ached} a pillow, with the imminent risk of suffocation. Still "tick, tick! tickety, tock!" His hearing was tense, and sounded as loud as ever.

Bounceby got up, turned on the electricity, found some cotton, and stuffed it in his ears. Over the cotton he drew the bed-clothes, and on the latter he placed the pillow.

A Fairy Tale Up to Date

By S. K. Selig



ONCE upon a time there lived a king who ruled a vast country and had a swell bank account. He fell in love with a beautiful young princess in a neighboring country, who saw that he was young and handsome and did not smoke cigarettes; so she listed to his wooing and stood for his making goo-goo eyes. Now, this young king was handy amongst the women and considerably of a rounder in his day and knew how to win the ladies. So he bought her chocolate drops and took her to theatre on Saturday nights, and so won the heart of this young thing. Then it came to pass that there was a great wedding in the kingdom,

and all the big guns and big gunesses came for the dance and to get in on the feed. Amid a shower of rice he placed his blushing bride in his automobile and carried her away to his own country, and they were a very loving couple. All the neighbors who lived in the flats around the castle remarked what a model husband the young king made, and for three years he did the square thing.

But when the queen's mother came to see them for a short visit of six months he fell into evil ways and got into the vicious habit of going out at nights and stunting around. The king's mother-in-law was a wise gazzabo, and wished to tip the queen off that her handsome king was straying from the straight and narrow path; but the queen would not hearken.

It so happened that the king's chamberlain had employed as typewriter a beautiful young female with molasses-candy hair, who wore straight fronts and had the kangaroo walk. This little piece of bric-à-brac was a witch, and as soon as the good king saw her he immediately fell under her spell and proceeded to make an ass of himself. He fell to dictating all state correspondence, for he was a good king and wished to reduce the expense of running the government. He became such an earnest worker that he neglected his wife and babies in the press of his official business. In short, he became a most enthusiastic, polished and happy liar, and he dined night after night with his pretty little gazelle of a typewriter; whereupon they painted things a crimson hue and cut up high jinks in general.

Now, although we know the queen was an innocent young thing, and not up to the notch about some things in this wicked world, she began to champ her bit and stand on her hind legs when the king would come down the home-stretch at four o'clock in the morning. So she went to a fairy, who lived around the block, to discover why it was the king would not spend his evenings with his lawful wife and on his own happy hunting-grounds.

The fairy muttered some rubbish, waved her magic

wand and said, "Hokus pokus!" Instantly the queen saw the king making happy 'round the festive board and tanking up Anheuser-Busch with the typewriter. She nearly had a hemorrhage, and wished to butt right in and mix it up at once, but the fairy restrained her.

The next day the queen walked forth from the castle dressed in her glad rags and hanging on the arm of a courtier, who would make Sir Walter Raleigh and the rest of that bunch look like a pound of soap after a hard day's washing. This gay dog had a reputation throughout the kingdom of being a breaker-up of happy homes, and a jiu-jitsu artist with female hearts. The fairy must have waved her magic wand again, for the queen's hair suddenly turned to a brilliant yellow. She also began to wear french heels and draw her skirts tight when she walked.

When gossip about his beauteous queen reached the king's ears, his jealousy was so great that it came out on him in spots. He foamed at the mouth, rolled his eyes in his head and gasped for breath, which are three infallible signs of a jealous disposition. Official business was suddenly forgotten, and charges for high-balls, broiled lobsters and diamond rings no more appeared in the king's expense account. He began to sit by his own fireside, rock the babies and sing "Home, sweet home."

When his queen would come home late and he would ask her where she had been she would laugh, show her gold tooth and look wise. Then she would light a cigarette, put her feet up on a chair, and say, "My dear king, Reggie and I have just had a most delightful drive"; or, "Reggie and I enjoyed the horse-show immensely"; or Reggie this and Reggie that, until one night she so Reggied the king that he sent for all the wise men and questioned them as to what he should do to cure the queen of this mad infatuation. One wise old fool suggested spanking, another said give her knockout drops, and every bunch of whiskers had a different remedy. But the king would have none of these, and he dismissed the wise men, for he suddenly hit upon the cause of the queen's conduct.

The next day a room-for-rent sign appeared in the office of the pretty typewriter, and that sweet thing started on a trip around the world that was to last for life.

And the king went unto the queen and took her in his arms and spoke thusly: "My own dear tootsie-wootsie of a queen, I know I have been a bad king to you, for I have been under the spell of a witch; but now this ensnarer of men's hearts is traveling in foreign parts never more to return, and I have come back to you a repentant man. I no more will wander from my own fireside; I'll get up in the morning and make the fire; I'll do anything if you'll just take me back and let me be your own kingie as before." And he began to weep bounteous tears and his grief was pitiful to behold.

And then the queen, too, began to weep for joy that she

had regained the love of her king, and she confessed to him that her seemingly rapid career with Reggie was just to bring her king back to his own house and lot.

One day gay and reckless Reggie suddenly disappeared. The queen's hair also returned to its original shade. Never-

more did the king catch cold from wandering about in the night air, and he reigned long and happily with his queen ever after.

Moral—When a man goes one gait, he should remember that his wife can always trot another.

Why He Shivered.

IT IS August 29th, 1907. The horny-handed humorist is toiling busily. He is producing a gay and frivolous lot of jokes about Thanksgiving and Christmas and New Year's and the cold, cold winter. His patient wife sits near, cheering him on in his task by frequent remarks about the troubles the neighbors have with their servants. Suddenly he drops his pen and shivers, drawing his coat collar up about his neck.

"What in the world is the matter?" asks his wife.

"Nothing. I just wrote a Christmas joke."

"Must have had a lot of snow and ice in it," she smiles.

"It wasn't that. I just happened to think how much money I didn't have left last Christmas."

A Conservative Campaign.

"YES," said the candidate, "some of the heelers came to me and told me that I would have to put up a lot of money in order to defray the expenses of exposing the past history of my opponent; but I just told them that I wouldn't have any mud-slinging done. Of course there were no further demands for cash, and I got off dirt cheap."

Equality.

Mr. Crabshaw—
"Aren't there an awful lot of officers in your club?"

Mrs. Crabshaw—
"I suppose so, my dear; but we found the only way to preserve harmony was to give every member an office."

Combination.

"HONK! Honk!" The sounds come from off shore, and the landsmen turn their eyes to sea. They behold a low, red, rakish ship, with two immense headlights, dashing through the waters. Remorselessly it crashes through such craft as are before it. Rapidly it nears the beach. Without a pause it dashes from the water, and then the watchers see that it also has wheels, and that it goes swiftly on over the land, its skipper laughing merrily as it tosses policemen from its path.

"What in the world is that?" asks one of the spectators.

"I suppose," says a second; "I suppose that is what you would call a yacht-mobile, isn't it?"

Coy.

THEY sat well forward, in the shade of the awning.

"But, my dear," whispered the young man, "you should not object to my having my arm about you when even the scenery is setting me the example."

"Is it?" asked the shy maiden.

"Yes, indeed. See, there is an arm of the bay hugging the shore."

"Yes?" she disputed. "But the shore has a cape and I have not."

It was the work of but a moment for him to rush to the state-room and get it for her.

Mrs. Cobwigger—
"I don't see how your dinner made you sick."

Freddie — "Why, ma, didn't you make me eat only the things that were good for me?"



ACCOUNTED FOR.

DOCTOR JONES—"I fear your heart is affected, miss. Do you ever experience a smothering sensation?"

MISS GUSHER—"Oh, yes; often."

DOCTOR JONES—"Ah! At what times?"

MISS GUSHER—"Well, usually right after Ferdy turns down the gas."

An Old Salt's Observations

By Edward Marshall



WHEN a girl marries his troubles begin.

When a wakeful husband mentally compares th' snorin' of his wife to th' music of a great cathedral's fine pipe-organ it's a sign that he is really in love with her.

They say cigarettes will kill. When I look at most of th' fel-

lers that smoke 'em I hope they're right.

I knew a minister who was furious when he received a cheque from a divorce lawyer, with a note sayin' that he felt he ought to share the profits of his business with him. "Everybody else has to pay th' man who supplies him with his raw material," th' letter said.

There's three ways of spellin' dishonesty. One's th' way I've just spelled it; another is "t-a-c-t," an' another is "d-i-p-l-o-m-a-c-y."

Th' man who was so lazy that he couldn't chew his food, an' th' man who was so busy that he didn't have time enough to, are in th' same place now.

Women differ. My wife can make a hotel-room feel like home in ten minutes; but there is them that can make home feel like a hotel-room in less time than that.

Th' trouble with bringin' up children, so far as I can see, is that you can't do it. They'll attend to that themselves if they're any good; an' if they ain't—why, what's th' use?

It's astonishin' how much I do love my wife Lyddy just about th' time my ship gits fur enough away from th' dock so that I can't see her handkerchief a-wavin' there no more.

Men are mills, but they are of two kinds. First, th' kind that grinds grist only with their teeth; an' second, those that grinds a very little with th' wheels in their heads. Them latter we call intellectual.

Horses have to wear blinders so they can't see what's a-goin' on along th' road. There'd be fewer cases in th' divorce courts if some women could make their husbands wear 'em, too.

I know a sea-captain who heroically jumped in an' saved seventeen people an' a terrier dog from drownin'; but if he'd had his new uniform on he'd 'a' waited to have a boat lowered. Tell me that we ain't creatures of circumstance.

I've been so hungry that it seemed to me I'd die if I didn't git some food; but I never wanted grub so bad as I did a kiss one night just after I had done something mean to my wife an' she knew it, an' I knew she knew it, an' she knew I knew she knew it.

A boy in my school could whistle through his teeth. We all envied him. He ain't no great shakes now that he's growed up. We don't envy him no more. I wonder

if we won't feel about th' same in th' next world when we look at th' men who can make money here on earth.

Two sailors had a hot fight in th' fo'c's'le, an' I had to haul 'em up for it. "What was you a-scrappin' about?" I asks. "Why," says one of 'em, "Bill, here, he says brigantine is spelt with a u-n un, an' I says it's spelt with an e-n en." "What difference does it make to either of you?" I asks. "Not none," says both of 'em together. "All right," I says; "I'll put you both in irons. You're both wrong. It's spelt with an a-n an." An' I did. It's just like that with most of th' folks that gets punished for bein' quarrelsome.

If a man 's got silk linin' in his overcoat it's astonishin' what cold weather it will take to make him button it up tight when walkin' on th' street. But real lace on a petticoat will make a woman hold her dress-skirt up réal careful when it ain't much of any muddy.

"That doctor saved my life," says a man to me. "How did he do it?" I asks. "Well, I went to one doctor when I was sick an' he made me worse; then I went to another, an' he made me worse yet. Then I called on th' one whom I just pointed out to you." "An' he cured you?" I said, deeply interested. "No," says th' man; "he wasn't home."

A minister was elected to th' legislature. Th' first bill he introduced prohibited all men from goin' to church. There was a howl about it in th' papers until he made his explanation. "I thought maybe," he remarked, "that it would work like that designed to keep 'em out of gin-mills on th' sabbath—an' somethin' *must* be done to increase our Sunday congregations."

A Burning Question.

CAN any one tell why a blamed old hen, With plenty good land of her own, Won't stay there and-scratch to her heart's content And let other folks' gardens alone?

In Delaware.

"THE report of the peach-crop failure hasn't had much effect on the market."

"No; the peach-crop failure hasn't been a success this season."

Just Like a Woman.

Employer—"Where is that bit of paper with the combination of the safe on it? I told you to put it away very carefully, you know, and I can't open the safe without it."

New secretary—"I locked it in the safe, sir."

Panhard—"I'm disgusted with that infernal auto of mine. I can't make the thing go."

Friend—"Why don't you advertise it for sale?"

Panhard—"I would, only I'm afraid that whoever comes to see it will expect me to give him a trial spin in it."



THE QUESTION.

NOBLEMAN—"I know I am old, but I love you! Will you marry me?"
 AMERICAN HEIRESS—"How much do you owe?"

CHINESE HUMOR.

To the editor of the JUDGE—For the sake of a constant reader of your popular paper I hope you will be pleased to publish therein the following funny

CHINESE FABLE:

A mussel was sunning itself by the river-bank when a bittern came by and pecked at it. The mussel closed its shell and nipped the bird's beak. Hereupon the bittern said, "If you don't let me go to-day, if you don't let me go to-morrow, there will be a dead mussel."

The shell-fish answered, "If I don't come out to-day, if I don't come out to-morrow, there will surely be a dead bittern."

Just then a fisherman came by and seized the pair of them.

CHONG HOI HAK.

HAVANA,
 October 31st, 1899.

A NIGHT OUT.

Mrs. Jones—"And you will come home early, won't you, dear?"

Jones (who is going to the club)—"Yes, darling; but should I be a little late you need not wait breakfast on my account."

SHURE, if a dog hadn't a tail he cudn't shpake a wurd.

WHAT'S LOVE?

88 **W**HAT'S love? Pray tell me, little maid!"
 "I'm much too young to know," she said.

I asked the bride, while 'neath its spell.
 She said 'twas joy no tongue could tell.

After ten years—she did not know;
 Forgot—it was so long ago.

So no fair answer did I get.
 What's love? I'm undecided yet.

POSTHUMOUS PIETY.

She—"You were unjust to old Mr. Scruggs."

He—"How?"

She—"You always said it would pain him to think he'd done any good with his wealth, but I see he left a valuable legacy to a public institution."

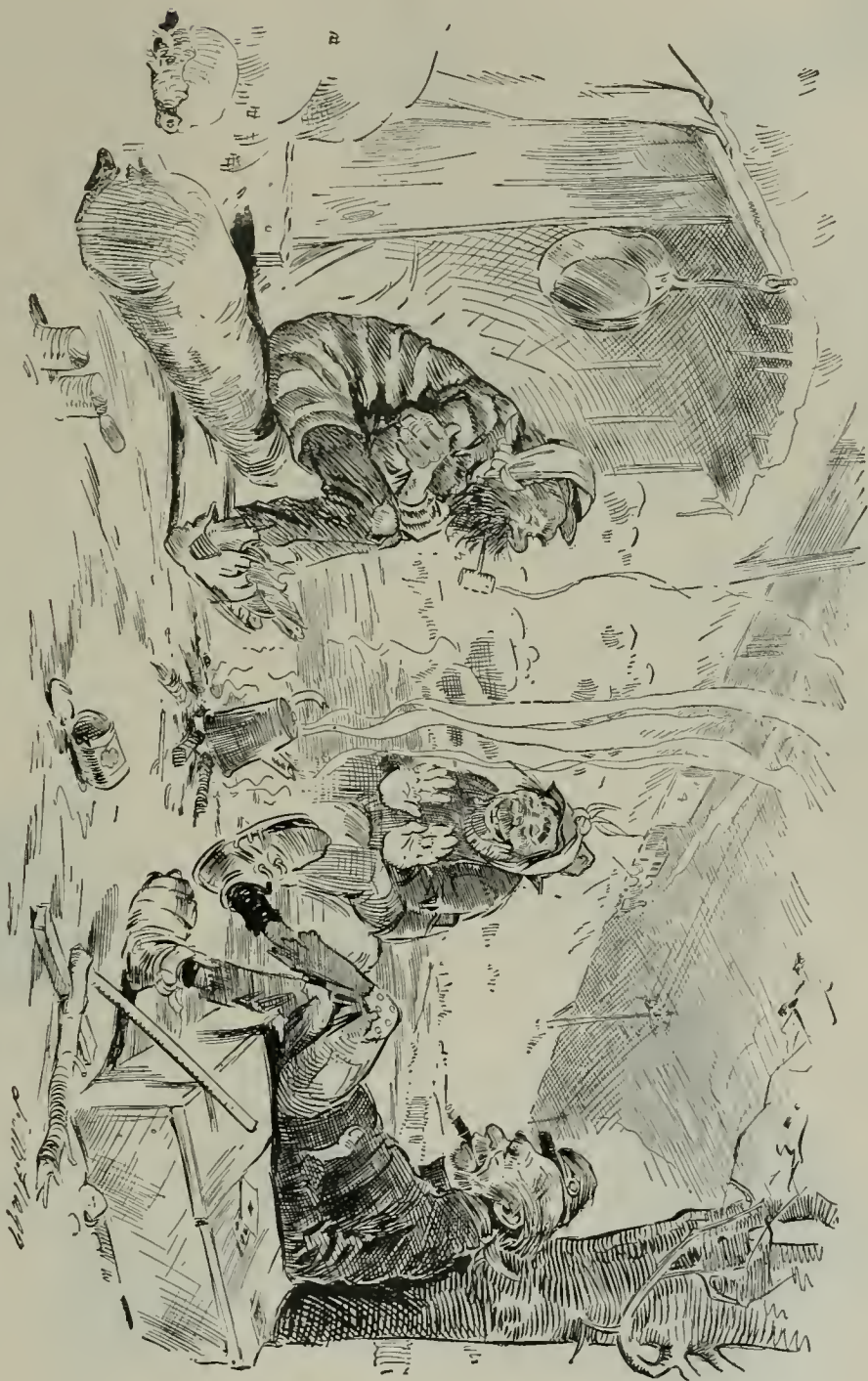
He—"Well, I heard he *did* bequeath his picture-gallery to the blind-asylum."

A MAID of honor to Queen Victoria gets fifteen hundred dollars for thirteen weeks' service. Is there anything unlucky in those figures?



ANOTHER BOON.

A device which can be attached to any wheel for use in winter. By this invention a dry cycle-path with flowers, butterflies, etc., etc., is always possible.



POSITIVE PROOF.

LEAVED FACIN—"Kin a lobster live in fresh water?"
TORN THOMPSON—"Sure! Wenny Willy, here, took a bath once, an' it didn't kill him."



DREAMS, IDLE DREAMS.

THE BOY—"Oncet a feller give me a tub uv pink ice-cream an' a whole barrelful uv hckerish-drops an' a hatful uv jelly-cake."
 THE GIRL—"An' what'd yer do?"
 THE BOY—"I fell outer bed an' bumped me head somethin' orful."

A Chromatic Charmer.

ISABELLA is brilliant in yellow,
 Isabella is dainty in pink ;
 And when she wears red
 She goes right to my head—
 Bella 's dearest in scarlet, I think.

Purple sets off the fringe of her lashes,
 And orange becomes lier well, too,
 While a violet gown
 Makes the envious frown—
 I never am "blue" when she's blue.

She's stunningly svelte in a black dress,
 She's equally slim in a white ;
 And if you should ask me
 I think it would task me
 To say when she isn't all right.

What is it you hint? "I am partial?"
 Oh, skeptics! you quite take the cake!
 Yes—of course—bet your life
 Isabella 's my wife.

What dif'rence on earth does that make?
 CHANNING FOLLOCK.

A Straight Tip.

Newrich (in a moment of confidence)
 —"I don't seem to quite get the hang of
 this society business. Even my footman
 seems to be a laughing-stock."

Cobwigger—"You'd get along all right,
 old man, if you dropped the airs you put
 on and made your footman assume them
 instead."



A MOST HUMANE MAN.

LAWYER—"Judge, this man couldn't maltreat a horse. He's the kindest of men to animals. Why, he feeds his dog on nothing but tenderloin steaks. Only the other day he beat his wife black and blue for forgetting to feed the dog."

Judy Clancy's Party

By Max Merryman



I DIDN'T see yeez at Judy Clancy's parthy, Mrs. Noonan."

Mrs. Hoolihan put the words tentatively when the two ladies met on the corner, Mrs. Noonan with a broken-nosed pitcher capable of holding a couple of quarts under her apron, and Mrs. Hoolihan with a number of purchases in her apron, among them a good-sized haddock, for the day was Friday.

"Luk at me jaw," said Mrs. Noonan, touching her left cheek lightly with one finger.

"It do look a bit shwollen," said Mrs. Hoolihan. "Toot' ache?"

"God above! worse than thot—an ulsherated toot', an' me whole jaw puffed out worse nor Tom Noonan's left eye whin he come home from de Murphy wake last Chews-day noight. Thot's de rason yeez didn't see me at Mrs. Clancy's parthy last noight. Whin de rest of yeez was inj'yin' yerselves at de parthy Oi was walkin' de flure wid a red flannel rag clapt to me jaw an' de ulsheration makin' me give tin yells to de sicond. Yis, Mrs. Hoolihan, it was me toot' lost de Clancy parthy to me."

"Have yeez been to de dintist wid it?"

"Oi have, an' he aized me arlmost immejeetly by yankin' de devilish toot' out, but some av de ache is left. Oi t'ot thot mebbe a little beer would be h'alain' to it."

"No doubt it will, Mrs. Noonan. It's a great h'aler av aches an' pains av arl koinds if wan teks enough to bring on blessed forgetfulness. But ye missed a grand toime by not comin' to de Clancy parthy."

"Don't mintion it, ma'am! Oi'm arlmost as sore over missin' av it as I am over me toot'. Oi'd iv'ry intintion av goin', an' Oi'd put in a good sivin hours washin' an' ironin' meself up for de 'casion. Oi'd me white skir-r-r-t starched thot stiff it'd shtand alone, an' me hair was in crimpin' pins whin de devilish toot'ache grabbed me as sudden as de appendysheetus grabbed me ould man lasht spring. Wan hour as well as any man nade be an' de nixt flat on his back an' him in de harsepital wid de docthors comin' at him wid their knives almost before he knowed it was appendysheetus at arl at arl. De suddenness av it arl was as bad as de appendysheetus itself. Dear, dear, phwat a bother our teet' an' our appendydixes can be! But Noonan is shy wan av his appendydixes an' Oi'm shy wan av me teet', so we're thot much ahid av thim thot's got thim to lose."

"Thot's roight, Mrs. Noonan, an' it's some compinsation to know thot de toot' will never ulsherate an' de appendydix will niver flure Noonan no more. But phwat a pity de toot'ache couldn't of hild off long enough for yeez to de attinded Mis. Clancy's parthy. It's long since we'd so iligant a parthy here in Doody's coort. Judy was loike de hin Oi read av thot tried to cover twinty-foive eggs; she spread herself mightily."

"Yeez can arlways trust Judy Clancy to do thot, anyhow. She's de chake av a cop an' a arlderman an' a ward pollytishun arl in wan. Ye moind de airs she gave herself at de Mulligan funeral last wake, an' her only a fourth cousin to the carps? Wan would av t'ot she was his widdy, or aven de carps hisself, from de airs av her—not m'anin' to say annything onfriendly to Judy, for it's only her way, an' no wan is more ready nor Judy to do a frind a good turn, an' it's out wid her taypot she is or wan av her yangwans is sint 'round de corner wid a pitcher de moment wan calls on her. She's a rale leddy, is Judy Clancy, an' sorry Oi was not to be in attindance at her parthy. Was it well attinded?"

"De biggest part av de coort was there, ma'am to say nothin' av Arlderman O'Hinnissy an' his woife an' "

"Luk at thot, now! Nixt yeez know Judy will be roight hand an' glove wid de Foor Hundred an' ixchangin' calls wid de Vanderbiltses an' thim sort. She's aquil to annything. Yeez moind how it was Judy herself thot led de grand march at de shwill gatherers' ball? Phwat a climber she'd mek in de smart set if she give her attintion to it! Phwat wid her gall an' her good luks an' her cliverness an' her frindliness she'd hould her own wid anny av 'em. Thim she's got phwat some av de smart set lack, an' thot's brains."

"Oi guess yeez do be roight about thot, ma'am—pore t'ings! Oi've often said that if their brains was aquil to their money, Fift' avenoo would be arl intelleck, an' God only knows phwat turn it would tek! Too much intgleck often meks wan as big a fool as too much money."

"Thot's de God's troot, an' Oi'm t'ankful Oi've not too much av wan nor de other. But about Judy Clancy's parthy. Haven't yeez heard annything about it?"

"Oi have not, but Oi've seen Tim Whalen's oye."

"Tut, tut, tut! Thot was de only bit av onplisintness thot happened, so it's hardly worth mekin' mintion av. An' Tim an' Jerry Murphy parted frinds afther de foight, de anners bein' about aven whin it come to black oyes." An' yeez haven't heard annything about de iligañt dhress Judy wore to de parthy?"

"Oi have not. Sure an' wasn't it de grane taffity silk she's been mekin' such a spread wid iv'ry place she's wint for a year an' more back?"

"Not on yer loife it wasn't, Mrs. Noonan! De ould grane taffity, wid its frazzled-out lace flounce an' arl split out under de arrums, as a chape taffity will, wasn't in it wid de iligant gown in which Judy kem fort' at her parthy—a birt'day parthy it was, as yeez are no doubt aware, ma'am."

"Yis—her t'irty-sivinth birt'day, she give out, so there's no doubt but thot she's beyand forty-sivin."

"Oh, she's fifty if she's a day, but phwat sinsible person ixpicts a woman to tell de troot' about her age whin she's beyand t'irty? It ain't in rason to ixpict it, an' Judy's loike de rist av her sex—she chops off two years for iv'ry wan she adds to her age. She'll chop off t'ree whin

she goes beyond fifty. It's a woman's perryogative to do de loike av thot, an' where's de harrum? But about Judy's dhress she had on to her parthy. Sure an' her sister-in-law, Dinnis Phelin's woife, had on Judy's ould grane taffity. It was loike de koind heart av Judy to loan it to poor Ann Phelin whin Judy hersilf had such a grand gown to wear, an' God knows Ann niver before felt de feel av silk next to her skin. It's lucky she is to have a new caliky wanst a year, wid arl her raft av yangwans an' Dinnis jugged half de toime for some divilmint or other. Ann's a good sivinty-foive pounds heavier nor Judy, so de taffity was a moighty snug fit, an' a fresh split bruk out in de back before Ann had been tin minnits in it. An' she didn't know she was to wear it until afther she got there."

"How kem thot?"

Mrs. Hoolihan was seized with such violent mirth that she held her gaunt sides with both hands and swayed to and fro laughing for several minutes before saying,

"Wait until Oi tell yeez about de gown Judy had on. Sure an' it was fit for a quane. Not aven Alderman O'Hinnissy's woife, wid her yallow silk an' black lace, had one to match Judy's. Hers was a pink satin, moind yeez, a rose-pink satin wid a thrail a good foor feet long, an' lace—de howly saints above us, de lace there was on thot gown!"

"God above! how did Judy Clancy git insoide av a dhress loike thot? We arl know thot Moike Clancy has his twinty dollars a wake, but"—

"Moike Clancy's wages for twinty wakes wouldn't have paid for thot dhress. The ilgance av it! None av yer ready-made hand-me-downs to be bought at a bargain sale or a fire sale or anny other koind av a sale, marked down from a hundred to tin dollars an' eighty-sivin cents—no, no, Mrs. Noonan! Thot gown was de rale t'ing, an' de lace was de rale lace. Wasn't Oi lady's maid wanst an' don't Oi know de rale from de immytation? Thot Oi do! An' thot gown niver was built anny place but in Paris or on Fift' avenoo. Oi said thot to Honory Eagen de minnit Oi clapt me eyes on it. It had de luk, de 'air' wan niver seesin no hand-me-down gown. Thot gown was made to arder, an' thot lace—it's de God's troot thot de lace flounce on' thot gown was de width av de hull len'th av me arrum! An' Judy! Well, well, anny woman cud be icused for puttin' on airs wid a rag loike thot on her back! Judy was loike wan walkin' on air. Her chakes was as pink as her gown an' she'd de oye av wan in de sivinth heaven. Oi'd been there but a few minnits whin she tuk occasion to whisper in me ear,

"Ketch on to me dhress! A birt'day prisint it was from me sister Katy in Buffylo. It kem by ixpress not six hours ago. An' me thinkin' Oi'd wear me ould grane taffity wid de fresh lace Oi'd put on it, but whin this kem, an' whin Dinnis's woife kem in her ould rag av a black dhress, Oi made her whip it off an' wear me taffity. Ain't Oi as foine as a paycock?"

"She was thot. It was tin toimes de most iligant gown iver seen in de coort, an' whin"—

A second fit of laughter more violent than the first choked the utterance of Mrs. Hoolihan for a moment or two, and then she said,

"Yeez know, av coorse, thot Judy's sister Katy is a

dhressmaker in Buffy'o. Oi'm tould she's tin girruls in her employ, but, aven so, it was hardly to be expicted thot she should be sendin' her sister a gown loike thot in a prisint—not aven in a birt'day prisint for a birt'day parthy. Well, de avenin' wore on until most tin o'clock when arl of a sudden de 'lectric bell Judy is so proud av in her tinnymint rung sharp an' quick an' Judy shteps to de tube an' says 'Come up' in a v'ice loike honey, an' thim at the other ind av de hell come up arl roight, an' they was a man, ividintly an ixpressman, an' a very iligant-lookin' gintleman an' leddy, an' whin de leddy caught sight of Judy she gave a screech aquil to de wan Oi bet yeez give whin yer toot' come out, an' pointed a finger toward Judy an' says,

"O, she has it on, she has it on—my beautiful dhress?"

"*Your* dhress?" says Judy, drawin' herself up wid fire in her oye.

"Yes, my dhress, you dreádtul person," screeched de leddy.

"You lie, thim!" says Judy, peelite as de nixt wan, or as de leddy herself. De gintleman flushed up, but he'd de judgmint to kape cool, an' he says,

"There has been a mistake, ma'am. De ixpressman mixed up his boxes in some way an' brought yeez a box containin' a dhress belongin' to me woife, an' he has not yet found de box he ividintly had for you. But de dhress yeez have on is me woife's. It is wan she was to have worn to a parthy this evenin', an' Oi must ask yeez to let her have it at once."

"An' wasn't there de divil to pay thim? Oh, Judy Noonan, but it was more nor onkind av yer toot' to chate yeez out av it arl! Judy she ripped an' raved an' forgot herself to de ixtint av usin' langwidge she'll feel de nade of confessin' herself av as soon as may be. She showed de letther from her sister Katy, tellin' how she had sint Judy a dhress in a prisint to wear to her parthy, but whin she brought out de box de dhress kem in, sure enough it was not Judy's name on it, an' it put Judy to de imbarassmint av ownin' up thot she couldn't rade writin' an' thot wan av de Murphy yangwans had read her letther to her—poor Judy! She wint down loike one av these t'y balloons wid a pin poke in it whin she had to peel off her iligant gown. She swore she'd not tek it off until her own dhress was fetched to her, but a hint of a cop to be brought up made her waken. She was in for tearin' de lace to pieces an' de leddy screeched thot thot lace cost hundreds of dollars, as Oi knew it had. Some av it was ould family lace. Oh, but we'd a toime of it!"

"Poor Judy! An' her so top-lofty, annyhow."

"Don't minton it. She was none too top-lofty whin she had to exchange de iligant pink satin for her ould grane taffity while Ann Phelin had to put on her own ould black cashymere. Of coorse thot took a good dale of loife out av de parthy, an' Judy forgot hersilf again to de ixtint av boxin' de ears av Maggie O'Leary for titterin' at her, an' Maggie's sister give Judy a belt in de ear, an' it would of been onplisint all around, an' things would of happened Judy would of been sorry for, hadn't Judy come to hersilf an' remembered it was her own parthy an' it ill become her to be boxin' de ears av thim she'd invited to her own birt'day. So we'd a roight plisint toime, barrin' de little

scrap Oi've mintoned an' de wan thot give Tim Whalen his black oye an' Moike McCarthy de loss o' two front teet', an' Tim Murphy a bloody nose. Oi'm jist from Judy's tinnymint now, an' de dhress her sister Katy sint her has jist come. It's a very nate black grennydeen wid a dash av red in de trimmin', but a poor ixchange for a pink satin wid sixin hundred dollars in lace on it, an' Judy feels it, poor sowl!"

"Who wouldn't?"

"Sure enough, ma'am. But Oi must get me fish in me oven. Oi hope yer achin' toot' yeez had drawed will soon aize up a bit."

"Oi t'ink it will whin Oi've some av de contints av me impty pitcher in me mout'. Good-day, ma'am."

"Good-day. If yeez cud only hov been to Judy Clancy's parthy!"

In a Hurry.

"CHUMPLEY has committed suicide."

"Yes; he couldn't wait to die, and so he shot himself."

"He took time by the firelock."

Can't Live without It.

Editor (of a new paper)—"Have you seen our last number yet?"

Poet (who has just had a sheaf of sonnets rejected)—"No; but I expect to in about a month."

Feminine Fancies.

"It may be that to secure her rights woman may have to take the law into her own hands. She may have to use the pistol and the shotgun."—*From interview with Mrs. E. Cady Stanton.*

PERHAPS she will, for women may
Do strange things in this newer day.

But if she does, dear madam, can
She load the gun without the man
To tell her this and tell her that,
And show her where the muzzle's at?

And does she know the difference 'twixt
A gun and pistol? She'd get mixed
So that she wouldn't know at all
A bird-shot from a musket-ball.

And who would pull the trigger when
She sallied forth to shoot the men?

And would it not, dear madam, seem
Malapropos to hear her scream

Just as the gun went off and shot
A gentleman upon the spot?

How odd to hear her softly coo,
"I've shot a horrid man or two."

It might be, madam, if you please,
At pink or other-colored teas,

The thing to offer some choice prize
To her who'd shot a man of size;

While she the booby'd be, mayhap,
Who'd only winged a little chap.

Or if she met a tender swain
Who failed to make his purpose plain—

A single thought between two souls—
She'd simply shoot him full of holes.

Or if a husband had forgot
To do an errand he'd be shot—

Forgot to send the coal or bread,
His wife would pump him full of lead.

And so on till the list is done—
Great Cæsar, ma'am! put up your gun,

For we'll surrender on the spot
In preference to being shot.

And glad, indeed, to get the chance.
Here! take our whiskers and our pants.

W. J. LAMPTON.



THE RULE.

"The sins of the parents are visited upon the child."

"Yes, indeed. They heir their domestic troubles that way, as a rule."



A Plea.

GREAT novelist within thy den,
I prithee heed my simple plea.
I love what floweth from thy pen—
Gadzooks! it really pleaseth me.
But if thou still wouldst be my friend,
And soar exultant to the skies,
Oh, let thy next book, to the end,
Be one they *cannot* dramatize.

Thy works I love when in the night
I con thy pleasant pages through.
Thou makest me to laugh outright,
And oft thou makest me boo-hoo!
Exceeding delicate thy wit,
To heights of pathos thou dost rise;
But let thy next book exquisite
Be one they *cannot* dramatize.

I weep when reading of the woe
Thy hero suffers on each page;
Yet all the while I dread to know
Some day he'll strut upon the stage
And knock my sweet illusions down
Before my sad and tearful eyes.
Let thy next book, man of renown,
Be one they *cannot* dramatize.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

Chicago Economy.

“WHAT a curious-looking ticket, Mr. Lakefront! May I see it? Why, it's a commutation ticket”——

“Yes, for marriages—good for ten ceremonies by any of the ministers named on the back. I find it reduces the cost of a wedding about ten per cent., which is not to be ignored nowadays.”

Past Comprehension.

LITTLE Elinor and little Evelyn were outdoing each other in their stories of what their parents could do for them.

“Well,” Elinor asserted with a proud toss of her head, “my mamma says I can take piano-lessons.”

“But, goodness me!” cried Evelyn, “do you want to?”

Only Russian Victory.

THE admiral pinned the glittering order upon the grizzled veteran's breast.

“The emperor honors a chosen son,” he said, huskily.

The long lines of marines swam before his eyes.

“I did nothing, excellency; nothing,” sobbed the old sailor, overcome by emotion as he sank to one knee.

“You saved the honor of your country,” said the admiral hoarsely. “In discovering the British fishing-fleet”—he turned away to hide his tears—“you gave us the only victory of the war.”

Wresting Victory from Defeat.

THE orderly dashed up on a foaming steed, dismounted, and saluted.

“Have our forces been repulsed at every point?” asked the Russian commander-in-chief.

“Yes, sir,” replied the orderly.

“We'll have to finish this game at some place in the rear,” said the commander to those sitting in with him. Then, to the orderly, “Very good. You may have dispatches sent out announcing a victorious retreat.”



STILL GROWING.

“Do fishes grow up fast, Jimmie?”
“Some of 'em does. Pop caught one here last year that grows t'ree inches every time he tells about it.”



AN INDUCEMENT.

"Here yer are, boss! De last extra an' a cake uv soap fer a cent."

The Practical Poet.

"THE manipulation of the rhythmic ad. is all very well," said the practical poet, "but there's still easier graft in this honored profession. The nervous prostration that followed my three years of toil as a poetical adsmith was only softened by the golden returns from the game. But there came a time when the spondee and anapest refused to work and the iambic pentameter went on a long vacation. My verses grew so weak and invertebrate that, horror of horrors! I feared that I would be compelled to write for the magazines for a living. But when I opened this office for the examination of manuscript, with advice as to where to land the commodity, I was astounded at the extent and variety of budding genius in the country. Now the creative agony is over, the stuff and shekels pour joyfully in, and I can lay good and sufficient claim to shine as one of the step-fathers of American literature."

Woke Up.

Waggles—"That college professor is more successful since he gave up trying to reason out everything by deduction."

Jaggles—"How does he do it now?"

Waggles—"Uses a little hoss sense."

Quite the Reverse.

Stayer—"I am very impulsive—I never know when to stop."

Miss Weary—"Oh, yes, you do. - The trouble is you don't know when to go."

A Stay-at-home.

AM not worried as to where I'll go
To while the balmy summer months away—
Bar Harbor, Old Point Comfort, or Cape May
Are places quite acceptable, I trow.
To cut a shine in Newport's giddy show
Would be delightful, more than I can say.
'Mong beauty's fairest queens. Alack-a-day!
These gilded joys are not for me, I know.
Instead, a trip to Coney is my fate,
Where radiantly the soulful sausage gleams
From out the pale, blond bunlet—back again
In trolleyed misery to contemplate,
Within my furnished room, till blissful dreams
Bring glory, wealth and real estate in Spain.

EUGENE GEARY.

Canard Disproved.

THE Kentucky delegation is assembled in the corridor of the Wadditorium hotel, when a facetious Michigander seeks to make merry at their expense. Calling to a passing bell-boy, he says,

"I suppose you have been kept pretty busy since all these Kentuckians came to the house?"

"No busier than usual, sir."

"Why, don't they keep you rushing every morning bringing drinks to their rooms when they get up?"

"No, sir," replies the boy courteously, while the Kentuckians smile approvingly.

"You don't mean to say that they don't drink?" asks the Michigander.

"No, sir. They don't go to bed."



"So you will guide me to a place of amusement to-night if I give you a dime?"

"Yep. Me mudder says dere 'll be a circus at our house ter-night if de old man comes home drunk."

On Getting There with Both Feet

By R. N. Duke



NOTHING pleases me so much as the story of men whom misfortune has kept on the jump until they worked up an exceptional gait and finally scored a great, big, jolly success," said the benevolent-looking man. "It makes me think the old world is right-side up after all. No matter what line you are in, there's nothing like the joy of feeling that you have got there with both feet.

"When a poor fellow has eaten dirt for twenty or thirty years, walked on gravel with stone-bruises on both heels, picked his way through back alleys to hide his poverty, slept in haymows, borne rebuffs and suffered ridicule for his ambition and hopes, and when, in spite of a steady diet of misfortune, he kept right on, growing bigger in heart with every adversity and gentler in spirit as his brain throbbed with a fiercer resolution, and by and by stepped out of darkness into light, out of obscurity into fame, out of poverty into prosperity, and began to roll in clover, it makes me feel as glad as if it was myself.

"But what I started out to say is that very singular accidents sometimes lead the way to a successful career. I once knew two brothers who were logging out in a timber camp. One of them was a fine big fellow, twenty-two years old, and as poor as Job's turkey. He had an idea that he was marked out for something, but he couldn't find the chalk-marks. So he kept sawing wood. One day a log slipped from the cant-hooks, rolled down on him and smashed his feet. That settled that end of him. But in his enforced retirement something waked up in his head. He hadn't been able to borrow any money on his feet, but his head made good collateral and he went to college. To-day from the ankles up he's the biggest kind of success. He got there with both feet, but he had to lose them both to do it.

"One of the saddest days of my life," continued the benevolent-looking man, "was spent in a museum in Rochester. I wasn't one of the attractions. I wandered into the museum because business wasn't very pressing. I wasn't as much engaged as I would like to have been. Time was hanging on my hands, and loafing around until it was beginning to be a nuisance. When a fellow feels as if he was an orphan out of a job in a cannibal island, it's wonderful how blue he can get. There are days in a man's life when he feels as if the folks had gone in and locked the door and left him all alone out on the back steps of a bankrupt universe. He isn't blue—no color can paint his feelings—he just feels like a dog out in a snow-storm looking through a crack in the woodshed at a feather mattress. But why attempt to describe the indescribable? I was in the museum spending the day near

the chamber of horrors. It was so comflogging to see misery in wax.

"By and by I saw a commotion on the other side of the room, and went over to see what it was about. One of the attractions was about to make a speech. He was forty-five, short, stout, and weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He had no feet at all. There was another peculiar thing about this legless man, and that was he had no hands. One arm ended in a pointed spur below his elbow. The other tapered to a point at his wrist. Yet he was a wood-carver and an expert penman. That's right! He could do both beautifully. He was the most cheertful deformity I ever saw. He made us a little speech to the effect that nobody need have any sympathy for him, as he could get along very well without it. Said he, 'I do not miss my hands nor feet, because I never had any, and it is a wonder to me what you people who have them do with them. I eat three square meals every day, have had work all my life, go and come without assistance from anybody, and have just as much fun as any of you.'

"Well, sir, that waked me up. That man would have got there with both feet if he had only had one lung and a backbone left. You can't down a man when his head is running on schedule time. I said to myself then if a man with just enough members to make him look like a hat-rack can get there with both feet, when he never had a foot to his name, what's to hinder a fellow who never knew an ache or a pain from going ahead and being a comfort to his relatives? I went out of there and got a job in a leather-works before the sun went down."

The Candied Date.

THE candied date, as all may see,
Is found quite often up a tree.

The tree's a palm, you understand,
Because he always gives the hand.

The candy that they use to stuff him
Is taffy (when they do not cuff him).

And yet, alas! how very quick 'll
All this sweetness turn to pickle!

How soon, when clerks the figures state,
The candied date is out of date!

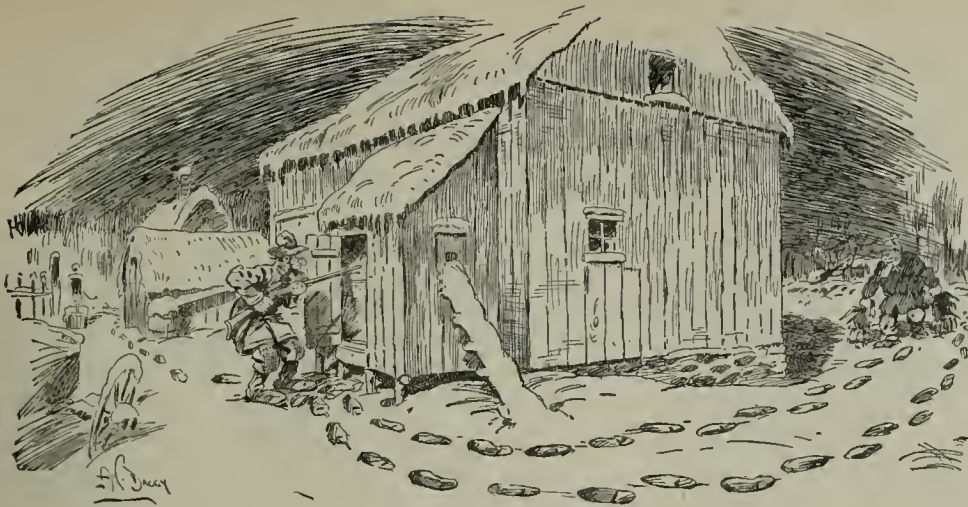
AMOS R. WELLS.

A Bare Possibility.

IT happened that we overheard two servants talking on the train as we went home. Said one,

"Oh, th' wages wor good an' th' wur-rk wor aisy, shure, Oi do be sorry sometimes I left th' place."

It seemed intrusive to listen longer to such an intimate confession. Could it be true? Experience is against it; and yet, and yet, does any of our former cooks look back sadly to her visit to our humble home and wish that it had not ended? Perhaps—perhaps!



A SLY COON.

FARMER JONES—"I thought I neard some one at ther chicken-house, an' they wuz two fellers come in hyar, thet's certain ; but they shorely must hev had wings ter git erway 'thout makin' tracks."
 'RASTUS (in the rear)—"Golly! dis is er close shave. But Ah reckon dis scheme uv walkin' backwards 'll puzzle him long eruff toe let me git erway."

A MIXED FAMILY.

He was a widower and the father of two children, aged respectively five and seven. She was a widow who possessed one young hopeful aged five. They met, and immediately established a mutual-admiration society of two, which resulted in marriage. In the due course of time their family was enlarged by the advent of twins. Returning from business one evening, he was startled by shrieks from the

nursery. Racing up-stairs, he took in the situation at a glance, and a moment later burst in upon his wife.

"Amy, for heaven's sake ! go to the nursery, for your children and my children are trying to murder our children."

THE BEST POLICY.

Mother—"Here, Arthur, is the ten cents I promised you for being vaccinated."

Arthur—"Just give me a nickel, mamma. It only hurt half as much as I thought it would."

EQUALITY.

He (angrily)—"Look at this bill. Forty dollars for perfumery—for mere odors that fade away forever!"

She (calmly)—"Gone to meet the smoke from the last eight boxes of cigars you have consumed during the last three months."

IT'S some min thot don't talk wurds ; they talk carpit-tacks.

THE VANDAL.

IT'S nice to hear the New-year chimes Ring out their symphony of rhymes ; But every rose must have its thorn, And one forgets the year new born When Mr. Damphule toots his horn.

NOT "SENTED."

Small boy—"Mister, I wants a bottle of vaseline."

Drug-clerk—"Do you want scented or un-scented?"

Small boy—"No. I'll fetch it wid me."

THE IMPROVISED MUFF.



I.

Mr. Nith on a warm—



II.

—and a cold day.



KNEW HER FAILING.

THE ARCH FIEND—"Maybe you can find your wife among these restless spirits which you see so sorely driven by the stormy blast."

NEW ARRIVAL (from Chicago)—"I wouldn't wonder. She always was a high-flyer."

Brother Snebecker's Panther.

The Moving Tale of Her Tender Passion, and Her Fierce and Fatal Jealousy

By Ed Mott



MAYBE you didn't know, "Kiar," remarked Solomon Cribber, dropping without provocation into chronicling, "that Uncle David Beckendarter's brother Snebecker was one o' those noble patriots that dropped the plow in the turrew and took up their guns to go forth to do battle at their country's call. Maybe you didn't know that, 'Kiar?'"

"I never heerd nothin' about his droppin' his plow in the furrow," replied 'Kiar Biff, the landlord; "but I remember the day he was drafted."

This seemed to give pleasure to Squire Birkett, from over Hogback, and he hummed a stave or two of that stirring war-chant of '63; "They took him—yes, they took him to the arms of Abraham"; but not even such uncharitable references as these could disturb the equanimity of Solomon Cribber when he was chronicling, and he scorned them and proceeded.

"When Uncle David's brother Snebecker was fightin' and bleedin' in his country's cause," said he, "he was took prisoner one time by a passel of gorillies in the wild mountains down there somewheres. They was polite to him, though, he said, and told him he could turn in and git a good night's sleep, it bein' nearly dark then, 'cause they'd have to hang him pretty early next mornin', bein' as they had to take an early start to git to the next place they was goin', and they give him the privilege o' pickin' out the tree he'd ruther be hung on. He thanked 'em, picked out his tree, and turned in.

"The gorillies had been so polite and considerate that he sort o' hated to do it, but he got to thinkin' how much nicer it 'd be to git back home some time and hear the purlin' murmur of the old Passadanky ag'in than it would to stay in that camp till mornin' jest to hear old Jordan roll, so he concluded that he'd give 'em the slip, and some time durin' the night he managed to do it. As long as he had done it he knowed it behooved to keep a-goin', ter if they follered and ketched him he knowed it 'd go hard with him, and that they wouldn't even give him the privilege of pickin' out his tree. So he did keep a-goin', stumblin' and staggerin' along through the dark, further and further away into the wilderness.

"He kep' a-goin' all that night, and when daylight come he flopped down 'longside of a rock and says to himself,

"I dunno whether they're on my track or not, but I do know that I'm goin' to have a nap, by skeepin', trailin' me or no trailin' me, and be durned to 'em." says he.

"In less than half a minute he was snorin', and he must 'a' been tremendous tired and sleepy, fer when he

went to sleep the sun was jest comin' up, and when he woke up the sun was jest goin' down. He was shiverin' with cold, and seein' that he'd have to have a better place than the outside of a rock to spend the night in, he looked around and see an openin' in the rocks. When he went to git up, though, to see whether that openin' was hig enough to hold him fer the night, he found that he was stiffer and sorer than a foundered horse, and it was all he could do to drag himself to the hole. It was the openin' to a cave as big as a tent.

"This ain't bad," says Uncle David's brother Snebecker. "This 'll do sust rate," says he, and he stretched out and went asleep ag'in.

"When he woke up some time or other in the night he didn't only feel as if every bone in his body was a holler tooth, and achin' the best it knowed how, but he felt as if he mowt be layin' in somethin' like a cider-press, with some one squeezin' of it down. Then he heerd somethin' breathin' as strong as a Passadanky fellow-citizen full o' raftsmen's rum, and turnin' his eyes down along himself he see two balls o' fire shinin' in the darkness, jest over his chist, and felt hot puffs of air strikin' him in the face, reg'lar as the tickin' of a clock. The balls o' fire lit up things so that 'fore long he see that what made him feel as if he was bein' squeezed down in a cider-press was a tremendous big she panther, layin' with a good part of herself on his chist and breathin' in his face, and that the balls o' fire was her eyes glarin' at him.

"This is cheerin'!" says Snebecker. "I've holed up in a panther den, and the panther has ketched me at it! One o' these mountain panthers that ain't never so tickled as when they git a man to eat! This is cheerin'!" says he.

"He didn't have a weapon of any kind, and his j'int was so stiff that he was afeerd he mowt break some of 'em in the rassel if he tackled the panther and went to chokin' her to death, so he kep' his temper and let her lay there, trustin' to somethin' happenin'. By and by the balls o' fire went out, and Uncle David's brother Snebecker knowed the panther had gone to sleep, so he dropped off into another snooze himself. When he woke it was daylight, and the panther had got up and was layin' stretched full length across the openin' o' the cave, lookin' sort o' longin' at Snebecker.

"When she see that Snebecker was awake she riz to her feet, and come to'rds him.

"Wants her breakfast pooty ding early, seems to me!" says Snebecker, put out like Sam Hill to think that she was goin' to begin at him 'fore he hardly had his eyes open yit; then rememberin' that if you look wild beasts in the eye with a bold and unflinchin' look you cow 'em down, he turned setch a look on to this one, and when she come up to him he reached out and tickled her on the head, and smoothed her fur like he would a pet cat's, but

ready all the time to clutch her by the throat and have it out with her if she didn't wilt but went to diggin' pieces out of him fer breakfast.

"But she wilted. She wagged her long tail and rubbed her head ag'in Uncle David's brother Snebecker, and purred till, if the cave 'd had winders in it, Snebecker says, they'd 'a' rattled like all possessed. Then she went off to one side and laid down, and Snebecker got to his feet somehow, and limped around the cave as if he was sort o' settin' things to rights. Then he sauntered keerness-like out o' the cave and tottered along, pretendin' that he was only lookin' the surroundin's over to see how he liked 'em, but thinkin' all the time that mebber he could keep it up till he got out o' the panther's reach. He hadn't gone fur, though, when out she come a-bouncin'. She rounded Snebecker up and headed him off, growlin' fierce and showin' her fangs in a way that didn't leave no doubt in Snebecker's mind as to her meanin'.

"He sot down with his back ag'in a tree and pondered.

"'I'm on the limits, plain enough,' says he. 'She's keepin' me till she wants me. Then she'll take me in. This comes of abusin' the politeness of them gorillies,' says he. 'If I hadn't done that I'd 'a' been calm and peaceful now, 'stid o' sufferin' with these achin' j'int, and with a future that don't reach no further than a panther's maw! It serves me right?' says he.

"The panther laid down nigh him and looked up at him with no more fire in her eyes than if she was a lamb. Snebecker patted her on the neck. She liked it, and rubbed ag'in' him and purred and wagged her tail. By and by she went up a wild plum-tree that stood nigh and crawled out on a limb. It was loaded with ripe wild plums, and Snebecker, bein' hungrier than a wolf by this time, had been wonderin' how he was goin to git some of 'em. She danced on the limb till it broke under her, and she come tumblin' to the ground with it. Then she drug it and laid it in front o' Snebecker, purrin' and waggin' her tail!

"'Consarn her!' says he. 'I ain't fat enough for her, and she's goin' to feed me till I be!' says he.

"But he eat somethin' like a peck o' the plums, all the same, and they put stren'th in him, so that he thought he'd venture on a little stroll ag'in, bein' as the panther was in setch a good humor. Mebbe he could fool her, somehow, he thought, and git away. He walked up along the creek that run by that spot, makin' out that if there was any place on top of earth he'd rather be than another it was right where he was. The panther trotted along close by his side. A hundred yards up the creek stood a big white rock. He limped along till he got there, and if ever Uncle David Beckendarter's brother Snebecker was took back so that he hollered, it was then. Close 'longside the rock laid the skeleton of another feller, bleachin' in the sun. Snebecker stood stock still. So did the panther. Snebecker stared at the remains a spell and then glanced at the panther. The panther was lookin' up at him, Snebecker says, with a knowin' grin on her face and her eyes shinin' green. And what did he read on her face as meanin' o' that look?

"'This is as fur as the feller got!'

"That's what he read on the panther's face, and he turned and started on his limpin' way back, the panther trottin' a little ahead of him, as if she knowed ding well that he would foller. He hadn't took more than a couple o' steps when he see a big dirk-knife, the blade yaller with rust, layin' on the ground. He stooped quick and got it.

"'Hope I'll have better luck with it than t'other feller did!' says he, and he hid it in his clothes.

"When they got back to the cave Snebecker was 'lucked out, and he couldn't 'a' got no further if he'd had the chance, which he didn't, fer the panther stayed close till night come, and then climbin' the tree and pickin' some more plums fer Snebecker, she give a howl and went boundin' away into the wilderness. The creek had a queer-lookin' bottom o' white sand where it flowed nigh the cave, and Snebecker stumbled along down to the creek and brung up a hatful o' the sand and went to scourin' the rust offen the blade o' the knife he had found. After he got it scoured he sharpened it on the rocks. He expected the panther 'd be comin' back some time in the night, and he had an idee. Then he tumbled into the cave and went to sleep.

"But the panther didn't come home that night, nor she wasn't home yit when Snebecker woke up in the mornin'. He peeked out, but she wasn't nowheres around. He was feelin' a little limberer, and he concluded not to wait fer the panther to come home. He thought he'd jest make a dash into the creek and so on down it a ways, so the panther couldn't foller the scent of his tracks. He scooted as fast as he could fer the creek and jumped in, right where the queer white sand-spot was. He hadn't no more than struck it than he begun to sink.

"'Quicksand as sure as bullets!' Snebecker hollered, and he could hear old Jordan rollin' above the roar o' that creek. He sunk and he sunk. He had got down as fur as his arm-pits.

"'Oh!' says Snebecker; 'oh, fer the tree the gorillies let me pick out! Or else fer the maw of the panther!'

"He was down most to his neck in the suckin' sands, when somethin' grabbed him by the collar, and with one, two, three tremendous yanks pulled him out o' the hole and landed him on the solid bank. He come down with a squash, and lookin' up see the panther standin' over him! She had saved his life, and she steered him back to the cave, purrin' like a distant thunder-storm, and rubbin' ag'in' him and waggin' her tail, and lookin' up in his face like a dyin' calf! Then it struck him all in a heap. The panther was sweet on him! She had fell in love with him head over heels! And that was why she didn't want him to get away!

"This was flatterin' and touchin' to Uncle David's brother Snebecker, but it was alarmin'. Could he go stick a knife into her now, partic'larly as she had snatched him out of a livin' grave? And so he dallied there fer days, eatin' the plums and the wild grapes she gathered fer him, and tryin' to git up courage enough to run away, and yit hatin' to do it. But, any way, he got a longin' fer some meat. Wild plums and grapes was all right, but he felt an emptiness that nothin' but meat o' some kind 'd fill. One day, when he was pinin' this way fer meat, a pair o' cooin' wood-pigeons lit in a tree nigh the cave.

Snebecker up with a stone and knocked one of 'em out o' the tree. He didn't kill it, and it fluttered around on the ground. That made Snebecker sorry, much as he wanted meat, and he picked up the bird and held it ag'in his face, and stroked its feathers and talked to it gentle.

"The panther was layin' at the mouth o' the cave, and when she see Snebecker caressin' the pigeon and talkin' soothin' to it, she bounced on to him with a yell that made his blood run cold. She slapped her paws ag'in his chist and snapped at his throat with her red jaws, her eyes flashin' fire. In a second Snebecker tossed the bird away, and with one jab sent his dirk clean to the hilt in the panther's heart. She dropped to the ground, give Snebecker a look that went to his heart most as deep as his dirk had sunk into her'n, and was dead as that bleachin' skeleton

up by the white rock, her ding jealousy havin' been too overpowerin' fer her love, and Snebecker's dirk havin' been p'inted jest right. And there the wounded pigeon, too, laid dead, with its poor mate a mournin' on the limb—and Snebecker without an excuse fer killin' it, fer he had no match to build a fire to cook it. So, takin' it all in all, the tender strings of his heart was tetched so powerful that he sot down and wept floods o' hot and scaldin' tears. Floods o' hot, scaldin' tears!"

"Well, why in Sam Hill," said 'Kiar Biff, "didn't he use 'em to b'ile that pigeon in, then? Seems to me that 'd 'a' eased up on his feelin's about not havin' any match."

But Mr. Cribber had chronicled, and he was not disposed to commit the record to any expression of opinion on 'Kiar's remark, and he did not.

Destiny and the Cow

By Richard S. Graves

DESTINY lurks sometimes in the fence corners, and often where we do not expect to see it. The innocent bystander is shot, and the giant fire-cracker goes off in the hand of the dealer; and oftentimes the man who goes unscathed through a war comes home to be run over and killed by a beer-wagon.

There was McSpadden's cow, for instance. She was a creature nobody thought Destiny would use. She looked like a hide hung on a picket-fence. Her eyes were mild, and the swing of her tail looked like the wave of a wand, but it wasn't. It was equal to a stroke of paralysis. It resembled a well-sweep with a cyclone handling the other end.

Destiny hung about that cow a score of years, hovering around like an impending doom and waiting for a chance at McSpadden. Destiny put out a danger-signal for him every time the cow swung her tail around, but he would not heed a warning. When she swung it and knocked him off the stool he patiently resumed the operation of milking her, though often stunned and blinded. He appeared to be infatuated—or it may have been that he just wanted the milk. He even sang joyously at times. He was used to it.

Anybody could see the hand of Destiny in it after it was all over, but the soothsayer has not been born who could have foretold just how fate intended to ripen McSpadden for the obsequies. He was a large man with a liking for green cucumbers, and nobody would have guessed anything but a case of cholera morbus, with a doctor to do the rest.

McSpadden was a short-sighted man at the best, or he would not have tied a twenty-pound rock to the cow's tail to prevent her from lashing him in the face. A few hours later his clammy corpse was found in the fence corner, and the cow was calmly chewing her cud. Several of the

boards were broken, showing that the cow had stood there and practiced, considering that she had several more throws after he was dead. It may be that she intended to jerk the rock through the air and knock the eternal day-lights out of a fly. However that may be, Destiny got in her work. McSpadden's head was in the way.

It is impossible to understand the hypothesis upon which Destiny works. The good die young, while the tough live on to a ripe old age, burglarizing or practicing law. Sometimes the bravest soldier is kicked to death by a mule. Destiny and dignity do not go hand in hand.

At times it looks as though Destiny is trying to be funny with us.

The Virtuoso.

HE led off with the left and made a dash
At Chopin's nocturne, opus twenty-three,
In A(sia) minor, and 'twas brave to see
Him tackle Liszt's Hungarian goulash.
The grand piano almost went to smash
When Wagner numbers followed fast and free.
The audience heard the weird cacophany,
And, silent, mourned the loss of hard-won cash.
But now the artist makes a fresh assault
Boldly upon the pliant instrument,
And, freed from classicism's hide-bound laws
He pounds the willing keys without a halt.
It is "Bedelia," and the air is rent
With one long, ringing salvo of applause.

EUGENE GEARY.

No Use.

WE meet the extravagant woman at the bargain-counter.

"Why do you spend so much money?" we ask.
"Would it not be well to lay by something for a rainy day?"

With a merry gurgle of laughter she replies, "Goodness, no! I never go shopping on rainy days."



FIRE-Y STEEDS.

Adown the frosty course he speeds
 On wings of wind and ringing steeds,
 Of rnts ahead quite nnaware
 Until his fiery steeds do rear,
 'Too late he cries in mortal terror,
 'Alack! I've made a glaring error."
 Kind reader, pause; the moral's solemn—
 Skate slow and save your spinal column.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL DIALOGUE.

Reverend Dr. Boneshake—"A painful rumor hab reached me dat Brudder Backslide done got tight yesterday. An' he had jes' signed de pledge toe drink nuffin' but watah."

Deacon Setback (dubiously)—"Mebbe he was watah-tight."



The charming maid
 Pretends to wade,
 And uses all her arts,
 But not into the sea she wades—
 She wades into our hearts.

**YVETTE
 GUILBERT.**

MAMZELLE
 YVETTE,
 your chansonette
 Ees very décolleté.
 We just *pretend* to
 comprehend
 Ze naughty things
 you say.

Your pretty face,
 your *chic* and
 grace,
 Hold momentary
 sway,
 And then we blush
 and bid you
 "Hush!"—
 After you've gone
 away.

**IF
 WOMAN HAD
 HER WAY.**

He—"I see they
 are again discussing
 the question, 'What
 shall we do with
 our ex-presidents?'"



"NOT THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT."

It seems to be a difficult problem."
She—"That's just like you men; you are so unpractical in everything.
 If women had a say in the government we would settle it in a jiffy."
He—"How?"
She—"Why, abolish the office of ex-president, of course."

A NEW FASHION.

Mike (going by a house that has the mourning symbol attached to the door-knob)—"Begorra! thot's the first house Oi ive. saw wearin' a necktoie."



**THE AGE OF
 IMPRESSION-
 ISM.**

First artist (patronizingly)—"Van Dike is a good fellow, but he never will be a finished painter."

Second artist—"No; all of his figures are entirely too life-like."

**EMINENT
 PLAYERS.**

"There's a great game of poker going on in that side room."

"Who's playing?"

"A man from Pine Bluff is pitted against a Council Bluffer."

TWO OF A KIND.

The season now
 Has come, alas!
 Of oyster-stews and pastry-cooks;
 She wades not now into our hearts—
 She wades into our pocket-books.

The Summer Band.

A GAIN I hear, dear heart, keep still!
Flock by yourself, in some retreat;
Take to the woods, go chase yourself—
The band is passing down the street.

The flags are up, and in the winds
Then fly the red and white and blue.
The band plays on; but, weary heart,
There's nothing in the air for you.

An Indian, so the legend runs,
Will slow up when he hears a note,
And grow as docile through and through
As any home-fed nanny-goat.

Ah, could he but hear those tunes which
The street-bands call their summer goods—
"B—d—lia" and all kindred stuff—
He'd take instanter to the woods.

F. H. B.

At Larchmont.

She (shuddering)—"Oh, George! I just read that all vessels have rats on them. Is that so?"

He (reassuringly)—"Well, you needn't worry, dear. My boat is a cat-boat."

His Mistake.

Manhattan—"How on earth did it happen that old Rocksby got arrested for highway robbery?"

Broadway—"The old fool forgot himself and tried to practice as an individual the same methods he has always used as the head of a corporation."

The Ins and Outs.

"**N**OW, James," said the business man to the new office-boy, "I want you, the first thing you do, to get acquainted with the ins and outs of this building, for I will want you to run a great many errands from office to office."

James bowed politely and left the room, to be gone all morning. At last his employer sent another boy in search of him. The other boy came back alone.

"Did you find James?" asked the man.

"Yes, sir. He's down stairs, walking around and around in one of the whirling doors. Says you ordered him to get onto all the ins and outs, and there's no end of them."

Winning the Press.

THE temperature was rising rapidly under the commander-in-chief's collar.

"See here!" he said to the man whose duty it was to "fix" the correspondents—in other words, the army press-agent. "The other side is getting more 'space' than we are, and the accounts are more favorable, too. If you value your job you will have to do something at once."

The press-agent's pulse quickened as he realized that at last it was up to him; but his face remained imperturbable and, to use a common expression, he thought like greased lightning. Presently the lucky inspiration arrived.

"We might advertise the next battle in the papers," he suggested nonchalantly.

"Forgive my hasty words!" cried the commander-in-chief, falling on his neck. "I couldn't get along without you. For this you shall be decorated."

The Spice of Variety.

Lady—"Do you always gamble at marbles?"

Kitt—"Not on yer life, lady! I sometimes plays de races an' goes up against de cards."

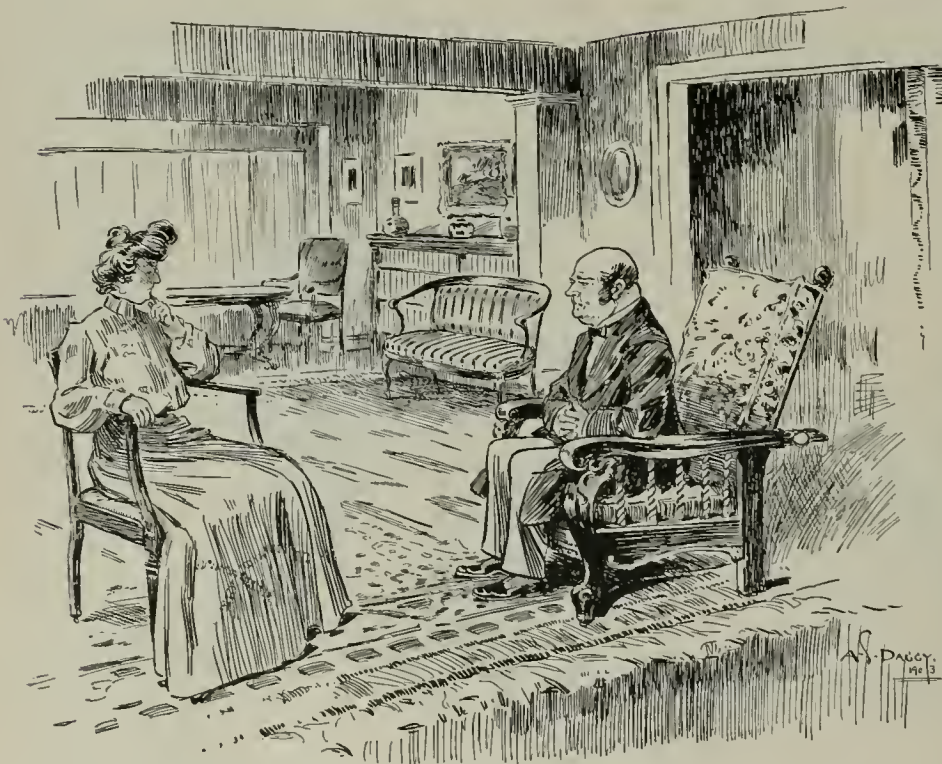
A Retrospect.

WHEN I was one-and-twenty
How bright the whole world shone!

The phrase, "Festina lente,"
Graced not my lexicon.
'Twas then the muse I'd lasso—
My captive could not stray—
And with the soul of Tasso
Send forth my roundelay

Alas! those visions rosy
No longer glad my view,
For now I'm dull and prosy
And bald at forty-two.
A wife, six kids—acuter
The pang grows every day;
For I'm a poor commuter
From Hackensack, N. J.

EUGENE GEARY.



MIGHT CHANGE HIS MIND.

"Was your son graduated as a lawyer?"

"Well, he thinks so now. He hasn't had a case yet, you know."

A BREAKFAST EPISODE.

THE table was set with daintiest care,
 And the buckwheat cakes were light ;
 Yet the mistress's face had a look of pain
 When she took the very first bite.
 " These cakes," she cried, " have a soapy taste.
 Oh, Bridget ! what have you done ?"
 " Shure, mum, th' soapstone griddle is lost.
 So Oi soaped th' other one."

THE FAMILY RECORD.

Bessie (aged five)—" I've got two grandmas—Grandma Vance and Grandma Curr."

Lucy (whose mother has been married twice)—" That's nothing. I've

got three—Grandma Cook, Grandma Brown and Grandma Lawrence."

Bessie—" Why, that ain't so. You can't have more than two grandmas."

Lucy (drawing herself up proudly)—" Yes, 'tis ; we've been married twice."



THE PREMIER'S SMILE.

CLARENCE—" Ah, Mademoiselle Shakallegge smiled upon me most divinely to-night, you know."
 JACK BOWTTOWN—" Quite likely. She has children of her own."

AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

" Mr. Clerman," she said softly and tenderly to the assistant rector, " I have a very particular favor to ask."

" I shall be happy to grant it if I can," he replied.

" On Tuesday next I would like—if you will—for you to say a special prayer—the prayer for those who are on the sea."

" Certainly, Miss Richly ; and to what foreign port do you sail ?"

" ' am going to Staten Island."



LITERARY TERM.
A "pen" picture.



ANOTHER CASE OF RETRIBUTION.

This is the punishment due the musical genius who on earth had the room next to you, and practised thirteen hours a day.

THE BUSY BUMBLE-BEE AND THE GUZZLING GOSLING.



1.
A guzzling gosling observes a busy bumble-bee—



2.
—and tries to put him out of business.—



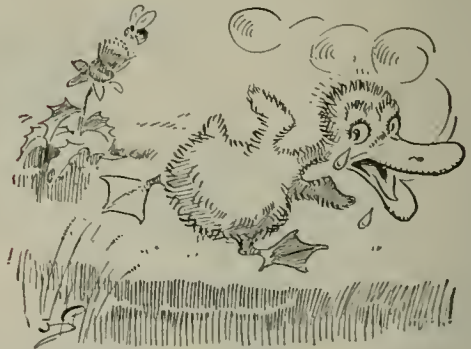
3.
— But the busy bumble-bee objects, and —



4.
—gets extremely busy with the gosling—



5.
—then returns to business again, leaving the gosling—



6.
—a sadder but wiser bird.

It Interfered.

“HOW did Bluster happen to let all his business get away from him?” asks the sympathetic friend.

“Oh,” explains the hard-headed acquaintance, “he got so busy writing articles on ‘how to succeed’ that he didn’t have time to look after his own affairs.”

His Title.

IT WAS the twenty-second of February, and Aguinaldo sat wrapped in thought.

“They call me a modern Washington,” he mused, “and it is certainly true; for”—he glanced at his map—“I get farther off my country every day.”

Quashing an Alibi.

Defense advocate—“Sir, the officer charged with being intoxicated while on duty is above the breath of suspicion.”

Police commissioner—“Sir, your statement is ill-timed; the accused is even at this moment munching cloves.”

THE Light Brigade was making its famous charge. “This is bully!” exclaimed the soldiers as they rushed smilingly to death. “Seems like the good old college-football days.”

With a final “‘Rah, ‘rah, ‘rah!” they gave as close an imitation as possible of the real thing.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

By DWIGHT SPENCER ANDERSON



HE blew into my law-office like a cyclone out of the north-west.

"I am Mrs. Tivvers," she said, and shook her curls. Those curls may have been forty years old, or only twenty, depending on where she bought them.

Mrs. Tivvers took a chair and, deftly patting her side-combs once or twice, cleared her throat. "I want a divorce," she said. Then she folded her arms and looked at me in triumph.

"Please state the facts briefly," I replied.

"Well, sir, I don't mind telling you we never—*never* got along well. On the very day of the wedding a feeling came over me that a great mistake had been made. I was well aware there would be trouble and told him so. He said not to worry and everything would come out all right. But what a change came over him after the wedding! I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with these two eyes. And him so soft and nice when he was courting, and saying such lovely things about summer skies and moons! That was a year ago."

I glanced at her curls. "A year ago?"

"Just. But now everything is different. He never speaks except to order me out of his way or to swear at me. Oh, I knew it would turn out this way; I knew it! No longer ago than this very morning he told me I was so terribly ugly I ought to be afraid to look in a mirror. That's a lie, isn't it?"

"Any feeling of fear," I replied, "is cowardly."

"Of course it is. Do you know, the only thing I blame myself for is not having sense enough to put a stop to the whole business at the beginning. Heaven knows there isn't a woman in all the length and breadth of this broad land who's done more for her children than I have. There's John—he's dead, poor soul! and he died so peaceful—you just ought to have seen him. I stood that trial well, sir, considering my great loss. And my son, James—ah, he's the joy of my heart! He has been a good son to me and is now getting his reward. He's a plumber. And he don't drink—not a drop; not—a—drop!"

"The divorce"—

"Lizzy," she went on contentedly, "Lizzy's my daughter. She lives with us. Of course she don't know I came to see a lawyer. Don't you tell her, will you?"

"No; I won't."

"She thinks I came down town to buy tea; she don't

know good tea from bad. A nice girl, I can tell you that, but she don't know much. She gets that trait from her father's people, who came of the Johnson stock, and everybody knows what a pack of fools they are."

"Mrs. Tivvers," I interrupted somewhat brusquely, "what are the specific grounds for your divorce?"

"Grounds? Why, he called me a liar and swore at me. What more do you want?"

"That's enough," I replied, "to constitute cruelty under the statutes made and provided. But we might, perhaps, make a stronger point if we could show violence. Has your husband threatened any actual bodily injury?"

"My husband?"

"Yes."

"My husband?"

"Of course."

"Didn't I tell you he's been dead these fourteen years? It's not my husband I want the divorce for. Land sakes! what made you think that? It's Lizzy's husband—the worthless rag-picker! He ain't fit to live. Why, whenever I try to correct him and show him his faults, and give him the benefit of twenty-eight years of married life and the bringing up of four children to lead splendid lives—except John, poor soul!—he tells me to go away and shut my face! I'll stand it no longer. I want a divorce."

"Mrs. Tivvers," I said gently, "you misapprehend the law."

"Sir?"

"I wish to convey the idea that divorce proceedings can be brought only by the husband or wife."

"You mean Lizzy would have to come down here herself?"

"Yes."

"Why, that's the trouble—she won't do it! Goodness me! I tried hard enough to get her. But she's just that wrapped up in him she can't see his faults."

"Then you had better go back and do the best you can."

"Go back? Without the divorce? *Me?* Gracious! Peters! Sakes! You don't know Elizabeth Tivvers, or you wouldn't talk that way. I'll have the law on 'em. I'll get a divorce."

"Not any," I suggested.

"Ha—so you side in with them, do you? I suppose you're paid to say that—you'd say anything you were paid for—everybody knows what lawyers are. But I'll have the law on 'em, you see. And I'll find out if a respectable woman like me can be insulted by a two-for-a-cent lawyer like you! There's law in this land somewhere, and I'm going to get it."

She marched out of my office with firm tread and inquired of a man in the hall the way to a police-station.

The Sainted Grandmother

WHEN I was quite a child
My moments were beguiled
By listening to tales I thought were true,
Of what, in days gone by,
Ere the world was so awry,
My wonderful grandmother used to do.

She stayed at home, they said,
With her needle and her thread,
And worked, worked, worked from early morn till
night ;
She baked and boiled and stewed,
Washed and ironed, scrubbed and brewed,
And did those things (my ma) considered right.

She went to church, of course,
Praised the Lord till she was hoarse,
And always kept her bible in plain view ;
She kept the children clean.
And she had, I think, thirteen,
And often thought (ma says) these were too few.

The order to "obey"
She considered right, the day
When grandmother was married long ago ;
And that (ma says) is quite,
What she thinks is, just and right,
And well for every girl like me to know.

But now that I am grown,
Spite of ma, I'll have to own,
That my grandmother's great virtues do not please ;
For the things that she did do
I have greatly added to.
And some, which ma forgot (of course), are these—

She used to chop the wood,
Wore an old red-flannel hood,
And smoked a corn-cob pipe just like a man ;
She fed her kids on mush,
Spanked them with a shoe or brush,
And let her husband call her "Sary Ann."

She used to milk the cows,
Pitch the hay down from the mows,
And trembled when she asked her "lord" for pelf ;
She made his "pants" and "jeans,"
Let him boss her ways and means,
And wore out all his cast-off clothes herself.

Now I say, without restraint,
Grandma may have been a saint—
A thing I have not doubted all the while ;
But I guess, in spite of ma,
You will have to wander far
Ere you catch this child acquiring grandma's style

LURANA W. SHELDON.

Strange Run of Numbers

"ODD how one particular number will seem to be connected with the fate of some particular person, is it not?" asked the man with the incandescent whiskers of the man with the underdone nose.

"Yes," answered the man with the underdone nose. "Now, there was Finley Marigger, down our way. He was born on the sixth day of the month, grew to be six feet tall, had six children, and died on the sixth day of the week, worth six million dollars."

"Rather strange," said the man with the incandescent whiskers ; "but it isn't a circumstance compared to Tennyson Ten Eycke, a fellow I used to know. He was born on the tenth day of the tenth month, in the tenth year after his parents were married. He was always a tender-hearted boy, and at ten years of age he lost ten fingers and toes altogether by trying to save ten kittens that had been thrown in front of a train of ten cars on the tenth siding in the railway yards at ten-ten a. m. Ten years later he was married to Tennie Tendall, whose father owned ten business blocks, each ten stories high. They were divorced in ten weeks, and he married a girl named Tenwick, who lived ten miles from Teneriffe. They got room ten at a hotel on their bridal-tour, which began on the tenth day of the month, and the hotel collapsed at ten o'clock at night, and ten hours later they dug them out, and she was dead. He mourned her for ten days only, and was then married to a widow woman by the name of Tengerrow. She eloped with a man named Tennally ten minutes after they were married. It went along that way

until Ten Eycke had married ten wives, and he was perfectly happy with the tenth."

"That certainly is remarkable," observed the man with the underdone nose.

"Yes. And in addition to all that Tennyson Ten Eycke was the most tender-hearted man you ever knew, in spite of his misfortunes. Also, he was the champion tennis-player; but at golf it always took ten strokes for him to put the ball in the hole, and as a usual thing he lost ten balls in every game. He died ten years ago, having been shot ten times by a man who disputed a debt of ten dollars and ten cents."

The man with the underdone nose cast a glance of suspicion at the man with the incandescent whiskers.

"And," he mused, "I suppose they buried Ten Eycke in a grave ten feet deep and ten miles from nowhere, and the tender tendrils of ten of the tenderest vines are tentatively twining over his ten-year-old tomb."

Then the man with the incandescent whiskers ordered some ten-cent cigars, and they smoked for ten minutes.

A Failing of History.

Freddie—"Why is it said that history can't be written until years after the event?"

Cobwigger—"Because, my boy, if it was written at the time it occurred it would probably be true."

Ted—"When she was young she was always running after the men."

Ned—"That explains why she never caught one."

NOT SO BAD.



I.

LITTLE WILLIE—"It must be awful to be an orphan like you, Jimmy."

BY A BACHELOR MAID.

There are two things women are supposed to jump at—a mouse and an offer of marriage.



II.

JIMMY—"Oh, I don't know!"



A LENTEN PSALM.

Old Mrs. Lantry
 Went to a pantry
 To get her dog something to eat.
 'Twas the first day of Lent,
 No butcher was sent,
 And so the poor dog had no meat.

THE SMALL BOY'S POSER.

The grammar class had had "army" to parse, and being of one accord had parsed it as being in the masculine gender.

The long-suffering teacher had for fifteen minutes expended her gray matter in an eloquent and logical statement proving to the juvenile intellect that the horses, arms, accoutrements, commissary supplies and other paraphernalia of an army technically make it neuter gender. One budding mind refused to be convinced.

"Well, Harry?"

"Please, ma'am, do women ever go to war?"

"N-not very often, Harry."

"And is 'army' always neuter gender?"

"Yes—grammatically considered."

"Please, ma'am, what gender is the salvation army?"



SINFUL.

FIRST DRUMMER—"I've just gotten home from my first trip west, and I tell you Cincinnati is the most wicked place I ever struck."

SECOND DRUMMER—"Yes; they are thinking about changing its name to Sinsinnati."



WONDERFUL.

"I often wonder if my husband loves me in the same old way."

"Does he act as if he did?"

"Yes."

"Then it's no wonder you wonder."

A HORSELESS WAGON.

The long-legged yap from the Jersey highlands bounced around a corner into Broadway, up from the market regions, and landed in front of a serene and majestic policeman.

"Ah, there!" exclaimed the cop, startled by the innovation.

"Wow!" snorted the Jerseyman.

"What's the matter?"

"I've been imposed on by a chap down the street there."

"Buncoed?"

"Worse."

"What?"

"Feller come up where I was sellin' truck an' wanted to know ef I wanted to see one o' them horseless wagons, 'cause ef I did I'd better run round on the next street mighty quick. Said it was goin' by an' I'd have to hurry. I liked to run a lung out gittin' there, an' what do you think I seen?"



TRULY GREAT.

ETHEL—"Who was that man you just bowed to?"
PENELOPE—"That was Dobson, the great composer."
ETHEL—"A composer, did you say?"
PENELOPE—"Yes; he manufactures soothing-syrup."

"A horseless wagon, I suppose," responded the officer, with that sublime faith in the straightforwardness of the city man in his relations to his rural brother which always characterizes city men.

"Yes, but not the kind I was thinkin' about," said the Jerseyman in deep disgust. "It wa'n't nothin' but a wagon with a pair o' mules hitched to it, an' dern pore mules at that."

After weeping a few silent tears the policeman sought to comfort the visitor from across the river.

NOT EXPLICIT.

She told me yesterday she'd write,
And now I'm filled with gloom,
No letter 's come. Alas for me!
She did not say to whom.

JUST THE PLACE.

Mrs. Youngbride—"Oh, Ferdy! I believe there's a cinder in my eye."

Mr. Younggroom (soothingly)—"Well, dear, your 'Nandy will take it right out when we get to the next tunnel."



IRONY.

He engaged passage on this ship because they set such a good table.



EXPLANATORY.

FAHEY—"Wake er weddin', Kelly?"
 KELLY (*faintly*)—"Chrishtenin'."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Drummer—"How did it happen that the amateur dramatic performance, night before last, raised such a large sum of money for charity?"

Squam Corners merchant—"Why, at the end of the first act all the people who had paid fifty cents apiece to get in rose and chipped in another dollar apiece to have the performance stop then and there."

A RULE FOR THE SUBURBANITE.

As you discover the defects in your new house don't swear at the contractor. He's got the laugh as well as the money, and you'd just as well be cheerful too.



A HANDICAP.

FIRST MUTE—"Why didn't you answer me yesterday when I spoke to you from across the street?"

SECOND MUTE—"I couldn't. You had passed by before I could get my mittens off to speak to you."

A CASE OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

Mr. Montgomery was making his way across the floor of a small ball-room which he had just entered.

The room was comfortably filled with scions of old families who were enjoying a private hop. Mr. Montgomery was attracting considerable attention, and he was aware of this fact.

The trouble was that he could not account for it. He was a child of a noble race himself, and at no time in his life did his inborn dignity shine more conspicuously than now.

He had passed the early part of the evening with convivial friends, but he did not connect this fact in any way with the interest that was being shown in his promenade.

Others did, for the truth was that, the night being stormy, Mr. Montgomery had raised his umbrella previous to his entrance, and was still holding this useful article over his head, apparently with the idea that its removal would be the ruin of his dress-suit.

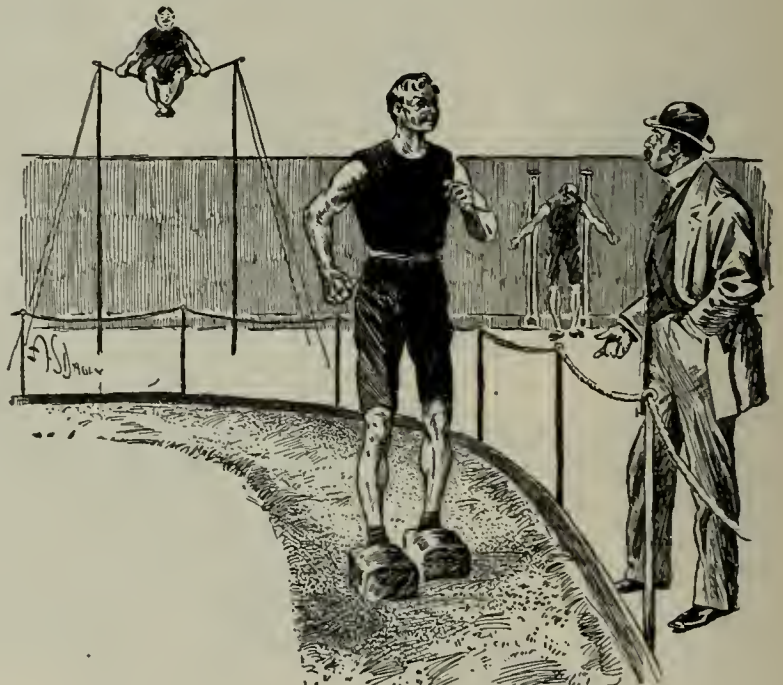
THERE is only one path which leads to the house of forgiveness—that of understanding.



QUITE NATURAL.

MRS. MCFEEGAN—"Shure Moike, yez black oye do be turnin' grane."

MR. MCFEEGAN—"An' whoy wudn't it? Oi got it from an Oirishmon on Saint Patrick's day."



TRAINING.

AMICUS—"Why have you fastened those iron blocks to your feet?"

MR. C. O. MUTER—"I am practicing the suburban resident's exercise. It is intended to develop the muscles of the legs so that one can walk about in Jersey without getting stuck in the mud."



WHY DOES A HEN, ETC. ?

SI—"Say, Clem, what 's this ol' joke about a hen crossin' the road? Why does she?"

CLEM—"Well, fust, because she wants to get on the other side. Second, because she don't want to stay on the side she 's on any longer, and lastly, because you 're after her for a mess o' pot-pie."

A Lively Train-load.

LAST week a train-load of insane persons was removed from the Oshkosh asylum to the Madison asylum. As the train was standing on the side track at Watertown junction it created considerable curiosity. People who have ever passed Watertown junction have noticed the fine old gentleman who comes into the car with a large, square basket, peddling pop-corn. He is one of the most innocent and confiding men in the whole world. He is honest and he believes that everybody else is honest.

He came up to the depot with his basket, and seeing the train, he asked Pierce, the landlord there, what train it was. Pierce, who is a most diabolical person, told the old gentleman that it was a load of members of the legislature and female lobbyists going to Madison. The pop-corn man believed the story, and went into the car to sell pop-corn.

Stopping at the first seat, where a middle-aged lady was sitting alone, the pop-corn man passed out his basket and said,

"Fresh pop-corn!"

The lady took her foot down off the stove, looked at the man a moment with eyes glaring and wild, and said,

"It is--no, it cannot be--and yet it is me long-lost duke of Oshkosh," and she grabbed the old man by the necktie with one hand and pulled him down into the seat, and began to mow pop-corn into her mouth.

The pop-corn man blushed, looked at the rest of the passengers to see if they were looking, and said, as he re-

placed the necktie knot from under his left ear and pushed his collar down,

"Madam, you are mistaken. I have never been a duke in Oshkosh. I live here at the junction."

The woman looked at him as though she doubted his statement, but let him go.

He proceeded to the next seat, where a serious-looking man rose up and bowed; the pop-corn man also bowed and smiled as though he had met him before. Taking a paper of pop-corn and putting it in his coat-tail pocket, the serious man said,

"I was honestly elected president of the United States in 1876, but was counted out by the vilest conspiracy that ever was concocted on the earth, and I believe you are one of the conspirators," and he spit on his hands and looked the pop-corn man in the eye. The pop-corn man said he never took any active part in politics, and had nothing to do with that Hayes business at all. Then the serious man sat down and began eating pop-

corn, while two women on the other side of the car also helped themselves to the contents of the basket.

The pop-corn man held out his hand for the money, when a man two seats back came forward and shook hands with him, saying,

"They told me that you would not come, but you have come, Daniel, and now we will fight it out. I will take this razor and you can arm yourself at your leisure." The man reached into an inside pocket of his coat, evidently for a razor, when the pop-corn man started for the door, his eyes sticking out two inches.

Every person he passed took a paper of pop-corn; one man grabbed his coat and tore one tail off, another took his basket away, and as he rushed out on the platform the basket was thrown at his head, and a female voice said,

"I will be ready when the carriage calls at eight."

As the old gentleman struck the platform and began to arrange his toilet he met Fitzgerald, the conductor, who asked him what was the matter. He said Pierce told him that crowd was going to the legislature.

"But," says he, as he picked some pieces of paper collar out of the back of his neck, "if those people are not delegates to a Democratic convention, then I have been peddling pop-corn on this road ten years for nothing, and don't know my business."

Fitz told him they were patients going to the insane-asylum.

The old man thought it over a moment, and then he picked up a coupling-pin and went looking for Pierce.

JAMES H. KIRK, HUSTONTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

A Philadelphia Ghost

By William J. Lampton



IT WAS a girl who was talking.

When a girl talks she sometimes says things, and she sometimes does not.

The heroine of this small chronicle was saying something.

It had goose-flesh bumps all over it, and made the trembling listener feel the snivers down his spine and gave him the nervous wriggies.

It was in the way she told it, and cannot be transferred successfully to type.

As far as may be interpreted, her story ran in this wise :

"Oh, girls!" she said breathlessly, "you know Philadelphia, and how staid and demure it is? You never would think of seeing a ghost

there, would you?"

"If we did," ventured one of the maidens, "it would wear a drab suit and a poke bonnet. Wouldn't that be the funniest ghost that ever walked?"

A young actress, a few weeks on the road and home again, sighed.

"But this one wasn't," continued the narrator. "However, let me go on with my story. It was in December and at a house in one of the beautiful by-towns of the Quaker City, though part of it, and there was a house-party of us. We were ten in all, and the second evening the eleventh came in the person of a tall, gangling Herr Professor, only long enough in this country to try to speak English and wonder why polite people smiled and the other kind laughed right out. The weather had been delightful for a week before our coming, and it was very pleasant, as early December often is, up to the day after the professor came."

"Were you camping in the street?" inquired a precise young woman who seemed to have lost a cog from the continuity of the story.

"Of course not," twittered the fair raconteuse. "I became so interested in my theme that I forgot the links of it. We had our house-party in a house, and it was one of those quaint old houses that have funny little windows, a big brass knocker on the front door, and—a ghost chamber. If there is anything that is absolutely necessary in a house like that to complete its character it is a ghost chamber. This one was complete, and I had the ghost chamber. It was my choice, too; for, if there is one thing more than another that I was utterly destitute of, it was a belief in ghosts. A mouse could play more havoc with my nervous system in a minute than all the ghosts could in weeks and weeks. I never would have gone into that room if I had been told that it was the uncanny custom of a mouse to

wander there through the night watches and address itself to any intruder who dared to pass the night near its haunts. But a ghost was different. I defied ghosts, great and small. This chamber was in a wing of the house some distance from the rooms occupied by the others of the party, which made it more interesting."

Three girls simultaneously shuddered and murmured, "Ugh!"

"When the Herr Professor came there wasn't any place for him except up stairs over the wing in a little room at the end of the hall, and the way to get there passed my door. But of course the professor didn't know this. He knew he had to pass a door, but he didn't know whose it was. Indeed, he didn't know it was anybody's, because when he came the door was open as if the room were unoccupied, for I was off for that night and a day with some cousins in town. The servants always left the room open, so as to give the ghostly haunt a thorough airing—as if ghosts cared about ventilation. I did not return until nine o'clock in the evening, and just as I came in the whole crowd was laughing over the Herr Professor and the odd kind of a man he was. As for him, he had retired to his room in the wing to rest. We had a jolly time until eleven o'clock, and though the girls tried to coax me to stay with them, I insisted on going in with the ghosts. They tried to frighten me as I went along the hall, but I was brave and reached my room safely. There nothing disturbed me, of course. Nothing ever does when one is good and brave, I thought, and I went to sleep without so much as locking my door.

"Now comes the queer part of my story"—several of the listeners showed signs of being glad a climax was in sight. "It must have been two o'clock in the morning when I was awakened by the wind blowing, and I felt that it had grown very much colder. It was so cold, in fact, that I was compelled to get up and take out an extra blanket which had been provided for just such a change, for one never knows what is June and what December in this climate. As far as ghosts were concerned, I never thought of them. The cold floor I had to walk on to the closet where the blanket was gave me more trouble. That is, I didn't think of ghosts at first, but ghosts are peculiar, so I had been told, and this particular one was no exception. When I jumped back into the warm place in bed and cuddled up under the extra blanket, I hadn't more than begun to enjoy it when I heard a strange noise. It was as soft as a velvet footfall and came from I knew not where. As the wind blew in fiercer blasts I would lose the sound, but it came again with the lull and seemed to fill the whole room. A little light came through the windows from a pale and sickly moon, and I could see faintly, but it revealed nothing. The presence was audible, not visible. Finally the sound stopped at my door, and then for the first time I became nervous, and in an instant frightened. I shivered under the blanket which

had been so nice and warm a minute before, and, not knowing what else to do, I sat up in bed and stared at the door, which I knew was not locked. I could barely make it out, for what light came in was from the windows on my side of the room, and I was in the dark. A great blast of wind shook the house and just at that moment the door began to open slowly.

"There is nothing, I think, quite so disturbing to one's nerves as to see a door coming open slowly when you don't know what makes it do it. I don't know why I didn't think it was a burglar, but I didn't. I knew there were such things as burglars, and I was quite as certain there were no ghosts, but I thought now only of ghosts. But I was not allowed to think long about anything. The door swung wide, and there, gray and grim and fearful in the shadows, stood a figure all in misty white, as high as the door, it seemed to me, and peering curiously into the room. What else could it do but gaze in the direction of the intruder on its sacred domains, and what else would it do but follow its stony stare? The thought of it nearly deprived me of what little sense I had left, but enough remained to prompt me to hide myself, if possible, and I sank quietly back among the pillows and waited for the dreadful thing to do its worst. Goodness knows why I didn't faint, but I didn't. I tried to scream, but, like a nightmare, it took away all power, and I lay shivering and still. In the meantime the shape had been coming nearer, and I began to think I could feel its cold breath on my face as I lay there unable to turn away from it. At last it came to the foot of the bed, where it stopped and lifted its hands, as ghosts do, as if groping for something beyond its reach. Then suddenly it caught the covering on the bed, and with a sudden swish of it I was left with only a sheet over me, and the ghostly visitant stalked silently out of the room as mysteriously as it had come.

"By this time I was frightened almost into spasms, but I did not want to alarm the house, and especially my hostess, who was dreadfully nervous. So, after freezing for some time, I was brought sufficiently back to the physical world to realize that I would catch pneumonia where I was, and I mustered up courage enough to get out of bed and light my lamp. I was afraid to go into the hall, but I wasn't afraid to lock the door and slide all the movable furniture against it, which I did. Then I built up a roaring fire in the big old-fashioned grate, and having put on all the clothing I could find, and wrapping myself in all the rugs in the room, I curled up on the sofa and felt more comfortable. Light and warmth have a very beneficial effect on ghost-shaken systems. The ghost, though, was not explained away, and I was wondering how I was going to tell the hostess in the morning, or whether I should tell her at all, or not. Thinking it all over I went to sleep in my rugs, and when I opened my eyes again it was broad day and the maid was knocking at my door. I let her in through the barricade as best I could and told her nothing, though I could see she was very curious and every now and then looked over her shoulder nervously, as if she expected to see something that would not be pleasant to the sight. I explained to her that the lock would not hold and that the wind was so strong the door came open during the night until I barricaded it. That was true enough, too, for it did come open.

"When I went down to breakfast my appearance called forth all kinds of queries, and there were repeated questions as to whether or not the ghost had visited me. If not, whatever could be the matter, they insisted. I know I looked a sight, as they say in the rural districts, and I think I must have felt as I have heard young fellows say they did the morning after, but I evaded direct explanations as best I could. The persecution stopped only when the Herr Professor came down and we all went into the breakfast-room. Then the conversation turned upon the sudden change in the weather during the night, and our hostess was very solicitous about the comfort of her guests. The girls were secondary to the Herr Professor, however, and before any of us could say anything, the hostess directed her inquiries to him. He smiled effusively and bowed low over his plate. He talked and made a dozen protestations a minute that he had slept delightfully. I don't know what he didn't say, and I wouldn't, for the world, try to say it as he did; but out of it all I gathered the startling information that when he first awoke he was very, very cold, but he remembered the room below was unoccupied, and he had noticed that there was plenty of cover on the bed there, and when he was fully awake he had slipped down stairs in his nightie as quiet as a very little mouse, so as to disturb no one, and had taken the covers off and carried them to his own room, where he found them ample for his most delightful and refreshing sleep in the elegant mansion of his most charming hostess.

"There was a lot more of the same Ollendorff method of telling a thing," concluded the girl, "but I didn't want to hear a word of it. And I didn't tell a soul in that house-party a single thing about ghosts, either, until the Herr Professor was a thousand miles away and the rest of us were separating to go to our homes. The horrid wretch! and why I didn't think of him first, for the life of me I can't understand, unless there is a ghost really there and I was under its baneful influence. Ugh!"

"Ugh!" echoed all the others, but it wasn't very weird.

Fame Is Up to Date.

FAME lures us on with beckoning hand, but we affect to spurn the invitation.

"Come," Fame pleads. "Life for you shall be made joyous. You shall have a bed of roses."

Still we demur. At this Fame becomes practical.

"Look here," Fame says; "take that bed of roses and sleep on it thirty nights. If you don't say that it is the best bed you ever had I'll pay the return freight on it."

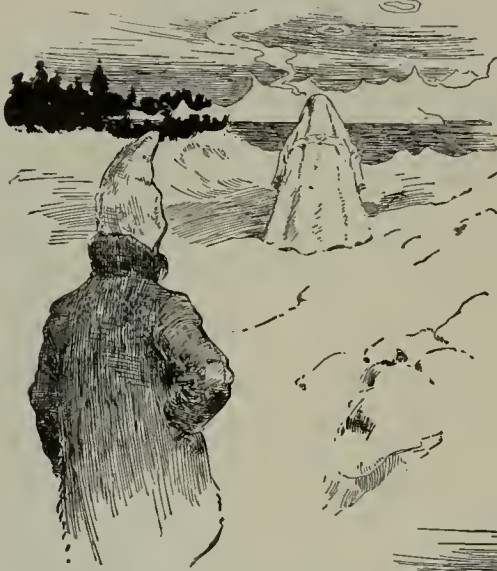
After that there was nothing for us to do but to hike along the path of glory, was there?

Why She Wept.

"**B**UT, my dear," protests the young husband, "you have paid fifty-six dollars for this Easter bonnet, when I asked you not to exceed twenty-five."

"Yes, love," she explains; "but, don't you see, the fifty-six-dollar one was marked down from seventy-two, and the twenty-five-dollar ones were only marked down from thirty. I saved sixteen dollars instead of only five. You—you ought to commend me instead of—boo-hoo!—of—of scolding me."

A GENUINE SURPRISE.



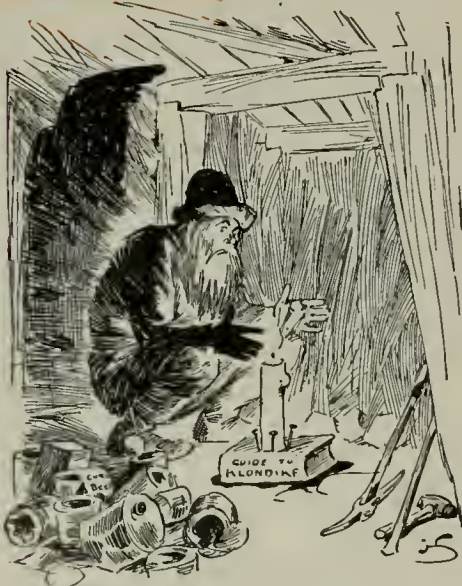
I. KLONDIKER — "Hallo! There's the smallest tent I've seen in the diggin's. As it seems to be inhabited I guess I'll knock—"

HER REASON.

"Yes," said the widow; "I shall paint the house yellow for dear George's sake. He liked the color, and—and you know he died of liver trouble."

AN ANOMALY.

Love is the most peculiar thing
You ever heard about,
For often when you've fallen in
You very soon fall out.



SUPERLATIVE ADVERSITY.

MINER—"Oh, dear; if I eat the candle I'll freeze to death. If I don't eat it I'll starve to death,"

BITTER BLASTS.

M IDWINTER—br-r-r-th biting blast!
Old Boreas shows his hand at last—
A flush of spades drawn from cold
deck,

A case of freeze-out in the neck.
His mild appearance is a frost,
He hugs the hobo tempest-tossed.
Alas! poor men, we have our troubles.
When he blows round—get out your shovels
And Klondike forth in wintry rig
And, saying little, simply dig
The silent snowdrop fallen down
Upon your portion of the town;
And cleaning that hold not aloof,
There's more to juggle on your roof;
And finished that—you've yet more woes,
You e'en must dig a path for clothes,
For wifey says, in her sweet way,
It must be made—it's washing day,
And adding, with most fiendish smirk,
How much she loves to see you work.
Your answer—we must not comment
Till snow again, you may repent.



PERPLEXITY.

Where can a man get shingles
for the roof of his mouth?
How can you dam a creek in
your back?
Where can a man get a key to
fit a lock of his hair?
Or a strap for the drum of his
ear?
How do they build the bridge
of the nose?
What jewels do you wear in the
crown of your head?
How deep is the pit of your
stomach?
Where can a man buy a cap
for his knee?
How can you sharpen the blade
of your shoulder, or take a tip of the
finger, or tell a crook of the elbow,
or catch the sole of your foot?



II. —and see who owns the fire in there."

JUST LIKE A MAN.

"Oh, Clarence!" exclaimed Mrs. McBride as her brother entered the house, "baby's cut a tooth."

"Why do you let her play with knives?" asked the unimpressed bachelor brother.

SUFFICIENT REASON.

Bobby—"If God sends babies round why didn't mamma pick out a prettier one?"

Paul—" 'Cause I s'pose she knew beggars shouldn't be choosers."

PHWAT is th' politic-kle sivat, is it? It's phwat we're all afther, me b'y.



III. THE OCCUPANT OF THE TENT (a *secona later*)—"Mornin', stranger. Derved cold, ain't it?"

King of Unadilla and the Fair Maid

By Howard R. Garis



DDDS turnips!" exclaimed the king of Unadilla, monarch of that merry realm where the only concern of the ruler was to devise ways and means for preventing Father Time from foreclosing his mortgage. "Odds turnips! But affairs are far from keen. Send for the drawer of the corks; let the master of the merry grape-stained maidens attend us; summon the purveyor of pilsner and let us see if we cannot loosen things up a bit. They are a trifle too tight."

Somewhat absently, it may have been, the king put his hand

to his head, for there had been elevated capers at the royal rathskeller the previous evening.

"It shall be done as you desire, your extreme elevated top-loftiness," said the secretary of the interior, who, in plain language, was the cook—the title having been conferred on him when he asked for a raise of salary. The king remarked that it came cheaper and conveyed no false impression at that. The secretary of the interior, bowing low, went from the presence.

"How is the imperial imposition this morning?" asked the lord of the cash-box, as the secretary emerged from the gold-and-ivory audience chamber.

"Seems to be feeling a little frazzled around the edges, and a little under-done inside," replied the secretary of the interior.

"Hadn't ought to, seeing he won one dollar and thirty-seven cents from me last night," commented the lord of the cash-box. "I've got to sneak out the crown jewels and put them to soak, so's to be able to get through the week until pay-day. But what's doing?"

"He wants excitement!" exclaimed the secretary. "Says things are tight. Needs some new kind of dope, is the way I pipe it off."

"Can't get any results from the old brand of absinthe and laudanum, eh? Where do you suppose he'll break out next?" asked the lord of the cash-box.

"Well, he's sent for the drawer of the corks, and after the stuff gets to working he may propose a trip to the moon or a voyage to the north pole. It depends on how it operates."

It was not long before those connected with the court of Unadilla were put out of suspense. The king sent out word that he was going to hold a cabinet meeting, and when the attachés were in attendance each one endeavored to avoid taking a seat in the first row. For sometimes

it was not wise to come directly under the monarch's gaze. Gloomily the king of Unadilla looked over his retinue.

"You're worse than a lot of petrified cave-dwellers of the stone age," he began, "and as for those dried-up mummies of the Rameses brand, they were ace-high compared to this bunch. You haven't any more ideas than the colored sections of a Sunday newspaper. Why, even a graft scandal, that would need investigation by a special legislative committee, would be exciting compared to the present state of things.

"I've got to be recreated, that's all there is to it," the ruler continued. "If you folks can't earn your salaries you can hand in your resignations and we'll start a new political party."

"But," your serene impressiveness," broke in the secretary of the interior. "But"—

"But me no buts," exclaimed the king, and he felt better at having quoted some author, though he couldn't tell whether it was Shakespeare or B. Shaw. "If you can't think up something funny, don't come in," went on the monarch. "I'll tell you what it is. I'll give this bunch three days to get up a new card, and if there's nothing doing in three days—why it's all of you to the axe," and the king lighted a cork-tipped cigarette that smelled like a Chinese joss-stick and indicated that the audience was at an end.

There were bitter murmurings throughout the court. Each official felt he had been badly treated, and there was harshness in the hearts of several toward the king. Two days passed, but, think as they did, no one at the court could evolve anything that they dared broach to their royal master.

Each one wore an anxious look. On the morning of the third day the drawer of the corks was observed dangling his feet in the limpid waters of the moat and chuckling heartily from time to time.

"What's up?" growled the master of the merry grape-stained maidens, who was walking off a headache on the drawbridge; "you seem tickled."

"I be," replied the drawer of the corks, not looking up.

"You might be thinking up something to hand out to his malevolent murkiness at the audience a few hours hence, instead of cohorting there by your lonesome," grunted the master of the merry grape-stained maidens.

"Twenty-three for yours," litted the drawer of the corks. "I've got it right here," and he held up a red-bound volume. It was the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." "Say, listen here," proceeded the drawer of the corks. "I need your help. Have you a young and beautiful maid'n in your troupe?"

"I have ; several."

"We need but one fair maid. Now give me your ear."

Thereupon the two conversed at some length, chuckling at times until it was the hour to attend the audience with the king of Unadilla.

"Don't you think he deserves something for being so hard on us?" asked the drawer of the corks, in answer to a question and objection from the master of the merry grape-stained maidens.

"Yes ; but how are you going to work it?"

"Easy. Listen. I hand him some talk about a chap in this book that used to go out nights and wander about the city looking for adventures."

"Well?"

"Well, his conglomerated cantankerousness will want to follow suit."

"Well?"

"Well, we'll furnish an adventure made to order. A young and beautiful maid is observed in distress on the public street. You'll have to attend to that part of it. His noble niblets comes along. He sees her. He tries to console her. Near by will be a husky chap—an old-time prize-fighter will answer nicely."

"Well?"

"Well, as soon as his Don Quixoteness starts in to hand out a bunch of honeymoon talk to the afflicted damsel, the husky guy spouts something about his girl being insulted and sails in—biff! bang!"

"But he won't kill the king?"

"No—but"—

And the drawer of the corks and the master of the merry grape-stained maidens smiled gleefully.

Then they separated. They did not see at the embrasure in the parapet above them a face that looked down. Nor did they hear a chuckle that might have come from a kingly chest. Otherwise they might not have been as cheerful as they were.

Later they had an interview with a youth who reported a protruding lower jaw.

"Coitenly, gents," said the youth. "I un'stand. I'm to mix it up when he takes de goil. No, no ; I won't be too hard on 'im. T'anks. Keep th'choinge, eh? T'anks."

"Well," growled the morose monarch an hour later, when he called the amusement-suggesting audience together, "have any of you something in your think-tanks?"

"I have a plan that may serve to while away a few dull hours," thus boldly spake the drawer of the corks.

"What is it, son of a toad?" inquired the king.

"Hast ever heard of Caliph Haroun Alraschid?"

"Caliph half-round all rancid, did you say?"

"That may be the way to pronounce it, but it's spelled different," said the drawer of the corks.

"Never heard of him," said the king. "What assembly district is he from?"

"He's a man in a book," replied the drawer of the corks. Thereupon that official proceeded to relate the story of the sporty caliph, telling how he was wont to go about the precincts of his capital in disguise, looking for any adventures that might happen his way. And as the drawer of the corks talked, behold ! a light came into

the eyes of the king of Unadilla, and his face became more cheerful.

"Odds toothpicks!" he cried. "We'll do it. Keep my intentions secret. Order me a disguise at once. We'll sally forth this very night. Your heads are safe now. The drawer of the corks has constructed excellently. What ho! Bring me a flagon of red wine, that I may drink to the success of our venture."

And the king drank.

The drawer of the corks nudged the master of the merry grape-stained maidens in the short ribs, but the monarch of Unadilla saw it not.

Just after the royal repast that evening the king had an interview with a husky youth who had been summoned to the back door of the palace, and who seemed much confused at the first words the king spoke. Later, however, he chuckled in glee and went off rattling something in his trousers pocket.

It was dusk when the ruler, disguised as a dead-game sport, with a big diamond in his shirt, and accompanied by the drawer of the corks and the master of the merry grape-stained maidens, sallied forth across the draw-bridge and wended his way toward the city of Unadilla. The streets were crowded with merry-makers, and though the king glanced nervously from side to side, fearing he might be recognized, none penetrated his disguise. The three wandered on. At times gay youths called to them, and more than one fair maid glanced with welcoming eyes at the nifty-looking sport whose appearance indicated that he had a good-sized roll. But there was no promise of adventure and the king passed on.

Suddenly there was a little commotion in one of the streets of the porterhouse district. A crowd gathered, and the king, attracted by the throng, pushed his way toward the centre. The drawer of the corks and the master of the merry grape-stained maidens followed. Catching sight of something, the drawer of the corks said,

"Here's the game. Get ready to duck when Eat-'em-up Jack begins to hand out a few to his elevated elegance for butting in. Watch the royal robustness go down like he was the king-pin on a bowling-alley during a championship game."

A strange sight met the king's gaze. A beautiful maiden, with wondrous brown eyes, stood in the midst of the curious throng. In one hand she held a silver chafing-dish that contained the ingredients of a Welsh rabbit, while her other fingers grasped a bottle of beer. On the maid's face was a look of horror, and in a voice that would have been thrilling and loving had it not been full of anguish, she sobbed,

"Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!"

Then she made as if to pour the beer from the bottle into the chafing-dish, but stopped midway to repeat,

"Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!"

"Prithee, but, by my halidom! it seemeth there is need of a king's service here," quoth the monarch of Unadilla softly, so that only his two retainers heard him. "It appeareth there may be some knightly advancement to be gained here. Let us see. Give way, knaves and varlets!"

"For gracious sake, don't talk like that! You'll give

the game away and disclose your identity," whispered the drawer of the corks. "Remember you are a sport. Talk like one! Act like one!"

"Oh, yes; I forgot," said the king. Then he went on, "Now, youse mugs, twenty-three for youse. Let me in. See! Wot's th' matter wid th' loidy?"

The crowd, at the sound of the commanding voice, opened for the king.

"Wot is it, miss?" asked the monarch.

"Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!" she answered.

"Who is cruel? Who's been abusing of you? Tell me, an' I'll—an' I'll knock his block off."

Thus spake the king.

"Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!"

Thus spake the maiden.

"Where's Eat-'em-up Jack?" asked the master of the merry grape-stained maidens of the drawer of the corks. "I thought he was to be on hand to hand out his noble niblets a few upper-cuts."

"There he is, standing by the man in the light coat," answered the drawer of the corks, indicating a short, stout youth who was chewing a toothpick fiercely. "He'll begin right away. I cautioned him not to be too hasty and not to hit too hard."

Once more the maiden spake,

"Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!"

She shook the chafing-dish.

"Can I be of any help to youse?" went on the king eagerly. "Tell me who the caitiff is?"

"Oh!" sobbed the fair maid. "Do you see this beautiful chafing-dish?"

"Yes, yes," said the king eagerly. "I see it."

"And do you see this beer?"

"I do. Hasten and tell me all!"

"Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!"

"Oh, cut it!"—began the king, and then stoppea.

"And do you see this beautiful Welsh rabbit?" went on the maiden.

"I see."

"Oh, it is horrible! He said—he said!"—

"What did he say?" inquired the king, all of a tremble.

"He said it was rotten! Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!" and the maiden sobbed.

"Come with me," said the king, à la Caliph Haroun Alraschid. "This must be looked into. I will take you hence—far away from this staring crowd. In the morning you must attend at my divan—but I forgot"—He turned to his two followers and whispered, "You tell her after I have left her. Follow us at a distance," and, placing his arm about the beautiful maiden, the king started to lead her away.

"Oh! Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!" sobbed the maid, dropping her chafing-dish and the bottle of beer, which fell with a foaming crash to the pavement. "Cruel! Cruel! Cruel!"

Several of the crowd evidently thought the sport had harmed the maid, and, unaware of the royal presence, there were ominous mutterings.

"Call the police!" suggested one.

"Break his head!" advised another.

"Patent pumpkins and summer squash! Why don't that husky guy of yours sail in, according to instructions?" asked the master of the merry grape-stained maidens. "Is he going to see his girl carried off?"

"Look out! Watch him!" called the drawer of the corks suddenly. "There he goes!"

And, true enough, there the tough mutt did go, but not exactly as planned. He blocked the path of those who were about to follow the king of Unadilla and the beautiful maiden, struck an attitude of defiance, and thundered,

"Back to the tall tree-trunks! Back, or I'll lash you to your dog houses—kennels, I mean." He raised his fist in the air, glanced at some writing on a paper in his hand, and declaimed,

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog. March on! he said."

And the populace fell back awed.

The drawer of the corks and the master of the merry grape-stained maidens hastily followed the king. They saw him in advance, still attending the fair maid.

"What happened?" asked the drawer of the corks.

"Don't ask me," said the master of the merry grape-stained maidens.

"I thought you had the thing cinched."

"I thought so, too."

They were now up to the king.

"Tell her to attend in the morning," said the king, moving away.

"Oh, I'm wise, all right," said the fair maid suddenly, winking one eye. She stood in the glare of an electric light, and at the sight of her face the master of the merry grape-stained maidens started.

"Suffering snapdragons!" he exclaimed; "that isn't Eunice at all! It's Enid!"

"Of course it's Enid," laughed the maid. "Eunice was sick. She told me about the little game you wanted to play and got me to take her place. Just like an opera, wasn't it?"

"Like"—began the drawer of the corks, and then stopped.

He and the master of the merry grape-stained maidens were wondering what happened to spoil the arrangements with the husky guy.

"Are you sure you saw him?" asked the master of the aforesaid maidens.

"Sure."

"Then I guess the royal rambler saw him last," commented the master.

In the distance there was the noise of hilarity. A sound as of a man trying to bear up under a heavy bundle and sing at the same time was borne on the wind. Then along came the husky guy, muttering joyfully,

"Great ish zhe king Unadiller. Foxy feller give me a five-spot t' soak his nibs the king. King gives me a ten-spot not to soak him an' recite a little poetry. 'Who touches a hair of yon gray head dies like a dog. March on, he said.' Long (hic) live (hic) zhe (hic) king of Unadiller!"

"Penetrated by the business end of a bumble bee!" exclaimed the master of the merry grape-stained maidens.

"Exactly. Stung!" said the drawer of the corks.

MR. TOOLEY TELLS A STORY.



There wuz a farmer an' his name wuz Brown, an' he hod a man wurking fer him an' his name wuz Kelly; an' wan noight whin Kelly wint out t' lock oop the barrn, he run into th' farmer, an' th' farrmer wuz a-hangin' by his nick to a bame wid a buggy-trace, an' Kelly cut th' trace an' picked oop th' farmer an' carried him into th' house an' run tin moiles fer a dochter; an' he got will,

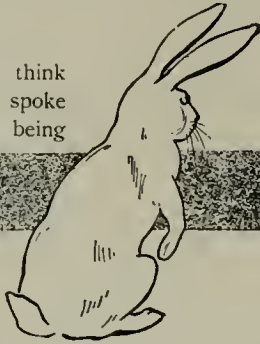
an' sid he'd niver commit suicide agin; an' whin Kelly left him fer t' go t' wurk in another place he counted th' wages thot th' farmer give him an' found it wuz two darlers shy, an' he sid, "How is this, Mistor Brown? Me pay is two darlers shy." And the farrmer sid, "Whoy, Kelly, don't yez remiber th' buggy-trace yez cut thot noight? Oi'm a-takin' it out av yure wages."

UNDOUBTEDLY.

Jasper—"What do you think Howells meant when he spoke about one of his characters being a 'hen-minded' woman?"

Jumpuppe—"Oh, I guess he meant that she never thought about anything except her own set."

WOMAN poses—and man proposes.



NO SPORT; OR, HE MISTOOK THE WORD.

FARMER GREENE—"I daon't know what ther deuce tew make aout o' aour new colored neighbor, Peleg. I think he's plumb loony."

PELEG—"Haow's thet?"

FARMER GREENE—"Wa-al, tew be friendly like, sez I tew him this mornin', 'Haow's craps, neighbor?' 'So-so,' sez he, pullin' aout three little dices. 'Wud yo' laik toe mingle de bones wid me dis mawnin'?' Naow what dew yew think o' thet?"

THE MISPLACED CHILD.

The baby of the egglet
He opens wide his eyes;
The rabbit cocks his wondering ears—
A mutual surprise.
What freaks the hens are wont to play
On every Resurrection day!

A MAN will spend three dollars for a box of cigars and then laugh at a girl for buying a five-cent package of chewing-gum.



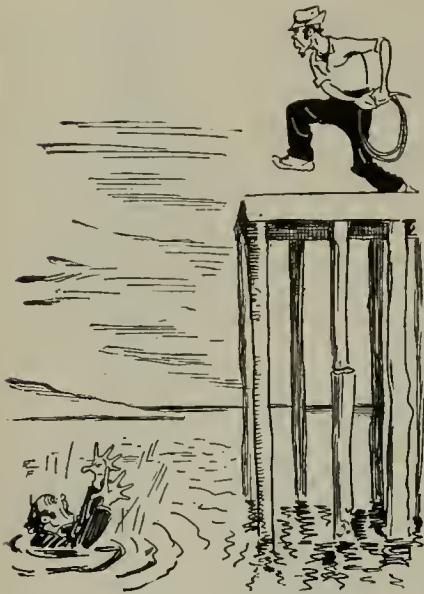
HAD TO GO BACK ON HIS "BLUFF."

SCHWILLBAUM (whose sight isn't good)—"Mein frient, I neffer gif you all der peer you gan trink any more for den cends. You haf too mooch gabacity. You gant vork me fer no chump some more alrety."



STYLISH.

TORN THOMPSON — "I spent two months at Newport last season."
FRAVED FOSTER — "Dat so? I s'pose yer saw lots uv style dere?"
TORN THOMPSON — "Nuttin' else. De head keeper uv de jail wore a white yachtin'-suti' an' canvas shoes all de time."



A GREAT HELP.

"Throw me a rope, quick! I'm drowning!"
PAT—"All roight, I'll—"

—throw yez it."

HIS IDEA OF IT.

Vivian, aged four, going to church with a friend, had had his first glimpse of episcopacy and its forms that morning.

"Well, darling, how did you like it?" inquired his mother.

"Oh, it was niceth!" (His most rapturous form of expression.)

"What did they do, dear?"

"Oh—a—um—first the man stood up and talked a long time to God, and—a—um—then all the little boysh wif white sings on them stood up and said—'Aw-w-there!'"

JUDGMENT FROM MR. McGARVEY.

It's only wan throe frind Oi hov in all th' woide wurd, an' his name 's Dinnis McGarvey.



RUNNING NO RISKS.

Boy (undressing)—"Ain't yer a goin' ter take yer clothes off afore yer go in?"

Boy (dressed)—"Wot! an' git 'em stole?"

AN EVIDENCE.

Triquet—"Miss Tenspot takes a great interest in politics."

Dicer—"Does she?"

Triquet—"She has had her new shirt-waist trimmed with campaign buttons."

A LOST BOTTLE.

Lost—A satchel containing the manuscript of a book on temperance, a promissory note for one hundred dollars, and a small flask. If the finder will return the flask, with its contents, he may keep the other articles for his trouble.

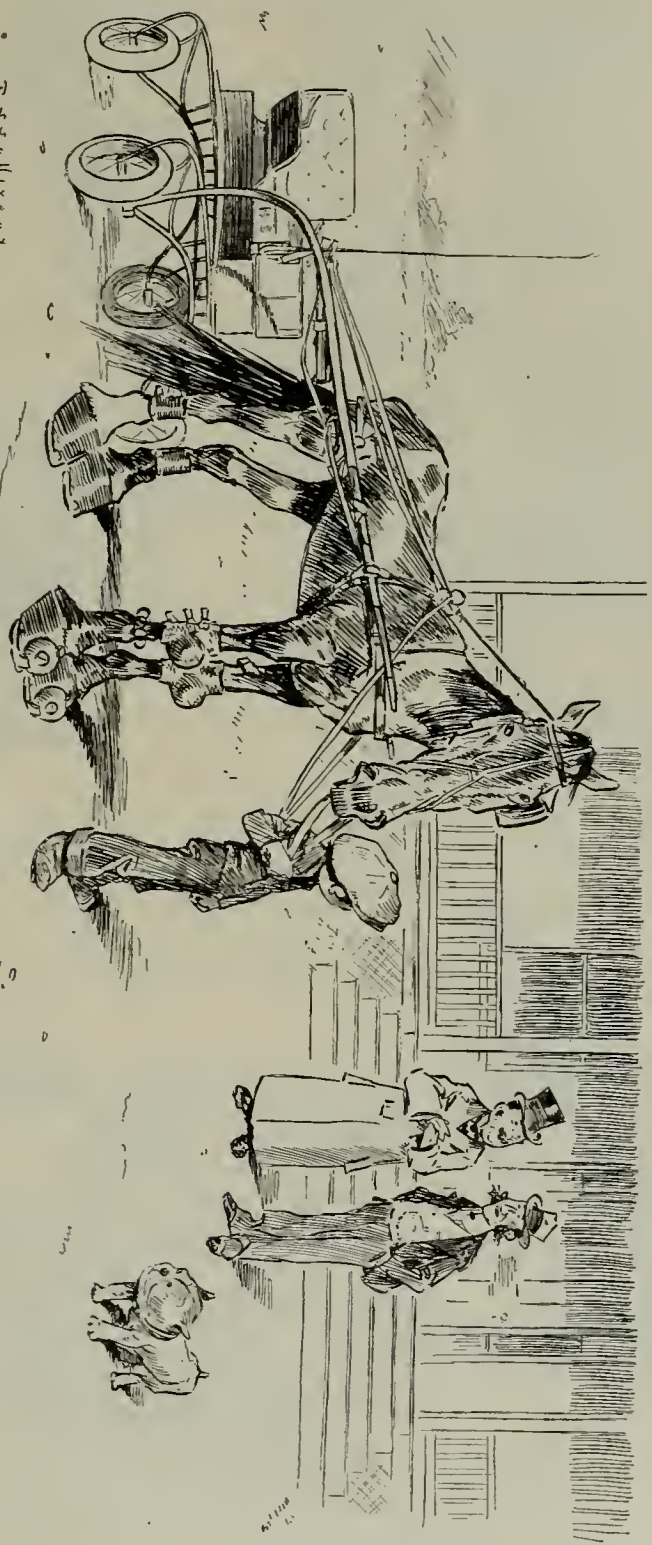


A FAMILIAR FEELING.

KNOCKED-OUT PUGILIST (faintly)—"Wuz me wife in de gallery? Are yer sure?"

BOTTLE-HOLDER—"Yes; why?"

KNOCKED-OUT PUGILIST—"Are yer sure dat it wuzn't her dat wuz in de ring wid me?"



JUST CURIOSITY.

"Where is your horse worth?"
 "I don't want to sell him."
 "Exactly. That's why I ask you how much he is worth."

First Come, First Served;

Or, the Woes of a Man-shopper

By L. H. Robbins

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Whittier J. Nippy.
Mrs. Whittier J. Nippy (his wife).
Salesgirls.
Lady-shoppers (real ladies, mind you).

ACT I.

(The Nippy Home. Morning.)

Mrs. Nippy—"Dear, I'll have to ask you to do a little shopping for me to-day. I want a spool of darning-cotton, a pound of salted almonds, a dozen pairs of shoe-laces, a box of tacks and a yard of oilcloth. I don't like to trouble you, dear, but"—

Mr. Nippy—"No trouble at all, love. Give me the list."

ACT II.

(Thread-counter in Anybody's department-store.)

Salesgirl—"What is it, sir?"

Mr. Nippy—"I want a spool of dar"— (Enter a haughty lady-shopper.)

Lady-shopper—"See here, girl; show me something to match this silk."

Salesgirl—"A spool of what, sir?"

Mr. Nippy—"Of darning-cotton."

Salesgirl—"What color, please?"

Lady-shopper—"Are you going to wait on *me*, or shall I call somebody that *will*?"

Mr. Nippy—"I don't know; my wife didn't tell me; black, I guess."

Lady-shopper—"I shall summon the floor-walker. Do you *hear*?"

Salesgirl—"Would you mind waiting a moment, sir?"

Mr. Nippy—"Go ahead and attend to her; I'll be back in a minute."

ACT III.

(Candy-counter).

Salesgirl—"Did you wish something, sir?"

Mr. Nippy—"Yes; a pound of"— (Enter a stout lady-shopper.)

Lady-shopper—"How much discount do you give on goods for the Female Inebriate Asylum?"

Salesgirl—"What was it, sir?"

Mr. Nippy—"A pound of salted almonds."

Lady-shopper—"I say, how much discount do you"—

Salesgirl—"One moment, madam. (To Mr. Nippy.) Two pounds, did you say?"

Mr. Nippy—"One pound only, please."

Lady-shopper—"Is there some one in this department that *can* answer questions?"

Salesgirl—"Will I put them in a box, sir?"

Mr. Nippy—"If you don't mind; yes."

Lady-shopper—"Young woman, do you know *who I am*?"

Salesgirl (crushed)—"What is it, madam?"

ACTS IV-XI.

(Cut out by the editor.)

ACT XII.

(The Nippy home. Evening.)

Mrs. Nippy—"Why are you so late, dear? And you look dreadfully ill!"

Mr. Nippy—"You ought to know why!"

Mrs. Nippy—"Haven't you brought the things?"

Mr. Nippy—"No!" (Both burst into tears.)

(Curtain.)

Mr. Plymwick's Charity

By A. C. Davis

MR. PLYMWICK, one of the richest men in town, was also ostentatiously religious and charitable. Being hurriedly called away from home one day, and happening not to have any money with him, he asked the loan of ten dollars from Mr. Brown, also very wealthy, but not remarkable for either charity or piety.

When Mr. Plymwick took out the money to use he found there were two ten-dollar bills, so closely stuck together as really to look like one.

On his return home he told Mr. Brown about the two bills, and as he handed him one he said, "Now, Mr. Brown, do a charitable deed for once in your life and look to heaven for your reward. You give half of this other ten to the heathen, and I'll give the other half!"

"All right! Have it your own way!" replied Brown, who was very busy.

That night about midnight he suddenly rose up in bed with a vigorous exclamation.

"What's the matter?" cried his wife, in alarm, thinking he was having a fit.

"Of all the double blanked, idiotic, liver-brained dummies I ever heard of, I'm the three times double blankedest."

And he told her the story of his business transaction with his neighbor. Then she lay down and laughed and laughed and laughed till her husband threatened to choke her or stuff a pillow down her throat.

"Can't you see," he angrily asked, "that all of that ten-dollar bill old Plym was so generous with was mine?"

"Of course I can," she answered, as soon as she could catch her breath. "And although I don't generally approve of swearing, I am laughing to think how accurately you describe yourself."

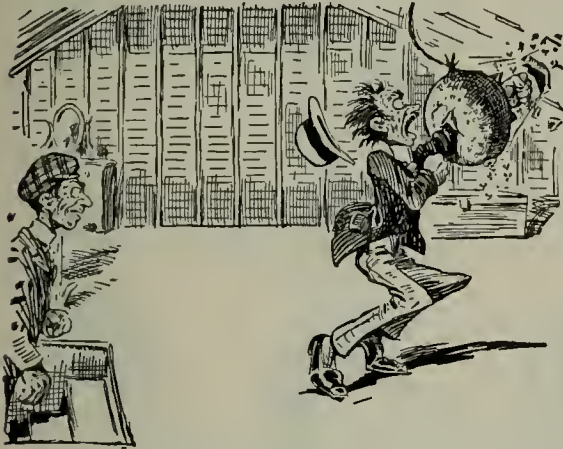
A STINGING BLOW.



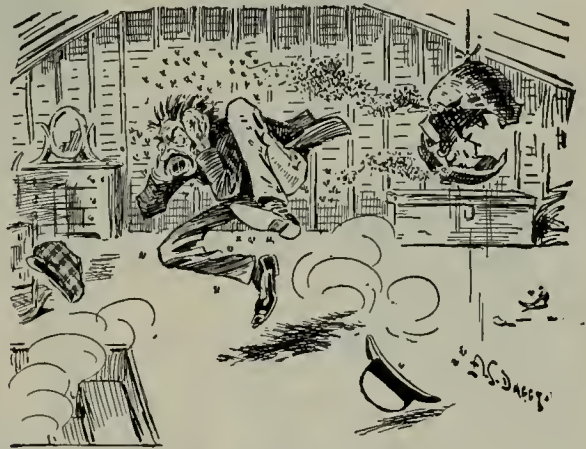
I. MR. HUNTER—"My, but this is a find! As the wasps are evidently dead I'll take it and hang it up in my garret for city visitors to admire."



II. POKERTON (six months later)—"Fine old garret, this of Hunter's. As he has given me the freedom of the house I'll commence by taking a few rounds out of his punching-bag."



III. —(Biff!) Thunder! What th' dickens—



IV. —have I struck?"

A DEDUCTION.

"Oh, say, Mame! Maud exclaimed.

"What's the matter?" asked Mame.

"While I was improving my mind this morning I found out something you never would have believed."

"What is it?"

"You know the pilgrim fathers?"

"Of course; everybody knows them."

"They belonged to a bicycle club."

"How do you know?"

"By their clothes."



A DIVINITY IN DANGER.

THE GOVERNESS—"Ah, lady! I don't know what's come over Lionel. Th' little hangel 's got a hinsane mania to play with boys an' hact like 'em, mum—regularly hact like 'em."



HIS IDEAL SITUATION.

MRS. FEEDER—"What kind of situations are you looking for?"

TRAMP—"Well, some sech delicate situations as we find in a problem-play, mum!"

A Marine Memory.

I SHIPPED an awful bad crew one time, although they tried hard to do their work and was very well-behaved. Thinks I to myself, these chaps ain't sailors—they've chosen the wrong road in life. Mebbe there is among 'em them that could 'a' been great as, for instance, writers. I had bought four new novels to read durin' the v'yage. I read 'em. Then, thinks I, the fellers that I ought to got to sail my ship are them that wrote these books, whether the men I have got to sail it are the men that ought to wrote these books or not.

An Aggravation.

Mr. Lendthings (of Swamp-hurst)—"What are you sighing about?"

Mrs. Lendthings (gloomily)—"I was just thinking what a lot of beautiful premiums I could get if the intelligence offices would only give trading-stamps!"



A REMINDER.

THE HOUSE-MAID—"There 'll be grand doin's over to Mrs. Cashley's nixt wake. Her eldest daughter is comin' out."

THE COOK—"Faith! that reminds me. Casey's son ought to be comin' out soon. He's bin in over a year."

SPURS do not give a horse speed; they merely make him use what speed is in him.

An Affront.

"IN return for your courtesy in asking me to lunch with you," said the magnate, dipping his fingers into the finger-bowl, "I am going to give you a tip."

Honest Herbert, the struggling young man who was seeking to gain the favor of the great magnate, drew himself up indignantly.

"Give the tip to the waiter, sir," he replied.

Nothing New There.

Easterner—"Yes, the latest thing in transportation is the single-rail railroad. It is brand new, you know."

Alkali Ike—"Huh! Mebbe it is in your country, stranger, but it's been a pop'lar method uv transportin' undesirable people outer Red Dog fer a good many years."

1.

WHAR did I learn to sing an' play?
 It jess comes natural.
 Like de bright blue wing on de old blue-jay,
 It jess comes natural.
 Like de green on de trees an' de blush on de rose;
 Like de pain in your back or de hole in your clo'es,
 Like de hard times dat foller wharever I goes,
 It jess comes natural.

NATURE used to engrave our characters on us; in these days she photographs them.

JUST COMES NATURAL.



2.

No, I took no lesson in all mah life;
 It jess comes natural.
 Like de screech-owl's hoot or a man's first wife,
 It jess comes natural.
 Like de gold on de wheat when it's in de sheaf;
 Like Colonel Bob's religious belief;
 Like de consequences ob embalmed beef,
 It jess comes natural.

3.

No, I nevah took no lesson at all, at all;
 It jess comes natural.
 Like de fight at de finish ob a Darktown ball,
 It jess comes natural.
 Like de morning dew on de cohweb's lace;

Like de pearl in de oyster's dress-suit case;
 Like de rainbow's hue or de wart on your face,
 It jess comes natural.

GOING TO THE OPERA.

"Do you believe the story that Maud goes to the opera just to show her bonnets?"

"No; Maud isn't so foolish as that. Sometimes she goes to see the other girls' bonnets."



AS USUAL.

"Are you giving up much this Lent?" asked one Chicago woman of another.

"My husband," replied the latter simply.

TAKEN FOR GRANTED.

MISS OLDMAYDE—"Jack Busted made me a marriage-proposal last night."
 MISS PERT—"When does the marriage take place?"

CURBSTONE DENTISTRY.



I. TOOTHACHE BROWN—"Well, I'm blowed! I thought when I got that string tied around that confounded aching tooth I'd have nerve enough to pull it."



HIS EXISTENCE WAS A DREADFUL BORE.



II. URCHIN (who couldn't allow such a golden opportunity to slip)—"Shine, boss?"

The Man Who Has Just Moved

By Alex. Morrow



WHEN you have decided to move," said the man who has moved fourteen times in twelve years, "the first thing you ought to do is to talk it over with your wife and decide not to. If your rent is too high go to your landlord and engage him in conversation, and gradually rouse his better nature. Then if he wont come down make him paper the parlor

new and paint the kitchen. It takes tact to handle a landlord. If he tells you he is in hard luck and needs a little money to buy cough syrup for the twins and that he wishes you would pony up, tell him about some of your troubles and be sociable with him. That will touch the landlord and you can do most anything with him.

"But if you do move, move quick," said the man who has moved fourteen times in twelve years. "No use dragging it out over weeks. When I move I spring it at the breakfast-table some morning, and by night we are in our new home. I have got a regular case of movomania, I'll admit, but I hope I am getting over it. We have moved for every reason you can think of and for no reason. Once we moved because the landlord wouldn't give us another latch-key—got sort o' riled, you know, and skipped out. Cost me forty dollars, and a latch-key would have cost a quarter, but it was the principle of the thing, you see. Another time we lit out because we could get a house one dollar a month cheaper. Only cost fifty dollars to get fixed up again, so you see we saved thirty-eight dollars a year, if you can spit on your hands, turn a double somersault and figure it before you hit the ground.

"Moving has its drawbacks, I'll admit. When you took around your house and fondly gaze on your snug quarters and nicely-arranged bric-à-brac, you think you are some. You feel that you are a whole lot o' much. But wait until you see your lares et penates proceeding up the street astride of a dray! Wait until your tall bedstead kicks up its foot in the public eye. Look at your piano bunking with your old wash-tub of the vintage of '72. Consider that buxom feather-tick no longer clothed in the seemly garb of its daily station in life, but sprawled out on your sewing-machine and playing peek-a-boo with a dish-pan full of tomato-cans. Wouldn't that curl your chin-whiskers?

"Many a family has blushed for shame at the sight of their establishment thus exposed to the rude gaze of the great scoffing world. Little wots the outsider that your best things are packed away in those chests of drawers and those wads of burlap.

"Moving brings many old things to light and opens up many a closed chapter of secret history. There's a bunch of old letters you have wept over. Here's the old suit that was once the apple of your eye, and that took so long to pay for. That old hat your wife wore when you

used to hold her hand of June nights and thrill a thrill or two, and wonder what was the matter with you. The little shoe your first baby wore; ditto your second baby wore; ditto third ditto; ditto fourth ditto. Then you get hot under the collar about something, and your wife suddenly confronts you with the first letter you wrote to her after you were engaged. It takes a woman to be right-down mean. No man would do a thing like that because his better half was giving him Jesse.

"My wife stole a march on me this time and moved without my knowing anything about it. You see, I was out of town a few days, and she has got so used to moving when she sees other folks on the move that she just couldn't stand it. When I got home I went up to the place and let myself in. The house seemed rather hollow like, and I didn't know what to make of it. I went out and inquired of the neighbors if they had seen anything of a strayed family, and they said yes; they had seen three van-loads of a family go out of the street the day before, and they gave me the general direction in which the outfit was headed, and I started out, like a farmer hunting a swarm of bees, to find my household. I ran them down along toward ten o'clock in the evening and found that the letter apprising me of the migration had never been mailed. I tell you that wife of mine certainly had me guessing for a while. When you see a lone man walking along a street, asking people to please tell him where he lives, you have your own idea what's the matter with him, don't you? Well, you see how I was fixed.

"But, as I said before, when you get all ready to move, don't. Cut it out. Forget it. I have moved fourteen times in twelve years, and I ought to know."

He Stood a Poor Show.

TWO Irishmen were walking down the railroad track. They heard a whistle and looked back, to discover the train coming, and there was but a few seconds for them to make their escape.

Pat ran up the bank and called to his friend Mike (who was a recent arrival from the old country) to follow. But Mike took to his heels and started down the track on a dead run. He was overtaken, however, and tossed over into an open field.

Pat came over to where his friend was and said, "Mike, why didn't you run up the bank as I told you to do?"

"Well, begorra," said Mike, "if I couldn't keep ahead of that thing on the level, what show would I have had running up a bank?" MRS. W. B. BOOTH, Louisville, Kentucky.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss.

A RAW Swede girl went to the post-office one day and asked the clerk at the window, "Is there a letter here for me?"

"And what's the name, please?" said the clerk.

The girl replied, "That be all right, sir; the name be on the letter." MRS. W. B. BOOTH, Louisville, Kentucky.



SEASIDE REPARTEE.

MISS WOODBY DE HEIRESS—"How d'ye do, count? I'm glad you were able to get away from those horrid dry goods again this season."

COUNT REBON COUNTAIRE—"Thanks, awfully, my dear Miss de Heiress. It also gives me great pleasure to note that close application to your sewing hasn't affected the brightness of your eyes in the least."

DECISION HANDED DOWN.

The loss of sleep is partly compensated by the joy of swearing at your neighbor's dog.



GOOD BETTING.

"I bet you dare not go over and speak to that girl."

"No; you bet I won't. That's my wife, and I've just had a quarrel with her."

A SUBSTITUTE.

Tommy went to dine with his uncle.

"Did you ask a blessing, dear?" asks pious mamma.

"No, mamma; not exactly. But Uncle Dick said 'Blast the cook!' when we sat down."

HIS ARTISTIC LIFE.

Art professor (to pupil minus talent)—"You have tried charcoal, water-colors and oil without success, and your attempts at landscapes and casts are a failure. What can you draw?"

Unabashed pupil—"My breath, sir."



A CRUEL WORLD.

WEARY WILLIE—"Yes, poor old Sloby lost heart completely an' committed suicide. He couldn't stan' dis cruel, heartless world no longer."

FLOWERY FIELDS—"Everybody against him, I suppose?"

WEARY WILLIE—"Yes; everywhere he went folks wuz offerin' him jobs."

1903

NATURAL DEDUCTION.

BY STROKE of childish enterprise

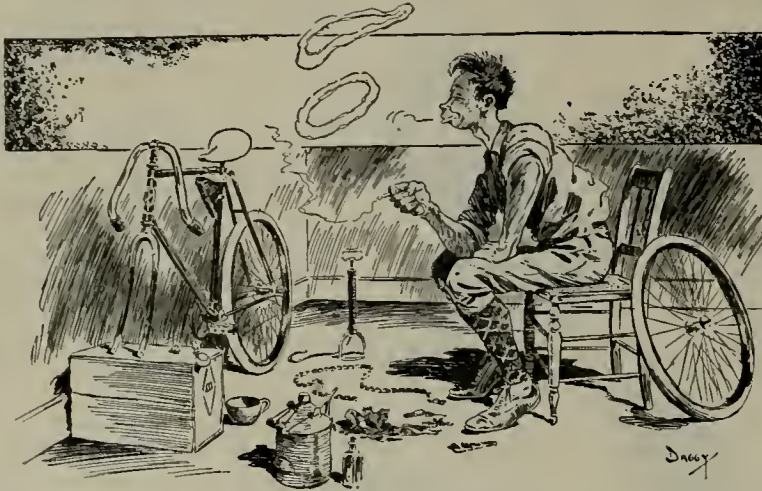
They grabbed the old hen's legs
And made her eat assorted dyes
To produce Easter-eggs.

ABSENT-MIND-EDNESS.

Miss Gambrel — "Isn't it funny? Lucy and I are always forgetting our ages."

Visitor — "You ought to put them down."

Miss Gambrel (absent-mindedly) — "Yes; we did cut them down several times, and probably that's the reason we are growing so forgetful."



COMING IN SEASON.

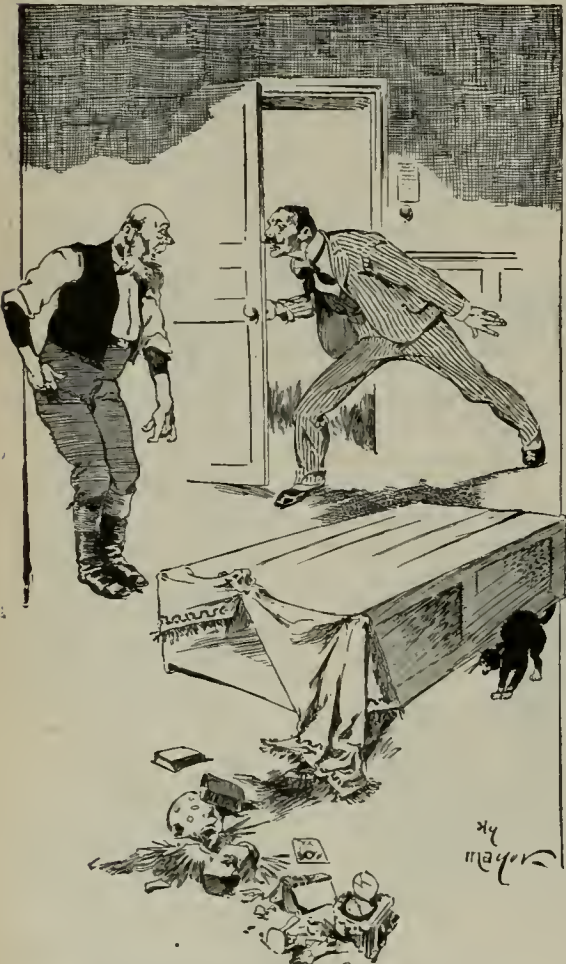
Go fetch your last year's safety out;
Clean and pump your tire,
And the man who makes the longest run
Will be the biggest liar.

LENT AT DAW-SON CITY.

"How shall I cook the boot-leg to-day, Mike?" said one Klondiker to another.

"This is Lent, Dan," replied the latter. "We must now give up luxuries. We'll have frapped snowballs for breakfast and icicles au naturel for dinner."

CHERUPIM and seraphim and all the glorious company of heaven are not to be compared to the man who for the first time wears a silk hat.



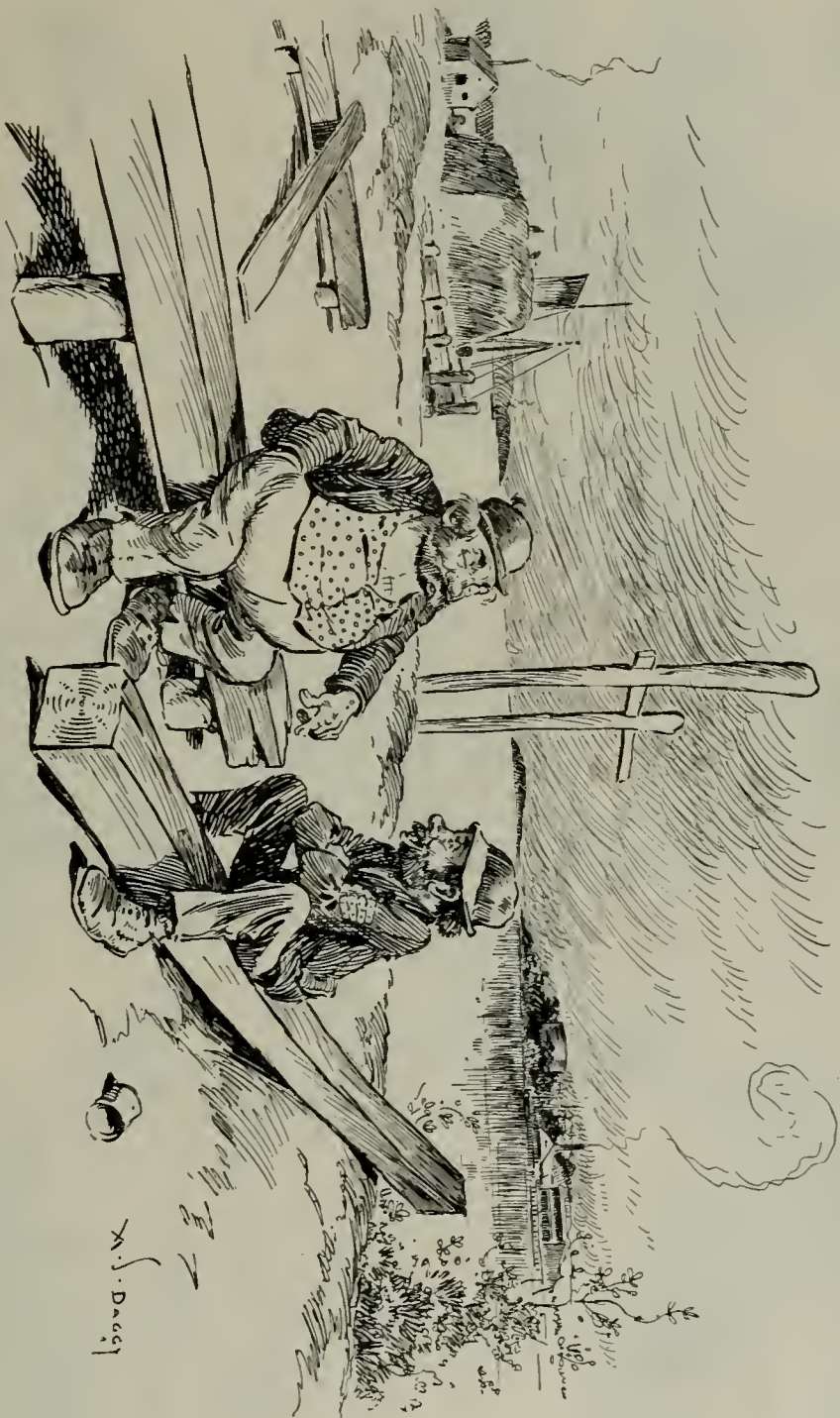
THEY LOOKED ALIKE TO HIM.

HOTEL-CLERK — "What's that noise? What did ye throw that bureau down for?"
MR. GASBLOWER — "I—I thought it was the folding-bed."



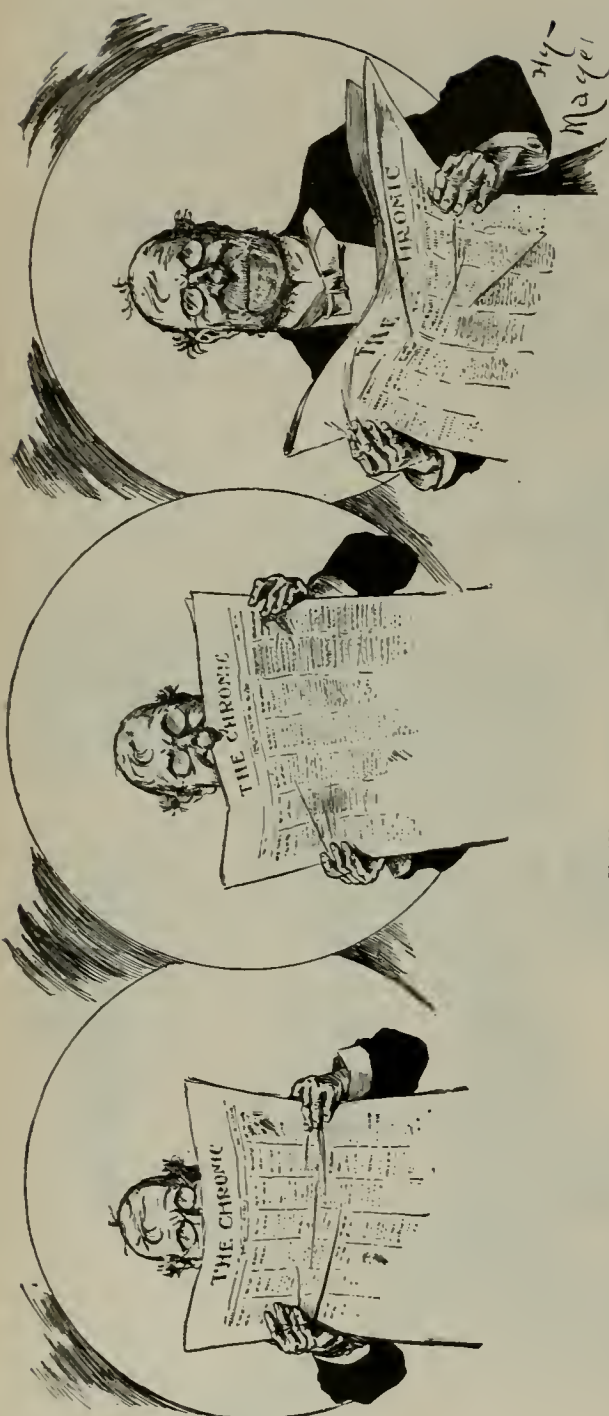
SANITARY.

Kite clothes-drying device for avoiding the germs and microbes. High and dry above the city's tainted atmosphere.



A TOILET TIP.

WARRIED Nettle (*notice hobo*) — "Excuse me fer pryin' inter professional secrets, but how often should a hobo change his socks?"
 STAVING FURBER — "Dere 's no speshul rule. Some change 'em, some don't never change 'em, some don't wear none, an' so on. Ter be conservative wid yer, friend, I'd advise yer ter change socks every time yer find socks workin' overtime at night on a clothes-line." "Dat's *my* rule."



"It looks like Schwartzmayer."

THE COMBINATION FACE.

"No; it's Cohen."

"Well, if it isn't O'Hara!"



TWO ADAGES.

PRIMROSE ZERRA (*watching his cork*)—"Keep yonah line in de watah, Jobias, Jobias—" I does. An' I also members dat 'De early bird ketches de worm.'

DOAN' YO' MEMBAH DE ADAGE DAT 'PASHUNCE CONQUERS ALL FINGS?'

A GOOD BRUSH.



I.

PORTER—"Brush yer coat, sir?"

DREADFUL THOUGHT.

Clara—"He has proposed three or four times and I don't know whether to accept him or not."

Maude—"I would. Suppose he should stop?"

THE girls of a co-ed. school tried burglary for fun, and in consequence one of them was beaten nearly to death. Have we not often said that girls would never make good burglars?



ASKING TOO MUCH.

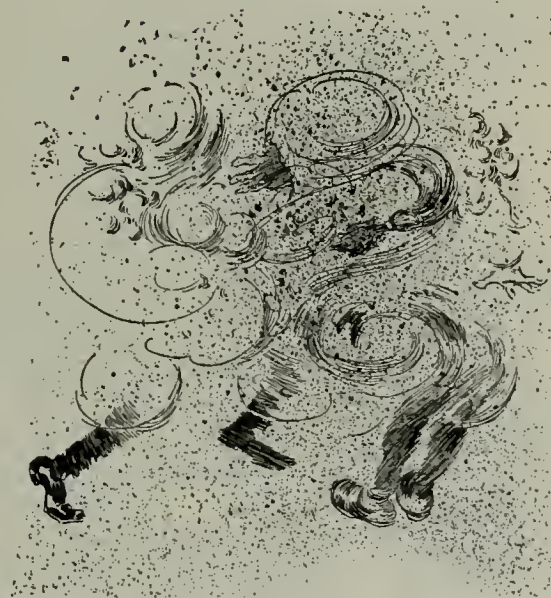
SHE—"Now that we are engaged I want you to kiss mother when she comes in."

HE—"Let's break the engagement."



A TERRIBLE OVERSIGHT.

HIBERNATING HANK—"W'at's struck ye, Nick?"
NEGLIGENT NICK—"Sufferin' Moses! I fergot t' take me cologne-bath an' violet massage dis mornin'!"



II.

!—!!—!!!

SUICIDAL.

Mrs. Cobwigger—"Everybody says the charity ball was a failure."

Mrs. Dorcas—"So it was. The committee cut down the expenses so that there would be something left for charity."

MR. MALAPROP.

Farmer Green (gazing at two bicycles attached by coupler)—
"Well, that's grand! I never did like them tantrums, with one feller ridin' in front an' the other 'way behind."

JUST LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN.

"Who invented the saying, 'He laughs best who laughs last?'"

"He must have been an Englishman."

BE JOYFUL.

Now life is all a merry rhyme,
For joy the day is sent;
So have your fling at Christmas-time,
On New-year's you repent.

REALLY and truly, your bald-headed friend will be pleased if you give him a hair-brush.



III.

THE TEXAS COLONEL—"Why, yo' scoundrel, yo've' brushed my coat away!"



NOT IN TRAINING.

JONES—"That's my boy, Tommy. Best football player in the high school—makes forty-yard runs every game he plays."
SMITH—"What's he looking so 'grouchy' about?"
JONES—"Oh, his mother wants him to run an errand, probably."

Overcoming the Obstacle.

“YES,” said the young man who was taking the young woman for an auto ride, “the auto has its advantages; but still there is a great difference between it and the good old horse.”

“Oh, yes; I suppose there is,” answered the young woman.

“For instance,” went on the young man, “with the horse, when one was driving with the pretty girl he could hold the lines in one hand, or wrap them about the whip, and—and—and hug the girl.”

“Oh-h-h-h! you awful thing!” exclaimed the blushing young woman.

They sped along in silence for several miles. At last the timid young thing said,

“But I should think that difficulty could be easily overcome.”

“What difficulty?” asked the young man.

“Why, that—what you said about the times when the men took the girls driving behind a horse, and—and when they wrapped the lines about the whip, and when they—they—oh, when they did what you say they did.”

“I don’t see how it could be overcome,” said the youth. “If you stop the auto it’s liable to start up of itself and upset you in the ditch, and a fellow simply has to keep both hands busy while it is in motion.”

“I know,” faltered the girl; “but—but it seems to me there would be a way.”

“I’d like to know what it is.”

“Well, couldn’t the girl—couldn’t she hug—hug the man?”

A Testimonial.

“DAT boy ob mine,” declares Aunt Ca’line, with much pride, “am puah blood. No mix’ blood in ‘im, I wan’ ter tell yo’. Why, he haid got de genuine wool on hit. Yas, suh. ‘Deed, suh, las’ summah de moths got in nit an’ et hit mos’ plum’ nigh offen ‘im.”

The Spread of a Great Idea.

“AND how about your church-debt?”

“Oh, we are not worrying about that. Our pastor, the reverend Goetzmorgan, is going to have the official board form a company, take over the church, and transform the indebtedness into preferred stock.”

“Would that be a Christian operation?”

“Well, in speaking of it, he doesn’t use just that expression. He calls it ‘applying the higher finance.’”

A War Easter.

OH, WE had no Easter lilies
When the Easter morning broke,
Where we lay in muddy trenches
In a cloud of yellow smoke;
And we lacked the organ-music
Swelling grandly on the ear,
And the rose and ruby windows,
And the carols sweet and clear.
For the Maxim was the organ
Of the tattered boys in blue,
And the singing of the Mausers
All the carols that we knew.
But we never missed the lilies,
For the flag was overhead—
Glorious stars upon the azure,
Glowing stripes of white and red.

MINNA IRVING.



THEIR GOOD FORTUNE.

THE LADY—“Why is it that big, healthy men like you are unable to find work?”

HUSKY HUBERT (pleasantly)—“Well, mum, if yer *must* know, I might say, confidentially, dat our good luck’s all wot saves us.”

Selling Expenses.

“YOU acknowledge that the bonnet, intrinsically, is not worth over five dollars,” we say to the milliner sternly. “Then why do you ask twenty-five dollars for it?”

“I just wish you could come in contact with some of these shoppers,” she replies plaintively. “I wouldn’t try to talk one of them into buying a bonnet for less than twenty dollars.”

At the Museum.

“DO they pay you much?” asked the visitor.

“No,” replied the living skeleton in a tone of disgust; “just enough to keep skin and bone together.”

HE MADE IT SPRING.



I.

The spring, the spring,—

ALL NECESSARIES.

Bridget—"If yez plaze, mum, Oi'd loike me wages to-day, as Oi've to pay me fayther's medical insurance."

Mistress—"What is medical insurance, Bridget?"

Bridget—" 'Tis the koin'd that if ye're sick does be sendin' yez medicine an' a docthor an' a hearse an' a grave an' everything yez do be needin'."



II.

—the beautiful—

THE THREATENED RAIN.

I KISSED her and two roses red
O'er her white cheeks their crimson spread,
As spreads the rosy light of dawn
The snowy hills of winter on.

And then I saw her soft blue eyes
Begin to cloud as April skies;
And so, to stop the threatened rain,
I kissed the trembling thing again.

THE PRIME ESSENTIAL.

"What constitutes a good joke?"
"The right sort of fellow to tell it to."



A LITERAL SELL.

WITTY—"That fellow has seen a great many people pass in their checks."

JONES—"Is he a west-erner?"

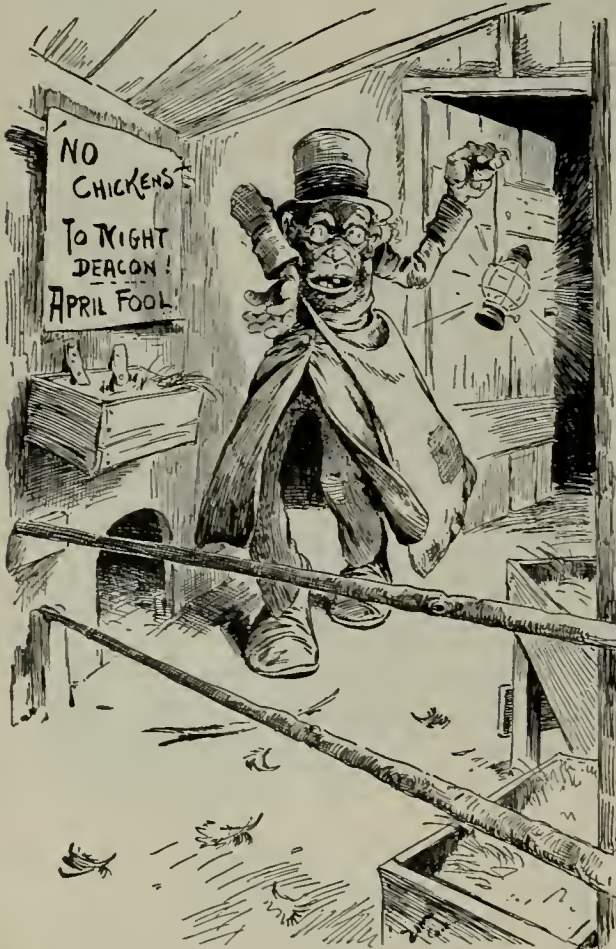
WITTY—"No; he's a baggage-clerk."

WHAT seems patriotism to one man may be diagnosed as prejudice by another.



III.

—spring.



THE 'SQUIRE'S APRIL-FOOL JOKE.



"LOTS WIFE."

AS THE BOY SEES IT.

A SMALL boy in one of our schools was asked to give the principal parts of the verb die ; his answer was, die, dead, buried. The same interrogatory relative to love was responded to thus :
" Love, married, divorced."

HUGH MOSSMAN, Onslow, Iowa.

TOO POLITE.

ONE day a little boy came to school with very dirty hands, and the teacher said to him,
" Jamie, I wish you would not come to school with your hands soiled that way. What would you say if I came to school with dirty hands ?"
" I wouldn't say anything," was the prompt reply. " I'd be too polite."

ARCHIE BROWN, Worthington, Indiana.

NO PICK FOR HIM.

A WEALTHY New Yorker was showing a country friend of his, named Pat, the sights of the city. Happening to pass Tiffany's window, he stopped and directed Pat's attention to the brilliant display of diamonds therein.
" Pat," he said, " how would you like to have your pick in that window ?"
" Faith," said Pat, " Oi'd rather have me shovel in it, that I would."

RUTH STEWART, Gallipolis, Ohio.

AN EASY MATTER.

THE other day two good-looking old ladies entered a prominent bank. One of them wanted a check cashed.
" But," said the cashier, " I don't know you ; you'll have to get some one to identify you."
" My friend here will identify me," said the lady.
" But I don't know your friend," said the cashier.
" Well," said the lady, with a withering smile, " I'll introduce you."

JACK W. HANBY, JR., Rockwall, Texas.

NEITHER INTERNAL NOR EXTERNAL.

AN Irishman who was troubled with catarrh, or some similar affliction, having been advised by his chum, went to a doctor for treatment. When he returned Mike asked,
" Did he tell yez to take it internally or externally ?"
" Faith, nayther," was Pat's reply.
" Shure, thin, how're yez goin' t' take it?" inquired Mike.
" Shure," said Pat, " he tould me t' shnuff it oop me nose."

EDGAR A. WILLIAMS, Sewaren, New Jersey.

WHY THE BREAD CAME BACK.

ONE night a boy who had been working in a baker-shop until quite late broke the marble-slab on which he moulded his loaves of bread. So he straightway went to the marble-yard to procure another, but found the place closed up. On his way back he passed a graveyard, and as it was very dark he climbed over the fence, pulled up a small headstone which he thought about the right size and took it back with him to finish his job. The next day all the loaves of bread were sent back short-

ly after being delivered. Happening to turn one of the loaves over he found on the other side the following :
" Here lies the body of Mrs. —, Born A.D. 1682, Died A.D. 1740."
DOROTHY G. MIX, Wallingford, Connecticut.

COW IN A BOX.

A WELL-KNOWN man tells this incident in his own experience. Before coming to this country he attended a leading school in his native land and had a native teacher. He was taught that p-l-o-u-g-h spelled plow in the English tongue, and that necessarily c-o-u-g-h spelled cow. After coming to this country he learned that a chest is a box, and also that a part of the body is called the chest. While recovering from a sick spell, the doctor called one morning and asked how he felt, whereupon he replied,
" Oh, pretty well, except that I have a cow in my box."

HUGH MOSSMAN, Onslow, Iowa.

WHO HE WAS.

IN one of our western cities there is a cigar-store located on one of the principal streets that the workmen use going to and from their work. It was the custom of a small Irishman to stop in at the cigar-store every morning and say, " Have ye a match ?" Upon receiving a match he would light his pipe and go on to his work. After repeating this procedure for several mornings the clerk made up his mind to find out who he was. So the next morning the Irishman came in as usual and asked for a match, whereupon, giving him the match, the clerk said,
" Comrade, I would like to know who you are ?"
" Why, don't you know who I am ?"
" No ; of course not. I never have been introduced to you."
" Well, I am the little man that comes in every morning to light me pipe."

GEORGE R. GARD, Ord, Nebraska.

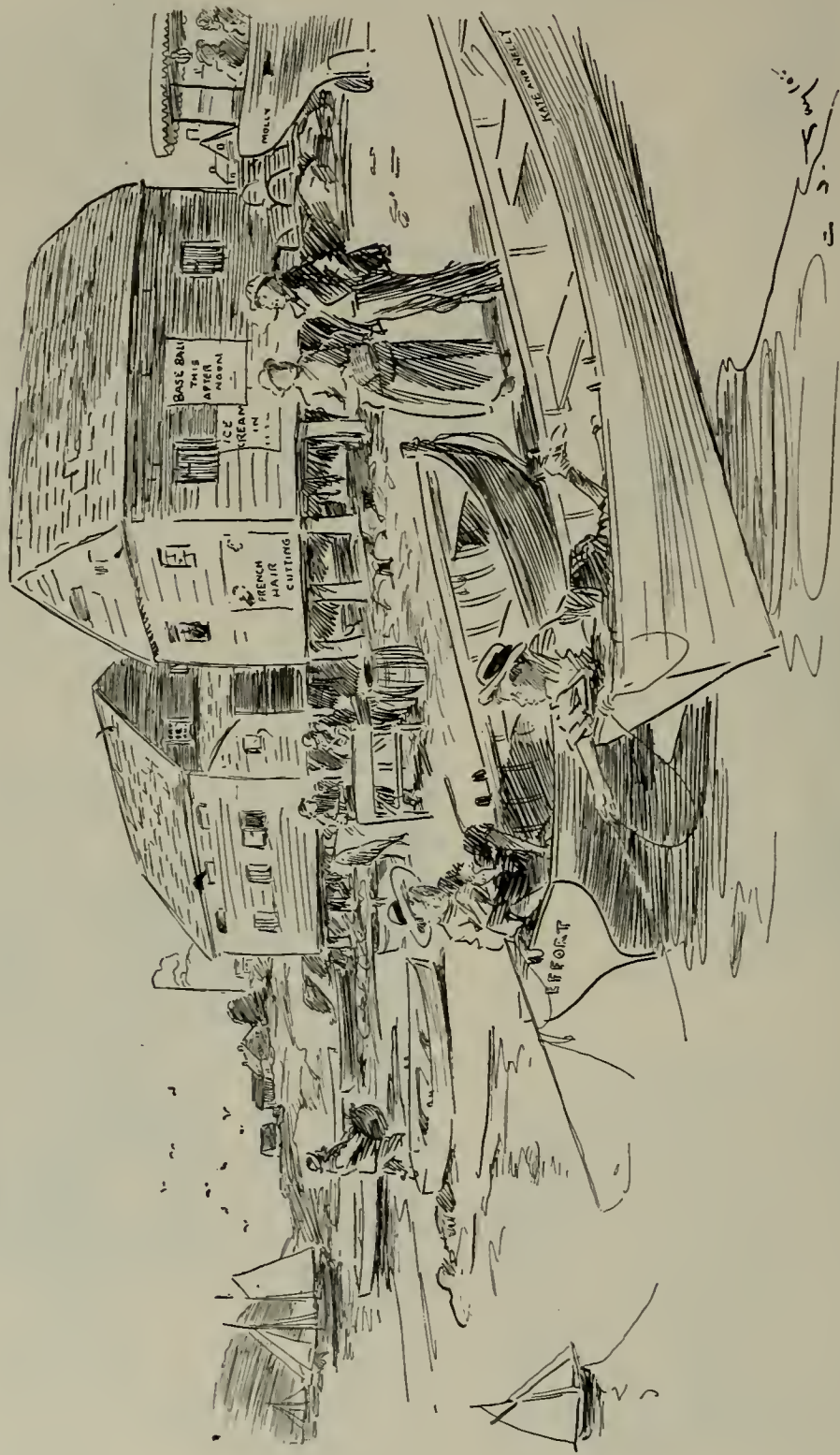
AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

I ATTENDED a dance a few years ago in a little Nebraska village, where oysters were served during the evening as refreshments. Accommodations being meagre, only a few couples would go to the dining-room at a time. During a waltz a lady and her Swedish escort sat down at the table where I was seated, and hardly had their stews been placed before them when the music stopped and the manager's voice was heard in the hall announcing a quadrille. The lady excitedly exclaimed :
" Hurry up, Otto ! I'm engaged for this set. Eat 'em two at a time."
Otto obediently made several spasmodic dives with his spoon, then, without the least suspicion of humor, stolidly leaned back in his chair and remarked,
" I can't. There ain't but one in here."

R. L. PIATT, Midland City, Illinois.

A MISTAKE THAT CURED.

IN a Denver hotel a man and his wife had registered and taken a room. During the night the man was seized with a severe pain in the stomach and rolled and tossed in great anguish. At last, having exhausted all the remedies at hand, his wife decided to go to one of the lower rooms to heat a porous plaster



HIS EXPERIENCE.
FIRST BOY—"Do yer want ter go ter heaven when yer die, like de Sunday-school ma'am tells yer?"
SECOND BOY—"Nit! Dere 's no fun goin' ter places where a woman wants yer ter go."

'Kiar Biff's Epicurean Bear

A Tale that Dumfounded even the Pochuck Chronicler

By Ed Mott



SOLOMON CRIBBER, the veracious and ever-ready chronicler of Pochuck doings, both reminiscent and contemporaneous, had one all thought up as he came into the tavern at the Corners. The expression on his face was unmistakable indication of the fact. It was so unmistakable that it resulted in a wonderful thing. It gave an inspiration to 'Kiar Biff, the landlord, and as Mr. Cribber sat down, turned his bland smile toward 'Kiar, and was about to introduce the amazing Pochuck incident he had made his mental notes of, the landlord, suddenly inspired, held him in reserve by remarking,

"Solomon, if you ever take to keepin' a bear, don't never let it git an appetite fer goose-liver pie,

fer if you do it'll bring the bear down in sorrow to the grave, so to speak, and as like as not cost you a whole lot o' soreness o' heart."

The smile and benevolent expression left the face of the Pochuck chronicler, and although his mouth was wide open, he sat dumb, staring at 'Kiar Biff.

"And, Solomon," said 'Kiar, "keep him away from Dutch cheese and sassage, fer if you don't they'll lead him from the straight and narrow path you've brung him up in out into the broad road that leads to destruction, jest as sure as you're born! Mind what I tell you, Solomon! Keep him away from 'em!"

Mr. Cribber, having recovered himself somewhat, made an attempt to recall his smile, and said to 'Kiar,

"Yes, yes! Of course—ha, ha, ha!—'Kiar. But what I was goin' to say was that we got to talkin' about weather this mornin', and Uncle David Beckendarter says to me, 'Solomon,' he says, 'I remember a'—"

But the inspiration was too strong in 'Kiar. It could not be suppressed, and he cut the Pochuck historian off short in his relation.

"And I'll tell you how I know it," said he, waving Mr. Cribber aside. "When I kep' tavern over in the Scrubbyhook country I had a bear. I riz that bear from a cub that didn't remember its mother. And I riz it in the way it should go. That bear wa'n't only good and honest. He was actu'ly pious. First when I named him I called him Jonah, after an uncle o' mine, but that bear moped and moped, and every time he heerd his name he'd let go a yelp as if he didn't like it. The bear was so consarned good and conscientious that by and by I says to myself that I'd bet a couple o' shillin' that he thought the name wa'n't fittin' to him, and so I changed his name to Moses. You jest ought to seen the difference when he found me

callin' him Moses! The tears o' joy most come in hi's eyes every time he heerd his name. Then one time my little boy was too sick to go to Sunday-school. Of course we didn't think nothin' about the collection fer the heathen they took up, but if Moses didn't take a penny outen the tin cup on the mantletree and carry it up to the red school-house, where Sunday-school was, and toss it in to 'em, then I don't remember jest right! He was very pious, Moses was."

Solomon Cribber sat dumb again, staring at 'Kiar Biff.

"And then Lewy Schwatzenbacher come all the way from Jersey somewheres," continued 'Kiar, "to board at my tavern and fish and hunt. He brung with him a stone-drag load, most, of Dutch cheeses and sassage and goose-liver pie, to eat betwixt meals. I said then, and I say now, that I was willin' to bet that the meat them sassage was made of was old enough to have come offen pigs and setch that walked out o' the ark with Noah. And them cheeses—say, Sol Cribber! let me tell you about them cheeses. Schwatzenbacher took a great shine to my bear from the start, and he thought so much of him that he was willin' to share his sassage and cheeses with him, and I was a little disappinted in Moses when I see that he didn't have no trouble at all in gittin' away with 'em.

"There was one partic'lar cheese, though, that he balked at some at first, but he pulled himself together by and by and got the best of it. And that spiled some-thin' the hull o' the Scrubbyhook bailiwick had been countin' big on. Joe Bunker, who had outfit every fighter there was on the old Scrubby, had bet me ten dollars that he could lick Moses in a rough-and-tumble. The day was sot fer the fight, but when Joe heerd that the bear had got away with that cheese o' Schwatzenbacher's he drawed the bet.

"'Moses has got too much sand fer me to rub up ag'in!' says Joe, and disappintment bigger than a ton o' hay sot down on the hull Scrubbyhook spread o' waters. But, Solomon, it mebbe'll give you an idee o' the heft o' the cheeses that Schwatzenbacher introduced to that bear o' mine."

The Pochuck narrator made an effort to get himself in his old form and spar for an opening, but it was no use. 'Kiar went right on.

"But amongst all o' them betwixt-meals victuals that Schwatzenbacher had brung," said he, "nothin' seemed to tickle the palate o' the bear so all-pervadin' as his goose-liver pie. I s'pose your Uncle David Beckendarter has told you all about what goose-liver pie is, Solomon?"

Mr. Cribber was reduced to such a state of inaptitude that he actually hadn't presence of mind enough to say yes!

"Sing'lar!" said 'Kiar. "I didn't know what it was, neither, till one day, while him and Moses was lunchin'

on some, Schwatzenbacher up and told me. Goose-liver pie is made outen goose livers that has been stretched from their nat'ral size till they git to be as big as a good-sized ham. How do they do that stretchin'? By coopin' the geese up and keepin' 'em cooped up, and then stuffin' 'em and stuffin' 'em with fodder that swells the livers up till one goose's liver, Schwatzenbacher said, 'd be big enough to cut and fit a hull flock o' geese with ordinary livers that geese wear every day. The fodder they use in stuffin' the geese with is corn-meal, and they pack the liver, when they take the goose away from it, in tin cans and pots, and it's goose-liver pie.

"Another one o' them Dutch eatin's that Moses had a hankerin' fer was a sassage that was stuffed in a skin as big around as a sasser, and had white spots scattered around in it the size of a ten-cent piece. It makes me madder 'n a snake, yit, to think o' that ding sassage! The first I noticed that Moses was on the downward path was the inklin' that sassage give me. Moses and Schwatzenbacher went so heavy on them sassages that they give out, and I was glad of it, if they wa'n't.

"One night I ketched the biggest eel I ever see. It was bigger round than a rollin'-pin. I skinned it and hung the skin on the hitchin'-post to dry. Next day my coach-dog, Fanny, brought me a litter o' six o' the nicest pups you ever see—shiny as mushrats, and spotted like leopards. I had every one of 'em sold fer ten dollars apiece as soon as they got their eyes open, and I was feelin' good, I tell you. That afternoon I see that some one had walked off with that amazin' big eel-skin o' mine, and that made me mad, fer I wanted to tell about ketchin' that big eel, and have the skin to show to them that snickered.

"Next forenoon I went out to take another look at my coach-dog pups, and, lo and behold ye! there was only five of 'em! One o' the pups was gone! Now I was mad, fer sartin, and I went tearin' 'round to see if I couldn't git some track o' where the pup had gone to, when I see Moses comin' from 'round the barn and carryin' somethin' over to where Schwatzenbacher was gittin' ready to open a goose-liver pie. I walked over there, too, and I thought I'd drop in my tracks when I see that what the bear was carryin' was my missin' eel-skin, stuffed full o' somethin'!

"I took it away from Moses, and then I see that the stuffin' o' the skin was somethin' spotted with white, like one o' them sassages, and then I give a howl. That unfortunate bear had stole that eel-skin and 'propriated one o' my ten-dollar pups and prepared it fer stuffin' fer the skin, thinkin' he was makin' one o' them sassages! But that settled his hash with Schwatzenbacher. Schwatzenbacher took it as a 'sinivation as to what them sassages was made of, and he packed up his traps, goose-liver pies and all, and left Scrubbyhook.

"Moses took this to heart so that I felt sorry fer him, and didn't take him in hand as I had ought to done. He moped and pined, and hunted up all o' the empty goose-liver-pie cans he could find layin' 'round, and licked 'em till I thought he'd wear holes in 'em, but I calc'lated that he'd git over his hankerin' fer setch fodder by and by and be the same good and pious bear he used to be.

"Somebody had been stealin' chickens consider'ble 'round there fer some time, and we had an idee who it was that was doin' the stealin'. We kep' still, though, but when three o' my geese was took one night I thought it was time to do somethin', and I said right out and out that it was Big Sam Waddles who was walkin' off with our poultry, and I got out a search-warrant, but didn't find nothin' to take him up on.

"Then one day, along about that time, what does Hi Stubbs, that drove the tannery mules, do but come in and declare up and down that he had been stopped on the road in Deeper's woods by a bear, and that the bear had yanked a bag o' meal offen his wagon and lugged it off into the woods! Hi's standin' fer truth and veracity there and thereabout wa'n't o' the George Washin'ton natur', and all the tannery done was to discharge him on the spot.

"A while after Schwatzenbacher left us Moses seemed to git more chipper and hopeful-like, and I was encouraged. He meandered about the country as usual, but I took to noticin' that he stayed away from home longer than he used to do, so one day I follered him to see how he was passin' his time. He went into the woods somethin' like a mile and a half, and when he come to Sliker's old bark cabin he went in and shet the door behind him. I crep' up and peeked through a crack. What I see, Solomon, most sent me tumblin' flat.

"In one corner o' the cabin was two geese, penned up and swelled out so big that they couldn't stand. Moses had another goose on the floor, dead, and he was takin' out its liver and stuffin' it in one o' Schwatzenbacher's goose-liver pie cans! I went in. Moses looked up, and when he see me his head sunk on to his breast, and shame stuck out all over him. And there stood the missin' bag o' tannery corn-meal, half gone! Moses had stole my geese and highway-robbed Hi Stubbs of the meal, and had been crammin' them geese with it to git stock fer goose-liver pie!

"I was so sore at heart that I couldn't say a word, and I come back home sad and sorry. 'Long towards night I see Moses come sneakin' home and go into the barn. I didn't go out fer half an hour or so, and then I was too late. Moses had hung himself by a halter from a rafter in the haymow, and was deader than a grindstone!

"So, Solomon, if you ever"—

But the Pochuck chronicler, an amazed and disappointed man, rose and went slowly out and homeward.

Hopeless.

"**D**HEY done taken Sam Johnsing down ter de *insane*-sylum," says Marfy Brown.

"Yo' doan tell me! What in dis world gone wrong wid dat man?" asks Sistah Po'teh.

"Hit bin goin' on mo'en fo' weeks now sense he begun ter *positively* 'fuse ter eat watahmillion."

Not Necessary.

Indignant sister—"See here, Lottie; I tought mother told you not to encourage that young man."

Lottie—"So she did; but that young man doesn't need any encouragement."



A SUPERFLUOUS ANECDOTE.

At one time the great composer Paderhairsky was so poor that he had no pillow on which to lay his head; but, then, what's the use recounting that?—he didn't need a pillow.

CONTRARIETIES.

There is no evidence that Mars is subject to marital disturbances, and Venus is not vain.



A CRUEL FATE.

MRS. O'TOOLE—"Faith, an' it's th' harrud luck thot pursnes th' Kerrigans. Tin shtories aff a shlate roof falls owld man Kerrigan yishterday an' niver hurrts himself at all—an' wid sivia hoodred dollars' worth av insurance on th' loife av 'im."

UP TO THE AVERAGE.

"My son," said the fond father reprov- ingly, "I have always endeavored to do my duty to you."

"Oh, yes," replied the erring one; "you have done fairly well as fathers go."

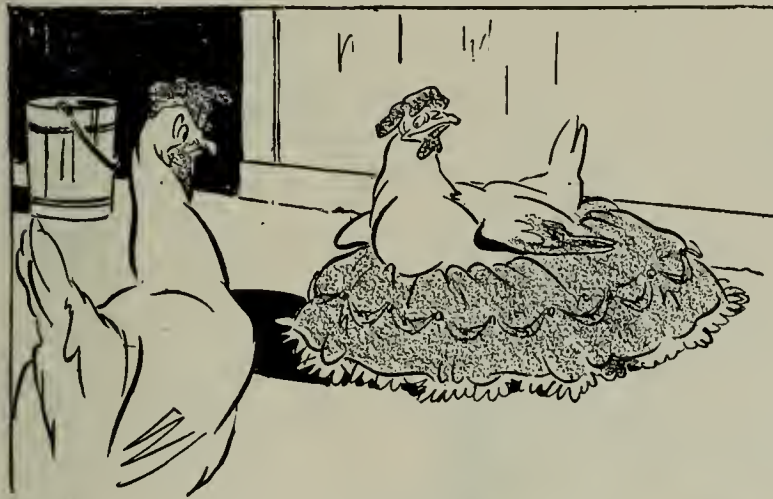
VERY REGULAR.

"Why don't you go to church to-day, To hear the sermon, praise and pray? Though I don't want to be severe, That you're a sinner much I fear."

"I'm a regular church-goer, dear— On Easter Sunday, once a year."

QUALIFIED.

Lazy Lazarus—"Say, Weary, listen ter dis snap in de newspaper. 'Wanted—an elderly man ter eat an' sleep on de prem- ises.' Ain't dat a puddin'? Suit you an' me ter pieces."



I. FIRST HEN—"Good gracious! What are you wearing those hoopskirts for?"

ACCEPTED APOLOGIES.

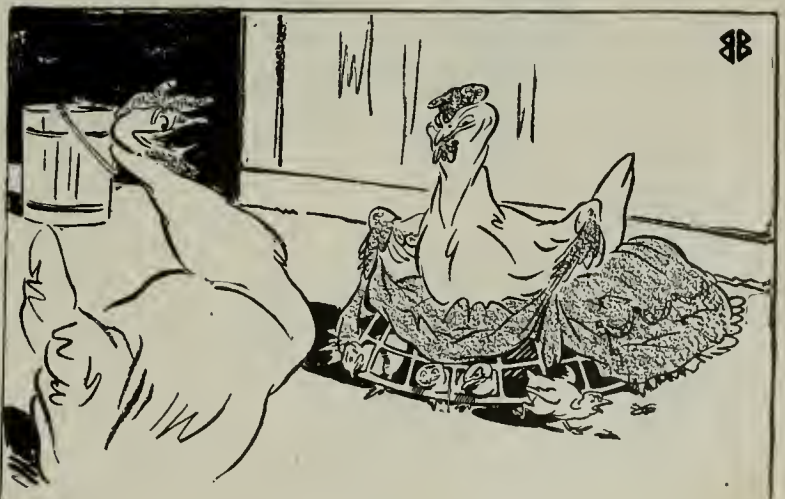
Mamma—"Gracie, nurse tells me you did not say your prayers last night."

Gracie (aged five) — "No, mamma; I didn't have to last night, for I was so ve'y tihed an' s'ee'py 'at I jus' got down quick under 'e covers, an' I said, 'O, Lord! p'ease excuse me for not saying my prayers to- night for I am so ve'y tihed an' s'ee'py,' an' He said, 'Cehtainly, Miss Tomlinson.'"

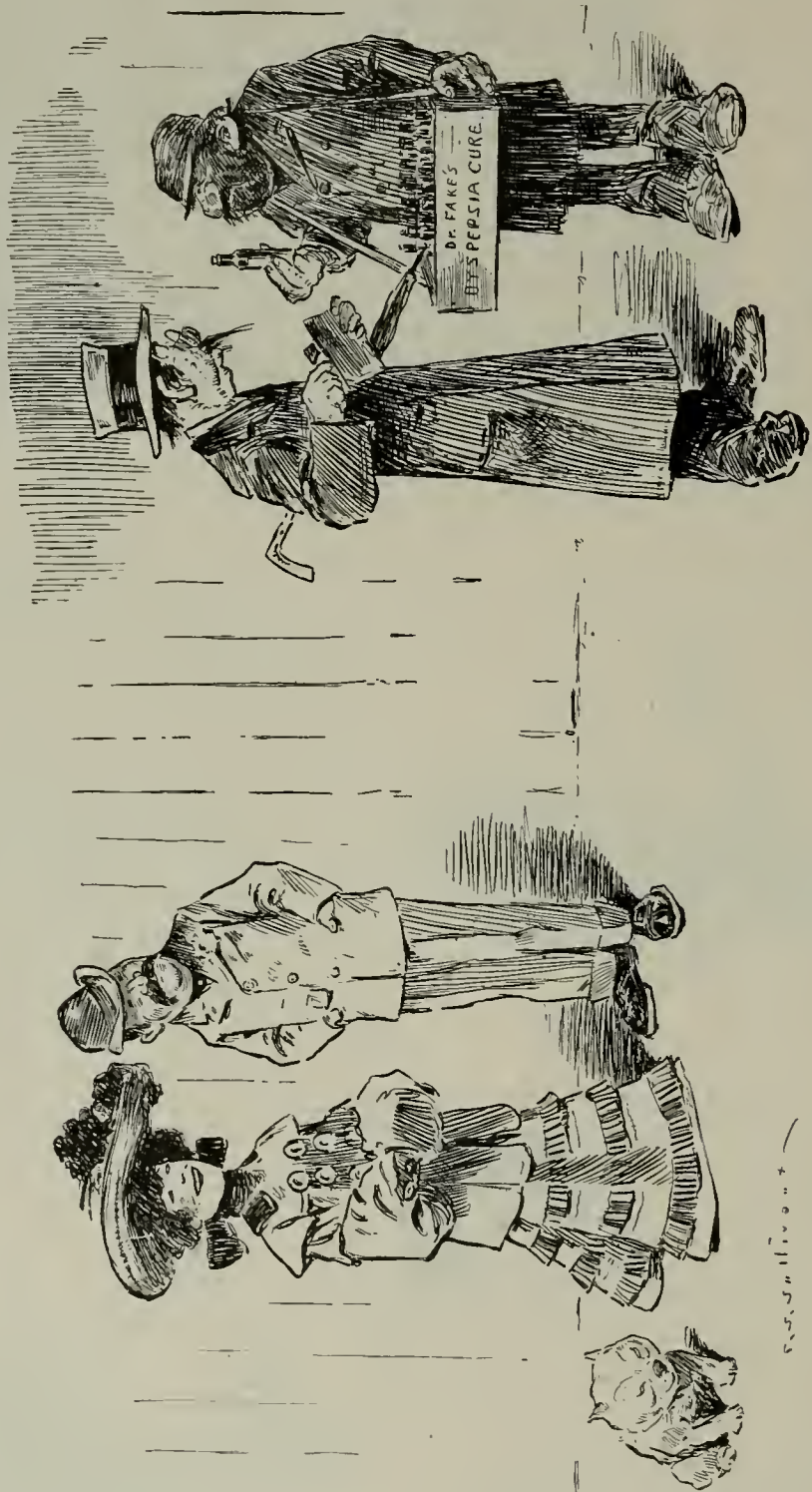
A NEW WOMAN.

Wagge—"I hear Miss Bagley is quite the new woman. Can you tell me if it is so?"

Mrs. Wagge — "So? Of course it is. Why, her last paper at the club was about 'The advantages of sleeping in pajamas.'"



II. SECOND HEN—"I find them of great assistance in controlling the children."



AN AWFULLY SAD CASE.

"That walking delegate sacrificed his health in the cause of labor."
"Did, eh?"
"Yes. He always rode, never walked, drank nothing but champagne, smoked forty-cent cigars, and soon got an incurable dyspepsia."



HELD IN RESERVE.

PHILANTHROPIST—" And have you anything laid by for a rainy day ?"
PAT DUCY—" A whole quart, sor ; an' it's a glorious drunk Oi'll hov th' foorst day it's too wet to worruk."

ACCIDENTAL BRAVERY ; OR, PROFESSOR TIMID'S FIRST, LAST AND ONLY LION.



I.

HIS THEORY.

" Davie," Edith asked, " why do folks comb their heads ?"
" Huh !" Davie looked at his sister with an expression of pity. " Why do folks rake their gardens ? T' make th' hair grow, little goose."



II.

DOLEFUL OUTLOOK.

" Why does the husband of the two-headed woman wear such a doleful look ?" asked the living skeleton.
" Easter is coming and she insists upon having two new bonnets," replied the India-rubber man.



III.

THE RESULT ACCOMPLISHED.

Deacon Jones—" What ! Not going to church any more ? I thought you told me not long ago that you hadn't missed a Sunday in three years ?"
Farmer Corncrib—" So I hadn't. So I hadn't. But what's the use now ? Times air gittin' as good as they ever was."



IV.

BLESSING HER STARS.

Crawford—" What makes you think your wife isn't so much of a new woman as she used to be ?"
Crabshaw—" Because since this war-scare I haven't heard her say how sorry she was that she wasn't a man."



V.



JUSTIFIABLE WRATH.

MR. SELLEM (*who has hurried from New York*)—"I'd like to have a hold of the fresh guy who wrote me that I'd get a big order by calling at 331 Market street."

He Had To Radiate Money.

MR. MUCHMONN, his wife and three daughters were staying at the Mostex-Pensive hotel, in the Adirondacks. As a means of entertaining the guests, the manager of the hotel engaged a lecturer who gave a demonstration of the latest researches in scientific fields. After one of his lectures mamma and the girls were telling papa all about it. He had not been able to attend, owing to an imperative demand for his presence and advice and assistance in opening a series of jack-pots in a little room on the third floor.

"It was just lovely, papa!" said the youngest daughter.

"So educational, too," averred the second daughter.

"And so helpful to the mind," chimed in the eldest daughter.

"It certainly was of benefit to all present," said mamma.

"What did he tell about?" asked papa, who was not in a happy mood, having on different occasions overestimated the possibilities of the draw; also underestimated his opponents' hands.

"About radium," explained mamma.



THE DIFFERENCE.

CHIMMIE—"Is dat her fiancé?"

MAGGIE—"Naw! Dat's de guy she's goin' ter marry."

"What is radium—some new dress-goods or a breakfast-food?"

"No; it's a new substance which constantly gives off parts of itself and still never diminishes in size or quantity."

"Huh! That fellow must have been trying to tell you women what your idea of my pocket-book is."

The Courteous Gateman.

"I WANT to catch the four-o'clock train for New York!" exclaims the charming damsel, rushing against the turnstile.

Politely, but firmly, the gateman bars the way.

"The train has gone, madam; it left just a minute ago," he says.

"Oh, dear! Then I have missed it!"

"No, madam," he replies, doffing his cap and bowing gracefully. "I think it would be better to say that the train has missed you."

After that, to wait four hours for the next train was a light matter.

The Chestnut-tree

I.

UNDER the spreading chestnut-tree
 The Jolly Jokeman stands ;
 A blithe and happy fellow he,
 As, with his upstretched hands,
 He shakes the chestnuts from the boughs,
 All dull and brown with age,
 Yet fresh and young enough, he vows,
 To grace some funny page.

III.

Anó this, so smooth and rotund yet,
 Despite its tale of years,
 Next month (he's willing, quite, to bet)
 In JUDGE'S garb appears.
 This large and venerable shell
 Yields to the Jokeman's knife ;
 'Tis hollow, empty ! very well,
 'Twill suit the simple *Life*.

V.

But still remains, here at his feet,
 A mangy, hopeless bunch ;
 These go to London, where they'll meet
 A welcome warm from *Franch*.
 Thus doth the spreading chestnut-tree
 Contribute to our joys
 The selfsame wit and humor we
 Were fed upon as boys.

II.

This one, most ancient, he reserves
 (He's tried the plan before)
 To fill the place it best deserves
 In *Harper's* (changeless) *Drawer*.
 While here's another, punctured through
 With worm-holes—splendid luck !
 The Jolly Jokeman knows 'twill do
 To send along to *Puck*.

IV.

Once more he shakes the chestnut-tree ;
 Down falls, bewhiskered, gray,
 A joke inscribed 16 B. C.,
 Bok's ! for the *L. H. J.*
 Another yank a nut brings down
 Too poor to boil or roast,
 Which, likewise, goes to Penn's old town,
 Addressed, "*The S. E. Post*."

VI.

One day comes Bangs, and with him Ade,
 And all the motley crew ;
 Each rests beneath the chestnut's shade
 And swipes a joke or two.
 Here's Burgess, Loomis, Masson, Dunne,
 And clever Carolyn ;
 Two paragraphers for the *Sun*
 (But these are butters-in).

VII.

And while rich spoil they gather fast,
 These jokemen laugh with glee ;
 How brief a space their jobs would last
 But for the chestnut-tree !
 Helpless, unseen, Joe Miller's wraith
 Sighs on the topmost limb,
 To think those chestnuts all, i' faith,
 Had once belonged to him !

F. C.



Ancient Tayles

By Lowell Otus Reese

YE ASS IN YE SENATE.



LOOK YE, deare children, thys is an ancient tayle with a modern moral.
 Once uponne a tyme all ye animals gat together to holde an election. There was much electioneering & manie fytes.

And itte was soe thatte there were manie candidates. Yea, verilie, every animal desired that he be elected ; & there was noe one to

vote for another, God wot.

"Behold !" sedde ye Owl, "I am ye logical candidate. Am I notte exceedyng wise ? Or atte leaste have I notte ye reputation for wisdom—and do I notte looke ye part ?

For itte mattereth notte thatte thou be ye prize chump o ye century, if thatte thou art able to putte on a looke of profound sagement ! Therefore, I claim ye right to be elected to ye Senate & have a free pass both ways !"

Butte while they one & alle admitted ye soundnesse of ye Owl's claims, yette were they unwilling to yield himme ye plume. "For he hath no pulle !" sedde they, "& who-ever heard of a politician withoute a pulle ?"

Soe they turned himme down.

"Lo !" yelped ye Smalle Dogge, "Sende me ! I am eloquent ! Yea, itte is soe thatte ny voice worketh from the settyng of ye sunne to ye rising thereof and tireth notte ! Ye smallest note of alarm setteth me off into a spasm of eloquence which lasteth for a whole day soe thatte alle menne curse & wish I were deade ! Sende me !"

"Butte thou makest much noise & sayest nothyng!" objected ye Bulle.

"And who ever heard of a politician that didde otherwise?" demanded ye Smalle Dogge. But they were silent; for of a truth none wisted.

Juste thenne ye Ass appeared among themme. "Be silent!" he brayed, as he tooke ye stande.

"I am ITTE!" he sedde with a swagger. "Thys meetynge wille now stande adjourned. For beholde! I have mayde all ye rabble outside to gette drunk on beere. Likewise I have subsidized ye dailie papers & stolen ye ballot-box. I am rich & therefore I have been able to cultivate a pulle. Alsoe I am eloquent & my kyck wille make me a power inne ye Senate whenne itte cometh to ye firste rough house. For, marry & gosh-durn! whenne ye scrimmage is over ye house wille look like unto a gentle & honorable passage-at-arms inne Breathitt County, Kentucky!"

Thenne ye Ass arose, kycked ye gavel through ye skylight, piled alle ye delegates uponne ye floore for ye count, took ye nomination inne hys teeth & walked off to glory & honor.

For itte is soe thatte ye rabble loveth to be represented by an Ass who can bray, yette say naught; drink things, make ye biggest kyck inne a rough house & bring glory & notoriety uponne hys native lande.

First Gurgle: Beere, graft & a pulle; these are ye Three Graces of ye politician.

Second Chunk: Looke notte for a wise manne inne politics. Wisdom stayeth afar & hoeth corn.

Third Wise Gob: Whenne thou canst no longer earn a decent living driving a dray—enter politics; & the Lord have mercie on thy sinnefulle soule!

YE OLDE ROOSTER & YE OLDE HENNE.

ONCE uponne a tyme, deare children, there lived an olde Rooster who hadde gone manie seasons withoute taking unto hymselfe a wife.

& itte was soe thatte he hadde lived happilie & felt notte ye hande of trouble; for he was a luckie olde Rooster & hys life was a cinch.

Butte one day he became possessed of an idea.

"Itte is notte goode for me to die an olde bachelor!" quoth he. "Lo, I shalle go forth & finde me a wife!"

For he hadde become a disciple of a strenuous Lion who went aboute through ye lande preaching ye doctrine of No Race-suicide.

Now, ye olde Rooster was meek & inoffensive, with a weak chinne & a balde hedde. Hence, of course, he fixed hys affections uponne a stronge-minded olde Henne & worshiped her afar off.

"She looketh goode to me!" sighed ye olde Rooster. "Beholde! I who have butte little character, am sorelie inne need of some one to holde me straight!" & he asked her to be hys.

For itte is even soe thatte manie an olde Rooster who goeth through life havynge a goode tyme becometh aweary of perfect peace & swappeth the same for a few briet yeares inne helle.

While hys hedde groweth more balde & hys hearte is broken into fragments. Alsoe hys peace of minde de-

parteth & he longeth for ye chance to goe uponne a jagge, yette dareth notte looke uponne ye wine, lest ye wife of hys bosom smite hymme fulle sore uponne ye hedde & putte hys intellect uponne ye bumme.

& itte came to pass thatte ere ye honeymoon was half over ye olde Rooster looked uponne a yellow dogge & longed to be itte.

"Marry & gosh-dern!" he soboed, "butte itte were better to be a yellow dogge than a human reticule dangling atte ye waiste of a stronge-minded female!" Thenne he started & grew payle for thatte he hadde uttered treason.

& one day they founde hymme outte on ye scappe-heape with hys feete stycking uppe in ye aire. A letter was by hys side and ye coroner wept as he read:

"First Sneeze: Ere thou plunge inne, finde if ye matrimonial sea be too hotte for thee."

"Second Wuzzle: If thou have a weak character—try notte to mend itte by marriage."

"Third Wallop: Beware ye stronge-minded olde Henne who weareth ye mole onne her chinne & hath no use for children!"

TAYLE OF YE ANIMAL COURT.

THE animals were trying ye Catte for murder. Ye Monk was judge & ye Olde Dogge was prosecuting attorney for ye Stayte. Ye prisoner was defended by ye Sly Foxe.

A thousand spectators were present, for itte was a famous case. All about ye bar policemen stood & groaned, for they were verie fatte.

"Your Honor," sedde ye sly Foxe, "I move that ye charge be quashed. For in ye complaynt I find my client's name is misspelled!"

& there was much grief atte ye prospect, for of a truth ye Catte was a noted criminal.

Ye olde Monk scratched hys balde hedde. "Itte is a serious mistayke!" he sedde, & looked atte ye prosecutor.

"Butte ye Cattie is guiltie!" roared ye Olde Dogge.

"Butte ye complaynt is defective!" grinned ye Sly Foxe.

"Complaynt or no complaynt," howled ye indignant Olde Dogge, "ye Catte is a murderer. He killed ye Sparrow in Colde Bloode!"

"Butte two Commas are left oute!" submitted ye Sly Foxe, "& I must ask ye Court to give my injured client hys libertie!"

"According to precedent," sedde ye Judge as he putte on hys spectacles & read a passage from ye ancient case of *Snaik vs. Fieldmouse*, "I must find in accordance with ye prayer of ye Sly Foxe. Ye defendant is acquitted."

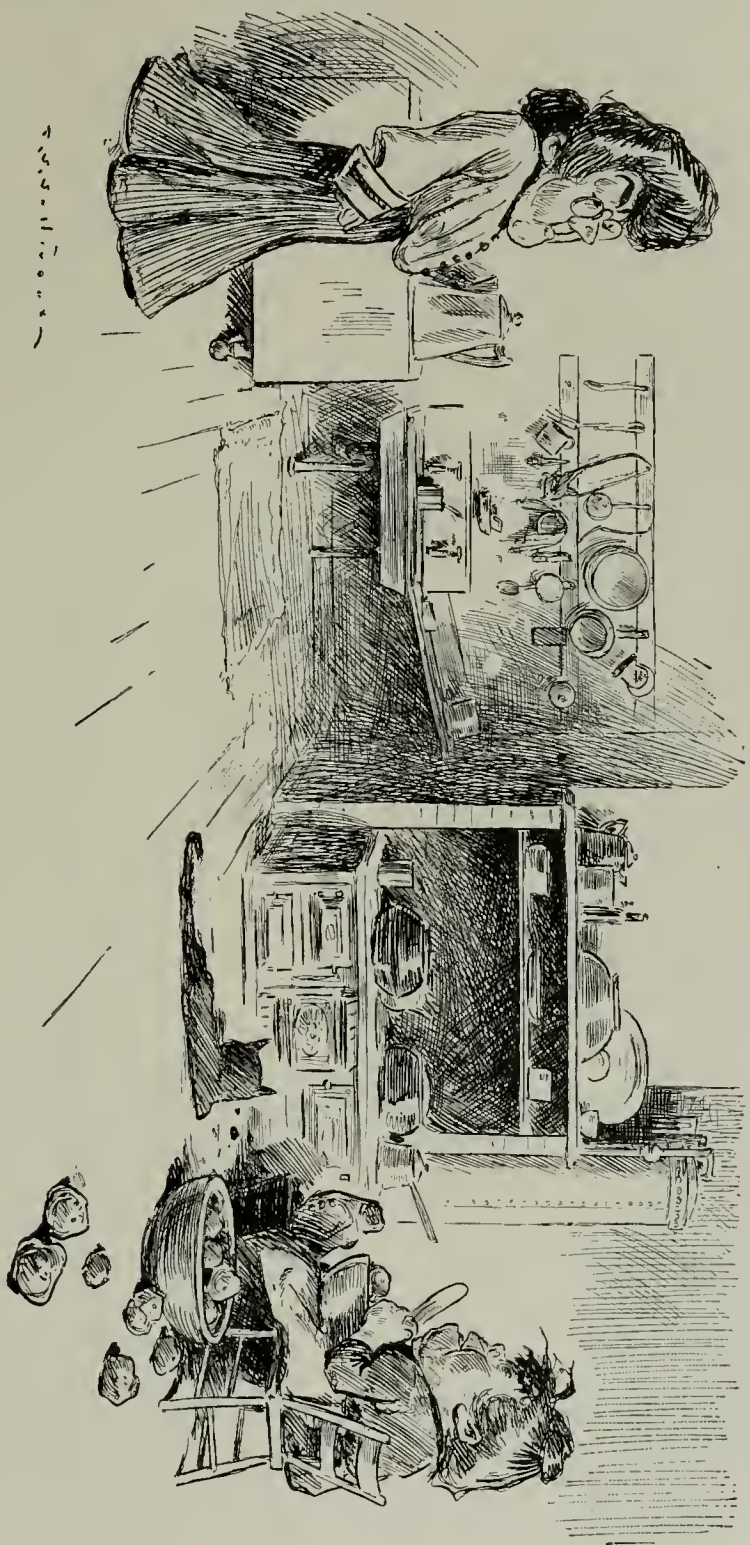
"Itte is notte Justice!" howled ye Olde Dogge.

Ye Sly Foxe grinned. "Butte itte is Law!" he yapped, & went outte with ye Catte to take a drink.

First Burble: Law hath grown, in ye Animal Kingdom, to be sixteen to one. Ye one part is Justice.

Second Spasm: Ye Lawyer hath defeated Justice more times than ever Crime.

Ye Wallop: No crime is dangerous if thou butte know ye Ropes.

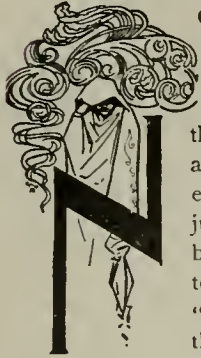


A REAL SMART LITTLE GIRL.

MISTRESS—"I hope you are not thinking of getting married, Bridget?"
 COOK—"Oh, no, indade, mum. Oi prefer to shay rough here an' hov a home av me own."

POETS OF THE SPRINGTIME

By Morris Wade



NOW cometh the poet of the springtime. There are a great many of him and more of her. They are sending their "little brain children" broadcast over the land to the profit of the postal service and to the distraction of poetry-worn editors. Many of these editors know just how 'Gene Field felt when he wrote briefly, "Because you sent it by mail," to the poet whose effusion was entitled, "Why Do I Live?" The pussy-willow, the coming-up of the crocus, the swelling of the buds, the spring zephyrs, the birds preparing to mate and bring forth their "birdlets"—all these are productive of couplets, quatrains, sonnets, madrigals and every other form of poetic expression. Cupid is supposed to get in his work with telling effect in the springtime, when the young man's fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love," and the poet is inspired to tell the editor all about it in lines like these:

" Ah, 'tis the spring, 'tis the spring!
I tune my harp and sing and sing!
The years are not to me and mine
For in our hearts is the sweet springtime.
And love is ours, dear love, to thee I sing,
My heart is full of thee this spring."

With this comes a little note on lavender-tinted and violet-scented paper, in which the author assures the editor that the poem is "entirely original," and that "competent critics" have pronounced it far superior to anything that has yet appeared in his magazine, but not even this proof of the merit of the poem influences the editor to accept it, and it goes back to its author with a "declined-with-thanks" slip. The next spring poet tells the editor that—

" The glad springtime is in my heart,
I shout and sing for glee!
My love comes up the grassy lane,
I stand and wait for he!
A frog, it croaketh loud and clear,
A bird sings on a wall,
And from the distant meadow land
The bossy cow doth bawl.
These sweet spring sounds are naught to me,
When my lover's voice I hear,
And his dear arms round me twine,
And his whisperings are in my ear!"

"She's got it bad," is all the comment the editor says, but that is sufficient to prove that this rhapsody will also find its way back to its author. A single stanza of the next poem in the editor's mail convinces him that the poem is not up to the mark:

" Spring cometh!
I live! I love!
Sing, little birds! Thou and thy mate
Sing, sweet warblers, early and late.
When wilt thou be
Like him and me
Happy! Ah, God! how happy are we!
Ha, ha! What reck's it me
When I loveth him and he loveth me?"

The author of the next poetic spasm says in the letter sent with it: "I desire you to know that the inclosed sonnet of six lines are entirely of my own composure without assistance from no one. It is not my first attempt at poetickal composition, as I am the awthor of something like one hundred poems wrote by myself on various lines of thought. Some has been published in our town paper. If desired will be pleased to send you one a week for your own sheet on any subject wished. The inclosed was wrote in thirteen minutes, although I had not thought it up before I wrote it. It comes natchrel to me to write poetry, one of my own uncles having went crazy while writing poetry and my grandmother on one side often wrote wedding, birth and death poetry. Inclosed find poetry as follows to-wit:

" What means this wild commotion,
This upheaval of naturer's forces
And rejuvenating of the world?
Ah! the bonds of old winter are broke,
His dominion endeth, and why?
All natures gives reply—' Spring is here! "

The editor had just pounded a postage-stamp on the envelope in which this "sonnet of six lines" was to be returned when a poetess appeared in person. She was about twenty years older than she would have cared to own up to, and her golden-brown and wavy "front" was a good many shades darker than the rest of her hair. Her manners were of the "kittenish" order and she spoke with a trilling sort of a gurgle. The editor took his heels from his desk, put on his coat, laid aside his cigar and in other ways acknowledged the unwonted presence of a lady in his lair.

"Good-morning," she said, with a smile that revealed the lack of skill of the dentist who had made her "upper plate." "Am I very, very naughty to come in person instead of writing to you? A personal interview is *so* much more satisfactory, don't you know? I have always felt that if I were an editor I would want to see *all* of my contributors, for there is *so* much in a personality, don't you know? Thanks, I *will* sit down just a moment or two, and I'll tell you right away what I have come for. My friends are just *determined* that I shall publish some of my poor little verses that I know are not worthy the

name of poetry. Some of my friends have been good enough to say that my lines sometimes suggest Browning, and if they do, it is not because I am trying to imitate that dear, dear poet. He was *everything* to me! I can hardly speak his name without tears. And *Tennyson!* It seemed to me that a part of my very *life* died with him! Do you exchange with the *Guiding Star?* No? If you did you would perhaps be familiar with my work. I wanted to read one or two of my poems to you myself, for I think that only the *author* can properly interpret the soul of a poem. This came to me in the dead of night, and I got up and scribbled it off on a fly-leaf hastily torn from a book :

‘ Oh, pansy of the springtime!
Oh, flower of purple hue!
Oh, white and golden rim
That doth encircle you!

What magic and what mystery within thy form doth dwell!
What giveth thee thy color? Who knows? Ah, well!
Keep thou thy secret if thou wilt, and only give to me
Thy beauty and thy fragrance, and grateful will I be.’

“ Of course I do not claim that there is anything so very *deep* in my poor little rhyme, and yet I fancy it will awaken a responsive chord in many hearts. Now, here is something with a deeper note of feeling in it. I call it ‘ To Our President ’:

‘ Oh, man of might and destiny
Who occupiest the White House chair!
What cares are thine
That thou alone must bear!
A nation’s weal or woe
Is in thy grip;
Hast thou not need, oh, Theodore,
Of all thy statesmanship?
No glittering baubles on thy brow,
No sceptre and no crown,
No robes of state, yet all allow
Thou art a sovereign born.
And north and south and east and west,
And all our nation o’er,
The people bow to thy behest,
Oh, Theodore! our Theodore!’

“ I have read that to a number of my friends and they have all declared that they never heard anything like it before,” she said, as she wiped her eyes and manifested other signs of emotion. “ Sometimes I dash off quaint little humorous conceits like this :

‘ A springtime odor fills the air,
It greets my nostrils ev’rywhere;
’Tis not from flower or growing thing,
This certain harbinger of spring;
’Tis not from earth or soft blue sky,
This smell that greets both you and I;
It is—it is—Oh, fie, how rash,
To write such lines to burning trash!’

“ I’m sure I have as little conceit as most poets, but I do think that is rather clever. Some of my friends have laughed even more heartily over this little humorous fancy :

‘ Hang out the bed-clothes,
Beat the rugs,
Take up the carpets,
And kill the bugs.
Paint, stain and varnish
All over the house—
Set traps for rats
And also for mouse.
Sweep and dust
And clean the floor
From up in the attic
Down to cellar door.
“ All these duties to thee I bring,”
Says spring, sweet spring!’

“ I have twenty or thirty other poems with me, but of course I know you haven’t time for all of them, so I’ll just read one more to you and—you have an engagement? Then, of course, I’ll not detain you. Oh, thank you; I’ll be delighted to leave the poems and you can select those you wish. Yes. Shall I call again, or—oh, certainly, return those you do not want by mail. Good-bye, and thank you for being so nice to me. I know now that it isn’t *true* that editors are all so dreadfully dreadful. I feel *awfully* naughty taking up so much of your time. Good-bye.”

Then the editor rips open a pale-blue envelope and draws forth a sheet of pale-blue paper with a gold monogram, and reads :

“ Spring is here, oh, gentle spring!
Tra la, tra la, tra la, la, la, la!
Spring is here, oh, hear me sing,
Tra la, tra la, tra la, la, la, la,
Oh, spring, sweet spring, I”——

Then the editor says things not to be recorded here and joyfully accepts the invitation of a member of the staff, who thrusts his head in at the door with an invitation to go out and “ have something.”

An Easter Lay.

I’D sing the glamour of the Easter hat,
But ’twould demand too serious a strain—
The Easter costume with its flowing train,
The Easter lily—shopworn subject that!
And Easter beer is oft a trifle flat;
For rhyme’s exigencies ’tis somewhat plain.
So let me sound the glorious lyre again
Upon a theme where I know where I’m at.
I sing the faithful bird whose modest lay,
Though not as liquid as the nightingale’s,
Rings solid ’mid the Easter regimen.
In fame’s bright roster no part doth she play,
Yet many an aureole before it pales—
The deathless glory of our native hen.

EUGENE GEARY.

All Who Run Can Read.

Her husband—“ Now, there’s Mrs. Meeker. I know that she makes all her own clothes, yet you never hear her say a word about it.”

Mrs. Marter—“ Humph! It isn’t necessary.”

BECAUSE a man is what he thinks he is it does not follow that he is what he claims to be.

A DAGO DITTY.

I am a I-talian man,
 Big-a biz on da street-a I do,
 Sell-a da fruit-a and banan'
 At five-a cent for two.

But chestnuts no more-a pay,
 Can't-a make-a my rent :
 Da newspaper' take-a dat trade
 away,
 By da Sunday supplemt.



BASE-BAWL.

"After all, the great American game is often played on the European plan."
 "How's that?"
 "All talk and no fight."

KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

Willie Skidds rapped at Mrs. Bicker's door, and when that lady opened it he explained that his mamma had gone out and he couldn't get into the kitchen to get anything to make mud-pies in, and would Mrs. Bicker lend him a jar?
 "What kind of a jar, Willie?"
 "Oh, a family jar will do. Mamma says you have plenty of them."



"THE SONG OF THE SHIRT."
 (A new adaptation.)

A SCOFFER AT THE SEANCE.

The medium (triumphantly, as a scratching noise is heard in the cabinet)—"Now if that isn't spirits, what is it?"
 Voice (in the audience)—"Rats!"



CASABIANCA (NEW JOURNALISM).
 The boy scorched on the bicycle bridge,
 Whence all but him had fled.
 The moon lit up the bicycle wreck,
 And the boy stood on his head.



USEFUL TO THE COMPREHENSIVE.
 "It beats all what these city folks won't git up next. Naow, I s'pose all I've got t' do ef a fire breaks aout is t' grab me duds an' jump from th' winder."

As It Might Be

By Everett McNeil

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THE other night I attended a woman-suffrage lecture. The orator was extremely radical and eloquent, and the collation, served after the lecture by the enthusiastic members of the Universal Sisterhood of Amalgamated Woman Suffragists, before whom the lecture was delivered, was particularly delectable and appetizing, and I ate appreciatively and abundantly of the rich viands. The next morning I awoke, or thought I awoke, with my wife's elbow poking me in the ribs.

"John! John!" she was saying, emphasizing each "John" with a thrust of her elbow. "John! it is time to get up. I must have an early breakfast this morning. I have got to get to the office by

eight o'clock, and it is nearly six now. Come, get a hustle on you. I'll have some pork-chops and eggs and hot muffins. Make the coffee good and strong. Call me in half an hour. Now, hurry, John," and, with a final dig of her elbow, she turned over and closed her eyes, and in three minutes more her heavy breathing told me that she was asleep.

I lay for a few minutes dreamily wondering what it all meant, and then, with a sigh, I brushed the sleep cobwebs from my eyes and got out of bed. I remember staring for a minute or so a little blankly at the clothes hanging on the back of the chair and evidently mine; and then, with curiously familiar hands, I put them on, and buttoned and hooked and pinned them up until everything was safe, and, quickly doing up my hair while deftly holding the needed hairpins in my mouth without dropping or swallowing one, I hurried to the kitchen, for Mary must have her breakfast on time, and we had no hired boy.

At exactly half-past six I went to the bedroom door and called, "Mary, Mary, it's half-past six! Time to get up. Breakfast will be ready by the time you are ready for it."

Mary grunted and rolled over, and I went back to my work in the kitchen.

Fifteen minutes later I again rapped on the bedroom door and called, "Are you up, Mary? Breakfast will be ready in five minutes, and it is now nearly seven o'clock."

"All right! I'm coming!" and I heard Mary stretching and yawning, and again went back to the kitchen.

When the clock struck seven breakfast was all ready, and I sat waiting for Mary to put in her appearance. For fifteen minutes I waited, and then I again hurried to the bedroom. Mary was out of bed and putting on her pantaloons.

"Confound it all! There goes a button!" she ex-

claimed angrily, just as I entered the room. "I do wish you would sew the buttons on so that they would stay, John. Now, hurry and get a needle and thread and sew this on. Quick, I can't wait all day."

I secured the button in its proper place with all possible speed, Mary, in the meantime, grumbling at me and trying to put on her collar. I heard something fall to the floor and roll away.

"Heavens, my collar-button! Do find it, John! I'd like to get hold of the woman who invented collar-buttons. I'd" — and she clinched and unclinched her strong hands suggestively.

I found the collar-button and restored it to Mary. She fastened the collar and began fumbling with the tie, her face growing redder and redder each moment.

"Blame the old thing! I can't see what has got into it this morning!" and she gave the silk ribbon an angry yank. "Come and tie it for me, John. That's a good little man," and, giving one cheek a playful little pinch, she kissed me on the other.

I tied the cravat and then hurried away to our pretty little dining-room to get everything on the table, so that Mary would not have to wait a moment, for she was already late. She came in just as the clock was striking the half-hour.

"Great guns! Half-past seven! And I am due at the office at eight! I told you to call me at six-thirty, John!" and Mary glared at me as she plumped herself down in her chair and began shoveling down the food. "Great Cæsar! these muffins are as tough as sole leather. I wish you'd see father, John, and have him tell you how to make real muffins."

Mary ate seven of the tough muffins and then tackled the pork-chops.

"Dry as a bone again!" she exclaimed disgustedly, at the first bite. "Bet they have been in the oven for the last half-hour keeping warm. I don't see why you can't calculate the time better, John."

I mildly reminded her that breakfast had been ready for the last half-hour, awaiting her good pleasure, and that I had had to put the chops in the oven to keep them warm. Her only answer was a grunt, as she made a dive for her hat and overcoat.

"Won't be back until late. Here's a ten for your day's shopping. Good-bye," and, slapping a ten-dollar bill down on the table, she hurried away, forgetting in her rush to give me the usual good-bye kiss.

I busied myself about the house until afternoon, when I went down town to do some shopping. For a few minutes after I reached the street I felt unaccountably strange and queer, and found myself staring at the people I met almost as if they were denizens of another planet. I saw many pretty young girls dressed in pantaloons and wearing coats and vests, who always touched their hats to me and to all other gentlemen whom they met. The men all had funny little hats stuck up on the tops of their

heads, kept their faces smooth shaven, let their hair grow long, and wore queer-looking, gayly-colored jackets, short skirts and high-heeled French shoes. Many of them carried parasols, and they were continually endeavoring to attract the attention of the women, without seeming to do so. All the coachmen and footmen I saw on the carriages were well-formed, fine-looking, uniformed young women; and it was surprising to see how quickly and gracefully they helped the richly-dressed and jeweled men in and out of their carriages.

At Broadway I boarded a crowded street-car; and the moment I entered the door three young women jumped to their feet and politely offered me their seats. I sat down, without even acknowledging the courtesy of the young woman who had given me her seat, and looked around. Above my head, on the advertising boards on the other side of the car, I read,

"A vote for Elizabeth Amanda Hill for mayor of New York is a vote against the grafters and the saloon-keepers, and for the protection of our homes and husbands and children."

And by its side I saw printed, in large blue letters, the following:

"Lena Lucinda Rosenhill is the laboring woman's best friend. A vote for her for mayor of New York means a vote for more hours at home with husband and baby. Better pay and less work. A nail in the coffin of the greedy monopolist. Vote early. Vote right. Vote straight. Vote for Lena Lucinda Rosenhill."

Every block or two, great banners, emblazoned with the names and the portraits of the opposing candidates, were stretched across Broadway; and I noticed that all the candidates, from the mayor down, were women. I bought a newspaper. It was full of ante-election news, and I discovered that the president of the United States, all the members of congress—in short, that all the offices, city, state and national, were filled by women; and that in all the states but one, Utah, men had been disfranchised.

In one corner of the newspaper, printed in small type, I came across a short news item which read,

"MAN-SUFFRAGISTS DISCOURAGED.

"KICKAPOO, Arizona: The convention of the National Man-suffragists' Association in this city to-day was a bitter disappointment to the most ardent supporters of the movement. Delegates from only thirteen states were present. Little business was transacted, the delegates spending the greater part of their time in useless bickerings. It is said that three hours of the time were taken up by a discussion of the propriety of a woman giving up her seat in a street-car to a man, unless he was old or feeble, and two hours to the consideration of whether or not it was contrary to the teachings of the bible for men to be ordained as ministers of the gospel. Before the convention adjourned it was voted that a concerted effort be made in all the states by all men-suffragists to secure for all males of legal voting age the right to vote on all school matters. The next convention will be held at Medicine Bow, Oklahoma."

I got off the street-car in front of the large department-store where I was to do my shopping. It was bargain-day at this store, and a continuous stream of well-dressed

men was pouring through its doors. I hastened toward the bargain-counter, where silk ribbons two inches wide and valued at one dollar a yard were being offered, to-day only, for ninety-nine and one-half cents, fearful that I would be too late to take advantage of this remarkable bargain, and in an instant found myself in the resistless sweep of a stream of pushing, shoving, elbowing, yelling, sweating men, all struggling desperately toward that ribbon-counter. In one minute my corns had been stepped on sixteen times, my dress torn, my hat knocked off my head, three ribs broken, and I was sinking fainting to the floor, to be trampled under the feet of the heartless on-rushing bargain grabbers, whose loud breathings and mutterings sounded in my ears like the gibberings of fiends, when, suddenly, I felt two arms thrust around me, and I was lifted up and out of that seething mass and dropped—sprawling on my own bedroom floor, with Mary bending laughingly over me.

"John! John!" she cried, "in the name of all that is terrible, what horrible thing were you dreaming about? Your face looked as if your body was being passed slowly between the rollers of a gigantic wringer, so I yanked you out of bed to break the spell. Now, hurry up and get dressed. I have already called you three times, and breakfast is all ready. If you don't get a hustle on you you will be late at the office," and she hurried back to the dining-room.

I got slowly to my feet and looked apprehensively toward the chair, on whose back I usually hung my clothes, and saw a pair of trousers hanging there. They were mine! and, with a sigh of infinite satisfaction and joy, I slipped them quickly on over my own legs, and vowed, way down deep in my inmost being, that never, never again would I attend a woman-suffrage meeting.

The Breeze in the Bough.

HOP light, ladies!

Cake 's all dough,
Nebber mind de wedder
So de wind don't blow.

Jump light, ladies!

Wine all lees.
Nebber mind de wedder
So us is got a breeze.

Skip light, ladies!

Pie 's all crus'.
Nebber mind de wind so
It don't raise a dus'!

Trip light, ladies!

Beer 's all foam.
Nebber mind de wedder
So de wind blow homz.

Hop light, ladies!

Nebber mind how.
Us rock-a-way to sleep when
De breeze am in de bough.

MARTHA YOUNG.

Reverend Fourthly—"Ah! we are here to-day and gone to-morrow."

Knicker—"That's not the worst. We are here to-morrow and the cook is gone to-day."



A LEGAL MIND.

THE PARENT—"Tommy, I've asked you twice if you know who has been at the jam-closet, and I am waiting for an answer."

THE CHILD—"Mamma, I must refuse to give you an answer on the ground that it might tend to discriminate and ingrade me."

The Auto Cop.

"YES," says the officer to the sergeant, holding to his prisoner; "I took this young man into custody for speeding his auto too fast. He was riding through the park with a young lady, and was evidently paying more attention to her than to his machine, and did not seem to know that the auto was going twenty miles an hour."

"Sparking her, was he?" asks the sergeant, opening the blotter.

"That makes him a spark-arrester, doesn't it?" asks the prisoner.

For Example.

"AS FOR me," stated the petulant person, "I can see no difference between half a loaf and no bread."

"But there is a difference," replied the practical one. "Wouldn't you prefer a whole doughnut to a doughnut hole?"

Perfect Surroundings.

Thespis—"So his Arctic lecture was realistic?"

Foyer—"Yes; the most beautiful frost you ever saw."

Another Puzzle.

Howson Lott—"Here's a copy of the new time-table."

Suburbs—"What's new about it?"

Howson Lott—"The way it's folded."

An Ancient Problem Settled.

AT Slocum's school-house Friday nights,

Through mud and fog and snow,
The Henry Clay debating lights
Still hie themselves to blow;
And just as lofty are their flights
As forty years ago.

The moderator's tawny head,
Though now a little bald,
Still by the candle shows the red
That once the girls appalled.
'Tis most beyond belief, 'tis said,
The rails that he has mauled.

And old Cy Perkins has the floor;
Hot words flow from his tongue,
Much as they did on nights of yore,
When he was hale and young.
But there's less power in his roar—
They say he's lost a lung.

"Once more I claim, before all men!"—
A stillness reigns about—
"Once more I say, it is the hen
That hatched the chicken out
That is its lawful mother." Then
There is an awful shout.

A disk sails gleaming through the air
And brings up very short
Against the rim of old Cy's hair,
And makes a great report.
And then a voice calls to the chair,
"Give your decision, 'Sport.'"

The moderator turns his eyes
Toward the shattered shells,
"I much regret," he sad replies,
"That circumstance compels
Me to decide that my friend Cy's
That chicken's mother." (Vells.)

GEORGE A. BECKENBAUGH.

Ribald.

SOME men have no respect for grim death. There was Motor, for instance. The doctor was on his way home with a live duck when Motor's big touring-car struck him. Both the doctor and the duck were killed. Motor gazed reflectively at the remains for a few moments and then remarked,

"Well, neither of *them* will ever quack again."

The Other Side of It.

"NO, JAKE," said the ward-heeler; "I can't put up any more stuff for you. You went against me last fall, after you had my money. The trouble with you is you won't stay hought."

"You're wrong, Pete," argued the honest voter. "The trouble ain't with me. Seems as if my vote was so blamed contrary it won't stay sold."

A Friend in Need.

Faggles—"Does he regret the time he spent as a waiter while working his way through college?"

Waggles—"I should say not! Since he graduated it's the only thing that has brought him in a living."

"I SEE that King Edward is traveling incog."

"Something new in automobiles, I suppose."



HER VALENTINE.

FIRST CLUBMAN—"The count asked her to let him be her valentine."
SECOND CLUBMAN—"Yes?"
FIRST CLUBMAN—"Yes; and she told him that her brother Willie was the only one in the family who bought comic valentines."



"Thar, now, b' gosh! that oughter make them old maids an' bachelors come ter time."

Truth Lies.

WE pass by the deserted well, but are attracted by faint cries for help from its depths. Turning back, we ask, "Who is there?" "Truth," is the answer. "Is that so?" we ask. "How did you get in there?" "Oh, I just climbed down to see if there was anything in this." Reflecting that people are prone to make excuses for the predicaments in which they are found, and bearing in mind that even Truth lies at the bottom of a well, we pass on, musing upon the unexpected way in which the verity of an axiom is proven.

One on the Reporter.

WE were in the office of the stock-yards, waiting for the yard crew to get the cars for our town. Dan Eagan, a new reporter, was sitting at a desk in the corner of the office, working on the stock-list which his paper published. Bill Sanford, the yard conductor, came in and said to Hoffman, the chief clerk, "We got about ten cars of Buffalos this morning," meaning, as all stockmen know, ten cars of hogs for Buffalo. Eagan had his ears open for news, but did not understand the terms used by the stockmen, and we all noticed that he quickly got through his stock-list and went out.

After we had finished "penning" the stock, we went into the stock-yard office and were preparing to go home, when in came Eagan, the most bedraggled fellow a person would care to lay eyes on—his coat was torn, pants muddy and shoes soaked, and he was nearly frozen. After he warmed himself up he looked around and saw Sanford and said,

"Say, where did you put those buffaloes that you told Hoffman you had this morning? I've been all through this bloody yard, and I'll be darned if I can find anything that looks like a buffalo."

To this day his friends' greeting to Eagan is, "Hello! found any buffaloes yet?"

JOSEPH M. WARD, Buffalo, New York.

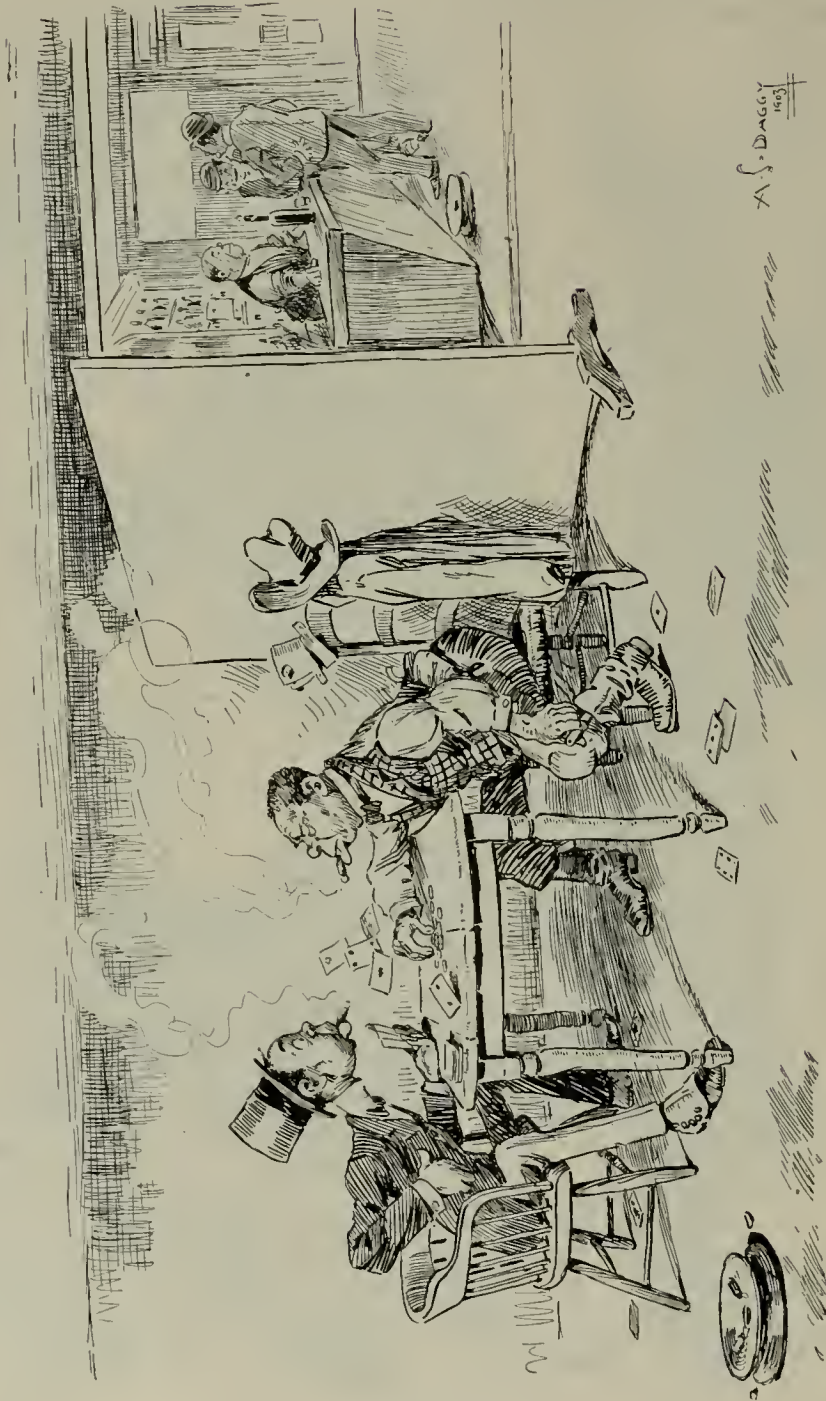
Far Worse.

WE think the way the cat comes back is really quite a pity, But it is worse the way the man Returns unto the Kitty.



WHY SHE REJECTED HIM.

FRAYED FAGIN—"Oh, yes; I loved a girl once, but she give me de shake. She had a heart uv stone."
 TORN THOMPSON—"Wot kind uv stone?"
 FRAYED FAGIN—"Soapstone. She said I didn't wash often enough."



OVER-RULED.

MR. JACKSON—"Dat's mah pot by de authority ob Hoyle, which I carries in mah pocket."
MR. JOHNSON—"Ah' dat's mah pot by de authority ob steel, which I carries in mah boot."
MR. JACKSON—"Rake de pot, Mista Johnson; rake de pot!"

Wilfred's Letters from the Country

By F. P. Pitzer

I.



DEER TEETCHER :

skool had hardly clozed its doors wen Maw sed she must leeve Paw at hoam and go Away tu the kuntry with awl the children caws Paw needed a Rest being, as he wos, awl run down. i asked Maw if he wos run down by a Ortomobeel, but she only laffed. we have thirteen children in are Family. a Beggar's dozen as Paw kalls them. he says the odds agenst his getting ritich is 13 to 1. Maw got sevrul Bloo

Ribbins from president Roosvelt.

So Maw an Liza—Liza's are servint gurl; gess she must be maid of meersham caws she's orfully colored—kommenst tu pack up and there wos more trunks laying arownd the hows than a Heard of Ellerfunts possess an Maw had em awl packt so full that yu koodent squeeze in any I of them a pebble even if it wos maid of sponge. Liza had tu paist onto each I sum sekond hand labels with foren ritin onto them witch Maw purchast down Town for fifty sents a bundle.

unforchinately Maw mistook Paw's pants for a peese of fancy work and packt it at the bottom of the biggest trunk. He kood have gone withowt them—no-o-o, I don't meen that, I meen he had a other pare, but he only had 1 pare of Suspenders and Maw left them onto the pants she buried in the trunk. as I sed befor Paw only owned one pare of Suspenders and thare wos no possibil chans of his gettin a other Pare caws Christmas was six months orf yet.

Maw sed she woodn't open up that trunk agen if Niagra froze over and then Paw asked her if she thort his trowsirs were going tu be Held up by Hiwaymen. after a good long Fight thay compromised by Maw going into a naybors an borrowing a pare.

wen the expressman he came he carried down the trunks an broke evry Thing in the hows exsept the tu (2) dollar bill wot Paw gave him to taik owt five (5) sents for a tip. Paw is still wating for him tu come back with the change.

Maw had desided tu go sumware into the Catskill mowntins via bote, so we awl trotted with her down to the peer. Maw went up tu a caje markt "Tickets." As I had orfen seen munkeys, Girafas and Jaggers up at the zoo I wanted tu see wot a Ticket lookt like, so I warked up tu the caje, but the only animal I saw was a man. Maw says tu him, "One hole ticket and thirteen haves." The man was slitley def I gess caws he sed tu Maw, "Yule haf tu go tu the frate orfis lady for tickets for thir-

teen calves." "No; haves, I want" screamed Maw, "aint these the quarters tu get haves?" Then the fellar says "Excursion?" Maw lookt down at us awl standin in single file and says, smiling like, "No; looks more like a parade."

Well, at last we got are tickets and then warked onto a big ship (bote) and got seets way up into the Front & I will tell you abowt awl the sites we seen up the Hudson in mi next.

Your pupill,

WILFRED.

P. S. Excuse ritin as Paw never wos edchewkated mutch.

II.

DEER TEETCHER :

"Awl aboard!" The gang-plank wos pulled in, the whistle shreeked tu cleer its voice I gess, the bote was tide loose and we were orf.

the Hudson is indeed a bootiful river and I dont blaim Hen Hudson for leeving his hoam in Hudson County, Nu Jersey, to diskover it. Sum Boddy asked ware Hen's remains kood be fownd, and I sed on page 124 of my skool histry wareon, as yu know, is a picture of Hudson with a i gowged owt and his fase distorted unmercifully with led pensils.

the sites up the river were wonderful and it seemed that everything worth seein along the line was known and pointed owt bi persons on bord. Eeetch thing got a haf dozen diffrent naims and I didn't know wot was wot or vice versa (wich means the same thing lookt at frum the reer). the brewery (which is one of the institushuns wich Paw's charity an fillanthropic contributions help tu support) at Weehawken was pointed owt as Clumbia College. the ladycliff Semminary was pointed owt as Washington's hedquarters and wen awl the gurls came owt tu waiv hankerchiffs the yung men standin neerbi sed thay didnt blaim George for making his hedquarters there. an thay sed only a brave man kood do it, too, with that flock of lonesum gurls arownd.

we past General Grant's ded toom and Sing-Sing that land of the unfree and hoam of the depraved.

the next town we past, a dood sed tu his gurl "Haverstraw" and she sed she wood if thare was a cream soda at the other end of it. She was orful smart.

a old-farmer on the bote was looking at the big rownd life preservers tide onto the ralings and sed tu me "Sonny, wot's them?" I tride hard tu keep from laffin and thinking tu hav a little fun I sed "Thayre dough nuts; no thay aint thayre quay-rings." Wasn't that a fine joke; but he didnt laff one bit; guess he's used to reed-ing the funny papers.

i lerned that the Injuns were the fust tu land on New York, and that the Dutch were the fust to land on the Injuns.

we left the Bote at last and bording a trane we rode throo the Catskills with awl the little Kittenskills arownd

them and we didn't get owt until the conductor showed "Lanesville."

then we got owt and fownd it was a fine plase; more abowt it afterwards.

Yure pupill,

WILFRED.

P. S. If thare is any uncouth langwidge in this letter excuse Paw as he never does know his plase.

III.

DEER TEETCHER:

This is a fine plase. we hav fresh milk, fresh eggs, fresh vejetables and fresh waitresses.

thare is no streems on this plase and the only warter we hav is in the milk and thares never enuff of that left wen it reetches are end of the table to let a moskeeter wade in over his ankles.

wen I took orf my sunday cloze and put on mi old ones i went owt into the barn and tride to taik owt sum black spots wot was on the pig's hide. i used a currycomb and sum sandpaper wot was laying arownd. but the dum beest only squeeled. gess he didn't want to be cleen. an mi how that animal kood devower stuff. He kood eet anything frum a rubber boot to a bubber root, whatever that is. i throo a pare of old overawls into his sty (i fownd them hanging in the barn). he ate them awl up and wen thay killed the pig and served him tu the borders the latter komplaned of finding suspender-buttons in thare pork chops.

then i climbed up onto the hay and jest as i was reetchin for a burdsnest I slipped an slid rite down into a big nest full of chicken eggs. i never saw such a drop in eggs before, as a commisshun merchant wood say. the eggs didnt brake, only the shells came orf.

Maw sertainly had trubble with us children. Freddie tide a cow bell tu a lam's tale and the poor thing got so scared she ran into the next county and hasnt been seen since.

Harold asked the bordin missus if he kood give the gold fish in the parlor sum cleen warter. She sed yes. But the cleen warter that Harold put in the globe was boiling hot and the poor fishes were boiled in abowt three (3) minnits. We had them for dinner abowt two Fridays afterwards wen the lady wot run the hows thort that the borders had forgotten the incident. I knew thay were the gold fish caws they left a sort of brassy tast in your mouth.

we are sertainly having a grate time with the children—more to follow.

Your pupill,

WILFRED.

P. S. I am glad that skool is going to open up soon agen.

IV.

DEER TEETCHER:

we are here now jest fore daze and alreddy sevrul of the children are on the injured list. Buster has got lumps awl over him ware hornets kissed him. thay were either glad tu see him or got mad becaws he mistook thare nest for a big hickry nut and tride tu crack it with a crokay mallet.

and Arty has a big Brews rite neer ware he hitches

on his suspenders in the back. It happened as follows, tu wit: Arty tride tu slide down the mowntin oppersit our bordin hows on a pare of roller skates. He came down flying and wood have continued flying with reel wings and a harp if he hadnt landed onto a old cow hoo was grazing at the foot of the sed mowntin. wen Arty came too he tort it was the foot of the mowntin that had kicked him. the cow kicked almost as mutch as sum of the borders. thare was kinks in her milk for a hole week. Arty says the next time he goes roller skating on a mowntin he's going to pick one owt that runs uphill and not downhill. his cloze were awl torn with rents in them awlmost as big as Nu York landlords are getting.

we are coming hoam. the propriyitor told Maw it wood be best if she borded her children until thay were 21 years old at the Elmira Infirmary or sum sutch plase. Maw sed she'd send for a descriptiv circular of the plase.

the kuntry did us lots of good. i ganed 4 pownds, Henrietta 2, Maw 20 1-4. but Paw lost 225—I think that's wot are bord bills amownted to.

yu wont no me wen I get back tu skool as i am awl sun burnt. i look as if the cook had put me in the oven to roast and forgot to taik me owt.

Your loving pupill,

WILFRED.

Wasted.

ABOUT her waist he put his arm.
She did not scream, she did not shout,
Or tremble with a wild alarm—
She didn't even seem put out.

She did not struggle or grow red,
As one would naturally opine.
(Right here I think it might be said
Her waist was hanging on the line.)

REYNALD SMITH PICKERING.

Country Correspondence.

M'CORDSVILLE.

CURT PUSEY is visiting his mother back of the slaughter-house. He plays some sort of game around at county fairs in summer with three walnut-shells and a little ball of printing-ink roller. His hands are stained up like he had been hulling walnuts, but he says it's from smoking so many cigarettes.

Aunt Marthy Pusey and the ladies of the High-pressure Methodist church are much worked up over the loss of their quilting-frames. They were left at Mrs. Deacon Hossteter's house last fall, and they find that they have been used all winter for clothes-props. One of the sticks is gnawed clear off at the end, where the deacon used it to jab a suck-egg dog out of the barn.

The blind man that has been here tuning Snodgrass's piano goes along the street and into Tom Hawk's Dewey saloon without missing the door. Everybody thought he did it by the smell till the gang out in front of Wils Snozier's grocery found a dent in the sidewalk that he stered by.

'Mandy Doins has left her place in the city and come back home. She says the family where she worked made her eat at the second table and wouldn't introduce her to their company.

DAVID GIBSON.

OUR BASE-BALL MANAGER.



He sits on the bench with anxious face ;
His team stands second in the race.
He's a rooter, and he wants first place.
Ho ! for our hustling manager.

There goes Lacey to the bat.
Will he walk or fan or swat ?
" S-t-r-i-k-e ! Say, umpire, got a rat ?"
Asks our scrappy manager.

Good eye, there, old man ! Hit 'er stout !
Yer off now, Keddy ! Slide ! Not out !
We'll wiu in a walk without a doubt.
Woe ! for the other manager.

NEEDFUL PREPARATIONS.

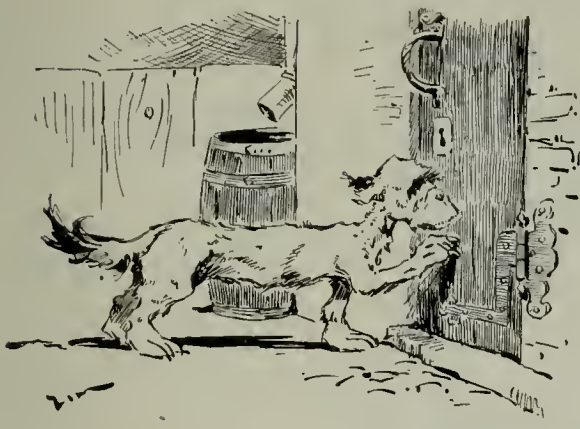
" There, now, my will is made and I have that off my mind. The bureau-drawers are in order and the closet-shelves dusted. Tell Mary to be sure to make bread fresh twice a week and not to boil the coffee. If anything happens tell my friends to forget my faults and remember only my virtues. I am thankful that the children are all large enough to live without me if they should be obliged to. Fetch me my cloak."



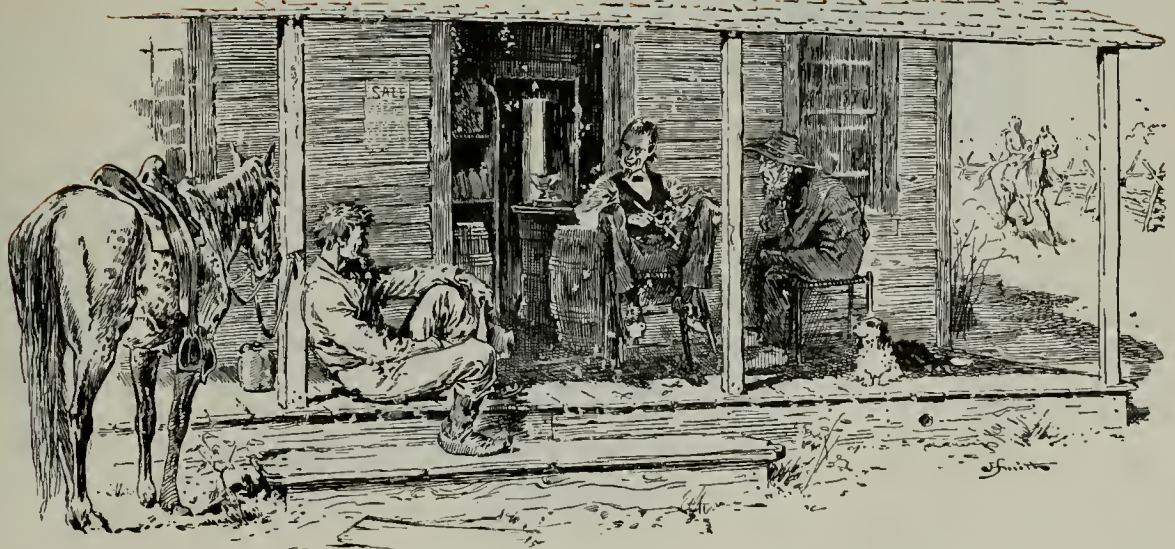
PENELOPE — " I doan' like dese yer green leabes as well as I does de autumn leabes, 'kase de autumn leabes is cullud."

Thus spake the Boston lady, nor did her household wonder when she explained herself :

" I am going up town to do a little shopping, and I am afraid it will be necessary for me to pass up Tremont street. If there is no explosion of gas from the subway I shall be back in an hour or two, or in time for dinner."



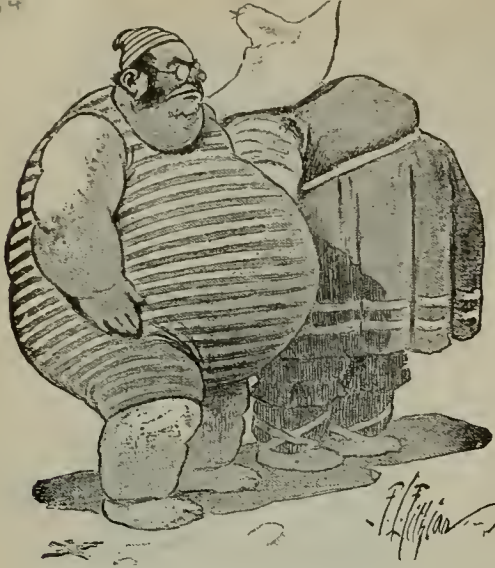
A SKYE SCRAPER.



WHAT HE REALLY WAS AFTER.

STORE-KEEPER — " Did yew ride 'way in here jes' ter buy that gallon uv whisky, Abner ?"

ABNER — " W'y, consarn yer hide, Silas ! yew orter know I wouldn't leave my farm right in ther middle uv plantin' an' ride 'way in here jes' ter buy a gallon uv whisky. I kem ter town ter-day puppus ter buy my wife a spool uv w'ite cotten thread, an' gol darn my buttons ef I hadn't clean fergot all about that thread until you spoke."



HEAVY OCEAN SWELLS.

A DIPLOMAT.

"Which do you think is stronger, Mr. Fleecy—love or duty?" asked the old maid.

"It depends to a considerable extent, Miss Fading, on whether you live in New York or Chicago."

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.



I. Cholly Counterpain, tired of the continuous rush at his bargain-counter, resolves to take a week off at the sea-side, thinking the change will do him good.—

PALPABLE CONTRADICTIONS.

Triquet—"Ours is a very contradictory language."

Dicer—"Go on."

Triquet—"The term 'a sad dog' usually means a particularly gay chap."

Dicer—"It does; and when you say a man is a corker you really mean that he is an uncorker."

JUDGMENT FROM MR. MCGARVEY.

Fray silver, is it? Shure, me b'y, yez 'll find it loike fray lunch whin yez hovn't th' price av a drink.



THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

DOCKSEY RATZ—"Ah, sir, I was once like you—rich, happy and contented. Could you spare me a few pennies, sir?"

BUSINESS MAN—"I'll give you all I've got left—twenty-five cents—if you'll tell me whether that water is warm enough to drown comfortably in."

THERE ARE OTHERS.

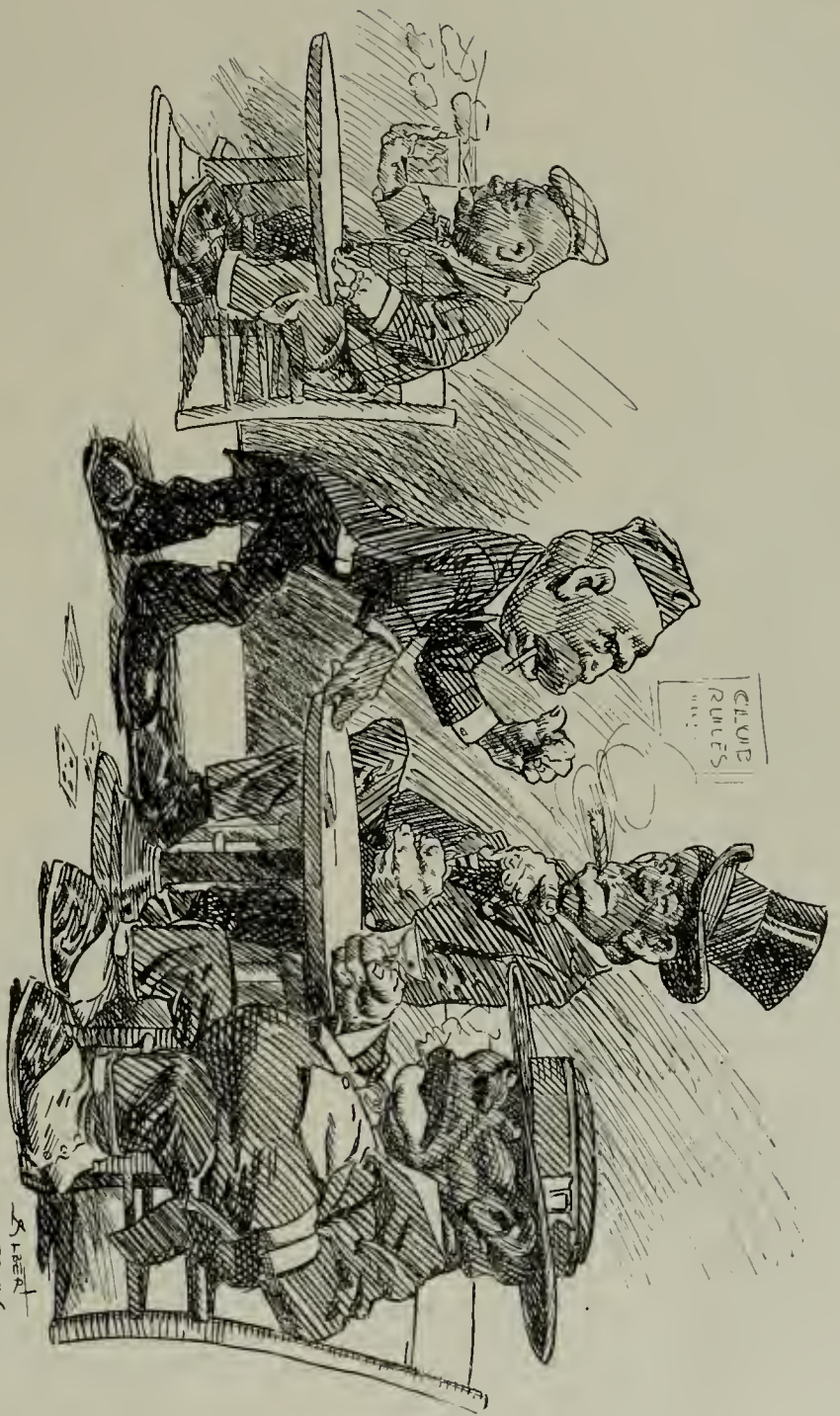
"I don't like such expressions as 'the glad hand,' 'the marble heart,' and the like," said Mrs. Cawker to her husband.

"Well," replied Mr. Cawker, "wherein do they differ from such time-honored phrases as 'the cold shoulder,' 'the hot tongue,' and 'the stony stare'?"

WITH bated breath we wait to learn what the new man will say when a line full of wet clothes falls in the dirt.



II. —But finds himself the only man there, and fails to see just where the change comes in.



HELPING "HANDS."
Mr. JACKSON—"Ebery time dat gent buys a drink he pays fo' it wif a ten-dollar bill. Why, he's filthy wif money."
Mr. SHARPE—"Ef de gen'elman cares to 'sit in' at our game, p'r'aps we kin clean up sum ob his filth fo' him."

Thusinda's Love; a Fable that Ends Wrong

By James Edward Almond



ONCE upon a time there lived in the big house upon the hill a man and his wife and their golden-haired daughter. And the daughter was fair of face and beautiful to look upon. And she lived on cherry-blossoms and marmalade and never had to darn her stockings or put the cat out at night. And she could have her dress cut on the bias or have three tucks on her right sleeve, just as she chose, and she never had to wear a gingham apron to Sunday-school or use a collar that the hired girl had worn the week before. In fact, she had everything she wanted, but for all this she was not happy.

Frequently when she would go to her trundle-bed at night she would weep bitter, salty tears as large as California cherries, and often at dinner she would have to refuse the third roasting-ear and go sadly from the table to her lonely retreat 'neath the willows by the brook. And as she watched it gayly babbling on, her heart was heavy and she wished she could be carried away with it out—out—out on to the broad and beautiful ocean, where she could take the water-cure and live happily ever afterward.

But, alas! fate was against her, and her cruel father turned a deaf ear to her tender entreaties and ruthlessly shut the door in the very face of her idol—George Washington Barrington Barnes.

And one day the cruel father and mother and the gentle little Thusinda were strolling along the lakeside watching the beauties of the setting sun. But Thusinda's eyes were sad and she looked not at the setting sun nor yet at the new gold tooth her father had just had put in. For her thoughts were far away.

And, as they were walking along, all of a sudden Thusinda's foot slipped and she was plunged headlong into the icy torrent before her excited parents could do aught. And as they stood there, seeing their only child drifting away from them, they were helpless and afraid. But, just as Thusinda was going down for the second time, out of the bushes rushed an heroic figure, and George Washington Barrington Barnes galloped bravely to the rescue. Ah! how noble he looked as he strode along, and the hearts of the cruel parents were sore grieved at their conduct toward him.

And just as Thusinda started for the bottom for the third time our hero had thrown himself into the current. Ah! gentle reader, you no doubt can imagine him now as he manfully stems the raging waves. You see him grasping her firmly by her flowing locks, clasping her to his bosom and then returning to the shore to receive the plaudits of the assembled throng.

But, alas! as the appointed chronicler of the doings of this family, I am honor bound to tell the truth, sad as it may seem.

George Washington Barrington Barnes couldn't swim a stroke.

But he tumbled into the river, floundered around for a while, and was finally fished out after Thusinda had been saved by a fisher lad who dwelt alone with his father and mother and fourteen brothers and sisters in a little cottage by the sea.

And Thusinda married the fisher lad and soon learned to make corn-fritters and Graham bread.

And G. W. B. Barnes drifted far away, and the last they heard of him he was on the stage playing the part of the watch-dog in "The Chambermaid's Revenge; or, Seven Years Under Water."

Moral: "Do you go on to the next block or is this where you change cars?"

The "Eye-rays."

All sorts of alphabetical rays have now been discovered, but the newest and most powerful are the "I-rays."—*Exchange.*

IT'S hardly safe for one to say
What science cannot do to-day;
Its triumphs come with such surprise
They quite outdo all prophecies.

The "X-rays" open wonders hid,
And others still do what they're bid;
Till now, in annals rich and rife,
We almost see the scope of life.

Yet, with the "Eye-rays," who can doubt,
All previous wonders are put out?
But "new"—oh, no!—for I believe
They backward date to Mother Eve.

From her fair brow, with golden grace,
They flashed on Adam's flurried face;
'Twas they that caused the pair to sin
And all the woes we've tumbled in.

And now unnumbered Eves to-day
Are sirens made by this bright ray;
And hints of our lost paradise
Gleam in their winsome, witching eyes.

What if they cause us woes untold,
And care and sorrow manifold?
What if keen heart-aches they can deal?
For them, we like these hurts to feel.

Who, if he is one-half a man,
Would wish these potent rays to ban?
Without them life would soon grow dull,
And nothing more seem beautiful.

JOEL BENTON.

The Cause of the Disturbance.

The farmer (in the side-show, looking around in alarm)
—"Gosh! where's all the rattlesnakes?"

The lecturer—"Don't be alarmed, my friend. It's only our living skeleton, who is suffering from the ague, you hear."

The Wrong "Receipt"

By W. D. Nesbit



RS. DUZZIT has at last discovered the difference between a "receipt" and a "recipe," through the ministrations of an obedient cook and a careless husband. At least, she blames it on her husband's carelessness, although he pleads innocence in that respect, but if feminine logic counts for anything, he merits the accusation.

Mrs. Duzzit clipped a recipe for a new pudding from her magazine the other day and placed it under a book on the library table. Then she paid the grocer's bill and threw it with some other settled accounts in the drawer of the same table. Concluding one day to try the pudding, she said to Lucinda, the cook, as she was mapping out the dinner,

"You go up to the library and tell Mr. Duzzit to give you that new receipt I left about the library table. I am going shopping and may not get back until dinner is ready, but all you need to do is to use just the proportion of ingredients given in the receipt, and then we'll see whether that new pudding is as good as the magazine promised it would be."

"Yassum," said the obedient Lucinda. Mrs. Duzzit left, and Lucinda went to the library.

"Please, suh," she remarked, "I des wants dat receipt Missus Duzzit done lef' hyah."

"What receipt?" asked Mr. Duzzit. "De one whut tell 'bout all dem t'ings I's got ter put in dat new puddin'. She say she put hit on de lib'ry table."

Mr. Duzzit tossed the papers about, peered into the drawers, and finally handed Lucinda a slip which seemed to be what she wanted.

About half an hour later Lucinda rapped softly on the door of the library and apologetically said,

"'Scuse me, suh, but mus' I use all des hyah t'ings whut dis hyere papuh sez ter use?"

"Sure thing," answered Mr. Duzzit. "Do just as Mrs. Duzzit said you should."

Lucinda returned to her kingdom mumbling about the peculiarities of the white folks, and for the next two hours she was busy hunting all over the kitchen and pantry for the necessary articles for the pudding.

At dinner she carried the pudding in on the largest tray in the house, and deposited it on the serving-table with an air which said that she washed her hands of all consequences.

"What is that, Lucinda?" asked her mistress. "De puddin'."

"The pudding? Goodness gracious! I never dreamed it would be that big. You may help us to some of it, though."

When Mr. Duzzit's portion was placed before him he scanned it critically, sniffed suspiciously, and turned it gingerly over with his spoon.

Mrs. Duzzit, however, had the courage which comes from an implicit faith in the culinary page, and she tried a spoonful.

"Mercy!" she cried. "Why, Lucinda, what in the world have you put in this?"

"Nuffin' 'cept whut de receipt said ter use," avowed Lucinda.

"Hum," mused Mr. Duzzit. "It must be a funny recipe."

"Well," asserted Mrs. Duzzit, "I never saw such a looking affair before in all my life. Lucinda, you surely have made a mistake in mixing it."

"'Deed, I hasn't," stoutly answered the cook. "I done use eve'y'ting des lak de papuh said."

"Did they offer a cash prize to any one who would eat the pudding?" inquired Mr. Duzzit. "Because, if they did, I am about to miss an opportunity to enrich myself, for I must deprive myself of the extreme pleasure of tackling this compound."

"I des gib mah two weeks' notice raight now," announced Lucinda. "Yo'-all de fust white folks whut say dey won't eat mah cookin', en I know whah dey plenty er quality folks dat glad ter hab me in dey kitchen. En I gwine raight out en fotch in dat receipt, en yo' see fo' yo'se'fs dat I des use whut hit say ter use."

Lucinda retreated to the kitchen in sable dignity, and returned solemnly, bearing the "receipt," which read:

"H. E. Duzzit to I. Feedam, Dr.

"One can corn, 10 cents; one box shoe polish, 5 cents; six candles, 15 cents; two pounds rice, 10 cents; two bars washing-soap, 9 cents; 1 cake yeast, 1 cent; bottle olive oil, 25 cents; one-half peck potatoes, 20 cents; one mackerel, 18 cents; three pounds prunes, 45 cents; ten pounds salt, 10 cents; six packages flower seed, 30 cents; one feather-duster, 35 cents. Paid."

"Dah 't is," said Lucinda. "Dah 't is. En dey all in dat ole puddin' 'ceptin' de han'le er dat featheh dusteh, en' blame' 'f I knows how ter wuk hit in whenst I's stirrin' up all dat otheh trash. En ef yo'-all lak dat kin' er puddin', den yo' betteh git some otheh lady ter ten' ter de cookin' fo' yo', 'ca'se I ain't use' ter hit."

But Mr. Duzzit soberly took his wife by the arm, led her to the library, took down the big dictionary, and pointed out the words "receipt" and "recipe" and their definitions.

Her Last Argument.

SHE wished to move from the distant suburb into the roaring midst of Gotham. She had plied all her resources in argument, but Younghusband was still unconvinced. Then, with woman's wit, a last, compelling idea occurred.

"And, dear, you know then the two-cent morning paper would only cost us a cent."

Then they began to pack the dishware.

ON THE SHELF.

POOR Florence! she's left youth behind! And ah! too well she shows it; For now when Easter comes to mind, Where is the one who knows it?

Yet I can well remember when She lovers had a-plenty. Of course she wasn't thirty then, But just turned two-and-twenty.

THE NEW STYLE.

"You are not up to the style in Easter-hat jokes this year, Mr. Snickers," said the editor, after looking over some of the humorist's manuscripts.

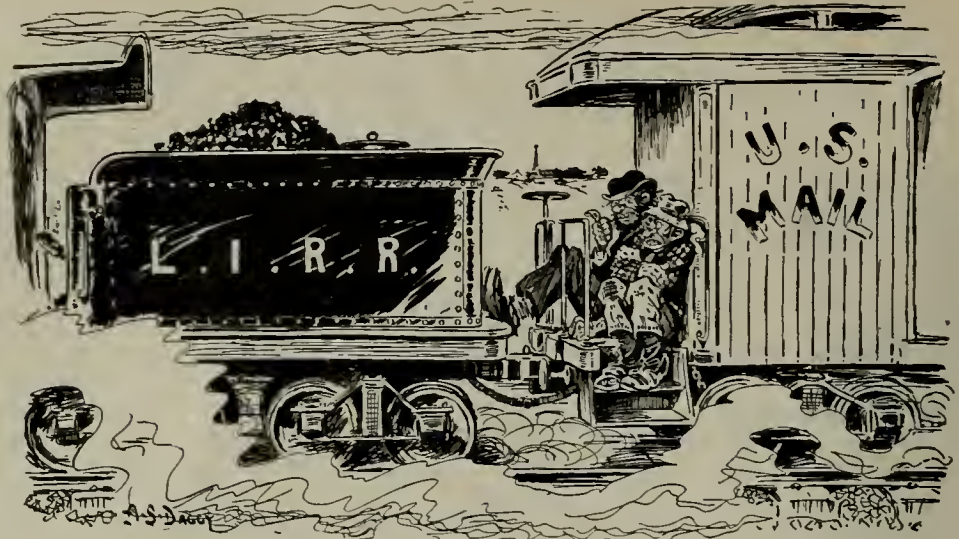
"I'm afraid I don't gather your meaning, sir."

"It is simply this. Your Easter-hat jokes are built after the old model, while this year it is imperative that Easter-hat witticisms shall be birdless ones."

A SMALL ETERNITY.

Amanda (alighting from her wheel at the roadside, where *Mortimore* awaits her) — "Have I kept you waiting long, dear?"

Mortimore — "Long? Many cycles have passed since the hour appointed for our meeting."



THE DANGERS OF TRAVEL.

FIRST TRAMP (stealing ride on platform) — "Say, pard, I reckon dere's somethin' like five hundred barrels uv water in de tank uv dat tender."

SECOND TRAMP — "Great hevins! supposin' dere wuz ter be a kolishun an' de t'ing shud tip an' spill it all over us?"



NOT MUCH.

"So you do think a little of me, Miss Daisy?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Softly; very little."

A DEEP MYSTERY.

Bridget (alone in the kitchen, closely scrutinizing the colander) — "Shure, an' Oi'd loike t' know how wan can till th' days an' months wid th' loikes av thot."

HEAVY SACRIFICE.

"What sacrifice are you making for Lent this year?" asked Mrs. Hampack of Mrs. Livewayte.

"I have decided not to get a divorce this spring, but to devote the money it would cost to the endowment of a bed in a hospital."



CONCLUSIONS TO DRAW.

Boy (on left) — "That's Daisy Hooligan, the bride of a month. Her husband told her ter go ter the devil, an' she's a-goin' home to her mother."

A TIMELY WORK.

O, I don't want any books to-day," she said as she caught sight of the book-agent.

"I am not an ordinary book-agent, ma'am. I am performing a great service to the community by the work I am doing."

"What is that?"

"I am taking orders for a small volume which gives the pronunciation of Cuban towns and of Scotch dialect words."

"I'll take a copy."



HIS LIFE IN HIS HANDS.

CASEY—"Run fer yure loife, Clancy!"

CLANCY—"What fer? Oi hov it wid me."



PAPA'S OPINION.

Tommy—"What kind of a store is that one, papa, where they have three-colored glass jars in the window?"

Papa—"That's an apothecary shop, Tommy."

Tommy—"And that place next door to it that has three balls in front of it?"

Papa (with a sigh)—"Oh, that's a hypothecary shop, Tommy!"

ON AN IOWA GRAVESTONE.

Here lies the body of Nicholas Biddle,
Whose natural long life was cut off in the middle.

A WISE SELECTION.

FARMER JONES—"Yep, that's my second wife. Yer see, ther last one was carried off in the cyclone, an' I thought I'd git one this time that would stay right here at home, no matter how hard it blew."

ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT.

Niece—"Do you think it is proper to typewrite the signature, Aunt Huldah?"

Aunt Huldah—"Oh, I don't think it makes any difference, child."

Niece—"Then you think I may sign my name to this letter with the typewriter?"

Aunt Huldah—"You might, so they can read it."

Niece—"But you told me some time ago that the signature should always be written with pen and ink."

Aunt Huldah—"Did I? Well, then, if I said so it must be so, niece."

PEACE, wid now an' thin a foight, is a foine thing.



THE SAME THING.

SPOKESMAN (of committee)—"Yo' said in yo'r suhmon las' Sunday, pahson, dat dar wouldn't be enny cullud pussons in heaben."

PARSON—"No, breddren. Whad I said wuz dat pussons wif chicken-stealin' propenserties couldn't git toe heaben."

SPOKESMAN—"Adzackly; but while de phrasyology am diff'rent de sentiment am de same."

Seven Ages of Woman

By William MacLeod Raine

I.

ONE of the most charming social events of the week was a luncheon given last Tuesday by Mrs. Richard K. Enderby in honor of the coming out of her daughter, Vivian Fay. The table decoration consisted of white chrysanthemums and maiden-hair ferns. Covers were laid for twelve. Those present are all closely connected socially and will probably see much of each other in the future. The guests were:

Miss Rose Heathcote	Mr. Richard L. Pearson
Miss Elizabeth Merrill	Mr. Reginald Duprez Fortescue
Miss Carol Dewey	Mr. James Lanthorp Gordon
Miss Mabel Dewey	Mr. Robert Manderson
Miss Pauline Pearson	Mr. Amos Follansbee
Miss Marie Artibel	Mr. Roland Oliver

(From the *News*, January 1, 1900.)

II.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Enderby
announce the engagement of their daughter
Vivian Fay
to

Mr. Richard L. Pearson

February 1, 1900.

III.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Enderby beg to announce the termination of the engagement of their daughter, Vivian Fay, to Mr. Richard L. Pearson.

April 16, 1900.

IV.

The engagement of Miss Vivian Fay Enderby, the well-known society bud, to Mr. Robert Manderson has been informally announced.—(Society column, the *Times*, April 27, 1900.)

The rumor of the engagement of Miss Vivian Fay Enderby, the most charming and popular of this season's debutantes, to the well-known clubman, Mr. Robert Manderson, has been authoritatively denied by her father, Richard K. Enderby.—(Issue of April 30th, 1900, of the *News*.)

V.

Reginald Duprez Fortescue
Vivian Fay Enderby
Married

Tuesday, July twenty-eighth
Chicago, Illinois
1900

At Home
after September 1 1900
Hotel Metropole
Chicago, Ill.

VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Enderby
request your presence
at the divorce of their daughter
Vivian Fay
from

Mr. Reginald Duprez Fortescue
and her immediate subsequent marriage to
Mr. James Lanthorp Gordon
at the home of her parents, 1833 Michigan Avenue
High noon, March twenty-ninth
1902
Admission to court-house by inclosed ticket only.

[An interval of four years is here omitted in the busy life of Mrs. James Lanthorp Gordon, who becomes successively Mrs. Roland Oliver, Mrs. Amos Q. Follansbee and "formerly" Mrs. Amos Q. Follansbee by the aid of the courts.]

VII.

Among the most interesting social functions of the week was a divorcee's dinner, at which the hostess was the charming Mrs. Amos Q. Follansbee. This interesting young society woman, whose recent spicy divorce from her fourth husband created such an interest in society, presided with her usual gracious tact and sparkling wit at a table where sat twelve couples of society divorcees. Among those present were Messrs. Reginald Duprez Fortescue, James Lanthorp Gordon, Roland Oliver, and Amos Q. Follansbee, all of whom have in times past had the honor of lending their names for a brief period to their hostess of this occasion. The tables were handsomely decorated with forget-me-nots and rosemary ("that's for remembrance").

At each plate was a beautiful souvenir, consisting of a miniature copy of a decree of divorce delicately edged with hand-painted orange-blossoms, a sweet and significant suggestion as to future happiness. The occasion was a most enjoyable one, abounding in piquant reminiscence and fond memories. The affair was strictly a family one, every guest being connected by former marriage directly or indirectly to the rest of those present. Before speeding her guests to their hotels the hostess sang with sweet pathos the old Scotch song, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Made the Sale.

"DON'T care if it is one of the very newest things from Paris," said the woman who was shopping for an Easter bonnet. "It is entirely too high-priced, and besides, it is the most hideous pattern and positively the most untastefully trimmed bonnet in the store."

"Yes, miss," cooed the saleslady; "but think what a contrast it will make with your face!"



HEROISM REWARDED.

ROSENBAUM (*fervently, to the life-saver*)—"Ach! mine frent—mine noble frent—you haff saved mine dear unt only vife from a vatory grave; bud I vill reward you—I vill amply reward you. Rachel, led der shentleman kiss you right on der mout'."

DECISION HANDED DOWN.

There is a movement in the straw-stacks. The hobo procession is about to start.

A NEEDED INVENTION.

I wish the electric scientists
Would go just one step higher
And fix it so the message-boys
Could be dispatched by wire.

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Short-sighted guest (to hotel-clerk)—"I was chilled to the bone. What a blessing these registers are!"

Clerk—"Excuse me, sir; but that's a perforated mat you're standing on."

JUDGMENT FROM MR. MCGARVEY.

Love—ah, bejakers! that's th' only thing that makes hot wither in th' winter.

THE UNDERTAKER'S COMPLAINT.

"I see that another undertaker has opened an establishment near yours, Mr. Graves," said Spudkins.

"Yes," replied Mr. Graves dolefully. "There isn't business

enough for one, either. I made the mistake of opening in a most disgustingly healthy part of the city, and now comes a rival. Live and let live is my motto, but it doesn't seem to be his."



A DISTINCTION.

HUSBAND—"Ah, have you been shopping, my dear?"

WIFE (*impatiently*)—"Why, of course not, stupid. Can't you see I've been trapesing all over town buying things?"

HIS LITTLE GAME.

HEAR in the twitter of birds her
 song ;
 I hear her step in the rustling grass ;
 Her laugh in the evening breeze, and I
 long
 To see my Margaret pass.

For I hold a hand that is fair to see,
 And a flash of hope through my being
 darts
 That she'll turn it down, and leave it to me
 For a march by making it hearts,

KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

"Who is that man who is explaining
 all about the correct use of the bicycle?"
 "Oh, he's one of our most prominent
 experts."
 "Ah, an expert rider?"
 "No—er—an expert talker."

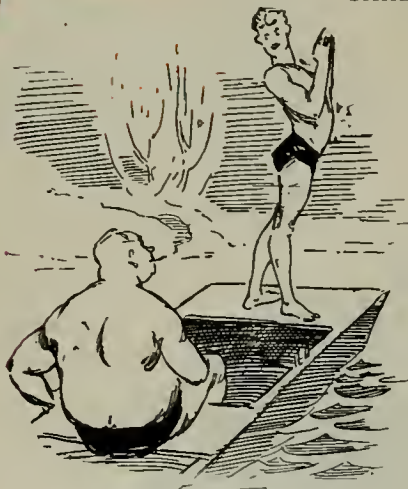
It's th' eart' thot do look as flat
 now as whin 'twas made round, an'
 moind yez, me b'y, 'tain't round loike
 an orange 'tis round loike a peraty.



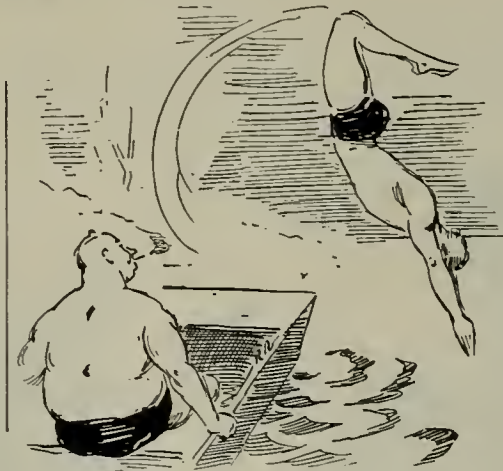
A NEW CURE.

BROWN—"What the deuce is the matter? You look as though you were a prisoner
 in your own house."
SMITH—"I find by reading the census reports that prisons are the healthiest places
 in the country, because of the mode of life; and not feeling well, I thought I'd try it
 at home."

SHALLOW WATER.



I.
SMITH—"Watch, Jones—"



II.
 —and I'll show—

NOT RIGHT.

"What did Lushley say
 when told of his removal as
 president of the club?"
 "He didn't deny the
 charges; said he'd rather be
 tight than be president."

MIXED.

Actor (to dramatist)—"How
 did your new play come on?"
Dramatist (to actor)—"The
 critics gave it such a roasting
 that it panned out a regular
 frost. Got snowed under."

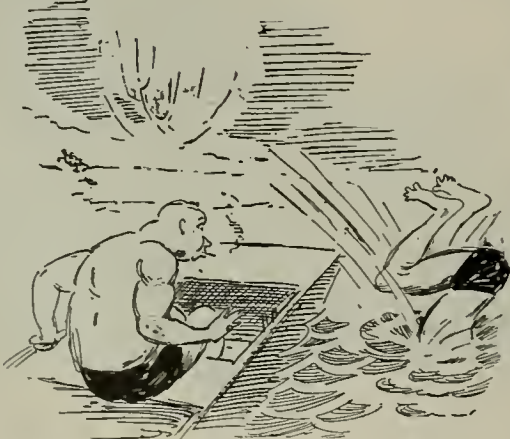
CASUALS.

A man with a history—The
 book-agent.
 Contemplating matrimony—
 The guest at the wedding.

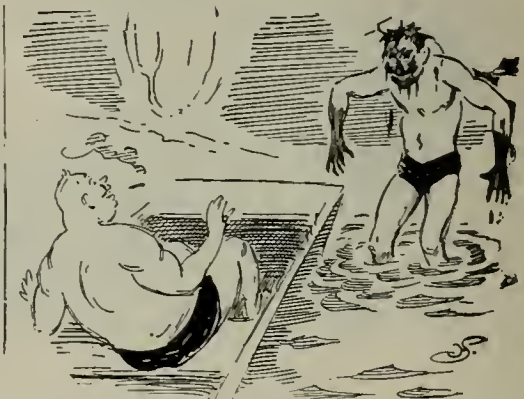
**HE STILL HAS
 HOPE.**

"I am not altogether
 hopeless." It was the prince
 of Wales who was
 communing with
 himself. "It is true
 that I am getting
 well along in life,
 still it is said that
 into every life some
 reign must fall."

ABSENCE makes
 the heart grow
 fonder — of the
 other fellow.



III.
 —you a nice—



IV.
 —clean dive!"

He Fixed It

ONCE there was a wise actor who was cast for an intensely funny part. Especially was it meant to be funny in one scene, where his wife—the supposed wife of the character he represented—her mother, her maiden aunt, her two sisters, and a crusty uncle informed him in unison, "Unless you mend your ways we shall leave your house forever." In the action of the piece these six characters were grouped at one side of the stage, while he had all the rest of it to himself. He was to be seated in a Morris chair near a small table, on which were bottles, siphons of soda, and cigars, together with some flashy photographs. When they made their combined threat his speech was, "I don't care."

Although the wise actor put into the speech all the subtle humor he was capable of, somehow it fell flat. Here was a crisis. The movement of the entire play centred about this point. It was to be the apex of all the amusement in the drama. Yet, beyond a few giggles, it did not get a hand. Something had to be done. A conference of the wise actor, the stage-manager, the company manager and the author was called. The stage-manager

advocated cutting out the line entirely and putting in a ballet movement and a dissolving view. The company manager confessed that he was up a tree. The author suggested that the line be amplified to "I really don't care what you do." This was voted down immediately. Then the wise actor spoke up.

"Now, let me fix that line. I have had twenty years' experience with audiences, and I think I know what will make them laugh when all else fails. Give me full swing for just one performance, and if I don't bring em up standing then I'll be willing to retire from the cast and let you choose another man for my part."

This seemed all fair and right, so the others agreed. That night there was a crowded house. All went well, the quiet humor of the play being listened to approvingly, the audience apparently reserving itself for the

climax which it knew was being brought about. At last the wife, her mother, her maiden aunt, her two sisters, and her crusty uncle, after a passage of words which lifted the expectations of the audience to the highest pitch, struck their attitudes at the prompt side and chorused, "Unless you mend your ways we shall leave your house forever."

The wise actor waited a second. He had the audience with him. It was hanging on the thread of anticipation. He could feel the current of tense expectation. The moment was his. He knew what the audience wanted. Turning lazily in his chair, he drawled, "I don't give a damn!"

Pandemonium broke loose. and the audience shrieked, howled and wept with laughter. The play could not go on for ten minutes, and the speech came near having to be given in an encore. There were six curtain-calls at the end of the act, and the future of the play was assured.

This teaches us that authors know what the actors want and actors know what the public wants.

W. D. NESBIT.

Its Effect. "I SUPPOSE

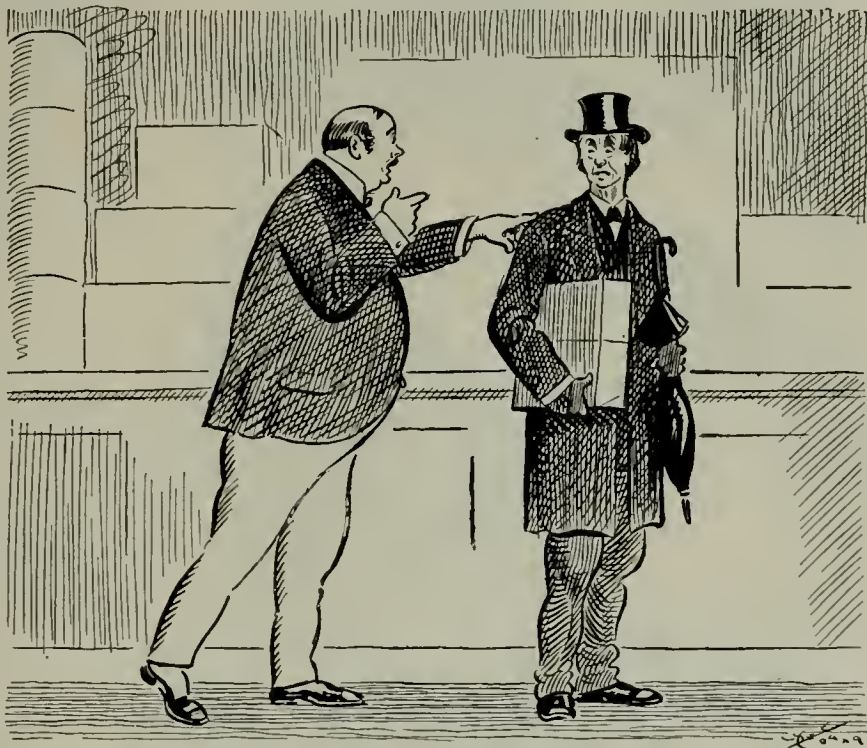
Jim Kaflipper is well on the high road to success, since he has finished reading all those books on how to achieve prosperity," said the mutual friend.

"Well, hardly," replied the other.
 "Didn't his studies have any effect on him?"
 "Yes; but they seem to have worked the wrong way."
 "How's that?"
 "Instead of getting out and hustling, he sits around all the time, telling the rest of us why we have failed in life."

Chauffeur versus Duelist.

Ottinger—"There goes Count Nodough, the famous duelist."

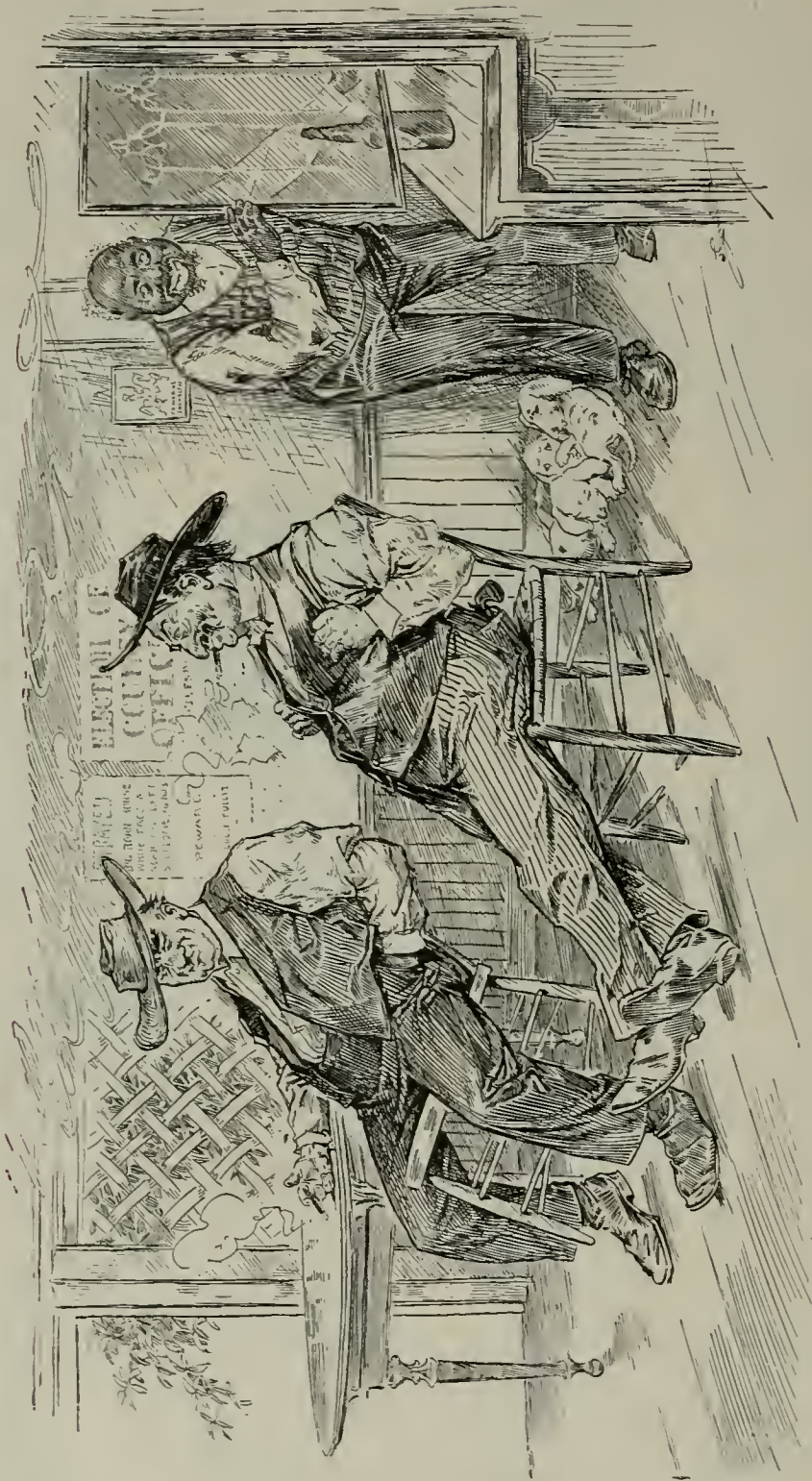
Henriques—"Did he ever kill any one?"
 Ottinger—"Not until recently, when he became a chauffeur."



SWIFT.

NEW YORK MERCHANT—"Pardon me; I guess you didn't understand that we sell those goods strictly spot cash."

PHILADELPHIA BUYER—"Well, excuse me; but I thought you knew that 'thirty days' is 'spot cash' in Philadelphia."

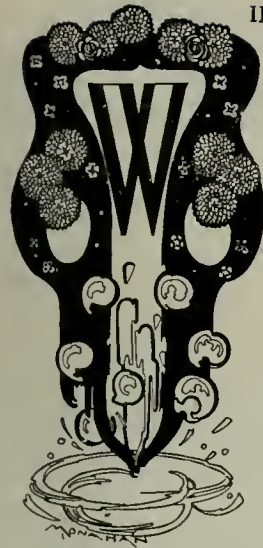


A PERFECT DISGUISE.
"So Majah Peppah went to the masquerade-ball? Did he go disguised?"
"Perfectly. He went sober."

William Mashe

(With apologies to a certain well-known woman writer)

By William J. Lampton



WILLIAM MASHE was sitting in front of his writing-table staring at the floor, his hands hanging before him, when the door opened and shut. He turned. There, with her back to the door, stood Catty. Her aspect startled him to his feet. She looked at him, trembling—her little face haggard and white.

"William!" She put her hands to her breast as though to support herself. Then she flew forward. "William—husband—I have done nothing wrong—nothing—nothing. Look at me."

He sternly put out his hand, protecting himself.

"Where have you been?"

he said in a low voice, "and with whom?"

Catty fell into a chair and burst into wild tears. There was silence for a few moments except for the little woman's crying.

"It's cruel to keep me waiting, Catty," he said at length, with obvious difficulty.

"I sent you a telegram this morning." The voice was choked and passionate.

"I never got it. Where were you?" he said, insistent.

She looked up. She saw the handsome, good-natured face transformed. She began to twist and torment her handkerchief as Mashe had seen her do once before.

"I suppose you want me to tell you my story?" she said, turning upon him suddenly.

All Catty in the words. Her frankness, her daring, and the impatient, realistic tone she was apt to impose upon emotion—they were all there.

Mashe walked up and down the room.

"Tell me your part in it," he said.

"I went with Jeffrey Bluff," she began defiantly.

"I guessed as much," Mashe smiled cynically.

"He said he had something to read to me," she went on, hesitating, but not afraid; "and it would be delicious to go on the river for the day, and come back by train at night. I had a horrid headache—it was so hot here—and you were at the office (her lip quivered), and I wanted to hear Jeffrey read his poems, and so—and so we missed the train (she flushed deeply); but I tell you I did nothing wrong. Do you believe me?" she cried in a passion of appeal.

Their eyes met in challenge of shock and reply.

"These things are not to be asked between you and me," he said with vehemence, as he held out his hand. She just touched it proudly. "Finish your story," he said.

It was brief. There were no more trains; no conveyance was obtainable in the little hamlet; she had remained at a cottage with a woman living there and had taken the first train in the morning.

"I never slept," she added piteously. "I got up at eight for the first train, and now I feel (she fell back in her chair desolately with shut eyes) as if I should die."

Mashe came to her and took her hand in his.

"This is no time to die," he said, with kind firmness.

"It is the time to live and redeem yourself and—and me. You have done no wrong in the sight of God—the God of the bible—but gossip is the god of society and you have transgressed the law. Not this time only, but often in lesser things. It must all stop, Catty—stop; do you hear me?"

She looked at him, and the rebellious light glittered in her dark eyes.

"Your name and my name, our children and the names of all our people are imperiled by your conduct with this Jeffrey Bluff. He has nothing to lose and you have everything. Think, Catty, what are you doing?"

"It is so hard to think," she said wearily.

"And harder to bear the results of your thoughtlessness," he urged upon her. "You can stop it if you will, dear; try," he pleaded. "Send the man away and see him no more."

"But, William——" she began.

"I know what you would say," he interrupted; "he fascinates you by his very wickedness."

She nodded. Mashe, looking at her, saw a curious shade of every, a kind of dreamy excitement, steal over her face. He shuddered, but held fast to his purpose.

"For weeks," he went on slowly, "you have been the talk of the town—you and Jeffrey Bluff—and me.

"You?" she queried with an odd lifting of the tiny brows.

"Yes, me—your husband."

"What do they say of you, pray—you, the pink of domestic perfection?" she laughed.

"They say I am a fool, or a coward, or both," he cried in an agony of shame and love.

"William!" and the tender, loving, frivolous little sprite that she was, was all expressed in the word.

"It is true," he said; "we—you and I—are the one choice bit the gossips are rolling under their tongues. Our enemies first, and now even our friends, are talking, Catty. They can't help it. You thrust it upon them, and they talk in self-defense."

"Well, I don't care," she said, with a defiant toss of her head. "They cannot say I have done anything wrong. They can only say I do not act as they think I should act. I despise their conventionalities."

"And they will soon begin to despise us, Catty," he argued, helpless to convince.

34
She snapped her little fingers defiantly, so weak to grasp her duty, so strong to hold fast to her own willfulness.

"I wouldn't exchange Jeffrey Bluff for all of them," she cried, throwing out her arms in wide defiance.

"And me?" he questioned.

"I *have* you." She wound her soft arms about his neck and looked into his eyes as no other woman had ever looked into them.

He smiled and kissed her.

"Well," he said, gently disengaging himself and placing her in a chair as though she were a child, "you may think as you please about Bluff and all the rest of it, but if I were a woman I'll be damned if I would be stuck on any man who said I was a frowsy little bunch, and my

clothes didn't fit and he could lead me around by the nose as he pleased."

Her eyes flashed. All the feminine instincts rose in riotous rebellion. She grew hot and cold by turns. She bit her lips till the blood came. She drove her sharp nails into her pink palms.

"Did he say that?" she demanded passionately.

"He wrote it in a letter to Mary Blister," he replied, handing her the letter.

She took it trembling. The spell of the man over her was strong even in his writing. She read the letter slowly.

"I'll never speak to him again," she said, tearing the fatal testimony to shreds.

And she didn't.

A Broken Home

"YES; my home is broken up," sighed the distressed individual, whose haggard air and disheveled raiment indicated great mental perturbation.

"Broken up?" queried the friend to whom he was talking.

"Yes," was the rueful answer. "It came on us like a blow from the clouds, too."

"It must have. Do you mind telling me what caused it?"

"It was the butcher's boy."

"What! the butcher's boy? Did he entice her away from you?"

"Yes." The distressed individual acquires a deeper coating of gloom.

"But, man, where were your eyes? Did you not suspect anything?"

"Why should I suspect anything? She had always seemed perfectly satisfied and contented."

"It is too bad that you did not discover it sooner. You might have reasoned with her."

"Oh, you know how a woman is when it comes to listening to reason."

"Yes; but, then, I always thought your wife"—

"My wife?"

"Why, yes. She has always impressed me as a sensible woman until this shocking occurrence."

"What's my wife got to do with it? She couldn't help it."

"But didn't you say the butcher-boy had broken up your home?"

"Of course I did."

"Well, why didn't you speak to your wife about it before she had permitted his attentions to go too far?"

"My wife didn't know anything of it until some time after she had gone."

"You don't tell me! Did he hypnotize her?"

"Hypnotize who?" the man asked in surprise.

"Why, your wife, of course."

"My wife never saw him that I know of."

"What are you saying? Didn't you just tell me that the butcher's boy had blasted your life and blighted your

home? And now you say your wife never saw him. How could the boy carry on a clandestine love-affair with her"—

"Easy enough. He came to the kitchen for the order every morning."

"But I don't get it at all. Are you going to try to get your wife back, or will you sue for a divorce?"

"A divorce? What's the matter with you?"

"Well, of course, old man, it's honorable and generous of you, and all that; but when a man's wife so far forgets herself as to elope with a butcher's boy I think he is perfectly justified in"—

"Look here! are you crazy? My wife wasn't mixed up in this at all. That blasted butcher's boy got my cook to marry him."

Then the sympathizing friend had to help him drown some more of his sorrow.

Little Girl Green and Little Boy Blue.

LITTLE Girl Green and Little Boy Blue
Thought more of each other the older they grew;
One cared for the corn and one cared for the sheep,
And their scant weekly wages they never could keep.

Quite often together they stealthily came
(And who that is human this happening could blame?)
Though loving the landscape and blue sky above,
They tried to (but could not) help falling in love.

Now Little Girl Green was a damsel more sweet
Than—going through thirty-five counties—you'd meet,
And Little Boy Blue, of our good Mother Goose,
For loving her fondly had ample excuse.

Both lived out of doors, near the sheep and the corn,
And when Little Boy Blue did not toot on his horn,
Both he and his girl, as it made no expense,
Would court, and throw kisses each side of the fence.

But, why should they not? 'Tis quite certain that you
And I, so surrounded, the same thing would do;
For, the tides of the sea and the planets above
Have no such propulsion as promptings of love.

O! course, as it seemed the one thing to be done,
A marriage soon followed, and made them both one,
With roses, refection, and games and gay laughter,
And all things conspiring to joy ever after! JOEL BENTON.

DIED AS HE LIVED.

HE machinery of the big mill stopped with a sudden and horrible jar and jerk, and the workmen pulled out the crushed and bleeding form of one who was a stranger to them all.

"Are you badly hurt," inquired one.

"I fear that I am," groaned the unknown. "I'm dying."

"Shall we send for your

friends? Quick, tell us your name."

"Oh, never mind," he answered. "I am all alone in the world, and my name doesn't matter. Just say that I died in-cog." And a grim smile illumined his face as the spirit of the professional humorist took its flight with his last supreme effort.



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

COLONEL KENTUCK (not knowing there had been a flood in the vicinity)—"Who'd think there wuz derved fools that squander money on watn!"

THE LYING DENTIST.

Henrique—"I believe Dr. Quicklime is the champion liar of Dewittville. The stories he tells are something astonishing."

Pennbroke—"You evidently have not known Dr. Q. for any length of time."

Henrique—"No, not very long. But he is a veritable conversational dentist."

Pennbroke—"Conversational dentist? How is that?"

Henrique—"Why, he is a regular professional truth-puller."

THE supreme human achievement is self-mastery.



A RIO-GRANDE RUSE.

SHORTY (angrily)—"Consarn yer, Dave! yer tolt me this crick could be forded easily—thet it wuz only up ter th' waist."

LONG DAVE—"Wa-al, w'ot yer kickin' 'bout? Did yer think I wuz goin' inter details wi' yer, an' say whose waist it wuz only up ter?"

FRESH SCANDAL.

William Ann—"What's the news down at Asbury Park?"

Bradleyite—"Some of the first young women in town have been discovered going to prayer-meeting without a chaperon."

DECISIONS HANDED DOWN.

The impulsive man would make money by walking backward.

The man who starts out to woo fortune finds few leap-years.



Little Miss Peachly thought a bathing-suit made of clinging China silk would be very effective—



—but the trouble was that after the first dip it clung!



THE WRONG OPENING.

PA—"Mother, here is a letter from our boy. He hez landed in New York 'sright, an' he sez that he wuz successful in findin' an openin' the fust day he got there."

MA—"Ain't that fine? I jes' noo Hy 'd find somethin', fer he always wuz lucky in droppin' inter likely places."



The opening that Hy found.

AN APRIL-FOOL IDYL.

EXPECTATION.

She rode within the trolley,
No one beside her sat,
When in the door came Cholly;
Was anything more pat?

REALIZATION.

He paused beside her, smiling;
He surely would sit down.
She looked at him beguiling—
'Twas full a mile to town.

DESPERATION.

Alas! he passed beyond her
The full length of the car;
Then knew she he was fonder
Of that mean thing, Lou Barr.

TO BE SURE!

Mrs. Peck—"Here's a law-suit
in Kentucky because a
man refused to pay for bury-
ing his wife. She didn't live
with him. If that isn't the
queerest case!"

Henry Peck—"I don't
see as it was so queer, Nancy.
Why should a man want to
bury his wife if she didn't
live with him?"

TOO FAR.

He—"They have carried
these musicals so far that it is
positive torture to listen to
them."

She—"Yes; there are some people who believe they are a
whole orchestra, simply because they have a drum in their ear."

LOOKING FORWARD.

Mrs. KERRIGAN (softly)—"Oi heard yer hoosband wuz
doyin', Mrs. Flynn, so Oi thought Oi'd bring him round this bit
uv oice. Th' poor divil moight ez well enjoy oice whoile he kin."

If Robinson Crusoe had been a woman that black valet
would have been called Thursday."



AT THE BANK.

Clerk—"This thousand-dollar
package counts only
nine hundred and fifty. What
shall I do?"

Cashier—"Tell Jones to
count it."

Clerk (ten minutes later)—
"Jones makes it nine hundred
and seventy. Shall I
report it to the president?"

Cashier—"I guess not.
Tell Jones to keep on counting."

THE EASTER
VARIETY.

The speckled hen stands on one
leg,

She's thinking lots and lots.
She wonders if she laid the egg
That's full of polka-dots.

NEARLY SHORN.

"I had a close shave," said
the little lambkin.

"Gracious, child! What
was it?" asked the mother.

"I just ran against a razor-
back hog."

FEMININE SUPERSTI-
TION.

Miss Wiggins—"Do you
really think that women are
superstitious about Friday?"

Mr. Higgins—"Certainly.



A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

KELLY—"No, Murphy, yez can niver be presidint of the United Shtates."

MURPHY (indignantly)—"And phy not?"

KELLY—"Because yez wuz born in Oireland."

MURPHY—"Thru fer yez; but if Oi should decoide to run for the presidincy how the divil could they iver prove thot?"



PARTIALLY RETURNED.

ALGY—"You say she only partially returned your affection?"

CLARENCE—"Yes; and that's what I'm kicking about. She returned all the love-letters, but retained all the jewelry."

NO CASH LEFT.

Birtwhistle—"Going to have a yacht this year?"

Dawsnap—"No; I sha'n't have the price. I have had to buy my wife a yachting-costume."

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A SOLAR EXPOSÉ.

As Cholly Beacher ecstatically surveyed Miss Annular's sylph-like figure he voted her a dream; but a moment later, when the sun x-rayed those thin sleeves—

—his dream turned into a nightmare and he woke up!

MR. MORBID.

WISH I were a coroner,
For one of my delights
Would be like him to gaze
upon
Such lovely horrid sights

FROM JUDGE'S
DICTIONARY.

Machete—An instrument of freedom, destined to sever the last link binding the Spaniard to the new world.

Date—Definite points of time which most people can remember tolerably until they are placed on the witness-stand.

Gamble—The pursuit of games of chance which is now frequently invested with an air of respectability by the stock exchanges of metropolitan cities. It consists principally in squandering the money you win and worrying over that you lose. The only successful gambler is he whose profits are assured before he begins to play.

Antiquity—A time which produced many men who were great because they had the first say on most matters. And who, if they happened to be right, are glorified for their genius; and, if wrong, loved for their simplicity.

The Jealousy of Alexander

Being the Tragic Tale of a Lovelorn and Desperate Crow.

By Ed Mott



COUSIN Marcellus Merriweather dropped in on Uncle David Beckendarter's folks for a little visit ag'in, t'other day," said Solomon Cribber, fresh over to the Corners with the news from Pochuck, "and after Uncle David had locked his blue-paper smokin' terhacker in the closet, and Aunt Sally had told Cousin Marcellus to go out in the wood-shed to take off his gum-shoes, Uncle David says to him,

"Well, he says, 'anyhow, you kin help us to git shet o' them pesky crows that's gettin' all ready to dig up our corn soon as we put it in. I'm jest fixin' to soak some

corn in p'ison to scatter 'round fer 'em to stuff theirselves with, and you mowt take the old shot-gun and go down and hide behind the cornfield fence and whang one now and then as they come nosin' around. You kin do as much as that, I s'pose? You've got push enough in you to lay behind a fence and shoot crows if they light on a stake nigh enough to you, hain't you?' says Uncle David.

"Uncle David," says Cousin Marcellus, 'I wouldn't kill a crow; not fer money! No, sir!' says he; 'not fer your hull farm!'

"Uncle David give setch a start when he heerd this that he most upshot the kittle o' p'ison water he was soakin' the corn in to dose the crows with, and Aunt Sally jest put her hands on her hips and stared at Cousin Marcellus as if she wa'n't exacly sure whether she was goin' deaf or whether Cousin Marcellus was crazy. But she soon see that it wa'n't her a-goin' deaf, and she says to Cousin Marcellus, with a sort of a sniff,

"Then I s'pose you're goin' to object to me goin' out and killin' a chicken fer dinner?' she says.

"But Cousin Marcellus he looked up quick and says,

"No, no, no!' he says; 'not a ding hit of it!' he says.

"Then Uncle David, he got an idee in his head, and it het him all up, and he turned on Cousin Marcellus fierce, and says,

"Do you mean to say," says he, 'that my hull farm ain't worth as much as a ding thievin' crow?' says he.

"Then Cousin Marcellus got on t'other side o' the table pooty quick, and he says,

"Great Gabriel's horn, Uncle David!' he says; 'I didn't mean nothin' o' the kind! Set down! set down! he says, 'and let me tell you.'

"Uncle David sot down, shakin' his head and grumblin' consider'ble, and Aunt Sally brung in Cousin Marcellus's gum-shoes from the wood shed and thumped 'em

down on the floor in front of him toler'ble positive, but didn't say nothin' further than that. Then Cousin Marcellus he sot down ag'in, and says,

"You see, Uncle David and Aunt Sally," he says, 'the trouble is, you hain't looked into the crow only as to his bein' a thief. He's a thief, that's so, but so is the feller that steals your chickens. You mowt know the feller, but you wouldn't feel like takin' your shot-gun and killin' him. Why? 'Cause that'd be murder. And if you knowed the crow in all of his bearin's like I do, you'd jest as soon go out and pop over the feller that had stole a chicken out o' your coop as you would to pop over a crow. A crow will l'arn to talk as glib as a lightnin'-rod peddler. You know that, don't you?' says Cousin Marcellus.

"Uncle David said he'd heerd so, and made the p'ison in the hot water a leetle stronger, and chucked in another handful o' corn to soak; and Aunt Sally kicked the gum-shoes a little nigher to Cousin Marcellus. He didn't seem to notice it, though, and by and by he says,

"When I was livin' with Potiphar Juggins, up on the old Passadanky, Potiphar's boy Joe found a young crow in the woods one day that had been tumbled out of its nest by the wind. He brung it home, and that crow let tself be riz by hand jest as willin' as if it had an idee there wa'n't no other way fer crows to be riz. And as he growed, the way that crow l'arned to talk was amazin'. And yit he wa'n't a feller that'd throw his talk around loose amongst folks, either, bein' solemn and retirin' in his natur'. He liked the horses, and the way he could holler out "G'lang, g'lang! Geedap, g-e-e-dap, there!" and click to 'em to make 'em start or hurry up, was a caution to stage-drivers. And he partic'lerly liked to holler out to me, "Hullo, Marcellus! How's Polly Ann?" He seemed to like to holler that partic'ler.'

"Aunt Sally she shoved the gum-shoes a leetle nigher, and Uncle David stirred up the p'ison soak till it most slopped over. Cousin Marcellus sot a while, and then he says,

"They named the crow Alexander, that bein' an idee o' Potiphar's boy Joe, 'cause he said the crow was so overpowerin' great; and what do you s'pose was the reason he was always hollerin' to me, "How's Polly Ann?" I'll tell you. Polly Ann was young Sam Niver's wife, and she was as pooty as a pictur'. Sam druv team fer Potiphar, and Polly Ann done the kitchen work, and the reason why Alexander was always askin' me about the state o' Polly Ann's health when he didn't see her around was 'cause he wa'n't on speakin' terms with Sam. And why wa'n't he? 'Cause he was dead in love with Polly Ann himself! And jealous o' Sam? Great snakes a-twistin'! It got so that when Sam 'd come around where Polly Ann was he'd strut and fume, and fly at Sam and jab him so

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that sometimes Sam 'd have to git a club and fight fer sartin, or else run and shet himself in the barn. But when he'd see Polly Ann when Sam wa'n't around he'd set and look at her like a dyin' calf, and sigh! Merciful me! I've see that crow heave setch sighs at Polly Ann, Aunt Sally, that it seemed to me he surely must bust his wishbone out, and nothin' shorter!

"Uncle David shoved the corn deeper down in the kittle, as if he didn't want none of it to be short o' p'ison, and Aunt Sally glanced up to'rds where the rollin'-pin was hangin'. By and by Cousin Marcellus says, sort o' 'sinuatin' like,

"Uncle David,' says he, 'have you quit chawin' ter-backer?'

"Nope,' says Uncle David. 'Chawin' it right along,' says he.

"That's all there was come o' that, and after a while Cousin Marcellus says,

"One day Polly Ann and Sam was goin' to town to do some tradin'. Sam had a horse that was safe enough when you had him in hand, but he didn't have to have no great big lot of excuse fer to do a little goin' on his own account, and when he got agoin' he hated like belix to stop. Alexander had been a-broodin' and in the dumps fer two or three days 'cause Sam had been 'round the house a good deal, and Polly Ann was all the time chatterin' to him. When she got in the wagon that mornin' Alexander sot on the gate-post gazin' at her. Sam had gone to the barn fer somethin'. I was standin' at the gate, and I see sort of a startlin' look come over Alexander, and all of a sudden he made a dash and plumped down in the wagon on the seat 'longside o' Polly Ann.

"Geedap!" he hollered. "Gee-e-e-dap, there!" and he follered it up with that click o' his'n in a way that the horse knowed meant business, and away he started, with Alexander hollerin' and clickin' at him like mad. Before Polly Ann could gether up the lines, or anybody could do a thing or say a word, the horse was goin' on a dead gallop down the road, and went out o' sight in a cloud o' dust around the bend. What did it mean? Nothin', 'cept that Alexander had stole Polly Ann, and was runnin' away with her! That was all.

"Aunt Sally took the rollin'-pin down, and Uncle David put a kiver on the kittle so none o' the p'ison 'd steam out. Cousin Marcellus was warmed up on Alexander, and he kep' right on.

"Quick as he could,' says he, 'Sam mounted another horse and started after Alexander and Polly Ann. Three mile and a half down the road he come up to 'em. Leastways, he come up with the horse and wagon and Polly Ann. The runaway had been stopped by a team comin' t'other way. Nobody was hurt, but Alexander was missin'. They couldn't find no track of him high nor low. He knowed ding well what 'd become of him if he was took, and so he had made himself good and scarce. After Polly Ann got over her skeer, and Sam got over his mad, they laughed at it as bein' a good joke, and they was sorry that Alexander had sloped.

"I guess it was mebbe six months after that I was comin' along the road down there one day. Poor Polly Ann had took a fever some time afore and died of it. As

I was comin' along by the place where the bad crow had been balked in his tryin' to steal her, I heerd a hoarse and quiverin' voice, and it skeert me, fer what did it say but,

"Hello, Marcellus!"

"I looked up, and there sat Alexander on a limb, all rumped up and lanky and sick-lookin'. I stopped and told him to git in the wagon. He got in, and sot there without sayin' a word till we got pooty nigh home. Then he says,

"How's Polly Ann?"

"I didn't tell him anything, and when we got home everybody was glad to see Alexander back ag'in. But he wa'n't the same crow. He soon found out about poor Polly Ann, and one day I see him busy at somethin' in the flower garden. I watched him and I see him pick a lot o' flowers and start away with 'em. He went over to'ards the little buryin'-ground on the hill. I follered along, wonderin' what in natur' he was up to now. He went straight to Polly Ann's grave. He laid the flowers on it, and stood there in a sorrowin' sort o' ponderin' a while. Then he come back home. Next day I found him on the bottom of his house, dead as a millstone!

"Kill a crow, Uncle David?' says Cousin Marcellus. 'Not fer your hull farm!'

"Uncle David took down the shot-gun and sot it ag'in the wall. Then he scooped the p'isoned corn out o' the kittle and put it in a bag. Then he says to Cousin Marcellus,

"You fetch that shot-gun and come along with me to the cornfield,' says he, 'or else you kin git into them gum-shoes o' your'n and go back to old Passadanky on the double-quick to drop tears on the grave of Alexander!'

"Cousin Marcellus took the gun and went. He popped over six crows betwixt that and noon, and Aunt Sally says that from the way he acted with the shortcake and chicken fer dinner the killin' didn't seem to lay partic'lar heavy on his conscience. Not partic'lar. And speakin' o' crows, 'Kiar,' said the Pochuck chronicler, "I don't seem to see none of any account hangin' 'round the Corners here."

"No," said 'Kiar Biff, the landlord; "seems as if they'd rather roost over Pochuck way. Dunno why, unless it's 'cause they git so much more healthful exercise over there, havin' to fly so fur to git somethin' to eat."

Mr. Cribber rubbed his chin a while as if pondering on the possibilities of such being the case; but if he came to any conclusion regarding it he did not let it be known, and by and by he got into his own gum-shoes and wended his way Pochuckward, presumably for social conference with Uncle David, Aunt Sally and Cousin Marcellus.

A New Kind.

"BUT will this fly-paper kill the flies?" asked the doubting customer.

"No, sir," replied the grocer; "it is anti-cruelty fly-paper. It does not injure; it merely attracts. Don't you see that it is made to resemble a bald head?"

THE man who's without fear is the man who's going to lose his ship.



Thompson

WHERE HE WAS.
 TORN THOMPSON—"I wuz quite comfortable durin' de heated term. It wuz only sixty degrees in de shade where I wuz."
 FRAVED FACIN—"An' how much wuz it in de sun?"
 TORN THOMPSON—"I dunno. Dey wouldn't let me out ter see."

His Birthday Gift

By Morris Wade



HE HAD just settled himself comfortably for the evening in his favorite chair, with his favorite magazine in his hand, when his wife said,

"You remember what day next Thursday is, don't you, dear?"

"Don't know as I do," he said, as he ran his paper-cutter between the uncut pages of the magazine.

"Well, I remember if you don't, dearie; it's your birthday."

"Oh, it is, is it? How those days do come around when a fellow gets to be forty."

"You are only thirty-nine."

"Well, that's a good deal nearer forty than I want to be."

"What I wanted to ask, dear, was something in regard to your

present. I don't know what to get for you."

"Oh, don't bother about getting anything."

"The idea of it! Of course I shall get you something! A lady who spoke at our club yesterday impressed upon us the importance of not allowing holidays and birthdays to pass unnoticed in our homes. You always get me something on my birthday."

"Oh, well, that's another matter. Any little thing will please me."

"Any little thing' is dreadfully vague. Can't you hint a little?"

"Oh, get me a box of cigars. I'll tell you the kind."

"But I want to give you something that you can keep."

"I need some new shirts."

"Shirts for a birthday present! I'd as soon get you a ton of coal!"

"A ton of coal wouldn't be a bad thing to get when one never knows what minute the miners will go on a strike. Slippers always come in handy."

"I've given you a dozen pair of slippers already, and if I get neckties for you, you always exchange them. I never told you before, but one day when I was going up to your office in the elevator I noticed that the elevator-man had on the tie I gave you Christmas. Can't you think of something else?"

"Oh, you might get me something for my desk."

"I got you a beautiful little five-dollar bouquet-holder for a rose or a carnation or two for your desk last year, and all you ever used it for was to put cigar ashes in it: It was all spattered with ink, and your mucilage brush was in it the last time I was in your office. No; I want to get something this year that you can keep and possibly use. How would it do to get something for the house that we could all enjoy?"

"All right. Go ahead and get anything you want,

only don't go in too steep; business isn't very rushing just now."

"It never is rushing when I want to buy you a birthday present."

"But you buy it just the same."

"Of course I do. As if I would let your birthday go by unnoticed! Can't you suggest something? Of course, as it's your present, I want you to be pleased with it more than any one else. Can't you make me out a little list of things you would like?"

"Oh, I don't want to bother doing that. Just get anything you take a fancy to and I'll be satisfied. My goodness! when I have a present to buy for you I rush into some store and buy the first thing I see."

"I know you do, and that is why I have to exchange nearly all of your presents to me. You got me Tennyson's complete works for a present last year and we already had two sets of his works in the house. I hope you wont mind, but I'll tell you now that I took the books back to the department-store in which you got them and exchanged them for a copper wash-boiler and some granite baking-ware that we needed."

"I don't mind, but I wonder what Tennyson would think if he knew it."

"Couldn't you spare a few minutes to-morrow afternoon and go with me and select something you would like—of course I'd want you to select a number of things from which I could choose one, so that it would be something of a surprise, you know? Please do that, dear; please."

Of course he said that he would, and the next afternoon found them in a big department-store, "dragging from counter to counter," as he would have said, and as he did say—to himself.

"I think I'd like this," he said, picking up a handsome hand-mirror.

"But we have two or three hand-mirrors in the house now, dear. It doesn't seem to me that we want another. How would you like this lovely picture of the Madonna?"

"I'd like it well enough. Get it."

"I'll keep it in mind, but, after all, a Madonna doesn't seem like an appropriate present for a man. Maybe you would like this set of Stevenson's books better. Would you?"

"I'd as soon have that as anything. Why not get me a bath-robe? I'd like to have one."

"Oh, that wouldn't seem just like a present, would it? I want something you can keep and that you can show to your friends as a present."

"Then you'd better keep the bath-robe off your list. I'd like a new smoking-jacket."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't be suited with one if I got it. Men like to buy such things themselves. Still, we might look at smoking-jackets, and you could pick out three or four you would like."

"I haven't time for all that. Why not get me a box of real nice handkerchiefs? I'd like them well enough."

"Oh, handkerchiefs seem so kind of commonplace for a present. Then, as I have remarked before, I want to get something you can keep. I thought some of getting you one of those lovely silk and satin and lace cases for your neckties, but I don't suppose you would use it if I did."

"Neither would any other man clothed in his right mind. Thompson has a unique kind of a rack for his pipes. I rather think I'd like one of them. It's made of six miniature skulls, and"—

"Horrors! I'm not going to get you anything of that kind. I do think that some of these smokers' things are just horrid. I'd as soon think of getting you a testament! Oh, wouldn't you like a real nice purse, dear?"

"I've nothing to put in the purses I have now. I think a real handsome pair of silk suspenders would suit me."

"It seems like such folly to me to put two or three dollars into anything so prosaic as a pair of suspenders. Then you couldn't show them to people as your birthday present."

"It would be a little awkward—especially if I had them on. I've always thought I'd like a pair of elegant silk socks, but they would be open to the same objection so far as showing them is concerned. Why not get me a cane?"

"And you with six canes now that you never carry. How would a nice silk muffler do?"

"It would do if I ever wore a muffler, but I never bother with one of those things."

"I wish that we could think of something for the house that you would like. We need more chairs."

"Then get one. I really can't give any more time to this business."

"I wouldn't like to get one without your help in selecting it. As it would be for your birthday present, of course I would want you to be pleased with it. Do take a few minutes more and look at chairs with me. They are on the floor above."

They go to the "floor above," and in a moment he is saying,

"I like this one all right."

"Do you, dear? Now, do you know that I don't fancy that chair the least bit. I like this one much better."

"Well, get it, then."

"Not if you don't like it, dear."

"I do like the other one better."

"You do? Why, I think this other chair is far more graceful in shape. But of course if you like it best I suppose"—

"I don't insist on having it. Get the other one if you prefer it."

"But it is to be *your* chair, and it's your present, so of course I want you to be pleased more than any one else. I do think, however, that the chair I prefer is better suited to a parlor than the chair you like. Then, it is so much more graceful in shape."

"Then get it, by all means."

"Not if you decidedly prefer the other. I think if you

with examine the two you will find that the brocatel on the chair I like is much finer than that on the other chair, and it is so much richer looking. I can't help it, but I do like this chair better than the other."

"Then we'll order it and be done with it."

"You feel sure that we can afford it?"

"Yes, yes—I suppose so."

"Well, I'll look around a little and decide about it. I want whatever I get to be as much of a surprise as possible."

And he, like the wise and experienced husband that he is, says nothing when, a day or two later, she shows the chair of her choice to some callers and says,

"My husband has been having a birthday and I have been buying him a chair for a present. Isn't it hard to choose a present for a man? But I got out of it this time by making him go with me and choose his own present; so for once he really ought to be satisfied with it, since it is of his own choosing."

Nor does he do anything but "keep up a terrible thinking" when she says, some days later,

"Charles, dear, the bill for the chair I gave you on your birthday came this afternoon and I put it on your desk. Your mother was here to-day, and when I showed her your new chair and told her you had selected it yourself, she said you always did have such good taste."

About Abou.

(With apologies to Leigh Hunt.)

ABOU BEN ADAMS (may his tribe increase!)

Awoke one night and shouted out "Police!"

For, calmly sitting at his writing-desk,

He saw a vision of a form grotesque.

"Hush!" said the vision, nodding its weird head.

Ben Adams shivered till he shook the bed;

His front teeth chattered and his feet grew cold;

But still, exceeding nerve made Adams bold.

And to the vision he said, "What the deuce

Are you about there? Chuck it, sir! Vamoose!

"What are you writing?" "Sir," replied his guest,

"I write the names of those correctly dressed."

"And am I in it?" queried Adams. "No."

Replied the vision. Adams thundered, "Go!

But ere you skip write me as one, I pray,

Who never wears a shirt-waist, anyway."

The vision wrote and fled. But after that

He came again to Adams's little flat

And showed the names of men who dressed the best,

And lo! Ben Adams's name led all the rest!

CAROLYN WELLS.

A Dear Friend's Deduction.

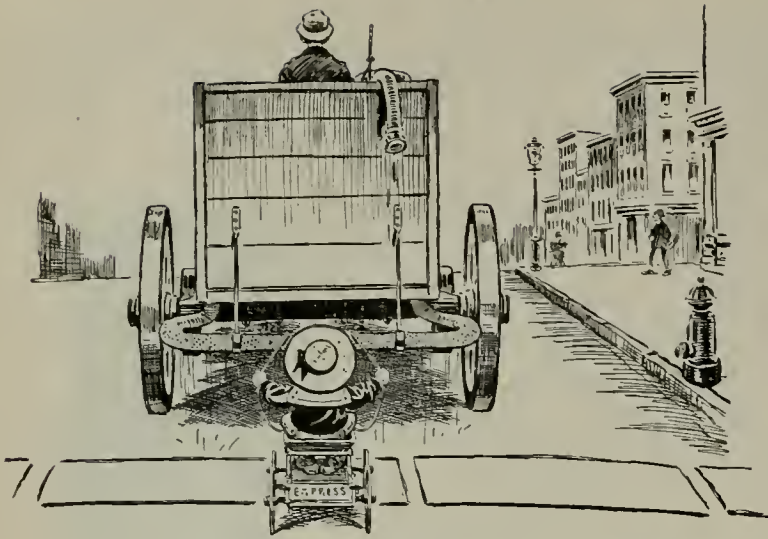
"THE most ridiculous thing happened to-day," said the girl who had been out in her new Easter bonnet.

"There was a man on the corner near a big trench they were digging for a sewer or something, and the man kept staring at me all the time as I neared him, and what do you think? He gazed at me so steadily that he did not see the trench and fell into it."

"How odd!" exclaimed the girl who had no new Easter bonnet. "Did you look at him, too?"

"Well—of course I couldn't help just glancing at him."

"Maybe he jumped into the trench."



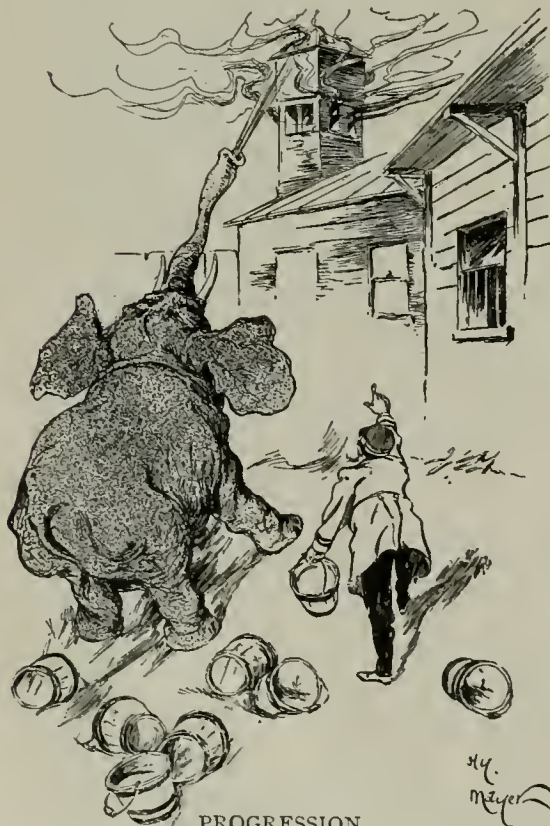
I.

Many drivers had waved at little Freddie to stop hooking on behind with his express-wagon, but they met with poor success.

TWO GREAT CLASSES.

"I suppose the people who bother you most," said the student in journalism, "are those who want their names put into the paper."

"Yes, with one exception," said the managing editor; "and they are the people who wish their names kept out."

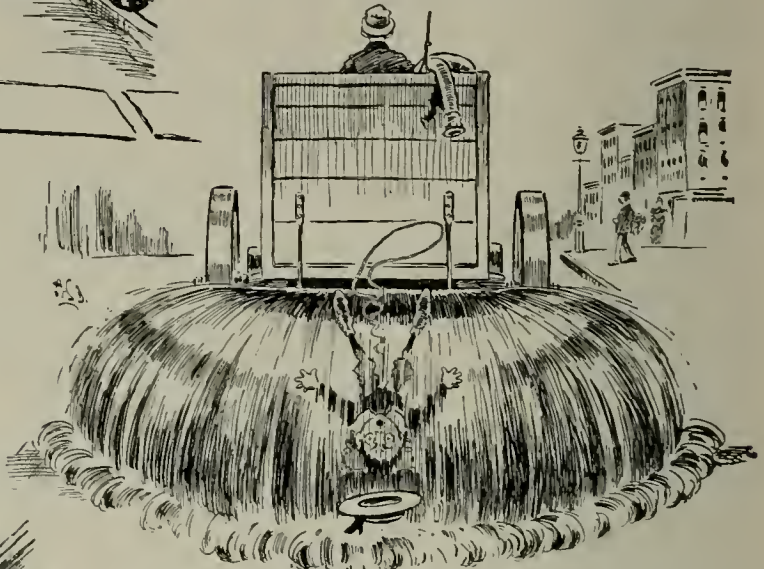


PROGRESSION.

Exhibition fire-drill in the elephant quarters. Bolivar playing the hose.

MAMMY'S little pickaninny gwine to go to sleep—
 Hush a by-by, hush a by.
 Doan' yo hear de coon-dog bayin' loud an' deep?
 Hush a by-by, hush a by.
 Mock-birds' notes a-callin', doan' yo hear 'em sing?
 Pappy's gone a-huntin', an' a possum home 'll bring,
 There's worter melons coolin' in the shadders o' the spring,
 Hush a pickaninny, an' a by-by.

There's sweet pertaters bilin' an' a ham-bone to boot,
 Hush a by-by, hush a by.
 Pappy's got a grave-yard rabbit's left hind foot,
 Hush a by-by, hush a by.
 So hush a pickaninny while de sout' winds moan.
 Go to sleep so mammy can go lieb yo' all alone,
 Fer she's goin' to make yo'r pappy a big co'n pone—
 Hush a pickaninny, an' a by-by.



II.

However, the wave that he got from this particular cart did effectually dampen his ardor.

NOT WALTZERS.

Mabel—"I understand there were only square dances at Mrs. Flippit's small-an2-early."

Maude—"Yes; there weren't men enough to go round."



ETIQUETTE.

MONTALBO DUNN (*insanely jealous*)—"Look, Horace, look! She encourages his advances. Let me get at him and his heart's blood shall flow."

HORACE MURPHY (*restraining him*)—"Nay, nay, Montalbo! This is not the moment for blood-spilling. Wait until the lady retires."

AT THE MINSTRELS.

“**M**R. DINGLEBERRY,” said Mr. Bingwhazzle, after the circle had finished the chorus of “My Klondike is the gold of Molly’s hair” and the applause had subsided; “Mr. Dingleberry, I have a conundrum to propound to you this evening.”

“Indeed?” responded Mr. Dingleberry, thrumming softly upon his tambourine and winking at the middleman; “indeed? And would you kindly propound it?”

“I will,” said Mr. Bingwhazzle, placing his bones in his vest-pocket and knocking a fleck of dust from his diamond; “I will. What, sir, is the difference between a man preparing his poultry for the market at midnight and a lion after it has eaten its dinner at noon?”

“What is the difference between a man preparing his poultry for market at midnight— **Is** the market to be at midnight?”

“No, no! He is preparing the **poultry at midnight.**”

“Did you say poultry or poetry?”

“Poultry—poultry, sir!”

“Excuse me. I thought if you said poetry, the man would be hungry and the lion wouldn’t.”

“Do not be frivolous, Mr. Dingleberry,” said the interlocutor. “The conundrum as propounded by Mr. Bingwhazzle is this, ‘What is the difference between a man preparing his poultry at midnight for the market and a lion after it has eaten its dinner at noon?’”

“Well, sir, that’s too easy,” chuckled Mr. Dingleberry, permitting his left foot to do a jig-step while he remained in his chair. “The man who is preparing his poultry is sighing on the land and the lion that has had his dinner is lying on the sand.”

“No, sir!” shouted Mr. Bingwhazzle. “You have no reason to infer that the man is unhappy.”

“Of course he is unhappy. Who wouldn’t be?”

“But that is the wrong answer.”

“Oh, very well. I can give you another. The lion is wagging his tail and the man is tagging his— But there are no wails, are there? Le’me see. There isn’t anything about dessert and desert in this, is there?”

“Not a thing.”

“Then the man had a bird in his hand and the lion had two in the bush,” ventured Mr. Dingleberry.

“Oh, that is absurd!”

“Well, it’s the best I can do this evening. I didn’t ask you to ask me any old conundrums, did I? Why is a conundrum like an unsigned letter? Because you can’t answer it. That’s better than your old market-man, anyhow. What’s the answer to yours?”

“It is simple,” said Mr. Bingwhazzle. “The lion is licking his chops and the man is lopping his chicks.”

Then the interlocutor announced that Mr. Raphael Minningham Woodle would render the favorite classical selection, “When your rabbit-foot ’s unlucky you should throw the dice away.”

Beauty’s Use.

“**B**EAUTY ’s its own excuse for being.” Yea,
Most men to this sweet creed are dutiful;
Yet beauty ’s the excuse, we can’t but see,
For much in life that is *not* beautiful.

AN OLD SALT’S OBSERVATIONS.

MANY a man knows where there’s a lot of treasure locked up, and then discovers that he’s left his bunch of keys to home.

There’s one way in which my ship an’ th’ sea is better than your house an’ th’ front yard—I don’t have to mow the seaweed.

A lie’s like fire—it makes a small place awful hot. Th’ scandal that it causes is like its smoke—it ’ll smooch a whole neighborhood.

“If you could select th’ strongest material in th’ world to make your cable of, what would you use?” a man asked me. “Mother-love,” I answers.

Th’ average country deacon’s ideas of what true goodness consists of reminds me of th’ Irishman’s definition of an octogenarian. “An octogenarian,” says th’ Irishman, “is a man with eight toes on each foot.”

Girls are queer. I asked one one day what she was a-laughin’ at. “I dunno,” says she. Th’ next day she was cryin’ an’ I asked her th’ cause of that. “I dunno,” says she. “Guess it’s th’ same thing that made me laugh yesterday.”

I’ve seen th’ sea when it was gray, deceitful, crouchin’; then it was like a cat. I’ve seen it roarin’, rampant, terrible; then it was like a lion. I’ve seen it when it was dreamy, beautiful an’ kind; then it was like a woman. For it was like enough to change within sixteen seconds.

How we do waste time! I know a feller that went to college, an’ when he come out th’ professor said with pride that that chap had a vocabulary of six thousand words. An’ yet I’ve found out that that feller died jest because he didn’t know how to say no when he was asked to have a drink.

Many a commandin’ officer has deserved jest about as much credit for th’ battles that his troops have won, many a captain has deserved jest about as much credit for th’ savin’ of his ship in time of storm, as th’ man who rings up th’ curtain at th’ theatre does for th’ merit of th’ play.

I knew a fisherman who had been dog poor on Cape Cod all his life, but everybody liked him. One day he ran afoul of a great lump of ambergris a-floatin’ in th’ bay. He sold it for thirty-eight thousand dollars an’ sixty-two cents. Within a year he hadn’t a friend on th’ cape, an’ had begun to abuse his wife. Now, why was that?

If you go to a certain museum in Holland you can still see th’ scales where they weighed people accused of bein’ sorcerers. If you was of a certain weight or over you was hanged; if you was of another weight or under you was burned at th’ stake. Th’ thing to do was to avoid bein’ weighed. Same ’s true about bein’ talked about by some folks.

I see a scrap-book once that a hopeless maniac had made while he was locked up in an insane-asylum. As I looked at it I couldn’t help but think that it was a good deal like my own memory. Wouldn’t it be nice if we could all paste our recollections up all nice and methodical an’ then make a ready-reference index for ’em?

EDWARD MARSHALL

IF WE could only deceive others as easily as we deceive ourselves, what great reputations we would have!



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

MARIE ANTOINETTE MURPHY (*disdainfully*)—"Do yer t'ink fer a moment, Sagasta Sullivan, dat I would t'row meself **away** on you?"

SAGASTA SULLIVAN—"No, Marie, I do not. I t'ink yer know de health laws too well to risk t'rowin' rubbish anywheres 'cept in ash-barrels or public dumps, an' I'm glad ter see yer so well acquainted wid de street-cleanin' ordinances at dat."

SHE THOUGHT SO TOO.

They were discussing profound subjects with the cynicism that only youth can develop.

"I have given the subject serious thought," she said, "and I have decided long ago that I would never marry."

"That shows you are a woman of intellect," he answered admiringly. "I long ago reached the same determination."

"Marriage," she observed, "is a state in which the chance for sorrow is great and the prospect for happiness small."

"Very true. And what is more, it is a confession that one's intellectual cultivation is insufficient to elevate him above the necessity of companionship."

He had been holding her hand all this time, but neither of them seemed to realize the fact.

"Every rule," she said thoughtfully, "is proved by its exceptions."

"Yes; and I was just thinking"—

"What, Orlando?"

"That two people who hold such similar views of life as you and I hold ought to manage to get on splendidly."

She blushed and sighed and murmured, "I was just thinking that it is very seldom that folks find such a true bond of sympathy as we have discovered."

DEFINITION.

Money is the measure of values, but if its measurements were absolutely accurate there could be no profits. Hence it becomes the yardstick of opportunities.



A TERRIBLE BLUNDER.

MRS. HAMMERSTEIN—"Kracious, fader! vot fur you whip Shakey so fur?"

MR. HAMMERSTEIN—"Vhy, der lamp ubset in der shtore und dis fool—dis crazy poy—he pud id oud, so hellup me Aaron!"

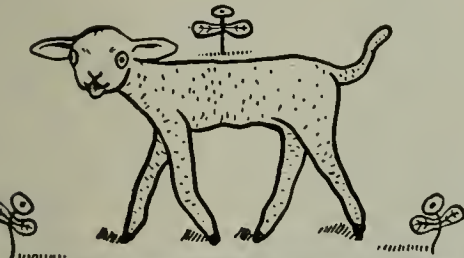
THE SONNET OF SPRING

IN ANY CURRENT MAGAZINE.

DEEP in my soul there subtly wakes
 and stirs
 With waking thrill of life in
 bud and leaf ;
 With chirp of bird and rushing
 wing that whirs
 From bough to trembling
 bough in journeys brief—
 A restless, eager quest,
 that hurrying goes
 Seeking amid the chambers of
 dim thought
 Something that must be viewed,
 pursued and caught
 And made a glorious captive ;
 else in vain
 Is all the inspiration of the
 spring,
 And mute the impassioned song
 I fain would sing.

But when, as now, I nearer come, close, close
 At last to the dear goal I would attain,
 Ah, with what clutching joy I pounce upon it,
 The longed-for fourteenth line that makes my sonnet !

BLOOD will till. It's meself thot do know a felly
 thot inheriated chilblains from his father. He losht
 both fate in a railroad wrick—poor divil!—an' now,
 bejakers! he has th' chilblains on his nick.



TOUGH.

The spring lamb now is with us,
 You hear its tender bleat ;
 But how changed you will find it
 When you've ordered it to eat.



PAT'S SOLILOQUY.

"Poor Tooley! phwat a pity be niver lived t' enjoy his loife inshoor-
 ance! Oh, wa-al, Oi s'pose we'll all be dead some day if we live long enuff."

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The maid of the princess de Chimay looked sympathetic as she prepared her mistress's coiffure. "Mais, madame, elle appear si fatiguée thees eveneng," she said.

The princess sighed. "I am tired," she murmured. "In the last fifteen minutes I have almost made up my mind not to elope with any one to-day."



PRIDE.

PASTOR—"You seem resigned to die, and I know it is because you are
 such a good Christian."
 SHE—"Tain't thet so much, pastor; but they do say thet I will bev one
 of the longest funerals ever held at Saugerties."



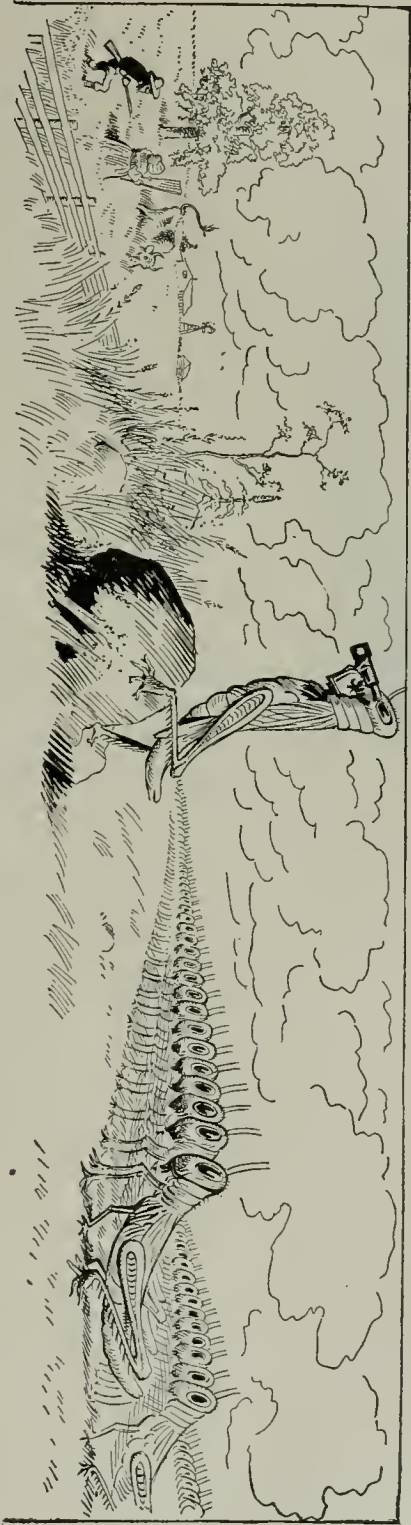
TRAGICAL TEMERITY AT DEAD GULCH.

BRONCO BILL (in a hoarse whisper as he throws up his hands)—“Do me a favor, Ike?”

ALKALI IKE (drawing)—“Yep! Who gets it?”

BRONCO BILL (lowly)—“Give it to th’ tenderfoot that’s a-coverin’ me wi’ th’ new-fangled gun, thar. Savy?”

THE GREAT GRASSHOPPER INVASION.



I.

General Hop locating the enemy just before the charge.



II.

After the battle.

The Denying of Rans'ler Hawes

By Agnes L. Pratt



IN SPRING, the herrings, millions of them, run up the great river that winds just at the foot of the barren hillside supporting the hamlet of Slabtown to the fresh-water ponds above. When they reach the narrow fishway the water is alive with their black backs and glistening, scaly sides, battling furiously with the whirling current of the river in their onward rush. Some, on the outer edge, breast the opposing forces successfully, pass the rapids, and disappear in the calmer waters beyond. But there are others, drawn into the very vortex of the whirling waters, tossed and played with by the obstinate currents, and thrown high into the air, to land, quite by accident, in the placid water they had been seeking since leaving their accustomed haunts in the briny ocean.

On a mild day in spring, when the skies are blue, the waters sparkling and sun-kissed, scintillant with reflected light, it is a pretty sight to watch the solid masses of glistening fishes, swimming, pushing, crowding through the narrowed waters of the fishway. To the colorless inhabitants of Slabtown the beauty of the scene appeals not at all. It is the only season of the year when their habitual inertia is ever so slightly disturbed, and then only because the vending of the scaly tribe becomes a means of revenue without the expenditure of much exertion on their part. It is very easy to jolt along over a sandy country road, in a rickety, springless wagon drawn by some specimen of equine decrepitude, drone out the spiritless cry of the street hawker, "Herrin's! Herrin's! Fine fresh herrin's!" and perhaps dispose, without bestirring themselves to any appreciable extent, of a whole wagon-load in a forenoon.

There is a certain excitement, too, in the way they get their stock in trade. Not legitimately, certainly. No Slabtownner was ever known to become possessed of anything openly which he could by any possibility secure by stealth or pilfering. The story of how they evade the fish wardens, of the midnight marauding they resort to in order to secure the next day's supply, is too long to repeat here. Sufficient to say, they have become inured, by long practice, to such manœuvring, and manage to accumulate by shady transactions what they would never consent to acquire by honest labor. In the earlier seasons of the year, when the young man's fancy is supposed to "lightly turn to thoughts of love," the younger members of the hamlet resort to this method to gain the necessary funds to prosecute their wooing.

It so happened that Rans'ler Hawes, a shock-headed individual of indeterminate hue, had become enamored, in the early spring, of "Minervy" Rathbun, the daughter of his next-door neighbor. His mother was a widow, and he, her only son, was worshiped with an idolatry that had proven disastrous to what little principle he might otherwise have possessed. Content to allow his maternal parent to provide his sustenance by whatever means lay in her power, he had loafed, sunned himself, and grown at her expense, repaying her self-sacrifice with an occasional curse or sullen threat. And yet she loved him. But now, into his life had crept a new interest. Something in the pale-blue eyes, the ungraceful, slouching form of his neighbor's daughter, had stirred, in a dull way, the currents of his lethargic nature, and he began to look about him for means to secure for the object of his affections the little trinkets the other youth of the hamlet bestowed on the girls of their choice.

He took naturally to the stealthy pilfering that was necessary to secure a load of fish without price, and the danger of detection that accompanied the trips as a side issue was sufficiently apparent to stir the dormant tigerishness of his blood. He had brought her many tinselly trinkets, and they had been well received. He had perched himself on the battered fence in front of her father's squalid dwelling, and there smoked and talked with the head of the house, while he cast furtive glances of admiration in the direction of his barefooted daughter. Then there had been frequent walks down the treeless, sandy road that wound away over the hillside to the fertile valleys beyond, and when only the recording angel knew what hopes he had nurtured, what encouragement she had given.

It all culminated one sweetly calm night, a night when only the twinkling stars lighted the miserable shades of Slabtown. Rans'ler Hawes had just started out, perched on the seat of his ramshackle turnout, for the banks of the rushing river beneath the hill. It was well on into the night, and the creaking of his wagon wheels rose above all the noises of the under-world, those fine vibrations on the strings of nature's harp that are hardly perceptible. The yellow sands of the narrow road gave back a subdued crunching sound to the rattle of the wagon wheels as they passed over it. Suddenly, ahead of him a little way, by the side of the road, he caught sight of two figures, arm in arm. They were coming toward him, and he pulled his wagon into the shadows and waited. He had caught something familiar in the walk, the outlines or something, of the girl. The brim of the old slouch hat he wore shaded his face, but the sparkling starshine revealed the sudden murderous smile that had grown about his sullen mouth. Step by step, conversing in low tones, and unconscious of his proximity, they advanced in his direction.

One hand crept around behind him into the wagon, and drew slowly forth a wicked-looking weapon he had

prepared for his own defense in case he should be surprised by the fish wardens. It was a heavy billet of wood surmounted with lead. The sound of voices came nearer and he climbed stealthily down out of the wagon and confronted them in the middle of the yellow, sandy highway.

"That you, Minervy?" he called out, gruffly.

The girl quailed and shrank into the shadows behind her escort.

"Who you got with you?" he called out again, mockingly, with each word coming a step nearer, and finally pausing to peer fixedly into the face of the young man who had not spoken yet from sheer surprise.

"Oh, I see!" and there was an ominous calm in the vicious accent he gave the words. "It's Bill Rathbun, an' you—you"—he choked with the mad rage that surged through his hitherto sluggish veins, "you didn't tell me"—He paused, and the saucy reply of the girl fell on the still air.

"It ain't none of your business, so there!" she answered, coolly. "I shall walk jest where I please, an' with him, or you—an' you can't help yourself—so!"

It was the pert, thoughtless retort of a girl proud of her conquests, gloating over the rivalry she had inspired.

"Can't I?"

He took one step forward, raised the heavy club and brought it down with wicked force on the head of him who had been, thus far, but a silent listener to their dialogue. Without a groan, without a quiver, he went down all in a heap in the roadway and lay there, huddled together, a miserable black mass, under the scintillant starshine. A sudden shiver convulsed the girl.

"Oh!" she cried, and reaching out two trembling hands she grasped his coat-sleeve tightly, "you've killed him! You've killed him! An' he hain't never done you no harm, neither. What did you do it for?"

He shook her roughly off and knelt a moment by the silent form. There was no pulse in the heart he sought, the pallid brow was chilling fast. With a staggering motion he rose to his feet.

"Twas you done it," he said, surlily; "you liked him all the time better'n you did me, an' you lied to me—course you!"

The girl faced him, pallid, trembling, the starlight shining weirdly all over her coarse raiment, her colorless face, and then down to the shapeless dark mass at her feet.

"Yes; I did," and a solemn earnestness glowed for an instant in her expressionless eyes; "I did. I liked him better'n I did you. He wa'n't so ugly, nor so lazy—an'" —chokingly—"we was goin' to be married. I let you come there 'cause you brought me things. I wanted 'em," with a sudden confirmation, "an' you was jest fool enough to git 'em for me."

"Then I'm glad"—doggedly—"that I've killed him. He can't never do me no more harm."

The girl's voice rose shrilly on the night air in reply.

"But you sha'n't git away," she cried; "you shall hang for it. I seen you when you struck him, an' I'll tell—an'" —breathlessly—"they'll hang you."

She clung to him desperately and opened her mouth to

cry frenziedly for help. But he drew himself free of her clinging clasp and, drawing back one hand, dealt her a stinging blow in the face, and, turning his back on the accusing heap in the road, the reeling, blinded figure of the girl, and the old sorrel horse crunching contentedly the crisp foliage of an overhanging tree, fled into the encompassing shadows that infested the woods and fields beyond his vision.

For months they waited for him to return. The murdered boy was buried, a reward was offered for the apprehension of the murderer, an indictment was found by the grand jury of a neighboring county seat for "murder in the first degree," and there the case rested. A lonely old woman, on the barren hillside, toiled till evening shadows fell—toiled and suffered; and, though she knew not God except as she had heard His name cursed, prayed—prayed to some power she could not comprehend, that, somehow, her son's life would be spared—not for justice, but that he might evade the law and the consequences of his act. And in the next house an ungraceful, hueless woman went silently about with unsmiling lips, her eyes wet with unshed tears, and one thought crying at her heart—for vengeance on the murderer of her lover.

So the snows fell and melted over the barren hamlet on the hillside, soft rains came and burst the budding flowers, and the earth smiled because spring was awakened. Four times the seasons followed each other, and though the tragedy had ceased to be discussed, the untiring sleuth hounds of the law had not forgotten. Justice, though blind, remembers and is pitiless. From a far-distant city, one day, came a letter and a picture; and a stalwart officer climbed the sandy slope and laid them in the lap of the dim-eyed old woman who was waiting in one of the tottering hovels.

"Is that your son?" he asked sternly, pointing to the pictured face.

She took the picture tremblingly up and tottered to the doorway. "Let me see it where it is light," she said, and her voice was emotionless. For a long time she gazed at it steadily. Then she gave it back to him.

"No," she said, quite calmly, and there was icy indifference in the thin voice; "that ain't Rans'ler Hawes. That ain't him. Why," with a sudden uplifting of her colorless eyebrows, "I sh'd know him anywheres—anywheres in the wide world—an' that ain't him."

The officer sniffed doubtfully. He had failed to surprise her into any recognition of the pictured face of the criminal, and he turned away disappointedly. From there he stepped over the rotting fence into the next yard. "Do you know who that is?" he asked a pale-eyed woman who was lolling listlessly on the door-step.

"It's the man that killed my—my—the one I was with," she answered presently.

"You are sure? Is that young Hawes—what was his first name?" anxiously.

"Rans'ler Hawes. Yes; there ain't a mite of doubt. I sh'd know his face anywhere. I'm glad they've got him. I hope you'll hang him!" she finished, biting.

The officer took the bit of pasteboard and went down into the city. There he reported to his chief what he had accomplished.

"About evenly divided," said that official, smilingly; "mother against, sweetheart for. Just as much evidence on one side as on the other. As for the rest of the dwellers in Slabtown, their evidence wouldn't be worth considering. They have no consciences—will swear one way as readily as the other. We shall have to depend on these two women for identification."

"Well, you'll see," returned the officer, confidently; "when we get him here and bring him face to face with the old woman she'll wilt. She's his mother and they tell me she set her life by him. And it isn't human nature for a mother to deny her child. I shall rely on that. He's been away so long, and she's missed him—died, almost, for a sight of him. She'll break down all right, when she catches sight of him, you'll see."

"Yes; when the time comes."

The apprehended man was brought home and lodged in the county jail. It was decided that he should not be confronted with the old woman of the hut on the hillside until the day of the trial, when they hoped to surprise her into an admission of his identity. Meanwhile he preserved a stolid silence which neither threats nor persuasion could break. Finally, the day of the trial dawned, and hundreds flocked to the great stone court-house. There were few witnesses. Just the officers who had gone in search of him, and two women, one young, gaunt, and angular, with light-blue eyes and hueless hair and skin; the other bent and shriveled before her time, wrinkled and gray, with the same expressionless features as the rest of the inhabitants of Slabtown.

The younger woman was called first. She told, fiercely almost, the story of the night of the tragedy and the events preceding it, and how the murderer had struck her brutally down and made his escape. "An'," she concluded, "I hain't never forgive him for that—never." A shadow, just the flitting shade of disapproval, passed over the faces of the jurymen as the prosecuting attorney addressed the prisoner. "Prisoner at the bar, stand up."

There arose from where he had been sitting the slouching figure of a man with a shock of lightish hair, weak, watery, shifting eyes, and skin of pallid hue.

"Look at the witness. Witness, look at the prisoner."

For an instant they faced each other. Then the eyes of the prisoner roved again restlessly about the court-room.

"Do you recognize the prisoner? Is he the man whom you saw disappear into the darkness on the night of the murder?"

"Ye-us, sir," slowly and with startling conviction. "There can't be no mistake. If that ain't Rans'ler Hawes, then you kin hang me in his place." And she stepped down from the witness-stand under the smiling scrutiny of the jurymen.

In answer to the next name called a bent and shabby woman took her place. After the preliminaries had been disposed of the attorney asked her, "What was your son's name, madam?"

"Rans'ler." And she paused an instant.

"After whom?"

A quizzical smile curved the lips of the well-groomed man standing so near her, but she answered him quite simply.

"After some big folks I uster wash for. I liked 'em, an'"—unflinchingly—"I liked my boy, an' they was good to me, an' so I named him after 'em."

"Van Rensselaer, I presume," in a slightly patronizing tone.

"I dunno. I'm sure I allus called him Rans'ler, same's, I did them—that is, till he went away," apologetically.

Again the prisoner was requested to rise and the witness to look at him steadily. "Madam," suddenly, from the prosecuting attorney, "is this man your son?"

She surveyed the prisoner from head to foot, swept with the keen glance of her small, light eye the tousled hair, the shifting gaze, the shabby, ill-fitting garments, and then down to the roughened hands that clasped the railing of the cage. Then, in a voice that never faltered nor wavered, she replied:

"No; he ain't my son. I don't know him."

"Did you never, to your knowledge, see him before?"

"Never," stolidly.

"Madam," the voice of the great lawyer thrilled with sudden emotion, "you loved your boy—when he was little?"

"I allus did." But there was no expression of maternal tenderness in the voice that replied.

"You would not care to be parted from him forever—to know you could never meet. When he went away, though he was branded with the mark of Cain, yet you hoped that, in some way, he would get word to you—would see you, perhaps. I am not blaming you for that. It is but natural to the mother love. Many times since you would have risked all, dared all, for the sake of a sight of him, a word with him. It would be better for you, mother as you are"—the lawyer's voice smote the air with its thrilling earnestness, and the prisoner dropped his eyes hastily—"better for you, I say, though your son were to meet death as the just penalty for his crime, if you could see him, know him, and hear him call you mother. Woman," suddenly, and bending his glance full on her face, "I ask you again—is this man your son?"

There was not a sound in all the great court-room. The jurors sat in breathless suspense, the judge leaned 'way across the bar to catch the reply of the witness. On the witness seats near by a pale-eyed girl transfixed the aged woman in the witness-stand with one accusing, compelling glance. The prisoner alone remained impassive, sullen. Finally, in the stillness that had fallen over the assembled people there, her voice rose, dispassionately, as the voice of Justice herself.

"No," she said, slowly, as if revolving the question in her mind, "no; I hain't never seen him afore. He ain't my son. That"—and she raised her eyes and fixed them in a calm stare on the prisoner's bowed head—"that man ain't Rans'ler Hawes, any more'n"—casting about for a simile—"any more'n I am."

She was dismissed, and presently the jury filed out. Then they came back, after a little, to report: "Not guilty." When pressed for a reason for the verdict they announced that the prisoner's identity had not been established beyond a doubt, and that, therefore, they could not, in justice to him, return a verdict of guilty.

A lonely old woman toiled up the barren hillside again, when the shadows of nightfall were creeping ahead of her, and paused at the door of her desolate cabin. A young woman was standing there in the doorway, barring her entrance. "You here?" she asked her, dully, "an' what do you want?"

The girl faced her in the fading light. "I want the truth," she said, sternly; "you lied, down there," she pointed away to the towers of the neighboring city that pierced the glory of the sunset clouds. "I want you to go back down there an' tell 'em you lied—tell 'em it was Rans'ler Hawes—an'"—with sudden earnestness—"you know it was."

The old woman pushed wearily past her into the dimness of the little kitchen. "It wa'n't," she said in a low voice.

"You know you lied." The girl came nearer and the fires of a passionate light glowed in her face. "You got him free by jest your lies—an' you didn't care—how much I suffered—how much he hurt him—when he killed him. All you was thinkin' of was yourself. You never thought nothin' at all 'bout nobody else." The girl's voice wavered and broke with the strength of its emotion.

A long red lance from the departing sunlight played a moment over the elder woman's face and brought out vividly the ghastly expression of suffering there.

"Let me alone," she cried, suddenly, fiercely; "go home. Go 'way from here an' let me be. I hain't done nothin'—no, nothin', ever," a gasping sob put a period to her utterance, but presently she resumed, "for myself—but allus, allus—ever sence he was born—for him. An'"—she went up to the girl, laid one claw-like hand heavily on her shoulder and muttered—"an'—you kin believe it or not, but you'll never git me to say anythin' else. That wa'n't my son. That wa'n't Rans'ler

Hawes." Her voice rose shrilly and trailed away in a mirthless laugh on the night air. And the girl turned and went away, out of the little cabin, with bowed head.

And presently, from out of the shadows, night fell and moonlight, effulgent, softened the rude outlines of the hamlet. In one of the hovels on the lonely hillside a woman, old and shriveled, kept watch by her window. And at midnight a slouching form passed her door and stood a moment by the open window. She peered out into the misty moonlight and scanned his face eagerly, "Rans'ler—Rans'ler," she whispered.

"Hush," he retorted, roughly; "don't let every one hear my name," and then, in a gruff murmur, "hev you got anythin' for me? I've got to git out o' this a'gin, I suppose—an' I hain't got any money."

She rose and went into an inner room. Presently she returned with a handful of small silver pieces. She dropped them into his hand and it closed over them greedily.

"That's all I've got," she said, apologetically, "most ten dollars. I've ben savin' it fer ye. Rans'ler," she raised her eyes to his face and caught at his sleeve as he turned about to depart, "can't ye, for what I've done for ye this day, can't ye call me mother jest once—so's," in a lower tone, "I'll hev it to remember of ye, after ye're gone?"

Some little expression of compassion swept the coarsened features. He turned back to her an instant, glanced once into her eyes, and whispered "Mother." In another moment the darkness of night had swallowed him up, but the old woman still stood there, where he had left her, the moonlight on her face and the sound of the first kind word he had ever uttered to her still ringing in her ears.



ILLUSTRATED NEWS NOTE.

Mr. Jones, of the riding-club, entered and rode his horse "Rinky Dink" in the Bilgeville Derby, but he was *unplaced*.

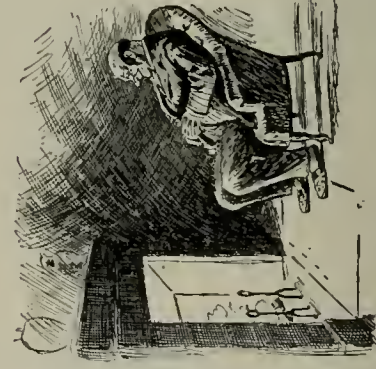


A MORTUARY MENACE.

DR. BONESITTER—"Fo' de Lawd! ef dat yar muel foundahs on he's way toe de crick toe git watahed dere's gwine toe be a pow'ful call fo' mah professional services in dis community."



HICKS—"Ah, how this reminds me of my boyhood! No more stoves for me."



—Ah, but it's great to lie back in an easy-chair and watch the movement of the fire."



But unfortunately Hicks dozed, and the movement of the fire has a bad habit of popping out red-hot coals.



—And after Hicks cooled down he concluded to go back to stoves.

A WINTER'S TALE.

Only One

To Greet Him.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL GAFFNEY the founder of the progressive city of Gaffney, South Carolina, took a great interest in the spiritual welfare of his slaves and built for their use a large log church.

Uncle Archie, a kind of a "zorter," preached at this church every Sunday morning, and upon a certain occasion delivered a discourse upon the Judgment day, assuring his congregation that it would be a "dark and dislum day when ole Belzybug cums down here an' gits atter you niggers."

Uncle Archie pictured hell in all of its fury, and at the close of his sermon asked all in the congregation who were Christians, and who were ready to go when Gabriel should blow his horn, to go up and give him (Uncle Archie) their hands. The sermon had caused great excitement, as he had succeeded in convincing his hearers that the end of the world was about due, so nearly all responded.

In the midst of this some one looked out of the window and saw a halloon, that had gotten away from a circus at Spartanburg, come sailing along: He had never seen a halloon before, and was frightened out of his wits to see



'TIS SYNONYMOUS.

LADY—"Didn't you ever work?"

SLOPPY SAM—"Yep. Had a fine job oncet, but de bum-workers' party nominated me fer president, an' I t'rew up me job, an' I ain't been workin' since."

this great shape flying through the air, and immediately cried out, "Judgment day!" and called the attention of the others to the halloon.

In about a minute everybody had taken to the woods, except one poor old rheumatic fellow, who started but managed to get only as far as the door just as the halloon fell in the yard, only a few feet from him. As the aëronaut, a lithe, handsome man, dressed in tights with gold and silver spangles all over them, leaped from the halloon, the old man, fully believing that "Judgment day" was at hand, hobbled up to him, held out his hand and said,

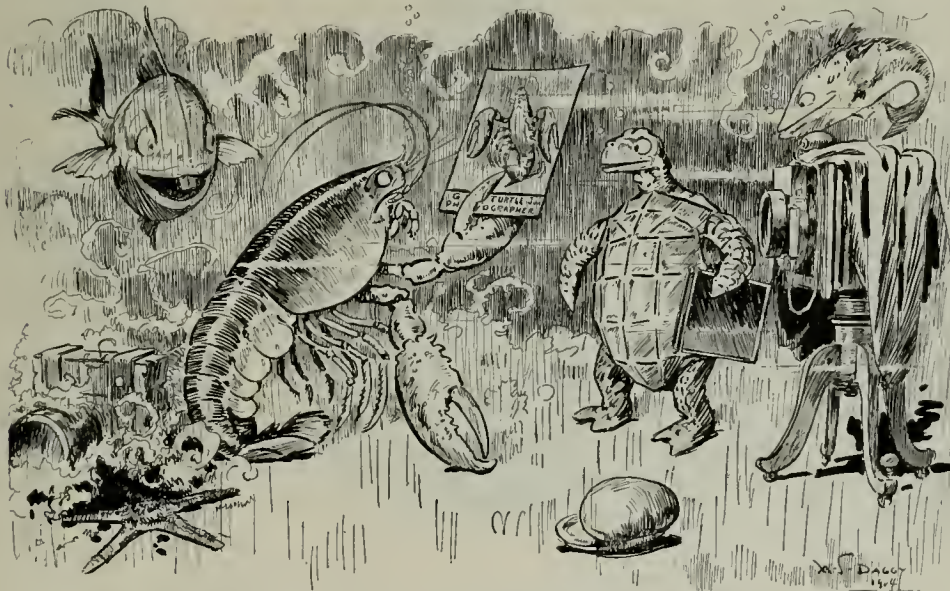
"Howdy-do, Marse Jesus, how's yore pa?"

ROBERT M. GAFFNEY, Gaffney, South Carolina.

Simple Addition.

Assistant—"Here's a rumor of a battle with a loss of twelve thousand men."

Editor—"And here's another rumor that the loss was fifteen thousand men. Issue an extra reporting rumors of two battles with losses of twenty-seven thousand men."



LUGUBRIOUS.

SUBMARINE PHOTOGRAPHER—"It is a perfect likeness of you."

PATRON—"Great Neptune! am I such a looking lobster as that?"

The Hash-knife Outfit Protests

HASH-KNIFE OUTFIT, Panhandle Gulch, Arizona.

DEAR and honored sir—Having read your paper off and on since the San Francisco mountains were a hole in the ground, and knowing it to be of a serious disposition, I now write to unfold that these yere shorthorns what air objecting to the admission of Arizona air plumb locoed. They shorely do seem to think, being uneddicated critters, that we-all on the range air a-shooting up the scenery all the time. Which being of the opinion, they're allowing to drive her into the corral and brand her fer a maverick, putting the New Mexico iron on her. What you-all back there needs is eddication, as I aforesaid mentioned. A locoed tenderfoot—which his brand escapes me, but it sounds like Beef-on-ridge—came out yere and milled around some among the Pima wickiups and the greaser huts, then pulled his picket-pin and vamoosed with his durned committee back into the states, representing that we-all weren't civilized, which that shorthorn's long suit is gab, but this time he tackled more than he can ride herd on.

But lettin' that go in the discard, I puts it to you straight that there ain't on this yere footstool a more civilized spot than Arizona. I gambles with no limit on that it has more scenery to the square inch than any spot on earth, and that there are more yearlings rustled in this territory than York state raises altogether. That's what-ever, or I'm a Chinaman. Likewise—which is more of

the same talk—there's better sport of all sorts, including both bronco and fãro bucking.

It has been slung at us that Arizona is filled with absentees. I natcherly allows that having no neighbor is a blame sight better than having one you don't want. We-all shoot up the undesirable ones and keep the community pure, or leastways we throws a gun on him and intimates that if he pulls his freight he will find the climate of Mexico better suited to his complexion. Yes, sir; you can gamble—and I plays this, too, with no limit—that the population here is the most cultivated any country needs. All the tucks and frills of manhood are right here with us. We can bend a pistol quicker than any tenderfoot in the states, and can stick to a pitching bronco without hunting leather or riding on our spurs long after he would have taken the dust.

About this yere gabfest senator orator of yours, what they call Beef-on-ridge—mebbe there's the making of a man in him yet. If you 'lows that's so, send him out to Hash-knife ranch and we'll learn him to ride herd and how to tie a bull. He may tackle my sun-fishing mustang Pinto, which I am betting—though it's a cinch and plumb taking your money—that he cayn't at present last three bucks. Likewise we'll learn him to cuss most fluent and talk the man-talk instead of chewing like an old lady at a hen gabfest.

Being all for this time, I now puts my brand on this letter,
YUMA JACK.



HIS PHILOSOPHY.

JOEL DIGGEM—"Do ye give yer summer boarders any delicacies?"

CYRUS BIGBEARD—"Not a durn one! If we did they'd begin thinkin' o' what a snap they had in their own homes an' light out quicker 'n scat."

A CHILD'S DEFINITION.

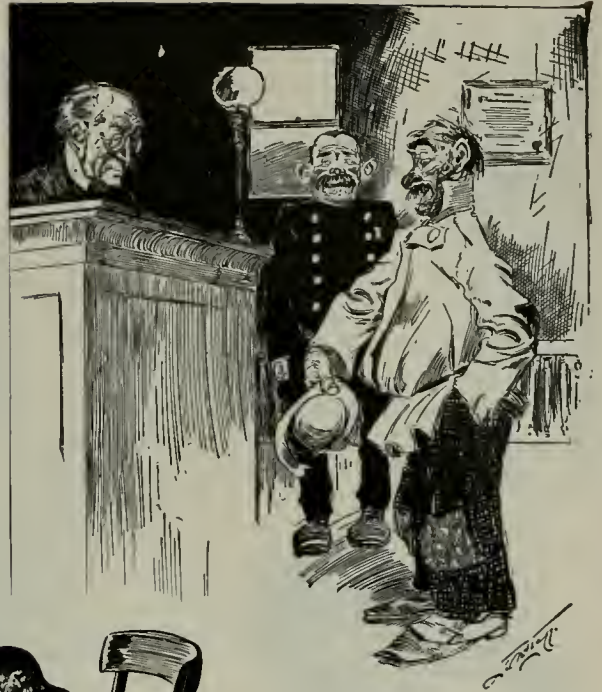
AN any one in the class tell me what a fountain is?"

"Yeth, thir. Pleathe, thir, ith a wainsthorm sthqurited up ththrough a hole."

HER MEDICAL ADVICE.

Mrs. O'Riley (tenderly, to Norah, who has just recovered from a severe illness)—
"Don't ate anything, darlint, while yer stomach 's impty. Jist wait till it's full, an' thin phwat ye ate won't hurt ye."

IT WAS not by way of penance that our Chauncey visited the pope after tarrying in Monte Carlo. Surely he never burst the bank, and the bank wasn't smart enough to burst him.



OUT OF THE COLD.

JUDGE—"You have told an honest, straightforward story. I will therefore be good and give you ninety days."

HOBO—"T'ank yer, jedge. I knew if I sassed yer an' got yer riled yer'd flare up an' on'y give me t'irty days er discharge me. Honesty is de best policy. T'ank yer, jedge."

A DIFFERENT FEELING.

Miss Timberwheels—"How were you impressed by Mr. Noodles?"

Miss Hungerford—"I wasn't impressed. I was oppressed."

TEBACCY 's killin' many th' foine, promisin' young mon—troyin' t' git th' money t' boy it.

QUITE RIGHT.

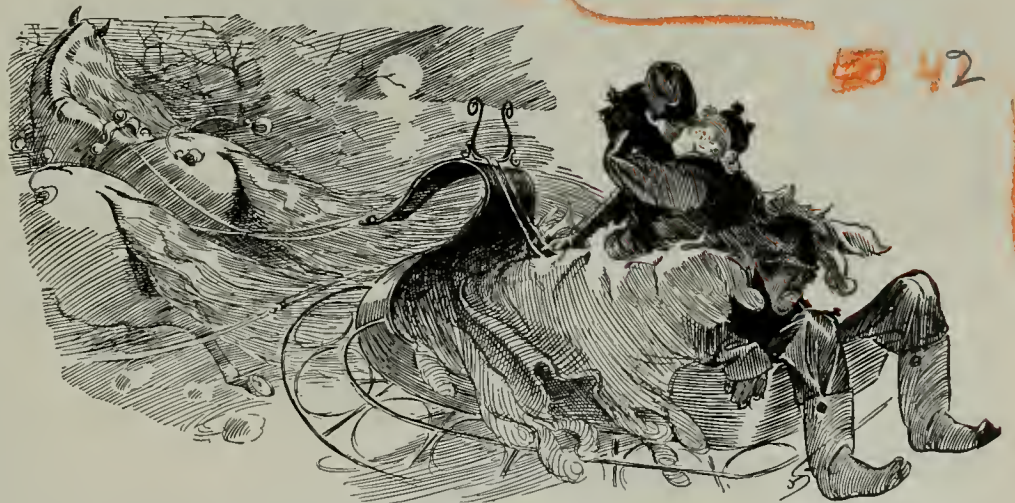
ETHEL—"Louise, what's right and wrong?"
LOUISE—"Why, ma and pa, of course."

ANALOGY.

'Twas the first time Willie had seen any one with the measles. "My!" he exclaimed, "Tommy's got domino-skin all over his face."

A NOVEL WAY.

Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens, the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house she inquired shyly, "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"



HARDER TO BEAR THAN A SNOW-STORM.

WEARY WALKER (stealing a ride)—"I hates ter walk, 'specially in dis snow, but I can't stand dis, thet's certain!"

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AN ABSTRUSE SCROLL.

HER face is like an unrolled scroll,
Say those who've read it and are
versed,
Where chosen secrets of her soul
As herald's tidings are rehearsed.

With Greek and Coptic I am free,
And, as a scholar, much suspect
(It so completely baffles me)
The scroll is in a dialect.

NICE TO TEACH.

Madge—"I wonder why Dolly
gets taken out skating so much?"

Marjorie—"It's because she
doesn't know how to skate."



THE ORIGINAL RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

Its passage was stopped by the president.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

"My dear, I thought you said you had done all your holiday shopping?"
"I have; but I am now going to look for something fine for Tom to give me."

HIS CRITICISM.

A small Episcopalian went with a Presbyterian aunt to a prayer-meeting in the church of the latter. He was evidently surprised at the proceedings and came away in deep thought.

"Well, Stanley," said his aunt, "how did you like the prayer-meeting?"

"Pretty well," replied the youngster, "but, aunty, that was a very queer minister. He didn't know but one of his prayers, and the people had to say them for him."

NO QUESTION.

Rejected suitor (pious)—
"Well, I shall look forward to meeting her in heaven."

Sympathizer—"Is that so? Are you sure?"

Rejected suitor—"Yes; she is a very good girl."



KINDRED SOLICITUDE.

JOHNNY POTTS (in his sleep)—"Ante! Ante up, there!"

AUNT EDDA KATIM (lovingly)—"Yes, nephew; I'm up. (Aside.) Haow much thet dear younker dew think of his old aunty!"

She Might Have Known It

SHE had met the young man but half an hour before, and the hostess had asked her to make herself agreeable to him.

"I have been so anxious to meet you, Mr. Jones!" she said brightly. "So many people have spoken of you that"—

"Pardon me; my name is Smith," he interrupted.

"To be sure—I might have known it. You must pardon me. You know names are the most difficult things in the world for me to remember. Now, there was Mr. Ollingham, who was down here last week. You remember him, do you not, Mr. Brown? He said he had met you"—

"My name is Smith, please," he said hurriedly.

"Smith? Mr. Smith—yes, of course. I might have known it. But I was telling you about Mr. Ollingham. You remember him—tall, dark man, who wears his hair long and writes short stories, or does something for the magazines, doesn't he? It was the strangest thing about his name, Mr. Perkins"—

"It is Smith, you know."

"How dreadful of me! Of course it is, Mr. Smith—I might have known. Mr. Ollingham and I were talking about how hard it is for some people to remember names, and he said he was just like I am. But when one meets a great many folks, you know, Mr. Black"—

"But my name is Smith."

"I might have known. Excuse me, Mr. Smith. Now, I am going to follow Mr. Ollingham's plan of memory-culture and not forget your name again. When I try to think of your name I shall think of a blacksmith, or a silversmith"—

"Or an adsmith or a jokesmith."

"Now, don't poke fun at me, Mr.—Mr. Blacksmith, Silversmith, Jokesmith—Mr.— Why, the memory-system doesn't help me. Don't interrupt me; let me start over again. Now, the blacksmith—what does he do? That's the way to go about it. You see, you have to think of something, and that makes you think of something else, and so on, until you come right up to

the word you want. The blacksmith hits the iron on the anvil, and he— Mr. Smithereens!"

"Not quite right—it's Smith."

"Certainly it is. How silly of me! I might have known it. But that was just the way with Mr. Ollingham and me. I was forever forgetting his name and calling him something else. I hope, though, that I will keep your name in my mind perfectly, Mr. Brownstone"—

"My name isn't Brownstone; it's Smith."

"Now, wasn't that funny? I was thinking of a silversmith who lived in a brownstone house, and that made me think your name was Brownstone. It is Smith—I might have known it. But Mr. Ollingham impressed upon me the benefits of his memory-system so thoroughly that I cannot but believe it will work all right once I get practiced in it. Now, every time I think of memory-systems I think of Mr. Ollingham; so when I try to think of your name I am going to think 'Memory—Ollingham—Smitten.'"

"But I'm not Smitten—I'm Smith."

"I might have known it. Pardon me again," she smiled, blushing. "When I thought of George—er—Mr. Ollingham, I unconsciously thought of—of the other word—don't you see, Mr. Slippis?"

"It is Smith," he repeated sadly, rising

"I might have known it."

"Of course you might. But will you convey my congratulations to Mr. Ollingham?" And he made his adieus.

Later the hostess asked her, "Carrie, how did you get along with Mr. Smith?"

"Do you mean that Mr. Smithers I was talking to this morning?"

"No. He is Mr. Smith, the son of old Mr. Smith, the ironmonger, and they are fabulously wealthy. Don't you remember, he is the young man I said I had picked out for you?"

"Smith! I might have known it."

"THE breath of suspicion has never touched me," he said.

"Oh, I don't know," said his wife. "I have oftend detected theodor of cloves when you came home late."

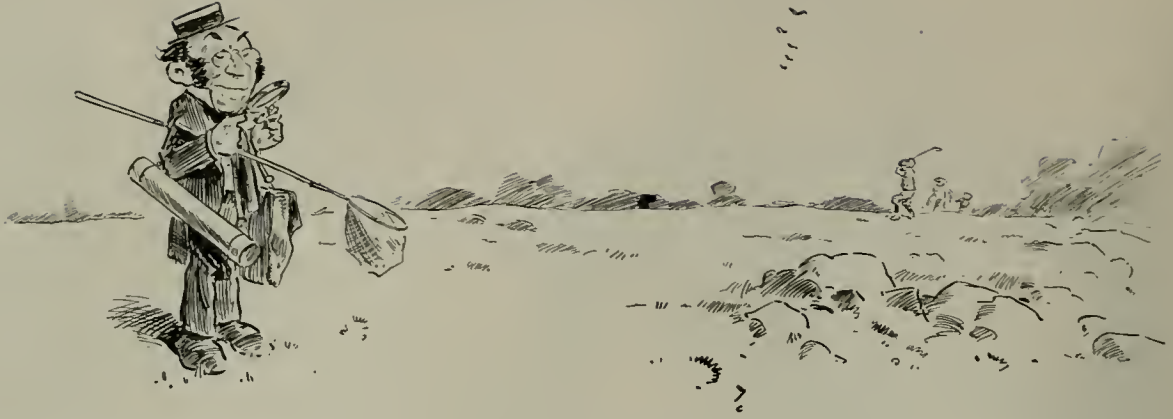


WHAT HE'D HAVE.

CHIMMY—"How much fer dat diamond ring in dere—de big one?"

JEWELER—"Four hundred dollars."

CHIMMY—"Say, Mag. would yer sooner hev dat er a plate uv ice-cream?"



1. PROFESSOR OLDBOY—"Aha! a four-leaf clover. They say it is an emblem of luck. What fate! There is no such thing as—



2. —luck!"

The Sleuth.

HE treads along thro' unfrequented ways,
 The shadow of a shadow. In the wake
 Of erring ones, his glass is oft opaque—
 His theories the merest waifs and strays.
 But, then, what matter, when the business pays?
 What tho' some folks assert that he's a "fake,"
 And has the name of being "on the make"—
 He scorns publicity's all-searching rays.
 Meanwhile the cracksman plies his honest trade.
 The second-story artist nimbly climbs
 Ambition's heights thro' sweet wistaria blooms.
 Into his bag the precious jewels fade;
 There's naught to fear in these industrious times—
 Not even the nebulous prospect of the Tombs.

EUGENE GEARY.

So They Told.

Editor—"How did you find out so much about the proceedings of that woman's club?"

Reporter—"It was a secret meeting they held."

Whose?

Deacon 'Rastus—"Ah heah Brudder Snowbal! leads a very regular life."

Deacon Ephraim—"Yes, sah. He always goes ter bed wif de chickings."

The Present and the Future.

"BREThERIN," said Deacon Snowball, who was conducting the question-box at the class meeting of the Dahkeyfellers Band of Hope, "some pusson, ter me unbeknownst, has drapped in de box a question w'ich he t'inks am gwine ter obfuscate me. He writes,

" 'Is watahmillyon bettah dan' possum, an' what am yo' views ob de hyuhafteh? "

"Now, I'se gwine ter anseh dis fool in 'cording ter his folly. Dat is, I'se gwine ter mek reply ter bofe dese hyuh questions, an' I hopes I sheds some light on some po' sinnah dat's settin' in dahkness lak a hen tryin' ter hatch spring br'ilers fum a do' knob. In de fust place, I'se gwine ter say I neveh ate no watahmillyon when 'possum was in season, en neveh ate no 'possum whilest watahmillyon was in season, en ef I got bofe watahmillyon en 'possum tergeddeh I'd know I'se in hebben, whilest ef I eveh fin's er place whah dey ain't got no 'possum ner no watahmillyon, eitheh tergeddeh or in sep'rit, den I'll know dey is a hell en dat I's got off at de right co'neh. Less sing."

W. D. NESBIT.

Ample Reason.

"WHY did they give Greenbaum a benefit last night?"
 "It was the most successful year of his management."

A SOLDIER'S FATE.

THE last drum-beat had died away. The last strain of martial music had echoed on the air. Once more a grateful nation had remembered its heroes, and orators had told again of Gettysburg and Antietam, of Lincoln and Mother Bickerdyke. Now twilight had fallen; the stars were lighting their camp-fires in the sky, and the odor of thousands of blossoms exhaled on the air, like incense from sacred altars. By a tall gray-granite shaft whose base was piled with the white bells of lilies stood two scared veterans, one in blue and one in gray.

"Yes, comrade," said the man in blue, "war is indeed a sad thing, and the worst about it is that its horrors do not end on the battle-field. Little did I think when you saved my life at the Wilderness that I should live to see the statues of our heroes that adorn New York city." The man in blue was visibly affected. He bowed his head and wept. His companion seemed scarcely less agitated.

"Cheer up," he said. "Even Columbus did not escape that fate, and there are worse things than a nightmare in



IT MADE A DIFFERENCE.

AUNT JANE—"That is a very decorous and modest bathing-suit, Louise, and I quite approve of it."

LOUISE—"I am glad you think it so proper, aunty; but it is my bicycle-suit, you know."

marble. Why, don't you remember the man at Seven Oaks who bore the dying message of his life-long friend to his widow? Don't you remember that he married her?"

The man in blue revived somewhat.

"True, I do remember it now," he said. "Thank you for reminding me of it. By the way, do you recall the time at Manassas when you saw a ghost?"

The man in gray laughed heartily.

"Yes," he said. "And it was old Mother Bickerdyke with her lantern. She"—

"Oh, I say," broke in the other. "don't you remember that jack-rabbit that ran between the confederate and union lines at Gettysburg, and was so scared that he just jumped up and down and"—

"And all the boys crying 'Molly Cotton-tail! Rabbit-stew for dinner to-night,'" cried the man in gray. "Why, of course, and"—

The man in blue sighed heavily.

"It's no use," he said. "I can't help thinking about that poor fellow who married his friend's widow. He was so fond of peace."

"Oh, nonsense," said the man in gray, "he's all right now; he's gone to help the Cubans."

"Thank heaven!" cried the man in blue fervently. "I'll bet he takes no more dying messages."

As the two friends locked arms and walked away the white lilies looked up wonderingly at the starry sky.



AT THE SCHOOL-TEACHERS' PICNIC.

SMALL BOY (sitting calmly down to await developments)—"Say, girls, dat pond is full uv snappin'-turtles an' blood-suckers an' lamper-eels, an' I seen six big water-snakes killed in it yisterday; an' old Bill Snipes drownedd hisself in dere last weck, an' his body hain't riz yet, an'" — (Tableau.)

Nipping a Graft Bud

By James Ravenscroft



HE AVERAGE citizen was inspecting the stock of a corner news-stand. He had looked over a number of magazines (only a passing glance, of course, but general enough to take in most of the pictures), and was then bestowing his attention upon a humorous publication.

"Pardon me, my good friend," said a suave voice, and the average citizen felt a hand laid gently on his arm.

"Pardon me," continued the promoter of the suave voice, whom the average citizen recognized as a rank stranger to him, "but do you realize that you are

unconsciously forming a tainted habit?"

The average citizen's eyes began to take on a look of mingled surprise and amazement. His mouth involuntarily opened and shut. He didn't know whether to be indignant or good-natured.

"Ah," said the stranger, "I perceive that you are on the point of becoming angry. Believe me, I have your moral welfare at heart. You are grafting, doubtless without being aware of it. You do not look like a confirmed grafter. Nevertheless, you *are* grafting."

The average citizen was slowly recovering from the shock. "Will you kindly tell me," he asked, as he endeavored to smile like he meant it, "what the devil you're driving at?"

"It will give me pleasure," replied the stranger. "I observed that you were looking over the publications on this stand. You inspected a number of magazines—looked at the pictures and probably informed yourself briefly as to the contents. At the moment I accosted you, you were, I believe, chuckling over a joke in that humorous paper. To begin at the beginning, my erring friend, the publishers of these wares issued them for sale. You see the sale-price is one, then—some ten, some fifteen, and others twenty-five and thirty-five cents. Our mutual friend here, the news-dealer, bought these publications to sell them. You, for instance, come along and glance at the contents of a number of them; in the majority of them, possibly, you see all you wish. Of course you haven't the nerve to stand here and read a whole story or article, and if you had, the news-dealer would probably object. But in the case of a publication like one you now hold in your hands, you can in a few minutes acquire several of the entertaining and laugh-producing witticisms, for which the publishers paid the author, and which they produce in the publication at no little expense. You look at the paper, read some of the jokes; you don't purchase it; you have grafted both news-dealer and publisher and have tainted yourself."

"Hold on, nere!" began the average citizen, who was exhibiting signs of displeasure and discomfort.

"There, there, now," interrupted the smooth-voiced

stranger. "I have not said *you* were not going to purchase *something*. I have only used your case as an example. You see, my friend, the point here is very fine, indeed. In looking over these magazines, even though in the most cursory fashion, you cannot help possessing a portion of them. It is not like looking at a cane or a hat or a suit of clothes, none of which you could possess unless you bought it outright. The contents of these you can carry away in your mind. Now, you will perhaps admit that you had no intention of purchasing all the magazines you looked into here"—

"Excuse me, sir," the news-dealer broke in, "but I'm running this stand, and I don't object to people looking at what's on it."

"You don't object," declared the stranger, turning to him, "because it is a custom to which you have to submit. But, just the same, it is graft."

"As I was about to say, when our mutual friend here interrupted," resuming his remarks to the average citizen, "you looked at several magazines which you probably will not purchase. That was graft—a taint upon you and an imposition upon the news-dealer. Of course it was far from your mind to commit a wrong; you acted thoughtlessly. As I said when I accosted you, pardon me. I trust I have given you an idea of graft which you may be able to successfully use as a basis for thought. I know you think my conduct and language impertinent and unwarranted, but I like to nip graft in the tender bud. If you appreciate, as I believe you will, what I have said to you, I shall be happy. Again begging your pardon, I bid you good-day, sir."

The average citizen and the news-dealer looked at each other.

"Well, what do you think of that?" said the former.

"Queer one," replied the latter, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Say," said the average citizen, digging a handful of small coins from his pocket, "wrap up these three magazines and this funny paper, will you?"

When he was gone the news-dealer leaned back against the stand and did some quiet but very tall thinking.

His Chance.

"BEFORE marriage," asserted the soft-spoken, epigrammatic lecturer, "woman is an ideal; after marriage she is a fact."

At this point there was an interruption by Henry Penhecker, who had been compelled to attend the lecture in company with his intellectual wife. Mr. Penhecker, realizing that he was safe in a crowd, jumped to his feet and cried,

"And tacts are stubborn things!"

Mrs. Penhecker, it may be said, had the heartfelt sympathy of most of the audience, as Mr. Penhecker and the lecturer were almost the only men present.

LIFE.

A little cry, a little laugh,
A little sense, a little chaff,
Must bend or ballast each one's staff,
Ere final draught of life they quaff,
And headstones sport their epitaph.

KEEPING THE DAY.

"Why are you putting on all your ribbons and orders, dear?" said the wife of the British minister on the morning of May 30th.

"Because, my dear," was the reply, "This is the Americans' Decoration day."

THE LIMIT.

Out in a Chicago boarding-house, recently, the landlady's daughter, who assists at table, got off the usual after-dinner rigmarole—"Apple, lemon, custard and rhubarb pie, rice and tapioca pudding, and strawberry short-cake." The

boarders all took short-cake. One lingered still at table when the young lady took her seat for her own dinner, and he remarked, "You must have been 'long' on pie an' puddin' to-day, Miss Phœbe."

"Oh, my, no!" replied Miss Phœbe nonchalantly.

"But I noticed they all took short-cake."

"That was all! I had."



"I DON'T THINK



NONE OF HIS BUSINESS.

CONDUCTOR—"How old are you, my little girl?"

LITTLE GIRL—"If the company doesn't object I'd prefer to pay full fare and retain my own statistics."

A TRICK THAT FAILED.



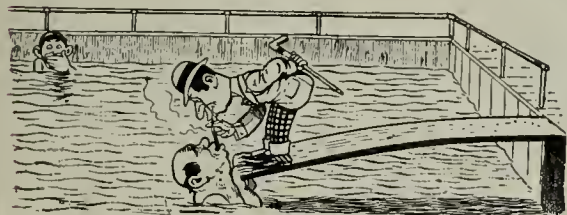
I.

BATHER—"Catch on to the dude on the springing-board. See me haze him."



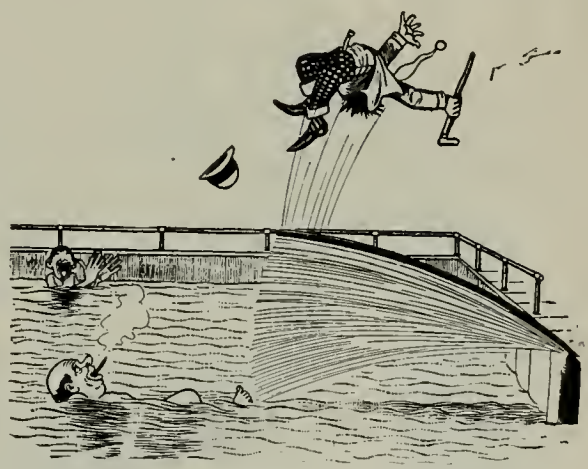
II.

BATHER—"Say, will you please give me a light?"



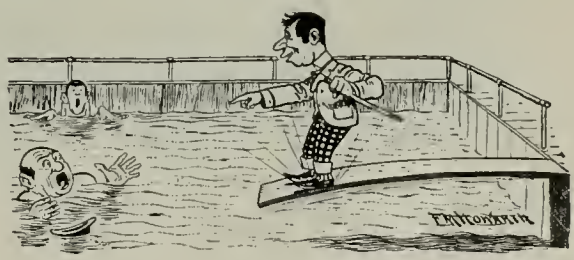
III.

THE DUDE—"Why, certainly."



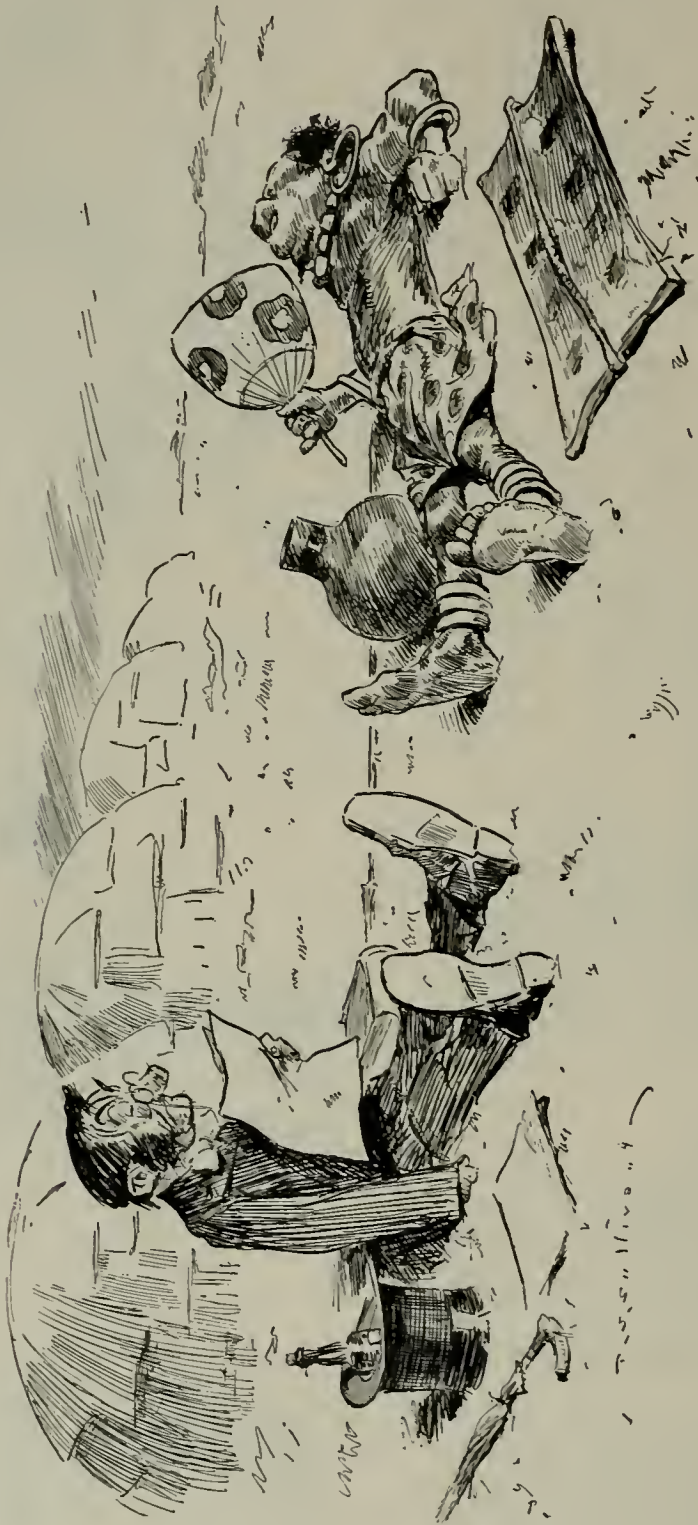
IV.

THE BATHER—"Thanks."



V.

THE DUDE (as he alights)—"Thanks to you, sir. I haven't had such a good jump and spring since I traveled with Barnum five years ago. Could I trouble you to get my hat?"



EMBRACING RELIGION.

MISSIONARY—"So your last chief embraced Christianity?"
NATIVE—"Oh, yes. He eloped with the last missionary's wife."

His Felicity.



UPON my hat throughout the night
 I wear a big electric light ;
 I also wear one on the shirt
 By which I'm decently begirt.
 Then I can see upon the ground
 The robber that would not be found,
 And up among the branches thick
 The darkey who'd corral the chick.
 And so I swing my club in glee,
 And feel I earn my sala-ree,
 That keeps the gay and festive pot
 A-boilin' all the time red-hot.
 And that is why I gayly dance
 And somersault, cart-wheel and prance
 And thank my stars, until I drop,
 That I'm a howling country cop.

Where He Learned.

THE chance caller delights the parents of the new baby. When the infant says, "Ooh, wah, oof, gooble, oohaw," he knows exactly what it says. When it asserts "Wooshy, boogaw, oofle, oofer," he immediately translates the speech.

"Why, Mr. Pullem!" exclaims the delighted mother, "I understand you have no children of your own. How in the world did you become so familiar with the prattle of little ones?"

"You forget that I am a dentist," he explains. "I have to know what a patient is trying to say when he has a rubber dam and four or five of my fingers blocking his speech."

All Clear to Him.

"YES," said the traveling artist, who had paused to contemplate the charming view from Mr. Meddergrass's front yard and to drink a cup or two of buttermilk; "yes, I should like to linger in this lovely spot all summer. To me there could be nothing finer than to remain here and bask in the light of inspiration while the wonderful scenery grew more and more upon me. Do you grasp my thought?"

"I reckon I do," said Mr. Meddergrass. "You mean you'd like to loaf around here long enough to get hayseed in your hair and then sit still till it sprouted."

The One He Got.

"OLD Biggsby seems to be all cut up because young Medoogus is going to marry his daughter."

"Yes; he says Medoogus has taken the flower of his flock."

"Huh! She's the oldest of eight, and she's been on the anxious list for ten years."

"I guess Biggsby means the wall-flower."

How Careless!

"I SAW Fuddlesome running down the street this morning," says the first suburbanite. "What was the matter?"

"He was going for a veterinary surgeon and a machinist," explains the second suburbanite.

"What was wrong?"

"Last night he went out to his stable to see that everything was all right, and incidentally to fix his bay mule and his automobile for the night. You know how careless he is?"

"Yes; but"—

"Well, now the mule has gasolinitis and the auto has hay-fever."

What Mary Meant.

MARY STUART had just blown up the castle. "Too bad!" she murmured. "I only meant to discharge the cook."

Realizing the desperate measures needed, some were fain to doubt the murder of Darnley.

His Ruse.

Street-boy—"Sir, have you lost your pocket-book?"

Gentleman (searching through his pockets)—"No, my boy."

Street-boy—"Then you will be so kind to give me a nickel."



HIS INTERPRETATION.

"Can't you read that sign, you little"—

"I kin read de sign all right, but dat sign's wrong. Dere's good fishin' dere."



SHORT ON CLOTHES.

"Have you seen Miss Peachy in her new bathing-costume?"
"Well, *most* of her."

"Dast you go in and see him, Schuy?"
 "Mug," I said, solemnly, my voice turned into an affecting tremolo, "he'd roast us alive!"

"Yes; but I could stand a certain amount of roasting."

My wretched chum crossed the track and climbed up on top of a pile of old lumber, where he balanced himself unsteadily and peeped into the window, his form gleaming ghastly in the pallid light with the rain glancing from his bare shoulders. I stood in the middle of the track and shivered with cold and fear.

Mug tiptoed higher. The treacherous pile of splintery lumber toppled and fell with a crash, which to our horrified ears resembled a long-drawn-out clap of thunder. I fled incontinently. Mug picked himself up out of the ruin and followed painfully at the best speed his poor, suffering body could negotiate, with a cyclone of profanity ringing in his ears from the interior of the lighted room.

I turned my head without slackening my speed. "Did you get hurt, Mug?" I panted.

"Schuyler," he moaned, wheezingly, "I gathered up every splinter there was about the club-house, and I think I'm shot!"

"Mug," and I wept into the storm, "I shall never steal another boat!"

"Neither shall I! This one will haunt me forever!"

"We'll have to pay for it, too."

"And my twenty cents went with my gun and clothes!"

"And my postage-stamps are pulpy!"

"I wish I was dead!"

"So do I!"

The wind howled across the marsh. The drowning rain sheeted down upon the watery swamp on either side



GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

PAPA BIRD (*complacently*)—"My dear, we little thought last season, when we lived in that twig cabin, that in a year we would have a luxurious suburban cottage of our own!"

of the railroad track. Two figures, one the soaked effigy of abject misery and the other clad in the picturesque negligee of Father Adam, limped on in the pitiless night.

Far down the mysterious river a little green push-boat tossed along on its way to the Mississippi. In the lonely room of the Dutch club-house old Mike softly swore himself to sleep.

Totin' a Gredge.

NOW, upon my word an' honor, ez a nabur an' a friend, There's one part uv human natur' I right speedily would mend. Not thet sinners would be perfec' by my speshus uv reform, An' the atmosphere uv livin' be without a single storm; But 'twould smooth a lot uv fe'thers back to where they ought ter lay, An' let the Master's teachin's kind uv hev the right uv way. Fer the mos' unhappy mortal—an' I claim ter be a jedge— Is the feller thet's a-sulkin' an' a-totin' uv a gredge.

Don't think thet I would hev you go an' turn the other cheek Ev'ry time a churl's insultin' in his langwidge, so ter speak. It's the gospel, I'll admit it, an' it's laid down purty flat, But a'cordin' to my thinkin' they's a better way than that— Jes' fergit the *thing's* a-livin', an' fergit the inj'ry, too, An' you'll find it pow'ful soothin' from a fightin' p'int uv view. These air thoughts uv gittin' even air ez prickly ez a hedge To the man thet 's alwuz sulkin' an' a-totin' uv a gredge.

The world is plenty big enuff fer you an' fer him, too. An' they's piles an' scores uv better things thet you kin find ter do. Jes' let the buster go his way, an' likewise go your own— It's really arbitratin', but decidin' it alone; An' when you git ter feelin' thet ter kill a man er two Would be somethin' real consolin' from an injur'd p'int uv view, Jes' help some other feller ter fergit his wrongs, an' I pledge It beats the best uv schemin' an' uv totin' uv a gredge.

CHARLES W. STEVENSON.



STOCK QUOTATION.
 Bee(f) firm.

TRAGEDY OF A HAT.

A curious custom has come about in London, which may soon be borrowed on this side of the water. The tall, silk hat, it seems, makes a good nose-bag for a horse to nibble his noonday oats out of. East-end costermongers are using the cast-off headgear for their donkeys. The custom is thus chronicled by a British poet:

I.

Perched on a spruce, pomaded head,
I used to raise a laugh:
And now in these my humbler days,
I still am given chaff.

But, still, it's comforting to know,
Although my looks are gone,
I'm not as empty as I was
When master had me on.

2.

Battered and broken, faded, torn—
My days of fashion dead—
Behold me 'neath a donkey's nose
Instead of on his head.

Half-filled with damp, inferior hay,
I play a lowly part
As traveling commissariat
A private ass and cart.

I'VE known men that was brave
in shipwreck jest because
there wasn't any place to run to.



A Fish Monologue.

ONCE upon a time there lived a large fish. He belonged to the codfish aristocracy, and was much dreaded by the small fry for miles around. More than that, he had a bullhead and was very of-fish-ious. He was also a good eel of a fighter and was prone to whale every weakfish he met. He was a shark in nature, if not in name, and was always watching out to do somebody.

One day he had a bit of a skate on and started out looking for trouble. Near the pike he met a school of fins, who were also out looking for bother. They had decided to crawfish from the monster no longer. When he saw fish coming in such a body he smelt a rat.

"Hello, you old hake!" barked a dogfish. "We've come out to knock you off your perch. Your dace are numbered, you old herrin'!"

It would never do for a fish of his scale to be called a sucker, or even a chub, so he felt of his mussels and began to pout.

"You minnows, you sardines, you pinfish!" he cried, "I'll thrash every one of you into fish-balls! Back, back to the shadows! How dare you encroach on my territory?"

A round of "bass" greeted his threats, and the many kinds of fish began to form a line of battle.

"You old toadfish!" they cried, "you can halibut it won't do you any good. You can't shiner round here any more."

By this time the noise had attracted a large number of fish. They came from every direction, all eager to see the old warrior converted into fish-hash. The following day was Friday. Then the submarine battle began. They attacked him from every point. He dove and floundered, swished his tail, and butted in. The pickerel picked him, the squeteague squeezed him, the swordfish ran him through, the horned pout horned him, the catfish scratched him, the sunfish dazzled him, the muskallonge

lunged him, and the bonyfish got in his throat and choked him. In a few minutes he was a very black and blue-fish. In fact, we might go further and say he very closely resembled a jellyfish. Then the salmon, the trout, the whitefish and the mackerel formed a quartette and sang "Pull for the shore" at his funeral. From that time on picked-up codfish has been very popular.

JOE CONE.



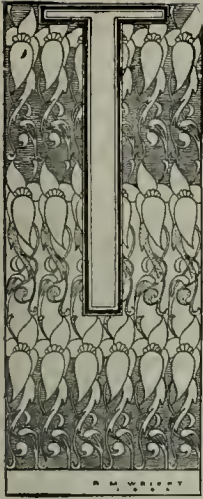
PROFESSIONAL CURIOSITY.

THE DUCK (as the doctor passes)—"Quack, quack, quack!"

THE M.D. (to himself)—"I wonder if that bird has any inside information?"

The Colonel's Revolver

By William J. Lampton



HE two supreme delights of Colonel T. Jefferson Jenkins's existence were a collection of guns and pistols from all parts of the known world, and his only child, Viola, who had been his special charge since her mother's death, when she was a very little girl. "Arma virumque" may have been a poetic combination of ancient times, but in these later days, for Colonel Jenkins, it was arms and a woman.

And yet the colonel was not so belligerent as his title would indicate. He had never gone to war and had never wished to. He had belonged to the militia in times of peace and youth, and at fifty the governor of the state had appointed him on his staff in recognition of campaign contributions. At least, his political enemies had so stated. These enemies had arisen when the colonel, essaying politics in a mild and honorable way, had accepted the nomination for city council at large and been elected. But he served one term only. Disregarding the civic distinctions which might have been his if he had pursued the usual course of ward politics, he retired with honor and devoted himself to the growth and development of his daughter and of his famous collection of firearms. In these quiet, though diverse, pursuits the colonel's days were largely ways of pleasantness and all his paths were according to the Psalmist.

That is to say, the firearms never disturbed him, but there were moments when the pretty and popular Miss Jenkins did. Not that she was not everything to him a loving and dutiful daughter should be, but there were other men in the world who admired her—younger men than the colonel, and handsomer, possibly, but not a great deal, for the colonel was an ideal specimen of his age—and many of them were intent upon setting the care of the father aside for that of the husband. No man could have loved her more than her father did, and none could have been kinder and more considerate—it is possible that some of them might have been much less so, for husbands are not invariably the highest types of unselfishness. Yet Miss Viola appeared to be willing to incur risks and to relieve her father of a portion of his responsibility.

The colonel realized that it is the parent's duty to be sacrificed for the child's sake, and he was willing to accept the situation, but he wished first to be assured that the result would be his daughter's greater happiness. He was willing that the right man should have her, but he knew some in her train that he could not indorse for the position. They were attractive, as the very worst men sometimes are, and Viola was impulsive and impression-

able, as the very best women often are, and these conditions were, at times, not promotive of the colonel's peace of mind.

One evening father and daughter were discussing these matters in the library surrounded by the colonel's cherished collection, which made the place look more like an armory than a library, and the colonel had frankly stated his doubts and fears.

"Trust me, daddy," she said; "trust me. You may think I am young and silly, and I won't deny that I may be, but I am not so young as not to know that I may have a long time to live, nor so silly that I believe every man who solemnly vows that he will make every day of my life open in the sunshine as June morning-glories do, if I will only give him the chance."

"Do they say that?" he asked, half smiling.

"Yes, daddy, most of them do, and much more; just as if there wasn't any rent to pay, or doctors' bills, or grocers', or coal, or bonnets and clothes to buy, and all the rest of it."

"I have to do that," said the colonel, as though it were not sufficiently out of the ordinary to excite comment.

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. "Yes, daddy; but you've done it so long you're used to it."

He looked at her admiringly, anxiously, tenderly. "I don't know, dearie; I don't know," he sighed, shaking his head in doubt. "I want you to be happy, even though I must lose you to secure it, but I cannot bear to think of letting you go away from me to anything worse."

"And I'm sure I don't want you to do anything so dreadful," she laughed. "You've spoiled me, and I sha'n't rush heedlessly out of the ills I have to others I won't not of. What would you say, for instance, to my choosing Harvey Gray as the safest guide to matrimonial bliss?"

"Oh, no—not young Gray," he begged. "I'm sure he will never answer. You don't love him, do you?"

She patted his cheek and pulled his soft, white moustache.

"Don't you ask questions—you answer them," she commanded. "Mr. Gray is paternally disapproved. What do you say to Mr. Charles Brinton?"

"Not so bad, but none too good," replied the colonel submissively.

"Mr. Brinton disapproved. What of Mr. Leander Laird Wilson?" she went on as if reading from a list of applicants.

"Leander is my choice of all of them," he replied, with such confidence as almost to be enthusiasm. "I don't know him very well personally, I may say, but I've known his father and mother since childhood, and a boy cannot come from such stock and not be good."

"Oh," she laughed, "Leander is so good that he is

almost stupid. He has pagan ideas of women as wives, too, and I don't like him at all. His character may be excellent, but he is always trying to make love to me and he doesn't know how."

"That is because he truly loves you, Viola," said her father seriously. "When a young man is truly in love with a girl the one thing he wants to do best he does worst. I have not forgotten my own experience. Leander is"—

"Now, daddy, you just stop your Leandering," she cried, putting her hand over his mouth and shutting off further speech. "Miss Viola Jenkins will never become Mrs. Leander Laird Wilson, though I must admit that Wilson is not such a plain name as Jenkins."

"Not even if your father wished it?" he asked, taking her face in his hands and looking fairly into her eyes.

"You said a while ago you wanted me to be happy, didn't you?" she replied.

"More than anything else, dearie."

"Then, daddy, you can't wish me to be Mrs. W. You will either have to give that up or the other. They cannot both come true."

"Not if you tried just a little bit to make them?" he coaxed.

"You don't know Leander as I do, daddy, or you wouldn't ask it. Maybe you will, some day, and then you'll be glad I was firm with you as I am now."

"Of course I shall not urge you to do what I think is best, and I may be mistaken in my judgment of the young man, but I"—

The colonel's remarks were interrupted by the entrance of a maid, who announced Mr. Wilson in the drawing-room to see Miss Jenkins. The young lady was not especially anxious to see her caller, but as between the actual subject of her father's conversation and the conversation itself she preferred the former at the moment, and the colonel was not permitted to resume.

Viola proceeded in very leisurely fashion to the drawing-room on the floor below, where she found Mr. Wilson occupying a favorite corner of his, near a window which opened down to a small balcony looking upon a narrow lawn between the house and a shady side street. On pleasant evenings of spring it was Mr. Wilson's wont to sit by this window, or out on the balcony, and commune, after his own fashion, with the object of his devoirs. She was not enamored of the place or the man, but as hostess she had a duty to perform, and as hostess permitted her guest to have his way. But there was no emotion beyond that of hospitality.

On this particular evening, which was rather cool for the balcony, though the window was partly open, Leander sat inside, and Viola observed with dismay that he manifested indications of a man with a purpose. She knew well what the purpose was, for it had been threatening for some time despite all her precautions. An hour later he had become quite demonstrative and insisted upon holding her hand. This she resented, but he laughed and grew bold enough to attempt to put his arm around her. Then her indignation overwhelmed her duty as hostess and she stood up before the rash suitor blazing with wrath.

"If you touch me again, Mr. Wilson," she exclaimed, "I shall call father."

Mr. Wilson had a wholesome respect for the colonel and believed firmly, from his title and his famous collection of deadly weapons, that he was a man who might easily resort to desperate measures if need were. But he had no such opinion of the colonel's daughter. According to the Wilsonian theory, she was a woman, and the only real way to win a woman was with a club.

"Now, now, Viola," he said coaxingly, as preliminary to the proper decision later, "don't talk that way. You know that you love me and you only need to be thoroughly convinced of it."

With this he suddenly threw both arms around her and attempted to kiss her, but she broke away from him and retreated toward the door.

"I'll tell father and he'll kill you," she cried, so angered that she spoke scarcely above a whisper, and on the instant she darted from the room, slamming the door after her.

Her impetuous manner rather pleased Leander than otherwise. He liked a spirited woman—under control—and he proposed to control this one, some day. He sat down laughing to himself. He had had experience with women's whims, and he would wait a few moments quietly for her to come back, calm, after the storm of her first surprise, and ready and willing to forgive the past and begin over again.

Viola was thoroughly aroused, but when she was alone in the hall she hesitated so long over what course to pursue that the casual observer might have concluded that Mr. Wilson was correct in his surmises. But within a minute or two she had gathered her wits, and she hurried up stairs to the library, where she knew she would find her father.

She entered smiling radiantly, but the real glitter of her smile was not visible to the colonel. It was not visible to any one, but she could feel it burning in her face. Her father's thoughts were on something else, and he thought he had never seen his daughter quite so pretty as when she came toward him.

"What is it, dearie?" he asked quickly, so hopeful was he.

"Mr. Wilson"—she began and she almost choked.

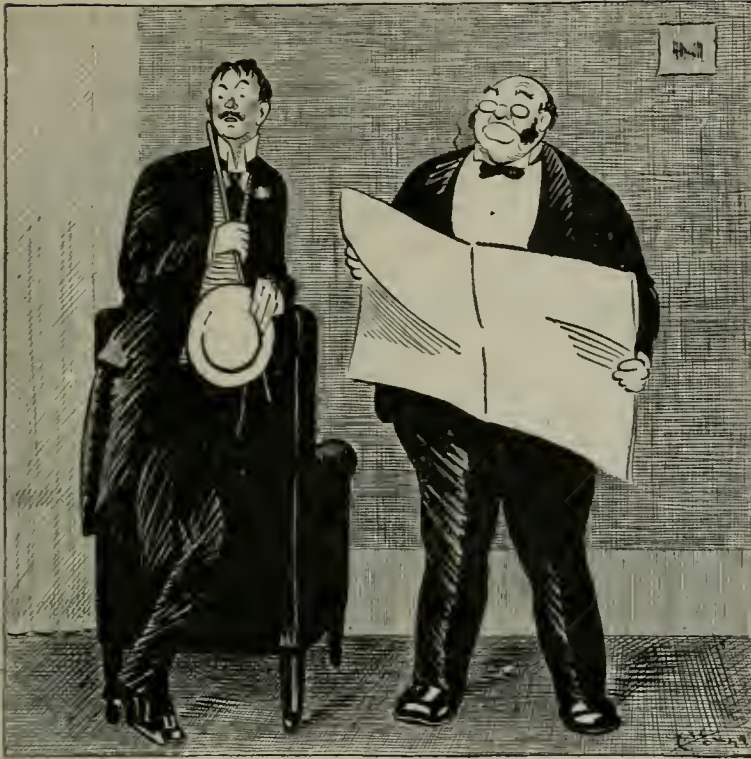
"Has he—have you"—he started.

"Now—now, daddy," she laughed, and the effort was a relief to her, "don't you be in such a hurry. Leander is very anxious to see that big, new revolver you brought home last week. He asked me to show it to him, but I told him I was afraid of it, and, besides, you were so fond of it you didn't want anybody to handle it but yourself, and you would bring it down to him and tell him all about it. Won't you?"

"Only be too happy, dearie," responded the colonel, jumping up like a boy and going after the weapon. "I told you Leander had the right sort of stuff in him."

The revolver was a grim and terrible-looking weapon of the largest size, and the colonel was so proud of it that he had hung it up on the stair-wall as the chief ornament.

"I'll be down presently," she called to him as he tripped along the hall carrying the huge shooting-iron as if he were on a burglar hunt.



A BETTER IDEA.

CLARENCE LIGHTEDD—"Of course I am willing to wait for your daughter until I have made a name for myself."
 MR. GOTROX—"Oh, drop that idea! Just wait till you've unmade the name you've already made for yourself."

She stood at the head of the stairs and heard her father open the door which she had so recently closed. Leander looked up with a broad smile as the door opened. He expected to see Viola returning, repentant. Instead, he beheld the colonel not a dozen feet away with the great gun in his hands, and Leander was looking directly into the fierce and frowning muzzle of the monster. The pleased and smiling face of the colonel was utterly obliterated by it. For an instant Leander's eyes bulged and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. Then his blood moved again.

"Don't shoot, colonel! Don't shoot!" he yelled, and with a wild snort he smashed through the window, dashed over the balcony rail toward the quiet street and disappeared in the darkness.

The colonel was almost as profoundly moved as Leander was. Miss Jenkins was hurrying down stairs, for she had heard the crash of glass and was afraid something had happened.

"Viola, Viola!" shouted the colonel, "come here, quick! What's the matter with Leander?"

And Viola told him.

KNOW a man that thought there was nothin' strange at all about th' funniest customs of th' Sandwich Islands. He lived there.

Wisdom of the Ancients.

PTUTHLESS MENOCASSUS, the Egyptian sculptor, having been commissioned to ornament the obelisk of Thothmes, set about his task with the enthusiasm of one who is wedded to his art. In the course of a few weeks he had covered the top half of the shaft with a choice collection of hieroglyphics and other markings.

One morning old Thothmes was sauntering through the city and happened to come to the obelisk. With some pride he walked about it and deciphered the inscriptions which referred to him as a marvel of wisdom, benevolence and statecraft.

"That's all very good," he remarked to Ptuthless Menocassus, who, chisel in hand, had descended from his scaffolding to hear what his monarch might have to say; "that's all very well. But I observe several square yards of signs and symbols which are not recorded in any of my books. Indeed, I doubt if they stand for anything. What do they mean?"

"Oh, son of the moon and papa of the sun," replied Ptuthless Menocassus, "canst the slave of thy slave tell thee? Verily, the signs and symbols mean

nothing to us. I did but carve them there, that the wise men who will live in five or six thousand years may have some fun deciphering them."

So saying, he went up the ladder and made a figure of a chicken swallowing a hippopotamus, which, all unknown to him, meant that some man would some day write a series of magazine articles.



IN THE WORK-BASKET.

FANCY-WORK SCISSORS—"Good morning, Mrs. Cotton Thread! Has Miss Darning Needle recovered from her illness?"
 COTTON THREAD—"She's mending rapidly, thank you."

An Old Salt's Observations

WE shouldn't never refrain from eatin' beefsteak for fear th' cow it was cut from hadn't lived a moral life.

I laughed at a passenger on my ship real aggravatin' once because he didn't know what th' main to'gallant s'l was. After we landed he took me drivin' in th' park to Boston. Soon he stopped an' climbed out of th' buggy.

"I've got to fix the sir-single on th' off horse," says he. If I hadn't kept my mouth shut he'd 'a' had that laugh back on me.

The Hindus never would have started vegetarianism as a part of their religion if they hadn't lived in a hot climate, or if they hadn't lived somewhere where meat was hard to git. Yet lots of silly Americans admire 'em an' talk about their devotion to their faith. I wonder why th' same folks don't sing hymns of praise about th' Esquimaux because they don't eat oranges.

Ain't we queer? My wife makes all her own clo'es an' ain't a bit vain; but once, when I took her to Paris, she spent most of her one life's visit there in lookin' in at th' dress-makers' windows. I hain't never made any of my own clo'es, an' yet I can't remember that I ever once so much as stopped to look into a tailor's window or wasted ten seconds in front of a ready-made clothin'-shop.

I had a man in my crew who could make all kinds of sailor's fancy knots. A clergyman sailed with me, one trip, an' watched him, interested. By an' by he says to me, "That's a mighty ingenious knot," he says; "but it ain't so important to th' race as th' ones I tie," he says. "Th' matrimonial knots, I mean," he says. "No," says th' sailor, who had been a-listenin'; "but I can untie mine without breakin' no hearts."

You know about icebergs? Th' biggest part of 'em is under water. When they strike a warm current the water

melts that away, an' th' first thing th' iceberg knows is that it tips over an' goes smash. It's jest th' same about a man's dignified resentment an' a woman's tears. As long as she lets it float in a cold current of her own anger it towers up, defiant like; but let her cry a little bit an' down it comes. I know—I've had it worked on me.

There's many thing of different kinds that us poor critters here below has reason to be grateful for. I knowed a man who had such bow-legs that the landscape, viewed between 'em, seemed jest incidental like—as if, as it were, we was a-lookin' at it in parenthesis. He sailed on my ship. We was tied up near a quarry—goin' to take on a cargo of cut stone, you know. They let off a blast. Big rocks hit my ship. The bow-legged man was on board in charge. When I got aboard I found him kneelin' on the deck, pourin' out his thanks to God. "What's th' matter?" I asked him. "Th' Lord be praised!" he says, "for givin' me bow-legs," he says. "If they hadn't been made like a ring," he says, "that rock would 'a' hit 'em an' broke 'em both," he says. "As it was, it jest went through between 'em!" he says.

EDWARD MARSHALL.

Felt Herself Buncoed.

Mrs. Cobwigger— "Why won't you go to that French restaurant again?"

Mrs. Parvenue—"Because I paid a big price for a dish with a fancy name and it turned out to be only a kidney stew."

A Sharp Trade.

AN Irishman was told by a teacher that his charge for tuition was two guineas the first month and one guinea the second. "Then, be jabbers," said Pat, "I'll begin the second month now, I will."

BEATRICE SPERBECK.



IN OUR MODERN FLATS.

MRS. FLATTE-HUNTER—"Mr. Dauber, why have you put your furniture up in that fashion?"

MR. DAUBER—"Well, you see, I have more room above the floor than I have on it; so when I want to use the furniture I just let it down."

The Man Who Fit with Gin'ral Grant

By Max Merryman



NINE HOURS in the saddle astride a horse whose gait was calculated to convey the impression that no two of his legs were of the same length, and whose bony sides were so toughened by length of years that they were impervious to spur or rawhide, had so exhausted me that I decided to halt at the next house I came to there in the backwoods and seek food and a shelter for the night. The horse was of the hard-mouthed breed, and when he was inclined to wander far from the road in pursuit of tenderer and more abundant grass than the dusty roadside afforded, no tears, prayers, threats, or curses—no yanking of the bridle rein nor use of the rawhide whip on his gaunt sides could move him from his purpose. It was partly on account of this perversity of spirit and the

leisurely gait of the brute that we had been nine hours covering about twenty miles. Once the horse had gotten rid of something less than a million of gnats and mosquitoes, and also of me, by lying down and rolling over in a shallow and muddy stream with an inch of green scum on it. Again he had playfully twisted his long neck around and fastened his yellow teeth in the calf of my leg until I had roared with pain; and once he had suddenly kicked up his hinder heels and pitched me over his head into some blackberry bushes, to the unfeigned delight of a wagonload of young people on their way to a county fair.

Thus it was that I was glad to turn an abrupt bend in the road and find myself before a squatty little log cabin with a lean-to five-by-six feet in size. Several old hens and a rooster, who had shed their feathers until they were in a décolleté state requiring the attention of Anthony Comstock, were wallowing in dusty holes in a grassless dooryard, while the prolific mother of nine spotted pups of mongrel ancestry was stretched out with her numerous progeny around her under some almost leafless gooseberry bushes. Other dogs of varying ages, breeds, and size were lying in the yard, and on a rickety little porch above the one door of the cabin. A long and attenuated man was lying flat on his back under a mulberry-tree, with a ragged straw hat over his face and his hands clasped under the back of his head. The soles of his bare feet suggested a pair of infantile smoked hams, and he appeared to be serenely indifferent to the hens, in undress, pecking away at something between his toes. Reproaching myself for disturbing so much rural contentment, I gave utterance to a mild,

“Hello!”

The drowsy dogs lifted their heads and three or four of them yawped languidly, while the lean rooster attempted a feeble crow, but the effort was too much for him, and he fell over on his back with his claws in the air. The man pushed the hat from his sallow face, raised himself to his sharp elbows, and asked,

“What’s wantin’?”

This was the manner of my introduction to the man who “fit with Gin’ral Grant.” After “reckoning” that he could “feed and sleep me,” he put up my “hoss critter” in a stable in danger of dissolution at any moment, and graciously took up the rôle of the agreeable host. This was not, however, until he had sought to trace my genealogy back to a decade or two within the time of the landing of the Pilgrims, and he had also ascertained what I “follered for a livin’,” and how much I got for it. He also informed himself as to whether I was married or single, the number and sex of my children and their ages, my own age, and the general history of my wife, combined with exhaustive inquiry in regard to my business in “them parts.” Accepting an invitation to be seated on a strip of rag carpet under the mulberry-tree, my host threw himself at full length by my side, and was soon giving me in glowing terms the account of his war record and of the great prosperity that was his “before the war.”

“If you’re a mind to run your hand down my back under my shirt and feel under my left arm, you’ll feel there three buckshot I got peppered into me when I was doin’ my duty at Vicksburg under Gin’ral ‘Lys Grant,” he said.

Thanking him for the privilege of feeling the buckshot but declining it, I said,

“So you were on the field with General Grant himself, were you?”

“Wa-al, I reckon! You see that mark on my right leg thar, jess below the knee? Wa-al, that’s another little momentum of the time when I fit with Gin’ral Grant. Got that at Vicksburg, too. Grant he see the Johnny a-makin’ for me with his sword raised to cut me down, an’ if the gin’ral hadn’t rushed up an’ warded off the blow with his own sword, I reckon my jug’lar vein would of been cut through, an’ then it would of been kingdom come with me. You notice that I walk with a limp, don’t you?”

“I did notice it.”

“That’s because of a bullet I got in my knee when I fit with Grant at Chattanooga. I tell ye, we did some mighty purty work at that little scrimmage—mighty, mighty purty work. It was thar I knocked a rifle out o’ the hands o’ one o’ the inimy who had it p’inted straight at the gin’ral’s heart. He made me a captain for that, but one day he called me into his tent, an’ he says, says he,

“‘Lookee here, Lem Bagg, some one is got to rig up as a spy an’ work his way through the lines o’ the inimy an’ git full information as to how they are fixed an’ all

about 'em an' thar's just one man I kin trust with the job, an' his name is Lem Bagg. If any man in the whole army kin do it you kin,' says he. 'You willin' to accept o' the job?' Well, I didn't hanker for the job, for you know what a spy gits when he gits caught in the bizness. They plug him full o' shot an' feed him to the buzzards, which ain't none too dern pleasant, but I was ready to do anything for my country, so I says to the gin'ral, says I,

" 'Lys, I'm your huckleberry.' You see, we'd got so kind o' intermut by this time that he called me Lem an' I called him 'Lys. Well, 'Lys he clapped me on the back an' he says, says he,

" 'Bully for you, Lem Bagg! I knowed I could trust you, an' if I'm ever President of these United States, as I'm apt to be sometime, all you'll have to do will be to give me the wink if you want to be in my cabbynet.' But I never hankered none for public life, so I never held the gin'ral to his word when he got to be President. Nancy, my wife, her thar's in thar fryin' bacon an' hom'ny for your supper, she ruther tuk to the idee o' splurgin' 'round Washington as a cabbynet officer's wife, but I reasoned with her an' made her see how we'd be out of our speer. Then, it was well along in the spring o' the year an' we'd about twenty hens a-comin' off their nests with little chicks, so we couldn't leave home very well, even to see the gin'ral swore into office, so I writ him that he'd better app'int some one in my place. You notice that a piece o' my right ear is missin', don't you?"

" I see that it is."

" A shot from one o' the inimy done that at Appomattox, an' I remember how the gin'ral said at the time, 'That was a mighty close call, Lem, an' he whipt out his hankercher for me to stanch the blood on, an' the next minnit me an' him cut down seventeen o' the inimy that come at us full with their bay'nets p'inted right at us. I tell you, I never see the gin'ral fight as he did that day. He jist set his teeth, whipt off his coat, pushed up his sleeves, an' 'laid on, MacDuff,' as it says in the Bible! We was both reekin' with gore when we got through, an' there was a bay'net stickin' four inches into my back. The gin'ral pulled it out, an' I reckomember how he rigged me about bein' wounded in the back. He was the jokiest man you ever see on a battle-field. The thicker the shot the more he'd joke. I reckon you've heerd how his horse was shot from under him at Belmont, Missouri?"

" I think that I have read about it."

" Wa-al, now you kin rest your gaze on the very identical man that lept from his own hoss an' said, 'Here, gin'ral, take my nag,' when that happened. If I hadn't kind o' leaned over an' jerked him out o' the saddle he'd been caught under his dead hoss. He straddled my hoss, an' in half a minnit was pepperin' away at the inimy as cool as a cucumber, an' me follerin' suit. I'd hate to say how many pore chaps we made bite the dust that day. It was thar to the battle o' Belmont that I got eight ribs stove in on my left side. If you keer to see 'em I'll slip off my shirt an' show you the marks. You don't want to trouble me? No trouble, but if you don't keer to see 'em I'll keep on my shirt. But I allus offer to show 'em, so that folks will know I ain't lyin'. Anybody I natchely deespise it's a liar. I don't wonder the good Lawd laid Annynias

an' Sapphiry out dead for lyin' the way they did. I've riz a fam'ly o' sixteen children, an' thar ain't a liar in the hull bunch, no matter what thar other failin's may be. Some o' 'em may take after thar maw in stretchin' the truth a leetle mite sometimes, but when it comes to out an' out lyin', they ain't in it. Too much o' their pap in 'em for that. I forgot to tell ye that when I fit with Gin'ral Grant at Chattanooga he says to me one day, says he"—

Nancy, or "maw," the lady whose veracity was not wholly unimpeachable, appeared in the open doorway of the cabin at this moment, and her voice cut the air like a blade when she said,

" Lem Bagg, you lope out to the hen-house an' see if you caint find me no aig to cl'ar the coffee with! Stir your stumps now right forthwith an' faster!"

Obeying this command, the shot-filled, rib-broken and battle-scarred veteran of so many battle-fields on which he had "fit with Gin'ral Grant," proceeded to "lope" in the direction of the hen-house in pursuit of the desired "aig," while I strolled over to the open doorway of the rustic retreat, with a view to asking for a pan and some soap and water with which to remove some of the dust of my journey before we sat down to supper. Evicting three dogs with the toe of her shoe, and dragging a fat pup from the only chair in the room, Nancy bade me "set down" for a few minutes, when she would be ready to "dish up." While waiting for the return of Lem I engaged in conversation with the lady who would have enjoyed "splurgin'" in Washington as the wife of a "cabbynet" officer.

" Your husband had some rather exciting experiences in the war, I believe," I said by way of opening a conversation. Nancy turned toward me with a slice of sizzling bacon dripping hot fat on a fork, and said,

" *Him?* Lem Bagg in the war? Now what has he been givin' you? That man was drafted an' he put a mortgage on this place to hire a substitoot with, an' that mortgage ain't ever been lited to this day. Much as ever we kin do to keep up the int'rust. *Him* in the war? Lem Bagg? He lay in the woods three months, he was that skeered o' bein' dratted a second time! Lem Bagg in the war? *Not much, he wa'n't!*"

A shadow fell athwart the bare and dirty floor. It had been cast by Lem, who stood in the open doorway with an egg in his hand. He had heard his disloyal partner's last remark. A sickly grin overspread his pea-green visage, and he said, in a somewhat deprecating tone,

" Maw she does a-pick a feller up so. Say, mister, would you like to go out to the stable an' see as purty a litter o' seven water spanyells as ever you laid eyes on? Aint got their eyes open yet, but they show their breedin' all the same. You kin yell us in to supper when it's ready, Nance."

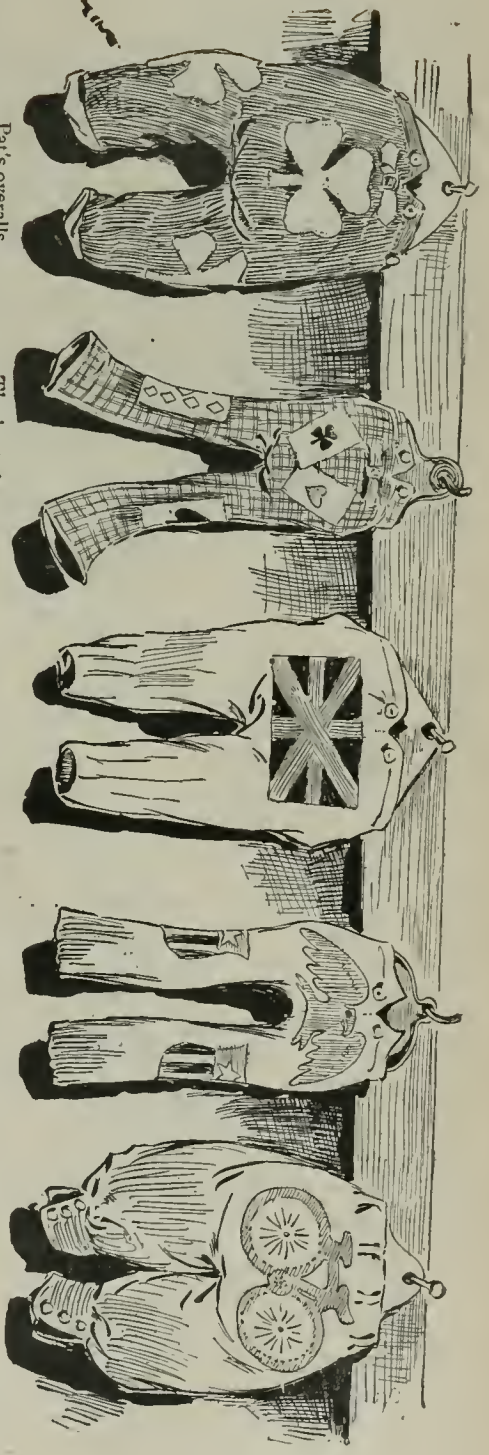
We were still within hearing when Nance said derisively,

" *Him* in the war! If there was a prize offered for the biggest liar that ever stood on two laigs I reckon Lem Bagg would sure get it!"

The Mean Thing!

Flossie—"Jack is a man after my own heart."

Marie (sweetly)—"You're sure it's not your own money that he is after?"



Pat's overalls.

WE VENTURE THE ABOVE SUGGESTION AS ANOTHER STEP IN THE ADVANCEMENT OF HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.



A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Before the opening of our parks allow us to suggest an idea to our faithful (?) old-fashioned nurses, so that mothers may at least know where to find their lost little dears outside of station-houses.



I.

BEAR—"Heavens, Mr. President, don't shoot! I've come thirty miles to hear you speak."

Nearing the End.

METHUSELAH was in his nine hundred and sixty-eighth year. It was a long, dry summer, too, and Abelgad the Beehemite, and Obadad the Dinnymite, were fretting over the drought.

"Yes," quavered Methuselah, fidgeting with his stout cane, "it is pretty warm; but I"—

Here Abelgad and Obadad winked knowingly at each other.

"But I," Methuselah continued, "can't say that I recollect any year that ever has given us such a long, dry spell."

Then Obadad and Abelgad walked softly away, saying one to another that the old man was showing his first signs of breaking down.

Her Relations.

WE note that the handsome young woman wears many military buttons, badges, and other mementos.

"Are you the daughter of the regiment?" we ask.

"Oh, no, sir," responds the gentle thing; "but I have promised to be a sister to all the officers."

At this juncture we might have made a witty remark about a call to arms and the penalty for disregarding it, but because of her blushes we refrained.

THE end-seat hog retires from view with summer days so fleet. Another porcine friend has come—the pigskin now we greet.

Sonnet.

THREE hours last night I walked the floor with pet,
 And thrice on yon grim rocker ran my toe.
 Now, had I, purposeful, by day tried so
 To strike that selfsame point, to win a bet.
 The goodness knows I'd not have hit it yet!
 How strange it is the cruel hammer's blow
 Lands on my thumb with swift-ensuing woe
 And skips the nail on which my aim was set!
 There is no cause of cussing in this world
 So cussed as the cussedness of things
 Which seem inanimate but aren't a bit.
 There's not one wild anathema I've hurled
 Full at them, driven to fury by their stings,
 But they have thrilled with fiendish joy at it.

W. E. K.

Modern Literary Business.

"YES, gentlemen," says the first promoter; "I will come in on the deal with you and help you to promote the combination on one condition."

"And that is?" asked the others.

"That I have the privilege of writing the magazine exposé of our dealings with the public."

After forcing him to agree that all the rest shall have time to publish their articles on "How to succeed" before he writes his article, the papers are signed.

On Common Ground.

ONCE upon a time the barefaced truth met the bald lie. "Hello!" said the barefaced truth. "I am glad to meet you. What is your line of work?"

"I am a hair-restorer advertisement," said the other.

"Shake!" responded the first. "I am a mustache-grower."



2.

PRESIDENT—"A thousand pardons! Dee-lighted to speak a few words. Would rather talk than shoot, I assure you."

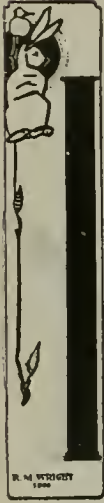


HER EXCUSE.

GLADYS—"Ethel tells me you are engaged to her."
CHOLLY—"Hum! She promised to keep it a secret."
GLADYS—"Well, I guess she thinks the joke is too good to keep."

A Mermaid and a Moral

By La Touche Hancock



IF YOU don't believe in mermaids at the present time. But think that they are fancies of old Homeric rhyme,

Read this little story, and I'm sure you will not fail To honestly acknowledge that thereby hangs a tale!

Once upon a time, before the Coney Island season had opened, a young man—we will call him Harold, because it is a nice, old-fashioned name—was searching along the sands for something he had lost. He peered all around, but it was so dark he could hardly distinguish anything at all. When he came to the brick breakwater with the rocks in front, he saw a lady. Only her head was visible. The rest of her body was hidden. Harold leaned over the breakwater and said quietly,

"I beg your pardon! You don't happen to have seen a pocket-book lying around, have you? I lost mine somewhere hereabouts, and I don't quite know how I am going to get back to New York unless I find it."

The lady turned her head.

"No! I haven't seen it," she answered with a smile.

She was good-looking, and her hair was hanging down her back. Harold had an eye for beauty. He continued the conversation.

"Been bathing?" he asked.

"N-o! At least not more than usual."

"Rather cold this time of year, isn't it?" he pursued.

"I don't think so. I'm accustomed to it."

Must be a cold-bath fiend, thought he to himself. He was too polite to say so. There was a pause. Then the lady said quietly,

"What are you going to do?"

"Blessed if I know!" answered Harold.

"I wish I could help you."

"You're very good."

"I'm sorry I can't. I have to wait here till the tide comes in and then go home."

"Oh, indeed!" said Harold, thinking there was an explanation due here. "And, if I may be so rude, why have you to wait so long? Have *you* lost anything?"

The lady laughed.

"No; but I can't move."

"Can I be of any help to you? Are you hurt?"

"No, thanks! It's my own stupidity. I'm quite comfortable and have a lot of patience."

Harold was getting bewildered.

"You're a conundrum," said he with a grin.

"I suppose I am," she replied. "I imagine you people would think me so."

"But, seriously, you'll catch your death of cold sitting there."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the lady. "You don't understand. Haven't you got eyes?"

There was a swish, and Harold started back in surprise. There wasn't the least doubt about it. He was talking to a mermaid!

"Now, do you know any better?"

Harold gasped.

"Oh, I see! but it was rather unexpected, you must admit. I've never seen one of your kind before."

"That's not very politely put. Well, what do you think of the—shall we say—novelty?"

"I'm rather interested. May I ask?"

"Are you going to interview me?"

"You'd make rather a good story."

"Maybe I would, but nobody would believe you."

"Oh, I don't know," he mused. "It's about the time for sea-serpents!"

"Well, I call that downright rude."

"I beg your pardon," spluttered Harold.

"You've every reason to." Then, after a pause, "Why not sit down and talk quietly? I've got to wait; so have you. Let's employ the time in conversation."

Harold climbed over the wall on to the rocks.

"Now sit down there. Don't come any nearer. You'll find me rather wet. I suppose you're surprised to see me?"

"Rather!"

"Not afraid?"

"Never been afraid of a woman in my life!"

"You're deliciously blunt!"

"But," began Harold, finding he had met his equal in repartee, "how is it you can talk?"

"Well, you see I'm only half fish."

"Ye-es! I noticed that."

"I can talk and swim, but I can't walk. That's why I'm in this predicament."

"But how did you get here?"

"Stupidity! I came a little too far in, and, as the tide wasn't particularly strong going out, I found myself stranded on these rocks."

"What will your—er—family think?"

"I don't imagine they'll miss me. There are a good many more at home like me."

She laughed.

"You seem to be well educated and up to date."

"Why not? We have an immense circulating library and heaps of music."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; so many ships with good libraries are wrecked during the year. The books come to us, of course. As for music, well, you know there's a good deal of playing and singing on board ships. We get all the flotsam and jetsam in ease of accident. Oh, yes! we're quite up to date, I can assure you."

"Do you sing?"

"Like a siren!"

The comparison brought back memories. He was going to ask her to sing, but—she anticipated him.

"I'll sing you something of my own composition, if you like."

He was doubtful, but noblesse oblige! He smiled consent.

Quietly she began:

"A mermaid sat combing her beautiful hair,
Which natur'ly hung down her back.
If any one saw her she didn't much care.
For the night was decidedly black!
And there wasn't much chance of meeting a soul
In the place, where she chanced to be,
Which was somewhere betwixt the north and south pole
In the midst of the bounding sea!
As she combed her hair and looked in the glass,
She sang in a voice low and sweet,
'Oh! there isn't a doubt I'm a comely lass,
Although I've a tail for my feet!
I needn't wear fashionable dresses and gems,
Or bother with powder or paint.
I haven't to worry with stitches and hems,
I've never been off in a faint!
Don't you think the women on your little earth
Would like to change places with me?
Consider a minute—what isn't it worth
To be so delightfully free?'"

Her voice seemed to die away in the plashing of the waves.

"You are accomplished," said Harold presently.

"Yes—quite domesticated."

"Who's your father?"

The mermaid laughed.

"Neptune, I suppose."

"He must have a lot of children!"

"Not more than Solomon!"

"You're humorous."

"Yes; we generally manage to get your comic papers.

In fact, we seem to supply them with a good many ideas now and then."

Harold was nonplused.

"How do you live?" asked he.

"We exist. There isn't much living about it."

"Perennial youth?"

"Naturally—that is, unnaturally, according to your views."

"Ever get tired of it?"

"It's somewhat wearisome. No doubt you've often wished you could be a youth always."

Harold confessed he had.

"You wouldn't like it. It's very monotonous."

"Haven't you any amusements?"

"Plenty, but not the kind you like. Besides, there are three things lacking with us in which you are eternally engrossed. You wouldn't enjoy the life."

"May I ask to what three things you refer?"

"Money, dress and politics. You see, devoid of these subjects to talk about, you would never be able even to exist."

Harold thought that might be so.

"No money?"

"We don't need it. Think what a deprivation that would be to you!"

It would—it *was*, especially in his present predicament.

"Just fancy not having any money—not to be able to flaunt your dollars in your neighbor's face, not to"—

"Yes; I understand," interrupted Harold.

"Then there is no politics."

"I hate politics."

"And dress?"

Harold glanced at her.

"You don't seem to trouble yourself much about that!"

"There's no necessity. Now think how many women would be happy with us! Why, there wouldn't be a particle of jealousy!"

"No love?"

"Well, not mortal love. If we had that it would arouse a terrible storm!"

Harold agreed with her.

"No necessity for powder and paint?"

"Not the least! Besides, it would wash off."

"By the way," said Harold, with a new idea, "you said just now you had perennial youth. Were you—were you alive when"—

"It isn't gallant, to say the least, to ask a lady her age!"

Harold shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't make you out!"

"I dare say not. See! the tide 's coming in fast."

"Must you go?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Can't I see you again?"

"Not if I can help it!"

"You're not complimentary now."

"That's so, but I don't want to get into this quandary again."

"I'd like to see your home."

"In your present state you would find it uncommonly damp."

"I forgot. Maybe I would."

They both laughed.

The waves were dashing near at hand. Another swish, and the mermaid moved a little.

"Why, there's my pocket-book!" exclaimed Harold. "You've been sitting on it all the time we've been talking."

"That's too bad. Never mind! You're out of your difficulty. So am I! But you must be very careless."

"All newspaper men are."

"Oh, so you *will* make a story out of me?"

"I hope to. Would you like to see it before I submit it?"

"That's a very ingenious method of seeing me again. You needn't. I'll trust you. But you may as well throw a copy of the paper into the sea. It might come my way."

"I'll be sure to, but—before you go—tell me your name."

"And my address?"

"If you like"—

"You'd never be able to find me. My name—say, merely mermaid—mere maid! My address—why, here!"

And she plunged into the sea!

Harold waited a moment to see if she would reappear, but, as there wasn't a sign of her doing so, he stooped down to pick up his pocket-book. It was gone! Far out in the distance he fancied he could see a form waving something in its hand, and a voice came to his ears, singing,

"Now summer is here; be sure you don't mash!
In strangers place little belief!
Don't talk to mermaids—take care of your cash,
Or you'll probably come to grief!"

Then all was still. Harold used some words for which there are no parlor synonyms, and walked away.

"Well," thought he to himself, "if I lost my money, at all events I found a mermaid."

But the worst of it was that, when he submitted his story, the editor said it was too imaginative.

Perhaps he *had* been dreaming.

A Shrewd Young Lady.

THE election was several weeks distant, but, taking time by the forelock, I proposed to a certain young lady that we make a bet of several kisses on the result. I was rather amazed at my own audacity, and was half inclined to fear that she would call her father to help me on my way to the street, and I was, therefore, very much surprised to hear her say,

"I will take your bet; but as the election doesn't come for some time, I suppose that it would be more business-like if we made a deposit or put up a forfeit, or whatever you men call it."

The deposit was made.

A BAD man died. He was dead. A good man died. That was years ago. He's still alive.

Noisy and Foolish.

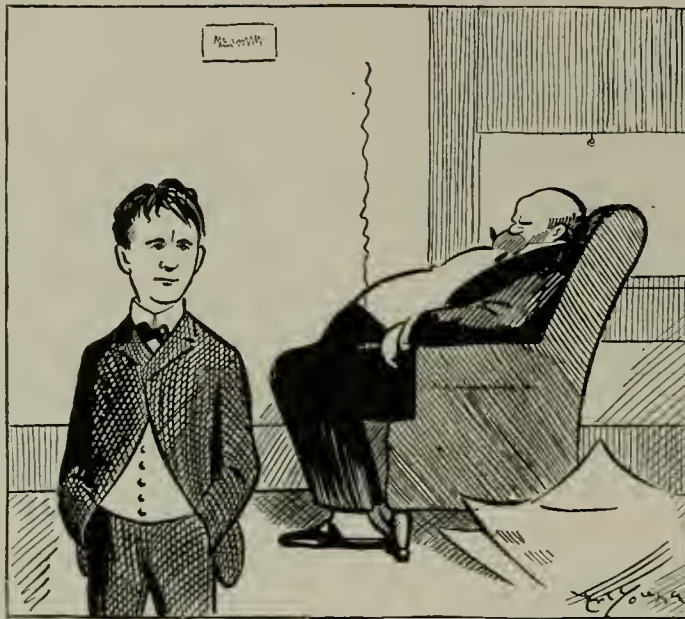
"LET'S get Jingler to get us up a new class-yell," suggests the senior.

"He can't do it. He's busy this fall writing campaign songs. Says all he has to do is to take two or three yells and make them rhyme."

PANDORA had just opened the casket. "Now," she said, "the lid is off."

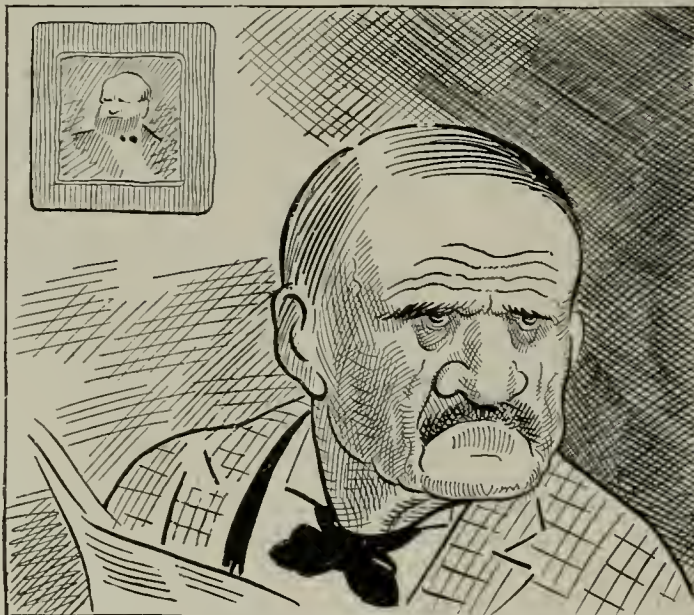
This is the origin of the expression, Devery to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE NOBLE INTENTIONS OF YOUTH.



1—BEFORE.

YOUTH—"You can bet your life that when I grow up I won't wear a grouch face like that, especially if I am married."



2—THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

The youth of thirty years ago trying to look pleasant. He is married, by the way.

Beyond the Realm of Dreamland.

A CROWD stood before a booth at the world's fair. All was silent save now and then for an indrawn breath. The open-mouthed at the front slipped quietly out and gathered in awed little groups and discussed the wonder in whispers. Those in the rear edged toward the shrine and gasped and stared and doubted. Politicians and clergymen, boodlers and brewers, chauffeurs and sextons, rubbed elbows humbled but happy.

Lounging on a divan, Cleopatra-like, was a kitchen-nymph, and near by a sign read, "A domestic that stayed with one family a year and did not smash a single plate."

Getting Away from the Past.

"IN my plans for your new home," says the architect, "I have provided for a large, ornate frieze in the hall."

"Don't want it," asserts Mr. Conjealed.

"What?"

"Not a bit of it. Can't take any chances on having some one being reminded that I used to drive an ice-wagon."

YOU can't tell how many throbs a man's heart is givin' to th' minute by countin' of th' ruffles on his shirt-front.

HANDLED WITHOUT GLOVES.



I.

HILARIOUS COW-PUNCHER—"Whoop! Wire Hair Bill's my handle, an' I kin mop anythin' in this tanglefoot fact'ry."

EVENING CONVERSATION.

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"The Lightwed divorce-case is coming on this week."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Sad affair!"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Well, why did she hector him so? And I don't think she has any case at all. It's disgraceful for a married woman to leave her husband—and especially for jealousy. Why, do you remember how angry she was that night when he danced so much with me? Ridiculous!"

Mr. Hohmboddie—"But suppose I should dance all the evening with some other woman and leave you sitting all alone? Do you think you'd like it?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Oh, you wouldn't do such a thing."

Mr. Hohmboddie—"Yes, but if I did? Wouldn't you be jealous a little bit?"

Mrs. Hohmboddie—"Oh, I couldn't be jealous, dear—never! If I thought you cared more for some other woman than you cared for me I'd simply walk out of that door and you'd never see my face again. But I couldn't be jealous, dear—oh, no!"



II.

PROPRIETOR BIFFER—"What a gifted coyote ye air." (Biff.)



AN ALL-ROUND RATTLER.

At rattlin' bones I guess yo' won't Find mah superiah ef yo' hunt. An' talkin' huntin', let me state Dat dis yer coon shoots craps fus'rate!

SIMPLE HINTS ABOUT THE LAWN.
 First—buy ten dollars' worth of books and read carefully all the directions they contain, and if any two agree throw them away as valueless.

Second—buy everything recommended as necessary, even if it puts another mortgage on the house.

Third—buy five kinds of seed and seven styles of fertilizer and attack the ground, and if nothing happens wait a reasonable time and try all the other kinds of both.

Fourth—be sure to purchase a lawn-mower before the seed comes up, and get the children to sharpen it by daily exercise on the gravel-path.

Fifth—if the seed do not come up allow your fine new crop of weeds to prove to your neighbors that there is something in your soil except general cussedness.

Sixth—hope on, hope ever, and while you are waiting read the bible and other good books that will direct your thoughts from earth.

Seventh—look not with envy upon the velvet green of your poor neighbor, who has done more with sixty-seven cents' worth of common stuff than you have with all the high-priced mixtures.

Eighth—take a long vacation and get the hired man to do the work.



III.

PROPRIETOR BIFFER—"Grab this handle an start in moppin' ther floor. Savvy?"

The Fond Devil's Darning-needle;

Or, The Old Brindle Cow's Pet

By Ed Mott



DON'T care whether they come early or late," said Solomon Cribber abruptly, and with no preliminary note of explanation, "I'm always jest about tickled to death to see the devil's darnin'-needles divin' and dartin' and twistin' about ag'in. A good many folks, now, is afeard of 'em. Lots o' people shadders at sight of 'em. Most folks don't like to see 'em, any time o' year. But I jest dote on the devil's darnin'-needles. Their long, snaky bodies and whizzin' wings, and their big bulgin' eyes, and jaws like they was goin' to pitch right on to you and tear great hunks out o' you—why, they jest fill me chuck up with joy! And they always have, ever sense I knowed that pet devil's darnin'-needle our old brindle

cow had one time, when I was a little feller, mebbe ten years old. My, my! What an amazin' pair that brindle and that pet devil's darnin'-needle o' her'n was! Amazin'? Well, I should say they was!

"I was great fer investigatin' Natur' and her doin's, so as to git knowledge, and if I hadn't 'a' been I wouldn't never 'a' discovered the things I found out in them days, and it'd 'a' been a great loss to folks nowadays, 'cause I wouldn't 'a' had them things to tell 'em. Amongst other things I discovered was that the devil's darnin'-needle come from a bug that was a leetle the consarnedest-lookin' critter that ever wore horns, and had three sharp spikes fer a tail. This bug lived in the water, and used to climb out and split itself up the back, throw off the bug git-up, and turn into the devil's darnin'-needle, but I hadn't never seen it do it yit, so one day I ketched one of 'em and put it in a bucket o' water, where I could watch it come out and change its clothes.

"I kep' goin' to the pail every little while to see how the bug was gittin' along, and as I was makin' one o' them visits I see our old brindle cow with her nose stuck clear to the bottom of the pail. Sockin' Sam Slocum! how I did yell at that cow! She took her nose out o' the pail and walked away to the shade of an apple-tree, where she stood and chawed her cud and switched flies. I got to the pail as soon as I could. The brindle had dranked every drop o' water out of it, and as the bug was gone, and I couldn't find it nowheres, I natur'ly thunk that she had gulped that down under her brisket, too.

"Mad? Was I mad? There never was a madder seeker after things to know than I was to find my devil's darnin'-needle bug gobbled up by a consarned unseekin' brindle cow, and I started in to kill the cow on the spot, but pap come out just then, and as he was a positive sort of a feller-citizen, the cow was saved. And many is the

time I've thanked my stars fer it. If I'd 'a' killed that cow I wouldn't have now one o' the beautifulest and amazin'est doin's o' natur' to hand down to posterity that natur' ever done.

"Havin' concluded not to kill the cow, I stood by her and got a little comfort out o' usin' some language to her that I have an idee would 'a' been a leetle su'prisin' to my Sunday-school teacher. I stood close to the cow, and every second or two she'd shet her eyes and shake her head, and bawl sort o' tetchin' like, jest as if she had things in her innards that wasn't settin' as good as bran mash.

"That devil's darnin'-needle bug has fastened its spikes on your maw!" I snaps out to her. "It's pinchin' you like a pair o' tinker's nippers!" says I. "Yes; and I'm glad of it!" I says.

"But while I was jawin' away at the old brindle, suddenly I see somethin' comin' a-creepin' out of her nostril, and, lo and behold you! what should it be but my devil's darnin'-needle bug! The big-headed critter had escaped bein' swallowed by slyly dartin' up into the cow's nose. Then I took back all I had said to the cow, and was on the p'int o' ketchin' the bug and puttin' it in another pail o' water when it went streakin' it up the cow's face, and so on up one of her horns, clean to the tip end, where it stopped, and from the way it acted I knowed it was goin' to git out o' further danger o' bein' took into a cow's maw by quittin' to be a bug and come out a devil's darnin'-needle; so I jest stood still and watched the performance.

"It was over in a jiffy, and almost before I knowed it the bug's old clothes was hangin' there on the tip o' the cow's horn, and it was divin' and dartin' and zigzaggin' around as a devil's darnin'-needle, and a tremendous big one, too, it was, I want to tell you! And what was it up to? It was playin' hob with the flies that was pesterin' the lite out o' that cow. It duv and darted and zigzagged from her head to her tail, and all around and about her, gobblin' flies, so that in less than five minutes the cow quit switchin' her tail, and didn't have to lift a hoof to give a single stomp!

"I jest wisht you could 'a' seen the way that cow looked 'round to see what under the canopy could 'a' happened to make this sudden change in the sitiuation, fer there hadn't never been a minute in all her life when flies hadn't dipped her and dipped her, from the time the Johnny-jump-ups come in the spring till the cabbage stumps froze in the fall; and when she see that devil's darnin'-needle dodgin' every which way about her, and snappin' up flies before they had a chance to light on her and sock a stinger in her, she see the hull p'int to wunst, and give that darnin'-needle a look fuller o' gratitude than a coon dog is o' fleas, and turned her head back, shet her eyes with a smile on her face, and chawed her cud as she hadn't never chawed it before.

"And that darnin'-needle stayed right by the old brindle, keepin' the flies down, and it was tetchin' to see

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how much they did think o' one another. I said that the darnin'-needle was the old brindle's pet, but I guess mebbe I mowt rather say that the old brindle was the darnin'-needle's pet, that amazin' insect did look after and coddle her so. Anyway, flies growed to be skeecer and skeecer around the cow, fer the knowin' ones soon discovered that it was jest nothin' but the courtin' o' death if they tried to get a meal out of her, and the flies was pooty much all knowin' ones on the old Passadanky in them days. And as the flies fit shy o' tacklin' the cow, and give the devil's darnin'-needle a wide berth, the darnin'-needle growed thinner and thinner, fer it wouldn't leave the old brindle a minute to go some'r's else to git a square meal o' flies.

"The brindle begun to notice this sacrificin' fondness on the part of her bulgin'-eyed gardeen, and she made up her mind it would never do fer her to stand there in that pastur' and see it go on, so one day her and the darnin'-needle turned up missin'. I found 'em in a piece o' timber a mile or so away, where deer flies, the unmercifullest chawers o' cattle that was ever built with wings on, was thicker than bees in a hive. There stood the old brindle, knee-deep in the soft bottom, chawin' her cud, and actu'ly sound asleep, with a look o' sweet peace on her face, while the devil's darnin'-needle was jest in clover amongst the ragin' deer flies, which was swarmin' about, tryin' to sock their stingers in the cow, but landin' in the darnin'-needle's maw every time. I hated like Sam Hill to break in on setch a happy scene o' peace and joy, but it was milkin'-time, and we needed old brindle to home.

"But next day she took her devil's darnin'-needle to the picnic amongst the deer flies ag'in, and by and by, to give it a change o' diet and fun, she steered it over to the cramberry ma'sh, where 'skeeters jest riz up in clouds from the bogs on to anything that went in amongst 'em. And there she'd stand, ding nigh hid by the 'skeeters, while the darnin'-needle swep' 'em off her like chaff before the wind. Thumpin' Theophilus! what joyous times that cow and that devil's darnin'-needle did use to have! What times, what times!

"And of course it wasn't long before all this got circulated through the deestrick, and one day a farmer come over to our place and said he'd give me ten dollars if I'd ketch the fond devil's darnin'-needle and let him take it home to set as a gardeen over his cows. It was a sad showin' o' no heart in me fer to do it, but coon dogs was high, and I wanted one the wust way. So I told the farmer I'd do it, and I watched my chance and netted the old brindle's pet jest as it was pickin' a partic'larly hot-toothed hoss-fly off of her hip. I done the wicked act so neat and quick that the poor cow never noticed it, and the farmer had the kidnaped insect in a box and was half-way home with it, the ten dollars bein' safe in my Kentucky jane pants, before she noticed that somethin' had gone wrong. She quit chawin' her cud and looked around, first on one side and then on t'other. Then she switched herself about, t'other end to, and the look o' woe that busted out on her face ha'nts me yit. No cow that ever lost her baby calf ever sot up setch a heart-bleedin' bellerin' as that sorrowin' old brindle of our'n did when she see that her devil's darnin'-needle was gone. I crep' up into the haymow and wept bitter tears over the partin' o' them two fond and lovin' natur's. Then I went over to

Joe Bunnel's and bought his coon dog—and a better coon dog never barked up a tree than that un was.

"The farmer that dickered with me fer that amazin' devil's darnin'-needle lived seven miled from our place. It was a good hour's drive. Jest an hour and two minutes from the time he druv away with the insect the old brindle suddently shet up her sorrowin' beller. I looked out o' the window and see her caperin' about as if she was jest on the p'int o' goin' crazy with joy. I run out to see what had happened to her, and come jest as nigh faintin' as I ever did in my life when I see the devil's darnin'-needle sailin' about her, jest as tickled as she was!

"I didn't say nothin'. What could I? And the reproachin' look that darnin'-needle did give me! I see it yit! And next day the farmer come back.

"Is that amazin' devil's darnin'-needle o' mine here?" he asked.

"I said I believed it was.

"Well, if that don't beat all natur'!" said the farmer. 'Why,' said he, 'I turned that spooky critter loose the very minute I got home, right on to a brindle cow as much like your'n as two peas is, and she had a reg'lar coat o' mail o' flies on to her, too,' said he. 'The darnin'-needle he jest riz in the air about ten foot, hung there fer mebbe two seconds, and then away he slid like a shot out of a gun, and p'inted straight fer your place. And here he is!' said the farmer.

"That fond and homesick darnin'-needle had flew back to old brindle in two minutes by the watch!

"Well," said the farmer, 'I guess that fly-gobblin' critter is a leetle too britchy to pastur' on my farm, so I'll take my ten dollars back,' said he.

"Well," said I, 'hardly! A bargain is a bargain,' I said. 'You'll have to take the devil's darnin'-needle,' I said.

"So we went out to capture it, but it was gone. Old brindle stood there, covered three deep with flies, but she wasn't sorrowin' any, and she didn't seem to be worried a bit. I told the farmer he'd better come over next day, as mebbe his darnin'-needle 'd be back by then. The farmer hadn't any more than got out o' sight on his way back home than that amazin' devil's darnin'-needle come dancin' out o' one o' the cow's ears, where it had crawled in to hide till the farmer was gone! And it went to hustlin' flies with more vim than ever.

"But, my, my! It would 'a' been much better fer that amazin' critter if it had gone back with that farmer! Much better. It hadn't never see none of its own kind yit, and as luck would have it, along that way that very day come a-sailin' a devil's darnin'-needle bigger yit than the pet one was. But the old brindle's gardeen pitched into him on sight. The stranger, havin' seen more o' the world than his self-sacrificin' feller darnin'-needle, turned in and chopped the head off o' the brindle's pet in less than the wink of an eye, and went on his way. I was all cut up over it, and it preyed on me so that me and the dog only got two coons that night. As fer the poor old brindle, it was many a week before she got over her loss—not till frost come good and heavy and druv the flies away.

"Dote on devil's darnin'-needles? Why shouldn't I? And what an amazin' pair that old brindle and her pet was! Amazin'? I should say they was!"



PENNYN
STANLAWS

HIS PERSONAL PROPERTY.

DOLLY—"Oh, she says Willie is awful good—she says he loves the very ground she walks on."

MOLLY—"What did her father say?"

DOLLY—"Well, he said he isn't good enough for *this* earth."

The Fashion Spreads.

"OH, DOCTOR!" moaned the suffering young woman.
"I have such an excruciating pain in my side."

"Um—yes. What seems to be the nature of the pain?" asked the physician. "Does it cover the side, or is it confined to one spot?"

"It seems to be scattered all over," explained the patient; "just as if it were in a hundred little spots all at once."

"Ah!" mused the physician. "This corroborates my theory of the influence of current fashions upon the human system. You have what we would colloquially term a drop-stitch in the side."

"AND you say Kinder is tender-hearted?"

"Indeed, yes. He sandpapered his bald spot last week, so that the mosquitoes would not slip upon it and break their legs."

Peanut Politics.

"YES, suh," said Colonel Bludgore; "we had a small taste o' this hyuh peanut politics down hyuh last campaign."

"You did?" asked the visitor.

"Yes, suh. Thah was a bumptious upstah from somewah neah Cincinnati come down hyuh an' 'lowed he could run a lively campaign foh us."

"What did he do?"

"Called everybody 'colonel,' an' afteh he had made them all shell out he jumped the town, by gad, suh!"

Nothing Wasted Nowadays.

"EVEN the chaff is not wasted," observed the visitor to the miller who was showing him the various processes of making flour.

"You mean," corrected the honest miller, "the health-food."



A PEDAL IMPEDIMENT.

MR. JACKSON—"Hi, dar, yo' Misto Johnson!"
 MR. JOHNSON—"Whad?"
 MR. JACKSON—"Will yo' hab de goodnis' to reckomember dat Misto Peeples an' I is paddlin' ag'in' de wind, an' ter draw in yo' feet?"

A GOOD OPENING.

"I'm going to move my business to Greenville," said Pawl, the undertaker, to a friend.

"Isn't the town well supplied with undertakers?" asked the friend.

"I think not. There are only two there now, while the place has twelve physicians."

NOT PRACTICABLE.

Miss New York—"It fairly made my blood boil!"

Miss Barston—"You are evidently not cognizant of the fact that after continued physiological researches it has been ascertained that human existence cannot be maintained subsequent to the blood's having acquired the temperature of one hundred and fourteen degrees."



NEEDED IT IN HIS BUSINESS.

MISS HOWLER (who sings [?])—"That gentleman you just introduced me to said he would give anything if he had my voice. By the way what business does he follow?"
 FRIEND—"He's an auctioneer."



WHAT'S THE USE?

MIKE CORRIGAN—"Th' gazaboo at th' meetin' lasht noight said a felly thot's drowndin' thinks av iverthing he's iver done."

OLD MAN MILLIGAN—"Th' divil take him! Thin a man's a fool to thry to remimber iverthing whin he kin do it aizy be drowndin' himsilf."

The Arkansas Traveler.

"I DO not see any peculiarity about your people," said an eastern judge, addressing his traveling companion, a well-known Arkansas lawyer. "I have traveled quite extensively in this state, and I have not, as yet, found that eccentricity of action and prevarication of reply that have often amused me in the newspapers."

"You have done most of your traveling by rail," replied the lawyer. "This is your first trip away from the main road, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll show you some of our genuine natives. Yonder is a house. Call the landlord and converse with him."

"Hello!" called the judge.

"Comin'," the man replied, depositing a child in the doorway and advancing.

"How's all the folks?"

"Children's hearty; wife's not well. Ain't what you might call bedsick, but jest sorter stretchy."

"Got anything to eat in the house?"

"Ef I had it anywhere I'd have it in the house."

"How many children have you?"

"Many as I want."

"How many did you want?"

"Wa'n't hankerin' arter a powerful chance, but I'm satisfied."

"How long have you been living here?"

"Too long."

"How many years?"

"Been here ever since my oldest boy was born."

"What year was he born?"

"The year I come here."

"How old is your boy?"

"Ef he had lived he would have been the oldest until yit; but, as he died, Jim's the oldest."

"How old is Jim?"

"He ain't as old as the one what died."

"Well, how old was the one that died?"

"He was older than Jim."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Eat."

"How do you get anything to eat?"

"The best way we kin."

"How do you spend your Sundays?"

"Like the week days."

"How do you spend them?"

"Like Sundays."

"Is that your daughter, yonder?"

"No, sir; she ain't my daughter yonder nor nowhere else."

"Is she a relative of yours?"

"No, sir; no kin."

"Kin to your wife, I suppose."

"No kin to my wife, but she's kin to my children."

"How do you make that out?"

"She's my wife."

"How far is it to the next house?"

"It's called three miles, but the man what calls it that is a liar."

"I've got enough," said the judge, turning to the lawyer. "Drive on. I pity the man who depends on this man for information."

HAMPTON HOGE WILKINSON.

"SHE'S surely a creative genius," says th' man, lookin' at his wife with admiration. "What is it that she makes?" I asks of him. "Oh, trouble," he says proudly.

A NEEDLESS WARNING.

MAIDS, this thought on your memories score, Next leap-year's nineteen-hundred-four. So let not time unheeded spin If you a marriage prize would win; Be bold and earnest, but not flirty, For twenty-two and eight make thirty.

DIFFICULT TO DISCOVER.

Hamlet Thespian—
"Judge, I want a search-warrant against Shakespeare Playright."

Judge Woolsack—"What are your reasons for making the application, sir? Have you reason to suspect that Playright has stolen anything of yours?"

Hamlet Thespian—"Oh, no; it's not that at all. But you see he has just written a farce-comedy for me, and I must take some extreme measures to find the plot."



THE DISADVANTAGES AND ADVANTAGES OF IT.

Wimple gets along only tolerably well with his new cork leg—

—But when he happens to fall into the water he is perfectly at home.



HAD HEARD SEVERAL OVER THE WIRE.

"Do you understand the nature of an oath?"
"I'm a telephone-girl, judge."

The Sensitiveness of Cousin Marcellus Merriweather

By Ed Mott



HERE was goin' to be a shootin' match over to the Burnt Ches'nut deestric'," said Solomon Cribber, persistent and unabashed chronicler that he was, "and when they asked Cousin Marcellus Merriweather if he was goin' to take it in, he give that protestin' smile o' his'n, and he says,

"Well, I mowt go and be a lookin'-on spectator, so to speak," says he, "but I hain't got the conscience to take holt and shoot ag'in, you folks," says he. "It wouldn't be much better than stealin'," says he.

"Cousin Marcellus had n't been visitin' of us long, and we had n't larnt yit what an astoundin' feller-bein' he was, and his overpowerin' sensitive natur' had n't struck us.

"I'm sorry, now," says he, "that I larnt to shoot out in that diluted and clarified air o' them fur-away Rocky Mountain plains. It's unfortunate," says he, "fer I could enjoy your shootin' match beyend all reach o' words to tell; but I hain't got the conscience.

It wouldn't be much better than stealin'," says he. "Better?" says he. "Why, it'd be a ding sight worse!"

"We all said that was too bad. We'd like to have him enjoy himself, we said.

"Yes," says he; "I wish Uncle Snebecker Slocum was here. He could tell you some things about shootin' that'd make you blink. But I larnt under Uncle Snebecker, and consekently shot some myself. Me and him had a contract to keep the engineers that was buildin' the railroad through that country stocked up with game, and to keep the Injuns off of 'em.

"Marcellus," says Uncle Snebecker to me one day, "my hoss smells some."

"Uncle Snebecker had a hoss that could smell Injuns miles before any one else could see 'em, and yet Uncle Snebecker had an eye that could see 'em so fur away that they didn't look no bigger than flies.

"Marcellus," says he, this day, "my hoss smells some."

"We traveled along for an hour or more, Uncle Snebecker eyin' the distance like a cat mowt watch fer a mouse, and then at last he pulled up and says,

"I see 'em!" he says.

"Where?" says I.

"He p'inted his finger acrosst the country, and I seen

a row o' black specks. They looked like bottles—jest like bottles I've see some folks put cider in," says Cousin Marcellus, stoppin' and lookin' around as if he mowt see somethin' o' the kind, so as he could show us better what them black specks looked like; but Uncle David Beckendarter always draws his cider in a pitcher, and he had n't had none brung in yet. Cousin Marcellus seemed sort o' disapp'nted, but he went on.

"They looked like bottles," says he, "and there was a couple o' dozen of 'em.

"Aim at the second one from the right-hand end," says Uncle Snebecker, "and I'll aim at the first one," says he.

"I aimed and fired, and so did he. Then two o' them specks was gone.

"We'll jest take the next two," says Uncle Snebecker, and we took 'em. Then there was four o' them specks gone. We kep' on that way till there was twelve o' the specks gone, and then we see the rest of 'em movin' away so fast that it seemed as if the wind must be blowin' 'em, and they went out o' sight.

"Me and Uncle Snebecker rode over that way, measurin' the distance as we went, and when we had gone jest two miles to an inch we found twelve dead Injuns stretched out on the grass, each one with a bullet-hole betwix his eyes."

"And served 'em right!" says Aunt Sally Beckendarter. "The pesky things!" says she.

"Uncle David he looked solemn, like as if he mowt be ponderin' on the suddenness o' them unfortunate Injuns bein' took off; but Cousin Toby Beckendarter he only jest rolled his tobacker from one cheek to another and grinned. Toby always was as aggravatin' as burdock in a cow's tail, anyhow.

"Well, yes, Toby," says Cousin Marcellus, though Toby had n't said a word, "it does seem as if two mile was a consider'ble ways fer a gun to carry, don't it? Looks a lee-e-e-tle that way. But it's that air. It's all owin' to that air. That is, as to the gun a-carryin'. The shootin', o' course, is owin' to the shooter. That air is so light and thin and stiddy that if you wanted a hummin'-bird's feather to float you'd have to sit under it and blow it with a bellus. So, you see, your rifle ball don't rub ag'in no friction as it travels through the air. Not a consarned friction. Consekently, there ain't nothin' to stop it till it plunks into what you've sent it after. And that air lays in streaks and stratties that acts queer sometimes. Fer instance, one day Uncle Snebecker says to me,

"Marcellus," he says, "the boys wants elk fer supper. Go git one," says he. "Git a big one."

"So I took my gun and went out after an elk. I wasn't lookin' fer no setch an elk as the one that riz up before me, though I wanted a big one. He riz up out o' the brush and su'prised me so that I had a notion to let him go, but then, thinks I, they want a big one, and if I

git 'em this one they can't say I didn't git one big enough, so I concluded to bag him. He didn't seem to be more than ten rod away, but he never paid no more attention to me than if I wa'n't there with a death-dealin' rifle that never missed. He was as big as any two elephants I ever see, that elk was, and his horns throwed a shadder bigger than a circus-tent.'

"'Massyful man!' says Aunt Sally. 'And to think o' the hams the critter must 'a' had!' says she.

"Cousin Toby he changed his chaw back into t'other cheek so suddent that it most bounced out of his mouth when it struck, and Uncle David kep' on lookin' so solemn over them twelve Injins that had gone to the happy huntin' grounds so unexpected that he didn't notice how wonderin' Cousin Marcellus was castin' his eye on the cider pitcher that there hadn't been nothin' drawed into yit. Then pooty soon Cousin Marcellus heaved a sigh and went on about the big elk.

"'The tremendous critter walked away a few steps and laid down,' says he. 'I stared at him a spell, and then I hauled up and whanged away at him. All he done was to give sort of a heave and a shake and a tremble, and I could see him die right there, with the blood gushin' out of his side like a good-sized creek.

"'It's funny,'" says I, "the way that tremendous elk heaved and shook and trembled, that I didn't feel the earth a-quiverin' some," I says. "It's funny!" I says.

"I stepped up toler'ble lively to git a closer look at the dead giant elk, and the further I went the bigger he got, yit I didn't seem to be gittin' a smitch nigher to him than I was when I first see him! But I kep' on, and after I had traveled mebbe half an hour the elk took to gittin' littler, and he kep' on gittin' littler and littler as I went, until, by thumps! he got so little I couldn't see no elk at all! And I couldn't see nothin' that looked any ways like the spot where he first riz up before me! Not an inch o' that country could I see, nor nothin' that looked like it!

"'Well, says I, gittin' a little het up, "have I been wastin' good powder and ball on nothin' but a spook elk?" says I.

"'But then in a second I knowed that couldn't be, either, 'cause a spook elk wouldn't be loaded up with blood like that all-pervadin' elk that I had shot was, so I went plowin' on, bound to run that skeery situation to its hole or perish in doin' of it. I tramped along fer, I guess, half an hour more, and then the very spot where I had see the elk first and shot it come in sight ag'in, but it didn't seem to cover so much ground, and was a good ways off. In ten minutes more I was on the spot, and there laid the elk—a slammin' great big one, fer a fact, but no more the size o' the elk I had shot at than a mouse is the size of a bear! It was the same elk, though, fer there was my bullet-hole in his side, jest where I had headed it fer.'

"'La, suds!' says Aunt Sally, shovin' her specs up on her fore'head and lookin' sorry. 'Wa'n't that jest too provokin' the way that elk did shrink on you?' says she. 'And I'll bet them hams didn't measure so awful much, after all,' says she.

'Cousin Marcellus didn't say nothin', but he looked

to me as if he'd bet somethin' that them hams 'd measure a ding sight more than what was in that cider pitcher settin' empty on the table would; and Cousin Toby Beckendarter chawed so ravenish on his cud that he made me nervous, and I wished he'd git the lockjaw; but Uncle David seemed to have them Injins and their unmerciful takin' off on his mind yit, and he kep' his eyes sot on the ceilin'. Cousin Marcellus he ketched Cousin Toby's eye, though, and I could see, then, that his feelin's was hurt by it.

"'Why, Toby,' he says, 'it was the air—that amazin' air!' he says. 'I didn't know it then, but I had run into one o' them streaks and straties of it, at a pint they called Telescopin' Stretch. That streak of air wa'n't only thin and light, but it was a reg'lar spyglass stratty. I was plumb in its focus when that elk riz up. The elk was ten mile away, but the microscopin' air made it look as if he was jest a little jog on ahead o' me, and it showed him up ten times bigger than he was. When I socked the bullet in him, and started to take a nigher look at him, I walked along in the focus till I got so fur that it natur'ly got unfocused, and the further I walked then, o' course, the wuss it got unfocused, till by and by I couldn't see nothin' at all o' the elk.

"'Then what?' says Cousin Marcellus. 'Why, I got out o' the magnifyin' stratty, o' course, and come stompin' out on to my game layin' dead in its natural surroundin's. Then it was plain as the nose on your face—and Cousin Marcellus oughtn't 'a' said that, 'cause there ain't nothin' much plainer than Cousin Toby Beckendarter's nose, unless it's a red barn—then it was as plain as the nose on your face,' says Cousin Marcellus. 'But it was tryin' on my nerves fer a while, I want to tell you!' says he. 'Terrible tryin'!

"'Then Uncle David he seemed to fergit about them unfortunate Injins, and he fetched his eye down off o' the ceilin', and turned it on to Cousin Marcellus.

"'Marcellus!' says he, and if he had been lookin' at me that way I'd 'a' knowed that he was on the pint o' callin' me a liar. 'Marcellus!' says he, 'elks is shy and wary, and that elk was in that focus as well as you was. Why didn't it see you, then, loomin' up bigger than Goliath the Philistine, and skite away from there before you could raise your gun? Marcellus Merriweather,' says he, 'I know elks! Why didn't that un see you bigger than a giant, and fly?' says he.

"'Oh, Uncle David,' says Cousin Marcellus, almost a-sobbin', and castin' a despairin' look at the empty pitcher, and I see that his feelin's was hurt tremendous. 'Oh, Uncle David!' says he. 'So he would 'a' flew, but don't you see he was lookin' through the little end o' that deceivin' air spyglass, and I looked to him like a midget, more than fifty mile away!' says he.

"'I want to know!' says Aunt Sally, and Uncle David he wilted back in his cheer and looked to me fer all the world as if he wished he was along with them took-sudden Injins in the happy huntin' grounds. Cousin Toby grabbed his chawed-out cud out of his mouth and chucked it out o' the window so fierce that it hit old Ring, the churn dog, in the eye, and sent him ki-yi-in' fer the duck-pond.

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"So you see as to shootin'," says Cousin Marcellus, overlookin' everything and smilin'; 'as to shootin', you see I couldn't have the conscience to take a hand in your shootin'-match and lug home all the prizes. It'd be wuss than stealin'," says he.

"Then Cousin Toby, the aggravatin' feller that he is, riz up in his aggravatinest way, and says to Marcellus,

"See that barn down yender?" says he. "Well, it's a scant hundred yards from here, as the crow flies. I'll bet you nine-shillin' ag'in that paper coilar you're wearin' that you can't hit the side of it in ten times tryin', with a shot-gun!" says he.

"Cousin Marcellus sot a spell as it he couldn't believe his ears. He looked at Cousin Toby, and he looked at Uncle David. Then he cast a sobbin' sort of a gaze at the pitcher that there hadn't been nothin' drawn in, and he got up and walked out o' the house and down the yard.

"Ain't it a shame!" says Aunt Sally. "Now you've hurt his feelin's, and he won't never come back!" says she.

"We'd all been to supper, and that was what made me wonder, fer Uncle David always sent me down cellar to draw the pitcher o' cider fer the evenin', right after supper, but this time he hadn't. We sot and sot and sot after Cousin Marcellus had gone away with his feelin's

hurt so shameful. We sot mebbe an hour and a half, and Uncle David didn't say nothin' about drawin' the cider. Then he sort o' snorted, and says,

"I guess he won't be comin' back, that's so," says he. "Solomon," says he, "you kin go down cellar and draw the cider," says he.

"I went down and drew the cider and come up with it, and was settin' it on the kitchen table, when the door opened and in walked Cousin Marcellus! I could see in a minute that he had fergive everything. Uncle David didn't say a word, but he poured Cousin Marcellus out a glass o' cider, and we drunk around. And we drunk around ag'in. Then Uncle David says to Cousin Marcellus,

"I don't want to hurt your feelin's, Marcellus," he says, "but my idee is that you've got a better nose fer cider than your Uncle Snebecker Slocum's hoss had fer Injins, yit," he says.

"Then he didn't pour no more cider fer Cousin Marcellus, and by and by Cousin Marcellus says,

"Uncle David," says he, "you've hurt 'em!"

"Then he went off to bed and didn't git up next mornin' till all the chores was done and the cows was all milked—setch a sensitive natur' Cousin Marcellus Merriweather did have."

The Great Unpublished

IN the precincts of the modern magazine—the magazine which caters, wholly or in part, to sure-enough culture in the community—nothing else perhaps is more certain of a welcome than is a complete set of unpublished letters.

Unpublished letters, in the magazine meaning of the term, are the private epistles of a deceased celebrity whose achievements in literature, Wall street, poetry, or pig-iron make any words of his, however trivial, worth setting up. Usually, before publication, they are in the careful custody of an old family acquaintance or trusted associate, and, except in rarest instances, they deal with such ponderous subjects as the celebrity's muscular rheumatism, his quarrel with Cleaver, the butcher, over the last month's bill, or with his principal reason for declining, somewhat tardily, a dinner invitation.

Invariably, also, among unpublished letters, there is an exceptionally kind one written to "My dear young friend," in response to the young friend's earnest plea for an autograph. The autograph attached and the letter mailed, the young friend logically became in later years the confidant, companion and stanch supporter of the celebrity in all the latter's sayings and doings. Incidentally, through his intimate acquaintance with the famous one, he was able to acquire a hundred and three odd scraps of the celebrated handwriting, which doubtless would have been lost forever to the world had not a thorough inspection of the library waste-basket at intervals prevented.

It will be generally recognized that unpublished letters, notes, memoranda, etc., never get into print during the life-period of the man who wrote them. For this there is a good and sufficient reason. If by any slip they

should get into print during the lifetime of the author some of the most delightful friendships between celebrities and recipients of unpublished letters would be rudely terminated.

When a celebrity becomes "the late," however, and muddy half-tones of him appear simultaneously in a great many dailies, the literary quarantine is at once lifted and the private correspondence of the past, in the twinkling of an eye, is "the unpublished letters" of the present, a card being placed in the window for the passing publisher. In a measure, it is the same with unpublished poems, except that poems as a rule are found in old desks or hair trunks accidentally, and seldom are exploited by dear young friends, to whom they had been sent unsuspectingly.

Celebrities of to-day, both in literature and in other fields, may see their duty clearly in the current demand for the unpublished. It is a duty via which posterity may be edified and on all news-stands. If every poet and philosopher of prominence will devote, say, half an hour each week to writing and hiding, not too securely, a few odd lines of his stuff—stuff that he can't sell—and if every other notable will dash off daily a duplicate of the letter he sends to the caterer about his daughter's wedding, to his son at college, or to the factory superintendent at Newark, he will confer a lasting favor upon some one rejoicing in the freedom of his household, and furnish, besides, to some deserving, uplifting magazine of the future a leading lit'ry feature.

For the published in these days shall pass away and be forgotten, but the unpublished, at twenty-five cents per word, shall not pass away till the time is mellow.

The Saving of O'Leary

By William J. Lampton



YOU should see Mrs. O'Leary," said my wife to me shortly after my arrival at the summer hotel where she was spending the season and I was spending every other week-end and all my available cash.

"Be jabbers," I responded, with the best imitation I had of the Hibernian dialect, "an' phwat have yez been doin' wid Mrs. O'Leary?"

"My dear," said my wife reprovingly, and with a slow sarcasm intended to sink clear into the bone, "I perceive that

your opinion of Mrs. O'Leary is as poor as your imitation of the dialect you erroneously associate with her name."

"I don't know her at all," I replied, on the defensive.

"It was not necessary for you to announce it," she continued in a tone known only to school children and husbands. "When you have seen Mrs. O'Leary you will have occasion to change your views concerning her."

As usual, my wife was correct in her conclusion, for when I saw the lady—though I had really had no views at all on the subject—I was perfectly delighted.

She was that type of Spanish women we see in pictures, and her name bore no relation to her whatever. As she and my wife were on such excellent terms, my period of probation as a stranger was short, and within a few minutes we were chatting away like old friends.

"Really," I said to her, "you must pardon me, but may I ask about your name? As far as I am able to recall I do not remember having heard of the O'Learys of Cordova, or Seville, or even of the Alhambra."

"And still I am Dolores O'Leary," she smiled.

"Which being interpreted," I said with a dawning consciousness, "means that you were once Dolores somebody-else, and some Irish hidalgo, or don, came your way and chose you for a mate with the usual result to the lady's name?"

"Wouldn't Charles take the prize in a guessing contest?" remarked my wife to Mrs. O'Leary, and both women smiled at each other without regarding me, except remotely and psychologically.

Then I recalled an old friend and college mate of mine, Robert Emmet O'Leary, a dare-devil-Dick sort of a chap, who had no more than succeeded to his patrimony until he had converted it into cash and gone off on a wild adventure to one of our South American republics.

"I don't know, madam," I put in upon the smiles of the ladies, "which of the O'Learys has been so fortunate, but there is one I used to know who was worthy of even such good fortune as to be your husband. His name was Bob and we were as brothers for five years."

She took a tiny little locket from some place about her where women usually carry such things and handed it to me.

"Look at that," she said, and I obeyed her.

"By Jove!—I beg your pardon," I exclaimed, and apologized in the same breath. "It's Bob."

That evening Bob arrived, and our respective and respected wives agreed to let us have as much of the night to ourselves as we wanted if we would give them an hour after dinner. This proposition we accepted willingly, because there was no other course open to us, and we went in to dinner.

"Well, well, old Bob," I said when we had given our orders, "how did it ever happen?" and I nodded significantly toward Mrs. O'Leary, for the Robert of old had many narrow escapes.

"That's what I wanted to tell you when we had the night to ourselves," he laughed.

"What selfish creatures men are," said my wife. "Why not let us know now? I have never met Mr. O'Leary, but I have known 'old Bob' ever since I've been married.

"How long has that been?" inquired Bob of me.

"Fifteen years."

"Three to the good of me," he said, with a bow to my wife. "Dolores and I have been struggling along with each other for a dozen long and weary years."

Mrs. O'Leary threw a kiss to him from the tips of her pretty fingers in response to this doleful exposition of his domestic life.

"That's our experience," said my wife, and I threw a whole handful to her.

"Kind words can never die," I quoted, "but what about the story of Mr. O'Leary's life?" I added, turning to him.

"Well, briefly," he replied, "after I told you good-bye, sixteen years ago, I went to South America and kept out of politics"—

"An Irishman, and kept out of politics?" I interrupted.

"Kept out till I thought I had some show," he resumed, "and then went in like"—

"An Irishman," I broke in again, and my wife held up her finger warningly against further disturbance of the narrative.

"Exactly," Bob laughed; "and like an Irishman I went in for the fighting. I stood a pretty fair chance to revolute one of those republics down there and make a real government of it, but I slipped up on my reform movement and lit on the cold, hard floor of a disagreeable prison, with a notice served on me that within ten days I would be permanently out of the reformation business. I knew what was coming to me and began preparations to close up. The reformer, when he is down, hasn't much of a show in a South American republic, and I was down good and hard. I hadn't a chance that I knew of, and

composed myself like a patriot and martyr to take whatever was offered. The days preceding the last sad scene were—however, I don't like to talk about that time, and I guess I'll turn the story over to Mrs. O'Leary; she knows enough of it to tell it straight."

"It is very simple," said Mrs. O'Leary, continuing her husband's story, with an accent so characteristic that any attempt to put it into written words would be sacrilege. "You know it was the general's daughter who saved Mr. O'Leary's life."

"Not the daughter of the general who was to kill him?" my wife broke in impulsively.

"Yes," said Mrs. O'Leary.

"How romantic!" cried my wife.

"Yes," continued Mrs. O'Leary; "for the government did not want to really kill Mr. O'Leary. He was an American citizen, and such are not to be killed without very excellent cause. So they arranged that when the others were to be shot Mr. O'Leary was to be missed. It was a very great secret, and they thought they would frighten Mr. O'Leary so badly that he would never more be in trouble of that kind. And no doubt they would have frightened him to death and he would not have been in any more trouble"—

"On earth," interrupted Mr. O'Leary.

"For," continued his wife, nodding approvingly at the interruption, "the shock would have killed him. But it was not to be so. The general's daughter learned the

secret and sent word to him by a faithful servant what was to be done and warned him to prepare for it. He passed through the ordeal safely, but the strain was so great that he fainted quite away, and those who saw the execution thought he was dead, and"—

"So did I," ventured the rescued one.

"And they were about to put him in the ditch," his wife went on, "when one of the officers requested to send the body to Mr. O'Leary's house. There he was revived, and in a few days he had escaped from the city and the country, which was what the authorities were wishing he would do."

"And the general's daughter—what became of her?" asked my wife without giving Mrs. O'Leary the slightest chance to go on.

"She waited till times were easier," said O'Leary, taking up his story again, "and then he went back under an amnesty act. In the meantime the general had died"—

"Oh, how glad I am!" exclaimed my wife, clapping her hands as if she were applauding a situation in a melodrama.

Mrs. O'Leary looked at her in astonishment and with severe seriousness.

"You shouldn't speak so of the father in the daughter's presence," she said; and O'Leary actually laughed in the rudest manner at my wife's utter discomfiture.

So did I, for that matter.



AN IMPORTANT RÔLE.

SAMMY—"What did you do when you was an actor?"

WILEY WILLIE—"I wuz de tank in 'De Dark Secret.'"



EVERYBODY—BUT FATHER.

“Say, Nettie; is that what you call su’tin’ to eat?”
“Oh, it’s just a little light refreshment, papa. Everybody takes a little, you know.”
“They do? Well, give it to yer mother over there. She can’t see a joke, neither.”

King of Unadilla Goes Bowling

By Howard R. Garis

ODDS FISH-HOOKS!" exclaimed the king of Unadilla. "Things are about as lively here as a Quaker meeting after election. Why don't some of you past-performances in the shape of animated hair-pins get up a five-o'clock tea?"—and the merry monarch scowled in the direction of the drawer of the corks, the lord of the treasury and the secretary of the interior, the latter being court cook.

"May it please your serene salubriousness," began the drawer of the corks, "what would you have?"

"Anything! Anything to keep things in this little two-by-four kingdom from getting paresis," replied the king of Unadilla. "Why, even the dogs in the street don't bark at the moon, and there hasn't been an arrest in a month. Can't you shake 'em up a bit?"

"Shake 'em up?" inquired the lord of the treasury, who belonged to the old régime.

"Yep!" snapped the sovereign. "Wobble 'em a bit, set 'em up in the other alley, put in a new spark-plug, fill up the reservoirs, throw in the high-speed gear and let the gasoline gig gallop! Things are too slow!"

"Oh, you want a little excitement, perhaps," retorted the drawer of the corks.

"You ought to contribute to the puzzle-page of a Sunday supplement, you're so bright," spoke the king in his sarcastic voice. "First you know you'll be doping out the first three under the wire!"

The three counselors looked somewhat alarmed, for when the king was in this mood he was liable to do most anything and require the members of his court to do likewise, which sometimes led to unpleasant results.

For things were run on a sort of independent plan in the kingdom of Unadilla, and oft-times the monarch became a very boy in searching after pleasure, at which times he frequently made his courtiers resemble beings who have been handed fruit from the citrus limonum tree.

"Well?" snapped the ruler.

There was an anxious pause, and the three counselors looked at one another.

"Say something—you're the oldest," whispered the drawer of the corks to the lord of the treasury.

"Would—would you like to have another poker-party?" asked the aforesaid lord.

"Not unless I'm drugged!" exclaimed the king. He had an unpleasant recollection of the last seance, where, having, after—by some manipulation—secured a straight flush, he fell to four aces when the pot had been well sweetened. And thereby the lord of the treasury profited, as he held the double duet of lonely spots.

"How about a masquerade?" ventured the drawer of the corks. "We used to have lots of fun at them."

"Tag! You're it!" exclaimed the king with a sar-

castic attempt at playfulness. "Masquerades! Oh, slush! Why not a party—the kind where you bring peanuts or oranges, scramble in the parlor and sing out when the girl comes in, 'Surprise on Kittie!' Oh, but you are the bright eyes, though!"

All of which was rather hard on the court officials, as they were doing their best. The trouble was the king was passé. He didn't call it just that. In fact, he wouldn't have known the disease under that name. He would probably have called it the pip or an attack of the dink-botts. But he wanted amusement, and, being a monarch, he was going to have it.

"Well," he said, after a long and somewhat painful silence, "it's a case of cut for deal with you gazaboos. I've shuffled the cards, and it's a blind trump."

"Meaning what, your serene side-stepper?" asked the lord of the treasury.

"Meaning that it's strictly elevated in your direction. Do you need a map to find out where you're at?"

Once more silence fell, broken only by the ticking of the alarm-clock, from which the king had removed the bell, as it awakened him early on the wrong mornings, and late on the right ones.

"I'll give you the regulation three days to think up a new game," the monarch went on. "It's got to be something lively, and one that will give the blues the go-by like a ninety-horse-power choo-choo chariot leaving a Brooklyn perambulator behind, or it's all of you to the axe. Go! the king has spoken!"

Then the ruler of Unadilla, reaching in his hip-pocket for another gold-tipped Egyptian, imported from the Bowery, cleverly blew smoke-rings and began dealing himself a solitaire hand from a stacked deck.

In silence the three courtiers withdrew. They had been placed in the same unpleasant position before, but had managed to wiggle out, with more or less of their reputations left. Now it seemed a little more difficult, since they had exhausted all the amusement enterprises they could think of.

Still the king must be obeyed, or there would be fatherless families in Unadilla.

"What shall we do?" asked the lord of the treasury.

"Let's have a drink!" exclaimed the drawer of the corks. "Maybe we can think better then."

Seated about a round table in the Royal Peacock there might have been seen, a little later, three figures, from the midst of which there sounded ever and anon,

"I'll have the same."

At intervals, in the brain-enlivening process, there sounded a subdued roar in some part of the Royal Peacock. At first the three courtiers were oblivious to it. Finally the lord of the treasury lifted his head.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Some new game they've put in," replied the secretary of the interior. "You throw a ball down at a lot of pins set up at the end of a long alley, and if you knock 'em all down you get a good mark."

"And if you miss?" inquired the drawer of the corks.
"Then some one yells 'poodle' at you."

For a time the three sat bowed in silent thought. Then, all at once, the same idea came to them.

"The king!" they exclaimed as one man. "Why not try this on him!"

"The very thing!" said the lord of the treasury. "That will make him look like a last year's rubber boot with the lining out. He makes me tired, all the while putting it up to us to do the merry ha, ha! for him. Why don't the back number of a race-track dope-book get out a new edition himself once in a while?"

"How will you work it?" asked the drawer of the corks.

"Easy," replied the lord of the treasury. "We'll go up against this game ourselves and practice a bit."

"Yes."

"Then we'll invite him down here to a match."

"Well?"

"Then we'll put it all over him and make him seem like a kindergarten kid playing Rugby. It will be as easy as extracting saccharine concoctions from a non compos mentis."

Then the three conspirators laughed in silent glee, nudged each other in the short ribs, and each one ordered "the same." They strolled out to the bowling-alley. Being something of an innovation in Unadilla there were only a few twirling the spheroids. The courtiers watched them closely. After a while the lord of the treasury went to the proprietor and held a short conversation with him. The sound of something clinking from the palm of one to the other was heard.

"Have it your own way," the proprietor was heard to remark. "I don't feel any too friendly to him since he raised the excise tax and enforced the Sunday-closing law. But don't get me mixed up in it."

"Never fear," spoke the lord of the treasury.

For several hours that night, when all the rest of the world was asleep, the sound of balls rumbling down the alleys might have been heard, mingling with the crash of falling pins. The three conspirators were practicing.

At first they were about as bad as they come. Into the gutters they went, or else the balls would go down the centre and then gracefully curve off, just brushing the corner pin. But the three were earnest and after a while they did fairly well.

They kept at it, on and off, for two days, paying for the exclusive use of the alleys. Then, early in the morning of the

last day of grace, more or less frayed to a frazzle, they went home.

"We'll tell him we have something amusing for his royal rustiness when he holds court after sunrise," the drawer of the corks announced. "We will not say exactly what it is, but invite him to try a game of skill and strength. He'll never think of the necessity for practice, he's so all-fired stuck on his muscles and form. We're not so much ourselves, but if we can't give him one hundred points and beat him I'm a last year's edition of the book of royal favors."

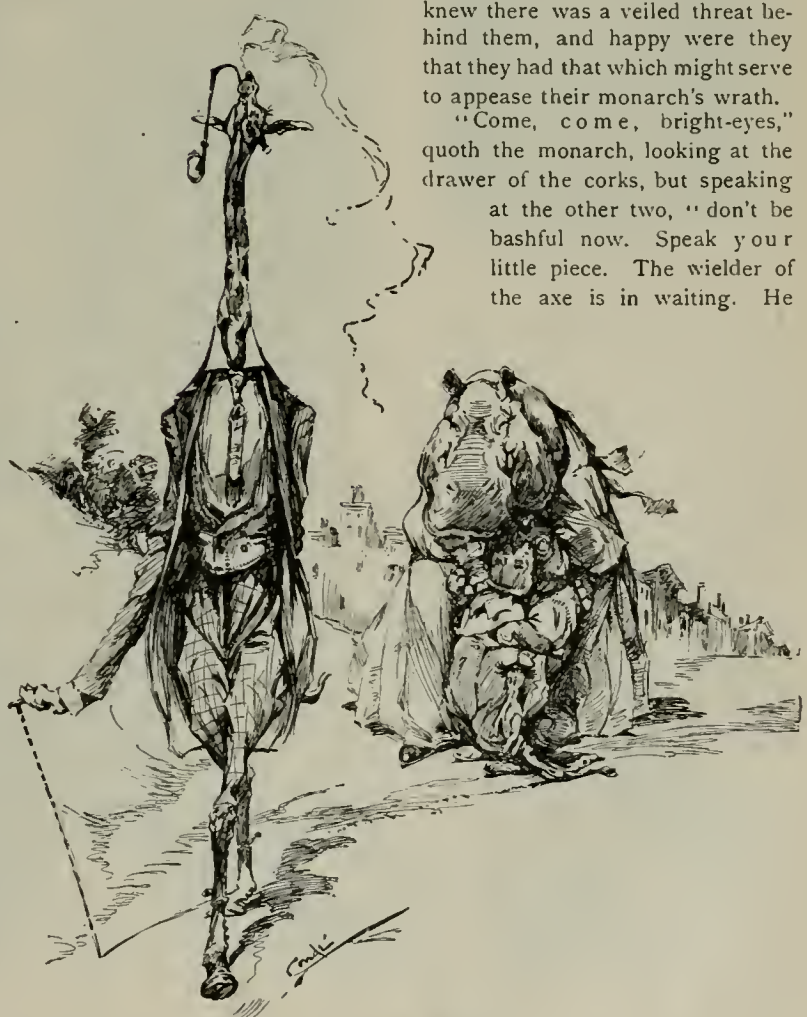
"Easy, easy," muttered the secretary of the interior, wondering what he would give the king for breakfast to make him good natured.

Court assembled in due form, with the king upon his gold and ivory throne, carelessly smoking a gold-tipped cigarette. He heard petitions from such of his subjects as objected to barking dogs, crowing roosters, or the noise the milkmaids caused as they went singing to their tasks in the dewy morn, chanting bucolic lays ere they brought from the royal stables the lacteal fluid from imported Jerseys. After routine business was over the king said,

"Well, little ones, what have ye?"

The tones were pleasant enough, but the courtiers knew there was a veiled threat behind them, and happy were they that they had that which might serve to appease their monarch's wrath.

"Come, come, bright-eyes," quoth the monarch, looking at the drawer of the corks, but speaking at the other two, "don't be bashful now. Speak your little piece. The wielder of the axe is in waiting. He



BY MEASUREMENT.

HELEN HIPPO--"Goodness, mother! how narrow-minded he must be!"



AN EX-IT.

hasn't had his breakfast and he's always real sassy on an empty stomach."

"If you please, supremely sumptuous sire," began the lord of the treasury, "we think we have found something to amuse your imperial toploftiness and cause you to forget your weariness."

"Good!" exclaimed the monarch. "Spoken like a real lady. What is it?"

Then, in faltering accents, as though he feared to incur the displeasure of his royal master, the lord of the treasury unfolded his little scheme. He told how there was a sort of ball-rolling play that had recently been invented, which might serve to while away a few hours.

"Good!" exclaimed the king. "Methinks I will like that. Tell me, can we play for wagers?"

"Yes," replied the lord of the treasury, trying to conceal his glee.

"Then arrange a game for three nights hence," remarked the king.

"Yes, sire."

"Stay!" exclaimed the king as the courtiers were about to leave. "Cause a notice to be posted on the royal bulletin-board, stating that the king will meet all comers. I don't know much about the game, but, from what you tell me, it seems to need strength and skill, both of which I am modest enough to think I possess. It is well that my liege subjects should see that their king can do these things. If a war comes they will rest easy, knowing that I am at the head of the troops. It is well, I have spoken. Go!"

And they went, hardly able to conceal their gleeishness.

"What?" asked the drawer of the corks. "Maybe he didn't rise to it!"

"Like a hungry trout in May-fly time," responded the secretary of the interior.



CONFIDENTIAL.

THE GOLF GIRL—"John seems to have fozzled in making love to me."

THE AUTO GIRL—"Well, something's gone wrong with my sparker, too."



BELATED KNOWLEDGE.

“How long did you know your wife before you married her?”
 “Oh, I didn't know her at all. I only thought I did.”

were busy, and a short, stout chap, in greasy overalls and a jumper, seemed to be giving orders.

Now and then he went down cellar and busied himself over some wires, coils, and what not, connecting them to the electric-light circuit.

Clearly matters were going to be put into excellent shape for the bowling game in which the king of Unadilla was to take part. The lord of the treasury, the drawer of the corks, and the secretary of the interior went about with smiles on their faces. Now and then they would drop into the bar of the Royal Peacock and order more of the same.

“Wait until he gets on the alleys and makes a few poodles,” spoke the lord of the treasury. “He'll wish he hadn't been so hungry to eat 'em alive.”

In due time the notice of the royal bowling game was posted. There was no need to invite a crowd to come. The people always flocked to the scene whenever the king gave a performance. The news spread all over the kingdom and the papers were full of it. There were pictures of the king showing fifty-seven different poses, sketches of the alleys and of the balls. Also there were likenesses of the three courtiers.

Just as they had suspected, the king did not go near the alleys. He thought he needed no practice. On the other hand, the conspirators spent all their spare time in play, and were getting in rare form.

The day on the evening of which the game was to be played the bowling-alleys were closed. The proprietor explained he was getting them in readiness for the contest—that they had to be rubbed down and polished, new balls furnished, the pins leveled off, and many little details looked after.

There was a deal of hammering and pounding in the place, and if one could have peered inside he would have thought the alleys were being taken apart, rather than being prepared for a match. Down the centre of each one a strip of the narrow boards was being taken up. Several workmen

So great was the throng that besieged the doors of the bowling alley that the entire police force of Unadilla was called out to keep order. As many as could found seats in the tier arranged for spectators. Others stood up. About eight o'clock the monarch drove up in his golden chariot.

“Greeting, most noble sire!” cried the populace.
 “Howdy!” replied the king airily.

Whereat the assemblage cheered itself hoarse.

By dint of much squeezing a passage-way was made for the king. The lord of the treasury, the drawer of the corks and the secretary of the interior were already on hand. They were throwing a few practice balls down the alleys.

“Ah, there you are!” exclaimed the king playfully. “We'll chase a few down toward the squatty tumber ourselves.”



ENVY.

MAGGIE MERMAID—“Ain't he han'some? Jes' to think, Mayme, we might have bin in her place if we was borned on land!”

He tried to throw a sphere to find the pocket between the head pin and number two, but it went into the gutter.

"Poodle!" muttered the lord of the treasury.

"I don't see any dog!" exclaimed the king, looking behind him.

"He means you made a miss," explained the keeper of the alleys in gentle tones.

"Oh," spoke the monarch; "well, it won't happen again."

But it did, and there were broad smiles on the faces of the three conspirators, who tried hard to conceal their glee.

"Easy, eh?" snickered the lord of the treasury, digging the drawer of the corks under his floating ribs.

Indeed, it did look dark for the king of Unadilla. His ignorance of the game, his lack of practice, and his contempt for his courtiers were like to prove his undoing. Nevertheless, the monarch showed no fear.

"Well," he remarked in tones that tried to be light and airy, "it may not be so easy as it looks, but you'll

not find me playing the part of the individual who lives on bottled nourishment. I'm game. To prove it I'll put up five hundred scaldeens against one hundred that I do either of you three fuzzy-hided specimens of the tadpole age!"

"You're on!" cried the lord of the treasury.

"Same here!" from the drawer of the corks and the secretary of the interior.

"Money talks," remarked the king, handing his over to the proprietor of the alleys, who locked the one thousand five hundred scaldeens up in his safe. The others quickly covered it.

"It's a shame to do it," spoke the drawer of the corks.

The preliminaries of the games were soon arranged. The four contestants were to roll across on two alleys, each man for himself. The king was up against the three individually. The excitement was at its height. The new electric lights glowed with great brilliance.

"No objection to my using this ball I purchased for the occasion, is there?" asked the king, producing a sphere.

"Not in the least," assured the secretary of the interior, wondering what he could give the king for breakfast to make him forget the defeat that stared him in the face.

The game was on. The lord of the treasury rolled first on number-one alley, with the drawer of the corks on number two. The lord got nine and the keeper seven. Then came the secretary of the interior, who made an easy spare.

It was now the king's turn. Boldly he stepped to the fore. There was a shining look in his eye.

"'Tis a shame to see him lose—to witness our beloved monarch being made sport of," whispered an old retainer.

"Hush! He has brought it on himself," replied a soldier from the palace.

The king negligently knocked the ash from his gold-tipped cigarette. Then, stooping low, holding the ball firmly, he swung it once, twice, thrice, and sent it sliding down the alley.

It was a side ball. Starting in a little to the left of the right edge, it gradually curved over, crossing the head pin and landing right in the "pocket," between number one and number two. There was a musical crash as the ten hard pins were bowled over.

"A strike! a strike!" cried the mob, enlivened into sudden enthusiasm. "The king has made a strike!"

"Odds fish-hooks! So I have!" remarked the monarch. "Must have been an accident," and he looked fixedly at the three conspirators.

"He certainly did fluke into it," muttered the secretary of the interior. "I wonder if he is handing us another citr on.



SAFE.

THE REVEREND SILENTLY BUTTIN—"My little man, why are you not in school?"

LITTLE MAN—"My ma said for me to run out and play, so I ain't goin'."

THE REV. S. B.—"But suppose the teacher licks you?"

LITTLE MAN—"She won't; 'cause ma can lick the teacher."

THE REV. S. B.—"How do you know?"

LITTLE MAN—" 'Cause ma can lick pa."

Then the game became furious. The lord of the treasury and the drawer of the corks began to improve. They made several strikes and a number of spares. The secretary of the interior did likewise. But the very spirit of bowling seemed to have entered the king.

His first strike was followed by a second, then a third fourth and fifth. The crowd began to sit up and take notice. The three conspirators saw visions of their money in the pocket of their monarch.

"But I tell you it can't last," insisted the drawer of the corks to the lord of the treasury. "He don't know anything about bowling. It's all luck. He'll poodle in the next frame."

Instead, the king made a strike. It was the secretary of the treasury who poodled. The king could not seem to miss. On either alley he was equally at home. With a grace that came natural he sent the balls down, a little to the side. Over they slid, into the pocket, and a strike resulted.

It was the last frame. The king had not made a break. He had already won the game, and it was only a question of who was going to be low man. The king finished with three strikes, making the highest possible score—three hundred. The lord of the treasury got one hundred and seventy-six, the drawer of the corks one hundred and eighty-five, and the secretary of the interior one hundred and fifty-two.

"The king wins! Long live the king!" cried the populace, and, had he not been a monarch, they would have ridden him on their shoulders.

"How about it?" asked the monarch of the three conspirators as he pocketed their three hundred scaldeens, as well as his own. "How does little Willie off the motorboat feel now?"

"We have nothing to say, sire," replied the lord of the treasury, through his clinched teeth. "You put it all over us."

"Gave you the grand kibosh, in other words, eh?" spoke the monarch, and the three courtiers bowed in assent. Then they went into outer darkness.

Later that night a short, stout chap, in greasy overalls and a jumper, called at the private door of the king's apartment.

"Did it work all right?" asked he of the king.

"Like a charm. I couldn't miss."

"No; I guess not," replied the short, stout chap. "You see, I had a long, steel magnet right down the alleys, under the thin layer of wood. The magnet led right into the pocket. Your bowling-ball was a hollow steel one. When you gave me the signal I just closed the electric circuit, and your ball couldn't do anything else but follow the mag-

netic strip down to where the strikes were. I guess you couldn't lose."

"And the balls of the others went whither they listed," mused the king.

"Of course. I only closed the circuit when I got your signal, as you stepped on the little button at the side of the alley," remarked the short, stout chap.

Then something that clinked with a musical sound passed from the king's hand to the greasy but honest palm of the short, stout chap.

"It was a great idea," mused the king. "Without it they would have beaten me, and my name would have been a by-word in the land of Unadilla! But, once more has the king triumphed!"

And then the ruler of Unadilla went back to his goblet of mixed ale, his Requefort cheese and crackers.

Queer Facts for Thought.

A YOUNG man fond of dancing took a pedometer with him to a ball and found that in the course of the evening he had covered thirteen and a half miles. Another young man, who reads this paper, placed a pedometer on his stomach, and found that he laughed over six hundred miles from the first to the last page.

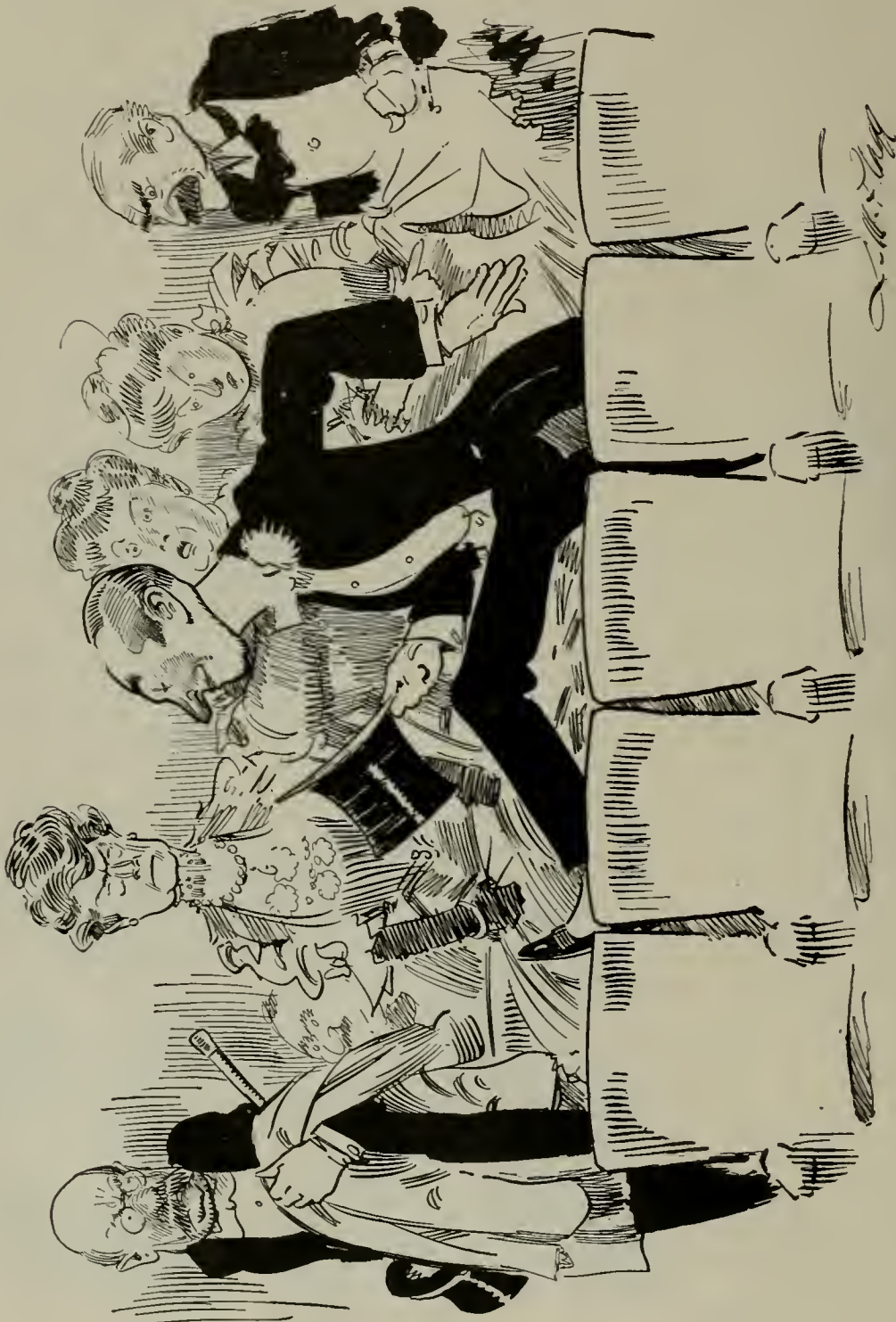
By pasting a bit of paper on the eyelid a photographic record has been made of the duration of time required in winking the eye. It has been found that a wink requires one-third of a second, which proves scientifically that, after all, it isn't a very great waste of time to wink at a pretty girl.

In San Domingo there is a remarkable salt mountain, a mass of crystalline salt almost four miles long, said to contain nearly ninety million tons, and to be so clear that medium-sized print can be read with ease through a block a foot thick. All the houses built on this hill have salt cellars under them.



HIS MISFORTUNE.

NEAR-SIGHTED PEDESTRIAN—"Confound you! that's what you told me before. I tell you I walked three miles in that direction and couldn't find a sign of the place."



PEOPLE WHO OUGHT TO BE LYNCHED.

The high-ball fiend between the acts.

Billy's Beaatitoods.



LESSUD iz thee cat what iz not black, for it iz not bad luck.

Blessud iz thee snaik, for it don't have enny corns onn its feat.

Blessud iz thee Krist-yun sientissed, for hee never noes when hee iz hurt.

Blessud iz thee laim mann, for peepul can't tell whenn hee iz staggering.

Blessud iz thee mann with long whiskurz, for hee don't haf too bi necktize.

Blessud iz thee mann with a short throte, for it izn't soe badd whenn it is soar.

Blessud is thee mann with small ize, for not verry mutch dust can git in um.

Blessud iz thee mann with sighed whiskurz, for hee haz reeched thee limmit.

Blessud iz the wooman whoo haz lost her hed, for shee don't nead to bi a noo hatt.

Blessud iz thee mann with a muther-in-law, for hadeez naz no terrors for hymn.

Blessud iz thee mann whoo iz in jale, for hee don't hat too bi enny cole for next wintur.

Blessud iz thee wooman whoo can cri eezy, for verrily shee alwaiz gets whot shee goze afftur.

Blessud iz thee mann whoo doze not smook, for hee can spend hiz munney onn sum other vice.

Blessud iz thee mann whoo can reed french, for hee can tell whot hee iz eeting in a swell hotell.

Blessud iz the oled made, for shee don't haf to worry about whear hir huzband iz att nite.

Blessud iz thee mann with thee balled hed, for hee don't nead to waist enny time comeing hiz hare.

Blessud iz thee wooman whoo chose gum, for whenn shee iz chooing gum shee iz not chooing thee rag.

WILL REED DUNROV.

The World.

THEY tell us in our childhood days
The world is round, and we,
With youthful heedlessness, accept
The doctrine easily.

When we are grown to man's estate
We are so overwrought
With constant struggling we've no time
To give its shape a thought.

At last, when we approach the end
And see how small a lot
Of stuff we've gathered as compared
With what some folks have got,

What we were told comes back, and we
Are quite prepared to swear
Whatever other shape it has,
It surely isn't square.

W. J. LAMPTON.

LITTLE men measure themselves with foot-rules three inches long.



WHERE THE DAYS AND NIGHTS ARE SIX MONTHS LONG.

THE MADAM—"Where have you been all this time? Tell me instantly!"

THE MASTER—"Why, dear, it hasn't been so long."

THE MADAM—"How dare you say that? Why, you've stayed out all NIGHT!"

A Case of Identity



HE was twins; so was he.

She answered to the name of Miss Fay. Her parents had named them Margaret and Dorothy, but called them Daise and Dot.

He was known as Mr. Clark, baptized Herbert and Albert.

She had lived all their lives in a pleasant college town, and was known to all the inhabitants thereof as the Fay twins. No one pre-

tended to know how to tell her apart. She had just attained to the dignity of college freshmen, and were prettier than ever.

He had just come to college as freshmen, and nobody knew him except as "those twin freshies," or "those fresh twinnies."

Naturally, belonging to the same class, they met, and it was at a reception for the new students. The committee was overwhelmed with the numbers, the new faces, and the responsibilities, and each tried to do the work of two. One, to save time and not expose his ignorance of their identity, introduced these twins double.

"Miss Fay," he said with a low bow, "allow me to present to you, both of you, Mr. Clark, both of them. You are all twins, so you can get acquainted easily." Then he rushed away to look after some other unknown.

He looked at her and she looked at him, both at both of them. She smiled in duet; he smiled ditto. They made a quartette of rippling laughter and were acquainted. This was the beginning. From that day what so natural as that the twins should accompany the twins from one recitation to another, should escort them home, should take them to lectures, call upon them, drive with them—in short, be the chummiest kind of chums?

Now, there is a curious fact in regard to twins. They look precisely alike to you until some day you discover a difference, and they never look alike to you again when you see them together; but if you see one it is sure to be the other one.

So these twins speedily were able to tell themselves all apart, but having been introduced double they knew not their singular names. And though they knew perfectly well which usually walked with which, and preferred which to t'other, how could Albert find out if his preference were Daise or Dot? And how could Daise know if hers were Albert or Herbert? There was no one but themselves to tell any of them, and, like all twins, they had fallen into a most reprehensible habit just on purpose to mystify people. They never called each other by their full names, but Mr. Clark

doubled on Bert, and Miss Fay called both halves sister. So they succeeded in mystifying each other, and no one dared ask another, "Who are you?"

It mattered little for some time, but as the term-end drew nigh he grew anxious, then distressed. Of course Albert fully intended to know the name of his lady, and Herbert was as eager on the same quest.

Then each wrote a letter with a tender verse, and asked the privilege of a vacation correspondence. To mail the letters was easy. But a disturbing thought flashed upon each just in time to block this method. How could Albert be sure that his letter ought to go to Daise or Dot? Same way with Herbert. In short, which was the girl he adored? Evidently the letters would not do. The term-end was to be celebrated with a grand reception and a dance. The puzzle must be solved before that august event. There were only two weeks left. Nearer and nearer came the day. The thought possessed them day and night; studies were neglected for the one study; recitations were poor, worse, worst. She opened her eyes at him every day, but felt sure that something must be really wrong, for "he can do so well, you know."

It was the day before the reception, and he had gone to see her in a last desperate hope of learning her name. He thought one of him might possibly muster courage to ask one of her point-blank was she Miss Dorothy or Miss Margaret. To his surprise the small brother answered his ring.

"Hullo!" was his formal greeting. "Walk in. Dot's in the parlor. I'll go call Daise."

Glory hallelujah! The secret was out! Bless that boy! In feverish eagerness he entered the parlor. His long agony was over. Albert smiled happily at his love, and Herbert, with a sigh of relief, seated himself to wait for his lady fair.

But why didn't that small brother go? Why did he hang around? Herbert could see no reason for his loitering. What was his astonishment to feel a quick nudge at his elbow and hear the boy whisper, "Say, give me your card, won't you?" And it was not till the boy was out of



"ALLOW ME TO PRESENT TO YOU, BOTH OF YOU, MR. CLARK, BOTH OF THEM."

the room that it dawned on him what it was for. Then he smiled. So there had been two sides—yes, four sides—to the puzzle. If Daise and Dot had mystified Albert and Herbert they in turn had been as hopelessly at sea. Then he smiled again, for, lo! woman's wit had made the thing simple when the time came. Daise came now and saw the giver of the card waiting for her. "How are you, Mr. Herbert?" was her laughing welcome. "So you are Albert?" broke from Dot on the other side of the room. The twins were acquainted.

M. C. KITTREDGE.

Pride.

"YES, madam," said the physician; "your little daughter's foot seems to have been bruised severely, that is all. Probably she struck it against a stone, or the wall. At any rate, you need not worry. I would suggest that you apply the old-fashioned remedy—a bread-and-milk poultice."

"How common!" murmured the proud mamma, whose husband, by the way, had just succeeded in turning another million-dollar trick in stocks. "Bread-and-milk poultice! Doctor, don't you think it would be more in accord with our position in society if we used a poultice of cake and ice-cream?"

On the Installment Plan.

"HOW can your folks afford to have so many children, Bobby?" we ask the little boy.

"Well, we don't get 'em all at once; we get 'em a little at a time, on the installment plan," he replies.

As Ever.

OLD winter, wrapped in furs, has passed away
And gentle spring has come—in negligé.
Upon the dear departed we bestow
One sneeze in memory of its ice and snow,
Then flaunt our shirt-waists where the sunbeams play.

But hark! What sound is here—what note
Rasp out from open-worked and laced-garbed throat?
Upon the smiling spring we throw
A look suspicious; then we go
And bring our flannels back from trunks remote.

LURANA W. SHELDON.

Scooping up the Wreckage.

THE owner of the racing automobile was a novice at the sport. Naturally, he felt rather mystified when the expert driver handed him the following bill on the morning after the race:

Gasoline	\$ 60.00
Repairs to car	700.00
Cutting expenses	1,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,760 00

"What the deuce," said the amateur owner, "is the meaning of this item, 'Cutting expenses'?"

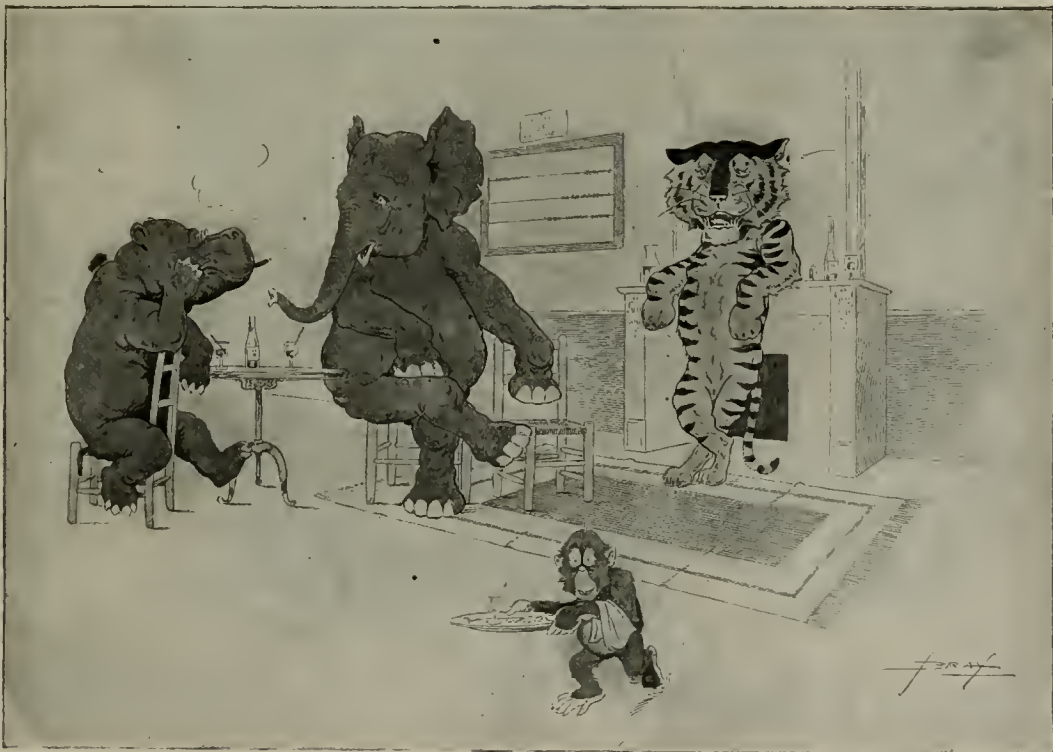
"Oh, that," observed the chauffeur carelessly, "represents the surgeon's fee for renovating my mechanic."

Took First Prize.

"MY dog took first prize at a cat-show."

"How was that?"

"He took the cat."



TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

THE ELEPHANT—"So your marriage with Miss Grizzly Bear was an unhappy one?"
THE HIPPO—"I should say so. No matter how hard I worked for her she did nothing but growl from morning till night."



NOT ENOUGH DANGER TO BE INTERESTING.

MR. SHOFER—"I'm afraid, my dear, you'll find the next few miles awfully stupid."

MRS. SHOFER—"How's that?"

MR. SHOFER—"We'll be able to see everybody that's coming."

A Few Uplifting Remarks on Spring

SPRING is with us once more, and the heart is glad. It was a long, severe winter, and the exposure was something frightful; but now, glory be! that is all past, or near-past, and we have the almost joyous feeling again as if we were real people.

Most of us have been investigated, or else we have been investigating others, and the biting blasts pro and con have been very hard on the health; but, thanks to rugged constitutions, most of us have pulled through. Some fell through, if they did not pull through; but they got through and that's the main thing. The earth once more smiles with the beauty of all green and growing things, and congress is talking of adjournment, so that we have every reason to feel that the worst is over. Wherever the eye rests to-day some cheering sight rewards its effort to rest at that point, and from far-away Jolo to the remotest confines of Coney Island there is a languorous note of expectancy, a dreamy, waiting hush, and just the merest hint of a ripening blush, as we look for the first bathing-suit to glide shiveringly but with firm tread across the glistening, golden sands. The wide-embracing vault of blue now lifts itself in azure magnificence on invisible columns of cobalt and erythrite, and a glorious sense of expense and reckless disregard of cost prevails on every hand. Down in the barnyard stands a beautiful hen palpitant, in feathers of chryso-prase and charcoal drifted with snow, and her song is of the eggs of Carrara whiteness or wheat-rust brown which she has offered her owner with every show of effortless joy and unselfish devotion to mankind. The hills (wherever there are hills) are now robed in garments of lustrous enchantment, and the farmer places salt-licks at convenient intervals in fields dotted with lowing kine. The modest dandelion lifts its head on the lawn, and the owner thereof whetteth the carving-knife, so that in due season he may hew said dandelion off at the root and utterly destroy it forever. Thus the procession of awakening loveliness moves across the earth in a pageant of unrivaled splendor, and the "giddap" of the solitary plowman echoes o'er the smoking furrows of the mead. To the right of us, as we write, is a spreading glebe "for sale," and to the left of us is another large, open section of the earth's surface which is not ours; but Nature is smiling on everything just the same as if everybody were good. Thus do we see how peculiar Nature is in all her ways. We could almost wish we owned some of Nature at this time, like the millionaires, but the price is too extensive. In the richness of this glad Easter hour,

however, some of Nature's beauty spills over and we get the crumbs—and for this we are thankful. Yea, we are almost glad.

P. W.

Effectual.

"**M**RS. JONES put something in her husband's coffee to make him stop drinking."

"Did it stop him from drinking?"

"Well, it stopped him from drinking coffee."

It Depended.

Wife—"How do you like my new Easter gown?"

Husband—"Let me see the bill for it."

THERE is no more insufferable bore than the man who has so much common sense that he has no imagination.



Sounded Like an Opera.

MY FRIEND stutters badly. He can sing divinely, but when he attempts conversation he sounds like a battery of rapid-fire guns.

The other day I saw him walk over and take up the telephone. This was the conversation:

"Number?" asked Central.

"B-b-bbub-bub-bla-blank"—said Smith, and stopped.

"Number?" (wearily.)

"Bub-bub-b-b-bla-blank s-s-sev-sev-seven f-four t-t-two."

"NUMBER?" (sharply.)

He tried it again and managed it after a fashion.

B-r-r-r-rak-RAK—"Hello!"

"Hel-hel-hello! Is that you, M-mum-num-miss J-Jones?"

"Yes. Is that you, Mr.

Smith?" came over the wire.

"Y-yes. G-g-good-even-n-n-evening. W-w-w-w-will you g-g-g-gug-gug-gug-go-go—w-w-will you gug-gug-gug-gug"—

Poor Smith gasped, gurgled and wiped the perspiration from his brow; then his face brightened, and he sang the following into the 'phone to the tune of "Solomon Levi":

"I've got two elegant tickets

For Friday evening's show.

I'd like to have you there with me—

Miss Ethel, will you go?"

Presently a hysterical voice crept back over the wire. "Why, sure! But at first I thought you were the opening overture, Dick."

LOWELL OTUS REESE.

Tramp—"Lady, I am dying from exposure."

Woman—"Are you tramp, politician, or financier?"

414

An Acrostic.

JUMPING about the country.
Looking for wrong and right,
Into each well-hid cranny
Nosing with all his might.
Catching a crook a minute,
Opening many a sore ;
Losing no half-way chance for
Naming one rascal more.
Seeing with optics ruthless,
Things the corrupt would hide ;
Endlessly asking questions—
Fearless, 'tis not denied.
Finding a wealth of subjects
Everywhere he goes—
Now that you've read his ti le,
See if 'tis who you s'pose! S. W. G.

An Act of Charity.

Mother (during Lent)—“ Well, Willie, I hope you have done some charitable act to-day.”

Son—“ Yes, ma. I licked Johnny Bulger so bad that he won't be able to go to school again for a week.”

Woman—“ Now, if you don't leave at once I'll call my husband—and he's an old Harvard football player.”

Tramp—“ Lady, if yer love him don't call him out. I used to play wid Yale.”

His Choice.

THERE was nothing wild in the caller's manner, so the lady at the employment-bureau desk was rather startled when he told his wants.

“ I wish to engage a cook,” he observed.

“ Fancy or plain ?” she said.

“ Plain—homely as sin,” he replied. “ In fact, I don't care whether she can cook or not. Any old thing that looks like a cook will do.”

“ Really, I” —

“ And if 'she drinks, smokes, or steals silver, so much the better.”

“ Goodness me ! what ” —

“ I specially desire that she be very strong and in the habit of beating her employer with a club.”

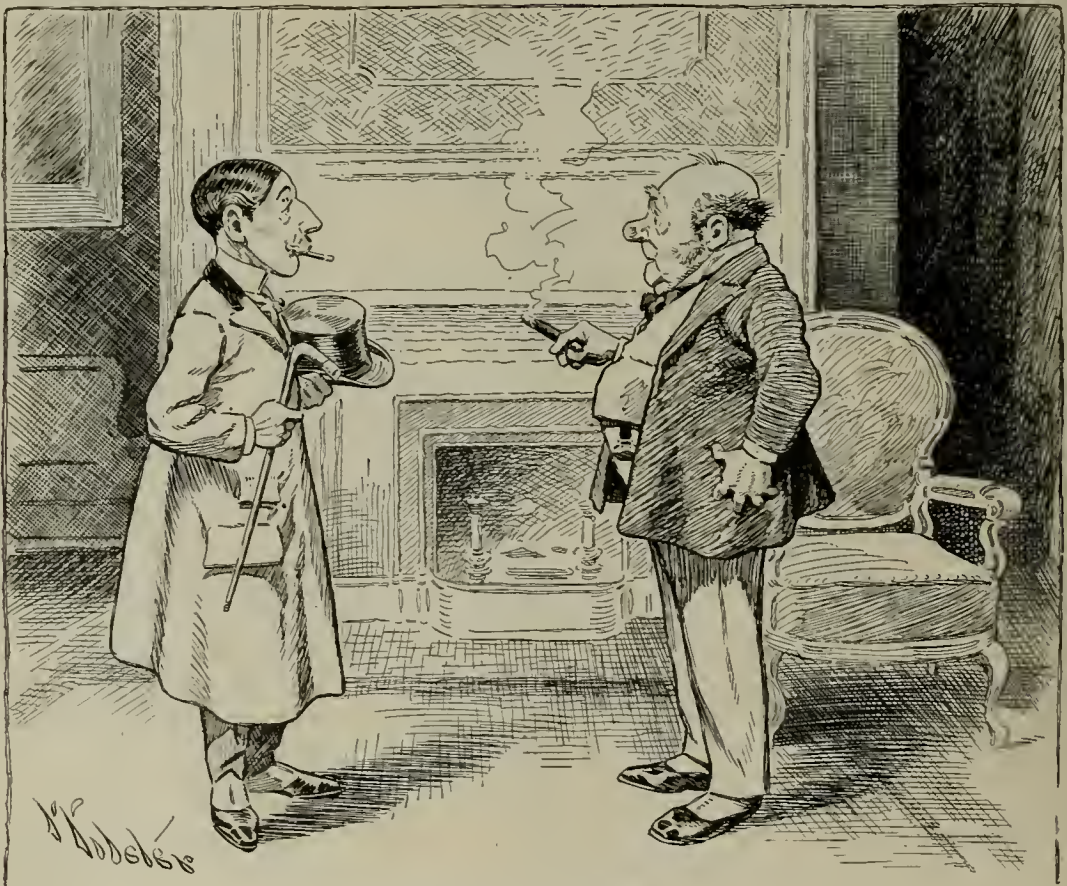
“ Upon my word !”

“ In short, I want a rampant, athletic, rip-roaring terror, and I can promise good wages.”

The lady at the desk was begging Central to connect her with the police department.

“ Hold on !” explained the caller. “ Allow me to say that the domestic I seek will be in the employ of my wife's mother.”

“ I COULDN'T get a seat in the cars to-day.”
“ Oh, that's a complaint of long standing.”



COULD DO IT AGAIN.

MR. GOTROX—“ Suppose I were to tell you that I was a bankrupt—that every dollar of my fortune had been swept away—would you still be willing to marry my daughter ?”

CHOLLY SOFTLY (enthusiastically)—“ Why, of course I would ! Such a man as you could easily pitch in and make another fortune, sir.”

Well Secured.

WHEN a prominent American was in Europe last, the story goes, he visited Westminster Abbey for the first time. As he was contemplating the tomb of Nelson, the guide said,

"That, sir, his the tomb of the greatest naval hero Europe or the whole world never knew — Lord Nelson's. This marble sarcophogus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that his a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside that his a leaden casket, 'ermetrically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin, 'oldjng the ashes of the great hero."

"Well," said the American, after thinking a while, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

ABBIE N. SMITH.

W. Frederick



FLIRTATIOUS.

"Life's a jest, and all things show it.
I thought so once, and now I know it."

A Catch.

"HOW did you and your wife first meet?"
"Oh, we didn't meet," replied the meek little man; "she overtook me."

The Roadside Text.

A SALVATION Army artist endeavored to attract the attention of the wicked world by painting scriptural warnings on the farm fences along the highway. At one place he inscribed the query, "What shall I do to be saved?" The next day a patent-medicine advertiser came along and wrote on the board below, "Take Soand-so's Pills." The following day the Salvationist was out that way again and he wrote below, "And prepare to meet thy God."

DAVID MILLS.



INCRECULOUS.

FAIRY—"And this noble prince will love you for yourself alone"—
UP-TO-DATE MISS—"Oh, tell that to the marines."

Mr. Hinkle Takes a Rest

By Wilbur Nesbit

ZEBULON HINKLE had finished his breakfast of crackers and milk, had looked fretfully upon the coffee when it was black and gave forth its seductive odor, had gazed wistfully upon the bacon and eggs, and had said a few things about the physician who had condemned him to two months' life in what he called "this God-forsaken place." He had reached the said place the evening before, and had been provided with a room which contained a bed the which was as hard as some newspapers had asserted Zebulon Hinkle's heart was. There being nothing—absolutely nothing—to do or see during the evening, Zebulon Hinkle had gone to bed at eight-thirty o'clock, and, after rolling and tossing for what he believed to be five hours, he had gone to sleep at nine o'clock, and had awakened at five. It was now seven.

Mr. Hinkle walked out to the veranda of the little hotel and looked idly upon the village street. He took a cigar from his pocket and chewed upon it. The doctor told him he must not smoke.

The city papers would not reach there until eleven in the morning. Zebulon Hinkle sat down in a wide chair and asked himself what kind of a place this was anyhow!

His doctor had told him he needed absolute rest. He must let go of business cares; he must confine himself to a diet that was really adapted to a three-year-old child; he must not smoke; he must not drink—he did not need this instruction, for Zebulon Hinkle long ago had realized that the pursuit of business interferes with drinking and had given up the social glass—he must forget business, and he must not worry. His doctor was the only man on earth who could tell him something he must do, and get away with it, Hinkle mused. He had given his word, and he would do the two months' time, if it killed him; because his doctor had said if he didn't do the two months' time it would be sure to kill him. And Zebulon Hinkle was not the man to give any one the satisfaction of reading his epitaph, if he could help it.

Mr. Hinkle might have had a whole morning of unalloyed rest, with nothing to do but contemplate the bees that bustled in and out among the flowers, and the village dray that aimlessly wandered down street and back again, now with a kit of mackerel, now with a keg of nails, doing its little best to create a hum of commerce. He might have had the whole morning for this placid contemplation of the hustling bees and the languid dray horse, and still more languid drayman, had not the landlord held low-voiced converse with a young man who wore a glittering watch-chain across his bosom and allowed his hair to play Henry Clay with his forehead.

"It's nobody else," the landlord told the young man, who had drifted in to inquire if there was any news. "It's old Zeb Hinkle, the same that gets cartooned and written up every time a new railroad is merged. Yes, sir; and he's to stay here two months to get rid of the dyspepsia."

"Here?" inquired the young man. "Here? To get rid of the dyspepsia? Great Scott! Morgan, if anybody was looking for the best place in the world to get dyspepsia I'd send him to your hotel."

The landlord laughed at the jest with the satisfied laugh of a man who knows he has the only hotel in town.

"Why don't you interview him?" he asked.

"What about?" asked the young man. "He wouldn't talk. He never does. Every time the big papers try to get him to tell anything he doesn't care to be quoted."

"Maybe the big papers send young fools to interview him—same sort of smart alecks as you are," suggested the landlord thoughtfully.

The young man bridled up at this, then, without emitting the caustic retort he had in mind, he turned about and walked to the veranda.

"Mr. Hinkle, I believe," he said, stopping in front of that gentleman.

"You can pin your faith to that," observed Zebulon Hinkle, without looking away from a bee that was pumping for dear life on a honeysuckle.

"Would you be good enough to give me an interview for the *Argus*?"

Mr. Hinkle looked up at this.

"What *Argus*?" he demanded.

"The McCordsville *Argus*."

"Printed here?"

"Yes, sir. I am the city editor."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, sir. I am also the managing editor, the sporting editor, the exchange editor, the religious editor, the horse editor, the snake editor, the railway editor, the political editor, the fashion"—

"That'll do. All of you sit down."

The young man sat down.

"What is the name of all these editors?" Hinkle inquired.

"James Gordon."

"You must be sort of a"—

"Sort of an editorial trust."

Mr. Hinkle laughed at this, and then said,

"I suppose you take your immunity bath in the creek, do you?"

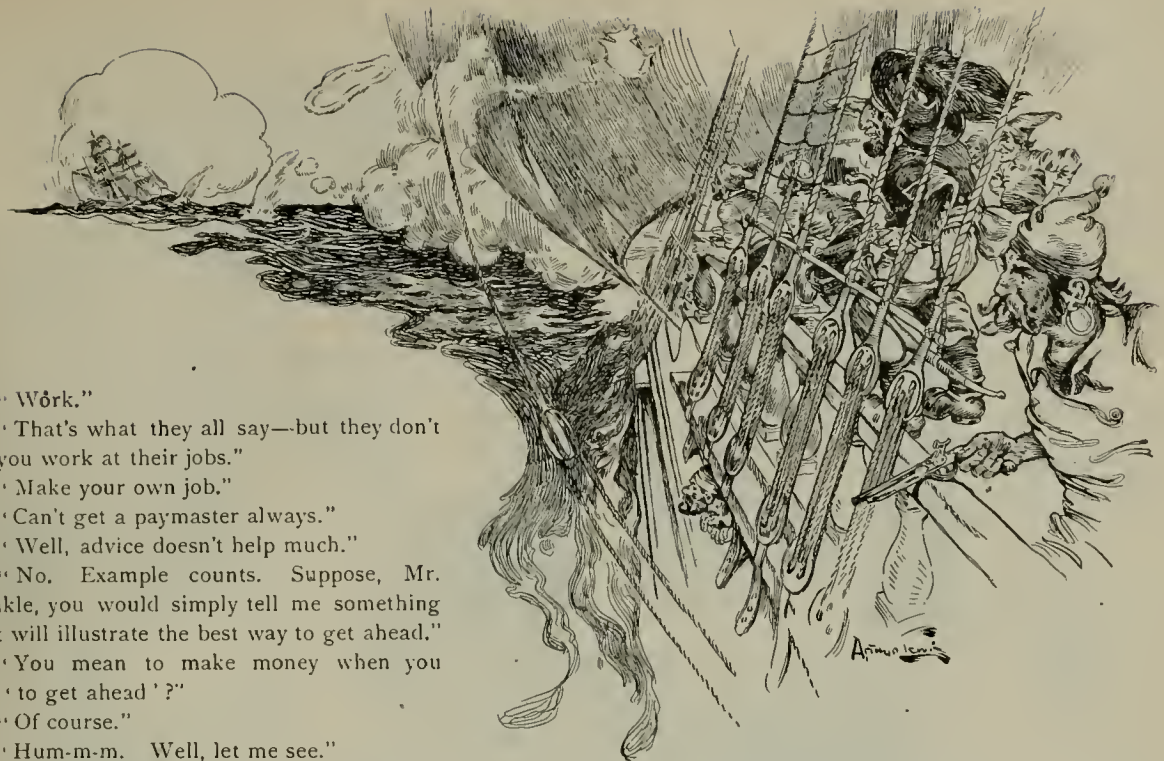
"Every Saturday in the summer. In winter they open the bath-tub in the rear of the barber-shop."

"Good enough! Well, Mr. Gordon, does it keep you busy getting news for the McCordsville *Argus*?"

"It would if there were any news to get. You are about the only item that has happened since last week."

"And what do you want to write about me? Got any pictures of the iron heel of capital crunching the neck of labor? Got any bloated monopolists yanking bread and butter away from starving children?"

"No, sir. I think if you would give me a good talk on how to succeed in the world it would really be a help to the young men of this town."



"Wörk."

"That's what they all say—but they don't let you work at their jobs."

"Make your own job."

"Can't get a paymaster always."

"Well, advice doesn't help much."

"No. Example counts. Suppose, Mr. Hinkle, you would simply tell me something that will illustrate the best way to get ahead."

"You mean to make money when you say 'to get ahead'?"

"Of course."

"Hum-m-m. Well, let me see."

Zebulon Hinkle contracted his brows and his eyes took on a far-away look. He contemplated the street studiously. Suddenly his face cleared and he asked,

"Who owns that vacant ground across the railroad?"

"Amos Ransom."

"Is it for sale?"

"I suppose so. But what?"

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, sir. But you were going to?"

"I know it. I'm going to. You watch me. Can you find Amos Ransom?"

"I think so."

"Tell him to come and see me. I want to buy that land."

The reporter hurried away to convey the glad tidings to Amos Ransom, and for a quarter of an hour Zebulon Hinkle sat and looked happy. Then Gordon brought Ransom up on the veranda and introduced him to Mr. Hinkle.

"How much do you want for that ground over there by the railroad?"

Mr. Hinkle shot the question at Ransom so suddenly that he was well-nigh taken off his feet. He sat down and fanned himself with his hat. He had wanted to sell that land for ten years, but never could find a purchaser. Ransom had taken it on a mortgage, as he had accumulated nearly all his farms. He was considered the wealthiest man in McCordsville, and the meanest. But here was some more of his confounded luck! Zebulon Hinkle was going to buy that vacant land.

"It's worth considerable," Ransom managed to say.

"Is it worth two thousand dollars?"

"No—er—yes, sir. It's worth at least that."

"Bring me a deed to it and I'll give you a check.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

CAPTAIN OF THE RED ROVER—"Go it, boys! Business has been so bad lately that if we don't bag that bloody hooker we will all have to get into the summer-hotel biz."

And say," Hinkle added, "my young friend, Mr. Gordon, gets his commission for making the sale, doesn't he?"

Gordon listened with amazement.

"Commission?" Ransom asked wonderingly. "Why, he hasn't done anything."

"Oh, yes, he has. He got me interested in it. He gets ten per cent. commission, doesn't he?"

"Why, if you think he ought to have it, I suppose he must."

Ransom shed inward tears over the prospect of trusting young Gordon with such a huge sum at his age; it was too great a financial responsibility for such a youth; it was thrusting temptation in his way—but the land was worth perhaps eight hundred, so he might as well agree to the foolish proposition.

"All right, then," Hinkle said, conclusively. "Bring the deed and get the money. And say, Gordon, you be on hand and get your commission."

At four o'clock that afternoon all rights, title, hereditaments, jointures, incumbrances and everything else connected with the vacant land passed into the ownership of Zebulon Hinkle, and at the same time a check for two hundred dollars, signed by Amos Ransom, was handed to James Gordon.

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," Gordon said, after Ransom had gone on his way rejoicing. "I never dreamed of such a stroke of luck as this. You are more than kind, Mr. Hinkle."

"Tut, tut! You deserved the commission. Besides, I'll bet you're the first man that ever made any profit off of that man Ransom."



BREAKING THE INFATUATION.

MRS. JONES—"I'm afraid our Lucy is falling in love with Ferdinand Fiveaweek."

MR. JONES—"I'll stop that. I'll let her know that I've got a husband all picked out for her."

MRS. JONES—"That won't change her a bit."

MR. JONES—"Yes, it will. I'll tell her I've picked Ferdinand; then she'll be sure to want the other fellow."

"I am; but what will you do with the land?"

Zebulon Hinkle turned to him with a suggestive lowering of his left eyelash.

"It is currently believed that I always know what I am about, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am not in a position to tell you right away what I'll do with that land, but I don't mind saying one thing: I'm going to make money out of it. You asked for an illustration of how to succeed, and I'm going to give you an easy lesson right here at home. You've had part of the lesson. Did you ever make two hundred dollars easier?"

"I should say not."

"You probably never will again. I am now in the hole two thousand—unless I do what I mean to do with that land."

"Can I print that you have bought it?"

"Exactly. Do that very thing. And if anybody asks you what I am going to do with it, say that I won't tell. Because I won't."

By the end of that week people had rallied from the first shock of surprise over the news that Hinkle had bought Ransom's vacant lots, and were beginning to ask themselves and others what Hinkle would do with the property. They asked Ransom.

"Hanged if I know," he said. "All I know is it was

the best sale I ever made. Got twice what the piece is worth."

"But Zebulon Hinkle doesn't throw his money away," some one stated.

"He did this time," Ransom chuckled, and everybody felt sorry for Hinkle and twice as sore as ever on Ransom, until some one observed,

"I wouldn't be so sure about that."

"Why, look at the land," Ransom argued. "You can't hardly raise good pasture on it."

"Hinkle doesn't raise pasture," some one said.

"You bet he don't," some one else commented. "He knew what he was doing. Maybe he's going to buy the railroad and wants that land for yards, or a shop, or a depot, or something."

This was new light for Ransom and he looked baffled.

"Yes," argued some one else in the crowd. "And I read that he has made pots of money out of copper and coal oil and things like that. I'll bet he's got inside information that there's ore or coal or oil under that ground—and he's naturally skinned you, Ransom."

"Shucks!" was Ransom's reply. But the seed of doubt had been planted in his bosom, and within the next week it had sprouted, grown, blossomed and was bearing large bitter apples of regret. He went to see Hinkle and found him engaged in his enforced occupation of watching the bees and the drayman.

"Mr. Hinkle," Ransom asked, "might I inquire what you are going to do with that land you bought off of me?"

"I'm going to leave it right where it is Mr. Ransom. Got any objections?"

"No, sir. I just wanted to know."

"You'll know all about it in good time. Satisfied with your bargain, weren't you?"

"Ye-es."

"Then that's all you need to know. Good-day. I'm very busy just now."

And for three weeks more Amos Ransom was harassed by doubt, by the chilling fear that for once he had let something get away from him before he had been able to squeeze it dry of profit. He brooded over it. It went to meals with him; it went to bed with him and sat upon his chest and would not let him sleep. He pictured great factories on the land that had once been his; he imagined railway terminals there; he conceived oil wells and ore shafts—and always he saw Zebulon Hinkle waxing fat and joyous over wagon-loads of money that were being hauled from the vacant lots he had purchased for a paltry two thousand dollars. The demon of perturbation accompanied him to church and interfered with his enjoyment of the way the minister lambasted the wicked. At last he could stand it no longer. He sought out Gordon and said to him,

"Do you think that man Hinkle would sell that land back to me?"

"Do you want to buy it back?"

"Well, I've been thinking maybe I could use it."

"I don't mind asking him."

"I wish you would. And, say, Gordon, if you get him to sell it back to me I—I don't mind giving you five dollars."

"No. My commission would have to be ten per cent."

"But he had me pay you before."

"I know. But it was you that was making the profit, and this time it seems to be the same way."

"Well, if I've got to, I've got to. I'll do the same as I did before—ten per cent. But hurry and see him before he decides to do something else."

Gordon laid the matter before Hinkle and he said to bring Ransom around. Ransom came quickly.

"You want to buy the land back?" Hinkle asked.

"I was thinking maybe you would like to sell."

"You can have it for twenty-five hundred dollars."

"What! Why, you only paid me two thousand, and I gave Gordon"—

"You're doing this. I'm not asking you to buy. You asked for a price. If that isn't satisfactory come and see me next week. The price will be different then—very different, I assure you."

Ransom looked hard at his shoes for a while, and then said,

"I'll do it."

"And Gordon gets his commission?"

"Yes. I promised to give him two hundred, same as before," painfully answered Ransom.

"No. You promised me ten per cent.," Gordon said.

"Ten per cent. is two hundred and fifty. That's right."

"But I—but he"—

"Come, come! Business is business," Hinkle declared. "I can't waste any more time."

"All right, if I've got to," Ransom almost wept.

The deed changed hands once more, Hinkle got his check and Gordon his money. Then Ransom hurried away.

"I'm much obliged again," Gordon said. "I never dreamed of such another piece of luck."

"You want to quit trying to dream."

"By the way, Mr. Hinkle, you were going to give me some material for an article on"—

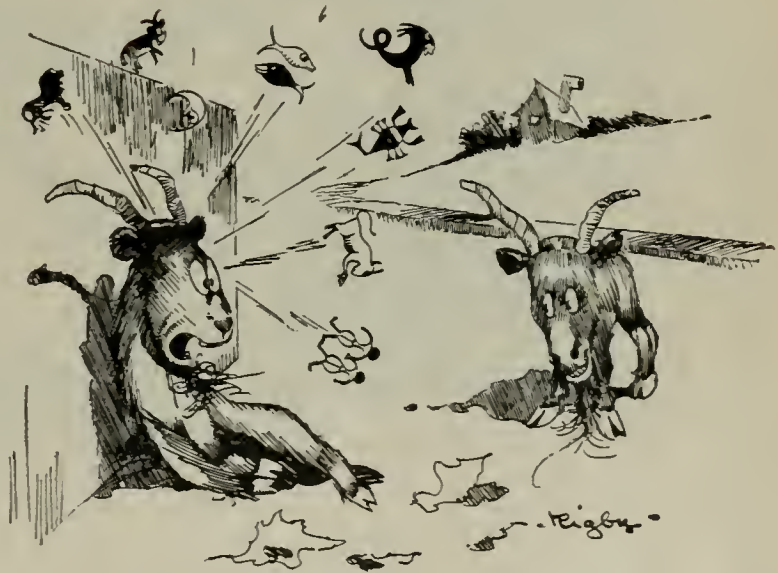
"My dear boy! You asked me to show you how to make money. Haven't I shown you? That's the way. Now go ahead."

"Then you didn't want that land at all, and you only bought it to show me"—

"You are slowly beginning to see things. I'm going home to-night. I think I'm well again. If I stay here you'll have me running a night school, young man."

Then he shook hands with Gordon and told him goodbye, and went to his room to consult time-tables, while Gordon hastened to the other end of McCordsville to consult a girl about his future. For when a young man can make four hundred and fifty dollars inside of a month his future is something to be reckoned with by any thoughtful young woman, is it not?

THERE is no insurance against the accident of birth.

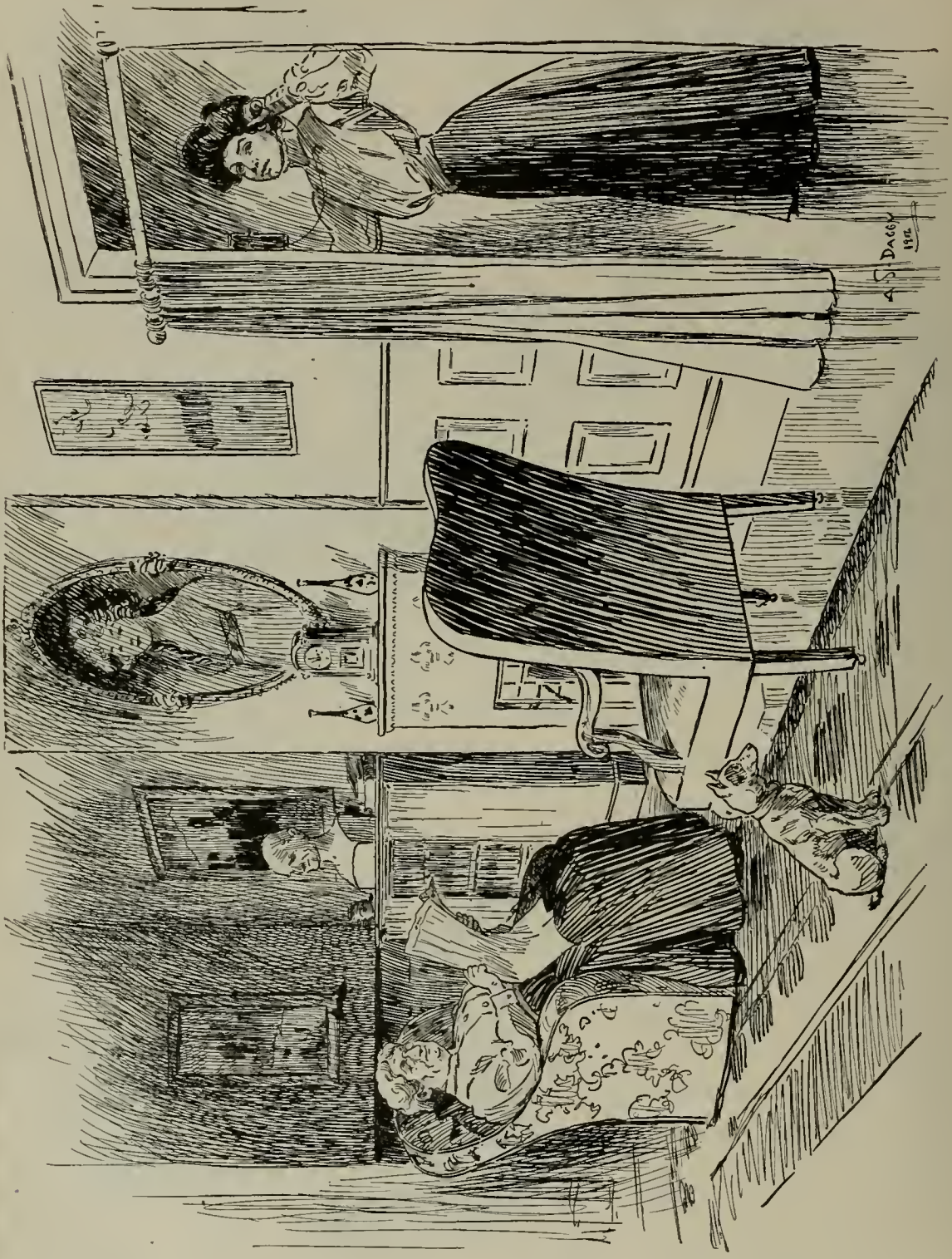


HE HAD ALL THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

GOAT—"Gee whiz! I got 'em this time for sure."

NAN—"What! been eatin' beer corks again?"

GOAT—"No; I just finished half a dozen new almanacs."



A. S. Dacey
1922

WANTS TO SEE WHOM SHE IS TALKING TO.

YOUNG LADY—"Auntie, some one is calling you on the long-distance 'phone."

AUNT—"My dear child, won't you please answer it? I have my near-sighted glasses on."

The Troubles of Olaf Nordenskold

MR. HECTOR DUSELMANN, mayor of Pinhook, was visited in his office last evening by Olaf Nordenskold, a rich farmer seven miles north of town, who had just come in from his place in a disheveled condition and in a screaming rage.

"Vat kin' av country you call dis?" cried the angry farmer, shaking a threatening finger under the nose of the chief officer of the town. "Ay call it hal av country, an' Ay can prove dat Ay ban right. Ay got hay to sall—man in town want hay to buy. Ay load up load av hay an' start haul him to man in town. Ay got good horse on my vagon—no oxen on my vagon—good horse. He wave his tail; he keek his heel; he yump an' pull dey line. Ay ban on dey load hay an' got planty business drive dat team—got hal yob dey don't run 'vay. Yoost ven Ay ban von mile on road oop come sachs Irishmans, an' he got 'bout feefy cattles—goot fat cattles he drive to town to sall. Dem Irishmans ban all vild like crazy mans, an' yall an' yall an' yall, an' Ay ban skart an' my horse he run. Ay hol' on dem horse an' pull an' pull lak hal. Dem horse he dancin' an' cuttin' all kin' treeks, an' Ay ban skarter an' skarter. Dann dem feefy cattles he yump for dat hay, an' dem sachs Irishmans he laff an' yall an' let dem cattles yump. Ay t'ank dem cattles naver ban had some sooch good hay

lak dem. Dey eat an' eat an' eat lak avery cattles ban two davel, an' mine hay he goin' fast. Venn Ay yall at dem cattles my horse he t'ank Ay yall by heem, an' he yump an' keek an' pull on dey line lak steam-an-gine. An' denn dem sachs Irishmans he all laff an' holler, too, an' all dem say 'Ole, Ole, Ole!' an' keep seekin' dem cattles on dem hay. Pratty soon my horse dey run two mile



lak hal, an' Ay lose off mine hat off an' ban skart lak rabbit. Dem cattles run, too, an' dem Irishmans run, too, an' all dey time dem cattles eat hay, an' all eat hay on gee side dat load of hay, an' purty soon bimeby after little vile dem hay all gone on dem side vere dem cattles ban, an' von dem cattles bite off dem hay-rope dat hol' dem binder-pole down, an' dem binder-pole fly oop high in dey sky, an' Ay fly, too, an' fall down on dem back by mine horse, an' dere on hees back Ay ride dem horse while dey run vunce more two mile lak railroad-car, an' dem hay all fall on dey road an' dem Irishmans seekin' dem cattles on dem hay. Ay ban feefy times so mad lak hal, an' venn sooch t'angs moost in dis country be Ay leef dis country an' go by Sweden back. Tall

me, Mr. Duselmann; vat skall dis country do by dem davel Irishmans?"

The mayor promised to see about it, and the raging Scandinavian went away.

DORA J. PARKER.

The House of Mirth—A Tale of Tears

IT WAS eight o'clock on the morning of Saint Patrick's Day. This has nothing to do with the story, but it is a fact none the less. James Hyslop Jones was on his way to work. He was in the crush of a New York street-car—hanging to a strap in the centre-rush of one of those sumptuous vehicles that ply across town from river to river. James H. Jones hore about him the elegant finish and shop-worn look that betokened an expensive past now giving place to something slightly less expensive and a trifle insouciant. The practiced eye (there happened to be one present) could see that there had been a time when J. H. J. was a young man of high cost; but now he was distinctly measurable and computable, and might not unfairly have been inventoried at fifty dollars over all. James Hyslop Jones had sat up all night reading "The House of Mirth." It had awakened memories. This morning these memories crowded upon him. The crowded condition of the Inter-Met's trolley may have caused these memories to crowd upon James. He thought of the time when his family was rich and his relatives were rich and his friends were rich. Everybody was rich and none had anything to do. How wretched was the gilded emptiness of that old life, yet how happy! How they had hated it and yet clung to it! The conductor held out the usual

slim, clean, beautiful conductorial hand for his fare, and James shuddered. How different from the old upholstered luxuriance when he had tipped the butler one bone for a glass of water! Just then a ninety-horse-power Mercedes ran into the car and killed three people, and James groaned. It brought back as nothing else could the traumerei and welt-schmerz, the silken affluence and leisurely manslaughter of the old, rich, elegant, aristocratic life now gone from him forever. Then he thought of the day when his father lost all and died while his mother with extreme difficulty refrained from giving him a piece of her mind. Alas! what days had followed! How he had assembled the fragments of his intellect and learned a trade—a sickening business where he was forced to render an equivalent for cash received! James Hyslop Jones's head fell upon his breast, and he wept. But not for long. His old courage returned—the fixed courage of despair. The car stopped. The car-crowd was so great as he fought toward the exit he lost his breath. He went out without it. The car was rapidly filling with lost breaths. James entered a tall, coarse building. It had come to this at last. He was working for a living. This heir to idle elegance and parvenu ease was now earning a pitiful fifty dollars a week. Oh, what a bunch of sadness this old world is!



CANDID.

JACK—"How is it you lavish so much affection on those dumb brutes?"
EDNA—"For want of something better."

What Punctured It.

"THAT awfully cold night," went on the explorer, "I slept on a newfangled something they called a pneumatic mattress, made out of rubber—blowed up like a football, you know, only a different shape—that is, I went to sleep on that thing, but woke up in the middle of the night flat on the ground, with all the air escaped. You see, the weather had turned even colder in the night, and the goose-pimples that came out on my body had punctured the rubber. What?"

Why She Sulked.

Lovey (on waking in the morning)—"Dovey, I dreamed that I wasn't married to you. Do you ever dream, Dovey, that oo iddent married to me?"

Dovey (sleepily) — "No-o-o! It's been years and years since I had a really pleasant dream."

Dovey is wondering why Lovey didn't speak to him again that day.

Progress.

"MAN," said Motor, as he opened the throttle and shoved the lever over to the last speed-notch, "has indeed accomplished, many things. Under the spell of this sport's exhilaration I realize, as never before, that we are indeed but little lower than the angels."

"Smash! Zzzzzrip!" said the machine.

"By George!" said Motor twenty seconds later, "I was wrong, after all. We're on a level with them now and will be above them in another second."

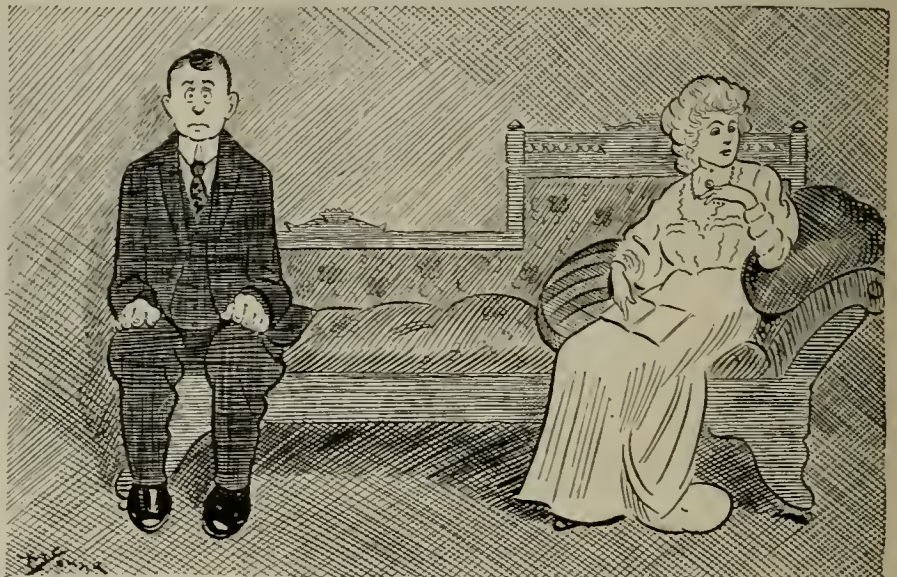
Foreign Titles.

Auditor — "But why do you call your lecture 'Radium' when you don't mention that article at any stage of the evening's talk?"

Lecturer — "Well, knowing the fondness of the American people for foreign titles, I made one bold stroke for popularity by choosing a title as foreign as possible to my lecture."

The Lining.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining. The man with insomnia doesn't keep other folks awake with his snoring.



STRUCK OUT.

TIMID HENRY—"I seen a feller with a wooden leg to-day, Hattie; it must be terrible to have a wooden leg."

HATTIE—"Oh, I don't know; it isn't as bad as having a wooden arm."



FIFTH AVENUE IN JUNGLEVILLE ON EASTER DAY.

Miss Hippo—"It certainly was a clever idea of mine to hire this bird-of-paradise to sit on my head for a few hours. I've got the swellest hat on the avenue."

Politeness.

THE little girl had been assiduously instructed in the arts and graces of courtesy, and when she told her mamma how the strange boy at the party had kissed her she did it with a demure, reserved air that would have delighted her mamma under other circumstances. "And he kissed me," she said.

"Kissed you!" the mamma exclaimed. "And you, Gladys—what did you do?"

"Mamma, I didn't forget my politeness. I said 'Thank you.'"

Graft.

Bobbie—"Papa, what is graft?"

Papa—"It is getting something because you're in a position to get it."

Bobbie—"Then am I grafting when you place me over your knee in a position to get it?"

Papa's Opinion.

Ethel—"I showed papa one of your poems and he was delighted."

Scribbler—"Indeed!"

Ethel—"Yes; said it was so bad he thought you'd probably be able to earn a living at something else."

Out.

A BLISSFUL feeling fills my frame;
I'm free to wander where I may,
And life is like a merry game
Which children play.

No more I languish, sigh and pine;
No more I frown and fume and fret.
A joy divine to-day is mine—
I'm out of debt!

No more I languish, sigh and pine,
While sorrow preys upon my heart
And worry of this life of mine
Becomes a part.

No more I frown and fume and fret;
I walk with laughter hand-in-glove.
For I'm not only out of debt,
But out of love!

WILLIS LEONARD CLANAHAN

A Paradox.

Customer—"Have you some of that corned beef you let me have a can of the last time I was in here?"

Grocer—"No; I am sorry to say I haven't. That was a very fine brand of beef, but nobody would buy it, so I sold it."



THE EVIDENCE.

ETHEL—"Think of his being a footpad! He looked like a real foreign nobleman."

ESTHER—"What did he rob you of?"

ETHEL—"Everything I had."

ESTHER—"Then I guess he was."

The "Having" of Algy

By Strickland W. Gillilan



HERE have been subsequential interims when I could have been dissuaded to suspect that we'd played it low on the Englisher. But Necessity—well, that old girl needn't go around masquerading as the mother of only one child. She has several others besides Invention. She's no race-suicidist, as President Ellicott of Hartford would say.

When Alex and I had got through—quite through, thanks—with that game of freeze-out at Sioux City, and when that afore-mentioned game had got through with Alex and me (the two intervals being one and the same time), we turned and looked each other in the face just because neither of us had the nerve to face the truth. We were cleaned, right. If one of those automo-housecleaners had been driven up and hitched to our pockets, with its compressed air-tubes tuned to concert pitch, and had been allowed to run for an hour, our pockets wouldn't have been any freer from financial infection than they were. It was no rough sketch of the dead-broke we were putting on. It was what I think they call realization on the stage. If dollars had been three sizes smaller than they are, and had been made of Missouri river muck; and if the rate at a good hotel were fourteen cents in Mexican money per diet, Alex and I wouldn't have had enough between us to buy a drink of ice-water from the lobby tank.

That's near enough how broke we were. We were the devoidest pair, spondulixically speaking, that ever transpired.

I claim that anybody who would expect us to keep a death-grip on the decalgorithms for the next few hours has more religion than he needs and less sense than he would have if he'd been in our fix. Alex and I both think that. Of course we've never been accused of being missionaries, and maybe our views are erratical, but that's how we doped it. A little good steed-gumption would tell 'most anybody several things to do that Hoyle wouldn't have recommended if the same or simultaneous circumstances got around him.

When the human stomach stands up and gives the distress-signal in no uncertain tones and gestures, the owner of the aforesaid tummy has a trustworthy hunch that it isn't inclined to listen to reason, let alone conscience, and he sets his moral chronometer back about fifteen minutes to the rear of the stone age, while he takes the shortest cut for soothing chuck. When hunger has folded its tents like the Scarabs and silently larcened away, civilization sets in once more, the man in the case sets his spiritual watch by the nearest church-tower clock, and all is serene. There's no chance for argument on this subject. Show me a man who isn't built on this plan and I'll show you, maybe, a freak, but more likely an awful, though unintentional, liar.

To make a short story shorter, Alex and I went down to the union station, and you'll waste a lot of valuable time if you wonder why. Our legs may know. They took us. There were just as many brains in those members as in our cranial concavities at that time.

Same legs went around the end of a bench and sat down. That's how we came to be sitting there, and it shows you just how much our intentions had to do with what followed; and how fate jiu-jitsued or osteopathed the whole affair.

And—well, if I didn't pretty nearly forget the daffy Dane in this little Hamlet of mine! On the way down street, past the Mondamin hotel, we saw a rube just ahead drop a package of papers. He walked on, unbeknowing of his loss. When Alex's foot hit the package his back bent of its own accord and his right hand picked up the thing and dropped it into his side coat-pocket. He would have called to the rube if his voice had wanted to, but there was no vocal demonstration. There seemed to be no steam in the gauge. Nothing about us was working, but arms and legs, understand, since that jack-vessel had been opened for the other fellows' benefit.

I wouldn't undertake to say how long we'd been sitting on that waiting-room bench at the union station, when words began to trickle over us. Then they cascaded—just fairly Niagaried and cataracted and eddied and whirlpooled over and around us. Part of the time we were in the Cave of the Winds, and part of the time going through the rapids in a batrel. We looked around.

A fellow with a blazing red face, lit up with one round oriole window, sat on the seat that backed up to ours and let his vocabulary have continuous hemorrhages.

You know how one of that brand of Englishers will talk—that kind with iron-gray fire-escape whiskers and a red polka-dot vest. You know how he likes to listen to the siren voice of himself—well, this was a large, display, bold-face, head-letter type of that branch of the general order of anthrops. And these, or as nearly these as anybody except a fast-revolving phonograph could have caught it, were his remarks:

"Ya-as, y' know, it's a bloomin' shyne, y' know, the w', me fellow-countrymen come to the stytes and are regulawly had, y' know. I remawked to Lud Whiffleton-Smythe, just before leaving the othaw side, y' know, that I'd jolly well show the bloomin' Yankees a few tricks, y' know. I myke no bownes of the fact that I have any quantity of money, y' know, but not a sixpunts gows until I discovah a—what you call a bawgain, y' know. I shall not visit the mines, the Indian reservytions or any othaw doubtful plyces. I shall keep me eyes open until I find some bloomin' good fawming land, properly impwoved, that its owneh must pawt with at a sacwifize, y' know. Ha-ha! Ha-ha! Deuced good, clevah plan, y' know, eh?"

That was his line, and it naturally woke us up. Half a minute before Algy began flowing at the mouth we had

felt, Alex and I, as if we'd never smile again. Half a minute after he had begun his recitative chant we were smiling like a certain breed of cat from Algy's own country. Everybody within two blocks could hearken to Algy, and the depot telegraph operatress had to close her window so she could hear her instruments click.

The quiet little man who sat listening to him arose after a few bars of Algy's solo, told the Englisher to wait there a minute, and went out. We feared something was about to happen to Algy.

Suddenly I heard a grunt from Alex. He had pulled that bunch of papers from his pocket and was looking at them with eyes that stuck out so the dust from the janitor's broom was settling on nearly an inch of them. If he had started to cry the biggest tear in the bunch couldn't have splashed within a foot of his boots. Without a word he turned and showed the documentaries to me. They were a deed and abstract of title to the best piece of land in the Floyd river bottoms up above Sioux City—land good in the open market for a century an acre. The deeds were signed, and the only blanks not filled out were those for the name of the party of the second part and for the amount of the selling price.

I was so stumped that I was totally unprepared for what Alex did next, and for the suddenness with which he seemed to perfect the whole scheme. Seemed that the total rest his brains had had for two hours had done him heaps of good. Same here, for the way I fell in and understudied showed mighty nigh human reasoning power. But hunger is hunger, walking was bad, and Chicago was many thousands of railroad ties beyond the horizon.

"I never expected to be druv to the wall like this," said Alex in one of those confidential tones a farmer employs when he is talking to a man while a thrashing-machine is running. "To think of th' years I've slaved and saved on this place to put it into shape, and to be caught now in a pinch where I'll have t' sell it at any old price at all! It's awful. But sell I must"—

"Don't do it, Bronson," says I, coaxing-like, having caught the name of the party of the first part along with his wife's at the bottom of one of the sheets. "Don't do it. We may be able to raise a breeze some other way without"—

"No use, no use," growled Alex; "I've reached th' end o' my string. Th' poor man's extremity is God's opportunity to give all he's saved to some feller that's in better luck. An' th' sooner I sell th' better."

The fish was rising. The Englisher turned and swallowed the hook, line, sinkers, bob, pole, and didn't even gag on the fisherman himself.

"Aw, Bronson, bless me sowl," he beamed through his one window; "this is an unexpected pleasuah—this tone so different from the one in youh lettaw in answer to my attempt to buy youh fawm at a deucedly good price. Now I fawncy we can come to something nearaw my terms, y' know."

Alex jumped to his feet.

"What!" he yelled with fine tragedy; "you're not th' Englisher I'd been bluffing with. I'm caught fairly. I did feel, my lord, that I had earned a fair price for my property. Cawd knows"—and here Alex squeezed out a

really wet tear—"I'd worked hard enough and long enough, and hoped enough, to get it paid for, and now"—he ended with the finest gesticulation of despair you ever saw. My, what a loss the stage distained when Alex Gregg took to tin-horning!

Well, it took. The Englisher offered a thousand pounds for those two hundred improved acres—a fourth their value, as he well knew. Bronson himself couldn't have afforded the sacrifice, but Alex could, and as I was expecting to go snucks on the deal, I was willing to let him do it. The papers were soon in Algy's big pink mitts and half the purchase-money in ours. We were to be paid the rest as soon as we met Algy and his quiet friend (that we were mighty afraid would bob in any time) in an attorney's office at half-past eight. We went out to get our breakfasts.

Well, Alex and I caught a Milwaukee train east, changed cars at Manilla and doubled back on the North-western to Missouri valley, and for the next few days we changed cars and appearances and clothes so often that a bloodhound would have got a severe headache trying to find us.

Both of us often wondered what happened when the Englisher failed to meet us in that law-office, and also when Algy and the real Mr. Bronson came together.

* * * * *

The other day I was sitting in the La Salle-street station, Chicago, when I saw a face and shape I would know anywhere. It was a bulky shape and a turkey-red face. The former was drooped down on a bench and the latter was open in a goodly snooze. I had money on me. Slipping up quietly to the pudgy figure I dropped into the open side-pocket of his plaid coat five hundred dollars, on account.

A Ballade of Spring Poets.

THEY sing of the opalescent moon.
Of course, of the flowers that too soon fade
(Oh, my! how the busy bardlings croon!);
They murmur of hill and glen and glade,
By brooklet and river they are swayed;
They tie the language into a noose,
And freely open their stock in trade—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

The azure sky is a precious boon,
The stars e'er come to the singer's aid;
And what would he do, the maundering loon
(I'm sure there are many poets made),
Without the bee and the grassy blade?
For matters like these his soul seduce;
Yes, trifles like these his feelings raid—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

The poets of spring will gurgle soon,
Soul-burdened poets of every shade;
They'll deal out things with a liberal spoon,
New aspirations will be displayed,
New flights of fancy will be essayed.
Though Pegasus meet with rank abuse,
The galling and spur he can't evade—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

ENVOY.

There's no way out of it, I'm afraid;
You cannot down them by any ruse.
Prince, welcome the coming serenade—
Ho, poets of spring will soon run loose!

NATHAN M. LENT.



S. Foster Lincoln '05

DISQUALIFIED.

"Yes; we had to drop Mrs. Jones from our 'mothers' society.'"
 "Why?"
 "She insisted on bringing her baby with her."

In the Language of the Circus Man.



"SAY, young feller!" roared the fierce-looking manager of a cheap circus to a smooth-shaven kid of six years, who had found his way into the canvas by way of his stomach, "what do you suppose would ultimately become of this mammoth, mastodonic aggregation of pompous and glittering splendor, this gorgeous array of majestic beasts of the far-away African

bare-back riders—what would become, I ask you, of the whole *consarn* outfit if we allowed every blooming idiot to crawl into our tent without liquidating the usual price of admission, which is the small sum of fifty cents, or half-price for children?"

"Whatcher—say—mister?" answered the bewildered, dirty-faced intruder.

"I said," responded the manager of the cheap circus, "that you could go over yonder and select the best seat in the reserved row. Don't you understand plain English?"

Mr. Turnover's Place.

"IN THE art of selling goods there are many things that happen of which the customer is totally oblivious," said a Broadway salesman. Thus, when a salesman finds that he is not likely to be successful with a customer he turns and says,

"I am not as familiar with this stock as the gentleman over there." And then in a louder tone to his fellow-salesman, "Mr. T. O., will you kindly attend to this gentleman?"

forest, superbly trained by masterly hands of fearless men at enormous expense, this magnificent exhibition of genuine chariot-horses direct from the Roman stables, and these royal elephants with their stately equipage, and, mind you, this brilliant conglomeration of three thousand

This plan is in accordance with a theory that not all salesmen can sell to all customers, and sales that one cannot make another can. "Mr. T. O." stands for "Mr. Turnover," and this is the system known in Broadway stores as the "turnover system."



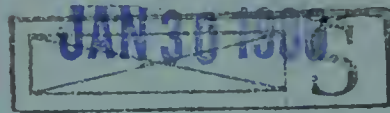
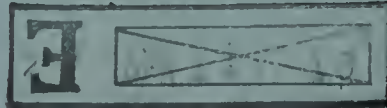
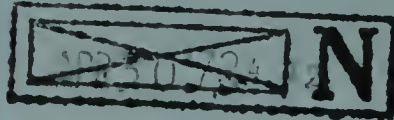
CASE OF NECESSITY.

"Ah! wizout her I shall die, monsieur."
"H'm! Starvation, I presume?"



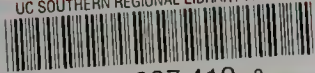
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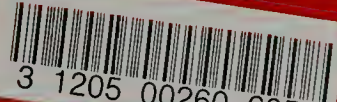


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