"The sun is up," he gayly cried;
"I think it meet that I
Should get my spade and rake, and haste
My garden luck to try."

And so he toiled until he saw Where he was digging squirm corpulently beautiful, A corpulently beautiful, Enticing fishing worm.

"My gun," he thought, 'I should have brought;
I'll go and get it straight;"
And so he homeward took his way,
Although the hour was at ate.

"The traveling I have done," he vowed,
"Has use I me most severe;

I'll take the opportunity To rest while I am here." And so he laid him down and slept,

And ere his sleep was done
The lake beside the western hill
Gleamed with the setting sun. Alas! to see so poor a day With good intent so rife!
Alas! how oft it may be found

The mirror of a life.

- Washington Post.

AFTER ALL.

Tom Barclay and Elizabeth Murray never understood each other very well, and yet they had been engaged for a year. They had known each other long before the engagement, too, but although a man seldom quite understand a woman, Tom was even more dense in this respect than most men; and Elizabeth, more difficult than most women for any man to comprehend, unconscious of the fact, wondered at Tom's many failures in this direction.

They were good friends, however, and thought they loved each other-had even said so in strict confidence; and, as I said, were engaged to be married. In fact, Miss Murray was already at the mercy of dressmakers and milliners, for it was December-date December and the wedding was set for the 10th of January.

One night, the dressmakers and milliners having kindly waived their claims for a few hours, Mr. Barclay called to see his prospective bride. He was not in the best possible humor ; an ugly east wind drove the sleet into his face as he walked the few blocks from the cable cars to Miss Murray's home, for Tom thought too much of his horses to take them out on such a night; a man had failed him in an important business appointment, and it is quite possible that he was a trifle bilious; at all events, he was about as cross as he ever allowed himself to become.

Now it happened that Elizabeth was nearly worn out with the turmoil incident to the preparations for a fashioned her also. She needed some one to smooth her hair; talk tender, comforting words-in short, pet her until she was rested; for the woman never yet lived who did not like occasional pet-

Now Thomas Barclay was not a demonstrative man, and petting was somewhat out of his line. How was he to know, especially in his unamiable mood, that the young girl soon to become his wife was in no comdition to meet impatience patiently?

"Thank fortune," he said ungraciously, kissing her as a matter of course, and dropping into a chair, "this dressmaking row will soon be over. I've scarcely seen you for a month. I won't have a dressmaker on the place after

we are married." Mr. Barclay did not mean anything by this speech; it was simply an ebullition of temper, and Elizabeth should have met it as such. It suited her mood, however, to retort with:

"Indeed! I mean to have a dress maker in the house all the time." "I wouldn't if I were you," disagreeably, "especia'ly against my wishes.' "And if I should?" she returned de-

"Well-" then common sense asserted itself, and he laughed. "Do you know, Beth, we are just ready to quarrel about nothing? My wife will probably do as she pleases.'

Miss Murray did not smile. She was morbidly sensitive, and an ugly thought had lodged in her brain. She said quietly,—
'Tom, I don't like that remark of

yours at all. I wonder if it is possible that after our marriage you would attempt to coerce me in the least?" Tom was obstinate. It would have

been better not to have asked the question. He said:

"A woman promises to obey when she marries.'

"Not always; the word is frequently left out of the marriage service. It would be better left out of ours.'

"Do you mean that you will not obey?" asked he, looking at her curiously.

"Just that." "A man is the head of the family; it is a wife's duty to obey."
"So I have heard. I never thought

of marriage in this light before-a bondage. It seems to me that a woman's freedom is something not to be given up lightly. I have never been dictated to by any one since I left school, and do not believe I should take it kindly. Tom, I don't believe I want to marry you or anybody; why," with a sudden flash of passion, "if you laid a command upon me after our marriage, I really believe I should hate you !

be as well for a man to curb his temper till after the wedding day. He rose, walked across the room, pushed aside the heavy curtain, and looked out. The prospects was not pleasing; the sky was black, and the driving sleet pelted against the plate glass. He man events it was natural and proper came back to where Miss Murray sat that we should get married?" looking into the fire and apparently

"Elizabeth, I thought you loved me." driver was at the door, and Elizabeth

"Did you? I thought so too, though | was carried up to her room. I have been told often enough that I didn't.

"Who told you so ?" "Mamma for one, Aunt Clare for andidn't known the first principles of love: perhaps they were right.'

Mr. Barclay was never so thoroughly astonished in his twenty-eight years of life; he asked, rather stiffly-"Will you kindly state why you en-

gaged yourself to me?" "Well, Tom, I always liked you. We've known each other for years. Our families are intimate. What more natural than that you, the only son, and I, the only daughter, should marry? Besides," with a little break in the clear voice, "until to-night I thought you loved me."

Tom pulled his chair close to Elizabeth's and drew her head down to his shoulder. He ought to have done that earlier in the evening. Then he said : "My dear, what possesses you? You

known I love you. For an instant the yellow head rested where he had placed it; then Miss Murray drew herself away and rose to her feet.

"No, Tom, it is too late to make me believe that. We are not fitted to make each other happy; I am quite certain of it. Let us break off our engage-

"And all on account of that speech of mine about a dressmaker!" he exclaimed savagely.
"Not entirely that. I feet that you

do not love me, and something tells me that I ought not to be your wife." Mr., Barclay, man-like, loved the woman who was slipping away from him at this moment, better than ever before, and he had loved her always in his way; he had made a mistake in

not showing his affection more plainly.
"Beth," he said, "forgive me. I didn't meau it. I was a brute. As my wife you will be free as air; you must know that. Think a moment; it is not an unpardonable offence, is it?' "I tell you it is not because of what you said," she reiterated, "It is be-

cause I know you do not love me, and that I am not sure that I love you." Mr. Barclay's temper began to rise again. He remarked:

"This is a nice statement for a man to hearthree weeks before his mar-

"Much nicer than it would be three weeks after," she retorted. "The invitations are not out; no one outside of our families know that the day was set. I will take my finery," she added, again to gain her love. Perhaps I use them. Camphor, or even camphor with a smile, "and go to Italy. Take shall know her better." You know the tar, are only partially repellant to the with a smile, "and go to Italy. Take your ring, Tom, and say good-by," drawing off the diamond.

Mechanically Tom dropped the circlet into his pocket. Suddenly he took a step toward her, caught her in his able wedding. She was nervous and arms, kissed her once—twice—three I can give you everything you want, irritable; probably the east wind affect- times, with all the passion of a man even the dressmaker; and indeed, inwho loves, then, releasing her, turned and left the room, while Miss Murray, only the out-come of bad temper, and" white and trembling, sank into her (hesitatingly) "perhaps I understand a chair, hid her face and cried bitterly. Much to Elizabeth's surprise Mr. | then.' Barclay made no attempt to see or speak to her again. She explained,

> where it was necessary: "Mr. Barclay and I have changed

our minds. A month later she and Aunt Clare were outward bound, with Italy for their goal. The remainder of the winter and the following spring and summer were spent roaming from place to place; then one of those financial cyclones called a panic swept over the United States, and Miss Murray and her aunt were called home. Thomas her engagement ring. Barclay, though a young man, was a large dealer in coffees, teas and spices. His was one of a dozen firms that tailed that autumn. Dishonest and unfortunate creditors had cost him a hundred thousand dollars. But that cut no figure in settling up his own affairs. He cleared his stables, sold own creditors were paid dollar for dollar, Mr. Barclav had a clean conscience, a stainless record, and five

thousand dollars in cash. He went West, and Miss Murray heard no more of him. Her father. an importer of silks and foreign fabrics, curtailed expenses, and, aided by a generous loan from Aunt Clare, weather-

ed the storm. One summer two years later, Elizabeth and her mother joined a party who were going to make a tour of the northwest, penetrating even the wilds of Alaska before their return.

It was in Portland that Miss Murray met with an accident, and a treacherous banana peeling was to blame for it. She had gone out alone to make some small purchases, and stepping on the deceitful peel fell to the ground.

A crowd was gathering. A gentleman offered his assistance, and Elizabeth was taken to the nearest store. while the gentleman called a carriage and then accompanied her home. It was Tom Barclay.

In spite of the pain, Miss Murray could not help looking at the man who was to have been her husband. That individual met her eyes and said :

"Well ?" Miss Murray blushed, painfully conscious that she had been staring. "It is so long since I have seen you and we used to be such good friends,'

she replied gently. "Whose fault is it that you have not. seen me for so long?" he demanded and then, noting her fading color and pale lips, he said. "What a brute I am to question you so, when you are It crossed Tom's mind that it might suffering such pain! I was never gentle enough to win your love. Beth.

"Did you ever try, Tom?" "I thought I did." "Did you take everything for granted -that you loved me, and that I cared

"Perhaps so," he answered quietly ; and then the carriage stopped, the

for you, and that in the course of hu-

It was an ugly, obstinate sprain, and "held its victim a prisoner for six long weeks. The party went on to Alaska, leaving Mrs. Murray and her daughter other. You see, mamma married papa at the hotel, and quite as a matter of for love when he was a poor man, and course, Tom Barclay called often. He Aunt Clare's husband died before the was wonderfully gentle toward the wohoneymoon was over. She mourns man who had refused to be his wife. him yet. They always said that I Elizabeth did not know that he was trying to win her love, but Mrs. Murray was well aware of that fact, and well satisfied, too. Tom was established in the old business in Portland, and again on the road to wealth. She had always liked him, and shrewdly suspected that his presence on this planet had something to do with her daughter's strange indifference to certain brilliant

matrimonial chances. As for Elizabeth, she was utterly content and happy during the period of invalidism that confined her to the house. What cared she for the beauties of Alaska, of which her friends wrote knew nothing of her quickening heart beats and bounding pulses whenever he approached.

Elizabeth had been able to walk for a week. Her friends were due in two days on their return trip, and she and her mother were to join them and start immediately for home.

Mr. Barclay asked the convalescent to take a ride with him. He was thirtyone, Elizabeth twenty-five. Mrs. Murray did not think a chaperon necessary; neither did Tom. They went alone.

They were far better acquainted than in the days when they were engaged. Miss Murray admired the honest courage, the persevering independence, with which her friend was rebuilding his ment wholly unsuited to the purpose. fortune, and Tom loved her as he always had, as he always would, and had learned to show his affection in many of the thousand ways, that delight a woman's heart.

They talked of the scenery, of her accident, and then of the coming parting. Suddenly Tom exclaimed:
"Oh Beth, my darling, give me a

word of hope before you go! You were mistaken in the old days. I always loved you, and now that we have met again, I cannot let you go out of my life forever."

"If you always loved me, why have you been silent all these years?" inquired Elizabeth.

"Because I was stunned that night when I left you, realizing that by my own stupid blundering I had lost you. Then I set myself to do a penance. I said, 'I will wait three years; if another wins her I shall know that she could never love me; if not, I will try West and begin over again. I am not as rich as I was then, but there is every prospect that I shall be, and I know, Beth, that money makes no difference. even the dressmaker; and indeed, inwoman's moods little better now than

There was a short silence, while Mr. Barclay, having made his plea, waited for the verdict. At length Elizabeth

"Perhaps I loved you then, Tom. could never care for any one clse. I alway compared other men with you to alway compared other men with you, to their disadvantage. If you care to come after me, some time, I will be disadvantage. If you care to clothing, etc. They had a room full of feathers, which were sent there for pilothers, which were sent there for pilothers are the pilothers. your wife.'

Murray saw the solitaire that had been common salt. They sprinkled it around solid rock falling into the sun would on-

"I have always carried it with me," he said simply, "because you had worn it." Somehow the tears sprang to Eliza-

beth's eyes when he slipped it on her finger.

Mrs. Murray was not at all surprised when her daughter announced with a every inch of real estate, and when his blush, that she was going to marry Thomas Barclay. "I always thought you would," that

lady replied calmly.
The next winter Tom went east after his bride. They are happier than they would have been without that quarrel, a blending of comedy and high tragedy. but it does not follow that any one should go and do likewise.- Yankee Blade.

## June, July and August.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan. along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Nearly all are located near lakes which have not been fished out.

These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER. The finest shooting, grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. The crop of Prairie Chickens will be exceptionably good this year; also Ducks and Geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid Deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address, GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago, Ill., or to JOHN R. POTT.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE. - Rejected Suitor (dolefully)-You say you will be a sister to me; what do you mean by

D. P. a,. Williamsport, Pa.

Sweet girl (cheerfully)-Why, when I get married, you may send me a nice wedding present, you know.

A. GREAT CATCHER .- "Jimmie hardly got rid of the chicken pox before he was down with scarlet fever.' "George, that boy will make a boss detective

"Why?" "He catches everything." THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Back from the road, up the old path, With empty casements, drear and gray. The house stands, facing down the bay-And either side of the slanting gate, The faithful sentinel lilacs wait.

Deep tangling vines with close embrace The porch's fluted columns trace. And busy swallows dart and call From out the rain-stained, sagging wall— And longing, watching, de olate, The faithful sentinel lilacs wait.

At dusk in the old house I see A dancing light's weird mystery. Is it a firefly's fitful gleam, Or some ghost candle's flickering beam? Is it for this, when the hours grows late The faithful sentinel lilacs wait? At dusk in the old house I see sentinel lilacs wait?
—Boston Transcript.

Picking the Ears.

People who are in the habit of "picking their ears" with the heads of pins earspoons, etc., frequently suffer from small abscesses in the parts irritated. These are called aural furuncles, and are not only exceedingly annoying, but such glowing descriptions? Did she not are often very painful. A wise old dochave long talks with Tom every other tor once cautioned a patient never to put evening? Though she took care that he any thing in his ear but his elbow. This is good sound advice, which all should follow, and if they do they will seldom ever be troubled with the abscesses in question. When one of them forms it is well to use the following mixture Menthol, fifteen grains; sweet oil, five

Wet a small piece of cotton with this and gently press it back into the passage to the ear until it lies over the abscess. Renew the application twice a day. Appropos of this, a sad case of ear trouble has recently been brought to the notice of the writer. A few weeks ago a bug crawled into the ear of a young man, causing, of course, much discomfort. He sought a physician, who endeavored to remove the intruder, using instru-The result was that he tore out completely the drum membrane of the ears and yet the bug remained behind. Then he syringed out the ear, as he should have done in the first place, and so expelled the offender. The victim of the operation is "stone deaf" on the affected Tax stamps have be

side -- Boston Herald. -Just now the moths are so plentiful it is well for housekeepers to bear in twenty-five or thirty centime stamps, causes the trouble. The moth lays from 18 to 140 eggs at a time. In from three to seven days these hatch out into little worms, which spin a tiny case for themselves from the carpet, fur or other material containing animal substance in which they were laid. All the damage is done in the thirty-six days from the feet or three feet. time the eggs are laid until the grub reaches its full size. Two things sure death-benzine spray and Paris green or any arsenical preparation, but they are both so dangerous that few can rest. The crash came. I had to come flying moth and have no effect whatever on the grub, so that furs and garments may be locked up with pounds of camphor and when opened found eaten to pieces. The benzine spray is the best known preventive against moths, but a light should not be brought in the room where it has been used until it has been

well aired.

The Housekeeper. SALT AS A MOTH EXTERMINATOR. -For moths salt is the best exterminator. The nuns in one of the hospital convents have tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as ther have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers when low making, and they were in despair, Out of an inner pocket Tom took a as they could not exterminate the tiny morocco case, and opening it, Miss moths until they were advised to try

To DESTROY FLIES .- It is perhaps not generally known that black pepper (not red) is a poison for many insects The following simple mixture is said to be the best destroyer of the common house fly extent: Take equal proportions of fine black pepper, fresh ground, and sugar, say enough of each to cover a ten-cent piece; moisten well with a est electric light; if these leaves were spoonful of milk, (a little cream is better,) keep that in your room and it will keep down the flies. One advantage leaver. over other fly poisons is, that it injures nothing else; and another, that the flies seek the air, and never die in the house -the windows being open.

Tough.-"Say," said a man to butcher of whom he purchased his daily supply of meat, "that last piece of steak bought of you must have been from a

steer old enough to vote." "Was it tough?" inquired the man of "Tough! "Well, I should say it

was. I could hardly cut it." "Oh, is that all? Well, you ought to have heard another man kicking a day or two ago. He bought a piece that he said was so tough he couldn't get his fork in the gravy."

LIKE A MILLION .- Jack, I tell you what, Maud makes quite a figure in so ciety.

Tom-Yes. When I see her at a party with her dude admirers she reminds me of a million. Jack -- ? ? ?

Tom-She is one followed by half a dozen nothings. A Long Journey .- He (as they

wondered through country lanes)-I could go through life contented with you at my side She (in a burst of rapture) - Jack, if you'll buy a carriage it's a go.

your new baby good looking? Brooks-No; ugly as sin.

Bridges-What does your wife say Brooks-She's content; says it looks day, 2,191,000 a year.

-The galvanized telephone wires in London, England, weighing 220 pounds to the mile, have been replaced with silicon bronze wires weighing thirty-six pounds to the mile.

Remarkable Facts.

Every One of Which You Will Find Most Interesting.

Postal cards are made at the rate of

The city of Chicago in its present boundaries contains 173 square miles. On dark nights a white light can be seen farther than any other color; on

bright nights red takes the first place. One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover | ter. a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The average pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60; the pulse of females is more frequent than of males. A bundle of spider webs not larger

than a buckshot and weighing less than one drachm would, if straightened out and untangled, reach a distance of 250 miles.

England is the greatest pin-making ountry in the world; its product is about 50,000,000 pins a year, and Birmingham is the center, with an outturn Not including Alaska, Brazil is larg-

er in extent than the United States, it possesses within its limits an area of 3.-287,964 square miles, with a population of 12.338,375. Vegetable flannel is a textile material now largely manufactured in Germany

from pine leaves; the fibre is spun, knitted, and woven into undergarments and clothing of various kinds, Of 13 million barrels of salt annually consumed in the United States Michi-

gan furnished two-sixth, New York one-sixth, ten other salt producing states one-sixth and two-sixth are imported. Sweden is perhaps the most Protestant country in the world; of a popula-tion of 6 millions there are only 2,000

Reman Catholics, the remainder of the Tax stamps have been established in Switzerland to enable the poorer classes to pay their taxes in small installments; the taxpayer can buy weekly a few

mind that it is not the flying moth that and so gradually clear off his debt to the government. The longest reach of railway without a curve is that of the New Argentine Pacific railway, from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, for 211 miles it is without a single curve, and has no cut-

ting nor embankment deeper than two Twenty-one observatories are now engaged in the international undertaking of photographing the entire heavens; each observatory will have to take about 700 photographs in the zone assigned to

three or four years. The lottest region on the earth is on day for years and years?" the southwestern coast of Persia, where Persia borders the guif of the same name; for forty consecutive days in the months of July and August, the thermometer has been known not to fall lower than

100 degrees night or day. In water in which vegetables have mustard seed, and these infinitesimal

phant. The amount of coloring power stored in coal is such that one pound of the mineral yield magenta sufficient to color 500 yards of flannel, aurine for 120 yards

scarlet, for 2,560 yards of flannel, aliza-rin for 255 yards of Turkey-red cloth. It is calculated that a range of mountains consisting of 176 cubic miles of and in a week or ten days they were al- | ly maintain the heat for a single second; together rid of the moths. They are a mass equal to that of the earth would never troubled now.—Chicago Herald, maintain the heat for only ninety-three years, and a mass equal to that of the sun itself falling into the sun would afford 33 million years of sun-heat.

The gold beaters of Berlin, at the Paris exposition, showed gold leaves so thin that it would require 282,000 to produce the thickness of a single irch. yet each leaf is so perfect and free from holes as to be impenetrable to the strongbound in book form it would take 15 .-

## The Fastest Mile Yet Made.

The following items will prove of interest to little folks:

The fastest mile run by a railroad train was made in 403 seconds. The record for the fastest mile made

on skates is 2 minutes 12-3-5 seconds. The fastest mile made in rowing in a single boat took 5 minutes 1 second. The fastest mile ever made by a running horse was run in 1 minute 35

The fastest mile by a man on a tri-

cycle was made in 2 minutes 49 2-5 seonds. The fastest time on snow shoes for a mile is recorded as 5 minutes 393 se-

conds. The best time for a mile by a man on econds.

The fastest mile ever made by a man swimming was done in 26 minutes 52 seconds. The fastest mile ever accomplished by

a man walking was made in 6 minutes 23 seconds. In running, the fasts mile made by a man was accomplished in 4 minutes 121 seconds.

The annual statement of the pie industry in New York city shows that there are 20 establishments that bake His Father's Own. — Bridges—Is our new baby good looking?
Brooks—No: ugly as sin.

pies exclusively. Of these one company turns out 8,500 pies a day, or 2,660,500 pies a year, not counting Sundays, and another averages 7,000 a

> bushels of potatoes, of his own raising, will please respond liberally." for 85 cents per bushel. This means It cost Tommy's father \$1.75 to get \$1,360, and would indicate that farm-out of the room gracefully.--Chicago ing must pay in Penobscot county.

Who Are You?

And Who Can You Prove It By ?

A citizen of Detroit, who has resided here for nearly twenty years, and who has for the past dozen years run a small carpenter shop on his own hook, got a check on one of the banks the other day

and stepped in to have it cashed. "You have to be identified, sir, "replied the casher, as he handed back the

"But I am John Blank, the carpen-

"Possibly you are, but you'll have to bring some one who knows you." "Ill bring twenty in five minutes!" somewhat tartly exclaimed the man as

Standing on the steps of the bank he scanned the faces of the passers-by, and to his own great surprise it was ten minutes before he saw the phiz of a friend. The two entered the bank, and the latter said to the casher: "I know this man to be John

Blank." "But, who are vou ?"

he walked out.

"I'm Stephen Dash." "Never heard of you. He must bring

ne one whom I know is responsible. "See here!" This is all nonsense?" exclaimed the owner of the check, who was in a hurry.

"Perhaps so," was the cool reply. "Mr. Dash, do you positively know this man to be John Blank?" "Of course I do." "Have you ever had a legal paper

with his signature?" 'No-o.' "Ever pay him an account or collect one by that name?"

"I guess not." "Could you safely make affidavit that that is his real name?"

"I--I-don't believe I could. I've just heard him called John Blank." Mr. Blank brought in three other men, each one of whom started in with the greatest confidence, but came out of population belonging almost entirely to the little end of the horn when asked the Lutheran church. membered a man to whom he sold a piece of property three or four years ago, and he walked half a mile to bring

him to the bank. "You identify him as John Blank, do

you?" queried the teller,
"Well, he signed that name to the "Would you make oath that he is the

same person ?"
"Um! Um! I think he is!" "But will you sign a bond to make this \$200 good if he isn't?" "On, no! Now, that I begin to look

at it more closely I see a difference."
"What!" shouted Blank. "Haven't I lived within stone's throw of you for

"Y-a-s," was the hesitating reply.
"Didn't I build a barn for you?" it, and it is hoped to finish the work in "I-I guess you did." "Haven't you seen me almost every "Well, I've seen you or somebody

who looks very much like you. I think you are John Blank, but of course I can't swear to it."

The money was paid and the teller afterwards said: "He was the right party, of course, been infused, the microscope discovers but had I carried out our rule to the animalculi so minute that 100,000 of letter I doubtif he could have found a them would not exceed in bulk a single man among all his neighbors to swear to his identity. I don't believe we have creatures are supplied with organs as ten men in Detroit who can prove their complete as those of the whale or ele- legal identity without taking an hour's time to do it. A man knows another as Smith, Jones or Green, but that isn't legal knowledge, and it would bother some of our leading merchants to fur-nish legal proofs to establish the fact that they are the persons they claim to

## Baby McKee's Break.

WASHINGTON, May 3 .-- A telegram went out from this city on Saturday that caused a gleam of satisfaction to spread over the Presidential face on the Pacific coast. It was to the effect that Benjamin Harrison McKee who had been left in charge of the Government while the rest of the family went swinging around the circle, had donned pants. In the exuberance of his delight the favorite grandson of the President strutted all over the building, calling upon everybody to take notice of his manly appearance.

All would have gone well had it not

in the East Parlor, who had several young ladies with her. Young McKee called out to the lady in a loud voice: "Do you wear pants? I do."
There were blushes, a slight scream, and Baby McKee was rushed off to the conservatory.

been for the fact that the youngster

met the wife of a Cabinet Minister

AND MAMMA FROWNED .- He hadn't seen her for a long time, and, of course, they had an infinite deal of nothing to say to each other. Little sister, therefore, was very much de trop.
"Run along upstairs, dear," she said to the little one. "I'll give you some candy if you will."

"There's a good girl. Please do." "But 1'd rather stay here." "I won't let you come into my room while I'm dressing if you don't. But even this direful threat had no effect, and little sister remained. Presa bicycle is recorded as 2 minute 29 4-5 ently mamma came in and the conversation lagged a trifle. Suddenly a

thought struck little sister.

want me to go upstairs for a while ago ?"-Chicago Post. JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME. -The father of the family, disturbed by the noise, entered suddenly

"Say," she asked, "what did you

"Who is doing all this loud talking?" he inquired. Master Tommy, who was standing on the centre-table, took off the pair of his grandmother's spectacles he had on, ooked solemnly at the congregation of neighbor's children seated in front of him, glanced at the dumb watch he car-

ried, and said : "My hearers, I leeve this subject with you. Services this evening at the usual "A Corinna tarmer," notes the lar collection. A considerable amount is needed for incidentals, and friends

It cost Tommy's father \$1.75 to get Tribune.