

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

After the young woman in pink had lured the young man into a secluded seat under the palms on the plea that she was too tired to dance she talked herself hoarse without being able to start a flow of conversation on his part. Then he coughed.

"There—er—was something I wanted to say," he began, hesitatingly.

The young woman in pink leaned over and adjusted her slipper rosette to conceal her gratified surprise.

"What was it?" she murmured as she sat up and regarded him confidently.

"Somehow," he said, "I feel that you always understand me—you have a sympathetic nature."

"I am glad if you think so, Mr. Friller," the girl in pink said softly.

"Oh, I do!" declared the young man, earnestly. "It makes it easier—"

"I hope, Mr. Friller—Henry," the girl in pink said, looking at him with great seriousness.

Building a Poem.

"Any man on earth can be a poet if he tries," said a speaker at a bankers' banquet, "and there never was a better evidence than when the provost of Dundee died."

"It was a hard matter to decide just how four men could write an epitaph, but it was finally settled by the agreement that the inscription should be a verse of four lines, each man to write a line. And so they started."

"Here lies the provost of Dundee, Here lies him, here lies he, Hallelujah, hallelujah, A-B-C-D-E-F-G!"

Spelling Shakespeare's Name. E. H. Sothern in an article in a magazine on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy gives the Baconians a sound drubbing.

A Good Retort. A Spaniard was traveling from San Sebastian to Biarritz in a first class compartment with an American.

Mental Twilight. Mental health passes into mental disease most commonly in a gradual way, as light passes into darkness.

Acoma's Queer Graveyard. What is perhaps the most remarkable graveyard in the United States adjoins the old Spanish church in the ancient Indian pueblo of Acoma, N. M.

Got Through. Among other startling statements in her composition on "A Railway Journey" the following was made by a little Baltimore girl:

Her First Thought. Ella—What a dreamer she is! Stella—I should say so! When I told her about an accident in which a poor fellow lost both of his legs she said that that was too bad, as he would not be able to leave any footprints on the sands of time.—Judge.

Insomnia and Tobacco.

The dominant characteristic of tobacco is the fact that it heightens blood pressure. The irritant action by which it does this sometimes leads to still more harmful results.

Meanness of Mose. A typical southern "mammy" entered the office of a well known attorney and, after mopping her shining brow with a bandanna handkerchief, said to the man at the desk.

Yellow Writing Paper Easy on Eyes. Oculists have often called attention to the fact that the eyes are easily fatigued by the reflection from white paper, especially when the surface is under a strong light.

Articles Marked "Patented." We are all accustomed to see a patented article marked "Patented," with the date of the patent.

Music and Appetite. The majority of the great musical composers had appetites on an equality with their talents.

Curious Beshives. In the village of Hoefel, Silesia, there are a number of beehives in the shape of life size figures cleverly carved in wood and painted in colors.

The Fastidious. "Catch any fish on your trip?" "No, and I can't understand why. Had a \$200 outfit. Had the right kind of hooks and the latest thing in flies."

She Did. "Jack proposed to me while turning the music for me at the piano." "Ah, I see! You played right into his hands."—London Answers.

Maddening Rapid Transit.

The accommodation trains of Germany seldom fail to provoke the wrath of American travelers. One of them thus vented his feelings in a letter home:

Preparing For the Wedding. There was to be a wedding in eastern Kentucky. Many of the mountaineers would be there.

The Powdering Closet. When capricious fashion ruled that ladies should wear only white hair-color supplied by nature being of no importance—the operation of putting on the powder made special arrangements necessary.

Consistently Dressed. Mrs. Fuclose—Isn't my new décollete gown great? I tell you, I'm in the swim now.

Wouldn't Let Him Die. Bella—He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt. Della—Well? Bella—He has no life insurance, and I pitied his poor old mother.—Philadelphia Record.

Profiting by the Occasion. "I met Pantouffe just now. He's awfully bad; can hardly eat anything and drinks nothing but water."

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in every house of any pretension a small chamber was set aside for the exclusive use of powdering the hair.

Why Lincoln Helped a Bug. President Lincoln was walking with a friend about Washington and turned back for some distance to assist a beetle that had got on its back and lay on the walk, legs sprawling in air.

The Family Skelton. "Pop, us boys is going to have a minstrel show."

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The Real Reason. Freddie—Mamma, my face is dirty. Please wash it. Mamma—Freddie, where in the world do you learn to say "me face," like a little street arab? Why don't you say "my face is dirty?" Freddie—Because your face isn't dirty.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Efforts. "What did you do to catch that cold?" "Oh, ran after it for a couple of Marathon sprints and then finally overtook it by borrowing a friend's racing car."—Baltimore American.

The Necessity Removed. Baker—Manning's operation has been postponed indefinitely. Barker—Why's that? Baker—His surgeon's wife has inherited a large fortune.—Life.

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"You Know Antoinette Graves, Don't You?"

of things—she is so very odd, you know. I feel sorry for a girl who fails to be popular! Of course, I can't even faintly imagine how it seems, but I should think it would be awful!

"As bad as that?" asked the young man.

"Goodness, yes," said the girl in pink. "You never see Antoinette anywhere. She hasn't been to a dance for a year or so. And she wears such funny clothes! Of course you can't really blame a girl if she has no instinct for style and doesn't care to keep up with things! Why, last winter when every one was pawning her rings to buy enough hair to keep up with the styles I saw Antoinette going around with just her own hair on—"

"She has a lot of it," said the young man.

"But fancy!" cried the girl in pink. "No matter how much hair you have you can't do it up in style if one end of it is fastened to your head! She just didn't care! And she's never had a hobble skirt to her name. She's gone right on wearing her last year's tailor suit as though she felt perfectly up to date in it. Don't you like to see a girl progressive?"

"Er—yes," said the young man. "But—"

"I really don't like to say anything that sounds like running another person down," went on the girl in pink, in a pained voice. "That isn't my nature, as you know, Mr. Friller—Henry. But Antoinette always struck me as being terribly empty headed! I never could get her to settle down to a serious talk—she would act restless or laugh or move away."

"I think a really sweet natured girl would take some interest in her friends' affairs, don't you?"

"Poor Antoinette! I wonder what life can hold for unfortunate girls like her! They have nothing to look forward to! But I try not to dwell on such things. There is no use in harrowing one's self over the misfortunes of others. However, I feel things so deeply. I really suffer, Mr. Friller—Henry, if I think every one isn't as happy and contented as myself, I—"

"But you said you had something to ask me?"

"I asked it," confessed the young man, looking red and uncomfortable. "I asked what you thought of Antoinette. You see, I wanted to tell you that she and I are engaged!"

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