

"WHILE WE HAVE TIME"

The peaceful hour of summer dusk is nigh;
Swift swallows hawk beneath an opalsky;
Along the west faint bars of crimson die;
Under the low-browed porch your chair I
set,
Amid sweet scents of musk and mignon-
ette
You muse of things you sometimes half
forget.
Can you forgive her then?
Or when, within some sacred, ancient
fane,
Where holy rest and peace forever reign,
As falls the tinted sunlight from the pane
Unto your ear the solemn words are given
"While we have time." "Forgive and be
forgiven."
The angels wait to take your prayers to
heaven.
Do you forgive her then?
"While we have time!" The years are not
our own;
The clock ticks on with calm, unaltered
tone,
Until our little span of life has flown;
A sad bell tolling in a narrow glen,
A quiet aisle astir with tramp of men;
She would not know if you forgave her—
then.

JOANNA'S ROMANCE.

Where I first saw Joanna was in the
draper's shop of a stagnant little
country town, a place storied enough
for a hundred towns, small and great.
The place was quite dead, and given
over to its illustrious ghosts; and to
the lashing, tearing voices of the
Atlantic, that even in the mild
autumn shouted and smote incessantly,
making a tumult in the air.
The shop was hung with shawls and
cheap, shoddy prints and linseys, so
that in the dark one could scarcely
see Joanna's bright head at first, as
one came blinking out of the day-
light; the shop was sunk a step or
two below the street.

She was a big, generously built,
handsome girl. Her hair, twisted in
splendid coils, was of that pale color
which is as much silver as gold; her
face, with its regular, large features,
was suffused with a healthy color;
she looked at us from large gray eyes,
clear as agate and as hard.

Our business was to make some
small purchase of a basket, if we
could find one, to carry home a spec-
imen of the town's manufacture of
rough red pottery. Joanna as-
sisted us in this to the best of her
power, and then some remark about
the slowness of business brought
down upon us a perfect avalanche
of explanation.

Joanna had little to do at that
moment; indeed, for an hour or more
we conversed with her, her customers
were a small child for a half penny
spool, and a girl who came back re-
penting a purchase, and wanting the
money restored. With these Joanna
dealt summarily and came back to
the chat she was apparently eager
for. She set us a couple of chairs be-
tween the lines of shawls, and leant
forward herself with her arms akimbo
on the narrow counter.

Here was a discourse on the Irish
Land Laws, the relation between
landlord and tenant, the deteriora-
tion in the condition of the Irish
poor, with divergencies to the gen-
eral subject of labor, the cause of
strikes, and a great many other
things. We were well content to
listen. The girl was extraordinarily
well informed and intelligent. The
soft brogue was musical.

Also we were in the very midst of
a disturbed and distressed district,
and were both keenly interested. We
were not English tourists, but a pair
of Irishwomen with a certain knowl-
edge of the matter, though without
Joanna's illumination from within.

We were both filled with admira-
tion for the creature before us. For
in the excitement of her valuable
talk Joanna had grown brilliantly
handsome. What a girl to be doling
out farthing purchases in this melan-
choly, haunted little place, which
was only tolerable because of the
contrast to one's own vivid life far
away in the world. As we talked the
wind lashed the sea-blowed alders and
a dreary patter of dead leaves came
down the street, where, at long inter-
vals, a human footfall sounded.

"You will not always stay here,"
Rosa said, with sudden, quick sym-
pathy. "You are saving your wages,
no doubt, and will get away some
day to a bigger place, because you are
such a clever girl."

"Saving!" echoed Joanna scorn-
fully. "No indeed then; if you knew
what my wages were 'tis little you'd
talk of saving. And what for would
I save? I am as happy here as if I
went foreign to Dublin or Cork.
What for would I go saving an' roam-
ing?"

Rosa answered deprecatingly.
"But a fine, handsome girl like you
won't spend all your life behind this
poor little counter? You will want
a business of your own, and it is per-
haps possible you might think of
marriage."

"Marriage!" said the girl almost
fiercely. "There's not a man to be
had here less nor three hundred
pounds. An' them ould shows of
widowers, for their's nothing else
here. Why, if I ever could have
under the sun three hundred pounds,
is it on the like of them I'd spend
it?"

Her walling Cork brogue rang out
vehemently in her indignation. It
was our first experience of the re-
sults of the Munster match-making
system. Rosa looked rather shocked,
I felt vastly amused.

"But, my dear," said Rosa, "you
are young and clever and handsome.
There are many men in the world
who would love you just for your
sake. Do you only think of
marriage in the way you have said,

and not at all as a union in which
you would be dearly loved and loved
in return?"

"Men and love," said Joanna
emphatically; "I don't set any store
by them. People marries for love
foreign in Dublin and Cork, not here.
A friend of mine married for love,
and what came of it? 'Twas love they
had to live on, no more. Och, he was
the worthless stragvager with his love.
He brought her to live on his father's
as long as the ould man would let
them. Then when they were turned
out he took her to America. But
there was no place there for him and
his idle ways and his love. And now
they're back, and she is supporting
the great lazy sturk. Him an' his
love!"

It is impossible to express the dis-
dain with which Joanna used the
little noun, which has wrought such
great havoc and turned to such great
issues in this world of ours. She
hammered out the word every time
she spoke it as if she was shattering
the thing itself to atoms. She had
drawn herself up till she looked like
a fierce, handsome young Amazon,
her cheeks flushed, her eyes spark-
ling, her fingers pointing her con-
tempt.

Rosa looked as if she could scarce-
ly endure these unnatural opinions
in Joanna. Perhaps the girl saw she
was shocked. At all events her atti-
tude suddenly relaxed, her face and
voice suddenly softened.

"Deed," she said, "and you could
hardly recognize her for the same
girl." "Tis not that I'd be saying love
wasn't good for married people.
Who'd know what it is between hus-
band and wife better than me, James
O'Connell's own sister? But 'tis
married love, love that comes with
the priest's blessing, and none of
that sort of mialuin an' stragvagin.
Look here ladies," she said with an-
other sudden change of tone, "ye
were talking about the evicted ten-
ants."

"Well, if ye'd like to know one
that has been through with it, I'll
take ye any Sunday to see my own
brother that ould Poltimore evicted.
He's under Major Hannay now, glory
be to God! but 'tis long he and the
wife and the little ones were in a
cabin with the wet coming through
the thatch, and only the black shad-
ow of Barlass Hill for shelter against
the north wind."

"We'll go gladly," said Rosa for
both of us, "and next Sunday after
mass, if that will suit you, Miss
O'Connell."

Joanna joined us at the hotel on
Sunday about 1 o'clock. We had a
rickety hotel-car, and a ragged driver
in high spirits, who kept incessantly
urging the little lean mare. We flew
down-hill and up-hill at breakneck
pace, but the urchin who was driving
never relaxed his long whistle, which
seemed perfectly maddening to the
horse. However, as he left our en-
treates unheeded, we soon got used
to our flight through the air. As we
passed we scattered stones and flints
freely from the road, set the hens
screaming wildly, and made an oc-
casional old woman at a cottage door
lift up her hands in amazement.

Agleesh, when we reached it, was a
poor little place enough, but an oasis
of cultivation after Derry Moor.
There we had seen the wide, boggy
country, traversed by streams of
water stained red with the iron wash-
ings, patches of partially reclaimed
land were fast returning to bog-land;
and we saw the remains of roofless
cabins standing up here and there
black and smoke-dried. Joanna was
an entertaining companion.

She knew every man, woman and
child along the road, and could tack
a history to each. She pointed us
out this and that evicted farm, and
far away under Barlass Mountain,
made us see, through our spy-glass,
as she called it, the huts of evicted
tenants, hive-shaped, like the hut of
a New Zealand aborigine.

"But, Joanna," one of us said—
she had prayed early in the day that
we should call her Joanna—"how is
it that if your brother couldn't pay
rent to Col. Poltimore he is able to
pay for the land of this Major Han-
nay, who you say is of the ould stock,
and a kind landlord?"

"For once Joanna's loquacity seemed
frozen. She answered sententiously
and with a vague flush. It was an
answer that told nothing, and we felt
that somehow we had presumed.
There was an awkward silence for
quite five minutes.

Agleesh was an ordered little place,
with tiny patches of fields, cropped,
and in a way to prosper. The house
was long and low, a house of three
or four rooms, perhaps. The dung-
hill was out of sight at the back, and
the place, though bare, as if they
were newcomers, had a tidy look.
As the car drew up at the house
door, a pale, pretty young woman
ran out. She had a baby in her
arms, and a boy or two hid his shy
eyes in her skirt.

Following came her husband, a tall
young man, happy-looking, but with
a certain pallor and thinness as from
late privation. We were welcomed
with genuine courtesy and hospital-
ity; but Joanna seemed to disappear
in her sister-in-law's embraces, and
the kisses of "young Jemie." This
scion of the house seemed to be a
source of mingled pride and embar-
rassment to Joanna.

"Quit hiding your face, you rogue,"
she said, trying to disentangle the
fat arms about her neck. "What'll
the ladies think of you at all at all,
for an unmannerly rogue?"

It was a new light on Joanna. We
felt a little out of it amid the enthu-
siastic affection of which she was the
centre. We lingered, therefore, in
"the room" to which Mrs. O'Connell
presently conducted us, to lay aside
our wraps. A charming room it was,
with the tiny window framing purple
Barlass, the gay patchwork quilt on

the bed, the altar with its statue and
lamp, and the perfect purity we had
scarcely looked for. We concluded
that we should have to remake our
impressions of Joanna.

When we went down at last she
was sitting at the tea table, voluble
as usual, and buttering hot potato
cakes as they came from the griddle.
The father and mother were looking
at her with pleased admiration; the
placid baby lay on her extended
knees; young Jemie was standing
by her skirt with an air of proprietor-
ship. We had said to each other up-
stairs that the brother and his wife
were of finer clay than Joanna, a
judgment we afterward thought upon
reminiscently.

However, there was no doubt that
the simple refinement and good will
written in the faces of the pair did
not belie them. I have seldom spent
a pleasanter evening than in that
farmhouse kitchen. It was cold
enough to enjoy the big turf fire; the
tea and eggs and cake were delicious,
and served with a cleanliness that
left nothing to be desired.

Then James O'Connell, though
slower-witted than the redoubtable
Joanna, who often reminded him of
this or that as he painstakingly elu-
cidated for us the problem of land-
lord and tenant as shown on the Pol-
timore estate, was a man of much in-
telligence, and a fair-mindedness
which came of his extreme gentleness.
He said very little of his own suffer-
ings in the bleak winter of eviction,
when the shelter for him and his was
one of those conical huts under the
lee of Barlass.

"I wouldn't live through it again,
ladies," he said, "not for a power.
We carry the traces of it still, me an'
Mollie, and even little Jemie, the
creature. But, thanks be to God, and
another who'll be nameless"—he lifted
eloquent eyes to Joanna—"sure it's
in heaven we are now, an' God knows
if we'd be as happy if we hadn't had
a taste of the other place."

The mystery of this speech was elu-
cidated when Mrs. O'Connell took us
to put on our hats. Joanna had gone
out with her brother to see "a bit
that needed drainin'." Nothing had
amazed us more in this extraordinary
girl than the practical knowledge and
enthusiasm she showed about farm-
ing. We had left them to set forth
up the breen; Joanna with young
Jemie by her side, and with the baby
clasped to a breast suddenly, it
seemed to us, grown maternal. Mrs.
O'Connell watched them forth with
much pride and tenderness, and then
led the way to "the room."

We said something of Joanna's
cleverness and beauty. As we did a
flush came up in her sister-in-law's
delicate face. In her excitement she
became quite loud-voiced and asser-
tive.

"Handsome she is, an' clever she
is, ladies," she said; "but our Joanna
is better than any other. She hates
to be talked about, an' if she was
here would be the first to clasp her
hand over my mouth. She'll never
own it to any one that it was her
fortune that took us, as Jemie says,
in heaven. She had £200 of her
own that the ould man scraped an'
saved."

"He left Jemie the land, but what
good was it when the ould lord died,
and Poltimore came in an' riz the
rent? When we were out there un-
der Barlass she never mentioned to
us what was in her heart. She came
often bringing the food and the
clothes that was life to me and Jemie—
Jemie that lay six months with
a lung complaint caught in that
rotten place. An' little Jemie at
the breast, and little Jo, God bless
her! expected. But the day that she
could release her fortune, for the ould
man had tied it up until she was 21,
she was off to Cork to a 'torney, an'
she said nothing to any one till she
had bought the lease of Agleesh
from Major Hannay."

"And one day, when Jemie was
that low that I feared he'd never lift
his head again, she came marching in
and flung the ledge on the quilt.
'Get up, Jemie O'Connell,' she said,
'your farm's waiting for you.' And
the next day we moved here; and
from that hour Jemie began to
pick up life and hope. We've done
finely since then, thank God; and
Major Hannay, kind gentleman that
he is, is, maybe, a little kinder to
Jemie than to another by reason of
the good will he bears Joanna."

She stopped for breath, and then
went on again more quickly.

"Maybe 'tis shame to us for taking
it," she said, "but sure 'twas all done
before we knew a word about it. The
cruel thing was that Joanna's match
was nearly made with young Spel-
man of the mills beyond. He cried
off quick enough when he heard
where Joanna's fortune was gone to.
Joanna won't speak of him now; but
I often think she'd a liking for him."

"Anyhow, he wasn't fit for her, for
he was rich enough to have taken her
if he liked." She looked at us with
a certain trouble. "I'm often mis-
doubting," she said, "that it's right
to have Joanna wearing out her days
in Dunstable's. Sure, Jemie talks
of repaying the debt we owe her.
God bless her! but we'll be old be-
fore that comes about. She seems
happy and well," she added, looking
at us wistfully for corroboration.

Outside the window Joanna's voice
rang out in emphatic assertion on
some disputed point. She had young
Jemie by the hand, and her brother
strolled by her peacefully, his two
hands clasped behind his back.

"He's a picking up wonderfully,"
said his wife, her eyes passing Joanna
to linger on her husband's face;
"but there's no doubt Joanna saved
his life. Dr. Rogers said so; he said
it was the damp of Barlass Moor
was killing him, but I knew it was
the heart break."

We assured her that we thought
Joanna was happy and well quit of

young Spelman. While she was at
Agleesh she certainly seemed full of
vicarious happiness. As we drove
away she leant across the well of the
car.

"Now, there's love for you," she
said triumphantly, "an' that's the
love I believe in. There's many a
one talks of love before marriage.
It's myself doesn't believe in it then.
'Tis all lies an' deceivin'—so it is.
Sure, I'd rather be behind the
counter of Dunstable's all my life
long than believe some that comes
smelling after money-bags. A
woman's heart ought to be worth
more than even \$300."

They were the first words approach-
ing sentiment we had heard from
Joanna. Rosa and I look at each
other sympathetically, having a clew
to their meaning. A week later we
left Y—, and since have heard no
more of Joanna.—[Good Words.

CURE FOR SEASICKNESS.

A Scotch Professor's Remedy for Mal De Mer.

Thousands of people who are anx-
ious for a sea voyage, and can well
afford to make it, are deterred by
their fears of what the French call
mal de mer, or seasickness. There
are people who have crossed the
ocean a dozen times, and who on the
last occasion were quite as sick as
they were on the first. Indeed, we
have known of sea captains who have
been sailing the ocean for thirty or
more years who never left port with-
out undergoing the nauseating feel-
ings that attacked them at the be-
ginning of their first voyage. Like
cures for the toothache, neuralgia
and other ailments common to hu-
manity, there are countless remedies
for seasickness, which may be effec-
tive in some cases, but usually fail
when they are most needed. A for-
tune awaits the man who will dis-
cover a sure and infallible cure for
this harrowing though not dangerous
form of illness.

Professor Charteris, of Edinburgh,
claims to have found the desired rem-
edy. He says that chloroform, judi-
ciously taken, will prevent an attack
of seasickness, and this assuredly is
one of the cases in which prevention
is far better than cure. Professor
Charteris claims that even when the
sickness has begun chloroform will
cut it short and so lessen its ter-
rors. The professor stands high in the
medical world and no doubt means well,
but we should hesitate to believe the
statement were it not backed up by
the testimony of three or four hundred
ship captains and surgeons who have
tested it and found that it worked
beneficially in every case.

Doctor Macdonald, well-known to
ocean travelers, says that after many
careful trials he has become a firm
convert as to the efficiency of chloro-
form as a cure for seasickness. He
says:

"Of late it has been my custom to
prescribe a mixture of bromide of po-
tassium and spirit of chloroform, but
unfortunately, like many other reme-
dies administered by the mouth, it
is exceedingly liable to be rejected
by the stomach. Chloroform alone,
however, has never been rejected,
and has seldom failed in allaying gas-
tric disturbance, and inducing a re-
freshing sleep from which the patient
awakes with a clear head, a fair ap-
petite and remarkable freedom from
those symptoms which were so pain-
fully evident prior to the administra-
tion of the solution. Its perfect safe-
ty renders it an admirable prepara-
tion and an ideal sedative."

The usual dose is from a tea-
spoonful to a tablespoonful every
half hour until it brings relief.

A Caterpillar Procession.

I wonder if you all know about the
procession caterpillars at Hyeres,
which form such an interesting study
to naturalists, and about which a girl
friend, who has been wintering on
the Riviera, writes to me. It seems
they are most curious, and make
great webs for nests, in shape like
unto soda water bottles, which hang
from the fir trees. At night the
caterpillars leave the nests and form
a long procession, sometimes as
many as 200 together, following so
closely that they look like one huge
worm. If the leader happens to get
detached the others are hopelessly
lost, and wander about aimlessly
looking for him. My friend tells me
that she once saw such a chain, and
the leader falling over the wall the
others seemed helplessly, and after
seeking for him finally all tumbled
over the wall too, but joined on again
when they found him, continuing
their procession as if nothing had oc-
curred to disunite them. In the
same letter I hear that the Bordig-
herites allow Monte Carlo to be spo-
ken of only as Mount Charles.—[The
Gentlewoman.

Economy in Pure Food.

There are many persons who, from
a misguided sense of economy, pur-
chase food which they know to be in-
ferior, so that they may thereby save
in order to meet other demands of the
family. Handsome clothing and fine
houses in aristocratic neighborhoods
are desirable, we admit; but not at
the expense of the most important
factor of our existence: especially
when we know that pure, nourish-
able food is the immediate cause of
pure blood, and, consequently, more
perfect nerve and brain power. It is
not only false economy but positive
crime to obtain edibles below the
standard for the use of sustaining
both the mental and physical health
of any human being.—[Baltimore
Telegram.

New York stands first in the num-
ber of patents applied for.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Caution—Kept Them Away—Which Was Worse?—Another Theory—More In It—Etc. Etc.

CAUTION.
Hubby—So we are to have our old
cook back again?
Wife—Yes; but you hadn't better
let her hear you call her "old."—[De-
troit Free Press.

KEPT THEM AWAY.
Summer Hotel Proprietor—It's singu-
lar there are no more young people
here this year.
Clerk—Not at all.
Proprietor—Why isn't it?
Clerk—Didn't you advertise that
the back piazzas would be lighted by
electricity?—[Life.

WHICH WAS WORSE?
"Papa had a tooth pulled yester-
day," proudly exclaimed the little
girl to her next door neighbor.
"That ain't nothin'" came the re-
ply, and a triumphant light shone
from her eyes. "I heard my papa
say he had his leg pulled the day be-
fore."—[Atlanta Constitution.

ANOTHER THEORY.
"We learn that Adam's fall," said
the Sunday school superintendent,
"had something to do with forbidden
fruit. Can any of you tell me what
Adam did with that fruit?"
"Did he throw the peeling on the
sidewalk?" hazarded a fair haired
little boy, deeply interested.—[Chi-
cago Tribune.

MORE IN IT.
Miss Willing (meaningly)—Do you
know they are talking of putting a
tax on old bachelors?
Mr. Bonder (more meaningly)—
They would raise more revenue if
they'd tax all the old married men
who wish they were single.—[Life.

APPROPRIATE.
Plankinton (visiting Bingo)—Gra-
cious, old man, what have you got
blood-red wallpaper in this room for?
Bingo—This, old chap, is the room
in which I share myself.

COULDN'T HELP IT.
George—I know I am not worthy of
you, but—
Ethel—Don't ever say that again;
it's no use worrying over what you
can't help.

WANTED TO BE IN IT.
Dick Hicks—Sometimes I wish I
was an elephant or a giraffe.
Mrs. Hicks—Why do you wish
that?
Dick Hicks—So I could go to the
circus every day.

A NEW HAT, ODD STYLE.
Mrs. Simmins—You don't look like
yourself in that hat. Is it different
from your other?
Mr. Simmins—Yes; I've paid for it.
—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.
Jess—What is the issue in this
campaign?
Bess—Um—Stripes versus polka-
dots, I think.

HOPE FOR HIM.
Giglampe—My sole ambition is to
be an orator, but, alas! I fear there
is no hope for me.
Ethel Knox—You shouldn't be dis-
couraged. They are teaching mon-
keys to talk.

SUCCESSFUL DECEPTION.
Little Boy—What did they tell you
to get you to take that nasty medi-
cine?
Little Girl—They said it was good
for my complexion.

ONE ON THE DOG.
Fitz Williams—I thought that dog
would have eaten you. What caused
him to loosen his grip?
Dusty Rhodes—I took the precau-
tion to empty my snuff-box into my
coat-tail pockets before I went in.—
[New York World.

PLAIN, ORDINARY MAN.
Hubbie—How would you like to
have a new bonnet, my dear?
Wife—You lovely thing, I'm just
dying for one.
Hubbie—I'm sorry your condition
is so critical, my dear, for I can't
give you one now.—[Detroit Free
Press.

YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY.
Willie—Grandma must be dread-
fully, dreadfully wicked, isn't she?
Mamma—Why, what do you mean?
Of course she isn't!
Willie—Well, she told me her own
self that the good die young.—[Inter-
Ocean.

MEAT AND DRINK.
Westchester Willie—Wot did yer
get over dere, Tommy?
Tuckahoe Tommy—Oh, I got a bite
from the dog. What did you get?
Westchester Willie—I got a horn
from the bull.—[Truth.

TANKINS WAS ASTUTE.
"How does Tankins manage to
keep up his extravagant mode of liv-
ing?"
"He has credit."
"How did he get it?"
"By pretending to be worried al-
most to death over the income tax."
—[Washington Star.

NOT IN A HURRY TO DIE.
The Wife—I don't think you love
me as well as you did before we were
married.
The Husband—I don't? Why, I've
'ut had my life insured in your favor
for \$20,000.
The Wife—Yes, but you seem to

grow stronger and healthier every
day.—[New York Press.

HE HOPES TO TRY IT.
"Look here, Stagers! I don't be-
lieve you can look an honest man in
the face."
"Well, I won't deny it until I'm
brought face to face with one.—[Chi-
cago Inter-Ocean.

SHE ADVISED.
Cholly—Weally I must select some
fad. Now what would you advise?
Grace—I think dolls would suit
you exactly.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NOT A BIT OF DANGER.
Inquirer—Do you think any person
is ever buried alive?
Physician—I should say not. There
is no danger of such a thing if a regu-
lar physician is in attendance.—
[New York Press.

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
May—Is it true that they are madly
in love with each other?
Carrie—Madly? Yes, indeed; they
are always quarrelling.—[Truth.

NECESSARY CAUTION.
"Hello! Is this the telephone of-
fice?"
"Yes."
"Say, how does my voice sound?
Notice anything peculiar about it?"
"No."
"Then call up No. 41,144. I've got
to explain to my wife that it's busi-
ness that's keeping me so late."—
[Chicago Record.

THE ORIGINAL FAD.
Daughter—What is a fad, mamma?
Mother (contemptuously)—Some-
thing made out of nothing.
Daughter—Then the whole world
must be a fad, for it was made out of
nothing.—[Detroit Free Press.

TIMELY HINT TO YOUNG LOVERS.
When a woman asks you for your
candid opinion she really wants your
candied, and was be unto the man
who makes a mistake and gives her
the first article instead of the second.
—[Indianapolis Sentinel.

NO RIVALRY.
New Girl (timidly)—I s'pose you
are a fine cook, mum!
Young Mistress—Bless me, no; I
don't know a thing about it.
New Girl (relieved)—Then we'll get
on famously, mum. I don't either.—
[New York Weekly.

COULDN'T RECOMMEND THE PUDDING.
Guest—Waiter, bring me some rice
pudding.
Waiter—Boss, I can't just recom-
mend de rice pudding to-day.
"What's the matter with it?"
"Nuffin, 'cept dar ain't none."—
[Texas Siftings.

PHYSICIANS' CHARGES.
"I don't think it's right for doctors
to charge some patients more than
others."
"Oh, I do; life is worth a great
deal more to a man who has a million
dollars than it is to me."—[Newport
News.

INADEQUATE LAWS.
"There ought to be a punishment
to fit the crime," said the police judge
to the reporter as he came into the
palace of justice.
"Isn't there?" inquired the re-
porter.

"No."
"What's the crime?"
"Playing 'Daisy Bell' on a hand-
organ in the public thoroughfares."
—[Detroit Free Press.

DIDN'T WANT TO WORK.
Mrs. Murray was reading a story
to her son Justin, aged five years.
Mrs. Murray—Now Justin, if your
father were to die, would you
work to help mamma?
Justin—Why, mamma, what for?
Haven't we got a nice house to live
in?

Mrs. Murray—Yes, Justin, but we
can't eat the house, you know.
Justin—Well, mamma, haven't we
got a whole lot of good things in the
pantry?
Mrs. Murray—Certainly, pet, but
we would soon eat them up, and then
what would we do?

Justin—Well, mamma, isn't there
enough to last until you could get
another husband?—[Brooklyn Life.

PARIS NEWS FROM THE WEST.
In France, some years ago, a man
died, and, as is usual when men die,
preparations were made for the fu-
neral. In that country the corpse is
carried on the shoulders of the pall-
bearers, and in this particular in-
stance the procession slowly wended
its way to the cemetery. When pass-
ing through the gate one of the pall-
bearers knocked against the post and
the jar aroused the man supposed to
be dead. He came to life, and was
taken home and the funeral train
dismissed. Now, in the course of
several months the same man died
again and another funeral was held.
This time everything went smoothly,
for when they came to the gate the
widow called out: "Now, for heaven's
sake, don't knock against the post."
Which showed she didn't want any
more family jars.—[Indianapolis Sen-
tinel.

Fishing by Electricity.
A very "taking" net has been de-
vised, having a small incandescent
lamp in the center. It is a cast net
with a thin rubber tube on the outer
edge, which is easily inflated from
the shore or boat. The fish, attract-
ed by the light, surround it and the
pneumatic tube rising to the surface
of the water, the fish are caught
easily and without injury to the
spawn, a most important result
when such fish are needed for breed-
ing purposes.—[Atlanta Constitution.