

SONG.

The song we never sung,
The pine-trees sigh in chorus;
The eyes our eyes must shun
Our hearts keep still before us.

The rose we gathered not
Blooms in the soul forever,
And hands ne'er joined in life
Death has no power to sever
—Lilla Cabot Perry, in the Century.

MONTANA BILL.

It was evident that something of uncommon interest had been arranged for the meeting that evening at the headquarters of the Salvation Army in San Francisco. Throughout the large attending crowd the spirit of expectancy moved untried, but with muffled wings; its energy stirred not only by divers vagrant rumors on the street, but also by many flowers and foliage plants which hampered the stage.

After some preliminary religious exercises conducted by the brigadier, a man with a clean face, a clear eye and a coaxing voice, that gentleman made the following speech:

"You doubtless all read at the time of its publication a telegram from Butte, Mont., announcing the distressing experience of our brave little sister, Cadet Annie Smith, who was so great a favorite with us here before she was assigned to duty at Butte."

There was an amused twinkle in the brigadier's eyes, but in the audience there was a spreading titter.

"Well," resumed the brigadier, "our noble little sister, with the help of God, passed safely through the ordeal, as most of you are aware, but as it is a part of our plan to confess publicly our errors and shortcomings I will ask Cadet Smith to give you the true and full account of what happened to her at Butte."

A faint clapping of hands, a vociferous "God bless Cadet Smith!" here and there and a removal of some of the restraints which muffled the wings of the spirit of expectancy greeted the ascent to the platform of a small, little young figure arrayed in the sombre blue and quaint poke bonnet of the army. Her face was a glowing crimson as she faced the audience, but her eyes were bright and her glance was firm, and the vigor of a strong and sturdy soul lent a certain grace of freedom to her pose.

"After I had served several months selling War Crys in San Francisco," she began with a steady voice which had acquired that plaintive quality so common to the hard workers in the cause, "I was sent to Butte, where there was a small corps of workers. They had become discouraged, and it was thought that my experience would help them a little. I didn't know that Butte was so different from San Francisco, and the members of the corps there didn't know it either, because they had never worked anywhere else. That is why they didn't tell me some things that I wish I had known more about."

"I started out the first day with about 200 War Crys. They looked surprised at the corps headquarters when I asked for so many, but I thought I could sell them."

"Of course, I went into the hardest part of the town, and after I had visited one or two saloons and failed to sell a copy, I went into another one. A good many men were gambling. I had never seen anything but card playing in San Francisco, but they had wheels of fortune and a great many other things to gamble with. Several men were drinking at the bar. I went among them all and asked them to buy the paper, but they simply stared at me in wonder. The games began to stop, and then a big, fine looking man with a broad-brimmed hat came up to me and said—and he said—he said: 'Hello, little Parson Sally, what do you want?' He said it just like that. He was so big and his voice was so deep—and—and he was so—"

"Out with it, Cadet!" cried a half dozen voices in the audience as the girl broke down, stammering and blushing.

"Handsome!" she added desperately, as though the saying of the word was a cross between martyrdom and the confession of a mortal sin. Great applause and laughter followed this declaration with an occasional "God bless Cadet Annie!" This so overwhelmed the girl that her lips trembled and tears sprang to her eyes and she cast a despairing, appealing glance toward one peculiar spot before her in the audience where she had not had the courage to look before.

That single look was sufficient to fire the kind of decorum which had held a giant in restraint, and the uprising of a towering frame sent the brigadier's programme and discipline tumbling into chaos. The tall man approached and mounted the platform with the stride of a grenadier, while Cadet Annie gazed at him with a dismay which was still inefficient to quench the light of the stars that shone all the brighter in her eyes now that her cheeks had paled.

Simultaneously a startled hush fell upon the audience, for although the familiar uniform of the Salvation Army sat upon the man's splendid frame, he was a stranger to all, and there was a commanding air about him that stifled all sounds.

He stalked to the girl's side and laid his hand on her shoulder, and with swarthy face, jet black wavy hair worn long, and formidable black mustache and imperial. These two made a strange picture as they stood side by side, she so small and seemingly so frail, he so tall and muscular and competent; she looking up at him, he ignoring her and sweeping the hall with a glance half of defiance, half of benignity, and wholly of strength and mastery. When the man spoke his voice rolled forth in those rounded billows that in a rich diapason sing the mysteries of the deep.

"My friends," he said, "with God's help and the brigadier's consent—which he never took the trouble to secure—it seems too hard for this poor child to tell what happened to her in the gambling house at Butte that day. I was there when it happened and saw it all, and I will tell you the story. I can't bear to see her tortured as she has been this night. Cadet Annie Smith, take your seat."

"He said that still without looking at her. With a glance at the brigadier which meant, 'How can I help it when this big thing should be my away?' she slipped behind the rose-embanked parlor organ and

the embowering foliage plants on the stage and was lost to view.

The brigadier sat watching the man with a peculiar expression which no one could have understood had any one thought to observe it, but the stranger so completely filled all eyes and so impressed his masterly personality on the consciousness of all who could see and hear that nothing else could be observed. The stranger resumed:

"I knowed the gambler that played it laid down on this brave little Salvation Army lassie that day—knewed him well. He was a big, hulking dog that had skinned tenderfoot all the way between Puget Sound and Lake Michigan. He didn't know what it was to make an honest living. He just sailed through life laughing at everything and skinning tenderfoot."

"He was running a faro game in a Montana joint when somebody left the door open and this little girl drifted in. The fellows wasn't used to the way she went after 'em. She just waded right in and tackled 'em, and them blue eyes she carried in her head looked straight at 'em and through 'em, as much as to say 'I think you'd be a real decent fellow if you'd read the War Cry, quit gambling, quit drinking gin and have respect for good women.' That's what the fellows told me her eyes said to 'em."

"Then the big gambler she started to tell you about comes up and says to her: 'Hello, little Parson Sally, what do you want?' 'I want to sell you a War Cry,' she says. 'A what?' says he. 'A War Cry,' she says, and her calm blue eyes looked him through and through. 'A War Cry?' says he. 'What's that?' and he knewed as well as she did what it was."

"After badgering her that way and not making her lose an inch of ground, he told her he'd make a proposition by which she might sell him all the War Crys she had. The poor little thing listened to him, and her eyes got bright, and she asked him what the proposition was. He had her sit down at a card table, and he took three cards—a king and two spot cards—and shuffled 'em on the table so that she could see the king while he was shuffling 'em, and then asked her if she could pick out the king as the three cards lay face down, along side one another on the table. She said of course she could. He says to her, 'Try it.' She done so, and of course she picked out the king."

"He says: 'That's smart, and I didn't think you could do it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll shuffle the cards, and every time you pick out the king I'll buy two War Crys. Every time you pick out a spot card you are to give me a War Cry for nothing.' She agreed to that."

"The poor child didn't know that she was gambling—didn't know that she was tackling the notorious Montana Bill in his particular specialty—didn't know that she had run up against the slickest three-card monte thrower in the whole Northwest."

"Well, you know what happened. Bill cleaned the poor child out of every War Cry she had and then laughed at her. I saw her as she sat there, and I saw how she looked when she began to realize that she had lost all her papers and didn't have a cent to show for 'em. I saw how white she got, and how she stared at Bill like he'd run a knife through her body; I saw how she got up and looked around at the laughing men, like a lamb cornered by a pack of wolves; I saw her try hard to keep down the tears, and then she says: 'Men, I will pray to God to lead you all into better lives.' And her voice was so choked up she couldn't say any more. Then she walked out slowly and cried all the way up the street."

The big man paused, for his own voice had become unaccountably thick and had lost much of its rich, deep swing and resonance. But he soon regained his self-possession, and then proceeded:

"Montana Bill was a hard case for sure, but he had a small streak of manhood somewhere under his thick skin. The boys in the joint all thought it was a great joke on the little girl, and they laughed and shouted till they almost cracked the roof. But Bill didn't laugh. He stood silent and glum, with his hands in his pockets, looking out through the door. Then he went out, saying he had a game awaiting for him at Ike's saloon, and he went slouching up the street. The further he got away from the joint the faster he walked, and then he done a sneaking thing—he looked back to see if any of the boys was following him. They wasn't, though, and then he let out them long legs of his for the liveliest walk he ever took in his life."

"He soon caught sight of her, and then he slowed up and followed her. She was still crying, and people would stop and wonder what was the matter, and some of 'em laughed. Bill got on to that, and it riled him through and through. He slapped one fellow clean into the middle of the street, and went right on without a word. I heard afterward that several people that he knewed spoke to him, but he didn't see none of 'em, and kept right on."

"The girl went straight to the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and Bill followed her in. She went into a little office, where there didn't happen to be any body else, and sat down and put her head on the table, and cried like her heart was broke. For the first time in his life Montana Bill's nerve broke down. She looked so small and forlorn and miserable that if he hadn't been the man that done her up he'd a gone out and whipped the fellow that did. And when he knewed that he was that identical scoundrel, and that there wasn't anybody big enough and man enough to whip him, he felt just like a thoroughbred dog that had been caught sucking eggs."

"I want to say this for Bill. Bad as he was, he never meant to rob the girl. He was only having fun with her in the saloon, and he meant to give her back the papers, but it was the way she acted in the saloon that made him forget. It was the pity that she showed for him and the little prayer she said that made him lose his life. And that was the first time in his life that Montana Bill ever lost his head."

"And so, when he saw her crying out her heart in the little office, she not knowing that anybody was about, he didn't have the nerve to own up like a man. He just sneaked a \$20 gold piece on to the table and tried to steal out like a thief. But she heard him, and saw the money and looked at him like he was a ghost, and sprung ahead of him and stopped him and stood there looking at him with a look he'd never seen in no mortal face in his life."

"It was God who put it into your heart to follow me and bring that money," she said to him, "and as He has done that much, He has done more, and will keep on doing more, until that big manly heart in your body beats altogether for mankind and its Redeemer."

The giant paused. His narrative had been so simple and earnest that there were tears in many eyes. Perhaps it was these that sent his self-mastery astray, for when he essayed speech again he failed. Then he looked so foolish and helpless that a suppressed titter ran through the audience, and this made it all the worse for him.

At this juncture the brigadier stepped forth. A half merry, half whimsical expression lighted up his face as he gently pushed the giant into a platform seat facing the audience, and then said:

"And so it was too hard for the poor little girl to be made to tell before all these people what happened to her in the Butte saloon that day, and so a great, strong man, seeing how small and cruelly tortured she was, would come forward as her knight and protector. He would show the strength that lies in the heart of a girl. He—"

But the audience, having already caught the point, and seeing how foolish and childish the giant looked as he sat facing them with tears streaming down his cheeks, burst into great laughter and applause, with a "Hallelujah!" and a "God bless the big man!" now and then.

"This being the case," resumed the brigadier, "we may now proceed to the more interesting business of the evening. Cadet Annie Smith!" he called.

Two sparkling blue eyes; shining like stars under the canopy of a quaint blue poke bonnet, emerged from behind the foliage. Two fresh young cheeks as deeply flushed with pink and red roses as the organ itself accompanied the eyes, and a trim little girlish figure, which owned the stars and the roses, advanced timidly to the front. A smile and a nod from the brigadier evoked activity in the collapsed muscles of the giant, who sat on the platform like an awkward schoolboy, and he came and stood clumsily beside the girl, and neither looked at the other.

"My friends," said the brigadier, in a very gentle and reverential voice, "it has pleased God to place it in my power to unite in the holy bands of matrimony this night two of the noblest hearts that ever beat in the service of the Savior. One of these is Cadet Annie Smith, whom many of you know and love. The other is William Chatsworth Harvey, formerly known as Montana Bill, the slickest three-card monte sharp in the whole Northwest."

Big and Little People.

Miss Ella Ewing, of Boone County, Missouri, who is twenty-four years old, is eight feet two inches tall and weighs 270 pounds. Her shoe measures seventeen inches in length.

In Marshall County, Iowa, was born a tiny, sickly babe, whom no one thought could live, but Jules Rogers has developed into a man of six feet five inches, weighs 352 pounds and can hold his own against anybody.

John H. Robbins, of Belfast, Me., a native of Deer Isle, is doubtless the smallest man in this country. He is thirty-one years old, is thirty-six inches tall, and weighs thirty-seven pounds six ounces.

In Webster, Mass., lives Elsie Bates, the twelve year old daughter of Abel and Sarah Bates. This girl weighs 310 pounds, but is a bright, healthy country lass, fond of rowing and outdoor sports. She walks a mile and a half to school every day, and enjoys it. Her brother, two years older, weighs 290 pounds.

Albert Wilestone, of Eureka, Cal., said to have been the largest man in the world at the time of his decease, a few months ago, weighed 496 pounds. His coffin consumed 100 feet of lumber and weighed 100 pounds, and it was necessary to cut a hole in the side of the house to remove it. His family are still in Europe. The mother weighs 345 pounds, and his two brothers weigh 320 pounds each.

On April 3 last, at Burlington, N. J., the midwife, Gladys Force, was born. She weighed one pound twelve ounces, and was only nine inches in length. A tea-cup would entirely cover her head, and her fingers were only as thick as a rye straw, and so transparent that the bone could be plainly seen. When she was three months old she wore the smallest pair of shoes ever turned out of a factory. She is growing finely, and promises to be a healthy child.

What Becomes of Old Shoes.

A person who believes that everything in this world has its use will be interested to know what becomes of the millions of old shoes which are worn out every year. The many uses to which this mass of frayed leather is put are not easy to ascertain, for manufacturers do not like to acknowledge that they utilize such base material. Most old shoes go back to the vat and emerge as leatherette, which manufacturers of cheap shoes use to fill in the outer sole. The testimony of thousands bears witness to the poor wearing qualities of leatherette. Old rubber shoes are of extensive utility, but the most curious article of which they form ingredients is paint. Rubber is often worked over into more shoes and it is not an impossibility for three generations to wear gum shoes made out of exactly the same gum erial.

Counting the Stars.

The numbering of the heavenly bodies, whether planet, satellite or star of the smallest size, has been commenced at the Paris Observatory by Miss Klumpke, Director of Sciences and Assistant Astronomer, in view of the publication of an international catalogue of the stars. The idea was formed at the Astronomical Congress in 1887, and already 189 photographs have been taken. Some only contain a dozen stars, this being a celestial desert; but others are crowded, even to the number of 1,500. The average number is 335 stars per photograph. Altogether the catalogue is expected to contain about 3,000,000 stars. A census of the heavenly bodies has long been needed. Now a woman comes forward and will count all the stars. She will be some time at it; but when the work is done it will be finished.

ARMY NICKNAMES.

Everybody is familiar with the name of Tommy Atkins, representing the British soldier, but how many know the terms of endearment which the German soldiers are called? Some of them are applied to the entire regiment, some to an individual corps. The guards are called "Hammei," or "sheep"; the guards call the soldiers of the line "field rats"; the infantry speak of the cavalry as "grooms," and the cavalry return the compliment by bestowing upon the infantry the names of "sand hares," "sand carriers" and "cloud hoppers." The Cuirassiers are known as "four sacks," the pioneers as "moles," the Hussars as "pack-threads," and the artillery as "cow soldiers." The latter are called also "astronomers," and the Engineers

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

How the Industry is Conducted on Cape Cod.

A sand hill, a marshy tract, and a running stream, are the three requisites for a cranberry bog. No other are these things jumbled together in greater profusion than on Cape Cod, which in former days supplied the world with sea captains, so that it was truthfully related at one time that in a certain Cape Cod town, an entire street of seventy houses was taken up exclusively by the homes of sea captains. This Cape Cod has, with the decadence of sailing ships, taken upon itself the right to furnish the world with nearly all the cranberries used.

To prepare the soil, and spread evenly over the bog to a depth of six inches. In this sand young plants are set out, the roots being forced down through the sand to the loam underneath. The plants are set out in regular rows, about one foot apart. Three years are required before the plants mature.

Sand is valuable in that it furnishes a smooth surface on which the vines may stretch. The tendrils from each plant lie flat on the sand, and as each plant has dozens of branches, they pile up to a height of about six inches in the matured plants. Such chokes the growth of weeds, but does not interfere with the plants whose roots are in the loam beneath.

The running stream is dammed above and below the bog, and a system of ditches irrigates the bog. In time of frost the bog is usually flooded at night and drained in the morning. This does not hurt the berries, but it accounts for much of the rheumatism on Cape Cod.

Berry picking begins early in September and lasts until either the berries are all picked or a frost has spoiled the crop. Usually the last of October ends the work. As all the boys and girls are needed in the season, the public schools begin the fall session late to accommodate the pickers. Numerous machines have been devised to pluck the berries, but it is claimed that all ruin the vines. Experiments by persons skilled in cranberry picking are now being made, and it is believed that a satisfactory machine will be produced. The champion hand-picker has a record of six measures in one day. At the usual rate of payment, he would make six dollars per day.

Chief among the enemies of the cranberry are the angworm and the fireworm. The angworm eats his way around a small circle, and then eats within the circle. The fireworm is less considerate, eating in all directions.

Cranberry bogs are good investments, when the sterility of this land is considered. As Joseph Jefferson remarked of his "crow's Nest" property: "Nothing will grow but weeds, and they grow wild."

A bog is worth about \$700 per acre. The usual output is 80 to 100 barrels per acre, and the price averages from \$7 to \$18 per barrel.

Salt marshes can not be used, and the sand must be near the bog to insure profitable working. Fancy names are quite popular, the "Silver Hill Bog" and "Herring Pond Bog" being examples.

A French Board and Its Lesson.

In the country districts in France, boards are put up telling what animals and insects should not be killed and the reason, and also which ones should be exterminated in order to afford protection to the farmer. First on the board is this:

"This board is placed under the protection of the common sense and honesty of the public."

And, of course, after that, no boy or man would mar or remove the board. Then follows these instructions:

"Hedgehog lives upon mice, snails and wire worms—animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog."

"Toad helps agriculture, destroys twenty to thirty insects hourly. Don't kill toads."

"Moles destroys wire worms, larvae and insects injurious to the farmer. No trace of vegetables is ever found in his stomach; does more good than harm. Don't kill moles."

"Cock chaffer and its larvae—deadly enemies to farmers: lays 70 to 100 eggs. Kill the cock chaffer."

"Birds—Each department of France loses yearly many millions of francs by the injury done by insects. Birds are the only enemy capable of battling with them vigorously; they are great helps to farmers. Children, don't take birds' nests."

And so on the instructions read. Among the animals which need killing on a farm are mice and rats, and the reason they increase, in spite of the constant warfare of cats and dogs, is because the boys on the farm kill the animals that would destroy the pests if they had a chance.

A Lake of Boiling Lava.

Mauna Loa, the gigantic Hawaiian volcano, has two craters or openings, one of which, Kilauea, is the largest active volcanic crater in the world. The mountain is 14,100 feet high, and Kilauea is situated on the eastern side, about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This marvelous crater is really a vast lake of boiling lava which rises and falls continually by the action of subterranean fires. In tossing to and fro like a troubled sea of molten metal the lava is dashed against the cliffs and hardens there in the form of long, glassy filaments, gigantic knobs, miniature trees, and in imitation of grass, leaves, etc. Another form of glassy filaments to be found along the shores of this fiery lake is in the shape of queer bunches and tufts of lava made up of an aggregation of vitreous threads which the natives call "Pele's hair," Pele being the Goddess to whom the mountain is dedicated. These glassy threads appear to be caused by the passage of steam through the molten lava. In so doing small particles in the shape of bubble like balloons are thrown into the air, leaving a tail behind like a comet. When the scene of these miniature steam eruptions is near a rock or the shore all solid and cool surfaces are found covered with bunches of "Pele's hair." This "hair" was formerly used in mystic native ceremonies, and of late years has been gathered in large quantities by curiosity seekers.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Explained--But Did He Eat the Pie--A New Peril--Heartless Cruelty--Etc., Etc.

EXPLAINED.

"Did the jury find the prisoner guilty?" inquired a man concerning a burglar.

"No, sir," responded the policeman. "They didn't find him at all. He got away."

BUT DID HE EAT THE PIE?

"This pie," he said, dyspeptically, "is not at all like the pies they used to give me at home."

"No," she answered in a voice that was very, very gentle. "I take a great deal of pride in my pies."

And then he changed the subject and tried to be a gentleman.

A NEW PERIL.

"Yes," said little Jim to his juvenile friend, "I'm goin' to run away from home."

"And fight Indians?"

"I don't know about that. But I'm goin' to get away from whut's comin'. I've had paw's trousers cut down to fit me, an' never found fault. But since maw got a wheel and is wearin' bloomers, I'm taking no more chances."

HEARTLESS CRUELTY.

"I utterly refuse your proposition of marriage! Do I not make myself plain?"

"Nature has forestalled you," he said, getting in his work with deadly effect.

REAL DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Blobs--It is strange that a strong man like you cannot get work.

The Tramp--Well, yer see, mum, people wears references from me last employer, an' he's been dead for twenty years.

HARD TO SUE.

"I guess you didn't sell no pants to that man that just went out, did you? That's the hardest feller to suit I most ever see. Him an' me boards at the same place. He wouldn't eat his sign this mornin' 'cause they was both fried on one side, he wanted one fried on one side an' one on the other. Why wouldn't he take the pants?"

"Stripes all run the same way. Said he wanted 'em to run down one leg and up the other."

THE BUTCHER'S JOKE.

Customer--Can't you wait upon me? I've been here for nearly an hour. Two pounds of liver, please.

Butcher--Sorry, but there's three or four ahead of you. Surely you don't want your liver out of order?

DRAWN BATTLE.

Jazkins--Bloozer and Blazier made a match the other day to see which could clean a carpet first.

Bloozer--How did it result?

Jazkins--Couldn't come to any settlement.

Bloozer--Why not?

Jazkins--Well, you see both of them beat.

A FINE POINT.

"Marty you?" she said, provokingly.

"Why, you are nothing but a child!"

"Then I can have you arrested," he said.

"Arrested? For what?"

"For cruelty to children," he said, and she collapsed.

CAUTIOUS CAMPAIGNING.

"What principles are you going to advocate in the next town," asked the campaigner's private secretary.

"I dunno. You get the next train there, and find out what their views are."

HER REPLY.

"What would you do, Miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?"

"I should certainly set my face against it, sir."

BEST HE COULD DO.

"Do you guarantee the photographs to give satisfaction?" demanded the cross-eyed man with the pug nose and prominent jaw.

"Well, no," said the conscientious photographer, "but I can guarantee a good likeness."

BOTH IN THE SAME BOX.

"I thought I was bright enough not to be taken in again like that," said the new silver dollar as it dropped into the cash drawer.

"Well, I'm older than you are," said the dilapidated ten dollar bill, "and I've got ten times as much cents, yet I get taken in that way myself."

WINKERS SUCCEEDED.

Binkers--Has Winkers succeeded in teaching his daughter to ride her new bicycle yet?

Binkers--Yes, she is out riding now.

Binkers--Is Winkers with her?

Binkers--No, he's in a hospital.

FALL OPENING.

Mrs. Bloozer--Have you been to any of the fall openings, my dear.

Mrs. Buzbur--Not exactly, but I tumbled into a coal hole the other day.

A MATTER OF MUSIC.

A Third street man's neighbor had bought a new piano, and the daughter had been banging away on it ever since it had been in the house.

"Got a new piano, I hear," said the man over the back fence to his neighbor.

"Yes. Got it on the installment plan."

"Is that so? Wonder if your daughter can't let us have the music from it in the same way?"

THE PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

The peacock's train is not the bird's tail, but a coronal of feathers above the tail. The true tail consists of eighteen feathers beneath the coronal. The latter is provided with a curious system of muscles by which it can be erected at will.

NOT A PHENOMENON.

"You see the gentleman who is walking yonder? His hair turned perfectly white in the course of a single month."

"A lot of trouble and anxiety, eh?"

"No, he gave up dyeing."

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