

GREEN BANKS OF A RIVER.

Green banks of a river, an' takin' of my ease—
Fur-off sounds of cattle-bells—honey-huntin' bees,
An' blossoms drappin' roun' you when the wind creeps through the trees
Green banks of a river, an' takin' of my ease.

Green banks of a river—do jest as you please—
Friend to all the singin'-birds, an' brother to the breeze,
No bullets whizzin' roun' me—no forts to shell an' seize—
Green banks of a river, an' takin' of my ease!

Green banks of a river; clover to your knees
In meadows cool with shadders—the blossoms an' the bees—
The singin' of the mockin' birds—the "howdy" of the trees—
Green banks of a river, an' takin' of my ease!

—FRANK L. STANTON.

Debbie's Wages.

"Can't have it," said Farmer Colt shaking his head solemnly. "There's no use a-talking, Deborah, you can't have it. Crops are all poor this year; the rain has nigh a'most spilt the hay; that there cow died the other night; and help is not onl' lazy and sassy, but charges more'n I ever heard tell on before. Silk, indeed! Why, my mother never had a silk gown to her name. She had too much sense, and you'd orter tasted her butter."

It was a striped silk, black and blue, that had just arrived with the fall stock at the store and the recipient of the lecture was blue-eyed Debbie Colt, her father's only daughter, who certainly earned what her father called "her salt," with her two pump little hands. Morning, noon and evening she was busy, taking upon her shoulders all the work that her dead mother had done in her lifetime, and with no help to speak of in the kitchen or dairy. It was a hard life, and when winter came and there was a little amusement to be had, a few parties, a lecture or two, perhaps a sleigh-ride, is it any wonder that Debbie experienced the natural wish for a little finery that is common to all woman-kind? Can one blame her as the father did for wishing once in her life for a really nice dress?

"It's only a dollar and a half a yard, pa," she began again, "and I can make it myself. I—"
But this time the old man roared: "Didn't I tel you to shut up!" And Deb. closed her lips and went away tearfully to set the table for supper. Perhaps the dishes did come down on the table with little bangs. Perhaps the knives were not so soft and tenderly laid down. At all events, pretty soon someone who had been standing outside the door burst into a low laugh and cried out:

"Well, I never, Debbie Colt! Anybody can see you're mad by the way you sot the table. What's happened?"

"Oh, come in, Mrs. Fish," said Debbie, too cross to smile. "Come in and sit down. There's nothing much the matter, only the old story. You know how close pa is, and you know how shabby I am, just as well as I can tell you. I shall just have to shut myself up all winter, for to go out in that horrible green merino, with half the color faded out, I won't, no, indeed. The very girls at the factory look better. Sally Parker fixes up as if she were a princess, every Sunday. Pa is rich and needn't be so mean."

"Old folks get near as they get on," said Mrs. Fish, "and men folks worst of all, I do believe; but I don't know but what there's a way for you to get your dress, after all, if you ain't too stuck up to earn it, and if your pa would let you. There ain't so much to do now, and old Marthy Grey would do up the chores for you. She is always glad to hire round for her keep."

"Oh, pa wouldn't mind," said Debbie, pausing in the act of putting down a dish of apple sauce. "What is it, Mrs. Fish?"

"Well," said that lady, rummaging in her pocket—"well, I'll tell you. Oh, here it is! Old Mrs. Doughty, up on the hill—first-class family, you know, and regular stylish house—she's lost her sight, you know—that is, pretty nigh. She can see to go about, but 'tain't safe to go alone; and she can't read, nor sew, nor nothin'. Well, to-day her son was speakin' to me, and he said he'd like to get a young lady to wait on his mother. Not a servant, says he, but a companion—one that can read well and would do everything a daughter could. It wouldn't be for long—only a couple of months—for they're going to Europe then; but meanwhile you'd earn your dress for quite a spell. Oh, here it is—his card I was lookin' for. He wrote down what he was willing to give, and all."

Debbie took the card and regarded it thoughtfully.

"It's September now," she said, "and at \$40 a month I should have \$80 by November. I never have had so much as \$10 at a time in my life. I'll do it, Mrs. Fish—that is, if I should suit. I can read aloud nicely, I know; and perhaps I shall suit. Pa's consent I'm sure of."

And so, after an interview with old Mrs. Doughty, the matter was settled. Debbie was a pleasant girl when she was not tormented by undesired reproaches, and the life at the house on the hill was new and pleasant to her. The refinement of manners—the elegance of all arrangements—were new revelations to her, and she was adapting by nature. Unconsciously she soon spoke in lower tones, moved more elegantly and less those bad habits of speech which were the result of asso-

ciation with uneducated people; and she did her duty well and was kind and faithful.

The old lady needed her every hour of the day, but she did not weary; and, somehow, there was compensation for all fatigue in the pleasant evenings when Mr. Charles Doughty, coming home from the city, made himself as agreeable to the new inmate of the house as though she had been a guest.

"If I only had a brother like that," Debbie often thought; "if this were my home, how happy I should be!"

So the days glided by. Her first month's wages were paid, but Debbie had lost her desire for the striped silk. A heavy black silk, like those worn by Mrs. Doughty, had become her object now. Two month's salary would buy this. So she hoarded the crisp notes carefully. The dress should have a train and a little lace ruff, and it should fit her neatly and not be the shapeless bag that Miss Bones, the village dressmaker, believed to be a polonaise. Once, at least, she would let Charles Doughty see her in this—once, at least, she would prove that she could look like a lady. She hated the green merino now worse than ever, for, hide it beneath white aprons as she might, she could not hide its spottiness.

And yet Mr. Doughty was so polite, so courteous, so kind.

"What a happy woman his wife will be!" thought poor little Debbie.

Once indeed he had even taken her for a walk when she had a sick headache, and he had looked at her so sweetly. No one was so handsome, so grand. And then Debbie found tears in her eyes; she could not guess why. "Oh, to stay here forever!" she sighed.

But alas! the happiest days fly fastest. The two months were drawing to an end. There was talk about the European trip, and one day Mrs. Doughty put the last month's wages into poor Debbie's palm.

"I can't pay you for all you've done for me," she said. "But I know (Debbie had been confidential) that you want a black silk. I've made it a little more—and you can go down today and buy it, and let me feel it when you come home. I'm a good judge of silk by touch, even now."

And Debbie felt wonderfully rich, as with a hundred dollars in her purse, she was hurried cityward by the flying train. But somehow she was not happy as she had hoped to be. She should have the dress—but her old life of thankless toil would begin again, and her friends were going to leave her. The sea would roll between her and the kind old lady and splendid Mr. Charles.

"I don't feel as if I could buy it," said Debbie to herself, as she walked up Broadway. "What do I care for the rest of the people in the place—for stupid Jack Brown and silly Bill Butters. Not a bean in the place worth having. No one interestin' or pleasant. They can't be agreeable or polite; all they can do is to grin and try to kiss you. Oh, I detest them all. And the only man worth anything in the world I shall never see again."

Poor Debbie, her mind was far away, but her feet trod the city streets, and New York is not the place to go into dreamland in. Abstraction written on her face, and her reticule loosely held in her hand, the country girl was an object calculated to attract the attention of the first evil-disposed individual who met her. And very soon two young men in shabby clothes, with low, evil faces, stumbled up against her, reproved each other for "hitting against the lady," and while she, confused and alarmed, endeavored to get out of their way, snatched her reticule and fled.

The next moment, rid of her dreams for the time being, Debbie realized the fact that she was alone and penniless in a great, strange city.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself, as the tears filled her eyes. "The dress is gone, of course, but how am I to get home again? Will they take me on the cars without money?"

Stories of passengers who had been set off in swamps or tumbled over bridges, for lack of tickets, rushed into her memory. She had not a friend in New York. It was such a wicked place. Robbed now, might she not be murdered next? People looked at her curiously. An impudent foreigner leered at her. A dingy man approached and clutched her arm. He only meant to beg, but the girl's nerves were quite unstrung by this time, and she gave a little scream and turned to run. This time some one caught her hand.

"Oh, please don't kill me," sobbed Debbie.

But the hand was clasped more tightly.

"What is the matter, Debbie? Don't you know me?" said a voice, and there was Mr. Charles Doughty.

"Oh, thank goodness!" sighed Debbie, and clung to him as though her life were in danger.

"Take my arm, little country girl," he said. "New York is enough to distract one unused to it. And what is it? Are you lost? Have you been frightened?"

"Not exactly," said Debbie, "but I've been robbed, and I began to think I should not get back home. Oh, how good you were to find me! But, I declare, I wonder you are not ashamed of me in this shabby dress, as if my father were a beggar, not the rich man he is—and so excited, and all. I think perhaps you'd better not let me take your arm. I shall disgrace you, Mr. Doughty; I shall indeed. I declare it's blue in some places and yellow in others."

"I'm not looking at your gown, Debbie," said Mr. Charles. "I don't think any one could if it were shabbier than it is."

"It's well for me, for I shan't have another soon," said Debbie, with a sigh for the lost purse. "Is this the way to the depot, Mr. Doughty?"

"No," said the gentleman. "We are going to lunch first. You must be starved. And so the money is gone, poor child?" and he patted the hand upon his arm, and Debbie's color rose.

Her soft little face with the flush upon it—her blue eyes shining through long lashes—the golden hair—kinking itself into little waves upon the temples, as it would, being naturally curly, not crimped—made a pretty picture. Charles bent his head lower and looked at her.

"Little one," he said, tenderly, "have you been happy with us?"

"Happier than I ever have been before," said she, from her heart.

"And you like my mother?"

"I love her," said Debbie, looking up.

"Do you like me?" whispered Charles Doughty.

Debbie looked down; and for the first time she knew that she might have given him the same answer.

He knew it, too.

"Debbie, darling," he whispered, "if you like me enough to be my wife, we can all go to Europe together. I intended to ask you before I went, at all events, but I could not be sure some village bean was not before me. There is no one—is there, Debbie?"

"There is no one like you in all the world," said Debbie.

And then they went in and had lunch together; with which prosaic termination we leave the rest to the reader's imagination.—New York News.

LAWS OF ABYSSINIA

Are Based on the Theory of "An Eye for an Eye."

The laws of Abyssinia are primitive, and based on those of the Israelites, "An eye for an eye." There are neither law courts nor lawyers; both plaintiff and defendant plead their own cause. Formerly, prior to the appointment by King Theodore of executioners, the guilty person, in case of murder, was slain in exactly the same manner in which he had taken the life of his victim. For instance, if a man killed another with a sword, the avenger of blood had to use a similar weapon. If death had been caused by blows from a club, a club was used to take the life of the murderer. This law most unjustly operated even in cases of manslaughter; and the life of a man who unwittingly and unintentionally had caused the death of another could be demanded by the relatives of the deceased. Among many others, an instance of this kind was once related to me. Two men were cutting grass on the side of a precipice, and when they were about to descend one of them fastened the end of a rope round his companion's body to lower him down the cliff, and attached the other end to the trunk of a tree. Accidentally the man to be lowered slipped before all was ready, and a coil of the rope becoming entangled round his neck he was strangled. His comrade, on subsequently descending by slipping down the rope, was horrified to find him dead at the bottom, and hastened to the village to report the circumstance. The judge passed a sentence of manslaughter and ordered a fine of \$150 to be paid to the widow. The widow, however, refused the compensation and demanded the literal carrying out of the law. After some deliberation it was agreed that she should carry her point, and the unfortunate and perfectly innocent man was sentenced to be hung with the same rope which had caused the fatal accident; the rope was, accordingly, fastened round his waist, and a coil of the same passed around his neck, and he was hauled up a few feet from the ground, suspended a few moments and then lowered again. The widow believing him from an appearance to be dead was satisfied; but the relatives of the victim hastened to him and applied restoratives, which were so effective that in course of time he got up and walked away. The widow was furious, and demanded that the sentence should be again enacted, adding: "Next time I will hold on to his feet until he is dead." The judge, however, declared that justice must be tempered with mercy, and her demand was not complied with.

A Big Boiled Dinner.

Cooks in large hotels and boarding houses may think they get up meals on a large scale, but when it comes to wholesale cookery the little village of Liss, on the London and Southwestern Railway, discounts them all. At a barbecue held there not long since, an ox was boiled (not roasted, which at one time was quite common) whole, more as an experiment than anything else. This is how they did it: A large hole was dug in the ground and lined with brick. Inside this a tank large enough to hold the ox was built. The carcass was then lowered into the tank, having been first placed in a case formed by heavy cross bars to which chains were attached. Pulleys from a scaffolding above were used to raise and lower the ox. Many vegetables, such as carrots, onions, cabbage and potatoes, were boiled with the meat, thus making many gallons of rich, delicious soup. The boiling required seven hours.—Chicago Record.

Gold Fish Raising.

In Oldenburg, Germany, is one of the largest gold fish farms. More than a hundred small ponds contain the fish in all stages of growth, the little ones carefully kept from the rapacious big fellows of eight inches, which would be delighted to eat their helpless brethren. In spite of this, the gold fish is a great coward, and a tiny fish with the courage to attack it can frighten it almost to death. That the demand for goldfish is large is shown by the fact that from the fish farms of Oldenburg over 300,000 fish are sent to market every year.

ARMY RATIONS.

THE GOVERNMENT DRAWING HEAVILY ON THE COUNTRY'S FOOD SUPPLY.

One of the Most Difficult Problems of the War is How to Feed Soldiers in the Field—What Constitutes a Ration.

One of the most difficult problems of war has always been the feeding of an army in the field. Various plans have been tried from time to time by the different countries of the world to supply the troops with a food that would nourish and sustain them through long marches and hard times and at the same time be as compact and light as possible, so that it could be easily carried. The Governments of the United States, France and Germany have experimented for many years for the purpose of finding out what constitutes such a food, but with no definite results.

Numberless beef tablets and extracts have been manufactured and offered as substitutes for what the soldier now eats, but all have been rejected on the ground that while they might do in an emergency they would not prove of much use in a prolonged campaign. The average soldier prefers his beef and pork to a tablet, no matter whether it is easily carried or not.

In our army today the soldiers generally carry from one to three days' rations in his knapsack. Very rarely does he carry more than enough for three days, unless the regiment is making a forced march or is far from its base of supplies. Under no circumstances does he carry more than ten days' rations, which is a very heavy load. A man's rations for a day consists of the following: Beef, 20 ounces; or mutton, 20 ounces; or pork, 12 ounces; or bacon, 22 ounces; flour, 12 ounces; or 1 pound of hardtack. Vegetables, such as beans, rice or peas, in small quantities, and coffee, sugar and potatoes.

The meat bill is sometimes varied, so that instead of beef or mutton the troops have dried, fresh or pickled fish. When in camp the men generally have fresh bread, but in the field the hardtack and salt beef takes the place of soft bread and fresh beef. The advantage of salt beef lies in the fact that it keeps much more readily than fresh. Fresh beef and pork are practically useless in a warm climate.

In each company there is a Commissary Sergeant, who attends to the rations of his company. He is next in command to the regimental Commissary Sergeant, who, in turn, is subject to the orders of the Commissary of the brigade. At meal time the Commissary Sergeants see that the rations of each man are turned over to the company cooks, who prepares them. A supply wagon-train usually follows the troops, but it is sometimes happens that the army strikes off from its source of supplies and depends on the country throughout which it is passing to furnish sufficient food.

Often the soldiers economize, and by saving part of their rations sell what remains back to the Government. With the money thus procured they buy soap, candles or other necessities.

Just now an enormous quantity of supplies is being shipped from the East and West to Chickamauga and other mustering points. Carloads of canned and fresh meats leave constantly from Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha. The Government has established supply depots at the most important and convenient points throughout the country and the stores are assembled there.

The big meat packing firms make a contract with the Government to furnish so much meat, and the great demand made upon these firms has resulted in raising the price of meat considerably. Since the beginning of the war pork, bacon and beef have continued to advance in price.

A prominent army officer who is now stationed in New York City, in speaking about the army said: "We have men come in here every day with samples of beef extracts and tablets, which they offer in the hope that the Government will buy from them. Here is something from a New York manufacturer," he continued, picking up a small vial holding about one ounce of liquid.

"This, its agent says, will take the place of half a pound of beef, but I doubt if it does. I don't think I should want to live on this stuff."

"You see, the principal thing in preparing food for the soldiers is to find something which is as free as possible from water. To compress the meat is the proper way to get the water out of it, and the canned beefs which are made by the Western firms are about the best thing yet offered for an army food which has the qualities of being both light and nourishing."

"In the Franco-Prussian War the Germans thought they had discovered the correct thing in a sort of small sausage. It was found to be of little use, however, when it came to the test. It has been the same way with everything else of the kind."

"What does it mean when we hear that a regiment of 1,000 men has ten days' rations?" was asked.

"It simply means," he answered, "that each man has rations for ten days, a very unusual thing by the way. It takes about 750 pounds of pork or bacon to supply 1,000 men, or 1,250 pounds of fresh beef. Mutton is sometimes used when it is no higher in price than beef, and a regiment of 1,000 men would need about 800 pounds of that. Beans, rice and peas are carried in small quantities, and we also allow a little salt, vegetables and sugar."

"The food list is slightly different when the regiment is traveling from what it is in camp. When a body of men is on a journey we generally give out what we call 'traveling rations' for so many days. After four days of

traveling we allow each soldier one pound of canned tomatoes, but when the men get to camp they resume the regular diet. Here is a table of traveling rations. This will suffice for 100 men for one day: Soft bread, 11 1/2 pounds, or hardtack, 100 pounds; canned beef, 75 pounds; baked beans, 1-pound cans, 33 pounds; coffee (roasted), 8 pounds; sugar, 5 pounds, and coffee (raw), 10 pounds.—New York Sun.

TRAIN'S RACE WITH A CYCLONE.

An Exciting Contest in Which the Former Came Out Winner.

Thomas Snively of Columbus, Ohio, a passenger on the Union Pacific train which ran a race for an hour with a tornado through Nebraska relates his experiences in a highly interesting manner.

"It was the grandest sight I ever saw," said Mr. Snively. "I have had cyclones pass over me and under me and around me, but I never before beat one in a race. It was about 3 o'clock, twenty-five miles west of Wood River, Neb., that the sky began to darken. It became so dark I could not read. Looking over the prairie to the southwest, I saw a black funnel, reaching from a heavy cloud to the earth. It seemed to be about five miles away, coming in our direction. The funnel looked to be about six feet in diameter, but I presume it was several hundred. I knew at a glance what it was and what it meant if it struck that train. Soon everybody in the train knew what was following us, and there was almost a panic in our car.

"Between the cyclone and our train there was hardly a blade of grass to impede its progress, and it seemed to be chasing right after us.

Fifteen minutes after the funnel appeared, it seemed to gain three or four miles on us, and when we passed through Wood River it did not appear to be half a mile away. The train was going at a great speed, but our prairie flyer was going faster. The cyclone was preceded by a gale that seemed to be destroying everything in its path. Flocks of birds could be seen flying ahead of the funnel. Some of these came so near the train in their flight that they struck the window through which I was looking.

"We went through the little town of Wood River like a shot. There was not a person in sight in the town. Evidently everybody had taken to the storm cellars. The funnel that had been following us now seemed to be losing ground, and we began to breathe more freely, but our joy was short-lived, for the thing soon began to creep up on us again. The train seemed to increase its speed every foot. When we were some distance from Grand Island the cyclone fell back and seemed to change its course to the south. Finally it disappeared entirely.

A Strange Request.

Lieut. Yoshitomi Fukagawa of the I. J. N., left behind a curious request to his family a few days prior to his death, which occurred the other day in his native district of Hizen. He observed to his family that as he has never had the time to investigate religious questions deeply enough to enable him to determine which faith he should embrace, he was neither prejudiced against nor partial toward any form of religion. However, he himself was of opinion that his soul would perish with the cessation of life, while his remains would crumble to dust. Therefore he did not wish to have any religious service performed on his behalf. The funeral, also, should be as simple as could be, and flowers and similar offerings be strictly declined. No announcement should be made of his death to his friends until four or five days after the funeral. Two or three weeks after his death his relatives and friends should be invited to a banquet, and they should be asked to enjoy the occasion as heartily as possible. At the funeral, also, nobody should accompany the bier; except, if considered necessary, one or two representatives on behalf of the family and relatives might follow the remains to the grave. The tomb was to be of the simplest description, only his name being inscribed upon it. A memorial tablet was entirely tabooed.—Japan Times.

Chickamauga.

The word Chickamauga, like a great many other proper names of places in this country, is of Indian origin. It is said to be a Cherokee name, signifying "the river of death," and, according to a legend which has floated down among the Indians, the stream received its name from the accidental drowning of the people of a village by a sudden rise attributed to a cloudburst. Chickamauga is another name of similar character, the Indian word signifying "turkey lick," or a place where turkeys are wont to assemble. Chicopee, the name of a town in Massachusetts, signifies "the place of birch bark," and Chicago, or Chos-ago, which we have corrupted into Chicago, is variously translated as the "playful waters" or the "destitute place." It has also been interpreted as "the place of the wild leek," or pole-cat plant, and which of the three translations is correct must be left for the antiquarians to settle among themselves.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The number of soldiers on duty in the Federal army during the Civil War is given as follows: July 1, 1861, 183,588; January 1, 1862, 527,304; January 1, 1863, 698,802; January 1, 1864, 611,250; January 1, 1865, 620,924; May 1, 1865, 797,807.

On the Canadian Pacific Railway there are carriages over seventy-seven feet long.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Up-to-Date Jokes and Witticisms From the Comic Papers.

DEWEYZERED.

There was a young maid of Manila
Who asked for a glass of vanilla,
But the clerk in the store
Was so rattled by war
That he gave her a muff of chinchilla.

JOHNNY'S PA KNOWS.

"Pa, can you tell me what fame is?"
"Fame, Johnny, is what a man gets
for being civil to newspaper men."

EASILY CREDIBLE.

Mrs. Giberly—Is it true, David,
that swans sing before they die?
Giberly—Of course. Couldn't sing
after they died, could they?

AN UNSTABLE MAN.

Pointdexter—Handelbart has changed
his politics again.
Tillinghast—I'm not surprised at
that. He changed his wheel not long
ago.

ENCOURAGING.

Her Father—What are your prospects,
young man?
Her Sutor—I can't tell you yet,
sir. Soon as I can raise enough
money I'm going to get my horoscope
cast.

A DELICATE OPERATION.

Dr. Pills: Yes, old Milnyus was on
the verge of nervous prostration, all
through worrying about his money.
Dr. Squills: How did you cure him?
"I removed the cause of the trouble."

THE ART OF TALKING BACK.

"I hardly know how to answer you,"
said she when the widower proposed.
"I would not let that worry me,"
said he soothingly. "That is some-
thing a woman learns perfectly soon
after marriage."

PROVED.

De Million—I must say I am very
much disappointed in you. You told
me that when you were married you
would prove that you had business
ability.

Du Forely—Well, my dear Sir, I
did prove that when I married your
daughter.

A GOOD INDICATION.

Junior Partner: Do you think the
new office boy is trustworthy?
Senior Partner: I'm sure of it. I've
noticed that when he hasn't anything
to do he never pretends to be busy.

THE REAL THING.

Mrs. Gulchaw (to visitor)—You see
I found it best to get a French maid
for the baby. It is quite the fad, you
know.

French Maid (from adjoining room)
—Roise yer jaw, me jool, while I toy
yer bonnet.

CUPID'S SYNTAX.

Teacher—Miss Sinnico, please parse
the sentence "Adolphus married Caro-
line."
Miss S.—Well, "Adolphus" is a
noun because it is the name of a thing;
"married" is a conjunction, because
it joins Adolphus and Caroline; and
"Caroline" is a verb, for it governs
the noun.

SWEET INNOCENCE.

Surprised—Sweet Sixteen—Any
fresh war news, papa dear?
Pater—Yes. Two men killed on
one of our warships. Shot while at
the wheel.

S. S.—Gracious! I didn't know
that bicycles were allowed on battle-
ships.

KITCHEN QUEEN.

Jeweler (excited)—What became of
those diamond earrings while I was
out? They're worth \$400!

His Wife—The cook saw them,
dear. It's her day out, you know,
and said she'd leave if I didn't let her
wear them this afternoon.

GOT THE BONNET.

Tracy—You really don't need a new
bonnet, my dear. You must admit
that the one you have is becoming.

Mrs. Tracy—Yes; it is becoming—
antiquated.

SHE MADE HIM NERVOUS.

She is a woman of more than ordi-
nary depth. That is to say, she has
a trick of saying things that have a
tendency to keep the ordinary man
guessing, as it were.

"The eyes," she said, "have been
described as the windows of the soul."
"Yes?" he returned.

"Have you noticed," she asked,
"how fashionable ground glass win-
dows have become?"

THEIR WAY.

Askins—"I wonder why it is that
these actresses always look so young
in their lithographs?"

Grimshaw—"Oh, when an actress
is young she has her picture taken,
and when she is old she does not de-
part from it."

WEALTHY YEAST.

"My fortune is made!" he cried.
"I will be rich beyond the wildest
dreams of avarice. I shall start for
the Klondike to-morrow. My chem-
istry will be my salvation."

"How so; have you discovered a
compound that will aid in the detec-
tion of gold deposits?"

"No; I have invented a yeast that
will make six loaves of bread from the
flour ordinarily required for one."

EXTREME CAUTION.

"I caught myself just in time this
morning," exclaimed Mr. Meekton.
"I came very near annoying Henri-
etta quite severely!"

"By some remark?"

"No, I started to whistle 'The
Girl I Left Behind Me,' but I stopped
before she could recognize it."

"She dislikes the tune then?"

"I don't know that she dislikes the
tune. But I am sure Henrietta would
resent any insinuation that the girl
was not away in the lead no matter
what the occasion might be."