

THE WHISTLING BOY.

Is there a sound in the world so sweet,
On a dark and dreary morn,
When the gloom within meets the
gloom without, till we wish we'd
not been born.

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not
dampened by autumn rain;
His clothes and his hands and his
sturdy feet are not spoiled by grime
or stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place
that he means some day to explore;
If there's time to play and plenty to
eat who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as
fresh as the drops that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips, and clears
the soul of the gloom that brooded
there;
And we bless the boy as he spats
along through rivers of rain and
mud,
For the hope and cheer in that
whistled note would rainbow the sky
in a flood.
—Celia S. Berkstresser in Ladies'
Home Journal.

The Ring and the Glove.

I felt like Cortez upon a memorable
occasion when the jeweller's glass
door swung behind me, and, marching
up to the counter, I asked for a ring.
"A ring, sir?" said the attendant, a
Cockney to his finger tips. "What
sort of a ring?"
"An engagement ring," said I valorously.
"What size, sir?" demanded the man,
docketing me mentally.
"Five and a half," I replied, thinking
of the glove.
"That's rather an unusual size," he
remarked, rubbing one eyebrow, "un-
less it's a bangle the lady wants."
"I'm not sure that she wants it at
all," I murmured, producing the little
sandalwood-scented bit of silk; "but
that is the size, I think."
"Oh—it's the size of the lady's and,"
he observed with mild toleration, un-
rolling it. "Well, sir, ladies' fingers
vary in girth, and it's more usual to
fit them with a piece of cardboard;
but we'll go our best."
"Could not the member be recon-
stituted?" I asked impressively.
"That knocked the conceit out of him;
he stared at me helplessly."
"Fill it with powder or something,"
I explained.

It took him five minutes' self-disci-
pline to grasp the startling novelty,
but he did, and, under my direction,
filled the third finger sheath with
plate powder, which I rammed home
with my pencil-case. Then, produc-
ing a miniature calliper, he took meas-
urements and began to search his
urements and began to search his
resembling stock, displaying a rever-
ent familiarity most impressive to be-
hold. Cleopatra, how they dazzled!
Pearls, rubies, emeralds, diamonds,
each challenging the admiration, but
checking the desire by the narrow
parchment slip attached setting forth
the price. Two hundred dollars, \$300,
\$500, it was a charmed place, where
money lost its everyday significance,
for what man of spirit would be con-
tent to offer the girl of his heart a
thing costing a miserable tenner when
close beside it twinkled a rose dia-
mond worth a king's ransom? I felt
almost paperized, recollecting that I
had only \$400 available.

"Now, sir, what do you think of
this?" asked the shopman patronizingly,
as he displayed an opal changeable
as the shifting sunlight on a misty
sky. "It's exactly the lady's size,
making allowances, for, of course, she
won't want to wear it over 'er glove."
"Are not opals unlucky?" said I, en-
deavouring to decipher the price.
"Oh, we don't hold with such super-
stition," replied the jeweller, loftily.
"But they do say one will keep you
from being poisoned."
"Then I shall leave it for the next
rich widow," I answered. "But what
is the cost of this?"

I alluded to an emerald set amid
pearls, which I already saw glitter-
ing on the loveliest hand in the world.
He extracted it with a silent respect
he borrowed from my eagerness, and
made a measurement while I watched
him, my heart bending madly. The
size was exactly the same; the price—
but that is a detail. I decided upon it.
The shopman thanked me perfunctorily,
and I leaned against the counter,
feeling like one who had received a
great favor. But when I fumbled in
my pocket for the notes and heard
their crisp crackle my confidence re-
turned, and then as I watched the
splendid thing flashing in its violet
bed I believed I must after all be a
rich man, unknown to myself, so great
was the suggestion of unlimited
wealth thus conveyed.

"I should like a piece of glass on
the inside of the case lid," I observed
carelessly. "Is it usual?"
"That's looking glass?" queried the
lapidary, glancing up from a surrepti-
tious examination of the notes.
I nodded. I knew, I must be getting
red.

"Well," he remarked, tolerantly, "it
is not exactly usual, but it's a pretty
idea—lightens the attraction of the
gem, makes the lady see the present
from two points of view."
"Hardly an advantage sometimes,"
I observed, "but can you do it?"
"Well, yes, I should think," he re-
plied condescendingly.
"Then get it done, and I shall stand
the racket," I answered magnificently.
He hurried away to effect the alter-

ation, his place being taken by a bald
headed salesman who wore spectacles,
and talked to me over them soothingly,
as one would to a person of weak
intellect, while I formulated puerile
schemes and asked him puerile ques-
tions with a gravity equalling his own.
When I left the shop I headed
straight for Bloomsbury square, but re-
membering that she might be just then
occupied by domestic duties, decided to
call later in the day. Even the ring
in my pocket gave me no additional
courage, and presently I began to
think it was not quite royal enough.
Edging my way to Regent's Park I
hunted out a quiet spot and sat down
to examine it at leisure. It was glori-
ous still, but somehow not so glori-
ous as I would have wished, and I
was actually questioning the wisdom
of my choice when an approaching
footfall made me close the case. It
was light, though firm, and the ever-
lasting flint would have worn well be-
neath it. Something, more of the in-
tellect than of the sense, made me look
up, and I saw her.

The sensation of being shot through
the heart has not, I believe, received
adequate literary expression, those
who experience it being usually pre-
occupied at the exact moment with
other matters; but I think I know
what it means. She stopped and we
gazed at each other. She was in deep
blush, but the pallor had gone from
her oval cheeks. She made a half ten-
tative bow. I sprang to my feet.
"I am so glad to see you," I cried,
"because—I want to restore something
you forgot in the restaurant yester-
—a few weeks ago."
"How kind of you," she said, com-
ing near.

"Oh, not at all," I replied; "but I
hope you were not inconvenienced. I
should have sent it, but I—I didn't."
I put my hand in my breast pocket
hurriedly and extracted my handker-
chief, which in turn brought to light
a sheaf of letters and memoranda I
shook out at her feet like a skillful
conjurer. Then I tried the other pocket,
but vainly. "It's a glove," I said
weakly, gathering up my belongings,
"one of yours, don't you know."
"I recollect—I missed it," she said
coldly.

"But the cab went so quickly," I
pleaded; "ah, do sit down until I find
it."
She did so. I was in a gentle persi-
piration.
"Pray do not take so much trouble,"
she murmured plaintively.
"Hurrah, I have it," I cried, and I
extracted the wisp of silk from my
watch pocket, where I had thrust it
on leaving the shop.

"So kind of you," she observed, tak-
ing it. Then the powder ran out over
her dress.

"How stupid," I gasped, complet-
ly demoralized now, and retaking the
glove I shook it vigorously until I had
created a miniature dust storm. She
sneezed. I devoutly wished that the
flying machine was an accomplished
fact.

"It's ruined," I muttered wofully, for
it certainly presented a piebald ap-
pearance.

"She smiled. I sat down saying des-
perately:
"Would you allow me to keep it?
The thing is of no use now."
"Why?" she answered quietly, but
the voice was low.

"To remind me of that happy day,"
I replied, shying.

"Indeed? I am glad you think of
it as a pleasant one," she said gra-
tiously. "Mr. Turnbull was declaim-
ing all the way back in the cab. He
seemed prejudiced against you."
"He may be described as a man who
means well," I observed severely. "I
hope he said something actionable."
"Oh hardly that!" she answered
laughingly; "but he seems to have
changed his opinion lately. Your name
happened to come up in conversation
to-day and he said—"

"What did he say?" I demanded, try-
ing to look away.

"He said you were an honorable
man," she replied, the point of her pa-
rasol tracing a lop-sided isosceles tri-
angle in the dust, "but—"
"Ah, there is much virtue in that
but," I observed bitterly.

"That you ought to settle down,"
she continued, tossing her head and
rising.

"So I shall," I cried, "but it depends
upon my lady. I have her portrait
here in this case. She is the only girl
I shall ever care for in that way," I
added, because a little qualification
does no harm at even the most exal-
ted moments. "By the way, she is an
acquaintance of yours, too." And,
pressing the spring, I handed the cas-
ket to her as the lid flew back. She
glanced at me curiously, very pale
now. I weak about the knees, watch-
ed a child trundle a hoop past us.

She uttered a little cry that sank
into a sobbing laugh. Then she sat
down beside me and put one of the
hands I hope to hold when death beck-
ons me down the last dim turning of
life's road, into mine.

"I trust she will make you a good
wife," she said gravely. And— Well,
surely man born of woman can guess
the rest.—London Black and White.

Weyler as a Business Man.

Weyler may be a bad soldier, but he
is a very talented business man. He,
through his agents, in the past two
years, bought 11,000 mules from the
United States and Mexico at about \$30
apiece, and then sold them through
other agents to himself as represent-
ing the Spanish government at \$128
apiece, making a clear profit of \$98 a
mule. With all allowance for trans-
portation and feed, insurance and
labor bills, all of which were probably
paid by the poor government the

clear profit must have been \$800,000.
Equally shrewd was his cattle syndi-
cate. The cattle concession was given
to a concern in which he is said to
have been the chief partner. They
bought cattle, both live and refrig-
erated, at six cents per pound. The con-
sumption in that city is over a hun-
dred thousand pounds a day, the profit
over \$10,000 and in 600 days the total
profit would be about \$6,000,000. He
is also said to have had a large in-
terest in the tobacco monopoly, the
four trade, the potato business, the
wholesale cabbage industry, the bot-
tled beer commerce and the milk
routes of Havana. It is no wonder,
therefore, that the people of Manila
say he sent home \$6,000,000 and the
people of Havana that he transmitted
\$8,000,000. Of course, this was not all
for himself. He has many poor
friends in the cortes.—New York Mail
and Express.

MONEY IN SQUAB RAISING.

How They Are Produced in Michigan in the Eastern Markets.

The only squab farm in Michigan
is located about three miles south of
Grand Haven. Squabs are young
doves, or pigeons, and are esteemed
great delicacies in epicurean and mid-
night luncheon circles. There are sev-
eral large squab farms in the east,
and one near Toledo, but the only one
in Michigan, so far as known, is at
Grand Haven, and it is conducted by
F. J. Bernreuther. He was for sev-
eral years floorwalker in a large dry-
goods store. His health failed, and
five years ago he took up squab rais-
ing. It was originally a side issue to
his floorwalking, but he now devotes
most of his attention to it. His farm
comprises about ten acres of land, but
only a small portion of this is given to
the squab industry, the rest being
planted to wheat and corn, which
forms the staple diet for the old doves.

He has a big cage of woven wire.
It is 80 x 120 feet, and 20 feet high,
and the doves are kept confined by
the wire netting on the sides and
above. On the north side of the cage
is a long, low building, in which the
doves keep house. The roof has a
southern exposure and a wind break,
and here the doves sun themselves.
The building is divided by partitions
into rooms about ten feet square.
These rooms are banked up on three
sides, tier above tier, with small box-
es, and these boxes are the nests,
where the eggs are laid and the young
are hatched and grow so be squabs.
The partitions and boxes extend up-
ward to the eaves of the building, and
above the space is open from end to
end, allowing free passage for the
doves and a roosting place for those
not busy with domestic duties.

After the two pretty white eggs are
laid, the male takes his regular trick
of sitting on them during the twenty-
one days of incubation, and when the
young are hatched he does his full
share toward feeding them. Four
weeks after the young birds are
hatched they become marketable as
squabs. The birds are in full feather,
but not yet able to fly. A fast of
twenty-four hours is the prelude to
the flight into the dove heaven. This
fast is imposed not to make them
meek in spirit, but to clear their crops
of food. Then a sharp knife point
opens a vein in their throat, and as
the life blood oozes out the bird's
brief career closes with a flutter.

While the flesh is still warm the
feathers are plucked out, the crop is
washed out, and the denuded body is
thrown into a tub of water to cool.
The next day it is packed in ice for
shipment. The squabs, dressed for
market, weigh about half a pound,
and the great market for them is New
York. This city consumes very few
of them. There is only a small de-
mand for them in Detroit, and Chi-
cago, big and metropolitan as it is, is
a poor market. Almost the entire
product of Bernreuther goes to New
York, and the shipments average
three or four dozens a week the year
round. The squabs command from
\$1.50 to \$3.50 a dozen, and there is
money in the business.

The best breed of doves for squab
purposes is the homing pigeon. This
is not due to any particular delicacy
of the flesh, but to the fact that hom-
ers are the best breeders, are diligent
in properly caring for the eggs during
the incubating period, and keep their
young well fed. But the squab far-
mer does not run much to fancy stock.
Just plain, ordinary doves are good
enough. They bring out six to ten
broods a year, each of two doves, and
often eggs are in the nest for a new
hatching before the preceding brood
has developed to the squab age. The
doves usually rest two months in the
year, but as there is no recognized
season for resting, the market can be
supplied the year round.

The Nose Lasts Longest.

Bone and cartilage enter so largely
into the structure of the nose and de-
termine its characteristics, that it un-
dergoes little perceptible change, as a
rule, with the lapse of years. The
brow becomes wrinkled, and crows'
feet gather round the eyes, which
themselves gradually grow dim as
time rolls on; cheeks lose the bloom
which cosmetics cannot replace, and
lips their fullness and color.

The chin, dimpled in youth, develops
angularities or globularities, as the
case may be, and the eyebrows be-
come heavy with the crop of many
years' growth. The nose shows no
mark comparable with these familiar
facial indications of the approach of
old age, and practically enjoys im-
munity from the ravages which time
makes on the other features of the
face. Next to the nose, probably the
ears, as a rule, show the fewest and
least-obvious signs of old age.—Pitts-
burgh Dispatch.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE DEPENDABLE BOY.

The boy who is bright and witty,
The boy who longs for fame,
The brilliant boy, his teacher's joy,
And the boy who leads each game—
Right cordially I greet them
And wish them every joy,
But the warmest part of my boy-lov-
ing-heart
I give the dependable boy.

If he says he'll come at seven
E'er the clock strikes he'll appear
At a fine, brisk pace, with a glowing
face,
And a greeting good to hear;
If he says he'll mail your letter
It will be mailed not doubt it;
He will not tuck it in some dark pocket
And then forget about it!

He may be bright and witty;
He may be brilliant, too;
He may lead in the race with his manly
face
He may plan great things to do;
He may have all gifts and graces;
But naught can wake such joy
And pride in me as to know that he
Is a staunch dependable boy!

—[Minnie L. Upton.

THE GRASSHOPPER WAR.

About the time the Pilgrim Fathers
came to New England in the May-
flower (1620), there arose a great
quarrel and war between two Indian
tribes from a very insignificant cause.
It occurred in this way:
An Indian squaw, with her little
son, went to visit a friend belonging
to another tribe. On his way the
little boy caught a large grasshopper
and carried it with him. A boy from
the other tribe wanted it, but neither
coaxing nor cajoling, nor even threats,
would induce the little fellow to sur-
render his prize. A quarrel took place
which soon drew the mothers and
fathers into the dispute, and before
long the chiefs of both tribes were en-
gaged in a struggle which did not end
until one tribe was almost exterminat-
ed.

TIDY AND INDUSTRIOUS ANTS.

Travelers who have explored all
over the world will tell you that what
strikes them first about an African
forest is its cleanliness, a look as if
the whole ground were daily cleaned
and dusted by invisible elves. Not a
fallen branch is to be seen, hardly a
dead leaf. No more striking contrast
could be imagined than this as com-
pared to a forest in the great west of
America. There you must dismount
and drag your horse after you as if
you were progressing through or over
an immense woodyard. The reason
the African forests are so tidy is be-
cause of termites. These great white
ants, whose mounds are so prominent
a feature of the African landscape, re-
move and consume every dead thing
that cumber the ground, from a tree
to a leaf, from a dead elephant to a
moth's wing.

THE LITTLE LANTERN.

There was once a tiny Japanese lan-
tern. It was so small and homely
that no one wanted to buy it. It
happened by mistake one day to be
sold in an order of costly and beau-
tiful lanterns.
The little lantern was mocked by
the large and handsome ones. It said
nothing, but it felt very badly.
The man who bought the lanterns
wanted to use them to decorate his
seaside villa in honor of a great pro-
cession. The night came for the pro-
cession, and one after the other the
lanterns were taken out and strung
around the house. They were all
much admired, except the homely
little lantern, which, when first seen,
was laughed at by every one.

From its obscure corner it looked
out upon the gay scenes, and said
nothing, although it felt very badly.
The lanterns were all lighted, for
the grand procession was soon to go
by. They all danced gayly around
in the evening breeze.
Suddenly there was a cry. "The
procession is coming!" Just then
there was a quick gust of wind; and,
to the dismay of every one, one after
the other, each lantern went out—
every one excepting the homely little
lantern, which shone steadily on.
"Quick! matches!" the master
shouted. But, for some reason, none
were to be had.

"What shall we do?" he shouted
again. "The procession is just around
the corner, and here all is darkness."
The master glanced at the homely
little lantern. The music from the
procession was coming nearer.
He glanced at the little lantern once
more. Its light was small, but still
it was burning.
Quickly he took it, and carefully
going from one to the other, he re-
lighted the darkened lanterns by its
aid, and was just hanging up the little
one again when the procession ap-
peared.

"The homely little lantern, by its
faithfulness, has done more than all
the rest," the master said.
The little lantern said nothing, but
was very happy.

A BRAVE KITTEN.

The Smith family had never before
owned a kitten. Dogs they were
seldom without, but out of considera-
tion for Mrs. Smith, who said she
could not bear a cat, they had hitherto
been content to worry along with only
one pet.

It was only when the mice began to
devour the Smiths and their posses-
sions that Mrs. Smith was induced to
waive her prejudice. Mr. Smith the
next evening brought home a little
black kitten in his overcoat pocket.

Now as the Smith family already
included a half grown setter dog, a
good deal of uneasiness was felt as to

the degree of harmony likely to exist
between the dog and the kitten.

The new kitten settled the question
once for all by insisting on being
friendly with the dog. His beautiful
long ears and his plumelike tail were
never failing sources of amusement to
Kitty, and the dog, like all young
animals, anxious for a romp, forgot to
bark in his anxiety to play. The two
would romp for hours upon the hearth
rug, and when tired out by the game
Kitty would curl up on the warm fur
of the dog, and both would go off to
sleep. It was a funny sight to see
the tiny kitten and the great clumsy
dog curled up thus together.

Kitty was the only cat permitted to
promenade in the Smiths' garden.
After awhile, when she grew bolder
and learned to climb about every-
where, the kitten penetrated to other
gardens and made the acquaintance of
other kittens. With a kitten two
houses beyond the Smiths she formed
quite a warm friendship. One day
the little gray stranger wandered down
to Kitty Smith's garden and after
looking about jumped down beside a
bed of geraniums. Fido had been
watching and pounced upon her in a
minute. It would not be pleasant to
think of what might have become of
tabby had not the Smith kitten darted
out of the bushes and, like a streak
of black lightning, descended upon
the dog. Astounded at the wrath of
his little playmate, Fido dropped the
gray kitten, which made good its es-
cape. Gazing reproachfully into the
angry eyes of his little black friend,
the dog sunk away with his tail be-
tween his legs, while Kitty sat down
and calmly smoothed out her ruffled
fur.

THE POLAR BEAR.

In the north, Bruin would escape
from the slow-footed native if it were
not for his pack of howling and ex-
cited dogs that pursue the bear with
extraordinary eagerness. Although
the rule is to bite and jump back, yet
many a dog falls victim to his over-
boldness. Eventually the baited and
exhausted bear seeks the summit of
some iceberg, where he falls an easy
prey to the hunter.

It is not unusual to hear the polar
bear stigmatized as a coward, no more
dangerous to meet than an old sheep.
Others liken him to a North Ameri-
can Indian in his treachery, cowardice
and intractability. These critics
forget that both Indian and bear
simply ask to be let alone in posses-
sion of their hunting grounds, and
that instinctively they pursue the
most effective, indeed the only possi-
ble, methods by which the few can
withstand the many.

The polar bear is not a dashing, im-
pulsive animal, but he is endowed
with caution and sagacity to an un-
usual extent. In nearly every in-
stance the success of the bear in ob-
taining sustenance depends upon
stealth and concealing methods
whereby he is withdrawn from the
view of his victim until he is ready to
strike.

While it is true that a skillful hunt-
er, with good firearms, stands in no
great danger from the polar bear,
which he usually attacks at a dis-
advantage to the animal, neverthe-
less it requires a man of iron nerve
and dauntless courage to face one
which has been wounded or other-
wise enraged. And yet many of the
Eskimos, without firearms, and pro-
vided only with their bows and ar-
rows, lances or knives, do not hesi-
tate to attack a defiant female, she
being ravenous with hunger and ready
to die for her cubs.

The Uses of Deerskin.

Side by side with the illicit skin
hunting and its resultant trade in
skins for tanning there is a genuine
demand in Canada for deerskin for
garments. Its main use is for leg-
gings and moccasins to be worn with
snowshoes, or without snowshoes in
winter. The moccasins are sold in
great numbers, and nothing quite so
comfortable has yet been devised as
footgear in the dry Canadian snows.
Their softness prevents the straps of
the snowshoes from galling the feet,
and the leather is both porous and
warmed. It is not tanned, but "sha-
moyed," the process which all races,
civilized or savage, use when prepar-
ing wild beasts' skin for use as clothes
other than boots. But the finest of all
these soft leathers are the deerskins
used for gloves. Nothing is quite
equal to this material for the pur-
pose, and when genuine it is the most
expensive of any. Reindeer skin, fal-
low deer skin and that of the fawns
of many of the American species are
used. "Elk" gloves are not deerskin
at all, but an imitation. Much of the
deerskin is made into "white leather",
in the same way that parchment,
sheepskin and vellum are prepared
for special purposes. The white buck-
skin is used for leather breeches and
military gloves, all military tailoring
being of the most expensive material.

Looking Forward.

It was the year 3588, A. D. Presently
it would be 3589. The Princess
Mayne had no time to lose, and yet
she was forever exalting herself be-
cause of her birth. "I am descended
from pork-packers," she would say
vauntingly, scornful the every-day
princes who sought her hand. As for
the other princesses employed in the
store, they laughed at her pretensions,
and maintained that any one might
trace a lineage as distinguished, pro-
vided one went back far enough.—De-
troit Journal.

Uninhabited Islands.

Between Madagascar and the coast
of India there are about 16,000 islands
only 600 of which are inhabited. But
most of them are capable of support-
ing a population.

WIT AND HUMOR.

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

A HEAVY HANDICAP.
It is but a Spanish custom.
It was not the youngster's fault
That he never had the training
Which would help him earn his salt,
And he couldn't raise a protest
When to christen him they came
And they solemnly afflicted
The poor infant with the name,
"Alphonso XIII, Leon Ferdinand
Maria
James Isidore Pascal Antonio."

And it's not at all surprising
That in business of state
And in military matters
All his people come too late,
For it's likely to occasion
An embarrassing delay
When they rally up their cohorts
And they stop to shout "Hooray
For Alphonso XIII, Leon Ferdinand
Maria
James Isidore Pascal Antonio!"

SUMMED UP.

Bacon—Your wife spends hours at
the dressmaker's. Now, what does it
all amount to?
Egbert—A pretty figure.

WHAT SHE ADORDED.

Smithers (society poet)—I am think-
ing of issuing a volume with wide
margins. Do you like the idea?
Miss DeFacto (warmly)—Indeed,
you cannot make your margins too
wide for me. I adore blank verse.

THE NARROW MINDED WOMAN.

He—Women are terribly narrow-
minded.
She—You are speaking, are you not,
of the woman whose mind can be filled
with the image of a man?

SNAPS.

First Drummer—I hear you've given
up trade to go to the front?
Second—Yes.
"I don't suppose the salary was the
chief inducement."
"No; commission."

HER CLAIM.

"What basis has she for calling her-
self a Daughter of the Revolution?"
"She thinks of the revolutions her
bicycle wheels have made."

A BARE INSINUATION.

Sunday Huntsman (boasting)—
Hardly had I been hunting a quarter
of an hour when a dead hare lay at
my feet.
Doubting Friend—Do hares ever
commit suicide?

THE DIFFERENCE.

Mrs. Naborly—So your name is the
same as your papa's Harry?
Harry—Yes'm.
Mrs. Naborly—How do you know
when your mamma calls who she
means?
Harry—Oh, she always calls me
kind of coaxing.

THE BOASTS OF LOVE.

"My girl's hand is as white as the
driven snow."
"Pooh, that's nothing, my girl's
heart is as deep as a driven well."

SO THEY CAN SEE.

"Mme. Snipper has perfected a
wonderful invention."
"What is it?"
"A revolting hat; it works so the
congregation can see all sides of it."

ABOUT MUGS.

Bill—I see Gills has his face painted
on his cup at the barber shop.
Jill—How does it look?
Bill—The worst-looking mug I ever
saw.

A LESSON IN WHALING.

One boy met another who had a
suspicious redness about the eyes and
a droop at the corners of the mouth.
"Say," said the first boy, "I heard
your father was on a ship once."
The other quivered a sob and
nodded.
"Was it a whaler?"
"Yes, it was. And you bet he
learnt the business good, too."

THE DANGERS OF HOME.

Browne—Mercy, man, you look as
though you had been to war.
Towne—Worse. Been amusing the
baby while his mother went shopping.

A BORN MATHEMATICIAN.

"Dicker doesn't know his letters
well," explained his mother to the
new teacher, "but he's quick in learn-
ing figures."
"What is this, dear?" asked the
teacher, pointing to the letter B.
"Dat's a thirteen jammed together,"
promptly responded Dickey.

HIS SCHEME.

Mrs. Petter—"Did you see that?
Dixon seized the rocking chair, and
was into it before his wife had a
chance to reach it. And on his wed-
ding trip, too."
Mr. Petter—"That's just it.
There's where Dixon is smart. No-
body will suspect that he is on his
wedding tour, don't you see? And
besides, he gets the chair."

SIMILARITY.

He—I doubt if they will be happy.
In matrimony there should be a simi-
larity of tastes.
She—Well, she is determined to
have her own way and so is he.

HIS WAY OF FINDING IT.

Tourist—It wears me out complet-
ly to travel.
Chance Acqu