THE CUMULATIVE EFFECT.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Seeds in darkness, swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow.
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst;
Slowly—slowly, at the first,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day,
That's the way!
Children learn to read and write
Bit by bit and mite by mite;
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power;
Slowly—slowly—hour by hour,
That's the way!
Just a little every day.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

# "MR. SPENS."

"I've always brought you up to expect that I would do something for you, Rupert, and I will—but I confess I am disappointed. As my heir you would have a right to aspire to almost any marriage . . . but the daughter of a country rector, one of seven children, nobody in particular, no connections—"

"She's the most beautiful creature you ever saw."

"Of course," said Sir Spenthorne Carnac drily. "That goes without saying."

"Wait till you see her, Uncle Spen."

"I'm beginning to be quite fired with curiosity. If she's all you say, my boy, I wonder what she saw in you!" The tall old man, with the iron gray hair and long mustache, shading a well cut, expressive mouth, smiled as he looked down at his nephew. "If I were a woman I should prefer some one over five foot six."

"All women don't worship thews and sinews," said Rupert Carnac impatiently.

"Lucky for you they don't, my boy. Well, you really think the beauty cares for you? You don't imagine that the fact of your being my heir has anything to do with it?"

Rupert smiled a fatuous smile, which made his uncle long to shake him.

"You think yourself very worldwise, Uncle Spen, and all that, don't you know; but you're on the wrong tack this time. I told them nothing about my prospects, and if Meriel has accepted me I presume it's for myself."

"H'm—the daughter of a country parson, seven brothers and sisters, etc. . . . However, I will see the girl for myself. And so that she should not be on her good behavior—rich uncle and all that, don't you know—I'll go down to Systed and stay at the inn. There's a trout stream, and I'll be supposed to be attracted by the fishing. Nobody need find out who I really am and I can easily make acquaintance with the parson."

"Yes, if you go to church he will probably call."

Sir Spenthorne Carnac intimated that he was prepared to make even that sacrifice in the interests of his nephew. And as the two men separated on the steps of the Naval and Military, the stalwart old soldier could not help once more wondering what the deuce the girl (if she was all Rupert said) could have seen in the little chap.

. . . . . . . .

"Certainly, sir, you can have the rooms, and the fishing is especially good just now."

"Well, that just suits me. Can I have some dinner?"

"Yes, sir; certainly, sir. Er—what name did you say?"

"Spens."

"Thank you, sir."

As the landlady left the room Sir Spenthorne Carnac walked up to the diamond paned windows of the little inn parlor, and looked across the road to where stood a small white house, the abode, he knew from his nephew's description, of the rector. Presently down the dusty road came a girl dressed in white, a tall and finely proportioned figure, clad in plain serge, with a sailor hat. The way the girl carried her head impressed Sir Spenthorne.

"By Jove, I suppose that's one of Lord Lauder's daughters," he said to himself. "I know they live somewhere hereabout. Now, if Rupert had fancied a girl like that—"

The girl was coming up the garden path, and Sir Spenthorne caught sight of great brown eyes, chestnut hair, and a complexion like a wild rose.

"Yes, Miss Meriel, dear?"

"Can you let us have some eggs?"

"Only a few, Miss Meriel. We've got a gentleman come here for the fishing, and I'll be wanting them for him. He's a real gentleman."

Sir Spenthorne smiled in his long gray mustache at this description of himself. "Who was that?" he asked of Mrs. Bartlett after the departure of the young lady.

"That's Miss Meriel Ray, the daughter of the rector."

"A great favorite in the village, I suppose?"

"Miss Meriel, sir—we call her the Ray of sunshine, bless her?"

The good woman enlarged for some time on Miss Meriel's perfections, and was perhaps surprised at the extraordinary patience with which her guest listened to her long story.

"I wonder this charming young lady has not married," said Sir Spenthorne.

"Well, now, sir," said Mrs. Bartlett confidentially, "there is a young man—be it his be undersized, to be sure—but Mr. Ray would be glad to see one of his daughters married—he has seven children, you must know, and gals are not just so easy to settle nowadays. . . . And it is said in the village that Miss Meriel she's doing it to please her pa, and make things for her younger sisters. But here's your dinner, sir."

Sir Spenthorne walked up and down before the door of the inn smoking, reflecting on Rupert and his love affairs. It certainly was astonishing to see the sort of men women will marry—astonishing! On the other side of the road there presently appeared the tall figure of a clergyman. Sir Spenthorne went across, and, taking off his hat, inquired if the rector could advise him as to the best sort of fly to use on the river, as he was a stranger in Systed.

The Rev. Thomas Ray, himself a devotee of the gentle sport, took in with a swift glance the tall upright figure, the deep blue eyes and the well cut, powerful face of his interlocutor.

"What a handsome fellow!" he thought, "even now"—for the age of the stranger could not be less than fifty. "I should be delighted to tell you anything in my power," he said aloud. And the two men walked amicably down the road together between the sweet June hedges.

This walk was the beginning of a quickly ripening friendship. Meriel showed the way to the best pools. Sir Spenthorne invented the most wonderful picnics and al fresco teas for the children. When he wasn't by the river he was at the rector's house, and perpetually in the company of Meriel. Sir Spenthorne had never married, because years and years ago a girl had jilted him, and yet his heart was as full of reverence for women as a boy's. Never had he come across one who fulfilled his whole ideal of womanhood until he met Meriel. He hardly realized which way things were drifting—was not Meriel engaged to Rupert, and was not he, Sir Spenthorne, the rich, elderly uncle, who had come to make all things smooth for them?

As he returned to his inn one evening after a delightful expedition in the woods with Meriel and half a dozen young brothers and sisters he found a telegram waiting for him:

"Am coming down to-morrow—getting anxious. RUPERT."

Sir Spenthorne felt his heart suddenly grow cold. Good heaven! What folly was this? Why should he mind his nephew coming down? he asked himself, impatiently—but in his heart of hearts Sir Spenthorne knew the reason why.

He put the telegram in his pocket and walked across the road to the rector's house. The small servant showed him in. "Mr. Spens" was quite a friend of the family.

Meriel was alone, filling a china bowl with June roses. Her face was flushed, and there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

"What is it?" asked "Mr. Spens," taking her hand.

"Nothing."

"Nothing—and you are crying?"

"I'm a fool," cried Meriel passionately. "It's nothing; there is a man who wants to marry me—father wishes it and I've said 'yes,' and he's coming down to-morrow; that's all."

"But," said "Mr. Spens" gently, "don't you like him?"

Meriel turned a scared face to him. "I didn't mind him—at first," she said.

"Well?"

"Well—nothing." The girl turned to the window and looked out into the shadowy evening.

"Tell me," said "Mr. Spens" with a sudden thrill in his voice—"tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell. He was a nice little man, and he asked father, and father said if he died there would be nothing for us, and it would comfort him to know one of his daughters was provided for. And though father looks well and strong, it seems he has something wrong with his heart, and he might die at any time—and so I said yes."

"I see," said "Mr. Spens" quietly. "But why is it more tragic now than before?"

But Meriel wouldn't answer him, and kept her head obstinately turned away, and "Mr. Spens" rose.

"I see it's no use asking you to confide in me," he said at last. Then Meriel turned on him.

"Oh, go, go!" she cried. And Sir Spenthorne, turning, left the room without another word.

"My God!" he said to himself as he walked across the road to the inn, "I believe she might have liked me, old fellow as I am."

. . . . . . . .

"What an awful thing!"

"Yes, it's a desperate business. I have telegraphed to the young fellow she's engaged to."

"Have you told him it's smallpox?"

"Yes."

"Look here, Ray, there's something I want to tell you. I am Rupert Carnac's uncle. I wanted to see the girl he was going to marry to have the opportunity of judging her, and I had made up my mind to make things right for them."

"Heaven knows if there will be any 'right,'" said the poor rector, too distracted to give much heed to Sir Spenthorne's words. "Ah! thank goodness, there is Rupert."

A fly drove up to the door of the inn, and Rupert, looking somewhat flurried, got out.

"Of course, I came at once," he said, in an embarrassed tone; "but I hope Meriel does not expect to see me. Smallpox is an awfully infectious thing."

"My daughter does not even know that I have sent for you," said the rector, stiffly. "I thought it right to do so—she is very ill." His voice broke, and he turned impatiently away. He had urged his daughter to accept Rupert Carnac, and he did not quite like the light in which Rupert was showing himself. Sir Spenthorne said nothing, but his lips tightened, and there was a look on his face the reverse of complimentary to his nephew.

During the weeks that followed young Rupert was very much bored, and only the fear of his uncle kept him in Systed. Sir Spenthorne rather avoided his nephew, and was, besides, too desperately anxious to care for anybody's society. The terrible illness dragged its weary length along, but at last a day came when the doctors pronounced Meriel to be out of danger, and said that she might see Rupert.

When the young man was admitted into the darkened room and caught sight of the swollen face and blurred features dimly seen in the uncertain light, he tried in vain to conceal his feelings.

"It's horrible, isn't it?" she asked, wistfully. "No one could love me now."

Rupert was silent from embarrassment.

"You know you are quite free, Rupert," Meriel raised herself on her elbow and looked into her lover's face. The change which illness had wrought in hers appalled him.

"You are free, Rupert, she repeated.

"No, no," said Rupert, weakly.

"Yes, yes," said Meriel, cheerfully. "Take your freedom, Rupert. You know you are thankful in your heart."

Rupert stood looking awkwardly down at her.

"Uncle Spen will be furious," he said at last. "He thinks the world and all of you."

"Uncle Spen!"

"Yes, my uncle. Sir Spenthorne Carnac. You only knew him as 'Mr. Spens.' The fact is, he had heard of our engagement, and wanted to take stock of you without letting you guess who he really was. I'm afraid he'll pitch into me about this."

A slow smile broke over Meriel's face.

"I think I can make your peace with him," she said.

. . . . . . . .

"Is it true, Meriel, is it true that all is at an end between you and Rupert? Tell me, my darling, is there—is there a chance for me?"

Sir Spenthorne Carnac was kneeling beside Meriel's sofa, her thin wasted hand in his. The girl looked up.

"You want to marry me, now my looks are all gone?"

"I love you—I want you—and I don't care about anything else!"

But a few months after, when, thanks to a clever German specialist, young Lady Carnac had lost all traces of her illness, and Sir Spenthorne was inordinately proud of his beautiful wife, Rupert declared that he had been abominately treated, and that Lady Carnac was the most mercenary and deceitful of women.

## KIMBERLEY'S VAST WEALTH.

### Richness of the Diamond Fields Almost Beyond Comprehension.

The figures representing the wealth of the Kimberley diamonds are so vast as to be hardly within the comprehension of the mind.

In two years after the formation of the De Beers Company by Cecil Rhodes in 1888 it had paid $8,000,000 in 20 per cent. dividends and $4,400,000 in interest on the original $40,000,000 capital, making a total of $12,400,000, or $6,200,000 per year.

Since then the output has greatly increased, so that the annual product is about $20,000,000. The total production in the eleven years since the consolidation is not far from $200,000,000. This official output, however, by no means represents the total product of the mine. The De Beers Company is nothing more than a vast diamond trust, which regulates the output of the mines. There is no intention on the part of the De Beers Company to make diamonds so plentiful that they will become cheap. On the other hand, the price of diamonds has been steadily advanced by the trust until it is now far in excess of what it was at the time the De Beers combination was formed. The company meanwhile has been stocking away great stores of diamonds until it has a reserve fund of this nature probably amounting to scores of millions of dollars.

Of course it is impossible to estimate accurately the value of the De Beers mines, practically all of which are at Kimberley. Attempts to do so have been made and the figures have ranged all the way from $1,000,000,000 to $1,500,000,000.

In 1890 there were 1,300 Europeans and 5,700 natives employed in the mines. There are now 1,800 Europeans and 6,500 natives or Kaffir negroes. The miners get from $25 to $30 per week and the day laborers' wages range from $4.15 to $5 per week.

The Kimberley mines cover more than twenty-six acres, and are sunk to a depth of from 450 to 500 feet, with shafts running down from this level to a depth of from 500 to 1,200 feet.

### Wanted, Gentlemen Gardeners.

There never was a time when really clever and scientific gardeners were in such request as now, for it is a notable fact greatly to their credit that the modern self-made rich men, of whom there are such numbers, as a class show the greatest enthusiasm in the matter of their gardens and greenhouses.—London Mail.

The municipal debt of the city of Frankfort-on-Main, Germany, the population of which is 240,000, is, it has been discovered, just double the debt of Louisville, Ky., a city having substantially the same population.

## INDIGO INDUSTRY MENACED.

### Cannot Compete with Dyes Produced by Modern Chemistry.

The great indigo industry in Behar, which gives employment to hundreds of thousands of families in one of the most populous districts in northern India, is threatened with destruction. Twenty-five millions of dollars or more are invested in it, and the situation promises to assume the proportions of a public calamity. The Behar planters, who own the lands and cultivate mainly at their own risk, about twenty-five years ago formed an asociation, in concert with the government, which established almost ideal relations between the landowners, the cultivators, and the factories, and has enjoyed ever since an uncommon share of peace and prosperity. Now it is threatened with ruin because of the competition of the cheap aniline dyes produced by modern chemistry. For many years the Behar indigo held its own by virtue of its superiority in color and permanence to the artificial product, but it is now claimed that a true and pure indigo has been chemically produced. As far back as 1881 Prof. V. Bayer showed how to build up indigo synthetically from its component parts. But after years of costly experiment it was not found possible to produce indigo comercially by his method. In 1890, however, Prof. Heumann of Zurich carried the research a step forward, and finally, in 1897, artificial indigo was bought upon the market at a price capable of competing with the natural article. The manufacture has now been taken up by the largest color works in the world, and the planters in Behar find themselves powerless to contend against an article at once equal to and cheaper than their own, and independent of transportation.

### Lights His Nest with Fireflies.

Many birds suspend their nests from the branches of trees, one of the most curious nests of that kind being that of the baya bird of India. It is hung from the branch with its opening at the bottom, and hangs like an inverted bottle, so as to be secure from the approach of tree snakes and other reptiles. The most curious thing about the baya bird is that it is said to light up its nest by sticking fireflies on its sides with clay or soft mud. There seems to be little doubt of the fact. Dr. Buchanan says: "At night each of the habitations is lighted up by a firefly stuck on the top with a piece of clay. The nest consists of two rooms; sometimes there are three or four fireflies, and their blaze in the little cells dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often destroy the young of these birds." Perhaps other animals are scared off by the baya bird's electric light, since a writer in Nature records this curious observation: "I have been informed on safe authority that the Indian bottle bird protects his nest at night by sticking several of these glow beetles around the entrance by means of clay; and only a few days back an intimate friend of my own was watching three rats on a roof rafter of his bungalow, when a glowfly lodged very close to them; the rats immediately scampered off."—Our Animal Friends.

### Africans and the Locomotive.

The children of the desert were filled with awe when first the silence of the primeval solitude was broken by the puffing of the steam engine. Down at the other end of the Cape to Cairo line the simple Matabele, when first confronted by a locomotive, were certain that the strange machine was worked by the labor of an indefinite number of oxen, which they assumed were shut up inside. Hence, when the engine stopped, they gathered in curious crowds waiting to see the door open and the oxen come out, nor could they for many days be persuaded that the power of the locomotive could come other than from the strength of the ox. The Arabs of the Soudan, more imaginative than the Matabele, saw in the fire horses of the railway one of the Djinns of the Arabian Nights, harnessed by the magic of the Infidel in the long trains of cars. The steam engine was to them a living, sentient being. Of which belief there is curious evidence in the fact that on one occasion a Sheik made an impassioned remonstrance against the cruelty of making so small an engine draw so huge a train.—Windsor Magazine.

### Something Sibilantly Silly.

Sturdy Sammie Simpson sought sweet Sallie Stevens' society so solicitously—several social societies severally said sententiously, "Sallie's surely secured Sammie! Sallie's Sammie's sweetheart! Sammie's Sallie's slave! Society shall soon see something startling!"

Saturday Sallie sat sewing steadily, singing softly. Suddenly seeing Sammie's shadow, she seized scissors, snipped savagely, still singing softly.

Sammie said slyly, "Sweetheart, sing Sammie something sadly sweet."

Sallie started—seemingly surprised—saying: "Sammie Sampson, stop saying such silly stuff. Spoony sentiments sound soft. Say something sensible."

Sammie Straightaway said: "Sweetest Sallie, set some time soon." Sally serenely said, "Say Sunday." "Surely, surely," shouted Sammie, supremely satisfied.

Sequel: Sammie Sampson's safely secured. Sallie Steven's settled. Sammie's suited. Society's satisfied.—Boston Journal.

### Tit for Tat.

An American, intent upon a day's outing in England, wanted to hire a dealer's best horse and trap, but not knowing his man the dealer demurred at trusting them in his hands.

Determined to have his drive the American offered to pay for the horse and the vehicle, promising to sell them back at the same price when he returned. To that the liveryman saw no objection, so his customer's wants were supplied, and off he went.

He was back in time at the stables, his money reimbursed according to contract, and he turned to go.

"Hold on!" exclaimed the dealer. "You have forgotten to pay for the hire."

"My dear sir," was the cool reply, "there is no hiring in the case. I have been driving my own horse and trap all day."

And he left the Englishman to his sorrowful reflections.

### Horse Sense.

It is peculiarly appropriate that some cold facts about the horse be laid before the public at the present time. These will substantiate the assertion that the horse is an animal of extraordinary little sense—using the word as synonymous with judgment. It is quite natural that the horse should have a nature so unbalanced mentally-evolved, as he is, from an ancestor who was one of the most timid of wild animals, possessing no weapons of offense or defense, and therefore finding his only safety in flight. He had ever to be on the alert, with his keen senses of perception ever tense; ready to urge him into a mad gallop at the slightest movement, or rustling of a leaf, which perhaps might betray the neighborhood of some lurking beast of prey about to spring upon him and tear his life out with lacerating claws or teeth. It is no wonder therefore that at any unaccustomed sight, noise, touch, or motion, the horse of to-day, in spite of countless centuries of training in the service of man, under the ancestral impulse that dominates his most intensely nervous organization, should still be seized with an ungovernable terror that expresses itself in a mad onward rush whose frightful power is fraught with destruction for everything about him.—Automobile Magazine.

### Kentucky's Turnpike Queen.

Dr. Kate Perry Cain, of Covington, Ky., is called the "Turnpike Queen." She owns and operates the Covington and Independent Turnpike, which is one of the busiest highways in Kentucky. Mrs. Cain is the daughter of the late Houston Perry, a pioneer of Covington. She was graduated at Nazareth, and then went to the Cincinnati College of Medicine, where she was graduated with honors. She practiced until she married. Her father was the principal owner of the Covington and Independent Turnpike, and at his death left his stock to his daughter. As she was unable to sell it for what it was worth, she decided to manage it herself, and the result is that it is one of the best paying turnpikes in that State. She studied road-making as soon as she began to manage the property.

A whim of Dr. Cain's is a monument she has erected for herself. It is composed of Kentucky maple trees, and they are planted on either side of the turnpike for a distance of twenty-two miles. She is a woman of enterprise, having established the first mushroom cellar in that State. She belongs to all the woman's clubs in the city, and has the reputation of being the brainiest woman in Kentucky.

### Take Care of Your Ears.

Men and women have much to do to keep straight. A hundred nerves and muscles are at work all through the waking hours, giving warning or receiving orders that the body, with its many joints and natural instability, shall preserve its equilibrium, shall not stagger or double up in a hopeless heap. These nerves and muscles are a highly organized signal service, the chief offices of which are in the semicircular canals buried in the "stony" bonework that protects the inner ear. Were it not for these canals a human being would find it difficult, often impossible, to maintain a proper balance either while walking or standing still.

So long as these canals are in healthy working order their reports are trustworthy; but when any undue force has shocked them, or any agency, such as sickness, has interfered with their workings, their messages are incoherent, and the brain, like the engineer of a battleship in action when the men above are blinded and bewildered, has nothing to do but let things go.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

### Don't Put a Bird in the Window.

"Never put a bird in the window," said a bird fancier to the reporter the other day. "I rarely go into the street in summer, or even on a mild day in winter, that I do not see unfortunate canaries hung in the windows. Even if the sun is not broiling the brains under the little yellow cap, a draft is blowing all the time over the delicate body. People have been told a thousand times that they must not put a bird in the draft, yet how few remember that there is always a draft in an open window.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

### Railroads in Africa.

Africa has now nearly 10,000 miles of railway, and offers an unlimited field for extensions. The dream of a great line extending the whole length of the country from Cairo to Cape Town, some 5,500 miles, seems likely to be realized early in the new century. On the north end about 1,100 miles are in operation, and on the south about 1,400 miles, leaving something like 2,500 miles yet to be built through the Dark Continent, which locomotive headlights will ere long illuminate.—Railway Age.

## MR. ASTOR'S SOLITARY LIFE.

### Sees Few Americans and Seldom Goes Out to Dinner.

William Waldorf Astor, owner of the Pall Mall Gazette, according to a London dispatch, leads a very solitary life.

He goes down to his office at 11:30 each morning. There he attends to his estate and newspaper business for a couple of hours, and remains in his office, as a rule, until after 5 o'clock, not even leaving for luncheon. Lunch is cooked in the office, one part of which is fitted up with perfect cuisine arrangements. The chef comes from Carlton House Terrace for the purpose.

Astor usually lunches alone except when he is joined by his daughter, but he sometimes invites Sir Douglas Straight, the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, or Lord Frederick Hamilton, the editor of the Pall Mall Magazine, or the business manager of the papers.

After lunch, about 2:30, he gets the first edition of the Pall Mall Gazette, which he goes over with his secretary, making criticisms and suggestion.

Then he sets to his literary work, and it is believed by his entourage that he has some big book of reminiscences or history on hand, at which he works regularly, consulting a large number of books of reference and occasionally going to the British Museum, where he sees the books in the private readers' room or consults scholars engaged in special researches.

When he is living at Cliveden, on the Thames, which he bought from the Duke of Westminster, he comes to town just the same every day except on Saturday and Sunday. He seldom goes out to dinner or entertainments of any kind, and sees no Americans regularly, with the exception of Ambassador Choate and First Secretary Henry White.

### Broker's Novel French Lesson.

A well known New York stockbroker is learning the French language in a peculiar way. His education was neglected in his youth, at least in this particular direction, and he has always regretted his inability to read the works of Renan, and possibly a few other authors, in the original.

The broker has a great friend in a child who is attending a kindergarten. He takes her out driving almost every day in Central Park, and some little time ago the child pointed at a tree and remarked, "that is un arbre."

"Eh! What? That's an elm," said the broker. "Never heard of a tree called an arb."

"That's French," responded the child with dignity.

After the broker had recovered he elicited the information that it was the custom at the kindergarten to teach the children a few words of French every day. He seized upon the opportunity, and now as they drive through the park the little girl repeats her daily lesson to her grown up friend. He expects to be able to speak the language very nicely when the child is a few years older.—New York Times.

### A New Profession.

For some time past an ingenious individual in London has made it his business to wait upon ladies as they leave theatres, calling their carriages, and aiding them to enter. He is decently dressed, very polite, and has a way of helping a lady with her skirt—especially if the weather be wet—which is particularly pleasing to his patronesses.

But it seems that his action in this respect is not nearly so disinterested as it might appear, for he makes this little courtesy a subterfuge for picking pockets or removing any article of value within reach. His methods, however, are not those of the common thief, for he presently proceeds to the police station nearest at hand, and there delivers up his spoil, coolly stating that he has "found it" outside a certain theatre.

He of course furnishes also his name and address, and in due time his "honest" action receives its reward. He has "found" so many things recently that the police are getting anxious to find him.

### Dewey's Adaptability.

Admiral Dewey is a remarkable illustration of the adaptability of men of our race to the conditions and circumstances that unexpectedly surround and meet them. He shows the ability of our leaders to cope successfully with new and broad responsibilities. But with this natural tendency of his American blood and training and the inspiration which he received from birth and early childhood in Vermont, there are certain indispensable latent qualities such as consummate leadership, executive sagacity, indomitable courage, strength of conviction, which were only fully brought out by the battle of Manila, and the cares that preceded and followed that engagement. Long before, to his large circle of friends in naval political and business circles, he had shown qualities of diplomacy, urbanity, discrimination and self possession which, put to their full test in the Manila campaign, proved equal to the emergency.—Harper's Magazine.

### Willing to Imitate.

"Why don't you take example from the little busy bee?" inquired the man of unoriginal ideas.

"I do," answered Meandering Mike, "An' I want to call your attention to de fact dat about now is when de little busy bee lays off an' doesn' do no more work fur de nex' six months."

### He's a Contractor.

Flim—What's your business?
Flam—Contractor.
Flim—What line?
Flam—Debts.—Sketchy Bits.