

THE EARTH AND MAN.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's
breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her
frame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and
fled
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have deft it younger than a boy.
—Philadelphia Record.

A Western Girl's Story.

"Afraid!" cried out I with a laugh.
"Why on earth should I be afraid?"
And I suppose my face must have
mirrored forth the careless independence
of my spirit, for my brother's
rugged countenance brightened up as
I spoke.

We lived alone upon a solitary road,
miles away from any human dwelling-
place, in one of those antique, gable-
ended farm-houses which look so pic-
turesque to an artist's eye in the sum-
mer time and so indescribably desolate
when November gales are howling
around the chimney tops or winter
snows are heaping up their feathery
pearl upon the door-stone. We—that
is, the old bed-ridden aunty, my
brother Robert and myself. As for
a servant girl, dear me, when I became
rheumatic or lost the use of my limbs
I might need one, not before.

"Well mind you don't let anyone in,
unless it is a neighbor," said Bob, but-
toning up his shaggy overcoat and
lowering his voice so that Aunt Jemima
should not hear his words, for Aunt
Jemima was apt to be seized
with fits of nervous apprehension at the
most inconvenient times. "Because,
you know, there are only two women
of you, and—"

"Go along with yourself, Bob, and
don't talk nonsense," said I, with an
air of dignity. "As if I wasn't quite
able to take care of myself without
your advice. Nobody has been here in
a week, and I don't think the rush is
going to begin to-night."

"The loaded revolver is on the top
shelf next to the bag of hops and the
paper of dried catnip," added Bob,
"and the big stick—"

"I'll take the big stick to you, if
you don't clear out," cried I, merrily,
and so Bob mounted old Nanny and
trots away.

We had just received a hundred dol-
lars from the railroad people for the
year's wood which Bob had cut
and hauled to the junction—a hundred
dollars, all in nice, clean, crackling
logs—and Bob and I and Aunt Jemima
all agreed—for once entirely unani-
mous—that so much money ought not
to remain over night in the house.

"Suppose there should be a fire?"
said I.

"Suppose a gang of masked burglars
should break in!" suggested Aunt
Jemima, who had been reading the pa-
pers.

"Suppose the rats and mice should
gnaw their way into the old hair
trunk!" said Bob.

So Bob was taking the hundred dol-
lars to the Ottarfield Bank, twenty
miles away, over a rough and uneven
bridle road! And I and Aunt Jemima
were left all alone.

"Dear me," said Aunt Jemima,
"that's twice my needle's dropped, and
stuck in the floor. We're going to
have company!"

"I hope not," said I, "with nothing
in the house but corn-bread and pork,
and dried apple-sauce."

"And there's a winding sheet in the
candle," gloomily added Aunt Jemima,
who was addicted to harmless little
superstitions. "Somebody's going to
die."

"I think it's extremely likely," I ob-
served, with philosophy.

"I've had a creepy feeling down my
back all day," said Aunt Jemima, "just
as if some one was measuring me for
my shroud! Are you sure the doors
are all bolted Gertrude?"

"Quite certain, aunt. I bolted them
myself."

"And nails over all the windows?"

"Every one of them. Come now,
aunt, dear, let me fix your hot drink,
and tie on your nightcap nicely. We're
just as safe as if there was a hollow
square of soldiery all around us."

But in spite of my reassurance, Aunt
Jemima persisted in going to sleep
with a flat-iron and two pokers under
her pillow.

And then, mercy on me, how she did
snore, to be sure.

I sat before the fire until past nine
o'clock, finishing a pair of gray mixed
stockings that I was knitting for Bob.
And then, rising with a yawn, I looked
out of the windows. It was raining,
and—

Merciful heaven! I started back with
a low cry, as I saw a white, wild face
pressed suddenly against the outer
side of the pane—a face made paler
still by the contrast of a heavy black
moustache, and hair the most raven jet
I ever saw.

My first impulse was to run and hide,
my second to face the matter out.

"What do you want?" I asked, open-
ing the window a little way. "Who
are you?"

"I am a belated traveler. I need
food—rest—rage to bind up my hurt

foot. See!" And then I saw that one
of his feet was bleeding.

I hesitated an instant. He perceived
my doubt.

"You are afraid to let the vagrant
in," he said, bitterly. "Well, I don't
wonder much. But there's no danger.
Let me in, as you have a dear father
or brother of your own. Give me but
a crust of bread, a drink of milk. I
will go on my way with the earliest
dawn of morning."

My decision was taken at once. His
pale face, his blood-stained foot, his
piteous voice, so unlike the profes-
sional whine of the regular mendicant,
all appealed to my womanly pity. I
remembered my brother's caution, but
I also remembered that there was an
unused one-story wing, on the north
end of the house, fitted up in a rude
sort of way for the occasional sleep-
ing place of the additional farm hands
that we needed in the height of the
season of harvest.

"Go around to the father door," said
I. "I will let you in."

I admitted him accordingly. Gaunt,
pale and limping, he came in.

"There is a bed," said I. "And here
is food. While you eat I will get salve
and a bandage for your foot."

When I returned he was eating as
greedily as if he had not tasted food
for a week, and drinking long draughts
of coffee.

"You are hungry," said I, kneeling
to my task.

"I hope you never may be as near
starvation as I have been this day," he
responded, in a low, thrilling voice.

"Thank you, young woman—the foot
feels easier now."

So I left him.

I had meant to slip across the bolt
on the outside of the door that led to
the other portion of the house; but I
now perceived, for the first time, that
the bolt was not there. Bob must have
taken it out, to use in the stables.

A thrill, half of apprehension, passed
through me at this unwelcome discov-
ery.

"No matter," said I, valiantly, to my-
self. "I must risk it. I dare say we
are all as safe as if there were a score
of bolts on the door. Only I'm glad
Aunt Jemima sleeps so soundly."

So I went to bed and fell fast asleep
in less than fifteen minutes.

The sound of the old wooden clock
striking three—or something else—
roused me, and, opening my eyes, I
saw the shrouded light of a dark lan-
tern in the room, and by its glimmer
three men were searching the contents
of the old hair trunk that stood under-
neath the window.

I started up with a scream—probably
the most imprudent thing I could have
done—but I did not stop at that instant
of terror to measure consequences.

"Stop that gal's squeaking pipe,"
muttered a low, threatening tone, and
the next instant an iron band was up
on my throat; my eyeballs seemed
starting from their sockets, and a hor-
rible death by suffocation seemed clos-
ing around me.

In the self-same second, however, I
saw the deadly white face of the man
I had so recently succored and fed, in
the doorway; I heard the click of a
pistol being cocked. My first impres-
sion was that he belonged to the gang
—that he had made an entrance into
the house through my weak pity, and
afterward admitted his comrades; but
oh! how unjustly I judged him.

"Let go that girl's throat, or I'll
send a brace of bullets through your
brain!" he shouted; and instantaneously
I was free. "Now, then, get out of
this! Drop everything. Quick! Do
you see this pistol? It carries charges
enough to send everyone of you to
Kingdom Come quicker than light-
ning."

His eloquence was of a most persua-
sive nature. One of the men dropped
a red leather pocketbook of papers that
I recognized as Bob's; another let fall
a calico bag containing Aunt Jemima's
six silver teaspoons and all three
tumbled out of the door in hot haste.
My unknown friend calmly examined
the fastenings.

"The bolt has been pried back," said
he, "but I can fix it in a minute. And
even if I did not I hardly think they
will be likely to come again after the
lesson I have read them."

"How can I ever thank you!" I cried,
almost hysterically, in my mingled ter-
ror and gratitude.

"I was thinking to-night as I watched
you bind up my foot that I would like
to do something for you," he said in
a low tone, "and I have done it. Good
night."

Early the next morning I carried a
tray of breakfast in to him, but he
was gone. From that time to this I
have never seen nor heard of him, ex-
cept that, once in an illustrated news-
paper, I saw his portrait, as the de-
tected murderer of half a dozen travel-
ers on the Omaha plains—an accom-
plished villain—a cold-blooded wretch,
who thought no more of extinguishing
the spark of human life than others
do of killing a fly—so read his bio-
graphy—and I shuddered to recollect
how utterly we poor women were at
his mercy on that December night, and
of how he spared and shielded us!

Bob never knew of that night's ad-
venture. Aunt Jemima never knew.
It is a secret that I keep to myself.

Some Ready Made Law.

Burke Cockran studied law under
Judge Theodore L. Dwight. One day
the professor asked a question which
seemed easy, but which was really dif-
ficult. With his magnificent voice
Cockran answered the best he could,
adding as a saving clause, "Such, I
take it, is the common law." The good
old doctor gleamed benignantly
through his spectacles. "That would
be all right, sir, if you had made it
uncertain law."—Philadelphia Satur-
day Evening Post.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Stirring History of the Little Country Now Fighting the British.

Though only 50,000 square miles in
area, the size of an American State,
the Orange Free State has had a stir-
ring history since the first white men
peopled it in 1835, sixty-five years ago.
These settlers were refugees from Cape
Colony, hunting for a quiet, peaceful
home north of the Orange River.
Some of these emigrants founded the
South African Republic or Transvaal.
These pioneer farmers found only
bands of savage Bushmen and Koran-
nas in the new country. They organ-
ized a sort of community band or
maatschappij. In 1847, the British
Governor of Cape Colony proclaimed
all territory between the Vaal and the
Orange Rivers as British country. A
resident agent was then placed at
Bloemfontein. This state of sovereign-
ty continued until 1854. In that year
the continued troubles with the Basu-
tos and Griquas caused the English
Government to relinquish all of the
country north of the Orange River. By
the convention of Bloemfontein, signed
Feb. 23, 1854, the country north of the
River, known as the Orange River Ter-
ritory, was recognized as an independ-
ent State. This convention freed the
farmers from allegiance to the British
Crown; the English Government was
to have no alliances with any of the
tribal chiefs north of the Orange River,
with the exception of Adam Kok, the
chief of the Griqua tribe. The new
Government guaranteed the rights of
the persons and property of British
subjects resident in that territory at
that time. Extradition was also pro-
vided for; courts of law were to be
established, and slavery was not to be
allowed. The Orange River Territory
was to have the right to purchase arms
and munitions in British South Africa.

The Volksraad adopted the Orange
Free State Constitution on April 10,
1854. It was based upon the Constitu-
tion of the United States. This consti-
tution gave any one living in the ter-
ritory six months before April 10
the right to vote for President and for
members of the Legislature. The Presi-
dent is elected every five years by all of
the enfranchised burghers. The Presi-
dent's Advisory Council consists of the
landdrost (magistrate) of the Bloem-
fontein district, the Government, Sec-
retary or Premier, and three unofficial
members who are elected to that service
by the Volksraad. The Roman
Dutch law was made the common law
of the land. The courts follow this in
the absence of specific statutory pro-
visions. Liberty of the press and free-
dom of speech are guaranteed by the
fundamental law. From 1854 until
now the Orange Free State has been a
Republic. It has had eight Presidents
in that time.

During these forty-five years of in-
dependence, the Orange Free State has
experienced the following events:
There was a string of Basuto wars
with spasms of peace from 1855 to
1868. After these ten years of tribal
wars the republic triumphed. The Basu-
tos had been so completely whipped
that the British Government at the
earnest entreaty of Chief Mosheal, the
paramount of the tribe, proclaimed the
unannexed part of Basutoland as British
territory. In 1871 the Government
of Queen Victoria annexed Griqualand
West, or the Diamond Fields, which
was then nominally under the rule of
Waterboer, chief of the Griqua tribe.

The Free State demanded this country,
having acquired it by cession and pur-
chase from the predecessor of this
chief. To settle this dispute Great Brit-
ain agreed to pay to the Free State
£450,000 for a clear title to this land.
In 1869 the Orange Free State formed
its customs union with Cape Colony.
In the railway union the Cape Govern-
ment agreed to build a railway through
the Free State at its own expense and
risk at a certain sum per mile. The
tariff of passengers and goods over this
line was to be mutually agreed upon.
The Orange Free State had the option
of taking over this railroad if it liked
after its completion at a stated sum per
mile. The Cape Government in the
meantime worked the line and equally
divided the profits on it with the Re-
public for seven years. This road
was opened in July, 1862. Since then
it has produced an estimated annual
profit of \$800,000. This is due largely
to the development of the gold mines
in the South African Republic. This line
and its feeders connect all the harbors
of Cape Colony with Pretoria and the
rich gold mines of Johannesburg which
gladden so much in the British eye, and
which are the incentive for the present
war in South Africa. There are two
short lines in the Free State in addition
to this trunk line. One of these runs
from the Orange River at Bethulle to
the main line at Springfontein. It con-
nects the port of East London with the
Central line. The other short line con-
nects the Natfif line, from Durban over
Ladysmith with Harriesmith.

The people of the Free State, like
those of the Transvaal, are very simple
and sincere in their dealings. In the
country districts this simplicity is of so
innocent a character that a stranger,
even, who is trusted and accepted as
worthy to be a guest, may even be al-
lowed to sleep in the same room with
the family. For any violation of the
sanctity or hospitality of the Boer
home the culprit will barely escape
with his life. While under welcome the
visitor is treated like a son or a daugh-
ter. The Boers are not an immoral
people. They are a plain, simple, se-
vere but kind and hardy race. An in-
fusion of Huguenot blood in the burgh-
ers of the Free State makes them an
active and enterprising community of
sturdy yeomen.

To patent an invention all over the
world costs about \$15,000. This means
in sixty-four countries.

SOME CLEVER WOMEN.

INVENTIONS THAT BRING WEALTH TO INGENUOUS FEMINITY.

Seventy-five Per Cent of the Patents Taken Out by Women in the Last Five Years Have Been Profitable— Range of Improvements.

Men acquainted with the field say
that fully seventy-five per cent. of the
patents taken out by women in the
last five years are yielding profitable
returns. The woman who invented
satchel-bottomed paper bags, for in-
stance, was offered \$20,000 for the pat-
ent before she left Washington. A
simple glove buttoner is bringing to
the woman inventor an income of
\$5,000 a year. A woman clerk in a de-
partment store invented lately a parcel-
delivery system which netted sub-
stantial returns. Our New England
milliner, herself an inventor, enjoys
the right to several patents that rep-
resent the ingenuity of the women in
her employ. She shares profits with
the inventors, and one of the devices
first put in operation in this factory
brings in over \$20,000 a year.

It often happens that a woman em-
ployee from familiarity with the ma-
chinery or business methods in use,
thinks out some time and labor sav-
ing scheme. She shows the model to
the manager of her department. He
informs the employer of its merits and
they arrange with the employer for the
exclusive use of the invention. The
employee goes on quietly with her
work in the store or mill. The public
never hears of her, but success has
been a stimulus, and she keeps on the
lookout for further inventive oppor-
tunity.

Much of woman's present activity in
inventions is ascribed to the better
educational facilities now obtainable.
The college standard in high and popu-
lar courses in sloyd and manual train-
ing have taught women to use their
hands as well as brains. Notwithstand-
ing this a large proportion of the more
successful women inventors are those
who have had only medium or limited
educational advantages, but have been
daily toilers in the various lines of in-
dustry. A Rhode Island woman in-
vented an improved buttonhole-cutting
machine that measures the distance
between the buttonholes automatically,
with much profit and convenience to
garment makers. A lock with 3,000
combinations is a woman's invention,
also a letter box for the outside of
homes that shows a signal when there
is a letter inside for the postman to
collect, an invention now in constant
use. A woman has just perfected a
valuable apparatus for removing wool
from skins by electricity, showing that
women are quick to adopt the modern
facilities of the age to practical pur-
pose.

The woman inventor must never lose
sight of practicality if she would suc-
ceed. Other women brain workers
may at times indulge in dreaming and
theorizing, but the woman inventor,
however high her flights of fancy, must
always come back to the practical.
Many women's inventions are submit-
ted to the patent office accompanied
by elaborate models, but so conspicu-
ously lack in some vital principle as
to be unavailing. A good many are
rejected on the score of absurdity, but,
according to official testimony, the wo-
men aspirants do not differ from the
men in this respect. Many women sub-
mit practical specifications and fall to
score success, not from lack of origi-
nality, but because the inventor was
ignorant of previous patents covering
the same point. No matter how bril-
liant an inventor's idea may seem, she
is advised to search thoroughly the pat-
ent-office records before making a
model. Some women have taken out
five and six patents for widely differ-
ent purposes. A California woman,
whose first invention, in early youth,
was a corset, has lately patented sev-
eral inventions relating to reservoirs
and irrigation.

In the northwest, the middle and east-
ern states have produced the most ef-
fective women inventors. The south has
yielded the fewest number, but the
southern women who have entered the
field at all have been financially suc-
cessful. Two important aids to agricul-
ture were the invention of an Alabama
woman. A working woman in North
Carolina succeeded with a culinary in-
vention. A Florida matron patented
a useful car-heating apparatus. A Tex-
as woman invented a novel folding
fan and another southern woman a
finger-exercising device of value to
musicians. A western widow patented
a unique method of desulphurizing
ores. Another invented a composition
solder of use to metal workers.

Women inventors from the big cities
have almost invariably patented ar-
ticles pertaining to the elegance of
dress and house furnishings. Those
from the country districts and villages
have been active in the way of dress-
making patterns, novel devices for
adjusting portieres and curtains and
patents useful in the manufacture of
artistic goods. Numerous facilities for
clerical use have been patented by city
women, such as safety envelopes, im-
proved typewriting appliances, copy-
holders, letter openers, etc. Most of
these women were employed at some
time as clerks in business offices and
felt the lack of conveniences which
they afterward supplied.

A number of women school teachers
are successful inventors, and have pat-
ented educational systems and devices,
also kindergarten implements, erasers,
school bags and book rests. Women
from the small towns in Wisconsin,
Minnesota, Dakota and Illinois have
been prolific in inventing household
conveniences, washing and cleaning ap-

paratus, facilities for sanitation, gar-
ment bindings, shields, fastenings and
dress improvements. New England
women have brought out attachments
and improvements that have to do with
saddles, harnesses and vehicles; also
the needs of barn and garden. They
have invented butter workers, plumb-
ing appliances, brushes for cleaning
and fire-kindling compositions, toys,
games, puzzles and amusement knock-
knacks. A considerable proportion of
the fakirs' goods, novelties and trick
pastimes sold on the streets are origi-
nated by women. They sell the patent
right promptly to the proprietor of
news agencies, who include such small
gear in their stationers' and confec-
tioners' supplies. A fair proportion
of the "specialty" goods inventors and
makers are women. Many whose trade
marks are registered at the patent of-
fice have made fortunes, either through
shrewdness in putting their wares on
the market, or because of the article's
worth. These inventions include medi-
cines, complexion soaps and wafers,
hair ointments and restorers, and an
infinity of health and toilet knock-
knacks found at the drug store.

The first woman to take out a patent
in America was Mrs. Mary Kies, who,
in 1809, invented a process for weav-
ing straw with silk or thread. During
the next twenty-five years only fifteen
patents were granted to women. In
the next twenty-five years thirty-five
patents were granted, and it was not
until after the Civil war that there
was any marked increase in the num-
ber of women inventors. There were
352 models of women's inventions ex-
hibited at the Atlanta exposition, and
since then the patent office has had
a specially classified list of women's
inventions prepared for public inspec-
tion.

SHOWING UP A LAWYER.

The Talesman Proved that He Was Not an E cyclopaedia.

The lawyer was just starting home
after a hard day's work in the court
room. A seate-looking man approached
him and said:

"I don't know whether you remem-
ber me or not. I am one of the tales-
men whom you interrogated yester-
day."

"Ah?"

"There are one or two small matters
that I wanted to ask you about. You
seem to be a person of very superior
intelligence, and I hope you will give
me a few minutes, I'll walk along with
you to your car so as not to waste any
time. What I wanted to ask you is
this: If I were to say to you that the
three faces which include a triedral
angle of a prism are equal in all their
parts to the three faces which include
a triedral angle of a second prism, each
to each, and are like placed, the two
prisms are equal in all their parts,
what would you understand by it?"

"Why, sir—really—"

"You don't mean to tell me you are
stumped by a little one like that?"

"You see, the question is a little sud-
den, and in order to grasp its full sig-
nificance—"

"Never mind. Here's an easier one,
nearer the beginning of the book. If I
were to suggest to you, that a certain
object is a polyhedron, in which two of
the faces are polygons, equal in all
their parts, and having their homolo-
gous sides parallel, what would be the
impression conveyed to your mind?"

"To be candid, I never looked into
the subject very deeply."

"You don't mean to own up that you
wouldn't know it was a plain, every-
day prism?"

"I hadn't thought of it in that light."

"That's all. My boy, who isn't
through high school, could have an-
swered those questions without stop-
ping to think. I feel better. You were
putting on a lot of airs yesterday, but
you ain't any encyclopaedia. I don't
believe you are even a handy compen-
dium of useful knowledge. After this
display of lamentable ignorance on
your part, I want to make just one sug-
gestion. If you ever get me into court
again, don't you swing at me with any
more big words and try to act haughty.
I've got your measure, and I'm liable
to be just as supercilious as you are."

Wars in Victoria's Reign.

Certainly, the Boer war is rather a
sagger business than any we have had
to settle lately. But it's not quite the
first Queen Victoria's troops have had
to tackle. Here is a list of them:

Afghan war, 1838-40; first China war,
1841; Sikh war, 1845-46; Kaffir war,
1846; second war with China, second
Afghan war, 1849; second Sikh war,
1848-49; Burmese war, 1850; second
Kaffir war, 1851-52; second Burmese
war, 1852-53; Crimea, 1854; third war
with China, 1856-58; Indian mutiny,
1857; Maori war, 1860-61; more wars
with China, 1860-62; second Maori war,
1863-66; Ashantee war, 1864; war in
Bhooan, 1864; Abyssinian war, 1867-
68; war with the Bazotees, 1868; third
Maori war, 1868-69; war with Loosiale,
1871; second Ashantee war, 1873-74;
third Kaffir war, 1877; zulu war, 1878-
79; third Afghan war, 1878-80; war in
Basutoland, 1879-81; Transvaal war,
1879-81; Egyptian war, 1882; Soudan,
1884-85-89; third Burma war, 1885-92;
Zanzibar, 1890; India, 1893; Matabele
wars, 1894-96; Chitral campaign, 1895;
third Ashantee campaign, 1896; second
Soudan campaign, 1896; Indian cam-
paign of 1897, and third Soudan war,
ending with fall of Khartoum, 1898—
Answers.

Penholders can be held in position
for writing without gripping them with
the fingers, by the use of an Illinois
man's attachment, consisting of a
piece of thin metal bent to fit the por-
tion of the hand between the ball of
the thumb and the base of the first
finger.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

In War Times'
Now that the dogs of war are loom-
ing in strange South Africa,
No doubt the news of battles fought
Will come from day to day—
How Joubert charged at Ladysmith,
At Tongue of Natal, too;
How Buller met him at Mafeking,
At Clunty Clough passed through.
The fight at Pietermaritzburg
Will no doubt bring to pass
Another in Bechuanaland,
Perhaps at Mittergrass,
O! if the cables do not break
With some jaw-breaking name,
No doubt to us the war will be
An interesting game—
In which our knowledge will increase
Of Bung and Bangare,
And all the Transvaal's heavy store,
Of new geography.

Grounds for Suspicion.

"What makes you so sure he is not
a successful man?"
"He hasn't enough enemies."—Chi-
cago Post.

He Would Not Offend.

Magistrate (to old offender)—I'm per-
fectly tired of seeing your face.
Old Offender (ingratiatingly)—Well,
I ain't going to be so rude as to turn
me back on Your Worship!—Fun.

The Dissipation of a Fortune.

The Elderly Lady—They say his wife
has money.
"Well, that isn't his fault. They've
only been married a short time."—Life.

A Unanimous Move.

She—Why, they ran up bills with
everybody who would trust them, and
then moved away without paying a cent.
He—I see. Two hearts that beat as
one.—Brooklyn Life.

The Crowing Testimony.

Kitty, is your golf cape pretty?
"Pretty? Chester says when I wear
it he'd rather look at me than play
golf."—Detroit Free Press.

One Slight Objection.

"There's only one objection to Mr.
Dustin Stax. He's slightly egotistic.
He is continually using the capital I
in his conversation."
"That isn't the worst of it. When he
writes the first person singular, he in-
variably uses a little one."—Washing-
ton Star.

She Had Observed.

Mrs. Housewife—And so you have
fully decided to be married, Bridget.
Have you considered that marriage is
a very serious thing?
Bridget—Yes, mum. I've been watch-
ing you and Mr. Housewife.—Somer-
ville Journal.

And Then He Shrank.

"Yes," she said, "Miss Willington
spoke of you at our party yesterday
afternoon."
"Did she?" he asked straightening up
and taking an interest in things.
"What did she say about me?"
"She said your countenance always
reminded her of an open car on a
frosty day."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Definition.

"Papa, what is a 'specialist'?"
"My son, he is a gentleman who has
discovered in which line of his prac-
tice his mistakes are least likely to be
found out and exposed."—Washington
Star.