

## JOE'S WAY AND BOB'S.

"If something would only turn up," sighed Joe.

"I could make a success of life, I know. And I wouldn't live just for myself—Everybody should have a share of my wealth."

He might have won both wealth and esteem.

But he wasted his time in an idle dream.

"Fit turn something up," said Bob, with a smile.

So he tramped o'er the city for many a mile;

Asking for work at office and store.

Until, at last, he reached the right door.

The work was hard, and the pay was slim,

But hard work meant promotion, and that suited him.

The time that Joe was dreaming away Bob kept on working and made it pay.

Joe feels that Dame Fortune has cheated him,

For Bob's cup with good things she's filled to the brim.

With the poor and the needy he shares his cup,

As Joe will do, when something turns up.

—Caroline Stratton Valentine, in *The Forester*.

## A Deed of Separation.

They were neither of them bad. Or the contrary, they were average human beings, were Jack Ensor and his wife Olive, but they had certain faults of temper which brought the less pleasant characteristics of each of them to the surface. The principle of "bear and forbear," which is the first and last essential of wedded comfort and peace, had not been observed by them; so that little by little, bit by bit, day by day and year by year they had drifted apart.

There were days when they would not exchange more than a few hurried words of conventional politeness. There were other days when even these formal utterances hung fitfully upon the lips of man and wife, and did not form themselves into speech.

The climax arrived one foggy December morning. Olive had risen with a severe headache, and her husband, aching with business cares, had passed a restless night. They glanced at each other, with unsympathetic looks when they met, and at length Jack rose from the table, leaving his meal untouched.

"Olive," he said, in a voice that was sick with despair, "this sort of thing must come to an end."

"What sort of thing, Jack?"

He laughed, but the laugh had the ring of a sob.

"You know as well as I know. This unhappy farce of living together must be terminated. Neither of us can endure it much longer."

"You are only saying what I—what I have thought for months."

"Exactly so."

Silence followed. Olive sat motionless at the table, while Ensor paced the room moodily. Presently he said, speaking in a tone of sorrow rather than reproach:

"We ought never to have been married, you and I. Marriage was the great mistake of our lives."

"It is usually the great mistake of most lives."

"Mistakes may be rectified. If I make a mistake in my ledger in the city, I take my knife and scratch it out."

She laughed hopelessly.

"You cannot scratch out a mad marriage," she said.

"You are wrong. The law has provided an outlet for unhappy men and women like myself and you. Have you ever heard of deeds of separation?"

"I have read of them in the papers."

"Let us be separated. You shall live where you like and have an ample allowance. It would be happier for both of us."

"As you please."

"It is hardly a question of pleasure," he made answer in a sorrow-stricken tone. "I do not anticipate that I shall revel in my solitary condition—nor you in yours. But any state of life must assuredly be preferable to our present existence—to the daily antagonism which prevails between us. I am sure—quite sure of that."

Olive bowed her dark head with resignation.

"You are right—perfectly right," she observed softly. "Though sometimes I fancy that if Jackie had lived, things might have been so different. You and I were good friends, Jack, until we lost our darling—"

Ensor faced her steadily as he replied: "I envy the boy—envy him with all my heart, for I wish that I also were dead—"

Three days later Mr. Oldborough, solicitor of Clement's Inn, was sitting in his private office, when a clerk entered and stated that Mr. Ensor desired to see him.

"Show Mr. Ensor in at once," replied the lawyer; "and place a chair."

The clerk obeyed, and an instant later the visitor was ushered into the apartment.

"Good morning," said the genial old solicitor. "Sit down, and tell me what I can do for you. It may sound unbusiness-like on my part to say so, but I sincerely trust that you are in no legal trouble?"

"No."

"I am glad to hear it. Pray go on."

"My trouble is worse than any legal trouble could be," said Ensor, huskily, "for it concerns my home. Mr. Oldborough, I can speak to you quite frankly, I know, and I have come to tell you that my wife and I have found further existence under the same roof impos-

sible. My object in coming here is to instruct you to draw up a deed of separation."

The worthy lawyer started aghast. He had known Jack Ensor since childhood; had in bygone days "tipped" him when a boy at Harrow, and took an interest in him far greater than the ordinary interest bestowed by solicitor upon his client. Surprised beyond all measure, he ejaculated slowly:

"A deed of separation! My dear sir, you cannot be speaking seriously."

"I wish to Heaven I was speaking in jest. Look at me and tell me if I seem as one who jokes."

His face was drawn, white and haggard. It did not require the experienced eye of the man of law, grown-learned in the devious ways of humanity, to perceive that his client was on the borderline of despair, and he therefore said, in a kind and encouraging tone:

"Perhaps the facts are not as bad as they appear to you. I have known many persons come to me as you have come to seek such separation, and after a little comfortable chat, I have been able to persuade them that in cases of this kind it is better, far better, to forgive and to forget."

Ensor shook his head.

"Do not misunderstand me," he said quietly. "There is little in my wife that needs forgiveness, and doubtless she would tell you the same thing regarding me. Neither of us has committed any special wrong. It is simply a question of incompatibility of temper. The wrong man married the wrong woman. That is all."

"Then nothing that I say can bring you to change your mind?" asked the other man, gravely.

"Nothing that you can say or do, Mr. Oldborough, well-meaning and kind as you always are—can cause me or my wife to abate our resolution one jot. Come, let us cease this purposeless conversation, and come to business. I require a deed of separation drawn up at once."

"In that case," returned Mr. Oldborough, sadly, "there is no alternative left me but to accede to your wishes."

He then drew a sheet of paper towards him, and took down the details of the document, all of which details Ensor dictated in a firm voice.

"When will the deed be ready for signature?" asked the latter, as he rose to quit the office.

"I will have it prepared this afternoon, and, if you choose, I will call at your house to obtain the signatures next Monday morning."

Ensor bowed.

"Good," he said promptly. "On Monday morning you will find my wife and myself waiting to receive you."

A moment later he was passing rapidly down the grimy stairs of the Inn, whilst the lawyer stood regarding him with a mournful expression.

"His mind is made up," he pondered, "and only Heaven itself can change him now."

The week wore to its end. Sunday came and went, and the fateful Monday dawned.

All was ready for Olive's departure. Her clothes, jewelry and other belongings had been packed, and quiet lodgings had been found for her, pending more permanent arrangements. Nothing remained now but to sign the deed of separation, and then—good-bye.

A hansom drew up at the gate, and Mr. Oldborough alighted, carrying a small bag.

He greeted the silent couple with solemn kindness. Taking each one aside, he asked whether, even at this late hour, a reconciliation might not be contemplated, but the answer which he received from husband and wife convinced him that his good-natured words had fallen on barren soil. Controlling the sigh which trembled on his breath, he opened his bag and produced the deed which was to separate "this man and this woman," who, seven years before, had stood at God's altar and sworn to love and cherish each other for better for worse until death should intervene. Death had not intervened, but for all that separation was at hand—a few more minutes, and all would be done.

A pause ensued. There was a formality to be gone through before the signing of the deed. The solicitor explained it would be necessary that the marriage certificate should be produced, and that the date and number of registration should be transferred from that certificate to the present document.

"Fetch the deed, Olive, if you please," said Ensor to his wife. "I think it is locked away in your drawer."

She obeyed. During her absence no word was spoken for a few minutes. Then Mr. Oldborough said, more for the sake of breaking the awkward silence than for any other reason:

"Mrs. Ensor is a long time gone, is she not?"

"Perhaps she has had some difficulty in opening the drawer," responded Ensor mechanically. "I know that it has not been touched for years."

They waited in quiet patience, and presently the door opened and Olive entered. She carried in one hand the marriage certificate and in the other a small woolen object.

"What was it?" it seemed to Mr. Oldborough that it was a baby's shoe.

Olive's face had changed. All the dull resentment had gone out of her eyes; a light shone in them that had not shone there for many, many weary months. There were tears upon her cheeks as she approached her husband, and said brokenly:

"Jack. Do you remember this shoe?"

Jack Ensor turned away to conceal his emotion.

"It was our child's shoe," he replied huskily.

"Yes. It lay in my drawer beside the certificate."

For the man and woman who stood close to each other in that supreme moment, the room faded, and memory took each of them back to a certain gray dawn, five years ago, when they had stood at a certain bedside, and over a

dead child's face and renewed the old, old vows of love and tenderness. That child's face was before them now—those baby lips were pleading in passionate fervor, bidding husband and wife put aside ancient bitterness, and clasp hands in friendship once more.

Mr. Oldborough, with wonderful tact, took in the situation at once. With a quick movement he grasped the deed of separation, and vanished from the room. A smile of deep gratification lit his benevolent face.

And when, some ten minutes later, he glided gently into the apartment, Olive was in her husband's arms, and the light of ineffable joy mingled in their eyes with the blessed light of forgiveness.—*Woman's Life*.

## ONE DAY AT WEST POINT.

**Routine of Twenty-Four Hours at the Military Academy.**

There is a rule for everything that the cadet does during the day. His walk and his bodily carriage are prescribed by regulation. He marches to class at the sound of a bugle; he eats by command; he must be precise in the way in which he salutes an officer, or the officer will stop him and call him to task. There is even a prescribed manner of greeting a civilian. If the cadet is introduced to one he must extend one hand while lifting his cap with the other. At parting he must again lift his cap. There is not a step he can take, not a word he can say, not even a personal matter in his day's life that is not, in one way or another, governed by imperative rule.

As soon as the "police" work is done it is time for the battalion to form and march to breakfast at mess. Breakfast is finished at about 7.10. Immediately after it is over, "sick call" rings out on the bugle. Any cadet who feels that he needs a physician reports to the surgeon-in-charge at the hospital.

Study and recitation last until 4 o'clock. Across the quadrangle formed by the four connecting wings of the great academy building, sections may be seen, as in the busy morning, marching to and from recitation. It is another period of the severest kind of instruction while at 4.10 p. m., weather permitting, drill begins, lasting until 5.30. This is immediately followed by dress-parade. At 6.30 formation for supper takes place. This meal lasts until 7 o'clock.

At this time of day our young men in civil life would feel very much abused if any more work were asked of them. Our cadet has the generous allowance of thirty minutes for "recreation." At 7.30 to the second, "call to quarters" is sounded by one of those precise buglers who are the bane of army life everywhere in the civilized world. Straight to his quarters goes the cadet. He must now remain absolutely in his own room. The minutes pass in study, the time being all too short for the vast amount of work that must be prepared for the next day. If our cadet is phenomenally quick he may find time enough to pick up pen and dash off a few words to the fond, anxious mother at home. Whatever he does, he cannot turn down his mattress and make up his bed, nor even stretch himself upon the hard slats before the moment prescribed in regulations. Tactical officers or cadet officers are likely to pop in upon him at all sorts of unexpected times, and the slightest infringement of any rule must be at once reported.

"Tattoo" is another call that the buglers are required to sound. It is equivalent to "get ready for bed," but it is not heard from the quadrangle until the exact moment of 9.30 has arrived. As soon as he hears this call the cadet is at liberty to turn down his mattress and make up his bed. By 10 o'clock, when that tireless bugler blows "taps," which means that all lights must be out, the gas is turned off and the tired young embryo general falls into bed, to dream again of home and other pleasant associations until he awakes next morning.—*Ladies Weekly*.

## The Giant Redwoods.

The Big Tree is Nature's forest masterpiece, and, as far as I know, the greatest of living things, says John Muir in the *Atlantic*. It belongs to an ancient stock, as its remains in old rocks show, and has a stranger air of other days about it, a thoroughbred look, inherited from the long ago, the auld lang syne of trees. The Pacific Coast in general is the paradise of conifers. Here nearly all of them are giants and display a beauty and magnificence unknown elsewhere. The climate is mild, the ground never freezes, and moisture and sunshine abound all the year. Nevertheless, it is not easy to account for the colossal size of the sequoias. The largest are about three hundred feet high and thirty in diameter. Who of all the dwellers of the plains and prairies and fertile home forests of round-headed oak and maple, hickory and elm, ever dreamed that earth could bear such growths? Trees that the familiar pines and firs seem to know nothing about, lonely, silent, serene, with a physiognomy almost godlike, and so old, thousands of them still living had counted their years by tens of centuries when Columbus set sail from Spain, and were in the vigor of youth or middle age when the star led the Chaldean sages to the infant Saviour's cradle. As far as man is concerned, they are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, emblems of permanence.

## Chinese Clerks Dismissed.

A long imperial order from the court of Hsian has been sent to Peking to the effect that all the clerks and copyists in the various boards and civil and military yamens should be dismissed from the service within three months and not allowed to stay in Peking, as they are the most unprincipled men. All the local affairs are to be done by the officials themselves and not by others any longer, and the vacancies are also to be filled up by the students.—*Shanghai Mercury*.

## FOR THE LADIES

### A JAUNTY LITTLE COAT.

A little bolero, possessing the novel feature of crossing over and fastening on one side, is composed of black peacock silk, lined with white Oriental satin, and overlaid with coarse old ivory Italian lace, the rounded collar edged with insertion to correspond, set transparent, between the tucked satin, and a pleated frill. The sleeves are bell-shaped to the elbow, and terminate in more lace and kilted satin.

### THE SOURCE OF WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

A beautiful skin without any blemishes comes directly from good health, and the first step to health and to a beautiful skin is to get and keep the blood pure. The whole blood system is like a gorgeously colored Venice with red waterways, and little boats hurrying to and fro. The latter carry two kinds of messengers, market boys and scavengers. If these are both trained to accomplish their work every day then health and beauty are assured. If the blood is clear the skin is sure to be clear.—*Ladies Home Journal*.

### GOWN OF MERCERIZED SATEN.

A smart gown is of mercerized saten in deep blue, rather brighter than navy and with a running or much scattered pattern in white. It is sufficiently ornate with flat lace kept to the edge of the skirt and with the bodice ornamented in similar style. With this frock a narrow vest in white or a pale color is becoming, as it breaks a wide figure. The edge of the saten could be scalloped and laid over the shoulders.

When the bust is very full, a deep round or square collar which meets in front is most becoming. Satens and lawns made with unlined sleeves and the neck of the lining cut down a little make the coolest of summer gowns.

### AN ACCOMPLISHED PRINCESS.

Princess Henry of Battenberg, sister of King Edward, was one of the exhibitors at a recent art exhibition in Ryde, Isle of Wight. Her picture was an oil painting of Egyptian ruins, and was greatly admired. Princess Beatrice is possessed of many talents, being an excellent actress, it is said, and a fine musician. Mme. Blanche Marchesi has said that her accompaniments were never better played than by the princess. A story is told of a celebrated musician who, while visiting at Windsor Castle, was asked his opinion of the playing of one of the princesses. "Madame, you play like a princess!" was the diplomatic reply. Princess Beatrice then played and solicited a verdict. His answer on this occasion was: "Madame, you play like an artist!"

### HER NERVES AND HER HATS.

A writer in a medical journal has lately advanced the theory that women's heavy hats are responsible for women's jangling nerves and proverbial quick temper.

The popular impression has been that the man who paid for the hats was the one whose temper suffered; but it seems that large hats weigh too heavily upon the fragile feminine cranium and affect the blood vessels and nerves and through them, the brain.

Moreover, according to the writer, the effort to keep large and heavy hats at the right angle impose a parlor strain upon the nerves of the wearers. The theory is advanced in all seriousness, but the chances are that it will not induce any normal man to cut off her hat supply.

### HOW FASHIONS ORIGINATE.

People are always eager to find out who originates the fashions, and every one knows that they emanate from Paris, the centre of taste. To create a new style is of as great import to the Parisian dressmaker as the building of an empire, and as much thought is given to it as to the adjustment of some international question.

The dull months, or, in other words, the dead season, is the time when the dressmakers and manufacturers put their heads together and decide what is to be or not to be. There are lengthy conferences in the bureau of the "patron," or head of the establishment, for while an autocrat he is open to suggestions and willing to adopt any that appear practical from even the humblest source. However, certain styles presumably created by such important houses as Doucet, Paquin, Francis, and others are by no means invariably formulated in their ateliers. There are hundreds of fashion artists, both men and women, who conceive novelties and submit their sketches to the supreme purveyors of La Mode, who accept or reject them according to their fancy. To keep a style too long in vogue is bad for trade; it does not make the wheels go round. Change is necessary for commerce.—*Countess De Montaigne, in Woman's Home Companion*.

### CALLING ETIQUETTE AT WHITE HOUSE.

There are four ladies, and four only, in the world that Mrs. Roosevelt is under any official obligation to call upon—Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. McKinley. These four ladies, as former mistresses of the White House, are expected if they should visit Washington, to call immediately at the White House before making any other visit whatever, and in the case of Mrs. Grant, who lives in Washington, she is expected to call, with the same promptness, upon the incoming lady of the White House, and that incoming lady must lose no time in returning this ceremonious visit. Other women—the sisters and daughters of Presidents—have presided over the White House, but the status of the wife of the Presi-

dent is very different from that of any other lady of his family who may preside over his official home. It is a status regulated by a simple but inexorable law, not only of etiquette, but of custom, and no woman has ever broken the unwritten laws which govern her position. There is probably no situation easier to fill, as far as mere technical observance goes, than that of the wife of the President of the United States. She has a set of simple, official duties, as hostess of the White House, to perform. If she is ill, or unable to perform them, she is readily excused.—*New York Mail and Express*.

### FADS IN NECKWEAR.

Neckwear is always an important consideration to the well dressed woman and the shops recognize its prominence by the extensive, varied and most attractive displays of novelties intended for the stylish and becoming adornment of the neck. Neck pieces, which combine stock and tie, promise to retain their popularity during the late summer and fall. Importations of exclusive Parisian neckwear show a decided inclination toward their adoption for autumn the designs being carried out in the finest French fabrics, embellished with the exquisite handwork of the French needlewoman. Among the imported stock and tie combinations linen lawn has been extensively used in all the delicate shades, pink, pale blue, lavender and buff. The turnover and ends are daintily enriched with drawn work or effectively finished with a narrow border of contrasting color. A stylish tucked stock comes in lawn of various tints. It is made with a turnover of lace, bordered with a narrow binding of the lawn. A tie, through the centre of which runs insertion, as in the turnover, is attached to the back. It is left long enough for the ends simply to cross in front, where they are held in place with a brooch.

The Ascot in mercerized chevot, in plain white colors, and in colors with white strips, is a fashionable style of feminine neckwear. The preferred form of arranging these Ascots is by simply crossing the ends in front.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

### MIRRORS AS GOOD AS MEDICINE.

A woman's vanity not infrequently acts as a health tonic and saves her from serious illness if not from premature death. A physician with long experience in some of the principal hospitals of the country declares that a mirror—one of those that flatter the user—is sometimes of more value than an entire medicine chest. "I began my career," he said recently, "by serving several months as an interne in a Pittsburgh hospital. It was the rule there that no ward patient should be allowed to have a mirror of any description, and you might rake every ward in the hospital with a fine-tooth comb without finding a piece of looking-glass as big as a postage-stamp."

"One day I was passing through a certain ward and stopped beside the bed of a colored girl, whose face at that moment wore the most lugubrious expression I had ever seen on a human being. I took alarm instantly, and began to study her condition."

"Why, Elsie," I said, "what in the world ails you?"

"She cried then in earnest. 'Oh, doctor, she said, 'if I could only see myself I'd get better. I know I would. I haven't looked in a glass for a month. The girls try to tell me how I look, but I know they are fooling me. I'm sure I must look a great deal worse than they make out. If I don't, why won't the matron and superintendent let me have a glass?'"

"I went right down to the office then and spouted out the piece of advice I had had stored up for so many weeks. After thinking the matter over they decided to allow Elsie to cultivate the acquaintance of her own features once more, and when she found that she did not really look so deathly ill as she had imagined she began to mend and continued to improve steadily. So I give sick people, especially the women, a mirror when they ask for it."—*Chicago Chronicle*.

### FASHION NOTES.

Carved pearl buttons are used to quite an extent.

Straps of gold and silver form the fancy high belts that are so popular.

Plain lace effects in stockings are not enough so they've been combined with printed designs.

There are plenty of short jackets of fur, and very pretty they are, too, and more useful for some purposes.

Velveteens, which are to be so much worn this winter, show various widths of rib and come in all colors.

Beautiful Empire belts are made of black cluny lace traced in gold and fastened with odd, jeweled buttons.

Large, flat, openwork buttons have rhinestones set in black metal. It goes to show how much black and white is to be worn.

Soutache braid is to be used largely this year, and is to be seen on many handsome frocks. It is always a satisfactory trimming; there is a certain refinement as well as style to it which is pleasing.

Rather an odd box, and a pretty one, too, is of two kinds of net fastened with long loops and ends of velvet ribbon. The one net is of black with small, white dots not strongly marked, and the other is of white, with much larger chenille dots. The effect is very good.

Bead buttons, that is, some small buttons covered with a congregation of minute beads, are among the latest introductions. So are the embroidered buttons, square in form, and velvet ones with fleur-de-lys, and other motifs in embroidery. Any paste buttons, and, indeed, almost any jeweled buttons, especially in the mouyou art style, find favor,

## JOKERS BUDGET

**WHY HE CLOSED.**

A youth went forth to serenade  
The lady he loved best.  
And by her house at evening,  
When the sun had gone to rest,  
He warbled until daylight,  
And would have warbled more,  
But morning light disclosed the sign,  
"For Rent" upon the door.  
—*Baltimore World*

**PHILOSOPHICAL.**

Here the man married; for he was  
Aweary of working.  
"A better half is better than no loaf  
at all!" he observed, not unphilosophically.—*Detroit Free Press*.

**AS REGARDS AGE.**

"Her fiance? He looks old enough to  
know better."  
"Appearances are deceptive. He is,  
in fact, only old enough to be  
father."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**ILL-TIMED PLEASANTNESS.**

"Cheerfulness is riches."  
"Oh, no; if you can't pay a bill, being  
cheerful about it only makes the  
other man madder."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**THE GROCER'S BILL.**

Head of Family—Are you sure, Mary,  
that we got all these things from the  
grocery last month?  
The Lady Help—I'm sure I got 'em.  
Sor.—*Indianapolis News*.

**HIS MODEST REQUEST.**

Glady—Cholly asked Ethel to wait  
two years for him.  
Edith—Why, hasn't he come into his  
inheritance yet?  
Glady—Oh, yes. But he wants a  
chance to spend some of it himself.—  
Puck.

**THE CAUSE.**

"There was a bread riot at our house  
the other day," said Ernie.  
"What was the trouble?" asked Per-  
kase.  
"The bread was soggy, and my wife  
and the cook had words about it."—  
*Detroit Free Press*.

**QUITE REALISTIC.**

"This," said the Eminent Artist, "is  
my famous study of the 'Cows in the  
Clover.'"  
"But where is the clover?" we asked,  
not seeing any of it in the picture.  
"Oh, the cows have eaten it, you  
know."—*Baltimore American*.

**THINKING IT OVER.**

"Do you think you will marry that  
titled gentleman from abroad?"  
"I haven't quite decided," answered  
the American heiress. "I am not sure  
I can support him in the style to which  
his ancestors were accustomed."—*Washington Star*.

**KEPT BUSY.**

"I suppose you have nothing to do  
since your wife went away," said Curno.  
"Haven't I?" replied Cawker. "I'm  
kept busy shipping things that she forgot  
to pack in her trunks, and that she  
writes for by every mail."—*Detroit Free Press*.

**THAT UNEASY FEELING.**

Dumleigh—I should like to know  
what Synnex meant this morning?  
Littleton—What was it he said?  
Dumleigh—I happened to say I didn't  
tell all I knew and he said he should  
think it impossible for me to tell any  
part of it.—*Boston Transcript*.

**HER INFERENCE.**

"Mrs. Jangle's daughter must be a  
very plain girl," said Miss Cayenne.  
"Have you seen her?"  
"No. But I gather as much from  
the fact that all women are willing to  
concede that she is highly intelligent  
and exceptionally amiable."—*Washington Star*.

**HIS ADMISSION.**

"I hear that you are engaged, Gold-  
thorp," said Sterlingworth. "Is it time  
for congratulations?"  
"Well, I won't acknowledge that,"  
replied the happy young man, "but I'm  
about to confer upon a certain young  
lady the right to select my neckties for  
me."

**FAR LOOK FOR SMALL THINGS.**

He—Often when I look up at the stars  
in the firmament I cannot help thinking  
how small, how insignificant I am after  
all.  
She—Gracious! Doesn't that thought  
ever strike you except when you look  
at the stars in the firmament?—*Wa-  
shington Star*.

**A VICTIM.**

"What brought you here, my man?"  
inquired the prison visitor.  
"It wuz just a case of mistaken identity,"  
replied the convict.  
"Gracious! And has it never been  
cleared up?"  
"O, sure! I discovered it, but it was  
too late. De feller I took fer me pal  
was a fly cop."—*Philadelphia Press*.

**NOT SPENCERIAN.**

"Ah!" sighed Bremer, the clerk  
"don't you wish you could write like  
Shakespeare?"  
"Not much I don't," replied Adams  
Upp, the bookkeeper.  
"You don't? Why?"  
"I'd be fired. Didn't you ever see  
Shakespeare's signature?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

During the last twenty years Norway's  
exports of fish have averaged in value  
nearly \$13,000,000 a year.