

A SPRINGTIME PHILOSOPHER.

By Frank L. Stanton.
I kin tell w'en Springtime comin' by
de mos' onfallin' signs;
Tain't de risin' sap what tingle ter de
tip-top er de pines,
Or de fros' wha' lef' de furrer, or de
larks a-flyin' low
Or de whistle or de pa'tridge kaze he
love his sweetheart so!

But I sorter hez a feelin' what I dunno
how ter call,
Dat ef I was a blossom I'd hang low,
en never fall.
Dat ef Gabrul blowed his trumpet fer
de sleepin' folks ter rise
I'd des feel too contented fer ter wake
en rub my eyes!

Hit's somepin' in de elements—de
blowin' er de breeze,
De listenin' er de lily fer de comin'
er de bees;
De lazy river gwine 'long a-feelin' er
his way
Ter de medders, en sweet places whar
de honeysuckles stay.

De sun, he says "Good-mawnin'!" whar
de fiel's is drench wid dew,
En I des ain't enterprisin' 'nuff ter tell
'im, "Same ter you!"
De trees, dey tells me "Howdy! We a-
dressin' fer de show,
En soon we'll meet de mockin' birds en
swing 'em high en low."

But I never makes no answer! I des
lays back so still
En lazy in de sunshine—lak I los' my
way en will!
Wid eye shet tight, en dreamin' in my
appinted place,
I wou-nd't bresh a blinety f'um de fur-
rers in my face.

Ob, I knows w'en Spring's a-comin',
en I done laid down my rule,
Dat I wuzn't bo'n fer plowin' en gee-
hawin' er de mule
But fer listenin' ter de cattle bells
'cross daisies cool en deep,
Wid de feelin' what de trees hez w'en
dey rocks de birds ter sleep!

**Not Lacking
in Courage.**

By Laura Ellen Beale.

When Jack Stanley and Stacy Cole-
man went spinning along the boulev-
ard behind his beautiful gray pacers,
everybody envied him and the
handsome girl who was soon to
become his wife. How
happy they looked, laughing and
chatting gaily, as the pacers glided
swiftly, almost noiselessly, by! As
they drove out of "Grayson Place,"
where their new home was building,
and turned again into the boulevard,
the inspiring strains of martial music
fell upon their ears, and the next mo-
ment a company of U. S. Regulars
swept around the corner, marching to-
ward them with military precision.

Jack was compelled to give his en-
tire attention to the spirited team,
which seemed determined to reach the
next avenue by taking a short cut
across the well kept lawns which lined
the boulevard, but his affianced looked
with great admiration at the stalwart
form and unbrowned faces of the
soldiers. After they had passed she
exclaimed,—

"What a grand sight! How nice
men look in uniforms! Oh, I love
soldiers!"

"Yes, that was fine looking body of
men. We have a splendid lot of fel-
lows in our army."

"Especially since the Spanish war,
when so many of the home boys en-
listed," said the girl. Then, without
waiting for any reply, she asked ab-
ruptly, "Why didn't you volunteer,
Jack?"

"Oh, I don't know, Stacey," he said.
"I did not think it altogether neces-
sary; there were enough fellows with-
out me. See how quickly they whip-
ped the Spaniards."

"If I were a man," was the rejoinder
and my country needed me, I would
certainly respond, for I think it the
duty of every able-bodied young man
to fight for his flag. To me it shows
a lack of proper spirit when he does
not."

The blood surged hotly into Jack's
face at Stacey's remark, for he thought
of the hard battle he had fought when
he unwillingly remained still while
his friends and schoolfellows were en-
listing. When at last they went away
without him, it was one of the bitterest
trials of his young life.

But how could he do otherwise? His
father who seemed falling rapidly,
needed his help—needed the strong
arm of his only son to lean upon.
And when his gentle mother added
her tears and entreaties to Jack not to
leave them, he gave up all thoughts of
enlisting, and plunged more deeply
into the management of his father's
business. They were left alone some
months later and Jack was thankful
that he had remained at home to sup-
port and comfort his sorrowing moth-
er.

And now Stacey, his promised wife,
had intimated that it was lack of cou-
rage which had kept him back—that he
was a coward! The words were like
a knife thrust in his heart.

Both were silent for some time, the
girl already regretting her foolish
words, which were ranking in Jack's
mind, and she was on the point of tel-
ling him that she was sorry for her
fault when he unexpectedly asked,—

"Shall we drive further, Stacey?"
The girl proudly answered,—
"No, I am tired and would prefer
going home."

So the drive ended; the "good-
night" at the gate was spoken abruptly

leaving both very unhappy over their
first quarrel.

Just at this time the terrible street
car strike which shook the solid old
city of St. Louis to its foundation, was
at its height. It was not felt very
keenly in the West End, the riots and
hostile demonstrations incident to the
company's efforts to run its cars being
confined chiefly to other parts of the
city. So it was without thought of
danger that Stacey Coleman boarded
a car to go on an errand, little real-
izing that she was going directly into
one of the districts where many of the
strikers lived, and with whom most of
the residents sympathized.

When she alighted from the car she
was almost immediately surrounded by
a crowd of hooting men and boys, who
shouted vile epithets at her, and fol-
lowed up their words with a volley of
stones and mud.

The thoroughly frightened girl start-
ed to run away, the mob following
closely. In her terror she sought re-
fuge in the nearest open door, which
proved to be that of a saloon, but from
which she was roughly pushed back
into the street again by the cowardly
proprietor of the place. At that mo-
ment a man knocked off Stacey's hat.
For a brief moment the mob turned its
attention to the stylish piece of head-
gear, placing it upon a stick and rais-
ing it above their heads, where it was
immediately pelted with mud.

At that instant a woman, who had
seen from her window the beginning
of the disgraceful affair, ran into the
street, pleading with the mob to de-
stist and not to attack the girl, but in
vain, and both she and Stacey were
struck by flying missiles as the crowd
closed in around them, hooting and
jeering and yelling.—

"We'll teach her not to ride on the
scab cars again!"

Then came a lull in the attack, fol-
lowed by a sudden confusion in the
mob of howling wretches, as a man
rushed frantically among them, scat-
tering them in every direction by
furious blows about him, and cutting
a wide path as he went to the rescue
of that helpless woman. Stacey's
heart beat wildly with gratitude to
this stranger, who had with such mag-
nificent courage rushed single handed
into the fray, with only a stick, picked
up as he ran, for a weapon.

As she looked a prayer of thank-
fulness upon her lips, she saw the man
reel from the effects of a blow upon
the head, and sink to the ground. For
an instant she had seen his face, white
and ghastly, and a cry of horror escap-
ed her; it was Jack, her Jack, whom
she had but the evening before called
a coward.

Some one in the crowd yelled, "The
cops are coming!" And the ruffians
fled into side streets and alleys, dis-
appearing quickly, as a patrol wagon
loaded with policemen, who had re-
sponded to a riot call, came around
the corner.

In a moment the wounded man was
lifted tenderly into the wagon and
hurried away to the hospital. Stacey
disheveled and tearful, was filled with
dreadful misgivings concerning his
wellfare, and wanted to follow him and
ascertain for herself his condition; but
the brave woman who had come to her
rescue opposed this, and succeeded in
prevailing upon the anxious girl to
wait until a conveyance could be had.

When the carriage came, Stacey
gave instructions to the driver to call
at the hospital and wait until the re-
sult of Jack's injuries could be learned.
She experienced a feeling of intense
relief and happiness when told that he
had received but a slight wound.

"He was only knocked senseless,"
explained the hospital surgeon, noting
the look of anxiety on the girl's face.
Then he added reassuringly, "He's
come around all right, and as soon as
they get the cut on his head fixed up,
he'll be able to go home."

Stacey did not wait for Jack, nor
did she leave her name, so when he
was told of her call he could only sur-
mise that it was she, but was not a
little puzzled to know how she could
have heard of the affair so soon.

That evening a note was handed to
the young man, who sprang to his
feet with a fierce look in his eyes, and
an exclamation that would have shock-
ed Stacey, if she could have heard it,
when he learned that his sweetheart,
the girl who was soon to be his wife
was the victim of that cowardly as-
sault, and to whose rescue he had hast-
ened. He strode up and down the
room with clenched fist, swearing dire
vengeance upon the mob and particu-
larly against the brute whom he had
whom he had seen push the girl back
into the very face of that awful crowd.

Then, regardless of the strips of
the strips of court plaster upon his
forehead, he seized his hat and rushed
away to Stacey's home.

It was a very tearful and penitent
face that was upturned to receive his
kiss, and a sobbing girl clung to him,
brokenly imploring his forgiveness for
her cruel words of the evening before.

"You are right," she said after a
while. "It requires courage to be a
soldier, but sometimes it requires
higher courage, not to be one. If

He stopped her with a kiss.—Waver-
ley Magazine.

The University of Cairo.

A queer university that at Cairo
with its 10,000 students! Its central
square is open to the sun; about it are
separate "riwaks," or porches, for
each of the twenty-four recognized na-
tions of Islam; in each riwak, youth
from all the Moslem world study to
chant the Koran, to write beautiful
Arabic script, and in the end to be
doctors, lawyers, kadis, rulers. Each
nation has its own ceremonial way of
doing so simple a thing as drinking
water. Nor are sect differences a
trivial matter. The schism between
the Sunni and the Sufi is so bitter

that each deems it duty to pollute
the holy wells and sacred places of
the other, though if detected the pen-
alty is death. Minor variations in be-
lief and custom are numberless. There
are Moslems who wear the fez, the
turban, the tarboosh, or no head cov-
ering at all; those who bid women
veil themselves and those who do not;
those who reek of garlic and those
who hold onions accursed, because, as
they claim Mohammed never ate
them. And the plain man needs guid-
ance.—The Era.

NAMING A HOOSIEK TOWN.

The Story an' Apostrophe Tells of a
Railway Station Sign.

Indiana is full of towns with queer
names. But the queerest of them all
has so far been left to languish in
undeserved obscurity. People who
are acquainted with that portion of
Darkest Indiana, which lies in the
immediate vicinity of Crawfordsville
must have seen on the sign board of
a little railroad station, as they rush-
ed by on a limited train, this astonish-
ing name:

.....
: HTOWN. :
.....

Behind that apostrophe lies the
story of the joke which a rich old
Indiana farmer played on the directors
of a great railroad company. The
farmer in question owned several
thousand acres of land in one body.
When the railroad was built it was
found necessary to cut through his
land. The right of way agents went
to the old farmer and asked him to
set a price on a strip running through
his farm a few hundred feet wide.

He laughed at them and said his
land was not for sale at any price.
He didn't believe in railroads anyhow
and didn't want one running through
his property. They offered him a
huge price for the land, for they
had found other property owners in
the vicinity reasonable and did not
care to start any condemnation suits
unless it was absolutely necessary.
But the old farmer would not listen
to them. His income was twice as
large as he cared to spend, and he
rather enjoyed the position of block-
ing all the efforts of a great corpora-
tion.

The claim agents made up their
minds that they would have to start
a suit, and were about ready to bring
it when they were surprised to get
a letter from the old farmer.

"If you'll let me name the town you
are going to build on my land," he
said, "I'll give you all the land you
need."

They accepted his terms with glee.
Of course they expected that his van-
ity would lead him to name the town
after himself, and they were quite
prepared for that emergency. But
he fooled them. A written agreement
was drawn up and signed and the
deeds passed. Then they asked him
for his name. The old man grinned
broadly.

"We'll call it Heltown," he said.

They argued with him until they
saw it was useless. They could not
back out, for the papers had already
been signed. Then they decided they
would get even in another way. They
elided the second, third, and fourth
letters of the name and put in their
place an innocent apostrophe. And
so the name of the village is "H'town"
to this day.—Chicago Tribune.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

**Bursting a Strong Cask With Half a
Pint of Water.**

That a small quantity of water, say
half a pint, may be made to burst a
strong cask seems a startling state-
ment to make, and yet it is true. It
is a well-known law of physics that
the pressure exerted by liquids in-
creases in proportion to their depth.
Suppose, therefore, that we have a
strong cask filled with water and
standing on end. The staves of this
cask may be made to burst apart by
adding a very small quantity of water
to what is already in the cask. As
the cask is already full, some way of
adding the water must be devised. To
do this a hole is bored in the end or
head of the cask, and a long tube of
small diameter is inserted upright.
At the upper end of the tube is a small
funnel into which water is poured un-
til the tube becomes full, and when
that point is reached the cask will
burst. This seems almost incredible,
but it is only a demonstration of the
law that has been cited. When the
water is poured into the tube it unites
with the water in the cask, and the
depth of the water is several times as
great as that in the cask alone. The
fact that there is only a small quan-
tity of water in the tube makes no dif-
ference, for it is now one body, and
its depth is gauged from the top of
the tube to the bottom of the cask.

As a matter of fact, this experi-
ment is only an artificial reproduction
of what we know takes place in na-
ture. Some of her greatest convul-
sions are caused by this very process.
Suppose, for example, that there is
a great mass of rock, under which there
is a cavity filled with water that has
no outlet. Suppose, moreover, that
there is a crack extending from the
surface of the ground through this
mass of rock to the water filled cavity
underneath. A rock in this condi-
tion is a common thing in nature,
the crack being caused by some dis-
turbance of the earth, or its split-
ting in the natural order of things.
Now when it rains enough to fill that
crack, thus increasing the depth of
the water in the cavity the pressure
will become so great that the rock
will be torn into a hundred fragments.
—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



SPOILING A HEIFER CALF.

You can spoil a good heifer calf by
wrong feeding very quickly. You can
fatten it and you can starve it. The
happy mean should be found. Ruin
the digestion and you might as well
send the calf to the market. Wrong
feeding of the calf may make the cow
a poor feeder and, consequently, a
poor producer. It doesn't cost much
more to keep a yearling well through
its first winter than to keep it other-
wise, and it is the first winter that
tells very largely on the cow.

**POULTRY AILMENTS AND REME-
DIES.**

For Roup: Separate the sick from
the well, put former in warm, dry
quarters, inject camphorated sweet oil
into their nostrils and throat. Give
fresh water and nourishing food.

For frosted wattles or combs, pre-
pare a salve of vaseline (one pound),
spirits of turpentine, kerosene, oil of
tar, and oil of sassafras, one spoonful
each.

To prevent egg eating in fowls,
make a paste of flour, red pepper,
mustard and water; put into some
empty shells, and place them where
the hens will find them. One dose
is enough.

For feather pulled fowls, make an
ointment of lard and sulphur, and rub
on the bare spots if the feathers have
come out because of parasites. There
is no "positive cure" for fowls that
pull feathers except the hatchet ap-
plied to the neck.

What is frequently supposed to be
cholera is nothing more or less than
indigestion. It may be caused by
feeding too concentrated feeds and
lack of grit and the drinking of im-
pure water. Sharp grit is a necessity,
and oyster shells furnish it.—New
York Tribune.

TAPPING MAPLE TREES.

There are some fine points to be
observed even in such a simple matter
as tapping a sugar maple tree. Here
are five points, just for instance.

Point 1. Only a sharp bit should be
use—one that will make a clean-cut
hole.

Point 2. The hole need not be more
than three inches deep. The investi-
gations of the Vermont Experiment
Station have shown that hardly any
sap comes from a greater depth.

Point 3. The hole should be care-
fully cleaned of chips, because even a
very small quantity of waste matter
will clog the spout, obstruct the flow
of sap, and seriously reduce the yield
of sugar.

Point 4. A spout should be chosen
of such pattern as will allow the
freest flow of sap. It should interfere
with the wood tissue of the tree as lit-
tle as possible. The bark, rather than
the wood, should play an important
part in holding the spout firm.

Point 5. The spout should be strong
enough, and its hold on the tree firm
enough, so that it will safely support
the sap bucket. Moreover the spout
should be easy to insert and easy to
remove. The various spouts commonly
sold at the hardware stores differ ma-
terially in their merits when judged
by the foregoing tests. The sugar
maker will do well to examine them
all carefully before buying his supply
for the coming season.—The Cultiva-
tor.

SKILL IN MILKING.

Milking is an operation which re-
quires skill, as it has an important ef-
fect on the amount and quality of milk
given. Dairymen know that there are
as great difference between milkers
as between cows, and that cows will
do much better with good milkers than
with others. Indeed, good cows are
often almost ruined by poor milkers.

The milker should avoid handling
the cow more than is necessary and he
should make it a rule to do his work
quickly and thoroughly. He should
never go from a sick to a well cow
without first cleansing his hands.
The habit of wetting the hands with
milk is filthy in the extreme, and
should never be practised. Some peo-
ple think it necessary, but this is a
mistake. The hands should be kept
dry. If they are not it is impossible
to prevent drops of milk from con-
stantly falling from them into the pail.

The pail should be held close to the
udder, so as to expose the milk to
the air as little as possible. The
further the streams fall and the more
they spray the more dirt and bacteria
they collect. Contamination from the
fore milk must be avoided by discard-
ing the first few streams drawn, or
less than a gill in all. This entails
little loss, as the first milk drawn is al-
ways poor in butter fat, and if it hap-
pens to be badly contaminated, as is
frequently the case, much injury and
trouble may be saved.—Farm, Field
and Stockman.

ALKALI RESISTING CROPS.

Large areas of the West are covered
with soils impregnated with alkali to
such an extent that practically no
plants of any kind can grow on them.
At present such lands are desert
wastes, as no crops have been discov-
ered that will blossom and mature
on a soil containing even six-tenths of
one per cent. of alkali. The Depart-
ment of Agriculture, working along
the line that has been so successful
with other crops, is endeavoring to
produce a forage plant that can be suc-
cessfully grown on these waste re-
gions. This it is hoped to accomplish
by a careful cross-breeding of alkali-

resisting plants. One of the agricul-
tural explorers sent out by the Depart-
ment to scour the world in search of
new and useful plants suitable for
American conditions recently discov-
ered in Algeria a species of alfalfa which
grows on a soil containing normally
four per cent. of alkali. Laboratory
experiments have proved that different
plants of the same species vary in
their resisting powers, some of one
injurious element, some of other. This
holds true in the case of alkali-resist-
ing plants. Occasionally here and there
a single plant appears to make head-
way where all the surrounding plants
either fail to mature or simply die
after germinating. A systematic
selection of alkali-resisting plants is
accordingly being made, with the Al-
gerian plant as a factor, and it is
hoped that a resistant variety will
finally be developed. Similar selec-
tions are also being made with wheat,
barley and alfalfa. This work con-
stitutes one of the most important at
present occupying the attention of the
Bureau of Plant Industry.

THE HORSE IN SPRINGTIME.

It should be remembered that the
horse, as usually kept upon the farm
during the winter comes out in the
springtime weakened through lack of
work, and somewhat out of condition
otherwise. If he has been used at all,
it has been for the purpose of getting
up a little wood, or of driving to the
postoffice or to church now and then.
His muscles are soft and flabby, and
he needs toning up before he is put
to hard work. The horse in all these
aspects is a good deal like his owner;
and any man knows that he cannot
at first stand it in spring, to do a hard
day's work. He must come to it
gradually. So with the horse. He
ought not to be compelled to work all
day long on the plow or the harrow,
before his muscles have become hard
and his strength is fairly regained. A
few hours at a time on the plow, then
a long rest at noon, followed by an-
other short period of work, is all that
should be demanded of him. Then,
too, like the man, the horse comes
out of winter quarters with his sys-
tem clogged through heavy feeding.

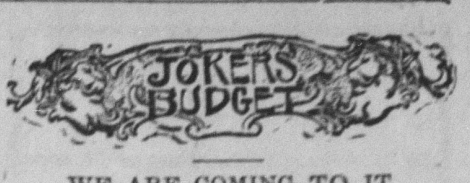
He should be given a good condition
powder for a week or two to relieve
him of the accumulated waste of ma-
terial. A little experimenting on one's
own account will enable each farmer
to determine for himself what medi-
cine is best adapted to his individual
use. A little foresight in these mat-
ters will make much difference in the
service the horse will be able to re-
nder during the season. If he be given
good wholesome food, protected from
taking cold by being blanketed when
warm, is carefully groomed and rub-
bed down at night as well as in the
morning, and used fairly during work-
ing hours, there is no reason why he
should not speedily regain the muscu-
lar strength lost in winter, and be
able to do his accustomed work in
every place.—E. L. Vincent, in The
Epitomist.

**SUCCESSFUL WORK AGAINST
SCALE.**

The time is approaching for heroic
treatment and energetic work for com-
bating the much dreaded insect, the
San Jose scale. With the indolent
and half industrious grower of fruits
it is to be dreaded, for with their sys-
tem of attention it is certain to put
them out of business. With the ob-
serving, careful and attentive grower
there is no more to dread from the
San Jose scale than many other dis-
eases he has to keep constantly at.
We have had it in our orchard some
time, but it gives us no more concern
than the borer. The question arises
as to the best method of fighting the
little pest. Like all other things per-
taining to the fruit business, every
grower has his own system and con-
siders it the best. For the benefit of
those who have discovered they have
the scale, I will give our system,
which is very effective with us.

We have tried all the known meth-
ods and systems and find the most
practical method is kerosene and
water mixed by a pump made for that
purpose. To be successful, one must
be accurate and not have a pump that
is just as liable to give 100 per cent.
oil or 100 per cent. water as the exact
amount wanted. This irregularity is
not only dangerous but expensive. We
have experimented considerably with
crude petroleum and are well pleased
with the results made in the spring.
We will again use crude petroleum for
our spring spraying, but do not con-
sider it good for midsummer work.

We have fifteen combination pumps
for water and oil, with double dis-
charge nozzles. We expect to run
with full force just before the buds
swell next spring, using a 20 per cent.
solution of crude petroleum. It is ab-
solutely necessary you get a genuine
crude oil of not less than forty-three
degrees test. It may be either green
or amber, but must be a paraffin oil.
The spraying must be done on clear,
bright, sunny days in order to aid
evaporation. We know of nothing
more important to follow than the lat-
ter. For a test we have used 100 per
cent. kerosene on a bright, sunny day
on a peach tree, and seen no evil ef-
fects, while on the other hand we have
killed trees with fifteen per cent. on a
heavy, cloudy day. Get only the best
combination pump, and be sure it is
always working correctly. Use twenty
per cent. kerosene and water, or crude
petroleum, which we prefer, and spray
just before the buds swell in the
spring. In midsummer spray with
ten per cent. kerosene and always do
the work on dry, bright, sunny days.—
J. R. Williams, in American Agricul-
turalist.



WE ARE COMING TO IT.
He took her hand, "Oh, pray be mine!"
"Not much!" said Bess.
"May I," he meekly asked, "be thine?"
She answered "Yes."
—Philadelphia Press.

A CRUEL BLOW.
Clara—"How long have you been
enemies with her?"
Maud—"Ever since she accepted the
man I rejected."—Detroit Free Press.

THE ETERNAL FEMINE.
"What did the girl say when you
rescued her in the steamboat wreck?"
"Asked if her life-preserver was on
straight."—New York World.

A SKEPTIC.
The Count—"Est ees all over! I am
rejected!"
The Baron—"Est ce possible? Does
she doubt your love?"
The Count—"Parbleu! She even
doubts my title!"—Puck.

LOVE'S CONSIDERATION.
Young Wife—"Dowling would you
have married me had I not been rich?"
Young Husband—"Of course, my
dear. I loved you too much to have
ever asked you to share my poverty."—
Chicago News.

NOT REAL LOVE.
Jack—"I don't believe she really
loves me."
Tom—"Why not?"
Jack—"I saw her trying to scratch
glass with the solitaire I gave her."—
New York Sun.

FORCED TO IT.
"He swore he'd never ride in an au-
tomobile, but I got him into one yes-
terday," said the road racer.
"Got into yours, did he?"
"No. Mine ran into him, but it was
an automobile ambulance that took
him away."—Philadelphia Press.

EITHER ONE OR THE OTHER.
Professor—"From your experience
in life how would you analyze am-
bability, Miss Katherine?"
Miss Katherine (briskly)—"Oh am-
bability, professor, is always a sign of
great weakness, or a sign of great
strength."—Detroit Free Press.

NO REASON FOR DELAY.
"My darling," he exclaimed, "I
would go to the end of the earth for
you." There was a slight pause while
the orchestra played tremulous rag-
time.
"Suppose," she said, "you begin
your travels now."—Pittsburg Dis-
patch.

IN DAYS OF OLD.
"It must have been kind of nice,
though, bein' an old Roman's boy,"
said little Georgie as he gazed at the
picture of Caesar and Cicero and Cato.
"Why?" his mother asked.
"They couldn't cut down pa's pants
for Willie in them days."—Chicago
Record Herald.

THE UPPER DOG.
Jasper—"I always sympathize with
the upper dog in a fight."
Jumpuppe—"You mean the under
dog, don't you?"
Jasper—"No, I don't. Some fool
philanthropist is sure to come along
and kick in the ribs of the upper dog."
—New York Sun.

A DREAD ALTERNATIVE.
"I hope that the differences between
these two gentlemen," said the dig-
nified statesman, "will be patched up."
"I'm afraid it will not be."
"It must be. Otherwise 'ra shall
be continually interrupted in our busi-
ness by the necessity of patching up
the senators themselves."—Washing-
ton Star.

A PHENOMENON OF SLEEP.
He had come on her dozing in a
hammock, and when she woke up she
accused him of stealing a kiss.
"Well," he said, "I will admit that
the temptation was too strong to be re-
sisted. I did steal one little kiss."
"One!" she exclaimed indignantly;
"I counted eight before I woke up."
—Household Words.

NO FEAR.
Slipay—"Hello! Where did you get
your new suit?"
Snappe—"Bought it."
Slipay—"Of you needn't be afraid to
tell me your tailor's name. I wouldn't
go to him."
Snappe—"I'm not afraid of that. He
does a strictly cash business."—Phila-
delphia Press.

A TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE.
"To my mind," said the man who
had settled himself in the parlor car,
"there's nothing in the literary way
that equals Shakespeare."
"It's good, is it?" said the man with
a large diamond.
"Of course."
"Well, I'll read it. I've made a
little bit with my speciality and I'm
thinking about taking a go at man-
aging. I'll read it and if I like it, I'll
have it dramatized and put it on the
road next season. Thanks for the
tip."—Washington Star.

Individuality is a good asset if it's
the right sort.