

PHANTOM.

How is it, where'er I turn I meet
Nothing but phantoms in the street?
Faces all seamed by sorrow and care;
Eyes that no longer can shed a tear;
Lips that forever are sealed to prayer:
Types of the millions betrayed and
deceived.
Spectres of aims that were never
achieved,
In a hurrying throng
They are pushing along;
Men with the famished face; men with
the furtive eye;
Nothing but ghouls with shrunk
souls, with shuffling gait go by.
And I shrink from their hungry, pity-
ing glance,
As their steadily swelling columns ad-
vance.
And I ask: What the cost of the lives
that are lost—
The fearful cost of the lives that are
lost?
D phantoms, with colorless face,
O spectres with lustreless eye,
What word have ye
For one like me,
As your ghostly ranks pass by?

'Tis the ever sad story of the lives
unlived;
The shame for the unsung song;
'Tis the pity for the strong—the
strong made weak,
Crushed by the weak who are strong.
This was their only reply.
And this was the lesson I read them:
Lo! the world is filled with dead men,
'All the world is filled with dead men;
Dead men—waiting to die.
—George M. Greenwood, in the Bos-
ton Transcript.

A Psychological Problem.

"There is one more place that I
must visit before I return to Los
Angeles, and that is Vernon. I do not
know why it is, but I feel as if I could
not go away without making a flying
visit there. Uncle and aunt are old
and will not care very much about
seeing me. And yet I feel irresistibly
drawn there. If time could draw back
ten years; if those who are gone
could return; if I knew that Mabel
Curtis was watching for my coming,
and that she would smile a welcome
to me, then I could understand this
feverish longing to go to that dreary
town. But—time will not roll back,
and Mabel is gone forever. A visit to
Vernon will be but to revive all the
old pain, and will have more of bit-
terness than sweetness in it. Still I
cannot stay away."
The speaker was Claude Murray,
and the person addressed was himself.
He was a fine looking fellow about
thirty years of age, and bore the ap-
pearance of a successful man. Ten
years previous to the time our story
opens, he had gone to California, and
by prudent investments and still more
prudent sales had accumulated quite
a little fortune during the "boom"
period in Los Angeles.
How slow the train ran! Would
they never reach Vernon? Ah, here
was Holbrook. Only five miles more!
His pulses were bounding, his heart
out-travelled the train.
"Vernon!" Claude caught up his
grip and stepped out of the rear end
of the car to the depot platform,
where no one waited to meet him. The
station agent was busy at the upper
end of the platform, the loungers
stood about the depot, one or two fel-
low passengers were being greeted by
their friends. He only was alone, and
fuss was falling.
He stood at the lower end of the
platform and looked about him. The
town consisted mainly of two long
rows of houses facing each other from
opposite sides of the railroad tracks.
Lights were beginning to gleam
from the windows, but none of them
were for him. He gazed across at the
old house on a side street, under the
locust trees. There was no light in
the windows and the place looked
gloomy and deserted.
A sense of homesickness came over
him, and he wished he had not come.
He turned hastily away, and started
along the track toward his uncle's
home, but his steps lagged. It was
with a feeling of relief that he turned
in at his uncle's gate. He was sur-
prised to find how glad the old couple
were to see him, and how eager to hear
of his life and fortunes in the far
West.
Old times were talked over, old
friends recalled. This one had died,
that one had moved away, such and
such ones were married.
"Had he heard that Mabel Curtis
had married after they moved West?"
Ah! had he not carried the bitter
knowledge about with him since he
had read the announcement in a paper
five years previous?
He did not tell them so. Why
should he? Nor did he tell them that
he had merely come back to torture
himself by looking on the old familiar
places, and dreaming over the old
sweet dream for a few brief days.
Why did he think so much about
her? Was it only because the familiar
scenes brought back old memories so
forcibly?
He remembered an argument which
they had held in the olden times over
a verse from Tupper's Proverbial
Philosophy which they had read to-
gether. "Mind acts on mind tho'
bodies be far distant." He had held
that it was only a verse evolved from
the poet's fancy. She claimed that the
subtle magnetic currents of the mind
reached out to its kindred mind, and
drew thought to itself, no matter how
great the distance. All her arguments
came back to him now.
"If I could only know where you
are," he thought, "whether your
thoughts are with me in these days,
whether your mind is dwelling on the
same subjects that engross mine, then

I would know to a certainty whether
you are right or no."
The next day he spent with his
uncle and aunt. In the evening twi-
light he went to visit the deserted old
house under the locusts on the side
street, where he had spent so many
happy hours. His thoughts had been
there all day, but he had purposely
waited until the hour when he had
been accustomed to go to meet Mabel.
As he went slowly along he remembered
how eagerly and with hurried steps
he had always trodden the grassy path,
and how he had always found Mabel
waiting for him on the steps of the
old porch. With bowed head he walked
along, and it was not till he reached
the familiar gate and lifted the latch,
that he raised his head and looked
about him.
Some one was sitting on the steps,
and at the click of the latch she
sprang to her feet in a startled way.
"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting
his hat. "I thought this house was
vacant, and was so absorbed in my
own thoughts that I did not notice
that any one was here."
"Claude!" exclaimed the woman on
the steps, holding out her hands to
him.
"Mabel!" he cried. "Mabel! can it
be true that I have found you here?"
and he sprang forward and caught her
in his arms and kissed her again and
again. Suddenly he recovered him-
self, and releasing her he said, "I beg
your pardon, Mrs. Hastings. I was
so overcome by memories of the past,
and so surprised to find you here that
I forgot you were another man's wife.
For the sake of past friendship, will
you not forgive me?"
"Mrs. Hastings!" she said, looking
into his face in a puzzled way. "I do
not understand you. I am Mabel Cur-
tis. Have I mistaken you? Are you
not Claude Murray?"
In a moment his arms were about
her again.
"Is it true? Have I found you
again, my Mabel? Oh, it has all been
a wretched mistake! Tell me, sweet-
heart, that I need never lose you
again. Do not send me away. I could
not bear it now."
She laid her head against his shoulder
with a little sigh of content.
"Nor could I bear to have you go,"
was all she said.
Then they sat down in their old
place on the steps to consider their
strange meeting.
"You have not told me yet why you
called me 'Mrs. Hastings,'" she said
inquiringly.
For answer he drew from a book in
his pocket a well worn slip of paper,
which he placed in her hand. In the
bright moonlight she read:
Married—By the Rev. John B. Cur-
tis, at Sharon, Iowa, May 19, 18—,
Miss Mabel Curtis and Mr. Harry
Hastings.
"Oh!" she cried, "and you thought
that was my marriage notice? That
was my cousin Mabel. Father mar-
ried her and I was bridesmaid; but it
never entered my head that any one
would think I was the bride. And
you have carried that all these years?
Oh, Claude!"
The tears were shining in the eyes
she raised to his, and he felt called to
kiss them away.
"I shall never lose you again,
dear," he murmured in her ear. "We
will be married here in Vernon and
take our wedding trip out to our home
in Los Angeles. Do not say no, Mabel,
and he bent eagerly for her answer.
"Home!" she repeated. "I have had
no home for three years. And a home
with you—oh, Claude, it will be
happiest beyond words!"
He drew her nearer to him, and his
heart leaped up in sympathy for the
sorrow that thrilled in her voice.
"You have not told me of your trouble,
Mabel," he said, gently.
"No. I forgot it all in seeing you.
Three years ago my parents both died.
I came East to the college where I
graduated and obtained a position as
teacher of the desolate culture there.
My summers have been spent at the
college or visiting in the homes of
friends. This summer, for the first
time in all these years, I felt an un-
controllable longing to come back
here and visit the old home. I had in-
tended to go elsewhere, but the feeling
was so strong that I could not shake
it off, and so last night I came."
"Last night!" he cried. "On the
evening train south?"
"Yes," she replied.
"I was on the same train and we
did not know one another! Did you
see me get off?"
"No," she answered, "Mrs. Andrews
was expecting me and met me at the
train. So I did not look about."
"How did you happen to come here
tonight, then?" he still questioned.
"I wanted to come alone just at this
time because—I felt as if you would
see nearer to me. I did not see you
until you entered the gate, because I
was so utterly carried away by the sad
memories of all that I had lost since
I last sat here. How did it all happen,
Claude? What brought us both here
at the same time? Was it the 'action
of mind on mind'?" and she looked at
him with the arch smile he so well
remembered.
"You have won the argument, and
I have won you. So by all the rules
of logic and law the case is mine, and
I have come off the victor," he replied
ardently.
"I can consent to defeat under such
logic as that," she replied merrily.
And so the Psychological Problem
was solved in a manner highly satis-
factory to both disputants.—Waverly
Magazine.

A Mountain of Loadstone.
The fiction of the mysterious load-
stone mountain which drew the nails
out of ships that approached near
enough has a certain foundation in
fact, only the fact has suffered by ex-
pansion. On the coast of Norway near

Joedern there is a sand dune of nearly
three-quarters of a mile in length.
The sand is mixed with particles of
lodestone and when a ship comes in
the vicinity the compass becomes ir-
regular and the vessel entangled in
a kind of whirlpool and thrown ashore

RINGS WITH QUEER HISTORIES.

Finger Circlets Which Were Worn
by Royalties of Long Ago.
The nephew of the late six Richard
Temple has in his possession a ring
in which is set a miniature musical
box that, on a spring being touched
emits a soft tune—wield and sad, as
echo of the troublous past. Over a
century back, says Tit Bits, this ring
belonged to a loyal follower of the
ill-fated French monarch, who, when
thrown into prison, was wont to find
solace in the music of this ingenious
trinket.
It played its last tune for him while
at the scaffold's foot he awaited exe-
cution, from which hour it remained
unaccountably silent until its present
owner took it to a jeweler, who found
in its mechanism a clot of blood that
had impeded its action. On this being
removed the musical powers of the
ring at once returned.
Still more curious, could it be
traced, would be the history of the
ring habitually worn by that popular
novelist, Mr. Rider Haggard. It is a
signet-ring, and centuries back en-
circled the finger of Rameses the
Great, the Pharaoh of the Oppression.
Another ring, that of Queen Taia, a
beautiful and unscrupulous monarch
of Egypt, was formerly worn by the
famous writer. One day, however, it
was unfortunately broken as its owner
was alighting from a cab, and it is now
relegated to a cabinet of curios.
In the imperial Russian cabinet is a
cameo ring of Greek workmanship,
which in years gone by was sedulously
guarded at the Abbey of St. Germain-
des-Prés as the espousal ring of the
Virgin Mary, the two figures thereon
being regarded as life portraits of
herself and Joseph. When, in 1798,
the abbey was destroyed, this ring
vanished, ultimately appearing again
in the collection of General Hydrow,
who sold it to the Russian Govern-
ment, after modern antiquarian knowl-
edge had ruthlessly shattered the le-
gend of its origin.
Many royalties possess rings which
they seem to regard with an almost
superstitious reverence. Two such
does the Czar of Russia own. One
contains a small piece of the cross
and had the power, so tradition asserts
of shielding its wearer from all phys-
ical harm. Without it Russia's ruler
will never set foot outside the palace,
bearing perchance in memory the fate
of Alexander III. who on the day of his
assassination had left this talisman
behind him.
The other ring, which is of Gothic
design, was given to the Princess
Charlotte of Prussia, daughter of Fred-
erick William III. by her governess.
Many years later the future Czar
Nicholas, great-grandfather of the
present ruler, chanced to meet at din-
ner the young princess, fell forthwith
in love with her and asked her for the
ring as a memento of their first meet-
ing. She consented, and until the day
of his death Nicholas wore the gift,
first on his finger and then, when it
became too small, suspended round
his neck.
Another European potentate in the
person of the Emperor William owns
a ring of which the history, it may be
said, is lost in the depths of the ages.
Since the far off days of the Crusades
it has been in the possession of the
Hohenzollern family, when it was
taken from a famous Moslem warrior,
who was slain in single combat by
one of the Emperor's ancestors. It
is simple in design and of no great in-
trinsic value, being a plain gold band
set with a red stone, on which, in
place of the original inscription from
the Koran, is engraved a cross.

ROCHAMBEAU'S OPEN HAND.
The Debt Our Nation Owes to a Fa-
mous Frenchman.
Americans of today are too apt to for-
get the great debt due from this na-
tion to France for the aid given to our
ancestors during the Revolutionary
war. It was not only the individual
services of men like the Marquis de
Lafayette, Baron de Kalb and General
Duportail, nor the invaluable aid of
the seasoned veterans under Count de
Rochambeau, and the powerful fleet
of twenty-eight ships of the line under
Count de Grasse; in addition to this
France furnished the sinews of war,
from the want of which the cause of
liberty had suffered more than from
the want of men.
Even after the arrival of the French
troops in Philadelphia, when the com-
bined armies were preparing to march
to the aid of Lafayette, Washington
found that the men of the Northern
regiments were dissatisfied and pro-
tested against being moved to the
South. A large part of the troops had
not received any pay for a long time,
and had occasionally given evidence
of great discontent. The service upon
which they were going was disagree-
able, and the douceur of a little hard
money would have the effect, Wash-
ington thought, of putting them in
the proper temper.
In this emergency he was accom-
modated by the Count de Rochambeau
with a loan of \$20,000, which, being
distributed among the different regiments,
and otherwise used for the relief
of the distressed of the American
soldiers, had the desired effect.
The pecuniary pressure was relieved
by the arrival in Boston of Colonel
John Laurence from his mission to
France, bringing with him two and a
half million of livres in cash, being
part of a subsidy of six million livres
granted by the French King.



A SUMMER CROP.
String beans can be obtained dur-
ing the entire summer by planting
once a month for successive supplies.
The seed germinates quickly in warm
weather, and the plants grow rapidly.
They can also be extensively grown
for pickling.

SELECTING GOOD SEED.
Replanting in the field is obnoxious
to farmers, hence they should select
good seed. When plants are missing
in the hills or rows the appearance
of the field is not attractive. It is
better and cheaper to buy selected
seed than to perform the labor of re-
planting that which would be un-
necessary, and which could be pre-
vented by making a proper begin-
ning. The failure to properly pre-
pare the ground, too little care given
the covering of the seeds and economiz-
ing in the use of seeds are also
causes of loss.

FEEDING A DAIRY HERD.
I have a silo I have filled for two
years with a pea vine ensilage for
which I have paid \$2 per ton for
what I have bought. All it has cost
me is hauling the overplus from the
factory. I commence feeding twice
a day. After milking I feed eight or
ten pounds per cow. After they eat
this I give them coarse fodder, which
they will clean up. I gradually in-
crease the mass of ensilage to twenty
or twenty-five pounds per feeding. I
give them all they will clean up after
they get used to it, with hay or stalks
at noon.
My experience has been two years'
feeding with good results. When I
change from ensilage to hay or corn-
stalks, I find the flow of milk de-
creases to some extent. To get the
best results in feeding pea ensilage,
the grain rations should be two-
thirds wheat bran, one-third gluten
meal. I find my cows stay in good
health and fine condition, with large
flow of milk.—Frank Lawyer, in Or-
ange Judd Farmer.

VARIETIES OF CHEESE.
The amount of cheap cheese made
and put on the market should not be
judged by the skim and part skim-
milk cheeses. These latter are made
for a distinct purpose, and there is a
wide market for them. Cheese makers
use skim and part skim milk with a
full knowledge that the results will be
of a certain inferior character, and
the cheese is so marked when sent to
market. The makers are satisfied if
they get a few cents a pound.
But inferior cheese made from full
cream milk and spoiled in the curing,
keeping or some other way, is a direct
loss to the maker. The trouble is
something that should be averted by
following carefully rules that have
been discovered through years of study
and experiment. There are, of course,
many reasons why cheese does not
come out satisfactory when good full-
cream milk is used. Of favor of
cheese of this character is frequently
due to lack of acid in the cheese or
to hot curing rooms. In the trade such
cheese has such a strong odor after
being kept a short time that it is
marked down heavily. The remedy is
to see that the temperature of the
curing rooms is better regulated, and
in preventing acidity. This latter is
generally due to hastiness in making.
When the cheese is made every other
day too much starter is used, and the
attempt to hurry the work causes the
trouble.
Another difficulty in cheese making
comes from using milk where turnips,
rape and weeds are fed freely to the
cows. Many of the best cheese mak-
ers refuse to accept milk from farmers
who feed these articles to the cows.
The cheese does not have the rich,
clean flavor that the market demands,
and sometimes the same trouble is ex-
perienced when made from dirty milk.
The covey flavor of milk will be no-
ticeable in the cheese. Clean milk
pails and pans, and clean cows and
milkers are necessary for the manufac-
ture of the best grade cheese. One
cannot make fancy cheese from poor
milk. Try ever so hard he will fail,
and the best system of curing will not
make up for the lack of fine milk at
the start. Pastiness, poor flavor or
some undesirable quality will develop
from poor milk cheese.—E. S. Warren-
ton, in American Cultivator.

STARTING THE DAIRY CALF.
The practice of turning quite young
calves to pasture and not continuing
their feed of milk and meal is not to
be commended, as it seems to be im-
possible for the young things to se-
cure from the grass, no matter how
luxuriantly it grows, sufficient nutri-
tion for the needs of good animal de-
velopment. It isn't enough that the
calf lives and is actually free from
"the go-backs;" but, if it is worth
raising at all, it is worth keeping
growing. Its right to be raised for
the dairy must be determined by its
known heredity; it must at least have
a good dam and a supposedly good
sire. It is difficult to tell what a cow
will develop into before she is four
or five years old, and as the expense
of labor and feed for an animal from
half to mature cow is considerable, it
does not pay to waste time and possi-
bilities by fooling with animals that
do not have the recommendation of a
good inheritance to start with. It fol-
lows, therefore, that, having a worthy
calf, we should see that it is not ban-
ished to a back pasture, where it will
keep alive by its own industry and
endurance, while it fights slips and

heat and bumps itself against the
storms.
The good cow, the one that eats as
large quantities of rough feed and
pays a good price for it, is the cow
with a large stomach and powerful di-
gestive apparatus. These must be en-
couraged and developed as the calf
grows, an impossible proposition un-
less the young animal receives enough
bulky food to produce stomach disten-
tion, the bulky food containing in it-
self, or being supplemented from
other source, those elements that com-
pletely supply animal needs.
It is true that good pasture grass
does supply all these elements in a
balanced and perfect form for the ma-
ture animal that has the ability to
gather the grass, but the young calf
has not the strength of jaw and teeth
to graze all the food it needs. The
grazing calf that rests as if satisfied,
may, in fact, often does, rest merely
from exhaustion and not repletion.
The pasture for the young things
should be under "the eye of the mas-
ter," near the barn, where cornmeal
and bran or gluten and hay and odds
and ends of soiling crops can regula-
ly and conveniently be supplied them.
In this pasture, or easy of access for
the animals, must be a constant supply
of pure water.
I am aware that such care of the
young animals is characterized by
young farmers as "fussiness," but I
regard it only as business attention
to valuable property, and without it
certainly the man who withholds it
has no legitimate assurance of success
in raising calves.—W. F. McSarrar
in New York Tribune Farmer.

LARGE BUTTER RECORDS.
When such cows as Mary Anne of
St. Lambert's and Princess II made
their records as butter producers
among the Jerseys one of the chief
reasons given for doubting the correct-
ness of the records was that the fat
in the milk could not have been ob-
tained from the fat in the food. It
was therefore supposed that some mis-
take must have been made by those
having charge of the tests. Later it
was decided that by some kind of
chemical process occurring within the
body of the animal the protein of the
foods was converted into fat. Such
a theory has never been accepted as
final, and now the New York Experi-
ment Station, in a recent bulletin,
claims that experiments prove that
the fat in the milk may be procured
from the starch in the food as well as
from the fat in the food, which will
be more generally accepted as a fact
than that the fat in the milk can be
partly derived from the protein of the
food. In the investigation mentioned
a grade Jersey cow was fed for 95
days on rations varying in total
amount, and in protein content from
very full to very scant, with an ample
supply of carbohydrates (starchy
foods), except during the 20 days of
light feeding, but with a marked de-
ficiency of fat throughout the entire
time. The effort was made to use
foods as nearly fat free as possible,
the fatty matters being removed from
the hay, corn meal and oats by chemi-
cal treatment, in order to secure a
good test.
With food containing only 5.7
pounds of fat (less than six pounds)
the cow made nearly 63 pounds of
milk fat and gained in flesh. In other
words, there was over ten times as
much fat in the milk as in the food
from which the milk was derived.
The cow could not have secured the
milk fat from the food, nor from the
stored fat on the body, as she gained
in weight, nor could she have formed
the remainder of the secreted fat from
the protein of the food, as only enough
protein was decomposed in her body,
while the record was kept, to make
less than half of the fat formed dur-
ing the same time, allowing the high-
est possible rate for fat formation
from protein. The conclusion is,
therefore, that part of the milk fat
came from the starch, sugar and
similar bodies in the food consumed.
Experiments made with several
cows by changing the rations so as to
test with a large supply of protein,
the fat being but little, and then giv-
ing an abundance of fat in the foods
and less protein, starchy foods, also
being tested, the tests confirmed as a
general law that the starchy matter
contributed to the fat in milk.
The rations, though differing greatly,
showed great uniformity in digesti-
bility, the cows using about the same
proportion of the dry matter fed in
each case. The test, with other diges-
tion trials of mixed rations, proves
that the feeder will not be far wrong
who assumes that 70 per cent. of the
dry matter is digestible in rations
made up of silage and containing a
good proportion of high-class grains.
Diminishing the proportion of protein
in the ration appeared to make the
whole ration less digestible.
The fact was demonstrated that fat
cannot be fed into the milk; that is,
the milk will not be made richer in
butter fat because of the food con-
sumed containing an abundance of fat.
In studies of milk production it has
been found in general that a ration
with a moderately narrow ratio, and
containing from two and one-quarter
to two and one-half pounds of protein
daily, has given the best results. It
is evident that a portion of this pro-
tein is not used directly in maintain-
ing the animal or in milk formation.
The cows seemed to make up for a de-
crease in protein, not by ceasing to
produce their normal flow of milk, but
by checking the break-down of protein
in other portions of their bodies. Any
animal, even one at rest, requires a
certain amount of protein in the food,
for maintenance, for repairing the tis-
sues, and the cow also requires a cer-
tain quantity with which to form the
milk solids.—Philadelphia Record.

When a vessel is sinking it takes
more than a barber to razor.



THE 1902 MODEL.
She rides and fences, golfs and swims
She humps herself and hustles
To bring perfection to her limbs
And vigor to her muscles.

Yet easier tasks she loves to shirk,
And seems to have no notion
That hands were made for useful work
And legs for locomotion.
—New York Press.

NOT TUMULTUOUSLY EAGER.
Employer—Are you willing to work
for small wages?
Boy—Not very willing, sir.—Boston
Post.

NO SURPRISE TO HER.
He—It seems strange I should be
so much in love with you, when three
weeks ago we hadn't met.
She—Oh, it often happens that way.
—Brooklyn Life.

MAKES IT GOOD.
"That fellow makes mighty good
money."
"Indeed?"
"Sure; he works in the mint."—
Baltimore News.

THE CURIOUS PAIR.
Mrs. Rubba—I wonder why that
woman keeps watching me so?
Mr. Rubba—Perhaps she's trying to
find out why you are staring at her.—
Philadelphia Press.

HER FINANCE.
"I heard a terrible noise in the
kitchen last night, Bridget. I hope
you didn't break anything?"
"Sure O did, mum. Me finance, the
policeman, wuz there, and I wuz after
breakin' th' ingagemint."—Yonkers
Statesman.

REASSURING.
The Music Teacher—Johnny is im-
proving daily in his violin-playing.
Johnny's Mother (gratified)—Is
that so? We didn't know whether he
was improving or we were just get-
ting more used to it.—Judge.

GENUINE SURPRISE.
Tess—I told that old bean of yours
that you were married.
Jess—Did you? Did he seem sur-
prised?
Tess—Yes, indeed! He said: "How
on earth did that happen?"—Philadel-
phia Press.

SURE OF SECLUSION.
"I have decided to spend my va-
cation at Newport."
"At Newport? Why, man, I thought
you wanted seclusion."
"I do, and I'll be secluded all
right. I don't happen to be recog-
nized in the Newport set."—Baltimore
News.

THE FLOUR WAS TOUGH.
Mrs. Youngbride—I've come to com-
plain of that flour you sent me.
Grocer—What was the matter with
it?
Mrs. Youngbride—It was tough. I
made a pie with it and it was as much
as my husband could do to cut it.—
Philadelphia Press.

ART AND \$.
"Are you not sometimes downcast
to think that you are obliged to apply
yourself to art for money?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington
Barnes; "but not as downcast as I am
when I am applying myself to art and
not getting the money."—Washington
Star.

SELF-SACRIFICING.
"Mr. Gumstick is one of the most
self-sacrificing men I know of," said
Miss Cayenne.
"In what way?"
"He takes chances on becoming ut-
terly demoralized in order to find out
what books he ought to prevent other
people from reading."—Washington
Star.

ALL THE SAME.
Mrs. Minks—I did write.
Mrs. Winks—Then I suppose you
gave the letter to your husband to
post, and he is still carrying it around
in his pocket.
Mrs. Minks—No; I posted the letter
myself.
Mrs. Winks—Ah, then, it is in my
husband's pocket.—Buffalo Express.

A FAMILY COMBINE.
Deacon Jones—I know of three
brothers in a neighboring town that
would afford excellent material for
a sermon on the theme of brotherly
love.
Deacon Brown.—I'll make a note of
it. Tell me more about them, deacon.
Deacon Jones—Well, John, the
eldest, is a physician; Thomas, the
second brother, is an undertaker, and
William, the youngest, is a marble
cutter.—Chicago News.

FATHERLY FINESSE.
Father—I forbid you to allow that
sap-headed Squillidigs to enter the
house again!
Daughter—But I love him!
Father—I shall disinheritor you! I
shall shoot him! I shall—
Daughter—Boo-hoo-oo!
(Later.)
Father—Say, wife, be sure you dou-
ble Gwendoline's allowance today and
give it to her early. I think she is
going to elope with young Squillidigs
tonight!—San Francisco Bulletin.

Running up bills is not the sort of
exercise that does the most good.