

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion..	1 00
One Square, one inch, one month....	8 00
One Square, one inch, three months..	5 00
One Square, one inch, one year.....	10 00
Two Squares, one year.....	15 00
Quarter Column, one year.....	25 00
Half Column, one year.....	50 00
One Column, one year.....	100 00

Local advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

Marriages and death notices gratis.

All bills for advance advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid in advance.

Job work—cash on delivery.

Seven-eighths of our own export and import trade is carried under foreign flags.

President Diaz, of Mexico, has appointed a commission to consider ways and means of protecting the forests of that country.

A report issued by the Swiss Commercial and Industrial Union states that weaving by hand in Switzerland has increased.

Florida now has a State Good Roads Association, composed of progressive citizens of the various counties and officers by men who will do all in their power to advance the object of the association, viz: The building of good roads in every county of the State.

Miss Mary French Field says that her father, the late Eugene Field, didn't make a cent out of his popular poem, "A Little Peach in an Orchard Grove." Hubbard T. Smith, the man who set it to music, realized \$35, while the publishers of the song cleared \$50,000.

A remarkable temperance sermon was delivered by a priest in Ireland, relates the New York Post, which concluded with this convincing statement to his flock: "What makes ye shoot at yer landlords? The drink! Aye, and what makes ye miss them? The drink!"

A prematurely charitable English lady who gave away nearly \$2,000,000 by deed recently tried to have the deeds set aside, on the ground that she did not know what she was doing, but chancery has decided that the deeds are valid and that she cannot get her money back.

Professor John De Witt, of Princeton Theological Seminary, denies a recent statement in the Evangelist that Surveyor General Simeon De Witt was the man who gave Latin names to so many towns in western New York. The man responsible for that act, he says, was the Deputy Secretary of State, and not the Surveyor General.

It is estimated that fully 150,000 Americans leave this country every year for Europe. A conservative estimate places the money spent by these people at the rate of \$2000 a year in foreign markets, making a total outgo of American money in this particular line of diversion of fully \$300,000,000. The Americans are the most extravagant travelers in the world.

The peaceful invasion of Mexico by the Japanese has begun, announces the New York Press. The Mexican Government is offering extraordinary inducements to the Bonjamen of civilization. Land at ten cents an acre, with freedom from all taxation for the first ten years of occupation! Think of it! Mexico expects to have a population of at least 40,000 Japanese within two years.

The following statement shows the value and percentage of manufactured merchandise exported from the United States during each of the last five years:

Fiscal year.	Total exports in factures.	Percentage of total.
1902.....	\$158,510,937	15.61
1903.....	158,023,113	19.02
1904.....	183,728,859	31.14
1905.....	183,595,743	33.14
1906.....	228,971,178	32.48

Athens, seventy-five years ago a squalid Turkish village of huts and rains, has become a city of 164,000 inhabitants, a centre of intellectual life, the seat of a great university, an influence to be reckoned with in the councils of the nations. Factories hum and smoke in the haunts of idyllic tradition. Busy seaports have sprung to importance, and a mercantile marine, ranking eighth among those of the world, carries on the memories of the ship Argos. The maces of the Greeks are industrious, temperate, shrewd, brave and remarkable for the chastity of their domestic life. They are all patriots.

There are 23,000 white people and only 18,000 colored in the City of Augusta, Ga., but while only thirty-two whites died of consumption there last year, sixty-four colored people succumbed to that disease. Dr. Eugene Foster, President of the Board of Health, in giving these figures, says that before emancipation the colored race was almost wholly immune of consumption, a colored person with consumption, prior to the close of the war being a clinical curiosity. "The new susceptibility of the African race to consumption," he says, "is one of the numerous penalties following upon the changed relations of this people consequent to the boon of freedom."

"CLEAR THE WAY!"
Men of thought! be up an' a-strirring
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withraw the curtains,
Clear the way,
Men of action, aid and cheer them
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a power about to blow,
There's a midnight brightness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper—aid it, type—
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into slay.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way.
Lo! a cloud about to vanish
From the day,
And a brass wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the light's about to conquer—
Clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Ere the dawn smile at the door,
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages have held us
For their prey;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!
—Charles Mackay.

"GOOD WEIGHT."
HOPE DARING.
LILIAN SNELL,
teacher of the first grade in
building No. 3 public schools of
Windsor, turned quickly from
the blackboard where on she had
been drawing a pert wren
swinging on a spray of clover.
"Who is crying?" she asked, in a
sweet, firm voice.
"It is little Agnes Gregory," volun-
teered a dimpled-faced boy who sat
near.
Miss Snell crossed the room and
bent over the child.
"Agnes, what is it? Can you not
tell me all about it?"
Sobs were Agnes's only reply. Miss
Snell kissed her gently, then went
back to her work. When it was finished
and the children all provided
with work, she lifted the sobbing
child and tenderly carried her to
the teacher's desk. Here, somewhat
removed from the curious little ones,
Lilian set about soothing her pupil.
Agnes was a pretty fair-faced child
of six. She had sunny blue eyes and
her hair, a golden chestnut, curled
about her face and neck. Her clothing
was clean, but well worn, and Lilian
noticed the gaping hole in the tiny
shoe as well as the thinness of the
faded dress. Noticed it with a sym-
pathetic thrill of the heart that
throbbred with something of the divine
spirit of motherhood toward the child-
ren in her care.Agnes's story was soon told. Her
widowed mother had had no breakfast
for her little ones.
"I don't care so much about my-
self, Miss Snell," the child went on
artlessly, "cause I'm mamma's brave
girl, but when little brother Royce
wakes up he will be so hungry, and he
is only three years. He does not know
he mustn't cry."
A little more questioning and Lilian
learned that someone Mrs. Gregory
worked for sewing, also that she hoped
to have dinner ready when Agnes came
home.
Lilian looked out into the driving
storm of a January forenoon. She
knew Mrs. Gregory, and her heart
ached for the pale young mother.
Miss Snell was quick of thought and
action. Ten minutes later Agnes was
in the warm cloak room fastening on
the dainty blue dress. Miss Snell had
prepared for her daughter's midday meal.
The young teacher had written a note and
a list of articles of food and was at the
door of the room across the hall.
The teacher, Florence Fox, listened
sympathetically to Lilian's story and
to the suggestion that her own twelve-
year-old brother be called from the
sixth grade to deliver the note.
"Of course Fred can go," she cried,
"And Lilian, you say you have written
to Mr. Davis the circumstances and
asked him for good weight. I'll send
an order to cousin Hugh for a half
cord of wood, tell him the story, and
ask him likewise for good weight."
A faint crimson flushed Lilian's
cheek, but she warmly thanked her
friend and hurried back to her work.

Dear Mr. Davis—A little girl in my room
is crying because she has had no breakfast.
Her name is Agnes Gregory, and her mother
is a poor widow who lives on the third floor
of a Hampton street. Please send the things
ordered at once. I will come in after school
and pay for them. And Mr. Davis, please
give good weight. Truly yours,
—LILIAN SNELL.

Mr. Davis had been a friend of the
Snell family for years, and it was not
the first time that Lilian had appealed
to him for help in her charitable work.
So that was not the reason that so
strange a look came into his honest
brown eyes.
"Agnes Gregory and lives on Ham-
pton street," he murmured. "It surely
must be Margaret's child. Good God! Margaret
and her child wanting bread!"

A half hour later Mark Davis was
making his way up the stairs to the
floor upon which Mrs. Gregory's rooms
were situated. His knock at the first
door was answered by a red-faced
woman.
"Miss Gregory it is you air want-
in'?" she asked sharply. "And it's no
bad news you air after bringin' her, I
hope."
"I wanted to deliver some groceries
a friend has sent her."
The clouded face cleared as if by
magic. "Heaven's bliss! be on your
head then! Miss' Gregory, she's gone
out, but I've her key here, and will
unlock the door. That's her by, and
a swate child he is."

Mark looked eagerly at the pink and
white face of the girl. He held out a
great golden orange, and little Royce
sprang for it, his childish laughing echoing
through the room. Then the grocer
followed Mrs. Donovan to the home of
Margaret Gregory.
It was a bare place, but clean and
neat. Mark sighed as he noted the
signs of abject poverty. While the
deliveryman was bringing up the parcels,
Mrs. Donovan volubly explained that
Mrs. Gregory had gone to try to get
money due her. The warm-hearted
Irish woman had surmised that for-
tune was low about her neighbor,
partly because of little Royce's un-
usual fretfulness, which had been
quicker by a huge slice of bread and
butter.

"She's worked her precious fingers
most to the bone," she concluded,
"but work's scarce, and I don't know
what's ever goin' to become of her and
her babies."
The word soon came. Florence's
half cord had been reinforced by a
whole cord, perhaps because she had
written her cousin that the needy
widow was a protégée of Miss Snell's.
As to Lilian's order for groceries,
Mr. Davis had added to it a sack of
flour, a ham, coffee, tea, sugar, apples,
cookies, cheese, canned fruits and
meats, and a big bag of candy.

Mrs. Donovan went back to her own
room, and the wagons rolled way.
Mark hastily built a fire, then sat down
to think how best to explain the liber-
ty he had taken.
The bare room faded from his vision
as he sat there. In its place came an
old country garden overgrown with
roses and clematis. It was June, and
the air was heavy with the scent of
many blossoms. By his side was a
beautiful girl in whose curls the sun-
shine seemed entangled. He bent
lower, and the rosy lips of his
companion murmured, "I love you,
Mark." Still lower his head sank until
his lips touched the ones that had
uttered the sweet words.
A start, and he sat upright, glancing
around him. That was ten years ago.
He was poor then, and Margaret, beau-
tiful Margaret, had been the only
daughter of a wealthy home. So
their engagement had been forbidden.
They parted, vowing eternal constancy,
A year later Margaret became the wife
of Vance Gregory, but it was not until
months after that Mark learned of the
treachery and deceit that had been
employed to urge her to that step.

It was too late then. There was
nothing to do but to endure.
He had known for some time that
Margaret was a widow and lived in the
city. He knew nothing of her poverty,
supposing that her means were ample.
To go to her now with a story of love
had never occurred to him. She knew
nothing of what had parted them. He
could not blot out the memory of the
man who had been her husband, the
father of her children.
He sprang to his feet. There was no
need of an explanation. He passed out,
pausing for a final word with Mrs.
Donovan.
"Tell Mrs. Gregory the things came
from the teachers at No. 3."
"To be sure, Mr. Davis," responded
the woman, who had recognized
Mark. "I'll tell her all 'bout it. And
may the blissin' of all the saints rest
on your dear head!"
Mark hurried away, leaving a shinin'
silver dollar in Royce's hand.
It was only a few minutes after his
departure that a thinly clad woman
came toiling wearily up the stairs. It
was Margaret Gregory. The woman
who owed her was out of town. The
needy mother had applied at several
places for work, only to meet with
refusal. Then she had gone to a store
and begged for credit, but in vain.
A dry sob burst from her lips. She
passed Mrs. Donovan's door in silence.
She must have a moment to herself
before she could ask charity of one so
poor as her kind neighbor. Hurrying
on, she pushed open her own door.
A bright fire was blazing in the
cracked grate. Mrs. Donovan had
prepared mince-tatoes for the oven and
put a heartily fry for frying from the

ham. The open door of the wood
closet showed a huge pile, while the
table was heaped high with food.
For a moment she stood gazing
wildly around her. Then she dropped
on her knees, and a shower of tears re-
lieved her overwrought nerves.
The next day's mail brought a letter
from Margaret to Mr. Davis. The
writer had gone to Miss Snell to thank
her. From the young teacher she had
learned of Mark's connection with the
affair.

It was an earnest grateful letter,
blotted here and there with tear stains.
She accepted his generosity, for her
children's sake she could not refuse
charity. She referred to the friend-
ship that had existed between their
parents, but Mark was glad that she
was too womanly a woman to even
hint at the relation they had once
borne to each. When he finished
reading the letter, his heart was light,
for he understood that Margaret knew
of the treachery that had blotted the
sunshine out of his life.

Mark went straight home and told
his aunt, who was also his housekeep-
er, all about it. Mrs. Everts was knit-
ting before the open coal fire. She
was a bright-faced old lady with soft
white hair and a serene face. When he
had finished, she laid down her work
and sat for a long time, gazing into
the dancing flames.

"Theonly daughter of my old friend,
Rebecca Henson, in want of food," she
said, a note of pain in her voice.
"Mark, you and I both have plenty of
money. There is room in this house,
and in our heart, for Margaret and her
babies. But she is proud. Go and
ask her to come and live with me. Tell
her I am lonely and ask her to bring
her little ones to brighten me up."
Mark bent to kiss the placid face.
"Thank you, Aunt Elsie, I see you
understand." A few hours later he
knocked at Margaret's door and saw
that years had changed her. The wild-
rose bloom had faded from her cheeks,
tears had washed the joyous light from
her blue eyes, yet it was surely the
Margaret he had loved, that stood be-
fore him.

She met him frankly and with un-
disguised pleasure. Her voice trem-
bled when she undertook to explain
her situation. Mark made light of the
whole affair and insisted on talking of
their childhood days. The fruit
and nuts he brought proved an open
essence to the hearts of Agnes and
Royce, and they were soon on the best
of terms with the caller.
Margaret was very grateful for the
offer of work. She hesitated a little
over accepting Mrs. Everts's kind in-
vitation, fearing lest the children
prove an annoyance. But when Mark
drew a touching picture of the loneli-
ness of his aunt she gladly consented
to come. It was arranged that the
carriage come for the Gregorys the
following afternoon.

One morning, two months later,
Florence Fox tripped across the hall
of No. 3 and entered Miss Snell's
room.
"Of course, you are going to the
wedding reception Thursday evening,"
she began. "I think it such a lovely
marriage, don't you?"
"Indeed I do," Lilian replied warm-
ly. "Yes, I am to go in the afternoon
and help with the decorations. The
whole house is to be in green and
white, smilax, ferns, roses and carnations.
Mrs. Everts says Mr. Davis
cannot do too much for his bride,
'our dear Margaret,' the sweet old
lady calls her."
"And I believe it all came about
from your begging him to give her
good weight," Florence cried, merrily.
"He is obeying your request in
an extravagant manner. And Lilian
is not that pretty pearl ring and the
beatific expression on cousin Hugh's
face the result of my efforts along the
same line of charitable work?"
The bell rang then, and the blash-
ing Lilian was spared the necessity of
a reply.—Womankind.

Worry and Indigestion.
It is so remarkably easy to offer the
advice to persons whose lot is not
altogether cast in pleasant places, and
with whom things do not go well, to
refrain from worrying, but how hard
it is to follow this well-meaning ad-
vice! None the less, worry is a fruit-
ful source of many of the ills that
flesh is heir to. It imprints lines on
the face, and seems it with furrows,
and has a most depressing effect upon
the stomach. The worry and anxiety
which depresses the brain produce a
congestion of the nerves of the stom-
ach, and the result is indigestion.
Indigestion is a terrible enemy to
temper, and this affects our happiness,
and, of course, to health, for this
affects our appearance. One unmis-
takable sign of mental health is
serenity of temper and a self-control
that enables us to bear with equanimity
and untroubled temper the trials and
troubles of life, more particularly
those arising from contact with cool-
ing, irritating and irritable people.

Coffee Blindness.
Dr. Snaitken says: "It is well
known that the Moors are inveterate
coffee-drinkers, especially the mer-
chants, who sit in their bazaars and
drink coffee continually during the
day. It has been noticed that almost
invariably when these coffee-drinkers
reach the age of forty or forty-five
their eyesight begins to fail, and by
the time they get to be fifty years old
they become blind. One is forcibly
impressed by the number of blind men
that are seen about the streets of the
city of Fez, the capital of Morocco.
It is invariably attributed to the ex-
cessive use of coffee."

Indian Ocean Sharks.
Although the waters of the Indian
ocean are filled with voracious sharks,
and the inhabitants of the numerous is-
lands near Ceylon swim about in the
water with impunity, the sharks re-
frusing to molest them, while a
stranger would be instantly devoured.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE
FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.
Wings Came When Needed—The
Stamp of Genius—Captious—Hop-
e of His Boy, Etc., Etc.
"Why do you call me 'Birdie' dear?"
He asked, with longing eyes.
"I have no wings, as doth appear,
And therefore cannot fly."
But art fugacious "Birdie" h'x1
Much better than he know,
For later comes her staidward'd,
And straightway "Birdie" flew.
—Boston Courier.

THE STAMP OF GENIUS.
Admirer—"What is the greatest
difficulty you poets have to encounter
—getting rhymes?"
Daely Lyne—"No; postage!"—
Pack.

WITHOUT DUTY.
Milford—"I say, what are your chief
sports in America?"
Van Isbe—"Poor men."
Milford—"And exports?"
Van Isbe—"Rich girls."—Truth.

ONE OF MANY.
Brown—"That is Professor Thinker-
ton, the inventor."
Perkins—"What has he invented?"
Brown—"Don't remember, exactly
—some sort of a 'scope.'"—Pack.

HER HEART'S DESIRE.
"I fear your wedded happiness will
be of short duration."
"Of course," candidly confessed the
young lady who was to wed the multi-
gated millionaire.—Indianapolis
Journal.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.
Railway President—"Our consult-
ing engineer is the most wonderfully
ingenious man in our employ."
Friend—"I always supposed it was
the fellow who made the folds in your
time tables."
HOPEFUL OF HIS BOY.
Mrs. Ferry—"Bobby is awfully
stupid in his arithmetic."
Mr. Ferry—"Oh, he'll improve be-
fore long. It will soon be time for
figuring up baseball averages."—Cin-
cinnati Enquirer.

NO REAL DANGER.
Mrs. Scantem—"Young man, don't
count your chickens before they are
hatched."
Festive Boarder—"Oh, with these
eggs the risk is so small it's really not
worth bothering about."—Truth.

EYES OPENED.
"There are many more women living
than I used to think."
"Is that so?"
"Yes; before I married I used to
think my wife was the only woman in
the world."—Columbus (Ohio) States
Journal.

CAPTIOUS.
"I'm told Charles Binks is quarrel-
some."
"He is. Why, when that fellow
was appointed a committee of one to
decide on a certain matter at our club
he put in a minority report!"—Har-
per's Bazar.

A DIFFICULT RECKONING.
"I see there has been a machine
patented which records every time a
man moves," said Juniper.
"Well, it would put the machine to
a pretty good test if it was tried on
some of my tenants," said Flatte,
the landlord.—Yonkers Statesman.

A SUPERFLUITY.
Little Elmer—"Pa, how many is
'many'?"
Mr. Henyapeek—"It depends upon
the nature of the articles enumerated,
my son. If you had two dollars they
would not be many, but if you had
two wives you would find them many
—very, very many!"—Pack.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

About twenty-two acres of land are
necessary to support one man on flesh
meat.
At the present rate of increase, the
population of the earth will double
itself in 200 years.
The brain of an ant is larger in
proportion to its size than that of
any other known creature.
There are three times as many mus-
cles in the tail of a dog as there are in
the human hand and wrist.
Silk that has been weighted with
metallic salts can be detected by the
use of X-rays. The pure silk throws
no shadow; the adulterated silk does.
A series of investigations recently
completed by railroad experts shows
that the average life of an iron rail is
sixteen years, and that of a steel rail
forty years.
A German naturalist has curiously
developed the "scarerow" idea. The
dragon fly is a deadly enemy of the
mosquito, and the naturalist has found
by many experiments that the dried
bodies of a few dragon flies suspended
by threads around a bed keep the
mosquitoes at a distance.
A mine of graphite of remarkable
purity has been discovered about five
miles south of the town of Coon Rap-
ids, in Carroll County, Iowa. The
vein is said to be fourteen inches in
thickness. The value of the discovery
can be estimated when it is recollect-
ed that pure graphite sells for \$30 a
ton.
An improved railway car track is
constructed largely of pressed steel.
The weight is carried on springs over
the axle boxes, thus reducing dead
weight, and the ends are united trans-
versely, thus making one side assist the
other in resisting shocks and affording
means to secure the brakes to the out-
side of the wheels, where they can be
easily inspected, applied or removed.
A Baltimore (Md.) man who deman-
ded \$3500 from a street railroad company
as damages for the alleged breaking of
his arm was offered \$100 as a com-
promise, and refused it, and was then
subjected to the test of the X-ray,
which showed that his heavily band-
aged arm was not broken and never
had been. Then he offered to settle
for \$25, but the company was no
longer in a compromising mood.
A practical use for asbestos has been
devised by a Yankee, who has converted
it into shoes for the use of workmen
in foundries and smelting works. In
the intense heat of these factories
ordinary leather hob-nailed shoes,
such as are generally worn, last but
two or three weeks. Shoes of asbestos
are not affected by the heat, and seem
practically indestructible. The mater-
ial had not previously suggested
itself to anyone.

Living Mummy.
The Academy of Medicine in Paris
is just now studying one of the most
extraordinary human beings who have
ever been born into this world. He is
known as the man mummy, and one
glance at his ghastly face and body
shows that he deserves the title, says
the New York Herald.
The phenomenon being is named
Castagna, and, according to the civil
register of Paris, he is now
twenty-eight years old. He is
about four feet high and he weighs
only forty-three pounds. Even
with his clothes on he is a most
singular-looking object—a veritable
lusus naturae. His forehead is large,
and over it is stretched a thick cov-
ering of parchment-like skin. His eyes,
are quite round and are wide open,
like the eyes of night birds. His nose,
too, reminds one of such birds, for
not only is it entirely without flesh,
but it is also curved in the form of a beak,
drooping in this fashion over a mouth
in which the teeth are always be-
set together as though in a grimace.
Altogether, the head and face are so
unpleasant and so horrible that it is im-
possible to set down anything like a
vivid description of them on paper.
His arms and the legs are inconceiv-
ably thin and slender. Bones and
nerves are pressed close against each
other, and the tight skin holds them
together as though it were a sheath of
India rubber. The whole body is, in-
deed, a miracle of frailness and
meagerness, and the wonder is that a
good puff of wind does not blow it
away.

Prepared to Swim the Ditch.
A short time ago a man put in his
appearance in an Oregon city and
secured a stopping place in the coun-
try a short distance from town. He
stated he was from Chicago and had
come to Oregon for his health. One
morning after he had been at his stop-
ping place a few days he asked a farm
hand how far it was to the foot of the
mountain. The distance did not look
more than two miles, and on receiving
the reply that it was fifteen miles he
smiled and said he would walk over
and back before breakfast, and he gay-
ly, he would give him an appetite,
and accordingly set out across the
bottom. After breakfast the farm
hand and another man, who was stop-
ping at the place, started out on horse-
back in the direction he had taken.
After they had gone about three miles
they came upon him taking off his
clothes and standing beside a little
ditch about three feet across, which
was running full of water. On being
asked what he meant, he said that he
had been fooled and was not going to
be fooled again. On being told that
they could give him an appetite,
they replied: "Well, I started
out to walk over that mountain,
thinking it was not more than two
miles distant, and have got fooled, as
it looks as far off as ever, and I'm not
going to be fooled again. I am going
to swim this ditch."—Ashland Town
Talk.

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

Rain and sun, red and sun,
Cloud and wind in the sky;
White roads that westward ran,
Banks where a man may lie,
Sleep and dream that his tramping's done
And the long, long liltensome bagan,
Crickets chirp by the fire,
Grasshoppers wild are we,
The white road's our desire
Where foot and tongue wag free,
And kisses grow upon every briar,
And dreams are hanging from every tree
Cloud and wind, cloud and wind,
These be our friends, instead;
Every bush keeps kind
Shade for a vagrant head,
Sweet, let the dull world lag behind,
The beckoning road runs on ahead,
—Black and White.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.
The bill collector looks forward to a
promising career—Adams Freeman.
Dyer—"Cut me a fashionable
tailor?" Duall—"No; he does strictly
cash business."—Put.

"Willie is absolutely madly in love
with me." "How do you know?" "He
told me he would work for me, if the
worst happened!"—Answers.
Miss Haggum—"Frank has frac-
tured our engagement." Miss Quizen
—"How is that?" Miss Haggum—
"He fell and broke his right arm."
"They did nothing at Mrs. Dumpy-
Dimple's reception but talk about the
weather." "Well, what greater variety
could you desire at this time of the
year?"

"What's the matter between Blima
and his typewriter?" "He thought
when he hired her that he was going
to dictate to her, but he has discovered
his mistake."—Detroit Free Press.
Apparent Customer (inquiringly)—
"Got any clean collars and cuffs?"
Storekeeper—"Plenty, sir, plenty."
Apparent Customer (coolly)—"Then
why don't you wear some?"—Hartford
Times.

"But we cannot live on papa," pro-
tested the savage's bride-to-be. "He
is dreadfully poor." "We can wait
until he is fatter!" exclaimed the
youth, for love is brave.—Detroit
Journal.
Reals—"Is Bagley head over heels
in debt?" Reals—"Yes, I hear so. He
signed a contract with his tailor to pay
\$2 a night for the hire of a dress suit
he returned it. After the second
night it was stolen!"—Philadelphia
Press.

"Why do you insist upon taking
your wife out for such long walks in
this rough weather?" "The doctor has
told her that she must be very careful
not to talk when she is out in the cold
air." "Say, who's your doctor?"—
Cleveland Leader.
"This," remarked the victim, with
great presence of mind, as the dynamite
exploded, "puts me quite out of
countenance!" It was evident at the
funeral that if he had waited till he
launched he wouldn't have had the face
to say it.—New York Press.
"Papa," said the darling daughter
of the household, "how did you pro-
pose to mamma?" "Don't ask me,"
answered the old man. "I can't re-
member a thing about it. Go and ask
your mother." She managed the whole
affair.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"This is not the umbrella I lent you
six months ago," remarked Tempus as
he surveyed the article Whifflet had
returned. "Oh, yes, it is," replied
Whifflet. "I've had it recovered and
a new handle inserted, but it is the
very same umbrella."—Judge.
Margerie, aged four, had just been
told the story of Little Red Riding
Hood in, as the raconteur thought,
very thrilling style. At the conclusion
Margerie asked nonchalantly: "Did
the wolf eat Little Red Riding Hood
without any butter?"—Washington
Times.

"You say that George Huxley has
lost a fortune? I don't understand
how that can be. I didn't suppose
that he ever had more than \$5 at a
time in his life." "He never has, but
the father of the girl that he expected
to marry failed yesterday."—Cleveland
Leader.
"Why is that you, Mr. Twiddle?"
shrieked the inquisitive lady at the
man in the steamer chair. "I thought
you were dead." "Just keep on think-
ing so, mamam," said Twiddle, as the
ship gave another lurch, "and I'll try
to verify the report in a few minutes."
—Washington Times.

Fourth Floor Neighbor (spologeti-
cally)—"Does my baby annoy you
when it cries?" Fifth Floor Neighbor
—"No, indeed! I like it." Forth
Floor Neighbor (pleased)—"Oh! I'm
so glad!" Fifth Floor Neighbor—
"Yes; it drowns the noise your
daughter makes on the piano."—Pack.

An Unwritten Law.
It is one of the unwritten laws that
the President shall never go beyond
the boundary line of the country dur-
ing his term of office, and naval men
say that as soon as the President's
ship loses soundings he is out of the
jurisdiction of the Nation. This is
not literally true, however, for all
along the Atlantic seaboard, from the
Virginia capes to New York, there is
what is known as the 100-fathom
mark, extending far out in the ocean
beyond the three-mile limit, declared
by international law to be the extreme
limit of jurisdiction that a country
has over its ocean boundary.

The Hide in Evidence.
A Chicago man who sued a killing car
company for \$5000 damages for striking
his \$2000 St. Bernard dog, which was
said to be one of the largest in America,
brought the case to court as one of his ex-
hibitions. An egg made of the
skinned head of his dog. The
juror seemingly greatly impressed
by its appearance, but gave a verdict
for the company.

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But that which you find.

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