Terms, - \$1.00 Per Year. No subscriptions received for a shorter period than three months. Correspondence-solicited from all parts of the country. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Five nuntred and thirty million bushels is the official estimate of the United States wheat grop for 1897.

New York claims to be growing healthier. The death rate has docreased six and a half per cent. since , 1891.

The Pennsylvania Bankers' Association has voted to organize a chapter of the association, whose purpose shall be the erection in Philadelphia of a bronze statue of Robert Morris, the patriotic financier of the Revolution, and the founder of the first organized banks in the State of Pennsylvania and the United States.

Mr. Peary, the Arctic explorer, speaking of the generous gift of the Windward made to him by Mr. Harmsworth, the London publisher, expresses great gratification over this striking exhibition of English good feeling. He considers it another link in the long chain of international courtesies exchanged in Arctic explor-

It is thought that the influence of the French language, with its unaspirated h, is the primary cause of that letter being so much ignored by English people. Grench having been spoken so long in England and the people near the coast having come in contact continually with that language, an indelible impression, it is said, is left upon it, increased now by

According to the Chief of the Pennsylvania State Bareau of Bailroads, the bicycle is hurting the business of the railroads. He says: "In cities like Harrisburg and many others it cannot be gainsaid that the bicycle has become a most serious competitor of the railway. To reinforce this view low?" of the case an observation was made on Third street in that city during the month of October, 1897. The observation covered two days, from seven in the morning to six in the manded me not to speak to you."
"No, she didn't," said Jeff. "She evening. During that time 6078 persons passed a given point, 1962 in the cars and 4116 on bicycles; 677-10 per cent. on bicycles and 32 3-10 per cent. on the cars, or more than two to one in favor of the wheel."

city recently, deplored the fact that the law had become so largely a trade the door behind him and led her into "But fire is good for fraud. How only for a long, deep, silent fit of the parlor as he added: "What did well it all burns! Therego the deeds, thinking. At the end of it she arose following day Dr. Edward Everett you hear? Tell me the whole of it."

Hale, in an address before an educational body in the same city on "Mor. Lapham said to Steve that as like a flash."

At the end of it she arese from her chair with a hard-drawn Madeleine, and she, to although she remarked:

"Mr. Lapham said to Steve that as like a flash." tional body in the same city on "Morality in the Public Schools," made the declaration: "There is danger of the managers of a great machine taking more pride in the machine and its workings than in the results it turns out. This is the danger in our public schools." These words will, of course, be resented as the views of pessimists; yet they come from men qualified to speak as public teachers, and coming simultaneously they gain an emphasis which must command attention. We are accustomed to flatter ourselves with the idea that our development along material lines necessarily involves a corresponding development along intellectual and moral-lines. However that may be, the fact can no longer be denied that the commercial instinct is beginning to dominate almost every action of our

Anent the agitation in the South for more diversified farming as a partial remedy for the alleged over-produc. tion of cotton, a correspondent of the Charleston News and Courier directs attention to the fact that many years ago South Carolina had a place in the records as an exporter of wheat flour and of corn. The flour exports began about 1760 and continued into the present century until cotton supplanted wheat. It is believed that much more flour was manufacted in the State one hundred years ago than now, although population and resources have multiplied many fold. A century and a half ago corn was "an important article of export" from the State, and the trade continued for over fifty years, as there is a record of about 100,000 bushels exported in plied; but his hand was on the knob 1792. Not long thereafter corn became an article of import, and some years ago was reported as "the largest" article of that character. What was done with the soil of the State 100 years ago, the Courier says, can be done again. In one country the growing and grinding of wheat for local consumption has been undertaken, and other counties are advised to follow the example. "We have proved by a long and stumbling experience," the Courier says, "that cotton does not take the place of wheat as the 'staff of life,' and that no community can thrive whose only manufacturing industry is that of ginning the fibre for markel."

FOREST REPUBLICAN.

VOL. XXX. NO. 43.

TIONESTA, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEB. 9, 1898.

\$1.00 PER ANNUM.

THE DEASONS OF THE BATTER

If we be blitbe and warm at heart, If we be sound and pure within,
Ne sorrow shall abide with us
Longer than dwells the sin;
Though autumn fogs the landscape fold,
Though autumn tempests roam,
Our summer is not over yet—
We keep the sun at home.

But if our heart be void and cold,
Be sure no good will live therein,
But sorrow for the norrow's sake,
And sin because of sin;
And aye the dropping of the leaf,
And aye the falling of the snow,
Aud aye the barron, barren earth—
Though summer winds do blow.
—Edward Wilbur Mason, in Youth's Companien.

光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光光

THE RIDDLE OF A LOCK.

By WILLIAM O. STODDARF.



and even a comba-tive look, as he stood in the wind-swept piazza, with his hand upon the hall-pull He bell-pull. He and your mother to Jacob Lapham. seemed about to You and she did actually sign them ring again, when all.' and he stepped

quickly in, while a graceful form re- witnesses and a notary." ceded timidly before him. A pair of to him:

"Madeleine," he bluntly exclaimed, 'what does this mean?"

'Mr. Lapham! Steve Lapham!" "Old Jacob Lapham's only your stepfather. He has no authority over His son is a fraud!

"Oh, Jeff, dear! that is the trouble! They have made her forbid me to speak to you! I cannot disobey her! She is dying! They have almost made her make me promise. Oh, Jeff, dear, I'm almost crazy!"

"I should say you were," he growled, with a fierce light dancing across his face. "It was time for me to come. Is your mother really so

"She may last many days yet; per-haps not twenty-four hours. Stephen Lapham isn't there, but his father doesn't leave her for a minute. I've no chance to see her alone. She com

only repeated something after old Jake Lapham. What she was forced to say was no command of hers. Do b Old Jake did. As for Steve, the

"Don't I know what he is?" said

didn't know I heard—"
"What did they say?" demanded Jeff, as she hesitated, and he closed the door behind him and led her into

soon as mother died they would record all the deeds, before proving the will, and then they would own every dollar of the property. He said they could make me do what they pleased

"What deeds?" he asked, in a firm but unexcited way, that seemed to

'Deeds that mother made," she said. "Deeds and things that give them everything there is to give.

"Did you ever sign any papers yourself?" asked Jeff. "She couldn't do

"I don't know what they were," replied Madeleine. "I signed every paper they had on the table, the night they said she would die before morn-

"When was that?" he asked. "More than a month ago," she said; "and they put them all into the safe in the library.'

"I know where it is," said Jeff. "It's your own safe now. It opens with a combination lock. You know the numbers, of course, and how to

'No, I don't," she replied despairingly. "I never knew how to open it, I don't know the numbers, and I can't tell you. They've kept them a secret. Mother said once that it was the Declaration of Independence and the days of the week."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jeff, with almost a laugh; "that's a riddle. Is anybody in the library now?" "No," said Madeleine. "Nobody

goos there." Jeff's face was angry and stormy, in spite of his calm, reassuring manner, as he strode to the library-door and opened it. The room had a chilly, deserted look, and its grate was empty. A fireproof safe, of medium size, stood in one corner, and in an in stant the young man was kneeling be-

"This is your safe, Madeleine Lane," he said. "May I open it?" 'You may, but you can't," she reof the safe-lock, and her cheeks burned with feverish excitement as

she watched the quick, though careful, turns of his wrist. "Twice this way," she counted. "Three times that way. Once around

again-or was it twice? Just then she heard a faint click, and she saw the door of the safe swing wide open. It was as if a feat of necromancy had been performed before her eyes. Those of Jeff were searching the interior of the safe.

'Here they are!" he exclaimed, as | leine: he pulled out of a pigeon-hole a package of long-folded, legal-looking documents, and rose to his feet Please examine them with me, Made-

"This first lot," he said, turning them over, "are all deeds, of one sort sent his love to you."

HERE was upon his | or another, to your own father, two or face an intense, three to your mother, by which they

door opened "I didn't know what I was signing."

"Each deed acknowledges a large moist, dark eyes and a troubled face sum of money actually paid, and here were averted from his, and there was are the mortgages, bonds, notes, that a husky tremor in the voice which said old Jake Lapham paid that money out

"There never were any mortgages, said Madeleine, "but those are my own signatures—all of them." "They are dated as if they had been signed three years ago," he said; "as soon as you were old enough. It's a

very completely finished piece of robbery. Hellow! What's this?"
"She signed her will that very day, replied Madeleine. "Aunt Wickham and Judge Wickham, and two other ham, and we were all in mother's

room, but none of them knew what was in the will." "Exactly!" said Jeff. "How they

"I heard Mr. Lapham say, 'Sign here, and sign here,' 'said Madeleine. 'Judge Wickham was leaning over mother and saying something to her.'

Deacon Morris her executors. This know anything about. He muttered, other thing gives all to Jacob Lap- too, fiercely, even explosively, and at reasonable. She has no right to do ham and makes him sole executor, it, anyhow; and she really didn't do giving you only a life estate. It says ham and makes him sole executor, last he arose, exclaiming: a great deal more, but it's a fraud," At that moment he was lighting a

you going to do?"

'Nothing at all, he said, calmly. "But fire is good for fraud. How

"Dear me!" she said; but Jeff was once more investigating the safe. "Madeleine," he said, "here's a stack of greenbacks, and it's your own | hand in hers.

It is right where he can get it. Don't you think it ought to be in

a safer place?".
"It must be mine!" she exclaimed. "It can't be his! He hasn't anything. He meant to steal it, surely!"

"Meant to?" replied Jeff. "Why, he has already stolen it and hidden it here. This is your safe, to be sure, but it isn't safe enough. You are going to put your money into the Compton National Bank. Fifteen thousand dollars and more. All that old Jacob Lapham has stolen during several years, except what Steve has

one way or another.' "Put it into the bank for me, Jeff, said Madeleine. "I dare not, and I cannot bear to leave the house. W'I'll put the will right back where

found it," he said, as he did so. "They all saw it deposited here?"
"Yes," replied Madeleine. "Uncle Wickham and the witnesses came down and saw it put away there.'

"That's where they will find it. then, when they come to look for it, said Jeff, and he seemed to be worry ing in a very curious way around the lock of the safe. "There! That'll do, I guess, Now, Madeleine, I some way.

Not many, not very many, seconds later Jeff walked unconcernedly out of the house, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Madeleine, on the other hand, after closing the door be hind him, went slowly and thought-

fully upstairs. A door at her right opened at that A door at her right opened at that won't do to have anybody else open moment, and a tall, grim-looking that safe. We must let Madeleine woman stood in it.

"How is mother?" asked Madeleine. "Is Mr. Lapham there?" "He is asleep just now," said the

"She has not stirred or nurse. Madeleine walked past her into the room, and bent above an emaciated

form lying upon the bed. The face was placid, but there could e no misunderstanding of the message it conveyed.

"Oh, if I could but speak to her!" thought Madeleine, while her whole frame shook and her own face grew as white as was that upon which she was gazing, and then a faint whisper broke through her lips:

A pair of blue eyes opened languidand the nurse now at the window, did not hear as acutely as did Made

'My daughter! Kiss me!' So quick, so passionate, so agonizngly intense was that meeting at the lips; but Madeleine could now whis-"Jeff has been here mother,

...ve min my love, dear. My son! there were carriages at the door. There | THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. It is easier to leave you with was no occasion for remark, however,

bidden this sort of thing?"

"She is my mother, Mr. Lapham, "She is my morner, and you are not my father," said Madeleine, resolutely. "But I think it best not to speak to her again, just

There was a motion of a thin band on the coverlet, and it was obeyed. Madeleine stooped and kissed her mother, and then glided out of the sick-room, closely followed by the wrathful face of old Jacob Lapham,

As for Jefferson Meredith, his walk to the village had been rapid, and his first visit was made at the bank. His next errand was to a dingily respect-

able law office. "Judge Wickham," he said to the white-haired gentleman who wel-comed him, "Miss Lane is somehow "I didn't know what I was signing," aware that you and Deacon Morris gasped Madeleine, "But there were are executors of her mother's will

> "I had an idea, from herself, that I was to be one of them-

"And she wishes you to be ready to act at once. She is not upon good terms with old Jake and Steve." "Ugh!" exclaimed the old lawyer.

"Tell her I'll be ready."
Perhaps it was as well that Madeleine watched at her window, looking toward the village, and that Jeff was not again compelled to ring the doorbell, for at the moment when she admitted him old Jacob Lapham was in the library.

"You take care of the bank-book," she said, when he had swiftly degentlemen, came here with Mr. Lap- tailed his business doings. "Don't to Madeleine! Fil take possession at

His face had darkened cloudily over what she had herself told him, but it cleared somewhat as he turned away. did work the matter! Here are two Even Madeleine did not hear him say wills, made the same day. How could they make those stupid witnesses sign twice?"

Lyan Made the was going to himself, aloud, as he was going down the steps: "Oh, but don't I wish I could see old Jake and Steve at work on that safe!"

Madeleine reached her room again unobserved, all the more safely because her stepfather was crouching "He was unsuspecting," said Jeff.
"This is really her will, giving all to you and making Judge Wickham and knew, but which the lock refused to

"Well! If I can't open it, nobody else can. Sometimes those things will work so. I've known it happen be-Says the Philadelphia Record: Madeleine, hysterically. 'Didn't I the library-grate.

Justice Patterson of New York, in a hear what his father said to him? They didn't know I heard—" things fixed so that the property can't was fixed s match and removing the blower from fore. At any rate, I've got all those deeds."

Madeleine lingered in her room from her chair with a hard-drawn Madeleine, and she, too, was calm, The form upon the bed lay very

still, but the loving blue eyes opened as Madeleine again grasped the thin

"I gave your message to Jeff, mother. He sent his love to you

"I wish I could see him. My son! she whispered. "Say good-by to him for me, dear. Kiss me, Madeleine. There-there good-by.' There was a heavy hand upon Mad-

eleine's shoulder, as she rose, but she did not turn her fixed gaze from her mother's face. "What does she mean?" he harsh-There was no answer in words, but

ly, hoarsely demanded. "Her son?" even Jacob Lapham turned pale, and the advancing nurse drew back again, while Madeleine sank upon her knees -for they were all suddenly aware that the last messenger had come. For Madeleine Lane all earthly things were veiled and put away. That

our of sobs and silence was no time to consider questions of property. There were others in the house lowever, whose business activities were hindered, very apparently, less by he presence of death than by the strange perverseness of the lock of the safe in the library. The knob of it was

twisted and twisted in the most weari-'Steve," remarked an anxious voice, at last, "we must have that money out! The deeds and mortgages must be recorded! Only one will must be found there! This is awful!"

"We've some days yet, father, and "We must do it ourselves, then. It

done, too, until after the funeral.' "I don't care," growled Steve, "so long as Jeff Meredith is kept out of the house. Her Aunt Wickham is up

there with her now." Aunt Wickham remained with Madleine all through the long, dark night of the first mourning. Then followed the strange days of interval between a death and a burial. Old Jacob Lapham had a great deal of walking up and down in the parlor to do, for was a bereaved man, with more than

one grief to carry. The lock of the

safe had much twisting to endure, but

it still refused to remember its num-Judge Wickham came in, and Mr. Lapham began to say something to him about the safe and its contents, and its conduct.

"Pooh, pooh, Jacob!" responded the old lawyer; "you are in no condition for business. It's no time for it, eith-Wait till after the funeral. I'll atad to everything for you just now. Madeleine, too-she's all broken

day came, and at the hour appointed city.

when the mourners came out of the Just then the nurse turned sudden- house, in the fact that Madeleine

ly from the window, and a burly form | leaned on the arm of Judge Wickham, which had lain upon a sofa near it and entered a carriage with him and sprang vigorously to its feet and strode his wife, her mother's sister, and with her mother's friend, Mrs. Meredith. "Madeleine Lane! how dare you? If her stepfather and stepbrother did She must not talk! Have I not for not like it, that was not the time for them to say so, or to employ author-

The house was regained and was reentered by the family party, and nobody else seemed to notice that Judge now. If I did think best I should do Wickham went in last, and that, as he did so, he took the key out of the door

and put it in his pocket.
"Wickham," raid Mr. Lapham, as the old lawyer joined the rest in the parlor, "come in here a moment. I can't open the safe. Nobody else knows the combination, but it won't open. Her will is there-

"Try it again, Jacob-try it again," said the judge, placidly. "You been too agitated, too nervous...." "We'll have to have it blown open," aid Mr. Lapham; "but just to show

And he did try it, with estentations precision, in full confidence that the ock would continue its obstinacy, but when he remarked, "There!" and gave hard pull, open flew the door of the safe and its contents were on public exhibition.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Lapam, springing to his feet. "Remarkable! "There's the will," said Judge Wick-

ham, calmly, as he sent a long arm in and pulled out a paper lying in full

The eyes of Jacob Lapham were frantically searching the interior of the big iron man for something which they did not seem to find. "That is all. All correct," continued Judge Wickham. "Deacon Morris and I are executors. Everything goes

once. That is, I'll leave her in full possession. "Give me that paper!" roared Jacob Lapham. "It isn't the will!"

"Yes, it is!" replied the judge. "I know the signatures. I saw it put there. I was here. It's all right, Jacob.

"There's another will! The safe has been robbed! Money missing! Papers missing! I'm robbed!" "It isn't your safe, Jacob; it is Miss Lane's safe. If there is another will, produce it."

"Leave the house! I'm in control here! Get out! I'm in possession!
"I think not," answered Judge
Wickham. "Your authority has ceased. Miss Lane is in possession. She is absolute, unquestionable owner.

You and Steve must go!" It was of little use to storm, but of course there was a storm, and it was all the worse because of the bewildering conduct of that safe. It contained no other will, and when Judge Wickham shut it up it almost seemed to wink at him. The Judge did not storm, but he was firm, and so was

"If Stephen were a gentleman he would not wish to remain, knowing, as he does, how utterly I detest him. After what you have said and done, Mr. Lapham, you must go at once. All that belongs to you has been put

into your own room. "Come upstairs," Steve," said his father; and as soon as they were in Steve's room, he added: "Wickham is going out to find Morris. as he is gone we will search that safe. "We'll clean it out, too," said

Hardly had they left the library, however, before Jefferson Meredith came in from the dining-room, where he had passed most of his time during the funeral services, and once more he worried the lock of the safe a little. "Is it all right, Jeff?" asked Judge Wickham. "Am not I to know the new combination? Can't you explain it to me?"

"Simplest thing in the world," said Jeff "Lots of people remember their safe combinations that way. The riddle was no riddle at all.

"Independence, Fourth of July, and the days of the week? How was it? I must say it's a riddle to me. "Why," said Jeff, "don't you see it? The year, 1776. The days, 7. vide so-17-7-76, to get your three numbers. Twist the knob the usual way. That did it."

"How is it now?" asked the lawyer. "All independence and freedom, aid Jeff. "It is 17-21-76, and that's what'll puzzle old Jacob when he comes down stairs. But it's a good thing to know how to set and reset a

Jeff was in another part of the house when the Laphams were puzzled, but he knew how it was. Even the lock emed to enjoy it as they tried to make it once more remember its old numbers.

groaned old Jacob; "but we can't get That, also for them, meant that their plot had failed, and that they

"It's an awful riddle, Steve,"

nust get out. Only a few weeks later Jefferson Meredith was slowly, thoughtfully turning a plain gold ring upon one of Mrs. Madeleine Merclith's fingers. "I feel so safe now," she said; "and

it is what mother would have wished. 'Madeleine," he answered her, "there are some combinations of which only God knows the secret. This is one of them, and it is locked forever."-McC.'s Monthly.

A place for physicians to emigrate

to is the city of Hamah, south of

Aleppo. Though it contains 60,000 inthe eye, in particular, are rampant, Another night passed and another there is not a single physician in the

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

looked-The Precious Innocent-Not Excited-Judging by the Sound-Didn't Want to Be Harried-Reforming, Etc. He had faced some angry mole, he had

speken from the stump;
He had been spon the platform, too;
But he lost his nerve and blushed and felt He a silly chump.

When his wifey took him trailing through the big department stores that were crowded to the doors.

With women who appeared to think that

Had pushed himself into where everybody

knew a modest, manly man should never, never be. -Washington Star. A Bad Shot.

Ethel-"Why does lightning never rike twice in the same place?" Dick-"Can't find the place."-Yellow Book.

The Precious Innocent. He-"Do you think there is really any danger in kissing?" She - 'Wait till I go on the stairs and listen to find out whether papa is

asleep or not." Didn't Want to Be Hurried. Lena-"Why are you in such a hurry for Jack to propose?" Edith-"I want to have plenty of

time to think the matter over before accepting him.' He Was Overlooked. Ziggs (slapping his friend on the

back)-"Well, it's settled, old man; the cards are out." Zaggs (who didn't get one)they run out?"-Detroit Journal. Judging by the Sound.

Mrs. Grady-''O, Pat! Ol t'ink the baby 's got somethin' in his t'roat!" Mr. Grady-"So do Oi, begorrah! And Oi'm t'inkin' it's either a foghorn or a locomotive phwhistle!"-Puck.

Not Excited.

"I hear," said the zephyr, "that you have been raging through the Northwest." howled the blizzard. "I was quite cool."--Indianapolis Journal.

"My wife can tell what time it is in the middle of the night when it is pitch

'How does she do it?" "She makes me get up and look at the clock,"-Chicago Record.

A Matter of Conjecture. She-"She feels hurt because she has heard that you said she was no chicken,' He-"Oh! I wonder if the average young lady would consider it a com-

Not Necessary. "I suppose," said the village deacon to the minister, "that your constant

prayer is that you may ever be poor and humble?" "Not exactly," replied the minister, "I pray that I may remain humble,

but my congregation attends to the other part of it."-Chicago News, Reforming.

"Your money or your life!" shouted the footpad. "I have no money," said the vic-

tim, "and my life will be of no use to "I don't know about that," plied the footpad. "I have

thinking for some time of trying a new life."—Philadelphia North American, Just Before the Engagement. "I see they have a machine now for photographing one's thought's,'

he said for want of something better "I wish you could photograph mine," she returned,

"Why?" he asked. "Possibly it would encourage you a little," she answered. Shortly thereafter it was decided

that he should "see papa" just as soon

as he could muster up sufficient cour-

age,-Chicago Post. Colffure. "You love me not!" she cried pet-

ulantly. "Don't say that!" he urged in a pained way. "But it is true!" she retorted de-

"Yes." he admitted. "Aha!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, it's true," he continued, as caressed the Psyche arrangement

"I do love it, and it's very becoming to you, but 'me knot' is such horrible grammar, you know."-New York Journal.

People Who Never Undress. "Whatever are you crying for now, Johnny?" asked his mother. don't see why a boy should shed tears

because he has to go into a warm bed

"It's so cold to undress," blub-

this cold weather.

bered Johany. "I wish I was like some people as don't have to undress. oin a society.' "Don't be foolish! Everybody has to undress to go to bed. You can't join a society to escape undressing.

You don't want to be a savage, do "You can join a society where you don't have to undress sometimes,' persisted Johnny.

"I should like to bear about that observed his mother, amused. "I don't know any member "Yes, you do," whimpered the boy.

"Every time dad goes to the lodge he

ets in bed without undressing, 'cos

I've seed him in the morning. He had to sleep in the dark as a punishment.-Pearson's Weakly.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, one inch, one insertion. \$ 1 00
One Square, one inch, one month. \$ 300
One Square, one inch, three months. \$ 600
One Square, one inch, one year. \$ 10 00
I wo Squares, one year. \$ 15 00
Quarter Column, one year. \$ 50 00
One Column, one year. \$ 100 00
Lecal advertisements ten cents per line each insertion.

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

Job work—cash on delivers.

WINTER.

Merry, though the moon shines pain And the wind-tossed branches wall; Purest crystals float and fall; There they sparkle, Here they darkle, On the pine and lonely wall,

Merry, though the stream is still 'Neath the cold and trackless bill: There the realms of Hesper glow: Twilight lingers, Shining fingers Gild the sleeping fields of snow. Genesic Richardson, in Woman's Home

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It is very seldom that we seriously regret anything we didn't say .- Life, When a woman runs it is a mean man who will use his camera. Somer-

ville Journal. Judge-"Why did you steal the com-plainant's turkeys?" Prisoner-"He had no chickens, your Honor."-De-

troit Journal. She-"Why is it called the 'silver moon?" He-"Because it comes in halves and quarters, I suppose."-

Chicago News. Bacon-"And he's kind-hearted, is he?" Egbert-"Kind-hearted? Why, I don't believe he ever said an unkind word, even to an alarm clock!'

"What would you do if you had only ten cents in the world, Kitty?" would buy earamels with it to raise my spirits."—Chicago Record.

Doubtful: Spendley-"Well, if my money should go, dearest, you'd still have me!" Mrs. Spendley—"Don't you be too sure about that?"—Puck.

Instruction: Johnny - "And does the gasmeter measure the quantity of gas you use?" Papa-"No, my son; the quantity you have to pay for."-

"Ma, is there any pie left in the pantry?" "There is one piece, but you can't have it." "You are mistaken, ma, I've had it."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. "He told me to get off the earth. What do you suppose he meant?" "He seemed to think that you needed

bath, evidently." - Louisville

Courier-Journal. "You may fetter my body," he shouted, "but my mind will wear no chain!" In other words, the wheel in his head was of the '98 pattern .-Indianapolis Journal.

Customer (in restaurant) - "This beefsteak must be at least three weeks old, isn't it?" Waiter-"Don't know, sah; I'se only been heah two weeks, sah."--Chicago News, Raggs-"Say, do you believe that story of the goose laying the golden egg?" Jaggs-"Well, it would be

just like a goose to do such a foolish thing."-Chicago News. Sloper (as Miss Eastlake, his intended, finishes a solo)-"What a voice!" Duncan (who has been repliment to be called chicken?"jected by Miss Eastlake)-"Yes, what

a voice!"-Harlem Life. A North of England paper says: "We have adopted the eight-hour system in this office. We commence work at 8 o'clock in the morning and close at 8 in the evening."-Tit-Bits.

Matilda-"Have you spoken to papa?" Bertie-"Yes; I asked him through the telephone and he answered: 'I don't know who you are, but it's all right." -- Pick-Me-Up. Not Necessarily: Walter - "So

Bilker rents that forty-dollar-a-month

house of yours, does he? He pays too much rent." Landlord (sighing) -"You don't know him."-Puck. "Men's promises," the young wife said between sobs, ' are like pie-crust "That's tough," said the young husband, and then she got angry

enough to cry. - Indianapolis Journal. The Klondiker who returns with \$400) in gold dust usually estimates the claim left behind at \$500,000. It is well to keep these assets in a separate class.-St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Bride-"Counting your change,

George? It has been an expensive

trip, hasn't it?" George - "That's It looks as if this honeymoon would soon be off its last quarter."-Puck. Bapturous Youth - "Darling, my salary is \$20 a week. Do you think you could live on that?" His Af-

flanced—"Why, yes, George, I can get along on that. But what'll you live on?"—Chicago Tribune. Bingham-"Bonner is so aggravatingly self-possessed." Yes. He could wear a checked golf suit at a wedding and earry himself as though the groom was a mere caddy."

- Philadelphia North American. "I have been complimented a great many times on my stage presence, said the amateur with a disposition to monopolize things, "Yes," replied the weary manager, "you're all right on that point. What you want to cultivate now is an occasional stage absence, "-Washington Star.

Robbins-"What in the world does Hardy Upton mean by wearing a winter overcoat and a summer suit?" Dobbins-"Why, a report got around that he had to soak his summer suit before he got his winter overcoat out, Hardy is trying to prove that the report is unfounded." -Pack. "Colonel Blood," says the current issue of the Weekly Battle Ax, "bas

retraction of our remark that he was a

famous liar. We retract cheerfully

and fully, and do so by hereby stating

that the esteemed colonel is an in-

famous liar."-Indianapolis Journal. Clarence-"Genevisve, why will you not hear me? Cau't you s I am dying for your love? Tell me, tell me that you will-" Genevieve (interrupting)-"Oh, please go away and come some other time when I'm not busy. Can't you see that I'm right in the middle of this murder case?"-Cleveland Leader.