A LAUGH IN CHURCH.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor;
She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meeting house windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honey bees
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees,
She thought of a broken basket
Where curled in a dusky heap,
Three sleek, round puppies with fringy ears
Lay muggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling cushiony feet;
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Ran over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.
—Pittsburg Times.

DISAPPOINTED.

Of course it would be a disappointment.

I had recently returned from abroad and had been called upon by duty to journey down to the deserted village of Mayburn to pay proper respects to my aunt and to make the acquaintance of the cousin who had just left school.

I had never seen her before, except, perhaps, as a baby, but I could picture her exactly. Dressed in the vile country style, very likely freckled, and a wearer of spectacles; crammed to the throat with the new education and individuality of women doctrine, certainly. And, of course, for aunt possessed no tact at the best of times, I should be left alone with this interesting female for the greater part of a hot summer afternoon. She was 18, too. A most offensive age.

Well, I should have to be polite; talk to her aunt of my experiences abroad, and then, if I had luck, I could plead the excuse of dinner in town and escape by an early train.

The train jolted itself to a standstill. A crowd of loafers posed as professional eyesores in front of a grimy inn and commented upon my appearance. What a place! A stupid-looking servant told me that the ladies were in the garden, so to the garden, grumbling, I had to go. Certainly it was all awfully pretty. I began to wonder how I was looking.

"You've never met Ida before, Philip," I heard aunt saying. "Well, here she is."

I believe I said something. I might have remarked upon the weather, but am not sure. I know that there was a lot of gold, fluffy hair and some blue eyes.

"I must leave you to entertain each other for a few minutes. You will hear the luncheon gong out here." And the old lady withdrew. Really, aunt has wonderful tact.

We began to talk. I never found talking come so easily. "So you really are my cousin?"

"I believe I am. But I hope you don't mind. It's not my fault, you know." A funny little smile quivered round her mouth. She covered it up with a white rose.

"I didn't think you'd be a bit like what you are," I said, wildly.

"People never are what you expect them to be. I'm sorry you're disappointed.

"I'm not. I think you're——" I didn't know what to say.

"What?" She certainly was laughing now.

"Indescribable."

Her face was half buried in the rose, and two bright eyes looked at me over the petals. "I've known lots of girls—indescribable. They weren't all nice. Some were horrid. But you must have been disappointed—really. There are pleasant disappointments, just as much as there are unpleasant ones."

"In what way were you disappointed when you saw me?"

"I saw your last photograph."

"It was an awfully libelous one," I hastened to say.

"It was. It flattered you horribly. I wonder you weren't ashamed of it."

"I was; not because it flattered me."

"I'm glad you admit that. I have one or two theories, you know. One must have a little excitement."

"What is this particular theory?"

"That men are vainer than girls. No, you're not to say anything, it would lead to an argument, and that wouldn't be fair. It doesn't need a reply, does it?"

"No; I suppose not."

"I've quite proved my point, haven't I?

"Rather." Somewhat absently, because I was wondering how I could miss the last train from Mayburn that evening.

I believe I must have moved. Anyhow she seemed nearer.

"Now we'll talk about something else."

"You, for instance," I ventured.

"That would be as dull as—as the books I read to mother. Such words! I have to twist my mouth into all imaginable shapes."

"Give me an example."

She thought for a moment, while I thought, too, that I should like to be the word that she was thinking about.

"Psychol-og-ic-al." It came very slowly.

I believed I moved again, for she stepped back.

"Isn't that an awful word!" She made a little distracting hoop of her mouth. I began to feel strange.

"Don't say that again," I said.

Her eyes opened in wondering circles. "Why not?"

"Because—I'll tell you later on.'

"O—h!" Suddenly—"Isn't this a pretty rose?'

"I have seen a prettier."

"Oh!" What a delicate drawing in of a lower roseleaf lip.

"I mean I do see a prettier."

"I'm quite sure that isn't true."

"Did you ever know me to tell an untruth?"

She pulled out the tiniest, most delightful watch. "I've known you just eleven minutes."

"And seconds?" I demanded, determined to have my due.

"Sixteen, about. But you shall have the benefit of the doubt; I'll say twenty. And you are surprised because you haven't told me an untruth during that time. Oh, Mr. Percival!"

"You have caught me in the act," I said, quite triumphantly, "unless you wish to withdraw your statement."

"I never withdraw anything."

"I shall bind you down to that."

"All right. Really, I don't see any rose besides this one."

"I have the advantage over you. Of course, now, if I were a looking-glass——"

"Oh, that is what you mean. Not Stand just where you are, and don't move until we hear the luncheon gong."

It had been a very little movement, but I obeyed.

"But Ida——"

"Ida!"

"Of course. We're cousins, aren't we? Cousins always call each other by their Christian names."

"Are you quite sure?"

"Certain," I answered, recklessly. "I shouldn't say so if I wern't. You'll call me by mine, won't you, Ida?"

"Per—haps. If I can pronounce it, if it isn't a word like psychol——"

"You're not to say that."

"I can't think why."

"My name isn't hard to pronounce. It's just Philip."

"I dare say I can manage that. P—h—i—l, phil; i—p, ip; add them up, Philip. What funny musical initials you've got, haven't you? P. P.—pianissimo, very soft. You're not very soft, are you—Philip? Oh! do you know what you're doing?"

"Standing here, talking to you."

"You know very well. Do you know what you're holding?"

"I couldn't help it. It seemed to come quite naturally."

"That's not any answer."

"No. But it's such a sweet little hand, and—you're not angry, Ida, are you?"

"Of course I am. Suppose some one should be hidden in the shrubbery with a—a kodak. I've heard of such things."

"Oh, no; there's nobody there. You don't want to take your hand away, you know."

"I do; but how can I, when you're squeezing it all up?"

"You said just now that you never withdrew anything." That was the moment of my triumph.

"Well, this is the exception, stupid!"

I looked her straight in the face. This was quite polite, because she was looking straight into mine.

My attention was distracted. Wriggling about among the silky threads of gold I saw a hideous, contemptible black insect, which had evidently fallen from the tree overhead.

"Keep still!" I cried; "there's a horrid beetle in your hair. Don't move your head."

There was a deep silence, which became broken by the faint clanging of the luncheon gong.

"Hurry up! mother hates me to be late." Then, in lower tones, "I don't believe there's anything in my hair at all, except your fingers."

It was curious how skillful that insect was in eluding my grasp, and how difficult it was to locate. I kept fingering little shining curls, where I thought I had seen it, but somehow it always escaped. At last it flew away, but I still kept on looking for it. Her face was so very near mine I had to stoop over her considerably to look for the insect.

I glanced down, and suddenly the lashes lifted. She tilted her head back. I looked upon the sweetest lips in the world, half parted, while little imps of mischief were darting about in her eyes.

"Philip," she said.

"Yes." It's wonderful how expressive you can make a monosyllable.

"Will you tell me, please, why you didn't want me to say psychological?"

I couldn't help it. Who could have blamed me?

I was unlucky enough to miss the last train from Mayburn that evening Another disappointment.—St. Paul's.

JUGGLING FIGURES 1899.

Results of the Work of an Arithmetical Genius.

If we add together the figures contained in 1899 we find they make 27, and these added give us 9. Subtract the first two figures, 18, from 99, and we have 81, which added make 9, and the letters comprising the words eighty-one are nine. Add the first two figures, 18, to 99, and we have 117; these figures, when added, again give us 9. If we add all the principal numbers thus far mentioned, viz., 1899, 18, 81, 117 and 27, the sum is 2,142, and these figures added give us 9. If we subtract 27 from 117 we have 90, which divided by 10 again gives us 9. By subtracting 117 from 1899 the remainder is 1,782; these figures, when added, give us 18, and these two when added give us 9. If we add 90 and 1,782, principal numbers, not included in first addition, to 2,142, obtained above, we have 4,014, and these figures, when added, again produce 9. Now, if we add the figures 1,899 to the last sum we have 5,913, and these added produce 18, which again being added the result is 9.

The combinations obtained above are very remarkable, but carrying them still further, with stranger results, we find that by adding 1,899 to the sums thus far obtained, viz., 4,014 and 5,913, the sum is 11,826, and by adding these figures we have 18, which added produce 9. Further, if we add the first figure of the above sum to the last two, viz., 118 to 26, we have 144, and these figures added give us 9.

We have now tried the results of addition and of subtraction on these mystic figures, and will now see what multiplication will do. If we multiply 18 by 99 the product is 1,782; these figures when added give us 18, and carefully add the numerals used in this multiplication we will find the addition to be 63, and by adding these we have 9. Now we will multiply the first three figures of the year by the last, viz., 189 by 9, we find 1,701, and by adding these figures we have 9, or if we add the numerals used in this calculation we find they amount to 36, and these added again produce 9. We will multiply the two products, obtained above, viz., 1,782 by 1,701, and we have 3,031,182; these figures added produce 18 and these added give us 9.

Innumerable changes could be rung on these mystic figures, but the most remarkable part is that the letters comprising the words eighteen ninety-nine are 18, and these two, when added, produce the inevitable 9.—Detroit Free Press.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

To prevent check reins from slipping off their hooks an Iowa man has designed a holder formed of a leather disk from the center of which a second disk is almost cut, leaving a portion unsevered at the rear, with a slit in the inner disk, which fits tightly over the hook.

An improved crutch has a rubber tip at the bottom for use in ordinary weather, with a steel point placed inside the rubber and attached to a knob on the side of the shank by which it can be pushed down below the rubber and held there for use when the pavements are slippery.

Ropes of all sizes can be automatically measured by a new machine, which has a roller journaled in a casing around which the ropes are passed and then extended through openings of different size to correspond with the diameter of the rope, the roller turning pointers on a dial as it revolves.

Bel'eved Him.

He (indignantly)—I beg your pardon, miss, but I always keep my word.

She (complacently)—I can easily believe that, for no one would take it.—Washington Times.

At Home.

Indignant butcher—That dog of yours has been getting into my sausage.

Pointer—Well, he seems to know his place, doesn't he?—Yonkers Statesman.

In the Champions' City.

Fanleigh—Did you attend the baseball benefit at Ford's last night?

Wedleigh—No, the baby's teething, and I was at home doing things to benefit my own bawl tosser.—Baltimore News.

Misunderstood.

"I am sorry I bought one of those doormats with 'Welcome' on it."

"Why so?"

"Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 29,602]

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

Another Tumor Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MARY A. STAHL, WATSONTOWN, PA.

What Mrs. Pinkham's Letter Did.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhœa, I can say that I have been entirely cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and will gladly recommend them to my friends.

"Thanking you for your kindness, I am gratefully yours, A. B. DAVIDS, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y."

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

A GOOD deed never dies.

Cant carries no conviction.

Conscience without Christ is a sun dial without the sun.

By using what we have, we gain that which we have not.

Don't be molded by your circumstances; mold them.

True religion boils up from the bottom.

Cultivate the field of life clear up to the corners.

The Christian runs ahead of the commandments.

Unbelief puts up the bars when truth goes hunting.

The cry of the needy is the echo of the call of God.

A church race may be just as ungodly as any horse race.

The way to get over your troubles is to get under them.

You cannot be crooked with men and straight with God.

Don't be molded by your circumstances; mold them.

The man who lives for self is not missed when he dies.

Don't blow out the lamp of reason for the gas light of wit.

Either the saloon must go or our boys must continue to go—to hell.

The wise preacher looks for most trouble where he finds most taffy.

The man who does his own thinking becomes a focus for all the reflectors.

There is no slave so sadly bound as the one who thinks he is free to serve his own lusts.

What is the use of praying for the merchant when you make no effort to pay what you owe him?

Don't build the ginger-bread house of cheap reputation on the 10-cent foundation of inexperience.

We pray the Lord's prayer and then ask for things that would lead us into temptation and deliver us to the evil one.

PRETTY UNDERWEAR.

The variety of pretty silk and woolen underwear to be had at such reasonable prices is very tempting to dainty women, yet many refrain from purchasing such on account of their liability to injure in laundrying. If the work is properly done this trouble may be avoided. When ready to begin fill a tub half full of warm water, in which dissolve a fourth of a bar of Ivory Soap and wash the articles through it with the hands, rinse in warm water, and squeeze, but do not wring. Hang on the line and press while still damp.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Gratitude in the Elephant.

An engineer in Ceylon being about to approach an elephant was warned by its keeper to stand back because the animal was vicious. But the engineer paid no heed to the caution, and went straight to the stall of the creature, which began to caress him with its trunk. Seeing this strange thing, the keeper asked for an explanation. Then the engineer said the elephant had once been employed during the construction of a road from Jaffa to Kandy. One day a large thorn of an acacia-tree—"a jungle nail" as it is well called—entered its cheek just below the eye. The thorn broke short while the attendant was trying to take it out, and an angry, inflamed wound followed. The engineer fed and talked to the elephant, and then applied hot water poultices to the wound. This he did for a day or two, when, having thus won the creature's confidence, he cut down upon the thorn and got it out. The elephant had never forgotten this act of kindness, although years had passed since the engineer saw it again.

Comes A-A.

"Is Glister so wealthy?"

"I should say he was! Why, he's got that he doesn't have to pay bills."

Every man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when he is alone. This, to a great degree, moulds the man.

Be patient with every one, but above all with yourself.

FROM SUDDEN WEATHER CHANGES Come sometimes attacks of Soreness and Stiffness of muscles and joints.

ST. JACOBS OIL is prompt to act and sure of a prompt cure.

WORKING THE RUNNING CINCH.

Its Meaning and Economical Use Explained by a Western Sheriff.

"It is in the newly settled regions of the far West, where bad men congregate and turn loose, that the running cinch works to best advantage, and it saves costs to the community and trouble to the sheriff," said an ex-sheriff from New Mexico in the office of a downtown hotel last night. "It works well all 'round, and satisfies everybody concerned except the man that is cinched, and he never complains, because he's dead. You see it often happens that a sheriff in a wild and woolly region, with the best intentions, has a live prisoner on his hands that ought by all good rights to be planted. He is responsible for his safe-keeping in a jail that a cow could walk through, and he knows that the man is dangerous every minute that he lives. The prisoner's friends outside are plotting to help him escape, on the one hand, and, on the other, there is always the chance that the citizens get up a necktie party and call for the prisoner with a rope, which is a reflection on the sheriff, and gross disrespect to the majesty of the law. These things worry the sheriff, and he thinks he's stood enough of it; so he leaves matters loose in the jail, and there is not much of a watch kept that any one can see, and the prisoner, seeing nothing to hinder, walks out some day and runs for it. He does not get far. The sheriff has everything prepared, with men waiting, and the prisoner is bored and ballasted with lead before he has time to make much of a show as a pacemaker.

"The Mormons have used the possibilities of the running cinch the most systematically, and in the days when they held cards and spades in Utah a 'gentile' prisoner in their hands was liable to be overpersuaded if he declined to take advantage of the chances they gave him to run. During the building of the Union Pacific road through Utah the jail at Brighamville, forty miles from Salt Lake City, became famous for this. Although the prisoners comprised the toughest class of men, such as naturally flocked to the country as the railroad advanced, no effort was made to hold them in jail and a door or window was always left open somewhere at their service, should they feel inclined to walk out. But none ever got away, or outlived his experiment in breaking jail. The Mormons in official authority are always good shots, and the prison guard kept their practice up in this way.

"It was through an atrocious misuse of the running cinch that the great Apache chief, Mangas Colorado, was killed by United States soldiers about forty years ago. He had surrendered as a prisoner of war, and was held under guard in camp when the plot was made for his death. As he refused the opportunities given him to run, he was pricked with a red-hot bayonet thrust through the wall of the tent in which he was lying. At that he sprang from the tent and was killed by the guard as an escaping prisoner. This dastardly murder, which was wholly without justification, proved a costly crime for the government in the end. After this the Apaches would not trust the white man's word, and long wars followed as a consequence, in which thousands of lives were lost and vast expense incurred."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ten Weeks For 10 Cents

That big family paper, The Illustrated Weekly Sentinel, of Denver, Col. (founded 1890) ten weeks on trial for 10c.; clubs of 6, 50c.; 12 for $1. Special offer solely to introduce it. Latest mining news, illustrations of scenery, true stories of love and adventure. Address as above; mention this paper; stamps taken.

How sweet is affection! It softens all ills, and of all sentiments is the most soul-satisfying.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sorrow is the last development of moral strength. It comes sometime in all life to all persons.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

The artist gets a glimpse of Heaven in the meadow, where the farmer sees only so much hay.

MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend, but not one foe whom I would wish a friend.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The critic may not read one-third of the author's book, but the author reads every word of the criticism.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money

Improve everything you touch; leave everything better than you found it, and life will be a perpetual sunshine.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

He who seeks after what is impossible ought in justice to be denied what is possible.

A Minnesota woman has designed a buttonhole opener for use with buttonholing machines, consisting of a central handle with one end formed with a tapered point to cut the hole open, when the tool is reversed and a flat, double-edged blade is used to make the hole of the proper length.

A handy clothesrack for use outside of windows is formed of a number of bars hinged together to unfold on either side of the window, with rods running across the window from one set of bars to the other, to be brought within easy reach for hanging the clothes and extended for drying them.

"What have you here?" asked the fresh young man of the waiter at a first-class restaurant. "Everything, sir." "Everything?" sneeringly; "have it served at once." "Hash for one!" yelled the waiter.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Alexander Williamson went cosily to bed,
And on the soft white pillow he laid his weary head;
But at the very moment that his heavy eyelids fell,
A certain something happened which is terrible to tell.
And he was filled with wonderment that made him cold and mute,
For, standing up beside his bed, he saw his Sunday suit.
"O, Alexander Williamson"—it lifted up a sleeve—
"Your conscience is upbraiding you, I'm happy to believe.
For all the things you've done to me in such a careless way
Are quite enough to fill the heart with horror and dismay.
The first three days you knew me, you were careful as could be;
You kept me nicely dusted, and you didn't spill your tea.
But, oh, those happy days are gone, as happy days will go,
And if I seem a little dull, the reason you must know.
You've bulged my trouser-pockets until no one thinks them neat;
You tore a button off my coat and lost it in the street;
You scrambled up a bramble bank to catch a bumblebee,
And in your very shocking haste you tore a trouser knee."
Then, coming close beside the bed, it shook a wristband low;
"Now, Alexander Williamson, 'tis well that you should know
That though I do not often come to visit you in wrath,
I won't submit to every shame you heap upon the cloth.
Your roughness and your tyranny shall bear an awful fruit;
I'll go to rags and tatters and you shall not have a suit!"
And then it got so angry as it knelt against the bed,
That Alexander Williamson—he covered up his head.
Now if on any morning you should wander down our way
And chance to meet a little boy in wonderful array—
In clothes full neatly dusted, and highly polished boot—
It's Alexander Williamson—and in his Sunday suit.
—Little Folks.

Indians' Wash Day.

Indians have an old way of laundering their clothes. The garments are thrown in a trough and trod upon with the feet.

The effect of such treatment is to squash up the clothes into a soft condition and squash out much of—well, we shall call it the foreign matter that does not legitimately belong to them. The water in the trough is repeatedly replaced and the process of treading goes on till the clothes begin to assume, if not an immaculate appearance, at least a faint resemblance to their pristine hue.

THOUGH WHERE THEY DO LAUNDRY WORK.

A Fellow-Feeling.

Marjo sat on the upper stair, listening. Every time a fresh wail reached her ears she groaned softly in loving sympathy. She had her little scalloped handkerchief squeezed together in one hand, and it was quite damp.

"O dear me! I wish he'd been a good boy, then mamma wouldn't have put him to bed and he wouldn't be feeling so dreadf'ly." Marjo murmured. "I wish he had been good, poor Bobby! It hurts in my heart when he cries so."

New, re-enforced wails drifted out to the stairway. They were growing more heartrending all the time. Marjo's little mouth-corners drooped more and more, and the scalloped handkerchief got still damper.

"Marjorie! Marjorie!" mamma called, "why don't you come down and play, dear?"

"I guess I can't, mamma, I feel so sorryful for Bobby," Marjo called back.

"You mustn't feel too bad, dear. Bobby was naughty and ought to cry."

"Yes'm, I know it," the sweet, shaky little voice called down to mamma; "but—but—you see I have to feel bad. You can't do it well's I can, for I've been there an' know how it feels."—Youth's Companion.

Was Bound to Rise.

President R. B. Wright, of Georgia Agricultural and Mechanical College, who was recently highly commended by President McKinley, is one of the leading negroes of America. A story is told that when he was a child in a free school at Atlanta Gen. Howard visited the school and asked the little darky pupils: "What shall I tell the children of the North about you?" All was quiet for a moment, and then the voice of young Wright piped up: "General, tell 'em we're rising." The incident was afterward incorporated in a poem written by John G. Whittier and called "Howard at Atlanta." The little colored chap who made the answer lived up to his words, and is now a prominent citizen of the South.

The Safety-Valve of Temper.

Mrs. Dumpsey—For shame, Willie! You've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and your face is scratched. Dear me, what a trial you are! I wish you were a little girl—girls don't fight.

Willie Dumpsey—Yes; but, ma, don't you think it's better to have a good, square fight and get all the mad out of you, than to carry it around, the way the girls do, for months?

"Back in a Minute."

"Is your mamma at home?" asked a caller of 5-year-old Nellie.

"No; but she'll be home in a minute," was the reply.

"How do you know?" inquired the caller.

"'Cause she said 'bout an hour ago she was just going to run over to a neighbor's for a minute," answered Nellie.

Wisdom Beyond His Years.

"What is an orphan?" asked the teacher. None of the children seemed to know. "Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, as not too plain a clue. A hand popped up, and the owner exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."

Where the Mystery Lay.

A little 5-year-old miss was visiting in the country and for the first time witnessed the operation of milking. After watching the proceedings for a time she inspected the cow minutely, and then asked: "Grandma, where do they put the milk in?"

Ought to Have Died.

A bright little girl of 4, who was watching a balloon ascension, suddenly exclaimed: "Mamma, I shouldn't think the Lord would like to have that man come up to heaven alive."

PATHETIC, YET LUDICROUS.

A Deaf and Dumb Father's Punishment of His Bad Boy.

"I witnessed something the other day that made me feel bad and at the same time there was a laughable phase to the affair," remarked a Denver resident.

"Out a few doors from where I live a deaf and dumb couple have been living for several years and seem to get along with their neighbors better than any of us. The husband has good employment and the wife is a frugal and prudent woman; so, taking everything into consideration, they have gotten quite a nice little home for themselves and some money ahead. But they have one thing that is not a credit to them, and that thing is in the shape of a great, big, overgrown boy that is one of the meanest evidences of humanity on earth. Some day, if he is not checked, the hangman will get him, but that has nothing to do with the story.

"I was passing by the house yesterday morning and I noticed that the old man was angry at the boy. Now, the latter can talk and hear as well as anybody and rather seems to enjoy getting a crowd of boys together and cursing the old man just so the other boys will laugh. This time, however, the old man was mad and did not propose to allow his wayward son to have his own way. Just as I was passing he motioned me to stop, and then, pulling his hand from behind him, brought to light what shone out in grand style as a newly purchased rawhide. Then I knew there was going to be some fun, and I walked inside the yard. Well, sir, he just grabbed that boy, nearly as large as he was, jerked him into a half-upright position, and then began laying on the leather. The boy began to swear and use language that would shock any neighborhood, but of course the father did not hear a word of it.

"The father quit a second and then, coming over to where I was standing, took out his pencil and paper and asked in a line or two what the son said. I wrote out the brutal swear words just as I heard them. He read the words as I wrote them down and then, fairly shaking with rage, returned to the boy and began anew the work. It was fully ten minutes before that boy was conquered, but when he did give in he was the most penitent fellow you ever saw. Before the old man had finished half of the neighborhood was present and congratulated him on taking the boy in hand. Here is what he wrote on a slip of paper when they suggested thanks to him:

"I know he is a bad boy, but the Lord has made me without hearing, so I cannot know these things like you can. I got a letter from a neighbor woman this morning, saying that he said bad words about his mother. That is what I punished him for. Please tell me when you hear him say bad words and help me to make a man of him."—Denver Times.

People always notice the spots on the raiment of pride.

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What does your mirror say? Does it tell you of some little streaks of gray? Are you pleased? Do your friends of the same age show this loss of power also?

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SIGNIFICANCE OF LARGE FEET.

Mississippi Judge Who Thought They Indicated Good Blood.

Judge Alonzo G. Meyers was sitting under a big tree in Brandon, Miss., one fine day exchanging experiences with Dr. Hart, the minister, and some more of the folks of Brandon. Judge Meyers has a circuit which includes twenty-seven counties and nineteen of them are off the railroad lines. On that account things happen to him once in awhile which he thinks are worth recounting. This day it chanced that Dr. Hart's attention was attracted by Judge Meyers' feet. There was something peculiar about them, to tell the truth. They were quite long, but they were wide and the judge made no attempt to conceal the fact. Dr. Hart had very small feet and he was just as proud of them as if he reserved any credit. He had his boots made to order and kept them nicely polished and otherwise sought to direct attention to his cute little feet.

This particular day, while the group was sitting out under the tree at Brandon, Dr. Hart said:

"Judge, that's a pretty fair understanding you have there, isn't it?"

The court looked at his foot rather admiringly, and said:

"Yes, that is a pretty big foot. That was remarked to me by a horseman that rode down from Nashville with me a month ago. He said I had a big foot and I said: 'Don't you always find that good horses—that is, blooded horses, you know—always have big feet?'

"He says, 'Oh, yes, that's the rule.'

"'Well,' I says, 'isn't it true that jackasses always have small feet?'

"And he says, 'Oh, yes, that's true, too.'

After that Dr. Hart changed the subject to the prospects for a good cotton crop, which were not encouraging.

A Surprise.

"Did you hear about the funny thing that happened up at Dumley's house?" asked Wigwag.

"No, what was it?"

"Dumley added two wings to the old building and a chimney flue."—Philadelphia Record.

A Many-Sided Question.

Miss Lonely—You ought to be careful, Kitty. Marriage is a serious matter.

The Maid (who has had a proposal)—Yes, ma'am; but staying single is a serious matter, too!—Puck.

A Blood-Curdling Set.

She—I wonder why the Kurds persist in murdering the Armenians?

He—Oh, I suppose it's just a whey of theirs.—Washington Times.

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The man who lives for self has a very small object to live for.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1896.

I am determined to count no hours but unclouded ones, and to let all others slip out of my memory.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer has no equal for Colds.—PAUL L. MILLER, Cohoes, New York, Nov. 17, 1897. 25c. a bottle.

Happy Rogues.

Willey—I tell you, it's better in the end to be honest. Did you ever know a rogue who wasn't unhappy? Shalley—No; but then one would hardly expect a rogue to be happy when he is known. It's the rogues who are not known who are happy.—Woonsocket (R. I.) Reporter.

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