WHEN WE'LL ALL BE GOOD.

I don't know when the day will come,
But you and I, we know
That after awhile our good resolves
Will into being grow.
Some day, when we both have the time,
We'll cast our faults away,
And you'll be good, and I'll be good—
We'll all be good, some day.

We'll run our business affairs
With thought of fellow-men,
For we will let our good intent
Go into action then.
We'll make our friends all happier,
And life will really pay;
For you'll be good, and I'll be good—
We'll all be good, some day.

Some day—of course, it's 'way ahead—
But I know, so do you,
That some day we will take a turn,
And try the good and true.
We'll do our best for other folks,
The world will be more fair,
And you'll be good, and I'll be good,
When we've the time to spare.
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

The Hand Glass.

By Charles S. Hathaway.

UPON the door was a sign conveying the information: "This office closes at 3 p. m. on Saturdays."

This stipulation did not cover Mary Macklen, however, for here it was after 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and alone, locked in the office, she had just completed copying a score or more of letters dictated to her shortly before closing time, by her employer.

As the result of discouraging intercourse with a lot of aches and pains in her shoulders and back Mary had taken a position at an open window and being ten floors above the street level, she looked out upon a far reaching area of the city's upper plateau.

"What a grimy, angular, hard surface it is," she thought, as she studied the hills and valleys, the promontories and ravines of the aerial geography, flecked here and there with clouds of smoke and swift rushing flights of silver white stream. "Truly, tired as I am, I feel it is a good thing I am privileged to eat and sleep next to the surface of the earth. Down there is an abundance of ugliness, of course, but the people are there, the show windows, street cars and noises are there, there it is companionable, while away up here the loneliness is appalling; even the flies and the dust decline to associate with us and——"

Then Miss Macklen started suddenly, and, giving a vigorous scream, seized the telephone receiver at her side and rang up the central office. "Give me police headquarters, please," she asked, and after a brief wait:

"Police headquarters? It is? Well, send officers immediately to the top floor, rear, of the Security Trust building. Man there trying to commit suicide! For God's sake, hurry, or you'll be too late!"

And then, so strangely potent is the power of the horrible, Miss Macklen again turned and was looking out of the window. She saw, nearly a square away, and standing in the top balcony of the Security Trust building's rear fire escape, a young man who, bareheaded and in shirt sleeves, looked carefully up and down the narrow alley so far below him; then he moved to the rail of the balcony, and, placing both hands upon the rail, seemed about to leap over to an awful death. Again Miss Macklen voiced an appealing shriek, but this time it was not only deliberate and intentional, but it carried a quality of humanity that was heart-rending, so eager was she to attract the attention of the would-be suicide.

But he was too far away, or, perhaps, he purposely avoided heeding her. "If he would but look!" she cried as, seizing a chair, she stepped upon it and raised the window to its full height, "perhaps a realization of the fact that I am witness of his desperation would cause him to pause."

Her effort, or something, she knew not what, caused him to step across the balcony and disappear through an open window, and for an instant she felt relieved. The relaxation was only for an instant, however, for almost immediately he reappeared and this time he carried a rope. Mary, certain that she would faint, steadied herself by placing her hand on top of the letter cabinet at one side of the window. She saw the young man as he tied one end of his rope securely to the balcony post; she saw him place the other end of the rope around his neck, a look of desperation covering his face, and then she realized that under her hand on the cabinet was a small mirror, her own property.

Instantly she seized the mirror, and, holding it so that she concentrated thereon the long, slanting rays of the declining sun, she threw a blinding reflection full in the face of the man she was trying to save.

He started violently, rubbed his eyes and, looking straight at Mary, gave a fiendish smile, and, shaking his poor head negatively, again resumed his horribly deliberate preparations.

Again she threw a shaft of overwhelming light full in his eyes, and when the self-destroyer looked at her in reply, she was violently gesticulating, begging him in pantomime to come to her. But again that fiendish smile and again a refusal.

At this juncture Mary saw a man in blue uniform step out upon the platform, and, as she had received five years of thorough business training, Mary fell to the floor in a swoon.

How long she remained unconscious Mary did not know; but when—filled with vague impressions of repeated calls on the telephone and of impatient knockings upon the office door—she revived sufficiently to support her body on one elbow, she heard voices in the hallway.

Mary listened.

"It's a fake all around. That's what I think," was uttered in the deep voice of an angry man, and it continued: "The boy was to get a dollar for hanging in a sling just under the end of the balcony long enough to tighten up a single nut. He probably finished the job by this time and never dreamed of suicide."

"But the hurry call was turned in from this office," argued a second voice.

"O, you're nutty!" responded the original wise man. "Can't you see this sign says, 'This office closes at 3 p. m. on Saturday?' Come on."

And it was fully fifteen minutes after Mary had heard the last faint footfalls of the guardians of the peace, before she dared to sneak out of the office and away.—Detroit Free Press.

THE 'HOMING FACULTY.

Men Who Live in Wild Countries Always Know Where Camp Is.

"The mysterious faculty that enables cats and pigeons to find their way back from remote points is one of the greatest puzzles in nature," said a New Orleans educator who has made a specialty of zoology for many years. "We speak of it as 'sense of direction,' 'homing instinct' and 'brain compass,'" he continued; "but as far as explaining it is concerned, nobody has ever been able to offer a theory that was even plausible. It used to be thought that the memory of land marks had something to do with the phenomena, but that is exploded by the fact that the animals always take the shortest cut home, regardless of the circuitous route by which they may have been carried away. That such powers should be highly developed in creatures as different in other respects as cats and pigeons is in itself one of the most baffling and extraordinary features of the whole problem; but I am convinced that the faculty, whatever it may be, exists in a rudimentary state in nearly all animals, including man himself, and may be easily sharpened by circumstances and surroundings.

For nine or ten years I used to spend part of every summer in Minnesota and Wisconsin, living in the woods and studying animal life. I became well acquainted with many native hunters and trappers, and have known several who showed clear evidence that they possessed the 'brain compass.' No matter where they went, how they twisted and turned, or what happened to distract their attention, they always knew the direction of their cabins and could return unhesitatingly in a bee line. They were all ignorant men and absolutely unable to explain their power. The only thing they could say was that they 'felt it.' Other trappers were remarkably expert in finding their way through the forest, but they were simply adepts at woodcraft and went by a thousand signs and tokens to which they had unconsciously turned their eyes. The two faculties were entirely distinct, and, while the skilled trainer was invariably alert and feverishly observant, the brain-compass fellow was unusually dull and sleepy and paid no attention to his surroundings. The men themselves recognized the existence of the homing instinct, contented themselves by saying that it 'came natural to Pete or Pierre, or whatever his name might be. It is certainly a fascinating problem, and I have long believed that its solution would uncover some tremendously important secret in regard to the relations of man and animal life."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Point Well Made.

Lord Russell took a great interest in sport of all kinds, and he had a weakness for lecturing people of all sorts on their shortcomings. When in October, 1898, the London Irish Rugby Football Club was matched to play Hammersmith Club on the London County Athletic Ground, Herne Hill, Lord Russell was invited, and consented to kick off the ball. On arriving punctually at the hour appointed he found that some of the members of the London Irish team were not on the ground. He waited patiently for some ten or fifteen minutes until all the players were assembled, and then called up Mr. Dyas, the captain of the London Irish, and delivered the following homily: "Captain Dyas and members of the London Irish Football Club: I desire to point out to you that one of your cardinal rules in life should be punctuality. Unless you study that rule, whether in business or play, you will never be successful men, and I hope that you will take to heart the lesson I am now reading you." The Lord Chief Justice, with the utmost gravity, then proceeded to kick off the ball.—London Chronicle.

Stephen Girard's Start.

Stephen Girard, the great benefactor of Philadelphia, was born in Bordeaux, France, was left an orphan at ten and put on a ship as cabin boy. That was his first trip to America. He could not read or write, but he worked hard to make up deficiencies in early training, and soon set up a shop in Walker street, New York City. Here he married Polly Lum, daughter of a calker, against her father's wish. The marriage proved unhappy, and Girard went to sea again before, at forty, he found his real vocation as a merchant in Philadelphia. When in 1793 yellow fever broke out in the city Girard proved himself a true hero, and organized the public hospital. His magnificent bequest to the city is famous the world over. In one room are kept his boxes and his bookcase, some of his papers, his clothing—a pair of homely old knitted braces bespeaking his plain and frugal habits.

Where Suits Are Lost.

Once when a certain well-known English judge was trying a case he was disturbed by a young man who kept moving about in the rear of the courtroom, lifting chairs and looking under things.

"Young man," said his lordship, "you are making a great deal of unnecessary noise. What are you about?"

"My lord," replied the young man, "I have lost my overcoat, and am trying to find it."

"Well," said the venerable judge, with a grim smile, "people often lose whole suits in here without making all that disturbance."

Great Appetite of a Cow.

The enormous appetite of a champion cow is shown by the amount of food eaten daily during a test of the Holstein cow, Rosa Bonheur 5th, which died recently. She held the world's record of milk production of 106.75 pounds in one day, and 726.25 pounds in one week. She ate daily 114 pounds silage, twelve pounds corn meal, nine pounds oat meal and twenty-seven pounds roots, or a total of 174 pounds, of which 52.43 pounds was dry matter. She weighed 1750 pounds.

FARM AND GARDEN.

One Way to Run a Farm.

Land never wears out if properly handled, and one of the most profitable methods of handling a farm is running a dairy or raising stock that consumes the produce raised and returns it to the land in the way of a fertilizer, while the finished product is allowed to walk off to market.

Destroying Insects in Asparagus Beds.

Cut off the tops from the asparagus beds before the seeds are ripe and then burn the materials. If necessary place straw on the beds before firing. By so doing many of the insect enemies will be destroyed. Before winter sets in cover the bed with manure and leave it until spring.

A Nitrogenous Ration the Best.

According to the author of a bulletin published by the West Virginia Station, it was found by experimenting with 100 hens fed a carbonaceous ration that the net profit was $20.59. Another 100 hens fed a nitrogenous ration returned a net profit of $97.90. This ought to set a few of those who keep poultry to thinking if there is not some improvement to be made in feeding the hens.

Covers For Hay Stacks.

A farmer of Jewell County, Kan., says the covers he made for his alfalfa hay last fall cost him $30, and that they preserved more hay than you could put in a thousand-dollar barn. He sawed sixteen foot 2x4's in two, bolted the ends together, placed them six feet apart over his stacks and nailed on siding, making a complete roof in six-foot panels. He bored holes in the down-hanging ends of the 2x4's and tied weights to them to keep the wind from blowing them off. His alfalfa comes out as green and bright as it was the day it was put up. He says the covers paid for themselves this season, and they will last for years.

A Well-Arranged Apiary.

A well-arranged apiary that is simple and convenient is thus described by an Illinois apiarist: "The hives are placed diagonally in the row which runs southeast and northwest, so that in each pair of rows the hives front east in one and south in the other, making each alternate alley free from bees to be used as a passageway to work around the hives. The rows are placed seven feet apart on centres, and the hives four feet on centres. The hives are so placed that a line drawn from the rear of the first one will touch the front of that immediately behind it. There is one wide alley crosswise through the centre and in a large apiary more alleys would be advisable."

Digestion Trials With Chickens.

The following extracts are taken from a bulletin recently issued by the Oklahoma experiment station:

1. Chickens digested Kafir corn and corn more completely when the grain was fed whole than when the meal was fed.

2. The Kafir corn and Kafir meal fed in this trial yielded but two per cent. less total digestible matter than the corresponding corn products.

3. Kafir corn was a more suitable ration, considering only the relative amounts of growth-making and fat-forming materials, for chickens than Kafir meal, corn, or corn meal.

4. Cow peas were digested reasonably well, and are desirable feed for growing chickens and hens. But little gain in digestibility was secured by grinding the cowpeas.

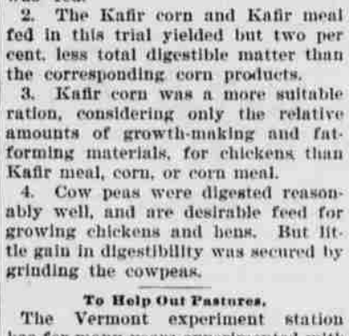
To Help Out Pastures.

The Vermont experiment station has for many years experimented with sundry soiling crops, and as a result of its work recommends to Vermont dairymen the large use of summer silage and of oats and peas sown at weekly intervals and fed during July and August. Silage is probably the cheaper food; oats and peas somewhat the better. If the former is contemplated as a steady summer diet, for years, it would be well to consider the erection of a special summer silo, preferably round, with a small feeding area, a small diameter and a relatively great depth. Silage spread over a large surface in summer, spoils rapidly and loses largely in feeding value.

If oats and peas be chosen they should be sown in successive lots at weekly intervals, the two sown separately, the peas first rather deeply and harrowed in; the oats two or three days later and bushed in. A better catch is likely to be secured in this way than if sown together. The crop may be either fed green, hayed or put in the silo.—New England Homestead.

Securing a Trough.

Many pasture and farmyard watering troughs are half hogsheads set upon the ground. They are in contant danger of being upset by the cattle, which also fight each other away



A TROUGH FOR PASTURES.

from the water. A plan to obviate, in part, at least, both of these evils is shown in the cut. Two posts are driven beside the tub and a wide board nailed across as shown. This holds the trough firmly to the ground, and also separates the cattle while drinking. The same plan can be used with any shape of trough.—Farm Journal.

Useful Tools For Weeding.

If the weeds are cut when young and tender, a light hoe is preferable to a heavy one. When the weeds are hard and dry, a hoe with more weight is desirable. In either case, the hoe should be as light as possible, and do the work. It should be of the very best material. The handle should be light, and of the best wood. The hoe should always be kept sharp by the use of a file or grindstone. If there are stones in the soil a file is preferable to the grindstone, as the hoe can be sharpened in the field when necessary. In consequence of use in the field, and sharpening on the file or grindstone, or both, the hoe will wear rapidly, but it is well to remember that steel is cheaper than muscle. A sharp hoe, while in the hands of an energetic man or boy, is death to weeds. At the same time it adds much to the sweetness of the handler's temper. A dull hoe, in the hands of a boy, tends to utter discouragement, and furnishes him with an excuse for getting away from the farm.

Trenching Cabbage.

The process of trenching cabbages for winter is very simple. A trench is made about eighteen inches deep and the cabbages are pulled, placed in the trench, leaving on all the leaves. I usually put the heads down and roots up, and shovel on an inch or two of earth when putting them in. Then just before the ground freezes I shovel on more earth, and cover them eight or ten inches deep, leaving a few openings to be filled with straw in cold weather. Cauliflowers can be kept for some time in a cold frame or cellar, if the roots are planted in moist soil. In the market garden, when beets, carrots, turnips, and potatoes are to be stored in pits, the usual way is to dig a pit three or four feet deep, and about six feet wide, and of the length required. The vegetables are placed in it in sections three or four feet wide, leaving a space of about two feet between the sections. The advantage of the sections, is that a few bushels can be taken out at a time without exposing the rest in the pit. When covering the pit, the top should be rounded, so the water will run off.—W. H. Jenkins, in The Epitomist.

Spring-Cultivated Strawberries.

Many strawberry growers claim that spring cultivation of the plants reduces the yield, while others declare that the crop will be doubled. Both are right. It all depends upon the method of cultivation practiced from the beginning. The men first mentioned cultivate shallow and little; the second deep and a good deal. The principle involved in each case is the same. Strawberries produce an abundance of feeding roots near the surface during the fall months when the weather is cool and the soil well supplied with moisture. These roots are the ones upon which the plants depend in the early spring to push them into flower and fruit. Thus hoeing in the spring would kill them and injure the chances of a crop.

After the fruiting is over these roots become useless and new ones are sent to lower levels to get water and thus keep the plant from dying of thirst. Then the soil may be cultivated without fear of injuring the plants. The men who cultivate deep during the summer, and keep it up late in the fall, make the roots form at a much lower depth than those men who cultivate only shallow or not at all. The result is that they may cultivate in the spring without doing any injury, but on the contrary doing good, provided they cultivate shallow at this season. They also provide a mulch to conserve moisture. In this way the roots come gradually from lower levels, toward the surface, and are forced back only by the hot weather. —M. G. Cain, in Agricultural Epitomist.

Protection From Bees.

One of the most urgent needs of the beekeeper is a good protection from stings. I know of nothing that takes the enthusiasm out of a beginner like getting stung about the face. The best color for a veil is black, as it does

BEE VEIL AND APRON.

not tire one's eyes. Bobbinet or tulle is the best material. One and a half yards of cotton net twenty-two inches wide makes a good one. Sew the ends together in a seam, bind the lower edge with some light material, run a round elastic just long enough to go round a hat crown by stretching a little in the top edge and you have a bee-proof veil if you fasten the lower edge well. Men can put it inside the vest or under the suspenders I always wear an apron for the purpose, cut like the illustration, and when the upper part is pinned down over the veil it is bee proof. Large pockets are convenient. In one I carry matches for my smoker, a small pair of scissors to clip queens' wings and a large screwdriver or knife that has had the blade broken off to pry or loosen hive covers and frames and to scrape off bits of wax. The other pocket is used to hold the wax that is scraped off. Three yards of denim or heavy gingham will make the apron.

I have tried many kinds of gloves including rubber, but have laid them all aside. For the last six years I have used mittens made of heavy cotton sock legs. Take long ones and cut off just above the heel. Run two or three rows of machine stitching around the edge to keep from raveling, stitch three rows an inch or more long at the proper places to divide the fingers, sew in a short open-ended thumb and you have a mitten that will not interfere with the use of the fingers, will protect your hands from the sun and bees and keep bees from getting up the sleeves. A small safety pin will hold them in place. With a good smoker, veil, apron and mittens one can work confidently and the bees are not so likely to be troublesome when one is not dodging and showing fear.—Mrs. A. J. Barber, in American Agriculturist.

PREHISTORIC ANIMALS.

GAME WHICH PRISTINE MAN WAS WONT TO HUNT.

Great Animals of Early Ages — No Trace of Them Left on Earth, Save in the Domestic Animals—The Lines of Possible Descent.

Some of the big game which early races of men hunted apparently vanished from Europe almost simultaneously with them, for what was their fate, and where on the earth they are now represented, unless by the Esquimaux, we cannot tell. The next race, at any rate, the Neolithic folk, as they are now called, whose weapons and tools made after more elaborate patterns, are often polished, seem to have come as conquerors. Perhaps the newcomers foresaw that the aborigines might give rise to inconvenient racial questions, so, as Tacitus says, "they made a solitude, and called it peace."

But with the older race several of the larger wild animals disappeared, at any rate from the British Isles, if not from Northwestern Europe. The mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the saber-toothed tiger, which had already become extremely rare, if not extinct; perhaps, also, the lion and hyena. They may have disappeared from our islands because a general sinking of the land replaced many broad, grassy, or treeclad plains with shallow seas, and completed the severance of Britain from the Continent.

This change, and the incoming of a better-armed and more cunning race of hunters, may have turned the scale distinctly in man's favor. Still some big game remained, for the Britain of that age was very different from that which we inhabit. No towns, only scattered villages; large districts of forest and marsh land, such as were the backwoods of Canada, and still are some parts of Central Africa. Here wild animals found ample protection, and had no more to dread from man than man from the wolf or the lynx. So the reindeer remained, at any rate, in the North; perhaps, also, the so-called Irish elk, together with the bison and the aurochs. Some thirty years ago a skull of the latter was dug out of a Cambridgeshire fen, and in it a stone axe was found imbedded in the forehead. It was broken off short, apparently snapped by striking against the bony orbit of the eye, as if the animal had been struck by a blow delivered from one side.

This, however, is by no means the only proof that the Neolithic Briton hunted the aurochs. Its bones and teeth have been found at Cissbury Camp, and its remains around the pile dwelling in Barton Mere, near Bury St. Edmunds, shows that it survived into the Bronze Age. It was, however, already rare and probably had disappeared when Caesar landed. But it lingered much longer on the Continent, for extensive regions in Central Europe were still almost wholly covered by forests, the names of which survive—as in the case of our own Weald—in the "walds" sprinkled over the modern maps of Germany.

In the great Hercynian Forest the aurochs existed in the days of Julius Caesar, as he writes in his Gallic War; in the sixth century, it occurred, though rarely in the province of Maine, and was hunted in the ninth by Charles the Great in the forests near Aachen. A century later it must have been living in Switzerland, for the chronicles of an Abbey make mention of its flesh. The aurochs existed near Worms in the twelfth century, for the slaying of four is mentioned in the Nibelungen Lied, and it is generally believed to have lingered in Germany till the sixteenth or posible even the seventeenth century.

But has it left any descendants? Our domestic cattle, no doubt, have sprung from a wild stock, but probably have more than one origin. Some may be traced back to the Celtic shorthorn (Bos longifrons), already domesticated in Neolithic times, and difficult to connect with the aurochs; for it was much smaller, with a different-shaped head, and whether it was originally wild in Europe is a matter of dispute. At the present day it is most nearly represented in that state by some of the smaller oxen of Southern Asia, but its pedigree cannot be traced with certainty. At any rate, it remained the sole domestic ox in Britain till the English conquest, and is regarded by some as the ancestor of our small Welsh and Highland cattle.

Another domestic variety or species in prehistoric times was called Bos frontosus, from a peculiar bony prominence between the horn cores, which are rather small. Its pedigree also is uncertain, but probably it is more nearly related to the Celtic shorthorn than to the aurochs. In closer alliance with the latter is a third variety, found in the Swiss pile dwellings with the other two, and called Bos taurus, which probably has its mark on more than one breed of our domestic cattle. The English invaders seem to have brought with them a breed of white cattle with red ears, which can be traced in all parts of Britain occupied by their masters, and were probably introduced into Ireland by the Norwegians and Danes.

Some writers have claimed the wild cattle of Chillingham, Chartley, Cadzow and one or two other localities, as the direct descendants of the aurochs, but Prof. Boyd Dawkins considers them to represent the cattle introduced by the English invaders, which strayed and became wild, as horses have done in South America. Thus, though they may have been entitled, as we have said, to claim the aurochs as an ancestor, they cannot be regarded as its direct representatives, for they are really domestic cattle which have lapsed into a feral condition.—London Standard.

Rice and Population.

In deciding whether China's population is dense or sparse it ought to be remembered that the country produces rice. Countries which produce rice yield at least two crops a year. Countries which produce corn, on the other hand, only yield one crop a year. Therefore, apportionately to its extent, a country which produces rice ought to support at least twice as large a population as a country which produces corn.—Scottish American.

CHINESE POLICEMEN.

Queer Officials of the Celestial Cities and Their Duties.

In costume a Chinese policeman is something between a circus clown and a football player. His breeches are always baggy and very well wadded—so clumsy you wonder how he gets around in them—particularly when, as is often the case, he wears a coat, also thick and clumsy, coming well below the knees. Dark blue is the prevailing color, set off and accented with bands and facings of lighter blue, red, green, maroon and brown, but never yellow. That is the sacred or royal hue, permitted to nobody below the rank of a viceroy.

In the treaty ports—that is to say, those open to foreign influences and commerce—the police force is largely made up of Sikhs from Northern India. The reason, perhaps, is that the Chinese themselves are so essentially unwarlike, they have a proverb to the effect that no good man is ever a soldier." As men in the pay of the Chinese Government, whether natives or not, they have taken an active part in the present troubles in China.

The police rank officially as gendarmeries. In Pekin the head of them is always a Manchu. Policemen must be plentier than blackberries in the Chinese capital. The sacred or imperial walled city keeps between 15,000 and 20,000 of them. This walled city is two miles square, with two great gates in each wall face, half a mile from the corners and a mile from each other. Broad streets stretch straight from one to another, thus cutting the space inside into a big nine-block. Police stations are scattered all along the nine squares, especially around their outer edges, which face upon the passway inside the wall. The head of the police has charge of all the city gates. They are nine in number—since the side next the palace has an extra gate in the exact middle of the two-mile wall. Policemen in this, the Tartar city, belong to what is known as the Eight Banner Corps. They do not carry arms, not even so much as the baton of a civilized officer, but keep swords, spears, guns and cutlasses in racks at the stations, and make a rush for them when they hear the signal gun. This is fired by an officer whose special charge it is, either upon orders or if in his own judgment it is necessary. The penalty for firing it at the wrong time is severe—it may be degradation and banishment, or simple strangulation.

Upon parades and reviews the policemen are always armed, especially if foreign devils are to witness the review or the parade. The weapons used are curious looking, but wicked in the extreme—the three-hooked spears they all carry in particular make jagged and ghastly wounds. Besides the 20,000 within the wall, Pekin maintains a force of 14,000 with which to regulate the affairs in the outer city. They are under command of the same general officer and governed by the same regulations, though there are variations arising from the differences of situation. Men and officers alike furnish their own uniforms, but are armed by the State, and receive a monthly rice allowance in addition to their pay. The chief gets a fair salary, but the men and subordinate officers are meagerly paid. Notwithstanding, they make and save money enough to retire after moderate terms of service. 'Influence" in the shape of cold cash stands the prisoner's friend in China even more than anywhere else in the world. In fact, but for the "presents" the force is allowed to squeeze out of natives and foreigners alike, there might be difficulty in getting men for the service, even though humanity is cheaper than dirt cheap all over the Celestial empire.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Royal Philanthropy.

The Queen of Saxony is of a most philanthropic and charitable nature. In her youth her zeal far exceeded her knowledge, but was never abated. Indeed, she was often in the habit of visiting the poor, under the guise of the Countess of X, in order to come in closer contact with their misery and want. Many laughable mistakes resulted, and at one time she even equalled Marie Antoinette's famous remark about cake as a substitute for bread, when the latter was not obtainable. It happened that the "Countess," entering unexpectedly upon one of her favorites, who felt the pinch of poverty in its most acute form, found the good woman's little boy in tears over a swollen cheek. "What ails the child?" inquired she. "Nothing much," replied the mother, unconcernedly; "he was naughty, so I boxed his ears." "Ah, you should never strike a child," said the sympathetic "Countess." "Next time you ought to punish him by depriving him of his dessert."

Characteristic Story From Scotland.

From Scotland comes this characteristic story. A gentleman was riding on one of the coaches in the Trossachs when the driver said to him: "I've had a coin guv me to-day two hundred years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?" "Oh, yes," was the reply; "I have one myself two thousand years old." "Ah," said the driver, "have ye?" And he spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination the driver came up to the gentleman with an intensely self-satisfied air and said, "I told you as we came along that I had a coin two hundred years old." "Yes." "And you said to me as you had one two thousand years old." "Yes; so I have." "Now, you be a liar!" "What do you mean by that?" "What do I mean? Why, it's only 1899 now."

Difficulties of Literature.

The great author was lolling at his desk.

"My sakes!" he groaned. "The difficulties of literature are overpowering. How can I collect a lot of mysterious words which may mean nothing so that the readers will imagine them to inform of the deepest wisdom?"—Boston Courier.

Makes a Fuss.

The women are warned that every time they send an invitation to a man and his wife to attend a party there is a fuss in the family, the man wanting to stay at home and the woman objecting.—Atchison Globe.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMO

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES LOVERS OF FUN.

The Same Old Story — The Lady of the House—Unrealized—Force of Habit—Knowledge vs. Wisdom—An Easy One—His Position, Etc., Etc.

There was a young fellow named P
Who bet on the races to wynn;
He placed all his cash
On the very first dash,
And to get back to town he walked
—New York Wo

The Lady of the House.

Mrs. Proper Caper—"James, I
vertised for a lady's companion."
James—"Yis, mum. The cook w
a helper, you know."—Judge.

Unrealized.

"There was a time when I tho
he showed traces of genius."
"Yes; but he's jumped over
traces."—Philadelphia Record.

Force of Habit.

"Give up the keys of the city!"
manded the chief of the allies.
"You got checkers?" asked the
poral of the guard at Pekin.—P
delphia North American.

Knowledge vs. Wisdom.

"What's the difference betw
knowledge and wisdom?"
"Well, it takes knowledge to b
an automobile, but it takes wi
to run it."—Chicago Record.

An Easy One.

Mr. Askitt—"How is it that no m
ter how small a chunk of ice i
it always weighs thirty pounds?"
Iceman—"That's as low as the s
go, sir, friend."—Baltimore Amer

His Position.

Mrs. Hoon—"Mrs. Babbleby can
entertainingly in three different
guages."
Mr. Hoon—"Yes; and I have not
that her husband has to keep
in one."—Judge.

A New Eye Medicine.

Miss Smart—"How are your
now, Mr. Lacking?"
Mr. Lacking—"Much better, th
you. I have had them examined
an eminent oculist, and he put s
thing in to dilute the pupils."—J

The Deed For the Day.

Mamma—"Willie, you mustn't qu
that way with Amy; and to-da
all days. Don't you know th
Sunday?"
Willie—"Yes, but, mamma, this
religious discussion we're having
Philadelphia Press.

For Distant Friends.

"Well, that caps the climax."
"What's that?"
"Cook says those folks in that
house on the corner came over
we were gone and had their p
graphs taken sitting on our veran
—Indianapolis Journal.

Full of Water.

"How do you feel now?" aske
rescuers.
"Like a Jersey trust," gasped
half-drowned man, faintly.
Then they rolled him on the
some more, for they, too, were
ciers.—Harper's Bazar.

Crushed.

Office Boy—"Here's your poems
de editor says dey are not half
and he's sorry——"
Poet—"Ah! Indeed.
Office Boy—"Yes, sir. Sorry d
read 'em, and he says dey are all
Good day, sir."—Philadelphia
quirer.

He Felt It Keenly.

Elderly Spinster (horrified)—"
boy, aren't you ashamed to go in
ing in such a public place with
a bathing suit as that on?"
Small Boy—"Yes'm; but me m
makes me wear it. I'll take i
though, if you'll promise to say
ing to her about it."—Leslie's W
ly.

Its Chief Charm.

Nodd—"This modern America
is all wrong. Too much hurry.
just taken a quiet, retired nook i
country, where a man can have
lute rest."
Todd—"How far away?"
Nodd—"That's the beauty o
place. Only forty minutes fro
office."

Literary Irrigation.

"Your latest novel seems very
said the reader of the publ
house to the young but rising a
"I was pretty sure you would
that," rejoined the author. "C
quently if you will count them
will find the heroine weeps tea
just 253 pages of my story."—
land Plain Dealer.

Willing to Learn.

Ethel—"Mamma, don't you
women should know how to co
that they may be able to look
their husbands' digestion when
marry?"
Mamma—"Certainly, dear."
Ethel—"Mayn't I go to the ki
then, and practice making
scotch?"—Brooklyn Life.

Common Sense Piano Keys.

"I'd be willing," said the chroni
peptic, "to give my month's sal
any man who would invent a
with common sense keys only."
"What do you mean by co
sense keys?"
"Why, the kind that could o
used to lock the blamed thing
Philadelphia Press.

Ready to Meet It.

The guest at the expensive hote
been overcome by the heat an
sight of the bill combined and
lying on the marble floor of the
"Stand back," exclaimed some
"and give him air!"
"No!" gasped the guest, tempo
reviving. "Put it in the bill.
willing to pay for it!"—Chicago
une.

An Unconscious Disciple.

Trotter—"It's a favorite amu
among the Eastern fakirs to
themselves into some muscle-str
nerve-racking, bone-cracking p
and——"
Miss Rivalton—"Isn't it funny
those odd Oriental ideas find di
here?"
Trotter—"What do you mean
Miss Rivalton—"Really, haven
ever seen Maud Wayuppe play
—Harper's Bazar.