I never heard a person talk
The way H. James can make them spiel;
Think how Dame Nature e'en must balk
When Henry's dope's palmed off as real;
But if this type lived in the nation
Who'd stop to grasp its conversation?

I've never seen Jack London's kind, Who fights three battles every day, And ne'er is in a peaceful mind Unless mixed up in a melee; In fact, I'd think it strictly proper To hand such to the nearest copper.

There is no Raffles in life's fold,
And likewise there's no Sherlock Holmes
No one so clever, or so bold,
This stupid footstool ever roamed;
In fact, if you want life, not diction,
Don't hunt for it in modern fiction.
—Denver Republican.

The DIAMONDS.

spiration, found it in a remote Her surprise was charming. French Canadian hill village. As he paused outside a cheerful red mill a week after he had first seen the place | light. a low-toned melodious voice close at his elbow said:

"Monsieur smiles! Monsieur has happy things to think about!" Basil looked down and saw a little

old-fashioned figure, and a pair of soft eyes. "I am glad to see monsieur smile."

And this time Basil noticed a peculiar tenderness in the voice. 'I have watched him every day for a week and he has always seemed grave and absorbed.'

Quite unconsciously, Basil was walking along by her side, and now anid:

"It is a pretty place for a home, One might easily enough dream away a summer's day here." "But we do not dream here, we work," said the girl, smiling.

"What do you do?" "We make ribbons-ribbons as fine as those of Lyons. Does monsieur know that he literally stumbled over me but vesterday?'

"I did not know it, but I ask your "Oh, you need not humiliate your-

self before me. I am only Marguerite, the ribbon weaver. If it were Pauline now, she would make a stately courtesy and say that mon-sleur was forgiven." "And who is Pauline?" said Basil,

amused. The girl's face assumed a puzzled

look. sometimes think she is a princess in ly upon me. disguise, and at other times, when I am angry because she scolds me, I say she is only a cross old woman whom some day I shall run away from. And now I must bid monsieur

"Wait," said Basil, hastily. "You who know the village so well should be able to tell me of some hospitable person who takes lodgers."

"Does monsieur wish to stay? Why, then, Pauline is the very woman who will be pleased to oblige him. Yonder she lives." And she nodded a gay good-by and tripped away. It seemed as if the sunshine had been suddenly withdrawn. Basil gazed after her a moment, then crossed the street to the house. In it was an old woman reeling silk-a woefully wrinkled old woman, but bright and keen as if she were but twenty. Basil caught the gleam of a glittering jewel upon her bosom.

'Monsieur can come. You want quiet? You shall have it. There is no one to disturb except my grandchild, Marguerite, a madcap girl whose acquaintance it will be well to discourage is you would be quiet."

Louis Duval, Deane's nearest id, received two letters one day in his rich apartments in the great city. The first was from his law-

yer: "Dear Duval: I have been looking after your affairs, but don't come to any positive conclusion. Evidence tends to show the existence of the person to whom the codicil to the will refers, but she seems to have disappeared mysteriously, and as yet I have found no clue to her whereabouts. You are so well off now, and so generous, that I suppose you wouldn't break your heart if this new claimant should appear.

"Don't think I should! I'd gladly divide the property with any one who shared my name. And now, Basil Deane, for you!"

"My Dear Louis-You never did a kinder thing than when you took my picture off my hands and sent me into the country. I think I never lived before. If nothing happens I mean to do something else than dream henceforth.

"I am housed with an old woman and a young girl. I have not quite made out the relation between them yet, but it is apparently one of interest rather than affection. The old woman's face is as yellow as the gold that she loves so well, but her eyes are as bright as diamonds. And speaking of diamonds reminds me of a remarkable ornament that she wears. It is a Greek cross, the arms studded with glittering stones, pure and brilliant as stars. I ventured to make a remark concerning it when I had been there a week.

Those are very fine diamonds of yours, Mile. Pauline,' I said. The old woman started and I fancied

'Diamonds! monsieur; you must be joking. How should an old woman like me wear diamonds?' she said,

"Your brooch is an heirloom, I

'No, monsieur! I have no ances tors; I am only one of the bour-

"'For all that,' I said, positively, those are fine diamonds." "'Paste, monsieur, pastet They do these things with wonderful art

in France!' said the old woman. 'Now I could have sworn to the genuineness of the diamonds, but I let the subject drop. I am, however,

quite curious in regard to this old Nobody in the village knows anything of her antecedents. "My feeling for Marguerite—that the girl's name—is not curiosity.

am afraid I fell in love with her before I painted her portrait. That process is, however, begun. "She scarcely glanced at the pic-ture the first two or three days, but

Basil Deane, artist, seeking in- one day she peeped over my shoulder. 'Am I like that?' she said, her

> "'Like it, but more beautiful." "'Monsieur is very good,' she re-plied, with downcast eyes. 'But the picture is like one that Pauline has locked up in her drawer. I do not think it is my mother.'

"Presently I said: 'Don't you remember your moth-

"'Ah, no! when I look back it is only Pauline, nothing but Pauline." 'Only Pauline! and what is the matter with Pauline, pray?' said a wiry, sinuous voice, and looking, we Basil, with resolution. "Monsieur both saw the wrinkled, yellow visage of the old woman.

"A look of vivid dislike crossed the girl's face, and she hastened

'Who is Marguerite?' I said, abruptly. 'Do you not guess? What should she be but a poor foundling whor: for sweet charity's sake I

adopted?' "Something in the subtle evil look in old Pauline's face as she said this made me certain that it was a lie. Then Marguerite returned.

" 'Letters, monsieur!' she said. "The superscription of yours caught my eye in an instant. In my surprise and pleasure I pronounced your name aloud. There was an instantaneous crash at the other end of the room. I turned astonished and beheld that hideous old Pauline-her "That is not easy to say," she re-plied, in a mysterious, low tone. "I her eyes wide open and glaring fixedface a deathly, yellowish white, and

"'Monsieur!' she said, in a strange, harsh voice. Marguerite ran for- ing maliciously. ward.

" 'Pauline, Pauline!' she said, in terror "'Are you ill?' I asked, going up Duval.

to her. " 'Thanks, monsieur! I am not ill.

'Twas an accursed wasp stung me. Mon Dieu! 'twas like a stab,' she replied, angrily. "The sting was a pretense. Could

the mention of your name have affected her so powerfully? Am I right in my impression that your family is from Southern France?"

For answer to this voluminous from his friend: "I am coming; expect me on

Thursday.' Basil came in at dinner time, his eyes shining with pleasure at this ried again, he retained you because prospect.

"Monsieur has good news," said Pauline, with a scrutinizing look at his face

Basil glanced at her and perceived that the glittering brooch was missing.

make me a visit. Would it be convenient for you to accommodate my friend also?" "Monsieur and his friend are most

welcome to the whole house," returned Pauline, in a peculiar tone. It seemed to Basil Deane that night as if his life had but just begun. Hitherto he had failed, and his life had had too many burdens, and too few hopes, for him to think of asking another to share it: but now all was changed; nothing seemed impossible.

He loved Marguerite. While he thought of her, he saw the flutter of her light dress in one of the shaded alleys. "Marguerite!" he said, coming

upon her suddenly. "Ah, it is you, monsieur?" and her face was illumined.

"I want you, Marguerite, to have and to keep forever.' Her hands trembled-she faltered

"I thought Pauline sent you for

"Nobody sent me. I saw you and came because I love you and wanted to be with you. Will you be my wife, Marguerite?"

"Your wife, monsieur! I am a poor ribbon weaver!" her innocent eyes lifted to his in frank surprise. "And I am a poor artist. There is no disparity between us. The only question is of your loving me." "There is no question of that, mon-

The moon had dropped below the dark belt of forest that shut in the little valley where Basil fell asleep. When he awoke the sun was far up the sky. The remembrance of the past night came to him like a dream of ineffable happiness.

When he came downstairs he opened the door of the little kitchen. It was still and empty; no fire on the hearth; no signs of life anywhere. He crossed the room, and after tapping at the door of the bedroom where Pauline slept, opened it and looked in. The bed had been undisturbed since the day before. The romen had disappeared. A thorough examination of the house showed that, while no, bulky articles had been taken, nothing of value was left. The next day Basil Deane present

ed himself in the city and told Louis of the mysterious flitting. Louis' mobile face had grown ber. He half-opened his lips to

speak, but the distress in Basil's untenance checked the words. He was thinking. You do not speak You think I

"Upon my life I am not," said amount to b Basil, eagerly. "I am a fool in world- \$10,000,000.

ly matters if you say so, but I know a pure, true woman when I see her And I'll find Marguerite!"

He began his search at once, Louis Duval sometimes alding him, and oftener, as time went by, trying to

dissuade him. It was two years after Marguerite's disappearance, and during that time Basil Deane had become a popular artist. His pictures were no longer hung in obscure corners at the exhibitions, but were the centre of admiring crowds. One evening, while waiting with Louis, he stepped into a goldsmith's shop upon some trifling errand. A shabby, foreign-looking man stood by the counter. "But if monsieur would be good enough to look at this," said the man, with French accent, and directly a lucid

Basil's hand tightened over his friend's arm. "That is the jewel I told you of. I

know its setting," he said, in an excited whisper. soft, large eyes full of wondering de-"Where did you get this?" de-

manded the goldsmith, looking at him with suspicion. "It is a family jewel," returned the man, hurrledly, but, as if

alarmed, the man began to put the know who it is, but sometimes I trinket up. "If monsieur does not want it I will offer it elsewhere," he said, and went out. Our two friends silently followed, and at last came to a narrow alley. Before a tall, shabby house the man stopped. A hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"You are to explain how that jewel came into your possession," said the brooch is my wife's," said the man.

"Indeed! We will go in then and inquire of her." And Basil put his hand upon the bell-pull. "For heaven's sake, gentlemen

don't do that," said the man, in fear, "Pauline will be angry." Basil's heart leaped. For a moment he was incapable of speech. The shabby man opened the door and rar up a long flight. In a moment Basil Deane and Louis Duval followed. shrick burst from Pauline's lips, and then she sank down in a corner Somebody came forward.

"Monsieur!" "Marguerite!"

The name was a glad cry, and his arms were open to receive her.

Marguerite's cheeks flushed. She looked in wonder from one to the other, her color visibly rising under Louis' eager gaze. And he seemed unable to remove his eyes from her. "Who are you? What do you want?" said Pauline, her eyes gleam-

'Gently, madame! you know that tut for one or two things you would be in the galleys at Toulon," said

" "Tis a lie! You don't know any-

thing about it!" she cried. "Then I must recall a few passages in your life to your remembrance; and I do it as much for the sake of that girl as for yours," said Louis. 'You know that when you were my mother's bonne, in the confusion of her illness you stole her diamonds and had paste substituted for them. It was the brooch which was my epistle, Basil received a half sheet father's wedding present to her that

betrayed you at last." Pauline dropped her face in her

hands. "And then, when my father mar of your supposed kindness to my mother. And when my grandfather, angry at this second match, and despising Marguerite's mother-peas ant-born, but noble-hearted-let you see his hate, you fanned it with lies, and when at last the poor young "You are right, Mile. Pauline. My creature died in my father's absence, Marguerite. Now go and get my dia

monds!" She obeyed humbly, bringing them from a dingy closet, where they lay in a rough box beneath a pile of rubbish. Louis took the lucid gems out of their rough casket. Their splen-

dor illumined the room. "Here, Marguerite, little sister!" He hung them upon her soft, rown curls, dropped them in shining links around her white throat and fastened them to the dainty wrists. She stood there between her brother and her lover, adorned like a queen. and happier in her simple womanhood than any queen of them all .-Amanda M. Hale.

India's Cotton Tree.

London Commercial Intelligence recently printed a letter from J. R. Spence at Wallas Cotton Plantation, Deese, who claims to have discovered a variety of cotton tree, Indigenous to India, capable of revolutionizing the cotton industry of that country. He says the tree grows in various parts of Bombay and Madras Presidencies, which produces cotton infinitely superior both in classification and staple to American cotton and in classification alone cannot be equaled by Egypt. It is an astonish ing fact that the value of the tree's product has not up to this time been discovered by any one in the cotton trade, notwithstanding the fact that the tree has been known to exist since the time of the mutiny and probably for hundreds of years previously. The only uses the cotton it produces has been put to are the manufacture of wicks for lamps in Hindu temples and the stuffing of beds and pillows. After careful examination of the cotton, Mr. Spence unhesitatingly expressed the opinion that it would probably revolutionize the cotton industry of India and largely reduce the European demand for American cotton.

Same True of Spelling

When I was in England, before the "entente cordiale." I discussed the metric system with an Englishman. The English system of weights and measures, he admitted, was complex, but he said it was precisely because of its innumerable difficulties that it constituted a marvelous instrument for making supple the young brains which filled the English chools .- M. Grimm, in Le Journal of Paris.

The peanut crop in the United itates now amounts to 11,000,000

Popular Science

The Mexican Central Railway has used concrete blocks for the roof lining of tunnels, being cheaper than cut stone. These blocks weighed about 108 pounds each, so that one man could handle them and place them in the arch.

tus is required when a dynamo is geared direct to a windmill. In a new system the windmill pumps water into a hydraulic accumulator, and water from this-kept by automatic valves at a pressure of seventyfive pounds per square inch-drives the dynamo. A storage battery saves the surplus power in the usual way.

A wire-rope tramway for transporting iron ore has been built near Fort Montgomery, N. Y., on the Hudson River, for the Hudson Iron Company. The tramway is 6300 feet long and delivers the ore at a point 390 feet below the starting point. Its capacity is twenty-three tons per The ore buckets are permanently attached to the rope and are loaded by a traveling automatic loader or hopper.

Lord Kelvin, the well-known scientist, has written a letter to the Times, of London, concerning discussions before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He protests against the inference that helium may be produced from radium and the idea of the gradual evolution of one metal from the other. He also expresses himself as against the hypothesis that the heat of the sun or the earth is due to radium. He believes it to be mainly due to gravitation.

M. Camille Herrgott, a wellknown French engineer, is said to have invented a peculiar method of charging cloth with electricity in order to furnish heat to the wearer in cold weather. The idea is carried out by means of fine electric wires woven into the cloth, to charge which a very fine battery is needed. He calls his invention the "electric thermophile," and claims for it that it can be used in connection with all kinds of fabrics, and does not alter their ordinary appearance or their usual flexibility.

VAST STORE OF WEALTH.

Mother Earth Has Supplied the World's Greatest Fortunes.

Beit's vast wealth came from mines-diamonds, gold and copperlike the immense fortune of Senator William A. Clark, of Montana; like the \$25,000,000 or more accumula-

ted by Cecil Rhodes. The earth was also the source of the wealth of both John D. Rockefeller and his brother William. The same thing is true of Carnegie's great store of wealth. It was really dug from iron mines-iron and coal. Krupp piled up the largest estate in Germany in like manner He

made his money by manufacturing the product of iron mines. The earth is a magnificent storehouse of wealth. It has proved more fruitful of immense fortunes than the vast transportation business

which made the fortunes of the Vanderbilts and the Goulds, Hill, Harriman and the rest of the railroad kings. It has beaten the mere ownership and the use of the surface of the ground, Astor fashion, says the you were ready, for money, to steal | Cleveland Leader. Whereupon the Manufacturer's Record adds:

Yes, and the great centre of the earth's storehouse is the South. Think of its coal area, nearly three times as great as the combined coal fields of Great Britain, Germany and Pennsylvania; of its iron ore, far surpassing in quantity that which made the fortunes of Carnegle and Krupp; of its oil, promising to exceed in yield all that went to make the fortunes of the Rockefellers; of its sulphur, which dominates the world's sulphur trade; of its phosphate, which holds the same unique position in the world's fertilizer industry; of its vast stores of cement making materials, the industry which promises to rival iron and steel: of its copper and other higher forms of minerals, and then let your imagination attempt to forecast the vastness of the wealth which this mineral storehouse of the world is to turn loose in the South.

By Ra'l to Siberia. With the incorporation in New Jersey of the Trans-Alaskan Siberian Railway Company, with an authorized capital of \$6,000,000, the first step toward the joining of the old new worlds is taken, and the world in general will await with some interest the further progress of the scheme of the French, Russian and American syndicates which hope to carry the plans to a successful conclusion. The new incorporation is the result of a contract entered into by a special commission appointed by the Czar of Russia and Loicq De Lobel in 1906. The main line is to start from Kansk station on the Trans-Siberian Railway and to run easterly to the boundary of Amur province; thence to a point between Yakoutsk and Okatsk, thence to Bering Strait with various branches The main road will be about 3750 miles long and the branch road 2250 miles. The Alaska terminal will be Cape Prince of Wales, Seward Peninsula. Conection is to be made by a tunnel under Behring Strait. Of course the cost of the construction will be enomous, running well into nine figures, and \$6,000,000 is a merely nominal cap-Italization .- Boston Advertiser

In Honor of the Cleb. Clergymen all over the country are greatly relieved at the reported ision of the Oxfordshire Education Committee to dismiss the headmistress of Bampton Aston School for taking hold of the vicar and shaking him. If the practice had been estige of the church might have en seriously impaired .- Punch.

SUCCESS NOT ALWAYS THE RESULT OF VIRTUE

BY WILBUR L. BONNEY

From a perusal and comparison of many current writings on the subject of success, it appears that no definite meaning is conveyed by the term "success." In one article a man who after fifteen years of struggle has established himself in the grocery business is given as an example of success; in another paper a man who has Delicate speed-regulating appara- † \$3 per week to foreman at \$25 per week is set forth as an example of what may be achieved; in still others it is implied, if not actually expressed, that nothing short of a bank president, railroad official or millionaire can be really considered successful. This is confusing to the young man who wishes to know what the world expects of him, and to what he must aspire in order to hope to enter the golden circle of the "successful."

In the advice and interviews kindly lavished by the men who have been successful, with a capital S. it appears that they always claim, explicitly or by implication, that the success is due to their virtues. Now, it is morally certain that many of them owe their success to their immoral qualities, to the fact that they have overreached, browbeaten or ruined competitors, neighbors and even friends.

They set themselves upon a pedestal, however, and invite the public to believe that it is their virtues that have been rewarded by an appreciative fate with the crown of wealth or position. These things confuse the uninitiated and discourage those who know that they themselves deserve some measure of success if virtue is to be the criterion.

The fact is, the successful, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, usually conceal the essential point in relating their experience. Some fortunate accident, some happy connection, or, perhaps, some act of indirection or unconsidered speculation, was the key, and that point they do not reveal; they would rather have it believed that they did it all by deliberate purpose, and by the exercise of respectable virtue and superior shrewdness.

If you will dig into the biography of almost all wealthy men you will find some such crisis at which they passed from the ranks of wage earners to the class of those to whom success opens wide its portals. In other words, there was some definite transaction which lifted them out of the ranks and made them eligible to higher honors.

One instance of this kind happened In this way: A poor and idle, but fairly intelligent, young man was making a precarious living on the outskirts of the real estate business in Minneapolis. His virtues were not conspicuous and if success were casting about for some one upon whom to work her magic spell she would probably have had to seek this young man at the races or the ball game. He learned through his real estate connection that a large semi-public corporation desired to purchase a forty acre tract near the city and was about to open negotiations with the owner.

The young man went to the records, found that the owner of the and was a widow living in a small Iowa town, who had not seen her land for over fifteen years. boarded the train, went to the widow. informed her that he wished to enlarge his farm and would consider taking her forty-acre tract if she would sell cheap. She finally signed a contract agreeing to deed the land to him for \$3000. The semi-public corporation two months afterward paid him \$40,000 for the tract, and the man is now pointed out as one who has earned success as the result of certain virtues which he indeed never possessed. This land transaction he always omits when he furnishes interviewers with a short sketch of his path to success.

The matter of chance is also neglected in the average talk upon this subject. In the game of life, where there are so many players, it must happen by the law of chance that a few are favored out of all proportion to the rest. The law of chance must favor some without regard to personthrough the hands of twenty owners, some one of them will own it when a city is located thereon; the other ,aineteen will be considered lacking an foresight, while to the lucky owner will be ascribed all the virtues which cluster about the wealthy: whereas he may have taken the land on a bad debt, or in a horse trade, without foresight and without deliberation.

If by success one means a competence secured at the age of sixty, it is no doubt within the reach of all healthy, intelligent young men, and the old-fashioned virtues of frugality, honesty, patience and calculating judgment are the only sure means of reaching it.

Even in this modest aspiration the man with all these virtues in his favor may fail by one false step, but his experience in the school of selfcontrol will do much to prevent such a step, and after many days of such strenuous and unromantic plodding. life will not open to him and show him that virtue is not in vain, that the wise and conservative precepts of the ages are true, indeed, to him who masters himself and aims at only what is possible by honest means and patient, contented study of the laws by which permanent results are gained

Brilliant exceptions do not form a basis for reasoning. It is not safe to draw conclusions from exceptional cases. A few examples of quick and phenomenal success do not form any basis for reasoning about the chances of the average man. It is poor logic to argue from exceptions instead of from the rule, and it is not the rule for two-path boys to become presidents. Such examples as Mr. Schwab and Mr. Gates are very exceptional cases. It is far safer and saner to determine what is the usual result of a lifetime's energy and intelligence, and to lay plans accordingly, than to be led in optimistic conclusions by arguing from striking exceptions and disregarding the dull and inexorable rule .- Retail Clerks' International Advocate

IN THE TYPHOON.

What the Great Wind Did Off the Harbor of Hongkong.

Shortly before dawn the Sado Maru was hove to and forged into the head sea. About this time the glass began to rise, the worst was past. At dawn huge seas surged past the side, the trough of the waves was white with foam and the creats snatched up by the wind caused a dense spume-formed mist over the whole waters.

The sea was strewn with wreckage; everywhere spars, sails, timber and wave-swept derelicts evidenced the havoc among the junks.

About 10 a. m. on Tuesday great excitement was caused by a man being sighted about a mile away clinging to some wreckage. The ship altered course and an attempt was made to reach the mast and shred of sail to which he clung.

The first effort failed, the second was better; first a buoy then a bowline reached him and he was hauled on board.

He was livid from exhaustion and exposure and unable to stand-the

sole survivor of a crew of twenty. This was only the beginning. A few miles further a tangle of spars supported six, including two women; then a junk with only the poop out of water yielded two men and a child. Still further another junk in similar plight gave two more. And so on, from every form of raft, till a total of sixty-six was reached, including one Englishman, a pilot.

A man who was on board H. M. S. Tamar writes:

"The whole time there was an endless procession of junks and sampans, mostly dismasted, tearing past the ship, some abandoned and others with several wretches still on board, all very terrified, doing joss-pidgin to their gods, and throwing joss papers into the water. The majority of them were rudderless as well as mastless and consequently completely at the mercy of the elements. was pitiable to see them passing so close and yet to be powerless to rescue them. They shouted and screamed at every steam launch that came within sight to take them off, but the launches had enough to do to look after themselves. A party of about six men in a loaded coal lighter was rescued by a launch just abreast the ship. They appeared quite cool and stepped on board the launch and then returned to the lighter and fetched the boxes containing al their worldly goods and then went off, leaving a poor little chow dog in the lighter to await the end .- South China Morning Post.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

A man thinks he is mighty good to his wife to let her think he is. Half the fun of being rich seems to

be trying to get richer with it. If it wasn't on her head you would think a woman's hat was a flying ma-A man has to holler pretty loud to

tues. A millionaire never feels that he has to speak of his house as a residence.

get any one to take stock in his vir-

When a man talks about "accepting" a job it is a sign the salary is small. We support our children so that

they can raise their children for us to support. There is hardly any investment that is more of a risk than marrying

for money. The most dangerous thing about engagements is that they usually lead

to marriages. It's mighty unfortunate for most people that they look so much like themselves.

The reason women hate mathe-

mathics so much is because they have to do with ages. Maybe if people loved their walldren less they would be able to sup-

port themselves. No matter how much a woman disapproves swearing she is grateful her

husband is so manly. The only men who don't waste a good deal of their money are those who haven't it to waste. Keeping up appearances keeps

than any other one thing in the world. The devil gets a lot of help in his work from people who insist on driving you desperate with their good

more men down in their finances

There is hardly anything that can shock a sentimental girl more than to find the way a poet can like steak

and fried potatoes. If men who are engaged want to be successful husbands they will do well to save up some of their lovemaking for use after marriage. From "Reflections of a Bachelor," in the New York Press.

Told of Professor Louisbury. The recent unofficial opinion of the United States Supreme Court in the matter of simplified spelling lends especial point to the following aneciote of Professor Lounsbury, the noted grammarian, of Yale, who, as is well known, has democratic and liberal views on the subject of the English language. Professor Lounsbury, according to Harper's Weekly. opposes those who would substitute simple terms pedantic onesse who would claim, for instance, that the phrase "To-morrow is Sunlay" is incorrect, and would write lestead: "To-morrow will be Sun-

Professor Louisbury discussing the question of simple English, said at Yale one afternoon

There was a little boy who began to keep a diary. His first entry was 'Got up this morning at 7 o'clock.' He showed the entry to his mother, and she, horror-stricken, said: "Have you never been to school? Got up, indeed! Such an expression!

Does the sun get up? No, it rises." "And she scratched out 'Got up at 7, and wrote 'Rose at 7' in its place.
"That night the boy, before retiring, ended the entry for the day with the sentence, 'Set at % o'clock.'"

Cupid's Master. Though Cupid gets the credit
For love affairs we see,
There's one match-maker greater,
And that's cupidity.

-Puck.

All Depends.

"This man paid \$250,000 for his seat. What do you say to that?" "High for the stock exchange; low for the Senate."-Courier-Journal.

A Misunderstanding.

"What on earth are you doing to me?" asked the indignant patient. "Kneading your stomach," replied the great physician.

Well, let up; I may be needing it myself one of these days,"-Chicago

Physical Impossibility.

The House Cat-"You're getting fat and apoplectic. I can see your finish."

The Pug Dog (making an effort to turn his head but giving it up)"That's more than I can do, anylow."-Chicago Tribune.

In the Department Store. "Oh, my!" exclaimed the excited woman who had mislaid her husband. "I'm looking for a small man with one eye.'

'Well, ma'am," replied the polite floorwalker, "if he's a small man, maybe you'd better use both eyes."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Base Slander.

"Your hughand," said Mrs. Highmus, graciously, "is decidedly interesting and original, even if he does sometimes blow his own horn a little

"It isn't so!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Gaswell. "My husband always uses his handkerchief!"-Chicago Tribune.

A Wise Son.

"A dislike," said the gentle philosopher, "should not lead us to any We should active demonstration. merely seek to avoid its object." "Maybe my boy Josh has more

sense than I gave him credit for," rejoined Farmer Corntossel. exactly the way he feels about work of all kinds."-Washington Star. Early Explorations.

"Johnny, you have been very quiet

for the last half hour," observed Mrs.

Towne, who had been busy welcom-

ing her brother, who had just arrived on a visit. "What have you been doing, dear?" "Me?" said Johnny, "why, I've been going through Uncle Charlie's

dress suit case."-Detroit Free Press. Nothing to Regret.

"Had a good time on the Fourth. I suppose? With his one sound hand Johnny pushed his bandages aside. 'You bet I did." he answered.

"But how about your burns?" "Huh! I don't care. It was the very last cannon cracker I had that blowed me up."-Philadelphia

Didn't Blance the Church. "Can I induce you to go to church?" asked the earnest evan-

gelist. "O! not for mine, doc," replied the hobo. "Perhaps you have some feelings against the church that may be-

mine was a home-weddin'."-Philadelphia Press.

Violated All Precedent. "Were you ever really glad to hang

"No, I ain't got no grudge agin it;

"Only once," answered the Sheriff. "I had prepared him a hearty breakfast of steak, eggs, potatoes, walles and coffee."

"And the infernal ingrate demanded stewed oats instead."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Whom the Old Man Feared.

"Say," said Mrs. Nuritch, "your father's got to stop smokin' his pipe in the parlor. You'll have to speak to him; he won't mind me." "He ain't afraid o' me, neither," replied Nuritch.

'Well, something's got to be done." "If I wasn't afraid o' scaring the old man too bad I'd get the butler after him."-Philadelphia Press.

It Depends. "Do you think any man can be in

love and be same at the same time?" "It depends on what he is in love with. If the object of his affection be beautiful, a good cook, able to make her own clothes and willing to overlook it if he doesn't call her Pet or Darling in public, I don't see why there should be any reason to doubt his sanity."-Chicago Record-Herald,

Transformed.

"How did your son get along at college? "Well," replied Farmer Kornkob, meditatively, "it made a new man of

"Indeed! In what way?" "He's forgotten everything he ought to know about the farm, and earned everything he ought not to know about the city."-Milwaukee

Supply and Demand.

Sentinel.

"I tell you," said the passenger with the skull cap, "there is so thing wrong with a country where a prize-fighter can make more n.oney in one night than a college profes can make in five years!"

"You're right, pard," said the presence with the loud check as "There's too blamed many collaprofessors and too blamed few graphize-fightern."—Chicago Tribana.