And cast me deep with some dreamless close,

Where hopes stir not, and white, wronged lips are mute.

And pain's hot wings fold down o'er

And pain's hot wings fold down o'er

And pain's hot wings fold down o'er

More more;

So I from sleep to death may softly wend as one would pass from gentle friend to friend.

—Olive Tilford Dargan, in Scribner's. lips are mute, 'And pain's hot wings fold down o'er

hushed woes; if ere morn Thou choos'st to set me it not be, sweet jailer, through the Let

EVELYN'S EXPERIMENT.

By PAULINE MONTAGUE.

side, like a meditative sparrow, and and intelligent—altogether as differ- the very first."

Jack Carrol thought that if she had ent from the species as a humming All the colo not been his cousin he would have bird from a vulture. easily enough fallen in love with her himself, instead of showing her Sydney Chamney's photograph and which was something very rare for praising up the original to the very him to do. "What possible fate has

"He looks handsome. Is he really way corner of creation?"
as good looking as his picture, Jack?"
Well, the week came she asked.

'He's even handsomer than his world," said Jack, enthusiastically.

Evelyn answered, thoughtand I think Mr. Chamney is a gen- fashioned apple roasting frolics. tleman I would like-could likevery well, if only-

She hesitated, drooped her lovely as he drove her to school. head, and then laughed.

"What a girl you are, Evie! What an unmeasurable girl! You always their lives away." have an 'if' between you and every promise of pleasure."

"I believe I do," she said, in her sweet, spirited way. "I have to, Jack; don't you see? In this case, 'if only "-and she flashed a saucy smile from her violet eyes at him-"If only Mr. Sydney Chamney had an eyes. income, or a salary, or even wages of his own, and I was not so rich as I do nothing, as you do." unfortunately am." Jack laughed at the lugubrious

little sigh she uttered. "You can easily get rid of your fortune, Evelyn," he observed. "You might make it over to a society for Christian burial of murdered felines, or you could give it to me, for that

matter. "Don't be absurd, Jack," she said, half vexedly.

"And don't you be a goose," he an swered, tartly. "I tell you Syd Chamney is a fine fellow, and if he hadn't cent he'd deserve the best woman that walks this earth."

Evelyn looked seriously at the photograph a moment, then asked: 'Why doesn't he come himself if he is so anvious to become acquainted with me?"

Jack smiled. he's coming by and by. He's not one of your sort to rush headlong into to feed and clothe you?" anything-even a lady's favor. He is off for an indefinite time-on a back. But when he does-good-by for you, Evelyn, my dear!"

And after Mr. Jack Carrol had hastily beaten his retreat Evelyn sat

"I do like his looks very much. I comes back?"

A big, low ceilinged room, with an open fireplace, where a huge log lay blazing and sparkling, sending great streams of light out into the old fashioned room, and dispensing warmth and cheer and an unutterable home-

covered with a crimson cloth, old Eben Orr sat, laboriously reading a weekly paper, and portly, motherly Orr was darning stout gray socks from a deep basket by her side. A comfortable cat slept on a rug nearer the fire; a pitcher of cider, a plate of rosy apples, a tin basin of cracked walnuts were on a small shelf in the chimney corner, and Eille King, the pretty little new schoolteacher, who lived at the Orr farmhouse, was leaning back in a little low rush bottomed chair, shielding her face from the light and heat with a letter just received from home.

Outside the wind was blowing in fitful, wild gusts and the night was raw and cold, with snow coming down in blinding, whirling clouds-a wild. bitter night for man or beast to be abroad, Ellie was thinking, just as a rapid hurry of footsteps on the ground outside and a knock on the kitchen door disturbed the serene coziness in the farmhouse kitchen.

"Bless my heart," Mr. Orr said. cheertly, as he opened the door, "if 'tain't Mr. Chamney back again! and no mistake."

"It's I; sure enough, and glad to be under a roof once more. Mrs. Orr. shake hands with you again!"

He stamped the snow off his thick boots before he came into the room to shake hands with his host and hostess, and, as he came into the full light of the fire and bright lamplight Ellie King looked up and saw him of whom in her month of residence at my own.' the Orr farm she had heard not a little, and decided, with a light sparkle of admiration in her eyes, that it was all true-so far as Mr. Chamney's

appearance was concerned. This is Mr. Chamney, Ellie," Mr. Orr said, with a certain little pride in "This is Miss Ellie King, out schoolteacher. She lives here, it was a look that stirred his very and we're glad to have her here, too. Sydney bowed and laughed at the un-enventional introduction, and El- little at law. Take that up, throw He smiled and flushed a little-only Mr. Chamney did not notice either

particularly. "A country schoolteacher," he was saying to himself, sarcastically. "Heaven preserve me! I know 'emall alike. Well, I'm only going to

stay a week, anyhow." But in just exactly an hour Mr. "It has been drive Chamney had changed his drive," she said.

Evelyn held her pretty head to one | Eille King was pretty and ladylike

"A little beauty — a little dia-mond," he decided, enthusiastically, placed here here, in this out-of-the-

Well, the week came to an end with wonderful rapidity, and it seemed that Ellie and Sydney had photograph, and, what's more to the been acquainted a lifetime instead of point, he's the very best fellow in the only seven days of escorting her to the schoolhouse and seeing her safely home, of going on one or two skating fully, and then her cheeks flushed a trips, and some brisk, delightful little, and the sparkle in her eyes walks to the village postoffice, and gave place to gravity. "It is certain- seven evenings of pleasant conversaly very much more to the point, Jack, tion, intricate games of chess, or old

"I don't want to go away at all," he said, one bright, sharp morning,

"It seems that women don't; at all events, you don't," he said, lightly. 'Isn't it a terrible bore to travel half deprecating voice, as she nestled along in the same rut, day after day, week after week, as you do, Miss El-

A wicked little sparkle was in her

"Not half as great a nuisance as to "But I was brought up not to have anything much to do, you see. It

makes a difference." She fixed her pretty, thoughtful eyes on his handsome face.

"Oh, you are a rich man, then. thought, somehow, you were not." He laughed-just the merest bit vexed at her sincere frankness.

'Rich? No, I am not, unless you call three thousand a year a fortune." "I don't earn half that, yet I call myself rich." Ellie said, quietly, 'But perhaps you expect to inherit a fortune, Mr. Chamney?'

"You saucy little catechist! No, I can't say that I do."

so long as you live, idling away your time in whatever amusement pleases you for the moment, and, having no 'So, ho! my spirited little lady! good object to accomplish, no healthy that's what's the matter, is it? Well, discipline of daily employment, just because you happen to possess enough

There was a sweet, interested kindliness in her manner, in her words, solitary hunting expedition-and the that robbed them of all sting, andstars only know when he'll come Sydney Chamney looked almost reverently at her.

"I - never really thought of it But"-and a flush reddened his handsome fac-"suppose I confess what thoughtfully by the window, study- I do expect-what I did expect to do, ing the pictured face of Sydney Cham- I mean. Will you promise you won't quite-despise me?

"I do like his looks very much. I She smiled gravely.
wonder how long it will be before he "I can tell you more truthfully when I have heard what you have to

say. What is it?" He looked earnestly in her sweet,

"I did intend to marry a fortune, Miss Ellie." A painful flush surged over her

from him. "I knew it!" he said, Impetuously "Didn't I say you'd despise me? Of course, I knew you would, when you heard what I had in my mind, and I deserve to be despised. But don't forget I also said I had given up the idea, although she was one of the most lovable girls fmaginable-if all fords no encouragement to future that her friends said of her was true,

riches. A silence between them followed. the sleigh bells.

which I do not doubt. She would be

a prize for any man, even without her

Then Chamney broke it: "Why don't you ask me what has changed my mind, Miss Ellie?" A swift, radiant look in her eyes

was instantly hushed. Because I think you would tell me if you wanted me to know," she answered readily. "I do want you to know. It is

"I? I? Why, Mr. Chamney, bow -when have I impressed you to----

He interrupted her cagerly. "There has not been an hour that I have not been conscious of your in-Come right in! It's a stormy night, fluence upon me, Ellie. Your words, your dally toil, your cheerful accept ance of the duties devolving upon you, have shown me not only what a how do you do? Mr. Orr, I'm glad to selfish, worthless fellow I have been, but what a self-reliant man I purpose to make of myself. Hitherto, in my absurd stupidity, I have regarded my self as destined to be saved from an

> He paused, and Ellie looked up, almost wistfully, to say:

"I am so glad." "So am I! I am eager to beginto be of some use somewhere. What shall I do, Ellie? Cut wood, or turn farmhand, or what?"

Ellie smiled-gravely enough, but

"I have heard you say you read s all your resolution and energy into it, and make a mark, and-a fortune!" she added, with a little, merry

Chamney reined the demure pony at the schoolhouse gate, and assisted Ellie out with careful consideration.

"It has been such a delightful ind, having discovered that Miss

school," he answered, with a laugh, 'It hasn't seemed more than five minutes' ride. There was something else I wanted to say,'

"About the helress?" Ellie asked, demurely, as she unlocked the school-

"Oh, the heiress! She may thank her stars she didn't make the mistake of accepting me. She'll find plenty of better fellows than myself. Won't you let me come in and see if Ben Peters has made you a warm, good fire?'

"Just a minute, while you thaw The pony mustn't stand, you

"The pony may stand," he returned. "He must stand, Ellie, until you tell me you will marry me-some day-when I've made myself worthy of you, my darling Ellie. Little girl, you love me? I have loved you from

All the color forsook her face for "Ob, Mr. Chamney, you cannot

mean this?" "But I do, dear. I need all your love, your encouragement, your sym-

Won't you give them to me, pathy. with yourself? Do you love me, El-

And, with tears springing to her eyes, Ellie laid herhead on his breast. "Oh, Sydney, I cannot help it!"

And then he kissed her, and instantly darted away, as a swarm of mittened and hooded and scarfed scholars came trooping in the gate. while Ellie went about her duties with a new sweetness in her face and a deep undertone of jubilant happiness in her voice.

And that evening when old Eben Orr and his wife sat over the fire, calculating the return from the mar-"But, of course, you must," she ket sales that day, Sydney and Ellie answered, gravely. "Men cannot idle stood in the window of the adjoining room

> "I want to tell you something, Syd-' she said, in a half pleading, to his side and looked up in his proud, glad face, radiant with the light of new hope-new purpose. want to tell you-I-my whole name is Evelyn Ellinor Carrol, and when Jack talked so much about you, I wanted to come here, where I knew you were, and learn for myself. You are not angry with me?"

> He looked amazedly at her. "Ellie! You Miss Carrol-Jack's coustn! The heiress I was to marry, if I could.

She caressed his band, lovingly. "The heiress you are to marry, if ou will, Sydney." For answer he folded her closely to him and kissed her.-New York

Don'ts For Clerks.

Don't be afraid of a strict employer. You'll never learn from an easy

Weekly.

"Then, Mr. Chamney, you mean to Don't overestimate your talents. say that you will be content to go on, Remember that competition is an accurate scale and may find them

wanting. Don't dream while you work. Work and dreams don't go together. Don't act as if you know everything and your customer knows noth-

Don't be afraid of hard experiences; they make the best of teach-

Don't send out unsightly pack-Don't refuse to listen to common

sense. Don't be afraid to do little things willingly.

Don't always have a grudge against your employer. He has his faults. So have you. No one is without

Don't feel yourself better than your position, especially if you have an education.

Don't believe that promotions are due to favoritism rather than merit. Don't stand in the door when you have nothing to do. It is particularly

cheeks. She shrank further away offensive to women passing. Don't remain unfamiliar with new

Failure of Co-operative Stores.

The history of co-operative business ventures in the United States, presented in the report of the Wisconsin Commissioner of Labor, afenterprises of this character.

After describing the earlier experiments, the Commissioner says that no great progress was made with cooperative stores until 1867, when the disturbed only by the soft clang of Patrons of Husbandry, or grangers, were organized, but by poor business methods, together with popular distrust and industrial depression, the State agent purchasing system was abolished.

The great majority of the co-operative stores established after the panic of 1873 met with failure. Of the fifty started by the Knights of Labor between 1871 and 1877, few are still in operation. The Farmers' Alliance Exchange, which transacted a business of \$10,000,000 in 1890,

'fell away.' The Commissioner observes that it is now apparent that no lasting, effective reform in the industrial situation in this country can ever be accomplished by the application of cooperative doctrines. - Philadelphia Ledger.

Death of a Great Tree. We have no words in our vocab ulary that will fully express our feelhonest, manly, workaday life-a sort | ings/ regarding the unnecessary deof glorified idiot, to whom fortune struction of the grand old live oak must somehow come with no effort of tree on Magnolia avenue. What was once one of the most beautiful portions of parkage in our city is now an unsightly blot. Nature cannot in a hundred years restore a beauty that was destroyed in a few hours, and the trees beyond will for many years continue to stretch out their long. bare and unsightly arms in mute protest against the wanton destruction which revealed their nakedness and unsightliness. It was the finest tree on Magnolia avenue, and in full health and vigor, without a dead branch or root, and bade well for a ong life, while its adjoining neighbors do not. For ages the birds had homed in its branches and voiced their thankfulness to God for such blessing. Will not some one organtection of our trees? One by one they are talling before the spoiler, who, instead of the shotgun, uses the

Useless Playthings

Elaborate Toys of Almost No Interest to Little Children.

lived almost entirely in the realm of lovely picture of childhood. play," said Dr. T. S. Fowler-Schonen, father, returning home from a disat a recent conference on "The Effect | tant city, had brought his wife a set of Play," in the domestic science de partment of Brooklyn Institute. "The infant begins to play in his cradle packing and piled them one by one with his own toes and fingers. A on a chair, Finally he took out two healthy child is always playful, and tiny bisque figures, a little boy and a he wants to play incessantly, except when he is hungry, sleepy or other wise uncomfortable. Play is nature's method of educating the child. It is their two-year-old son, who had stood a natural development and training of the child's physical, mental and The baby stood with his little hands 'Almost all a mother's talk to a child up to school age is in the nature | the bisque figures, and his little face

moral nature. of play. As she provides food for the she furnishes food for his mind. It doing it. Consciously or unconscious- father would never have thought so, ly, she is teaching a child from earliest infancy by play. She is teaching him language as she talks to him. She is teaching him motion, form and new toy. direction as she dangles a bright ball

before his baby eyes. "Games train the body and the mind. In the ceaseless activity of the gother again. Split maps are splenlittle child, so wearing to older per- did for older children who have benastic exercises ever invented. In judgment and Ideas of architecture.

Blocks as Teachers, "A verf small child takes great

comfort with a nest of blocks, all of society. which he can put inside the largest not get this development. one, and then take out again. dren love very much a plaything which can be taken to pieces and put together again, a horse that can be harnessed and unharnessed, a doll that can be dressed and undressed. Any one who watches little children must see how they love little, simple, monotonous actions; how they will sing the same little refrain or repeat same meaningless phrase over and over again, till an older person is nauseated with it. The child's mind is simple. A child is overstimulated and worried by the elaborate, finished toys given him nowadays. If you do not think so, examine the hoard a young child will collect for himself. I examined one such hoard stored away by a little girl who could have any playthings she liked. Among her treasures were various old empty spools, the handle of an old brush broom, a clothespin and various such things, including one battered rubber doll, the only toy she had taken from an elaborate collection. I do not know what meaning she attached to these things, but you may be sure that each old spool stood for something more than a spool to her imagination. The child lives in an unreal world, the world of play. His imagination is always at work. Sometimes, if we can get into his shy with us, because we have left that fairyland and forgotten what was there. He knows that the grown-up will not understand and will laugh. of child life." at any more than a grown-up. makes him ashamed and miserable. Or if he grows to like it it is very bad

self-conscious.

Finished Toys Worthless. "The finished toy, which leaves boys mechanics and electricity in the Bernardino County.

play world the doll is the most interacts out the whole drama of motherhood in the most innocent and charming way. She endows the doll with life and acts out innumerable situations in life with it, and if you want to see how you appear to your daughchildren and her visitors. They will banks: be enlightening at times.

How Greeks Taught Form.

"Do not give little children toys which represent monsters or clowns. The Greeks placed geometrical forms above the child's crade, so that his first vision should become accustomed to correct form. Froebel advised soft knit balls in the seven primary colors, so that the baby's eyes should learn to like pure form and color. A little standard can be fixed on the cradle, with the seven balls hanging from it. The baby's hands will clutch at these soft balls, and the baby's eyes learn to distinguish color and motion from them. As soon as the ask for playthings. Do not give him anything with sharp corners, anything that he can swallow or suck the paint from or things that break easily. Let him pick up little homely playthings for himself. If you watch the child he will show you what he likes. Do not give him too many playthings, so that he becomes weary and blase and in the mood to always demand something new. Keep the child's tastes simple and unspolled, so that he will enjoy each new thing. I remember a little scene which will voyage of fifteen days,

"The child's first five years are | remain printed on my memory as a of handsome French china plates. He took them carefully from their on a chair. Finally he took out two little girl, and set them on the chair. As he gathered up the wrappings his wife touched his arm and pointed to quietly by, watching the unpacking. clasped in front of him, his little body bent forward, his eyes glued to shining with a look of perfect joy and child's body, so in her play with him delight, which positively irradiated it. The figures had in reality been bought is sometimes asked if it is right to for the mantelplece, but without a try to teach very young children any- word he adopted them as his own. thing. Positively no mother can help They suited his taste, though his

have shown that quiet rapture with a "Split pictures are a great delight to children, because they can constantly be taken apart and put tocons, he is developing every muscle. gun to study geography. Children l'ossing a ball is one of the best gym- love to take to pieces and put together again. It is for this reason playing with building blocks a child they love to build in sand and mould gets no physical exercise, but he is in clay. This is the reason they are getting the finest kind of mental thought destructive. In reality they He is developing taste, are often surprised and grieved when they find they cannot put together what they have destroyed. The child gets the same development of social intercourse in play which we get from If he plays alone he does

and they were given to him. No

child satiated with playthings could

Ideal Nursery.

"It is most desirable that the child from the first should have a room of his own, where he can play without hurting things. Formerly the least desirable room in the house was always set aside for the nursery, and furn'ture which was not wanted anywhere else in the house was put into it. Nowadays in the best home the nursery is the most carefully planned room in the house. It should always have sunlight, for the sun vitalizes the air and kills germs. The windows should always be open, for ventilation prevents disease. To keep out dust stretch cheesecloth over the netting, and to prevent drafts have a ventilating board nailed across the foot of the window. Have small fur-niture, with rounded corners. Imagine our discomfiture if we were obliged to live among furniture designed for the use of glants twelve feet tall. Have no unwashable curtains or draperies. Keep the room simple. In a millionaire's home on Fifth avenue the nursery has tiled walls, and on each tile is painted a scene from Mother Goose. It is enough to weary and distress the mind of any child. The tiles are beautiful for hygiene, but very expensive. Leave the walls bare, tinted world ourselves, he will tell us his in some plain, delicate shade, perlittle imaginings, and we can get a lare truly artistic, for the child's taste glimpse into the fairy realm where are truly artistic, for the child's taste glimpse into the fairy realm where for the good in art can be trained from the very first. It is a curious thing that little children often choose copies of the Madonnas of Raphael and Murillo in preference to pictures

Soda Mines.

California miners are now as anxlous to find soda beds as they were for him. Then he becomes pert and to strike a good gold mine in the days of '49. Manufacturers are clamoring for soda for domestic and medicinal as well as commercial uses. nothing to the imagination, is bad for the little child. So is the elaborate mechanical toy, of which the found to contain vast deposits of stores are full-those steam launches, salines, notably soda in at least one torpedo boats and so on. It is too of the dry lakes. Here then is the intricate; it wearies him. Here is a miner's opportunity, and they are steam engine which, when fired up flocking to the soda lakes in great by alcohol, will actually work like a numbers. Soda occurs in varying locomotive. That is dangerous for a forms in this region, but the only boy of five, both on account of the beds which are of value from a merfiring and the sharp iron corners, cantile point of view, or which fur-It is also too intricate for him to un- nish quantities enough of the saline derstand, and it is finished. If he salts to be worthy of operation are takes it to pieces he cannot put it to- in dried out lake beds. The largest gether again; it is destroyed. All and most important of all of these such mechanical toys are excellent for is the one known as Danby Lake, older boys who have been in school some thirty miles southeast of the several years. They really teach such small desert town of Danby in San This lake not very best way. But they are too com- only contains vast beds of pure soda, plicated for the child under school but about eighteen million tons of salt as well. In point of fact this "Of all the toy inhabitants of the lake is probably the most valuable saline deposit in the world, and as yet esting. With her doll the little girl only its borders have been entered by prospectors; development has hardly begun.

Farmers and Bankers.

In a speech before the convention of bankers recently held in this city, ter listen to some of these little E. D. Durham, of Illinois, had this to dramas which she acts out with her say about the farmer and country

"As land is the source of all wealth it is a fine sort of property for the banker to own. While it may be bit slow of conversion into cash, it has a standard value in time of stress, making it attractive to the most timid customer. In times of panic and stress a mortgage on piece of land is better than any other security. I have never seen the time when the farmers' mortgage could not be converted into cash without

discount. "The relations between the farmer and banker have now changed. farmer is still a borrower and the banker is still a lender, but the man haby begins to creep he will begin to other side of the counter. The Amerwho dictates the terms is now on the ican farmer is an uncrowned king, This is exactly as it ought to be, for on the well-being of our food producing community depends our prosperity as a nation."

> The Austrian Lloyd line established the first week in January a fast fortnightly steamship service be tween Trieste and Brindhi, on the Mediterranean, and Karachi and Bombay, India, with a maximum

COLORADO ZINC.

Humble Metal May Soon Rival Silver in Source of Wealth.

It was only three years ago, 1903, that zine began to figure considerably in the metal products of Colorado mines. Since then the value of the output has climbed rapidly. year the production reached \$4,000,-000, and the promise is that this figure will be increased fully fifty per cent. by the yield for the present

For many years the presence of zine in any considerable quantity was a detriment. When the ores ran heavy in the metal it was necessary to shut down the mine. There was then no market for zinc ores. In the extraction process then in use the zinc could be separated from the desirable minerals only at an expense that took all the profits away from mining, and even then the gine had to be destroyed in making the sep-Many mines were closed because the ores had with depth run into zinc. Their owners nursed a grudge against the fate that had interposed large percentages of the debased metal between them and dividends.

In Leadville, mines that fought as long as they could against the contamination of the zinc piled up huge dumps of the then worthless ores in continuing the fight until it was impossible to find enough ores free of zinc to permit operations to go on at a profit. To-day these same mines rank with the gold, silver and lead bonanzas of the Carbonate camp. The big dumps of the early days have been shipped, and fortunes made from them by leasers, and mine operators hunt new bodies of zinc ores just as eagerly as they do the other kinds.

Every year brings improvements in the processes that made it possible to save the zine, and the search is revealing profitable bodies in many of the mining districts. The promise is that in another year zinc as a product of the State will be running close to silver, in spite of the fact that the market for zine brings into use much silver that previously was locked with it in the mines.

Something of the importance of this addition to our mineral resources can be realized in the substantial way in which the American Smelting and Refining Company is preparing to further encourage production through the introduction of a more economical system of extraction. The chief competitor of Colorado in mining zinc in the United States is the Missouri-Kansas field, in which the ores occur in a form that requires only the simplest process. That under which zinc is separated from Colorado ores is much more intricate and involved and naturally the cost is greater, yet Colorado, against this heavy handicap, is making substantial progress to-

ward the Joplin production. Thorough tests of the magnetic separation have proved their efficiency and economy and at all of the large plants of the smelting company in Colorado they are to be installed this year so that zinc ores will thereafter be received at Leadville, Durango'and Denver, whereas heretofore it has been necessary to ship all such ores to Pueblo. The saving in freight will be considerable and the change will greatly stimulate zinc mining in the San Juan and Clear Creek districts, as well as enlarge the output of Leadville by making marketable lower grades than it was possible to

mine at the heavier expense. Zinc can be said to be now firmly established as a Colorado resource. The list of metals yet to be produced in quantity for the supply of the world is a long one and Colorado has them all. Tungsten, bismuth and the radium ores all now stand in about the same position that zinc occupied five or six years ago; they are awaiting economic processes for reduction. Which is to be the one that will next add its millions to the State's annual

output?-Denver Republican.

Optimism and Health. Have you ever noticed that the pessimist is always an invalid? He may be upon his feet and moving about, but he is never free from ailments and complainings. Do not believe that his pessimism is due to his ailments. No; his ailments are due

to his pessimism. Pessimism is as destructive a force in one's health as it is in one's purpose and performance. The pessimist seeks the shadows and wilfully deprives himself of the life giving sunshine. The sun, the flowers, the trees and the green earth smile at him in vain. The most common disease he encounters is neurasthenia, an ailment brought on by evil power

of mind over nerves. Hypochondria, which breeds in idieness as malaria breeds in stagnant pools, atrophies the nerves and rots the body. The common tendency to magnify small ailments, in order to excite sympathy, or because the mind is given to nothing eise to dwell upon, causes these ailments in

time to become real and serious. Emerson may not have meant all this when he said: "A sick man is a villain." But there is no mistaking the precise meaning of Thomas Huxley, who said a time was coming when a man who became ill will be regarded as a fool or a criminal .-Buffalo Evening Times.

No Reward Offered

"Have you lost anything, madam?" asked the polite floor walker of the square jawed, austere looking shopper who stood before the "lost and found" window of the large department store.

114 pounds of husband, in a light brown suit, with black derby hat, small tuft of hair on its chin and a frightened look. I lost it in a crush at the fancy goods counter. It's probably wandering through the building in search of me, and I thought perhaps you could find it caster than I can. I want it on account of a bundle it is carrying under its arm. '-Woman's Home Jour-

Where It Counted. Coroner—"Was the signal green?"
Witness—"No, but the operator
was."—Baltimore American.

With the Funny Fellows

His Scheme.

A beautiful woman named Ester
Met a man in the dark who caresther,
And she raised such a row
That her hub explained how
He'd arranged the whole thing just te
teather.

-Houston Post.

Different.

Mamma-"And did they make you feel at home at Aunt Mary's?' Willie-"Huh! Not much! I had a bully time."-Philadelphia Press.

The Best.

"Can you suggest a system for playing the races?" "I can. As soon as you've lost your own money, quit."-Courier-Journal.

A Novelty.

Guest-"I hear you are going to give up housekeeping?" Host-"Sh-not so loud; my wife wants to have the satisfaction of discharging the cook."-Puck.

This Mercenary Age. "Mr. Borem is in the parlor, miss," "Has he any flowers or candy with

"Tell him I'm out."-Courier-Journal.

Compact.

Eve-"Belle going to be married and live in a flat? Why, I don't see how she will have room." Edna-"Oh, yes, she is going to accept such a narrow-minded chap." -Chicago News.

Social Tact.

He-"Oh, please, Mile. Jeanne, do not call me Mr. Durand."

She (coyly)-"Oh, but our acquaintance is so short. Why should I not call you that?" "Well, chiefly because my name is Dupont."-No Loisirs.

Both Perishable.

"Smoothers is exceedingly careful never to let a woman get any strings on him."

"That's right. No one can point to a thing he has ever given her; he never sends anything but candy or flowers."-Detroit Free Press.

The Human Way. "What are you digging for?" "Well, I've got the idee thar's gold in the land somers."

"And what'll you do with it if you

strike any?"

"Go to celebratin' till it's all gone. I reckon, an' then fall to diggin' ag'in!"-Atlanta Constitution.

A New Version. "How did you get Mr. Cumrox to provide money for that project of yours?" asked Miss Cayenne.

"I invited him to a very select dinner party," "I understand. It was one of the cases where invitation was the sin-

cerest flattery."-Washington Star.

A Candid Avowal. "Do you think you will be able to convert the masses to your way of

thinking?' "My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "too many of us statesmen are giving our attention to converting the masses when we ought to be trying to keep from backsliding our-

selves."-Washington Star.

A Power For Good. "That air ortermobile you see gola by thar," said the old man, "cost

"My, my! What a power fer good

\$2000." "My, my!" "But that ain't all. My boy Bill got \$3000 outen it jes' fer runnin' over an' breakin' his two legs!"

they air in the land!"-Atlanta Con-

stitution.

One on Ma. "Mamma, what would you do if that big vase in the parlor should get

broken ?" "I should thrash whoever did it." said Mrs. Banks, looking serenely at "Weil, then, you'd better begin to get up your muscle," said Tommy, gleefully, "'cos father's broken it."

-Cardiff Times.

"Yes," said the warden, "he was the coolest and mest thoughtful convict who ever broke jail."

'You don't say?" exclaimed the "Yes; he left behind him a note to the Governor of the State beginning: 'I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I am taking." -- Catholie Standard and Times.

Where Her Father Was. The daughter of the house had jost returned from boarding-school. Her finishing branches had made her a little sensitive.

f'is your father out is the wood-shed splitting wood?" the caller "No," replied the haughty girl, 'papa is at the town meeting splitting

Those Useless Questions, How many of our words are abs lutely superfluous, serving no end but

infinitives."- Cleveland Plain Dealer,

the waste of time.

A man stood before a micro: his face well inthered and his razor in In came his wife; she looked at him, end inquired, "Are you gligs-

"No," he replied floresly. "It Macking the kitchen range. Who are you out driving or et also be had?" - 1 outs a figure to the little of the l