

THE BOY ON THE FARM.

Who hears the first chirp of song-birds
When glad springtime awakes them to song.
Who makes the music of waters
As they're rushing so swiftly along?
Who inhales the rich odors of blossoms
With the perfume God drops from on high?
Who drinks in the ozone of heaven
Neath the dome of the far-veiled sky?
Who revels in fruit from the orchard
As he rests 'neath the old apple tree?
Who's alert to the thrum of the plow?
And the still sweeter hum of the bee?
He whose cheeks bear the bronze of the sun
And whose soul is o'erfull of earth's

charm;
The youth who abides with Dame Nature—
Yes, the boy who lives out on the farm.
There are thousands who dwell in the city
With its whirl and its grime and its din,
Who'll exchange all the gold in their coffers
To escape their environs of sin.
They long to go back to the wildwood,
Where their brows may be cooled by the breeze,
And recall the dear scenes of their childhood
As they rest 'neath the shade of the trees.
—Solon L. Goode, in American Farmer.

On a Buoy Barrel.

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

The gold double-egg offered by the owners of the Boothbay handliner Lance for the biggest cod on the winter trip to Quereau spiced every nibble that was telegraphed up through briny fathoms to the calloused forefingers of the lonely livers in the ice-glazed dorries.

After the first week every man's guano-notches kept pace with the longest fish to date, so that he could satisfy himself about the size of a new catch before regaining the schooner.

Each record-holder in turn boasted of what he would do with that twenty dollars, only to drop into chagrined silence when some mate rowed in with a fresh monster whose scales take over half the slowly increasing limit. Up it crept, inch by inch, forty-seven, forty-seven and three-quarters, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one and a half, where it hung for a week, then leaped to fifty-four. There it stuck for fifteen days, so long that Sam Eaton's thumb could almost feel the milled edge of the coin, until one squally March afternoon Jerry Dixon, a white-crested mile dead to leeward of the vessel, struck his gaff into a giant fully fifty-eight inches long.

Dixon had a hard tussle to get his prize aboard. A hundred-pound fish is no easy proposition for a man in a jamping dory and a heavy sea. The northeast wind was blowing up a storm; already the white flakes were whirling between him and the vessel. When he glanced toward her he saw that a basket had been hung in the fore-rigging to summer in the dorries.

He stood up and looked about. All his mates were making for shelter, like hawk-frightened chicks for the mother hen. Farthest to leeward and engrossed with his big fish, he had been the last to notice the signal.

By the time he had got his anchor up and was settled on the thwart for his long pull to windward, a fierce gale was driving the white horses down upon him, and the schooner was almost hidden by the snow.

He shot a final glance back over his shoulder to decide his course, just as a small cask was dropped over the Lance's rail.

"There goes the buoy barrel," thought he, as he buckled vigorously to his oars. The schooner had done all she could for him; the rest was in his own hands.

Almost every banker carries on deck an empty, strongly headed iron-hooded fish barrel, bearing a becket with a thimble in its centre. To this is attached one end of a 500-fathom coil of stout nine-thread Manila, the other end being made fast to a cavel, or cleat, well aft.

Occasionally a sudden winter storm catches a vessel with all her dories out. Those to windward can get in without much difficulty, but the leeward boats stand a harder chance. Now and then some poor fellow, after almost rowing his arms off, gives out a half-mile or more away. Then the barrel is cast over, and drifts rapidly down before wind and sea, until the imperiled fisher gaffs it aboard and fastens it to his painter, when he is pulled in, dory and all, by the strong arms of his mates. It is not always easy for a man to reach the barrel, even if he knows that his life hangs in the balance.

Dixon soon realized that he was in for the hardest pull he had ever had. His dory rode deep with 800 pounds of fine cod. The furious wind buffeted the boat, showering him with spray. A strong tide, too, was running against him. Stout fisherman though he was, he could never have reached the schooner unaided. Indeed, he almost began to fear that he might not be able to get to the barrel.

Every little while he looked over his shoulder to see if it was coming. Once or twice he got a glimpse of it, dancing corklike on the billows, drifting rapidly nearer.

The Lance had been entirely swallowed up in the snow-squalls. This did not trouble Dixon much, for his last glance had discovered the barrel about 300 yards away. When he looked again, however, it was hidden behind a wall of whirling flakes.

With aching arms and blistered hands he bent low to his oars. His strength was almost exhausted. No man can hope to win out against a heavy gale. He was making very little progress. He must find the barrel in a few minutes, or his position would be decidedly unpleasant. He was beginning to fear that he had swerved too far to the right or left, when to his great joy a backward look revealed the bobbing cask just on the edge of his narrow horizon about fifty feet ahead.

Dixon wasted no time in waiting for the cask to drift down to him. He knew that probably all its rope had been paid out, and that he must pull up to it.

Never in his life did he row a harder fifty feet. His muscles cracked, and the blood spun from his nose as he forced the heavy boat through the hostile seas. A glance behind gave him fresh strength; his goal was now only ten feet away.

He threw all his power into a few mighty strokes; and presently his heart was gladdened by an irregular bumping under the gunwale of his dory, as the cask ranged alongside. The battle had taken every atom of his strength; he could not have pulled five feet farther to windward. Taking in his oars, he sprang for-

ward, the gaff in his right hand, and the painter-end in his left. He intended, after gaffing the becket, to make fast to it, so that he might not risk losing the barrel when getting it aboard.

A sudden sea hurled the dory back. Dixon saw the cask shoot suddenly from him. Leaning over the bow, he lunged at the becket with his gaff; but the unsteadiness of his craft made him miss his aim. The cask was rapidly receding. He threw half his body over the gunwale for another attempt, pressing his legs against the sides of the bow. This time he caught the loop fairly with the iron hook at the extreme limit of his reach. Just then another short, quick sea struck the boat a violent blow.

Dixon's toes clattered vainly along the sloping planks as he attempted to regain his equilibrium. The upper part of his body and his right arm were stretched far out over the water. He dared not release the cask which it had cost him so much hard labor to gaff; and of course he did not for an instant dream of dropping the painter. The dory shot from under him, and he plunged overboard.

As Dixon rose to the surface and shook the water from his eyes, a big comber broke over his head, burying him once more. By the time he had come up and caught his breath, the dory had been swept to leeward to the full length of her painter.

With a sailor's instinct he had kept a tight grip on gaff and rope; but his situation was both painful and dangerous.

His right hand grasped the wooden handle of the gaff, which was hooked about the buoy-becket; his left clutched the painter, at which tugged the heavily loaded sixteen-foot dory, borne to leeward by gale and sea. The barrel pulled one way and the boat another. Wrench! wrench! It seemed enough to tear him asunder when the big rollers came.

To save his dory he must draw up the painter and make it fast to the buoy. But how could he do this with a single arm, already weakened by his long, hard pull to windward? His hands were stretched so far apart that he could not get them together, unless he let go with one or the other; and this he saw that he must do sooner or later. Sheer exhaustion would soon end his power of resisting the terrible strain.

Which hand should he relax? It was a desperate dilemma. To drop the buoy and regain his boat, if that were possible, meant going to leeward in the night and freezing storm. To this there could be but one ending. To release the painter and cling to the barrel would preserve his life, provided he could withstand the buffeting of the fierce waves through a half-mile pull. He must choose quickly, for the power of choosing would soon be taken from him.

A wise man does not waste his strength fruitlessly. Dixon hated to lose his dory and his twenty-dollar cod. But what were these compared with life? His choice once made, he lost no time. He opened his left hand; the painter jerked away. Back shot the dory, tossing her bow, and disappeared in the storm.

The fisherman grasped the gaff with both hands, and pulled himself up to the barrel. It was now his sole hope. He tried to raise himself upon it, but the buoyant cask was not large enough to support his weight, and sank under water. Finally he got it under his chest in such a position that it kept his face well above the surface.

It was now almost dark. The snow drove thickly into his eyes, and he could see only a few yards over the tossing crests. How long would his mates wait before hauling in the buoy? Five hundred fathoms to windward in that shrieking gale, they of course knew nothing of his mishap, and would be sure to give him plenty of time to find the barrel. He hoped that they would not wait long, for in that icy sea a man's power of endurance was limited.

The minutes dragged slowly on. Would they never begin to get the buoy-line aboard? A dozen times he thought they had started pulling; but the wind and sea drove against him with such fury that it was impossible to be sure whether or not he was moving toward the schooner. At last a steady succession of abrupt snatches through the water told him that they were heaving in the line.

Could he live and hold on long enough to be dragged three thousand feet through the freezing sea? The wave-crests broke above his head. Now and then he was entirely submerged by some big fellow. Cruelly bruised and strained by the crashing combers, he hugged the iron-bound cask, knowing that that steady rhythmic pull was every second bringing him a little nearer the vessel.

Dixon's eyes were spray-blinded. His bare head was crusted with brine and sleet. Dazed by the ceaseless battering, he let go with one hand; the fingers of the others were loosening. Just in time his senses came back. He regained his grip, and held on with a clutch of death. Once let the barrel escape, his grasp, and it could never be regained.

Somewhere in the blackness far to leeward his empty dory was tossing. If indeed it had not already upset. He thought of it ruefully, smitten

with a poignant regret at the memory of the big fish that would have won the prize. But not for a moment was he sorry that he had cast in his lot with the dancing barrel.

On board the Lance they were pulling, discouraged and heartick. The rope came in so easily that they knew the dory could not be at its end. The probability was that Dixon had been drifting to leeward in his boat. It was more than doubtful if they ever saw him again.

Dixon felt that he could hold on but little longer. The power of thought had nearly been beaten out of him. He seemed to have been dragged for hours through the wash of the sea. His body was numbed almost to paralysis. A dozen times he had imagined the schooner's light in the gloom to windward, but had found himself mistaken. He was possessed by a dull conviction that he would never reach her.

An unwanted smoothness of the sea surprised him. He raised his head, and there, not thirty feet away, shone the lantern in the Lance's fore-rigging. As her deck rolled down, he saw the swaying line of weary men heaving in the rope. At the same instant they caught sight of him, and gave a shout of surprise and joy. Very carefully the last few feet were coiled in, until willing arms hauled him over the rail.

Tucked in a bunk near the stove and filled with hot coffee, he told regretfully of the record-breaking fish he had lost. At the end of his story two men went out. Presently they returned, carrying by the gills the biggest cod he had ever set eyes on. It was considerably over five feet long.

"Stand up, Chris!" they shouted to a wiry little Cape Verde Islander. Suspended glistening in the lamp-light, the monster came almost to the top of the Portuguese fisherman's head. As Dixon looked, the bitterness of loss went out of his heart.

"Good boy, Chris!" said he. "I'm glad you got him. I don't feel half so bad about losing mine, since he couldn't have won the prize."—Youth's Companion.

The New Postal Card Regulations.

The new postal law went into effect March 1st whereby it is permissible to send souvenir postal cards through the mails, containing writing on either side. Hitherto it has been permissible to send cards with the writing on the reverse side only. Many of the handsome cards are manufactured in Germany. The laws there permit writing on the left hand half of the front of the card, with the right half reserved for the address.

These cards are of two very handsome, and the reverse side is entirely occupied by the lithograph. To write on the reverse side of these cards is difficult because of the glazing of the surface, and also because it mars the beauty of the cards. By the new law people will be permitted to write on the front of the card, in the space reserved for that purpose, as is permitted in foreign countries where they are made. Hitherto extra postage has been charged in cases where people have written on the front of these souvenir post cards. They are now forwarded at the price of one cent each.

The new law does not refer to the ordinary one cent postals issued by the Government, which are without ornamentation of any kind. These cards, of course, have an entirely blank reverse side, for the sole purpose of the communication. No writing will be permitted on the address side of these cards. They bear the words, "This Side For the Address Only," as they have hitherto.

Stage Seas.

Mr. Alfred Lester, the popular Gaiety comedian, has told a funny stage sea story, which leads me to a remembrance of others. Mr. Lester, like most comedians, started his stage career as a player of heroes, villains, "heavy fathers" and other familiar figures of melodrama, and one night, at a dirty little theatre in a third-rate Welsh town, or village, while exploring of thirst on a raft, the actor felt to his annoyance that the scene, intended to be most pathetic, was provoking explosions of unsuccessfully suppressed laughter. The more he raved of the thirst that was consuming him the more the people in front were consumed with laughter. Mr. Lester thought them the hardest-hearted wretches he had ever played before—until he knew what had been the cause of their merriment. It appeared from information received from the manager that a scene-shifter, instead of lowering a black cloth of perilous rocks, had introduced into the scene of turbulent waters the peaceful picture of a country inn, with fields of poppies in the distance. The spectacle of a thirsty mariner calling huskily for "watah," while there were "licensed premises" almost at his elbow in the raging ocean naturally struck the audience as having its humorous aspect.—M. A. P.

Preparing for the Worst.

A French gentleman anxious to find a wife for a nephew went to a matrimonial agent, who handed him his list of clients. Running through this he came to his wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five—a blond preferred. Forgetting his nephew, he hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. The lady was not at all disturbed. "Oh, yes," she said, "that is my name. I put it down when you were so ill in the spring and the doctors said we must prepare for the worst."—American Press.

It Pays to Pay.

A man came in Wednesday, paid his subscription and incidentally mentioned that he would like to see a little rain. We didn't promise anything, but Wednesday night it rained. We do not mention this in a spirit of bragadoole, but just to show how things will work out.—Berthold Bulletin.

The population of baptized citizens in Japan has increased since 1872 from nine to more than 50,000.

"ALWAYS DIFFERENT" STORY

A Jolly Game for a Rainy Day or an Evening of Fun.

Elizabeth Flint Wade, in St. Nicholas.
"Oh, dearie me!" said Little Polly as she stood looking into the rain-soaked garden. "I wish it didn't rain. I want to play out of doors."
"When I was a little girl and there came a rainy day," said Aunt Katie, "my mother used to tell me this verse:
"When the rain comes tumbling down
In the country or the town,
All good little girls and boys,
Stay at home and mind their toys."
"But I don't want to play with my toys," said Polly.
"Neither do I," said Rob. "This is the second day it has rained, and I am tired of them."
"Well, then, I will read you a story if you like," replied her aunt. "Don't you want to hear Alice in Wonderland?"

"But I'm tired of it, Aunt Katie," said Polly. "I love the story, but the people in it always do the same things every time you read the book. Why do they make stories the same? I would like one that was always different. Don't they make them that way, Aunt Katie?"
"Well, well," said Aunt Katie, "you remind me of the little girl I used to be. I liked things 'different,' too, and my mother made me a story that is never the same, no matter how many times you read it. I will get it I have in my 'Keepsake Box.'"

Aunt Katie left the room and presently returned with a small book of yellowish faded paper, and a little box.
"The story is called 'Fanny Frivol: Her Adventures in the Wood; At the Fair; At the School; At the Picnic; In the Meadow; By the Brook; At the Circus; In Grandfather's Barn; and At the Party.' Which adventure would you like to hear first?"
"The one by the brook," said Polly and Rob in one breath; and Polly's eyes sparkled as she added, "I love to play by the brook!"
"Very well," said Aunt Katie. "Take this box. In it you will find slips of paper on which words are printed. I will read the story, and when I stop and hold up my finger you must draw a slip of paper from the box and read what it says on it; and the next time Rob will draw and read each in turn."
This is the story that Aunt Katie read of Fanny Frivol's Adventure by the Brook, and the words in it printed in capitals are those which Polly and Rob read from the slips of paper which they drew one by one from the box:
"May I go and play by the brook?" said Fanny Frivol to her Grandmother.
Her Grandmother nodded her head, on which was a large—GREEN BOTTLE.
"Yes, but don't wet your feet, and take a—LONG WOODEN SWORD—to shield you from the sun."
On her way she met Tommy and Topsy Turvey carrying a—PLATE OF CHEESE. When Fanny saw them she said:
"Come and play with me by the brook. I have a—BOTTLE OF INK—to catch fish with, a—BAG OF CLOTHES-PINS—to build a bridge, and we can hunt for crabs under stones."
Tommy and Fanny turned over stones, but Topsy Turvey, who always did things wrong, turned hers under. Fanny found a big—LEMON PIE—under a stone, but the others found nothing.
"There are no crabs here," said Fanny, "let us fish." Tommy and Fanny threw their lines in the brook but Topsy threw hers out. Fanny caught a—DUSTING CLOTH—but Topsy caught nothing.
"Let us build a bridge," said Fanny. "Tommy you bring a—DISH OF ICE CREAM—and Topsy a—YELLOW BOWL—and we shall soon have it done."
"What is this in the water?" said Fanny. Fanny pulled it out and found it was a—SEWING MACHINE.
"I will take it home to Grandmother," said Fanny, "and she will make me a—WINDOW CURTAIN—of it."
They were now tired and hungry and sat down to rest on a big—WHITE BEAR—and when Fanny opened her lunch-box out fell a—DOG BREL—and a—TIN SOLDIER—instead of the nice cakes her Grandmother had given her.
"Never mind," said Fannie, "I have some cookies in my pocket," but when she took them out she found they had changed into a—JAPANESE LANTERN.
Just then the sun went down and they started for home, but Topsy ran backward and fell over a—FAT PIG.
"I am so hungry I could eat a—KITCHEN TOWEL," said Fanny, but when she went to the supper table there was nothing there but a—ROLLING PIN—and a—BLACK KITTEN.
When she went to her room she found a—BROWN TEAPOT—on her bed, and in every chair a big—RED HEN.
"Dear me," said Fanny, as she laid her tired head on a—STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE—which she found in place of her pillow. "What a funny thing I have had at the brook. When I go to the picnic to-morrow, with Tommy and Topsy Turvey, I wonder what strange things will happen there."
How Polly did laugh over Fanny Frivol's Adventure by the Brook! And they read it over again, and nothing happened as it did before. Fanny pulled a—MERRY-GO-ROUND out of the brook, and for their lunch they had a—PAIR OF SHEARS and a—WAX DOLL.
Aunt Katie explained how the story was made. Words were left out of the story and written on slips of paper, and when one came to a place where a word was left out one of the slips of paper was read. As the slips of paper were drawn without looking at them, the words read were always different or came in different places each time the story was read.

How Chemistry

Detects Typhoid

By PROFESSOR K. DUNCAN.
One great laboratory concern itself, for one thing, with "the typhoid agglutometer" for the diagnosis of typhoid fever, one of the greatest triumphs of applied bacteriology. The method rests upon the original discovery of Widal that the blood-serum of a typhoid patient differs from normal blood in this all-important fact that when brought into contact with living typhoid germs it causes these germs to cohere into clumps or colonies, to "agglutinate." There thus arose a method of detecting typhoid fever, depending, however, upon the use of a powerful microscope and, what made it impossible for physicians, a continually renewed supply of fresh typhoid germs as test reagents. But notice the progress: Next it was discovered that this "clumping" effect of typhoid blood upon typhoid bacteria was just as efficient when the typhoid bacteria were dead, and, finally, it was observed that when the blood-serum of a typhoid patient was added to a liquid suspension of the dead microbes in a test-tube, these dead microbes cohered to an extent so extreme that they fell to the bottom of the tube in a mass visible to the naked, unaided eye. Because of this fact, this firm now sends to physicians in the remotest parts of the country a pocket apparatus containing an ounce vial filled with sterilized dead typhoid germs, together with necessary apparatus, so that the physician may determine whether the patient's blood will cause these microbes to "clump"—to determine, in fact, whether the suspected patient has typhoid fever.—From Harper's Magazine.

The next rainy day," said Aunt Katie, "we will read the Adventures of Fanny in Grandfather's Barn."
Perhaps some other little Polly and Robbie would like to read the story which is always different, so here is the list of words which these young folk found in the box, and you can print them for yourself on slips of paper. Or, better still, you can make up more amusing lists of your own:
Long Ladder. Paper of Pins. Window Curtain. Loaf of Bread. Pound of Butter. Sewing Machine. Box of Beads. Pink Shoe. Green Bottle. Paint Brush. Comb with no Teeth. Dusting Cloth. White Bear. Red Hen. "Fat Pig. Plate of Cheese. Black Kitten. Basket of Apples. Letter Box. Pound of Candy. Japanese Lantern. Kitchen Towel. Rubber Ball. Croquet Set. Merry-Go-Round. Yellow Bowl. Bottle of Ink. Brown Teapot. Strawberry Shortcake. Lemon Pie. Rocking Chair. Tall Clock. Doorbell. Bag of Clothespins. Dish of Ice Cream. Rolling Pin. Baking Tin. Chicken Pie. Pepper Box. Wax Doll. Glass of Soda Water. Pair of Shears. Paint Box. Tin Soldier. Long Wooden Sword. Folding Fan. Pair of Gloves. Jumping Jack. Chocolate Cake.
When the rainy days came Polly heard about all the other adventures of Fanny Frivol, and if you ever meet Polly she will be glad to tell them to you.

THE DOG OF THE NORTH.

First the Companion of Men Then the Assistant in Hunting.

The dog was the first animal domesticated by man. Originally merely a companion and later a hunting assistant he came at last to be also a beast of burden, and such he was over a great part of northern America at the time when the white faces of Spaniard and Englishman were first seen on these shores.

Even after he had become a beast of burden, the dog's function as a hunting helper did not cease. Hardly less wild Dog Bils of the Arctic regions turn loose their dogs when a bear or a herd of musk ox is seen, and man and his four-footed companion compete in a wild race toward the game, the man depending on the dogs to hold the quarry until he shall come near enough to kill it. In the same way in ancient days when the dogs carried burdens and hauled loads for the Indians of the plains, the animals were often freed from their loads if game was suddenly sighted; and when, as sometimes happened in those days of wild animal abundance, buffalo or deer or rabbits ran through the column of the marching camp, the patient dogs, which had been wearily tugging under the packs, forgot their fatigue and started in pursuit of the game, scattering their loads far and wide over the prairie.

In temperate zones—as has been intimated—the dog hauled the travails and carried the pack. These dogs were not like those that we see to-day in Indian camps, but were big and strong and able to carry a good load. The most ancient men, whose memories go back to the early part of the last century, describe these animals as being as large as wolves, long cast, of many colors, white, black, yellow or spotted, and as often having crooked legs and turned out feet, something like those of the dachshund or the bench-legged beagle of to-day.

With the passing out of existence of America's primitive people, the use of dogs as burden bearers has almost ceased. Over a vast range of this continent the horse has taken his place, and the old breeds that so well performed the labor of transportation have become extinct. Only in the farthest North the huskie remains, used by the Eskimo, by the Alaska miner in winter, and by the Indians on the border of the barren ground. Even these are growing scarcer, though in the Eskimo camps of the Far North one may still see splendid specimens of the sturdy breed, and as he walks through the camp will often be in danger of stumbling over a brace of tiny pups already being trained to the harness, and fastened to some stake driven into the frozen ground.

It is but a few years since Major H. M. Robinson, whose familiarity with the great lone land of the Far North is so well known, told in Forest and Stream the story of the passing of the sledge dog. He gave an interesting picture of the sledge dog and the sledge travel, and one who reads the old books of Arctic exploration and of Arctic life will find this story often retold. It is the old tale of the change from primitive methods of life to those which are more complex, and such changes never fail to possess an interest.—Forest and Stream.

Animal Sacrifices in Morocco.

A strange custom still exists here, that of sacrificing live animals to propitiate those in power. An instance of it occurred to-day, when three ragged women, veiled, dirty and poverty-stricken, came staggering up the hill to the flagstaff which stands in the middle of our camp, half pushing, half carrying two sheep bound and helpless. At the foot of our banner staff they laid the beasts down and sticking a knife into their throats left them there to die by slow inches.
No cries, no wailing, they huddled together and sat motionless awaiting Allah's will. The interpreter interviewed them and discovered that they were the wives of a Moor whom the new Kaid had imprisoned for the usual sin—the ownership of riches. This brigand plundered everything and turned the women out to starve. Hearing of the approach of a Bashador, a friend, no doubt, of our Lord the Sultan, they came to offer sacrifice that he might have pity on them. Alas! nothing can be done. The Kaid is all powerful; even the Sultan is helpless.
Sometimes a bullock is hamstringing on our road. Strange to say the sacrificed animal cannot be used for food by the petitioners; but our escorts profit and drag off the carcass with happy grins.—National Review.

With the Funny

Fellows

Alas!
I can not sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
And neither can the lady
Who lives in the flat below.
—New York Evening Mail.

A Yachting Trip.

Captain—"Please, sir, your wife has fallen overboard."
Owner—"Confound it! Another of those sinking-spells of hers!"—Harper's Weekly.

Living on Wheels.

Bacon—"Here's an account of a man who lives on wheels."
Egbert—"Oh, an insanity expert, probably!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Flowless.

Tom—"If, as you say, Pearl is such a jewel, why don't you marry her?"
Jack—"I'm afraid there is a flaw in the mother-of-pearl."—Chicago News.

On the Scent.

"Did you see a red automobile pass here a little while ago?" asked the excited man in the black touring car.
"Yes," replied the officer on duty, "follow your nose."

A Humbugging Advertisement.

"I see Lacey advertises something cheap in dress goods, papa."
"It's a humbugging ad., daughter. I've known many women in my time, and there's nothing cheap in dress goods."—Judge.

Too Ready to Please.

All good things can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad.—Charles Dickens.

Character is to wear forever; who will wonder or grudge that it cannot be developed in a day.—H. Drummond.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.—Menander.

Men are never more awake to the world than when they are furiously awake to the evil in the world.—G. K. Chesterton.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can.—Channing.

He who is something will do something; he who is more will do more; and he who is most will do most.—J. Freeman Clarke.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things that we will not do the danger is that we shall do nothing.—Adolph Monod.

Nothing good bursts forth all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him to prepare the world for his coming.—Hare.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets or broadswords, or canals, or statutes, or songs.—Emerson.

Epitaphs to French Dogs.

On the occasion of a lawsuit brought by a marble cutter, some very interesting details have come out in a Paris court concerning the dog cemetery, founded on the Ile des Ravagours, near Paris, in 1899. As a commercial undertaking the cemetery has been eminently successful; so much so that the society which conducted it was tempted to evict the marble cutter, to whom it had originally given a free concession for a workshop on the ground, and whom it wished to replace by a more profitable competitor. The marble cutter protested, and alleged that it was in a great measure owing to him and the care he bestowed upon the epitaphs and tombstones that the cemetery had prospered.

Some of these epitaphs were read in court, and were found to be of a highly sentimental character. There are already 4000 "graves" in the cemetery. Some of them, leased for a long term, have cost as much as 2000 francs. The lowest price paid for any concession is five francs, and the expenses of the most discreet burial is thirty-five francs. Visitors to the cemetery pay fifty centimes as an entrance fee. They have occasion to admire the pretty monuments to Tom, Bob, Miss, Mimi, Bojju and other lamented pets with similar endearing names.

On one of the tombstones they may read, "Homage to a faithful heart," and on another, "Here lies Black, killed by a civilized savage." The above victim, explains the keeper, died at the hands of an indignant condogers. Another marble slab mounted on cement rock contains the following: "Neither name nor date; what matters it?" And again, "Beneath these stones reside the material remains of that which during its life was my joy and my consolation."—London Telegraph.

Rich Indian Allotment.

Application was made here to-day by Dixie Colbert, a Chickasaw Indian, to sell part of his own allotment and parts of the allotments of five of his children adjoining the town site of Sulphur, 734 acres in all, for town site purposes. In the application to make the sale it is set forth that Colbert has his children are to receive \$75,000 in cash for the land they want to sell.—Muskegon Correspondence Kansas City Times.

A great deal of American manufactures of wood are sold in Edinburgh, Scotland.



Alas!
I can not sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
And neither can the lady
Who lives in the flat below.
—New York Evening Mail.

A Yachting Trip.
Captain—"Please, sir, your wife has fallen overboard."
Owner—"Confound it! Another of those sinking-spells of hers!"—Harper's Weekly.

Living on Wheels.
Bacon—"Here's an account of a man who lives on wheels."
Egbert—"Oh, an insanity expert, probably!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Not Flowless.
Tom—"If, as you say, Pearl is such a jewel, why don't you marry her?"
Jack—"I'm afraid there is a flaw in the mother-of-pearl."—Chicago News.

On the Scent.
"Did you see a red automobile pass here a little while ago?" asked the excited man in the black touring car.
"Yes," replied the officer on duty, "follow your nose."

A Humbugging Advertisement.
"I see Lacey advertises something cheap in dress goods, papa."
"It's a humbugging ad., daughter. I've known many women in my time, and there's nothing cheap in dress goods."—Judge.

Too Ready to Please.
All good things can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad.—Charles Dickens.

Character is to wear forever; who will wonder or grudge that it cannot be developed in a day.—H. Drummond.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.—Menander.