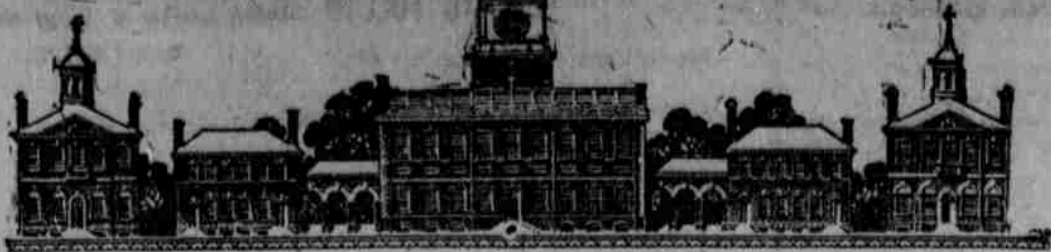


INDEPENDENCE HALL



WHERE THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS SIGNED JULY 4 1776

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

A Fourth of July sermon by Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

Psalms cxi: "God hath not dealt so with any other nation."

Once more our people have come to the day that celebrates patriotism and the love of liberty. For thoughtful men who are familiar with the rise of liberty, the Fourth of July is still the golden day in the calendar of free institutions. This high day of the Republic holds many associations with the two Adamses, with Hamilton and Jefferson, with Madison and Washington, and the holiday is become an urn that overflows with sacred and perfumed treasure. During the last fifty years of the Republic the Fourth of July was the one outstanding day, for Thanksgiving had not yet been made universal, while Decoration Day and Labor Day, and the birthday of Lincoln, had not yet been born.

In Athens, on the high day of the city, the citizens arrayed themselves in white robes, wore garlands of blue, standing for civic purity, and went forth in solemn procession, cleaned themselves from all grime; the men marched carrying palm branches, the children carried flowers, the maids and matrons chanted hymns, the priests swung to and from the censer, filled with golden incense. But when the procession, representing the strength and beauty of Athens, came to the votive altar of the Goddess Athena, they covered the white marble with flowers and perfumed bouquets.

But otherwise did Daniel Webster, with reverence and ever-increasing solemnity, anticipate the approach of the Fourth of July. To the very last the thought of Independence Day suffused his eyes with tears and filled him with a tumult of noble emotions. And for all citizens of the Republic today this approaching day of patriotism and liberty should stir civic pride, the love of country, and the renewal of the dedication of life and gifts to the cause of the Republic, that represents today the hope of all the people of the earth.

ment of all, by all and for all. History is full of the ruins of all the other forms of government. The old monarchies already seem like ancient oaks, rotted out at the heart, and no man knows what storm will bring them crashing down. At last the Republic is avenged. She might even have the right to turn her face toward the east and say of Russia, Austria and Germany: "Now I give you forty years. After your Niagara, what? Yours is a country where wise business men and scholars discuss problems and one feeble-minded ruler decides them." For events have turned every argument today in favor of the republic and against autocracy and bureaucracy.

Who can overestimate the importance of these anniversary days of liberty, these holidays that commemorate the beginning of free institutions? At national wealth and prosperity have revived with it. The great age for the Isles of Greece, where Plato thought and Sappho sang, was the day when every citizen was a patriot, sincere, heroic and ready to die for his country. The great epoch of art, beauty and liberty for Florence was the era when patriotism, like a mighty flood, swept over Italy. The golden age for little Switzerland, with its brilliant past; for brave little Holland and for glorious old England was the age when patriotism was at its best. And what our land needs above all else, after a revival of ethics and righteousness, is a revival of patriotism and love of country.



It is given to citizens of other nations to exult and cry, "This is mine own, my native land." But how much more to Americans! Is it material wealth? Lift up your eyes and look out upon these lakes and rivers, the vineyards and orchards, the pastures and meadow, the herds and flocks. What wealth we already have! What wealth also exceeding more is to be ours! Is it a great history that strengthens patriotism?

Think of the Pilgrim Fathers, the heroic age in the country's history, the scenes at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, the victory for independence, Webster's struggle for liberty and union; States one and inseparable; think of the victory for the schools for children, the hospitals, the philanthropies, the reforms, the laws. Think of these halls of science, the galleries of art, the chapels, the libraries, the churches with their lofty towers. Is it a noble ancestor? Ah, the fathers and founders stained with their life blood this banner of liberty and made bright these stars on the sky of hope. Yes, the fathers have made vows for us. Our dead heroes have given pledges for us and our children. To us they bequeathed all this treasure. Ours these States, ours the declaration of liberty, ours the Constitution, ours the poets, the orators, the statesmen, the soldiers. The Republic is a storehouse filled with all the treasures of the past.

On this high day of liberty let us

highly resolve henceforth to live for our country and its institutions, that the Republic may become the guide of all the world and the teacher of all nations in the art of self-government and the principles of liberty.—New York World.

KEEPING A DIARY

By Hallie Vose Hall

I had a diary Christmas, and father laughed and said, "If you'll keep that till the Fourth of July I'll give you a dollar, Ned." Queer way to earn a dollar. But easy as a b c; So I put it in my secret box. Safe under lock and key.

It's a pretty book—bright red leather— And Spud Jones wants to swap. He said he'd give me his two-blade knife And his second-best spinning top. But I'd rather have the dollar, So I put it away again; The pages are just as clean and white— Not a bit of a spot or stain.

Father asked me last Sunday, "Are you keeping that diary, Ned?" And when I said "Yes," he looked surprised. "Well, don't, little son," he said. Fourth comes a week from Tuesday, And oh, I can't hardly wait. For Spud's got a dollar too, and so I tell you we'll celebrate!

We're going to buy some pinwheels, Those things that whiz round in rings— Crackers, of course, like we always have, And whole heaps of other things— Big Roman candles that send up stars All yellow and red and blue— Oh, I just hope father'll want me to keep A diary next year, too!

Firecracker Fan.
One of the clever novelties designed to delight youngsters upon the Fourth of July, as well as before and after, is the firecracker fan.

At first glance it looks like a nice red gnat firecracker, but you make the mistake of your life if you touch the realistic string which dangles from one end.

Instead it is etiquette to pull the string. Just pull it steadily and out comes a full-fledged fan, the round, pleated sort, a neat relative of the old-fashioned blue patterned around the edge with tiny pink posies. This, together with the gorgeous red of the firecracker handle, goes to make a fan of the gayest attractiveness. It is not stretching matters to say it looks altogether celestial, meaning that it smacks of the Celestial Kingdom.

Men Are Brutes.
Some men are born bad; others are made so. The latter was the case with Mr. H. Enpek. Hew would you like, dear reader, to have your breakfast snatched away from you before you had eaten two mouthfuls; to have your cup of tea emptied over your head, and to be told that you were a low, vulgar, ill-tempered, cruel and blustering bully?

Yet that is what befell Mr. Enpek the other morning. Hungry and sore, he left the house and jumped on the car.

In came a sour-visaged woman. Three seconds later she was in the midst of a violent altercation with the conductor about her fare. Suddenly, her eyes flashing fire, she looked round the car.

"Is there a man here," she shouted, "who will stand by and see a lady insulted thus?"

Mr. Enpek, whose finer self had been spoiled, jumped to his feet.

"Yes, madam," he cried, eagerly, "I will!"—Life.



MOLLY PITCHER.

Molly Pitcher was a gunner's wife, and during the battle of Monmouth was in the act of bringing water for the sponge to clean out the gun, when her husband was killed before her eyes. But before the order was given to withdraw, she sprang to the gun, took her husband's place, and made it possible for the gun to be kept in action throughout the engagement.

For this act, Washington afterward gave her the rank of sergeant in the army, so that she might draw pay. She used to wear a cocked hat and soldier's coat, and in the bills of the regiment are recorded items of tent cloth for skirts for Molly. For the figure of the two gunners Sculpin Kelly used his friends—Thomas Edison, the inventor, and E. A. Bell, the painter, as men having a fine characteristically American facial type.



STATUE OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON. Standing in front of Hamilton Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Today the President and the Republic occupy the centre of the world's stage. Just now our country looms large in the world's affairs. If the President's figure rises above the other nation rulers, it is because he stands upon the shoulders of countrymen who are supported by a great country. Gone forever the thought that the Republic is an experiment! "What do I think about free institutions and democracy," exclaims Carlyle. "I think that America is a place where a few wise men discuss problems and many fools settle them."

The English premier in 1850 gave us forty more years. And yet what nation has grown and prospered like ours? Government is for the protection of life, property, family, reputation and liberty. But surely there never has been an hour in the history of the Republic when the millions were so happy or so prosperous, or when they possessed in so large measure their political and industrial rights, their social and their civic rights. What! Democracy an experiment? It is the other forms of government that are experimental. Autocracy is the government of one. The limited monarchy is the government by the few. Democracy is the government by the many. Today autocracy is experimental. Witness Russia! That Government may fall any day. Limited monarchy and autocracy are experimental. Witness Spain and Austria! No statesman knows what a year may bring forth. A monarchy is a battleship that can be sunk with a single bombshell. The republic is a raft, and a dozen bombshells through each log of the raft would not sink the whole. It is easy to destroy a government of but one ruler; it is impossible to destroy a government where all the millions are rulers. The most conservative, prudent and stable government is a gov-

Dustless Highways.

Dustless roads would be a great blessing to all communities. Some genius eventually will solve the problem of preventing dust from rising on roadways; meanwhile much apparently is being accomplished toward that end in several foreign countries.

The European method of road treatment to prevent dust is interesting to all municipalities. It appears that abroad there is the same complaint concerning dusty streets on account of automobiles and motor wagons that there is in America.

On the macadam roads in England the automobiles not only cause clouds of dust, but loosen the macadam by suction, while heavy engines and motor wagons crush and destroy the surface smoothness of the roads. The result has been to increase heavily the expense of road maintenance and to exercise the indignity of country surveyors in devising means of suppressing dust and constructing roads, suited to modern traffic conditions.

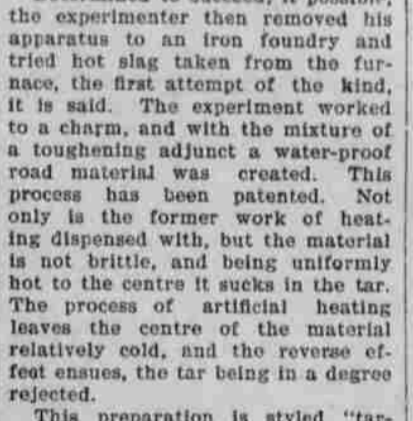
The Nottingham county surveyor. It is claimed, after experimenting for many years, believes he has solved the problems of both dust and durability. This official is said to have first tried tar washing, a process now much talked about for roads, but found it only a temporary palliative. The tar was chiefly absorbed by the joints of the paving and only partially adhered to the material, and after a few months a dust resulted which he considered worse than ordinary road dust. He next tried tarring slag, granite and limestone by the roadside, but the heating of the material to a point necessary to make the tar adhere made it brittle and not suitable for heavy traffic, and the process was, besides, very slow and a public nuisance.

Determined to succeed, if possible, the experimenter then removed his apparatus to an iron foundry and tried hot slag taken from the furnace, the first attempt of the kind, it is said. The experiment worked to a charm, and with a water-proof road material was created. This process has been patented. Not only is the former work of heating dispensed with, but the material is not brittle, and being uniformly hot to the centre it sucks in the tar. The process of artificial heating leaves the centre of the material relatively cold, and the reverse effect ensues, the tar being in a degree rejected.

This preparation is styled "tarmac." It is applied to a road without any digging or grading beyond mere leveling. Two layers are used, the lower two and a quarter and the upper one and three-quarters inches thick. Steam rolling reduces the thickness to three inches. A five-mile section of road between Nottingham and Radcliffe—a notoriously bad gravel road—was used to test the preparation. This stretch of road is now said to be one of the finest in England—smooth as asphalt, mudless in wet weather, in dry weather dustless, with ordinary traffic, and nearly so with the swift passage of automobiles. A "tarmac" road is not asserted to be better than asphalt for general use, but it is claimed not to be slippery like asphalt when wet, and is said to cost much less to lay—barely a sixth as much, according to local experience.

This road was made in parts at different times. One section has been down for five years and other sections for two or three years. The traffic over the road is unusually great, particularly in automobiles, traction engines and the like, but seemingly without any injurious effect, for no repairs have been needed. No rolling is required to keep the road in condition. The cost of the five miles of "tarmac" was \$7300 per mile. The cost of maintaining the road before tarmac was used was \$1400 per mile a year. This tarmac road is expected to last about ten years without expense for repairs.

In Germany success is reported also with the "goudronnage" treatment of roads to prevent dust. In this case "goudronage" being a preparation of tar, petroleum and sand, is applied to the roadbed much after the manner of "tarmac."



With the Kinky Fellow

Requiescat.
"You've a bullfrog in your 'sophagus," 'Twas thus the doctor joked. The jester on him, for Fred, from fear Turned up his toes and croaked.

Very Frequently.
"What makes grass widows?" "Wild oats."—Cleveland Leader.

Still in Danger.
"Is he out of danger?" "No, the doctor still attends him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

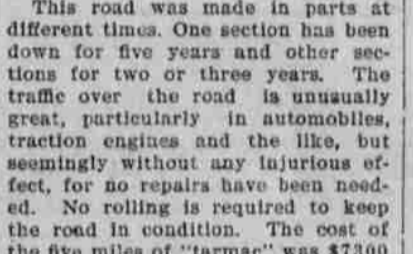
Admission Fifty Cents.
Dude—"Will you let me in on my looks?" Ticket-seller—"And twenty cents."—Judge.

Their Way.
Fred—"Are you on speaking terms with Maud?" Bella—"No. We only kiss."—Illustrated Bits.

Point of Resemblance.
Stella—"Does her auto match her gown?" Bella—"Yes, they are neither of them paid for."—New York Sun.

No Delay.
"So they were married in haste. Repented at leisure, I suppose?" "Gracious no. They did that in a hurry, too."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Whew!
Mrs. Henpeck—"President Roosevelt wants to choose his own successor." Henpeck—"So do I."—New York Sun.



Are We Downhearted? No.

Children Burn Hay.
Doylestown (Special).—Charged with setting fire to a load of hay belonging to Aaron Swartz, of Bedminster, as he was about driving into the borough, John Eveland, aged 13 years, his sister Mary, 12 years old, and a little brother, Charles, 11 years of age, were arrested by Constable Henry Kolbe and committed to the county jail for a hearing.

After their arrest the children confessed that they had intended to set fire to the Stillwagon mill, near the railroad depot, where, a few days ago, they stole several articles from the office. The children also confessed to having stolen several bicycles from several homes in the borough, which were afterwards recovered.

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Chester (Special).—Frank Suter, a watchman at the paint factory of N. Z. Graves, at Trainer, was fined \$200 by Magistrate Stockham for refusing to allow William Leary, a Deputy Factory Inspector, to enter the factory. Suter said he was acting under instructions of his employers and his arrest and fine followed, the warrant being sworn out by the Factory Department of the State.

Robert Erskine, the manager, was arrested charged with violating the factory law by only allowing one-half hour for dinner. Magistrate Stockham fined Erskine \$200 or thirty days in jail. Appeals in both cases were taken.

Saved by Their Wit.
Altoona (Special).—The presence of mind of Mrs. Eva Richardson, of Altoona, saved both herself and Miss Katherine Rock, of New Enterprise, from a highwayman on a lonely mountain road.

The two women were walking over the mountain from St. Clairsville to New Enterprise, when they were confronted by a band of four flourishing a big knife. Springing on a huge rock, known throughout Bedford County as "The Devil's Potato Patch," they sought to escape. The man started to climb up the rock after them, when Mrs. Richardson loosened a boulder and rolled it down on him, crushing his hand and we went away.

Lineman Electrocuted.
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Two Hurt in Quarry.
Bangor (Special).—Two residents of Bangor were victims of quarry accidents, Ames Bidden, being instantly killed and Thomas Bonney, seriously injured. Bidden, who was employed at the No. 1 Consolidated quarry was struck by a falling rock. Bonney was struck by a falling derrick pole.

"Dog Of War" Registered.
Reading (Special).—A real "dog of war" was registered at the courthouse under a new State law by Dr. Harrison T. Wittman. It is General Kuraki, a Japanese terrier that became the mascot of Japanese troops in the war with Russia. The dog was shot in the right hind leg in the battle of Mukden and walks with a limp. He was presented to Dr. Wittman by Lieutenant Colwell, of the United States Army. The dog is 8 years old and is valued at \$150.

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NEWS of Pennsylvania

NEW SCHOOL LAW.
Given Explanation By The Department Of Public Instruction.

Harrisburg (Special).—A circular is being prepared by the Department of Public Instruction which will be sent to the school districts of the State outlining the method whereby the Snyder act providing for increased salaries to school teachers is to be put into effect. This is the measure signed by Governor Stuart making \$40 the minimum to be paid teachers holding provisional certificates and \$50 for teachers having professional, permanent and normal school certificates. The \$15,000,000 appropriated for schools contains \$275,000 for township high schools and the same amount for borough high schools, and the increased pay of teachers is also to come out of it.

As under the State law the State appropriation for schools is not to be paid until the school year is completed, the department has decided to require that reports showing that the districts have accepted the Snyder law in respect to salary must be filed at the Capitol by the 1st of October, this year, and annually thereafter. While the minimum salary is to take effect June 1, 1907, no district can receive State money to aid in payment of increased salaries until the 1st of June, 1908, and then only in cases it files the required report by October 1.

Millions Added To Lists.
Scranton (Special).—By increasing the rate per foot of coal land from \$25 to \$100 per foot-acre, the County Commissioners have raised the valuation of the coal lands in the county to about \$28,000,000. The new rate was decided upon by County Commissioner Burschel, Durkin and Thomas.

The increase comes as the result of the report made by Senator Edward F. Blewitt and T. Ellsworth Davies, the coal commissioners recently appointed, to ascertain the amount of coal in the county.

In the report they stated that they had found three times as much coal land as the company announced were paying taxes upon.

Grief Hastens Man's Death.
Lancaster (Special).—John Flory for thirty years a tipstaff of the local court, died, aged 86 years, surviving his wife only three days. His wife's death was a shock to the aged man and grief hastened his end. In early years he drove a Comstock wagon from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, later becoming a policeman in this city.

Could Not Dodge Lightning.
Scranton (Special).—Earl, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, of West Scranton, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The lad with several companions had been playing ball in an open schoolyard. When the thunderstorm came up they scurried toward home, but Earl was hit by the bolt as he ran. The others were uninjured.

Bath Proves Fatal.
Pottsville (Special).—A bath in Tumbling Run Lake proved fatal to John T. Werner, a leading business man. The water proved colder than he expected and gave him such a chill that he died after only a few hours' illness. He was a son of the late John T. Werner, who hanged six Molly Maguires in the jail here in one day.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.
Lightning struck the barn on the farm of Joseph W. Jones, near Chester, and the structure with its contents was burned to the ground.

The summer school of Ursinus College has opened with an unusually large number of school principals in attendance. Prof. Charles Wagner, of the West Chester State Normal School is teaching pedagogy and Prof. Miles A. Keasy, of Drexel Institute, is instructor in mathematics and surveying.

John D. Fallor, of Carlisle, has been appointed superintendent of the water works at Mount Holly Springs, to succeed Christian Harman, resigned.

Edward Ramsey, of Philadelphia, a structural iron worker, was killed by a heavy beam falling on him while at work on the new Wilkes-Barre & Hazleton Railroad depot.

A burglar entered the home of Howard F. Daniels, in Reading, and after hearing Mr. Daniels into insensibility, got away with a watch, revolver and \$38 in cash.

Mrs. Michael Joyce, of Scranton, died of blood poisoning from a cut on the foot six weeks ago, by a piece of tin.

In trying to find out why the gas stove would not work properly, Mrs. E. R. W. Searle, of Scranton, went too near the gas with a lighted match and was fatally burned by an unexpected explosion.

Finding a revolver at his home, four-year-old Mike Kovach, of Hokenaqua, took the weapon to play Wild West with, with the inevitable result—a companion shot him through the hand, aged 40 years, who was driving home a lost cow, took to the Reading Railway between New Philadelphia and Cumboia and was caught and ground to pieces by an express. The cow roached home safe and sound.

While picking strawberries in his truck patch at Mt. Bethel, Reuben Emery, a wealthy farmer, was stricken with heat prostration and died in a few hours. He was 63 years old.

The Reading Coal & Iron Company has started improvements at No. 4 Slope of the Brookside Colliery which will enable that operation to ship daily as much coal as any other in the anthracite region.

Harrington B. Rosenberger, of Doylestown, was awarded \$71.50 damages by Justice Willis Wall in a suit against Daniel S. Rickert, for breaking a contract involving the purchase of twenty-two tons of hay for \$275. Rickert after the agreement sold the hay elsewhere at an advanced price.

John F. Dieus was electrocuted at the Reading locomotive shops by coming into contact with machinery. He was 34 years old.

While endeavoring to aid her mother with the family washing, Lillian Miller, a young daughter of John Miller, of Lancaster, fell into a tub of boiling water, sustaining scalds that may result fatally.

Arrested in the arm of George Zbojovsky, Sr., proprietor of the American Hotel, South Bethlehem, was arrested by the bursting of a bottle he was handling and he nearly died to death.

REUNIONS OF VETERANS AND OUTINGS HIT BY NEW LAW.

Altoona (Special).—The provisions of the rate bill enacted by Congress will decrease the attendance at the annual reunions of the Veteran Employees' Associations of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the picnic of the shopmen here and elsewhere.

At the request of the Philadelphia veterans General Manager Atterbury is trying to devise some method of carrying the members free on trains to the reunions, but he has as yet no plan.

The picnics of the shopmen here and elsewhere were usually attended by thousands, all riding on passes. When they asked for dates this year officials informed them that no one could ride on a pass save employees and members of their families immediately depending upon them for support.

Must A Wife Cook?
Reading (Special).—Is a wife compelled to cook and do house work?

Mrs. William B. Schweitzer, of this city, thinks not. At least, in her answer to her husband's divorce suit, which was filed, she states that refusal to do these things is not sufficient ground for divorce.

Schweitzer, who lives near Birdsboro, alleged in his suit that he was compelled to leave his wife in July 1906, eight months after their marriage, on account of her failure to cook his meals and perform household duties. He also charged that she made life burdensome for him.

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Are We Downhearted? No.
The Man—"Is this a permanent engagement of ours?" The Maid—"Of course not! I should like you to marry me some time!"—Pick-Me-Up.

The Hand to Give.
"He asked for her hand in marriage." "Well, why didn't she give him the one that is always in her father's pocket?"—Harper's Weekly.

Considerate.
Paterfamilias—"Wasn't the gas down very low?" Daughter—"Yes, father, we had noticed that the eighty cent gas law wasn't upheld."—New York Sun.

Speaking Belligerently.
"Have you heard rumors of Hor-tense's engagement to Clarence?" "Oh, dear, that's not an engagement. That's only a skirmish."—Chicago Journal.

Advice They Heed.
"Yes, I'm going abroad at once. I gotta go." "Oh, you mustn't let the doctors scare you." "I got this from a lawyer."—Washington Herald.

Suspicious.
"She has postponed her marriage date until late in January." "Why?" "She wants to make sure of a Christmas present from him."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not a Minute to Spare.
Guest—"Waiter, what do you mean by this? You bring me the fish first and the soup after." Waiter (confidentially)—"To tell the truth, sir, the fish would not be any longer."—Tales.

Our Conscience.
Little Wilhelmina—"My teacher says our conscience is what tells us when we do wrong." Little Sylvester—"Well, I don't care—just so it don't go and mamma."—Chicago Daily News.

That What's Hurt.
"I don't like that Mrs. Swell-man at all," said Mrs. Nurritch. "Well, you ain't got to take no notice of her," replied Mr. Nurritch. "But the trouble is she don't take no notice of me."—Philadelphia Press.

Buying Everything.
"Wealth won't buy everything," said the philosopher. "That's what I tell mother and the girls," answered Mr. Cumrok. "But it looks as if they were going to keep on trying as long as the check book holds out."—Washington Star.

A Curious Fact.
"I have some very strong letters of introduction," said the caller. "My friend," answered Senator Sorghum, "I don't rely too far on communications of that kind. A man will give you a letter of introduction describing you as possessed of every noble quality in human nature, and in the next breath refuse to endorse your note for twenty dollars."—Washington Star.