Cenutiful faces are those that wearit matters little if lack or fair -Whole-couled honesty printed there.

beautiful eyes are those that show Like cry-tal pages where heart fires glow, Ceautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like the song of birds, tet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest, brave and true, Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministries to and fro -Down lowitest ways, if God wills so,

Couriful shoulders are those that bear Coaseless burdens of homely care With patient grace and daily prayer,

Beautiful lives are those that blessactent rivers of happiness. Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

# PRULIETTE KELLY.

BT PHANCES STERNE PALMER.



house (where lived Hiram Kelly and cow. Pruliette, his sisclapboarded, un a visit with Sarah?' painted building. next the vard. The George Harker.' wooden steps had rotted away from

ing into the kitchen, and now these two stranded doors gave the place an hevn't eat together fur years. tence about it and the grass was proposal shot, as if by sheep.

first to see it clearly. She was a thin, got to hev' somethin' to fuss over." old woman, with sharp features -- her what looked like cold boiled potatoes reach it. and a cup of salt. She gave us a curt nod and then went on cutting off pieces of potato and sprinkling them

"Can you let me have a little cream?" Miss Larned asked.

"Well, I ain't agoin' to stop catin' mit it for vo-that's northin GREAT E STERN WAR.

come the day before to The FaA few days later Mrs. Loring and

Larned's camp on the New York sho. of Lake Ontario. Their tents were Guve Loring, came to the camp. One pitched on the end of a long point that evening Olive walked with me to the after cream to the Kelly farmhouse, which was near by on the shore, and I had gone with her.

We sat for some time on the pump platform waiting for Pruliette Kelly to finish her meal. She was not quite "Men folks want to be eatin', eatin', done. There were no cats or dogs catin'!" about, but a bluish-gray hen-which also seemed to have a sharp, discontented expression-stood by her chair, and from time to time she fed it bits of potato. When the old woman was done eating she got the pail of cream for us, and we left. She had hardly

A short distance from the farmhouse we met an elderly man. He was tall and bent, and walked slowly, as if his companions were sober, familiar thoughts.

"Good evenin' Miss," he said. "Hev' you be'n to the house?"

"We have just come from there. We got some cream of your sister." Then I was introduced to Mr. Hiram

on them, with a farmer's usual desire Olive continued to be afraid of her. on the rails.

s'pose you thought her queer-folks went with us, preferring to stay on mostly does. Wa'al, she is queer; but the cool, breezy point, she's smart, an she's got her good she grew up, the young fellers was Lane come along; he was a widower years old. Jim made up to Pruliette, an' she seemed to kinder soften. She didn't talk sharp to him nor to the little gal, an she was gentler with us in these parts) what a name she hed

fur bein' a scold. It seairt him out. "P'rhaps he thought she'd abuse little Mandy. But she wouldn't hev'. black cloud; and soon this cloud She was real fond of that gal, an' she'd allers hev' treated her well; fur changin' her likes and dislikes ain't goin' out West to git a home ready thunder." fur her. I guess he was scairt to heard tell of Pruliette's tongue. She butter. They invited her to stay till looked fur him to come back, an' got the storm was over. ready fur the weddin'. I suspicioned

sayin' nothin to her. She kep' on waitin' an' waitin', till she saw herself he wouldn't come; an' then all the bitter come back, an' she got sharper than ever. She never speaks of him, but sometimes she says somethin' 'bout little Mandy."

probably he did not have many opportunities of talking.

"I think she's allers hed a secret idee of runnin' acrost Jim an' findin' he didn't mean to leave her. Ten or twelve years ago a neighbor, George Harker, got some back pension money an' went out West to locate. He was goin' to come back an' get his wife; but he never did, an' she 'most went crazy. One of our older sisters, Sarah, hed married out in Kansas, an' she'd be'n writin' Pruliette to come right toward us." out an' visit her. Along in the summer, after havin', Pruliette s'prised me by sayin' she was goin'. I heard she told Jane Harker she'd bring her husband back to her. Off she went; an' she kep' her word to Jane Harker. rado (he'd lost the money in some way an' wa'n't comin' home); an' she to Jane same's if he'd been a stray

" 'But, Praliette,' says I when she ter) was a roughly got home, 'why didn't ye stay an' hev'

" 'I did visit with Sarah,' says Pru-Back of its main liette; 'I got to her house one after. point!' cried one of them. But as it house was a sum- noon, an' that evenin' she told me all mer kitchen, and she hed to tell, an I told her all I hed by, outside the point. back of that a to tell. So, there bein' no need of large woodshed, stayin', I let the next mornin' and open on the side went on West to find that sneakin'

"As Praliette gets older an' more silent her tongue keeps just as sharp; the front door and from the one lead- it's like a razor, gettin' sharper, less you use it. We hardly speaks, an' almost abandoned look. Evidently s'pose she'll allers live with me," and the door from the shed into the sum- Hiram sighed unconsciously; "fur by mer or back kitchen was the only one father's will she has a right to a home in use. The house seemed to stand in an' a livin' on the old place, an' kin the midst of a pasture; there was no pasture six head of cattle on it, an' keep hens. It's bad fur a woman, not hevin' a real home of her own. She's On the hard earth under the open got dreadful sol'tary. She won't shed was a table, and sitting by this even hey no cat nor dog-nothin' but table a woman. She had no lamp, thet old blue hen thet she's got used and as she sat there in the gathering to, an' likes to hey' 'round. It's a shadows which had come carly into cur'us hen, follers her 'bout au' never the great, bare shed, as if finding it a | seems to want to set. She takes comcongenial place), it was difficult at fort with it. I s'pose women folks hes out still further among the waves. The It was growing late; so we got up

yes being perhaps the sharpest of all. and bade Hiram good-night. He, Her dress was a hap gown of blue too, rose and moved slowly off toward calico. On the table was a plate of the house, as if in no great hurry to

"Poor Hiram!" said Miss Larned; "his sister must be a trial to him. I suppose he'd like to marry and live as other men do. Of course, no woman will marry him, knowing that Pruliette has got to live with them, and he's fast getting to be an old man. But ne tromin - 11 to prest outlong an Troor color. I'm sure she must Layle

r little daughter, six years old.

evening Miss Larned had been sent little thing, somewhat shy with new acquaintances. Miss Kelly was busy in the woodshed and back kitchen. "Takes all my time cookin' fur the hayin' help,

she grumbled, with unusual garrulity. She stared hard at Olive, and finally

went into the pantry and brought out a little cake that looked very dry and old. "Here's somethin' fur ye, little gal," she said, thrusting it into the Olive drew back, receiving the gift

with a hardly audible murmur of thanks. On the way home she was silent, and I saw she had been frightened by the grim-looking old woman

The Larneds got their eggs and butter and milk from the Kelly farm, and had been in the habit of sending for them. Several times in the course of the next week Miss Kelly brought these supplies to the camp herself. She spoke little on these occasions, but her manner was less surly than it There was a pile of cedar fence rails had been. Each time she brought at the side of the path. He sat down some trifle for Olive Loring, but

to rest his legs whenever possible. It | One Saturday morning we men all was a pleasant July evening, and, as started off to spend the day fishing we were in no hurry, we also sat down near some islands to the west of us. Rufe, the man-of-all-work, was left in "So you've ben tuk to see Pruli- charge of the camp. As the morning ette?" he said, speaking to me. "I was hot and sultry, none of the ladies

Early in the afternoon Mrs. Larned points, too. Praliette hes hed trials, wished to send Rufe on an errand to a the spring crop of barley or rape-seed an' the wast of all was thet she was farm house standing on the end of a born with a sharp tongue. I've heard point that stretched out into the lake ground is trenched with the spade, father tell she got it natural from parallel with ours; a deep bay about and water is turned over it until it mother's mother. She allers hed it, half a mile wide separated the two even when she an' I was little. When points. Olive asked to go with Rufe, worked level with the rake, The young and no objection was made, she being mostly scairt of her. At last Jim accustomed to go about with him, nursery patches, are pulled up when Two boats had been left at the camp; with a little gal, Mandy, bont six one was a large, heavy skiff, the other a little canoe which was used for paddling about in on quiet evenings.

Rufe took the big skiff and rowed away with Olive sitting in the stern. Twas all fixed, an' they was go- A hot, thick haze hung over the water, in' to be married; but some of the and from the camp they could hardly neighbors told Jim (he was a stranger | make out the boat as it neared the

point opposite. Suddenly all the vapor that had filled the air seemed to gather into a glowed with streaks of flame, and emitted hoarse growls.

"It will be a thunderstorm," one of Pruliette's failin's. Wa'al, Jim claimed Mrs. Loring. "I wish Olive Lane kinder sneaked off, sayin' he was | was here with me; she's so afraid of

It happened that Pruliette Kelly break it right off, after what he'd had come to the camp with a pail of

Now a blast of hot wind swept over how 'twould be, an' so did father, who the lake and caught the haze up with cording to the distance traveled. The was livin' then; but we didn't like it, carrying it off to the angry black rate ranges from one penny up.

cloud, which had swollen till it filled nearly the whole sky. As the haze vanished objects near the opposite point could be more clearly distinguished.

"See," cried Mrs. Loring, "isn't He paused, but only for a moment; Oh, why doesn't Rufe stay at the farm house! How can he be so fool-

> Pruliette drew Mrs. Larned back. "The little gal is alone in thet there boat," she said, in a solemn whisper. "Rufe must a-left her in it when he went up to the house; an'that sudden wind dray it off the shore. The Randall boat must be away from home; fur I kin see Rufe runnin' up an' down the bank, an' if 'twas there he'd foller her. The wind is drivin' the boat

The rain began to fall in torrents, churning the already vexed water till it seemed to boil. It was one of those violent thunderstorms to which Lake Ontairs is subject during the hot season. It grew dark, and the boat She found George, reckless, an' dead was hidden. When the rain stopped broke, out in a minin' camp in Colo- a cold hurricane rushed by, and the panic-stricken water fled before it in swift, headlong waves. Now the boat brought him back an' handed him over was visible again, tossing about, seeming to share the agony of the water.

The women could see Olive clinging to a seat, in constant danger of being thrown out; the blast carried her shrill screams to their ears. "See. the boat may be driven against the came they saw the wind would take it

An open shed had been built for the boats on the western side of the point, where, as was now the case, the water was protected from the gales that came up from the south and east. Pruliette Kelly ran to this boathouse, and, nothing else being there, launched the cance. She paddled it through the calmer water out to the edge of the angry sea that swept around the point. It was evident that the cance could not live for more than a moment in such a sea. An instant later the skiff-Olive standing in it, screaming and stretching out her hands to her mother on the shore—came scudding by the point. Pruliette gave a stroke with the paddle that made the canoe shoot forward; she grasped the skiff and, with a vigorous push, sent it in toward the calmer water. This push reacted on the cance, which slipped old woman struggled bravely, trying to balance the frail craft and drive it toward the shore. She had only gained a few yards when a billow broke over the canoe, filled it and sank it.

Two of the younger women waded into the shallow water, dragged the skiff to land and restored the child to her mother. They saw something that the waves rolled toward the shore. They seized it and carried it from the water. Life was not quite ernshed out from the poor old body, and after working over her med some time she began to was signs of returning consciousness!

Hiram was found, and he and one of the hired men carried his sister back to her home. When the doctor came he said it was doubtful if she stretches out into the water. This Kelly farmhouse. She was a gentle survived the shock; she had never been a strong woman.

Toward evening Hiram and the doc tor and Mrs. Larned and little Olive's mother were in Pruliette Kelly's room, where she lay motionless on the bed. Of a sudden she roused, glanced around nervously, and laid a thin. withered hand on her brother's arm.

"Hiram, I'm agoin' to let that old blue hen hatch some chickens. I feel I sin't used her right; fur she hes wanted to set--lots c' times. But I allers stopped her quick; you know she was my only company, an' I didn't want her off a-settin' an' a-bringin' up chickens. I s'pose she's jest longed fur them chicks." Then, a moment before the end, she spoke again: "Did Mandy get ashore all safe? Poor little Mandy; poor-poor thing, " -- New York Independent.

# Rice Planting in Japan.

The people were busy putting out their young rice plants, and the fields were full of men and women, wearing their "kasa" and straw coats, oiled paper, rush mats or other contrivances to keep off the rain, and working in mud and water half way up to their knees. It is surely the dirtiest and most laborious form of agriculture; the work is almost entirely done by manual labor with a spade and a heavy four-pronged rake, though I occasionally saw a cow or a pony, with a little thatched roof on its back to shoot off the rain, dragging a sort of harrow through the mud. As soon as is garnered and hung up to dry, the has become a soft slush, which is rice plants, grown thick together in the fields are ready for planting, their roots are washed and they are tied in bundles, which are thrown into the mud and water; then the men and women wade in, untie a bundle and set the seedlings in lines by just pressing them with their fingers into the mud. They do this wonderfully quickly, and can plant eight or nine in a row without moving from their places; when the field is all planted it looks like a pond with a delicate green haze over it. The dividing banks are planted with beans or other vege tables, so that not a yard of ground is wasted. This was the 18th of June, the damp, clammy heat of the "dew month" just beginning a period very encouraging to all vegetation, but ful of discomforts for the traveler, and especially for the landscape painter. --Harper's Magazine.

London 'bus fare is regulated ac

# "BLIND" LETTERS.

HOW THE DIFFERENT NATIONS EXCHANGE THEM.

Our Postal Employes Better at Deciphering Bad Addresses Than Those Abroad - An Adept at "Blind Reading.

URING the last fiscal year, ended Jane 30th, 1894, 590, 662 letters from foreign lands drifted into the Dead Letter Office at Washington. The individuals addressed being not discovered, nearly all of these missives had to be ent back to the countries whence they came. Yet the United States Postoffice is vastly more clever in finding people than are the authorities abroad. Only a few days ago a letter dispatched from New York with the superscription, "Levi P. Morton, Paris, France," was returned, marked "Inconnu"-i. c., "Unknown." Nevertheless, the ex-Vice-President was in the French capital at the time at one of the great hotels.

The foreign authorities seem to be stupid about such things. Letters from the United States addressed to Walter Besant or to Algernon Swin-burne, "England," are sent back, marked "Insufficient address." might suppose that English people would know about their own famous literary men. It used to be the same way with Charles Reade and Robert Browning. An American child's letter to "Santa Claus, Hartz Mountains, Germany," was returned with "Un-known," "Not found" and "Insuffi-cient address" stamped all over it by

seventeen postmasters. At Christmas time every year chil-dren write letters to Santa Claus and mail them, usually unstamped. If a foreign address is given the missive is dispatched in the mails, the rules of the International Postal Union not requiring prepayment. Eventually it finds its way back to the Foreign Division of the Postoffice Department here. If it contains a petition from some poor child for a small gift the employes of the office will necasionally play Santa Claus, making up a purse to buy the article requested.

Comparatively few of the foreign letters which reach the Dead Letter Office here can be delivered to the person addressed, because it is not allowable to open them. If one of them is opened when received, it is scaled with a special stamp, which looks stamp, bearing the words: "Postoffice Department; officially sealed." The first stamp of this kind that was issued had the words "post obitum" on it, meaning "after death." A speci-men is worth to-day \$10. The scaling stamps are hard to get and are in demand by collectors.

The lette-trom abroad which have perts who exhibit wonderful skill in deciphering them. Miss Clara Richis a famous hand at such work. The power: spelling on some of the envelopes is amazing. For example, "Susanmeri" came across the track of a wildcat, is intended for Sault Ste. Marie. This is a comparatively easy one. denly the tracks came to an end in a "Schinescham, Toulocontus" is Chinese Camp, Tuolumus County. I looked around to see what had be-Green Point ave.

"blind reading," as this work is off into a swamp. The situation was called. Miss Richter got hold of a susceptible to but one explanation. letter the other day with a peculiar The wildcat had been hunting for his name and nothing else on it except "America." She remembered that twenty years or more ago a person of that name had been found at Grand Rapids, Mich. The letter was for himself into an animated spiral spring, warded to that point and reached the intended recipient. On one occasion the local postoffice of Washington did not know how to deliver a letter addressed to "Teserero General de Na- fore the bird, as quick as pheasants cion." It was advertised as for "Genceived at once that it was for the was registered and contained a considerable amount of money.

All undeliverable foreign letters are done up in bags or rather parcels and sent back once a week to the principal European countries and to Canada. These "returns," as they are called, comprise all mail matter received at the Dead Letter Office here during the previous week. But to the dead stuff is returned only once a month. The United States Government exchanges unclaimed matter with eighty-seven countries and colonies. Nearly 1,000,000 foreign pieces of mail come to our Dead Letter Office annually. A great many of these are printed publications, most of which are thrown away and not returned.

All printed matter received at the Dead Letter Office from Canada, Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland, South American countries and Australasia is destroyed in accordance with special agreement. Most of this stuff consists of newspapers and trade circulars. The countries mentioned do the same with similar matter that reaches them from the United States, but France, Italy, Russia, Spain, Portugal, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Belgium want every bit of their printed matter back, and it is returned to them. During the last fiscal year 59,935 parcels and printed publications and circulars were returned.

In the same way we get our dear matter back from foreign countriesweekly from some, monthly from others. The "returns" sent to us amounted last year to 241,779 pieces -- only a little more than one-third as many as we forwarded to Governments abroad. - Philadelphia Times.

A newspaper is the diary of history. | -Blackwood's Magazine.

#### Scissors With a History.

John Wilson, town marshal of Hazel Green, Ky., has in his possession a pair of scissors which are known to have been in his immediate family for 130 years or more. They were first owned by his father's first wife, whose maiden name was Polly Nickell. At her death, Matilda Walters, her second daughter, fell heir to them. At the death of Mrs. Walters her third son, Jefferson Walters, came in possession of them, and at his death they passed to his third sister, Olivia Risner. At the death of Mrs. Risner they came into the present owner's hands, and are yet in a good state of preservation, though they exhibit signs of long and

constant service. They are 101 inches in length, evidently hand forged, and not much unlike the patterns seen nowadays. As the points do not meet by just onequarter of an inch, a person contemplating them can easily imagine that the sharp point was worn away, little by little, in cutting out leather breeches (buckskin) for the boys, and shaping the latest in fashion for the girls from

the linsey patterns of the day.

And this bit of history furnishes much food for thought when we are disposed to grumble because some garment is not a faultless fit, as we think it should be. But they had no dudes in those days, and for that they should have been thankful. Mr. Wilson's father moved from Greenbrier County, Virginia, into this section when it was yet a wilderness, and Floyd County, the fortieth created in the State (from parts of Mason, Fleming and Montgomery), then comprised all of that territory from which the counties of Pike and parts of Clay, Harlan, Perry, Lawrence, Morgan, Breathitt, Letcher, Johnson, Rowan, Boyd, Magoffin, Wolfe, Elliott and Lee have since been carved.

Three-day elections were then held, and the voter living remote from the polls shouldered his trusty rifle and started the first day so as to make sure of casting his vote before the close of the third. Ticktown, now in Montgomery, and Prestonburg, were then the respective voting places, and Mr. Wilson says that he never failed to vote, and he lived six miles above Hazel Green, so that voting at either point, he had to travel about fortyfive miles. -Baltimore Heraid.

#### A Wildcat's Great Leap.

The wonderful power of a wildcat is shown in its ability to leap long distances. All of the cat tribe have imsomething like an ordinary postage mense power in their legs, and they make up in the length of their spring their inability to make a continued chase. African leopards in captivity have been known to leap from the floor of their cages and strike the top, twelve feet above. Tigers make tre mendous leaps, and strike down their prey with a blow of their powerful The lette-a-rom abroad which have paws as they alight. But the wildcat, failed of adve-g'on account of badly for its size, is probably the next wonwritten addresses are handled by ex- derful jumper of all the felidae. A hunter who is well known for his veracity tells the following story of an ter, in charge of the foreign division, adventure which illustrates this

"I was hunting in the snow, and which I followed a long distance. Sudspot where the animal had crouched. "Grym Pantewnia" is meant for come of the trail, and away ahead of me saw a bunch of blood and feathers. Memory is an important element in From that spot the track led on again dinner, and had discovered a pheasant wandering about in the snow.

"The cat crept as close as he dared to the unsuspecting bird and gathered such as all the cat tribe coil themselves into when preparing to spring, and, releasing the trigger, shot into the air, landing on top the victim beusually are, could evade the stroke. eral Teserero." Miss Richter per- The distance from where the cat crouched to where it caught the bird Treasurer of the United States. It was just thirty-three feet. I naturally supposed from the length of the leap that the cat was young and in full activity, but after I trailed it to the swamp and shot it I discovered that it was old and almost toothless. The enimal's hunger may have spurred him to the great jump. If not, and the leap was an evidence of what a superannuated wildcat can do, I wouldn't be surprised to learn that a young and the other nations in the Postal Union active wildcat could clear at least twice the distance when pressed by necessity."--Philadelphia Press.

# An Unknown Cave.

In Wells County, Indiana, not far from Muncie, an oil well driller has made several holes, to which he can find no bottom. Last week he drilled through a bed of rock 150 feet thick, when the drill suddenly dropped, and was only saved from being lost by the strong rope attached to it. Several other holes in the same neighborhood are in the same predicament. The driller lowered a large charge of nitro-glycerine several hundred feet down into the opening under this hole and exploded it, but without apparent effect. It is supposed that the holes have penetrated the roof of an enormous cavern.-New Orleans Picayune.

# What is a Mahdi?

"El Mahdi" can best be translated as "the guide." Moslems generally are looking for the coming of a prophet. Sunnis and shiahs agree in expecting the appearance of a Mahdi or Messiah. But they differ as to the manner of his manifestation. Sunnis believes the coming Mahdi to be a new prophet. Shishs hold that he will be an Imam, who has disappeared, but will reappear as the expected Messiah.

KEEP IT MOVING

Keep the wagon movin', No matter what's the load, Keep the horses goin', In the middle o' the road.

> Night time or day time . Winter time or May time ; Harry up the horses An' keep 'em in the road !

Keep the wagon movin'! If the horses "stall," Put your shoulder to the wheel An' pull together all!

Night time or day time. Don't stop for play time : Harry up the horses Summer time an' fall! Leep the wagon movin'!

Life is goin' by : If the rain is fallin', Weather'll soon be dry!

Nig'it time or day time, Winter time or May time, Harry up the horses An' you'll git there by an' by! -F. I. Stanton

# PITH AND POINT.

Dack-talk-The agitation of a dor tail. -- Troy Press.

Many a man strikes out in his gree forts to strike luck. - Puck. He-"Well, I'll say good-night She-"Good-morning."—New Yor

A man with plenty of sand is say to grind out an existence somehor. Syracuse Conrier. The line of success is located abor-

half way between hesitating a plunging. - Puck. Man's selfishness always has b

three or four sizes too large for his -Galveston News. A deaf mute recently went into Broadway bicycle store and pickel

a hub and spoke. - Life. Both the photographer and the th depend in a great measure for su upon their taking ways. - Philadele

"Dear little hand!" he murmus as he kissed her hand and ment reckoned up what the rings on it cost him. —Harper's Bazar.

Record.

The shortest way of nequir reputation for executive ability get other men to do your wor. you for nothing .- Boston Transcr

Time is money The adage says Or sixty days.

—Detroit Trib

Yabsley-"You fellows came from your fishing trip empty-han didn't you?" Mudge--"Yes, hands were empty."-Indiana Journal.

He-"You are the only girl I Sha\_"Oh never that. . The main question is am only girl von ever will love."-Ci nati Tribune. South African proof-readers

young. The last one succumb the description of a fight between Unabeliniiiii and tribes. - Tit-Bits.

Wife- "That new girl sleeps log, and I never can get her up morning." Husband (struck bright idea)—"Let the baby with her."-Good News.

"How did you come to break Miss Sweetlips? You always sais was as good as gold." "Yes; got acquainted with a girl who had gold."-Boston Transcript.

Ethel-"What made people they were husband and wife?" "Why, whenever he related story she always interrupted his saying he'd left out something. Bits.

He-"Do you know how to good bread?" She-"Oh, yes; don't mean to; when I marry ! to get a husband who will be enough to buy me cake."-Some Journal. Everett Wrest-"Lady, if

would like to have some wood saw Mrs. Potts-"We burn gas." perhaps you will let me turn gas for breakfast."-Indians Journal. "Poor little thing!" exclaime

passionate editor to the mous was nosing about in the waste b "If you find anything there ye use you're harder up than I Chicago Tribune. "Say, I don't believe that

about Mrs. Danson's hair turning in a night, do you?" Susie—"Myes! That's nothing; my m turned hers yellowen half a de Chicago Inter-Ocean. Chollie-"The idea of a bu man sending a letter with a ! Chappie-"Doosid bad form, st

Chollie-"But that isn't the w In this case it means 'Pleas tle.""-Cincinnati Tribune. "You're a liar," said No. 1. must take that back," replied "I reiterate, you are a liar," r No. 1. And No. 2, to whom the "reiterate" was evidently no

plied: "All right, I accept apology."-New York Tribune Ethel-"Here is the loveliest coat that I bought for Tom. doesn't seem to care for it th bit." Clara-"I can tell you! make him value it above every Ethel-"Oh, how?" bim that you've given it away

poor man. "--Tit-Bits. Ob, the dust, dust, dust, dust, We see it everywhere, We drink it in our lemonade, We breathe it in the air:
It fills our eyes and ears and
Each crevice and each nook
There's dust in every blessed

But one-our pocketbook