

NEW SHORT STORIES

Retort of the Limelight Man.

Forbes-Robertson at a dinner in New York praised the American critical sense.



"Why didn't you move the fly, then?" nine or ten feet to the left, and it was from the blackest shadow that my friend had to make his best speech.

A Defeated Conscience.

George W. Martin, secretary of the Kansas State Historical society, tells a story about an early day Kansas justice of the peace who will be nameless here.

A Lay From "Chantecler."

"Blarritz is on the tumultuous bay of Biscay, and Cambo, where Rostand lives, is only a dozen miles behind Blarritz, a placid village in the Basque country."

A Hibernian Hint.

The Hon. Joseph H. Choate, formerly our ambassador to England, tells the following story, crediting the same to a political speech made by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman:

ROADS AND ROADMAKING

ROAD WATER DITCH.

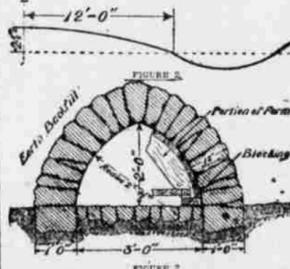
Suggestions By a New York Highway Superintendent.

Fred. C. Evans, superintendent of highways in Tompkins County, New York, is constantly advising the town superintendents of his county concerning methods and details which shall enable them to do more effective work.

Figure No. 1 illustrates his idea of the form of a ditch which must carry water for any considerable distance. It should be well below the base line of the road and deep and narrow.

Figure No. 2 shows a ditch which he considers proper for the treatment of a wet, or swampy place. This ditch is for the upper side of the road, and should be broad and comparatively shallow, so that the water will seep into it from the contiguous soil, and be carried off.

Figure No. 3 represents a cheap but substantial form of culvert, a number of which have already been put in on the earth roads of Tompkins County. It is a culvert made of field stones, built over a collapsible form, the stones being laid in mortar.



Plans of a Road Watch Ditch.

that the material costs practically nothing, and the labor can be performed by unskilled persons, without taking much time. Stones are plenty, and can be had for the picking; every farmer has a little lime about, and sand is prevalent, so that their construction is easy.

A Kansas Proposition.

The people of several counties in Southern Kansas are agitating the proposition to construct a road along the valley of the Arkansas river from Hutchinson to Garden City, a distance of 180 to 200 miles.

The newspapers along the proposed route have taken up the matter, and the public seems to be becoming interested. A convention, to consist of the various county officials is suggested at Hutchinson in the near future, and the county engineer of that county, Reno, is reported as preparing the details of the meeting.

Effects of Bad Roads.

In a letter from Prof. George R. Chatburn, head of the department of applied mechanics of the University of Nebraska, he states: "In my twenty-five years' experience in Nebraska I have never seen the roads as bad as at present. During the month of November we had the unprecedented rainfall of nearly 10 inches; if we add the last week in October and the first in December we will have at least two more. The mud had been worked up to such a state of plasticity that I have seen wagons on the streets of Lincoln with the wheels apparently solid. While in this condition there came a freeze and a foot of snow on top of that. The roads are impassable for anything except very light loads. Coal dealers, instead of delivering in 2-ton lots, are delivering in half-ton lots to houses off the paved streets. Hay has risen from \$7 to \$14 per ton, eggs, butter, and other farm products are out of sight."

Probably Not. "You do not kiss as sweetly as the other girls I know."

She handed you that, did she? That was hardly just the thing. That must have roused your dander some and left a little sting.

Uncle Silas (sarcastically)—I suppose you never had a dissatisfied summer boarder.

Uncle Hiram—Yes; he was a fellow that wrote jokes for the comic papers, and he was sore when he found out that there wasn't any chance at our house for that kind of material.

Touching Verse. At first she touches up her hair To see if it's in place.

His Pull. "Does that 'ere thin, stoop shouldered, dyspeptic lookin' drummer that you bought so much from today sell any better or cheaper goods than the fat one ye turned down so hard yesterday?"

Another Version. Mary had a little lamb, A Persian lamb, by crickets! It's fleece was warm in winter's storm.

His Little Yarn. "I thought you were going to take me to the grand opera?" "Well, you see, I ordered two seats in the front row."

Forestry. Rock-a-bye, baby, on the treetop. If you cut down the forests the baby will fall.

His Natural Bent. "What are you hollerin' at me for?" demanded the offended one, turning about.

Sadness. Sad thoughts may come to him who sees Some day his first gray hair, But sadder yet His thoughts, you bet, Who sees amid his crown of jet A spot that's growing bare!

Remind Him of Business. Gunner—There goes the tobacco king. He is a multimillionaire.

The Unreasonable One. He growled because they "wouldn't give him rope"

A Love Feast. Fat Man—You're growing stout. Lean Man—And you're getting thin.

Served Her Right. Little Bopeep, She lost her sheep, According to nursery books.

Fruitless Research. "That scientist spent many hours of his life in fruitless research."

Double Trouble. The fustler had the fust quible bad, The unfortunate galoot, So as he could not fool himself He sent a sub-toot.

A Theory. "Why do you believe in long engagements?" "Well, I think that a girl should remain her lover's ideal as long as possible."

Queer State of Affairs. We are told that love is blind, Yet we know 'tis true That love can see upon one chair Sufficient room for two.

Soldier Tom

The breakfast room of the Blankville poorhouse is particularly gloomy and cheerless on a dull November morning.

The rain is beating regularly, persistently against the narrow windows. A feeble attempt is being made by the old folks to eat their breakfast, which, for once, seems more than they can accomplish.

With one accord, they all glance toward an opposite window, where, gazing upon the blurred scene without, is a tall, thin figure. This is Thomas, or, as the matron's little son calls him, "Soldier Tom."

"Where is Thomas?" "Thomas," calls Mrs. Dodge softly, "will you take your seat now? This will be our last meal together, you know."

With a stifled sob, the old man totters feebly to his chair. For once the tall, commanding figure has lost its military bearing.

The morning wore gloomily on. The rain continued to descend in a spluttering, dismal manner. With the coming of noon came the carriage also that was to take away the beloved matron, her husband and their little son, who was the brightest gleam of sunshine in that usually dreary home.

The farewells had been said, the trio were seated in the carriage, the driver had just started his horses, when a piercing, childish scream rose above the drip, drip of the rain, and the low sobbing of the inmates.

"Soldier Tom is not coming, dear. There, there," she said soothingly, as the child threw back his head preparatory to an awful outburst.

The day wore on. Evening set in dark and cold. True to her promise, Mrs. Dodge had left everything in readiness for the party. Although the inmates of the home missed her greatly, still 'twas very seldom they had a chance to partake of ice cream and candy.

"Where is Soldier Tom?" "Oh, up in the attic, I guess. He goes there every night."

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Dean. "One of the men goes up into the attic every night? I'll soon stop that nonsense!"

"Mrs. Dodge has gone. We shall miss her." "Meanwhile old Thomas, sitting desolately upon an old box in a corner of the attic, an unlighted pipe in his hand, was interrupted by Mrs. Dean.

"Well, what is the meaning of this? Don't you know you're not allowed up here? My goodness! the man has actually been smoking!"

"No, Mrs. Dean. I'm just holding it in my hand to-night. You see, Mrs. Dodge allowed me to come up here. I can't sleep unless I have a little smoke, and so Mrs. Dodge—"

"Mrs. Dodge! Mrs. Dodge! I'm tired of that name! She has gone, and Mrs. Dean tells you that you'll come up here no more, and you'll smoke no more after hours! Do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am," quietly replied the old man, "I understand, I understand," he murmured sadly, as he slowly left the room.

The Horses of St. Mark. They were taken from Chios in the fourth century by the Emperor Theodosius, and placed in the great hippodrome at Constantinople, whence they were taken by the Venetians in the year 1204.

The Retort Courteous. "Camp-meeting" John Allen was a famous Methodist preacher and revivalist of the old days down in Maine, and like most successful pulpit orators, his sense of humor was equal to his grit of speech.

It is recalled by the Boston Journal that on one occasion the old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

From the Seat of the Scornful. Jack and Joey at the menagerie watched the lion eat sugar from the trainer's hand with equal interest but differing inference.

White Horse of Kilburn. The biggest artificial horse in the world is the famous white horse of Kilburn, England, which was formed fifty years ago by a native of Kilburn, who cut away the turf in the correct form and covered it with limestone.

The Truce of God. The "Truce of God" was introduced by the clergy of Guenene around about the year 1030. It was adopted in Spain about 1050, in England about 1080.

"Soldier Tom? I can't do without my Sojer Tom!" "Soldier Tom is not coming, dear. There, there," she said soothingly, as the child threw back his head preparatory to an awful outburst.

HOW THE NORMANS DINED. Princes and Barons Lived as Sumptuously as the Monks of Old. The Normans dined at 9 in the morning and supped at 5, the Dundee Advertiser says.

Roll of HONOR

Attention is called to the STRENGTH of the Wayne County SAVINGS BANK. The FINANCIER of New York City has published a ROLL OF HONOR of the 11,470 State Banks and Trust Companies of United States.

Stands 38th in the United States Stands 10th in Pennsylvania. Stands FIRST in Wayne County. Capital, Surplus, \$455,000.00 Total ASSETS, \$2,733,000.00 Honesdale, Pa., May 29, 1908.

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