

ORDEAL OF THE NEW RECRUIT

The Initiation of an Embryo General.

The officers of the 4th Hussars were profoundly moved. Commissions in the regiment had from time immemorial been reserved for the sons of noblemen, and now John Hunkins, the son of a retired brewer, had been appointed.

"It's very easy to get rid of these common intruders," said Lord Hartley. "All we have to do is to freeze 'em out."

"Just so," assented the Hon. Mr. Maxcey. "But suppose their beggarly natures are too obtuse to see what's meant by the treatment we give 'em," put in the Earl of Harrowby.

"In that case," Hartley explained, "we'll appoint a committee to visit their rooms and smash their furniture." "A very effective measure," remarked the Hon. Mr. Maxcey.

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"Gentlemen," he said, "I've been obliged to retaliate for the breaking of my china without being sure of the men who did it. If I have made any mistake I'm ready to apologize and replace what I have damaged.

"There's no quarrel with you, Twotter," Hartley protested. "Certainly not," said Harrowby. But Englishmen respect courage, and the others present thought that Hunkins in fighting two men had done all that could be expected of him.

"What an optimist Green is!" "Yes; every time he loses his umbrella he never worries. He always expects to pick up a better one." "Detroit Free Press.

"What is your boy learning at college?" "I don't know. I can only tell you what he is studying." "Springfield Republican.

HUMOROUS QUIPS

The Little Fat Boy.

The soup came in, and the soup was good. The little boy gobbled as fast as he could. And I frowned reproach, as an uncle should.

Followed the fish with its sauce of pink. Did the boy say "Yes" to it? I don't think!

Is sherry a thing that a child should drink? In came the turkey sausage flanked. Deeply breathed and stoutly shanked.

The boy came twice. Why are boys not spanked? Beef if you wanted it. That boy did—Wanted it twice, the untanned kid!

I caught his eye, and he drooped one lid. In came the pudding, a blaze of blue. Wider the eyes of the fat boy grew.

They piled his plate, and he went right through. Oranges next. He disposed of three. Smuggled a fourth to his shameless knee.

Reached for an apple and grinned at me. After dinner his steps I tracked. His waistcoat buttons were all intact.

And the tale I've told is a simple fact. —Punch.

Sayings of Famous Men.

George Westinghouse—Stand back and give me air.

Robert Browning—You know what I mean.

John Bunyan—I must have been dreaming.

Adam—Every man needs a wife, take it from me!

Sherlock Holmes—After you, Moriarty.

Prometheus—It's my liver that troubles me, I think.

Duke of Wellington—Come, come, Blucher; it's your move!—Chicago Tribune.

Real Economy.

A New England mother had come upon her eight-year-old son enjoying a feast whereof the components were jam, butter and bread.

"Son," said the mother, "don't you think it a bit extravagant to eat butter with that fine jam?"

"No, ma'am," was the response.

"It's economical; the same piece of bread does for both."—Lippincott's.

Hurt Once Too Often.

At an inquest a doctor once stated that "two of the deceased's injuries were fatal, but fortunately the others were not."

An Irish paper goes one better and describes how a "deaf man was run down by a tram and killed. He was injured in a similar way some years ago."—Black and White.

The Negotiations.

"Did Lord Luvous propose for your daughter's hand?" "No," replied Mr. Cumrox, "but he gave me to understand that he'd be willing to consider bids from our family for the use of his ancestral name."

—Washington Star.

Clever Ruse.

Friend of the Family—What? All these animals going into the ark, and yet you say the people aren't wise to what's doing!

Noah—Sure not. They think we're an American battleship taking on mascots!—Puck.

Faith.

"What is faith, Johnny?" asks the Sunday school teacher.

"Fa says," answers Johnny, "that it's readin' in the papers that the price o' things has come down an' expectin' to find it true when the bills come in."

—Life.

Both Compatible.

"I hear that Dickies has his business in a hole."

"Why, I heard he was making money at it."

"So he is. You see, his business is digging sewers."—Baltimore American.

Made Love To.

Salesman (showing umbrellas)—Here's one with an exceptionally attractive handle.

Customer—Not for me. All my umbrellas have been entirely too attractive.—Boston Transcript.

Suggestions Cheerfully Offered.

Collector—See here, my time is too valuable for me to be coming here every day about this bill.

Harduppe—I'm glad to hear it. Why don't you come once a week?—Philadelphia Record.

Motor Anaesthesia.

Novice—It must be a dreadful sensation to run over a man!

Chauffeur—Not nearly so dreadful as to run over a cow, and it doesn't injure the machine so much.—Judge's Library.

Sure Sign.

Him—Mary! You have been kissed before!

Her—What makes you think so?

Him—You knew enough to scream.—Toledo Blade.

An Optimist.

"What an optimist Green is!" "Yes; every time he loses his umbrella he never worries. He always expects to pick up a better one."—Detroit Free Press.

Doubtful.

"What is your boy learning at college?" "I don't know. I can only tell you what he is studying."—Springfield Republican.

The Reason.

"He's a great social favorite." "No wonder. He can eat anything made in a chafing dish as if he enjoyed it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CATCHER CAPABLE TO TURN FIGHTER.

Charley Schmidt, the Detroit American league catcher, will turn pugilist, Schmidt announced recently that he is anxious to meet any of the heavyweights in the ring today.

Although Schmidt has quite a reputation with his mitts, he has never appeared in public in a bout. His friends insist that if he makes good in the ring he may quit the diamond forever.

Schmidt is on the outs with the Detroit team and has been trying to effect his release or sale to some other club. He weighs 185 pounds.

HOW "ONE ROUND" HOGAN BECAME A FIGHTER.

Frisco's Sensational Lightweight Was Once a Plumber's Helper.

A street fight between two plumbers' assistants is what started "One Round" Hogan, the sensational Frisco pugilist, on the road to fame. Hogan was a plumber's apprentice and had served three years of his time when he took up the fighting game.

He says he never would win a prize today at wiping a lead pipe joint but that he's a bear at threading two inch pipe. Hogan, whose first name is Jack, is confident he will eventually win the lightweight championship.

He points to his bout with "Knockout" Brown in New York recently as to what he can do. Hogan has fought forty-one battles, and of that number he won the first thirty-nine—many of them by the knockout route.

On account of winning several of his fights in the first round he was given the name of "One Round" Hogan.

"I have been fighting just one year," said Hogan recently, "and you can see that I have been pretty busy to get away with forty fights. They gave Frankie Burns the decision against me on account of a foul, but if I fouled



FRISCO'S SENSATIONAL LIGHTWEIGHT IN ACTION.

him it was certainly not intentional. They disqualified me for butting. I think I can lick Burns any time he starts."

"How did you start in as a fighter?" was asked.

"It was on account of winning a street fight over some plumber's assistants. I never took a boxing lesson in my life."

Hogan then told of how he worked as a plumber's assistant, and as he was leader of a gag he naturally had to fight all the time.

A fight club in Frisco had engaged a young fellow named Steele for a preliminary bout, and as he had no opponent the manager, who had seen Hogan in a street fight, offered him \$15 to go on.

Hogan grabbed at the job, and before he had gone four rounds he knocked out so many of Steele's teeth that the fight had to be stopped.

"And the worst of it," said Hogan, "is that I didn't get the \$15. The manager told me that \$5 was enough for me, and I couldn't argue him out of the other ten. Finally he told me that I was pretty lucky to get a chance to fight at all, and he promised me that he would give me another fight the next week. I fell for that line of talk, but to this day I am still trying to get that ten."

Hogan is just twenty-two years old and is an orphan. Apparently he has made the best of his opportunities at school, as he talks intelligently and uses good English.

He is a clean living young fellow and has not been in the fight game long enough to fall prey to its many temptations.

Revive Racing in Denver. Horse racing on an elaborate scale may be revived in Denver the coming summer.

Two bills have been introduced in the legislature which will permit racing with the pari mutuel system of betting, and it is planned to have at least two race meetings of thirty days at Overland park.

Distributes Over \$8,000,000 in Purses. More than \$8,000,000 in purses has been distributed by members of the grand circuit, which annually attracts the best of the light harness horses.

ACCORDIN' TO REGULATIONS.

Life in the icy Arctic.

The morning I was generally the one to waken first and would either start the alcohol lamp myself or call Astrup for that purpose.

Our morning meal consisted of a lump of pemmican, six biscuits, two ounces of butter and two cups of tea each. As soon as this was finished everything was re-packed on the sledge. I then read the odometer, aneroid and thermometer and, taking the guidon, which had waved and fluttered over the kitchen throughout our hours of rest, from its place, stepped forward and the next march was commenced.

After from four to six hours of marching we would halt for half an hour to eat our simple lunch of pemmican and give the dogs a rest and then after four to six hours of traveling halt again and repeat the already described route.

Robert E. Peary, "The Great White Journey."

WASHINGTON'S FALSE TEETH.

They Are Preserved as a Dental Curiosity and Relic.

It may not be generally known that the Father of his Country was one of the first Americans to wear artificial teeth. By the time the War of the Revolution had ended he had parted company with most of the outfit which nature had given him.

An ingenious physician and dentist of New York City undertook the then unusual task of re-equipment, and produced at length a full set of artificial teeth. These are now, of course, a dental curiosity.

The teeth were carved from ivory, and riveted, wired and clamped to a somewhat ponderous gold plate. Three large clamps, in particular, figure conspicuously in the roof of the mouth, and must have caused difficulty, if not anguish. There were an upper and an under set, and the two were connected and held in position relatively by a long spiral spring on each side.—Harper's Weekly.

Got Rid of the Scum. She was a city bride who had never before taken a hand in housekeeping and knew but little about things in the kitchen. A few mornings ago she got after the milkman.

"What's the matter with your milk?" she said, with great vehemence. "I don't know," he replied. "What do you find wrong with it?"

"Well," she said, "every morning it is covered with a nasty yellow scum." "And what do you do with the scum?"

"Why, I skim it off, of course, and throw it in the garbage can."—Far-

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Man Higher Up. Crick! Crack! Crash! The skaters turned and fed. But one, less fortunate than the rest, was overtaken by the widening crack, threw up his hands and fell in with a hearty splash.

"Help!" "He's drowning!" "Get a ladder!" At last the ladder was procured.

Cautiously approaching the pool, which was ornamented by the luckless man's head and shoulders, the park keeper placed the ladder in position and began to creep along it.

"Come in a bit closer!" he shouted. "I can't swim," answered the impromptu bather.

"But you're only up to your armpits, man," said the park keeper. "You ain't got no need to swim. Walk."

"Walk be blowed!" responded the other. "This water's ten foot deep."

"Ten foot deep?" exclaimed the park keeper. "Then how are you keeping up?"

"How?" retorted the bather. "Why, I'm standing on the bloke that broke the ice!"—Answers.

Georgia Nuggets. One way to be happy is to keep thinking this is the best world you know of and take the next one on trust.

Some folks are so unlucky that if they should get within fair view of the pearly gates they'd stumble over a star.

Pershaps the toilers of the world will be so tired when they reach the sweet fields of Eden they'll just want to stay still and listen while the other angels perform on the golden harps.—Atlanta Constitution.

Afraid of Dogs. "Did you ask for a handout at der big house?"

"No. Jes' as I wuz about to go in der gate der minister lookin' guy told me I wuz goin' to der dogs, so I turned around an' come back."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In Microbe Hollow.



Dr. Bacillids—Hem! Very serious case. Total loss of vitality. Just called me in time. You must move to a healthy, congenial resort and recuperate. I would advise a season in the tenebrous district of New York. It will strengthen and fatten you.

A Blue Dress For the Sky. Now let the stormy blizzards roar! Their thunder will pass by.

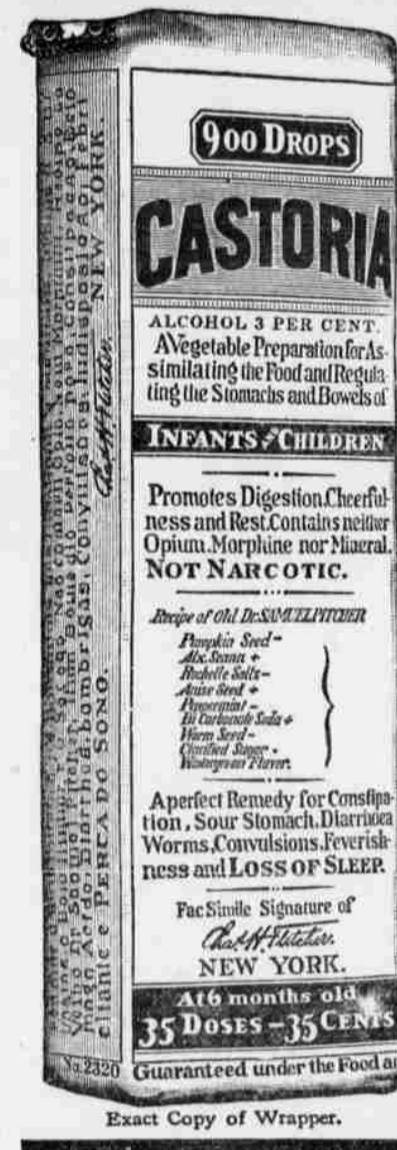
And spring'll come all frolicsome, a blue dress for the sky.

And far and near in April rain Toss roses at the picnic train.

Not long shall winter have his way with long and angry cries.

A brighter sun will shine away the shadows from his eyes.

And soon in April light and rain Toss roses at the picnic train. —Atlantic Constitution.



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