******* JOB'S PATIENCE.

A STORY OF BRAVERY AMONG THE WELSH MINES.

By JOSEPH KEATING, Author of "Son of Judith."

"I wonder if anythin' shall be |

Job put his light to the bottom coal, and, keeping the lamp like a dog's nose to the ground, slowly searched every inch of the stall, in between the sending their shadows swiftly round like a wheel of light; all down the lower side of the stall he searched, whistling quietly.

"Well, dash that boy, whatever," calmly said Job. He did not exactly use the exple

tive "dash," but it will serve. He slowly bent lower and picked up

a bit of shining steel.

"Dash that boy," said he again, without the slightest sign of temper. "An' after sayin' he did put back everythin'. The best wedge I got. An' to go an' leave it there to be buried when the top comes down an' shovelled into the gob with the rubbish! I might lost that wedge forever. The best wedge I got, too. Dash that boy."

Then he whistled softly as before, as if he had been giving the boy chocolates instead of beans. If any thing could have disturbed the calm ensy, wonderful temper of Job the danger of losing his favorite wedge would be the thing. He had the same feeling for it as an editor for a favorite brand of blue pencil.

"I can knock out a stiff bit o' coal," he said to himself "easier with that wedge than anythin'. An' for him to go an' leave it there! Dash that boy." But that was only at the end of the verse. He whistled the next verse of the old Welsh melody just as softly and sweetly and as beautifully in tune.

Nothing made him lose his presence of mind. Not even such a glaring inof misplaced confidence that boy could upset him. It would take an earthquake to do that. Bent double, he put the lamp in

front of him and gave a final look around before laying the low top lower still; then he threw up his light to the lids of one or two of the posts to see if he had forgotten or not to loosen them slightly for knocking out. By this time he had come to the end of the last verse, and he stopped whist-

He carefully stuck the wedge into cog, and hung his lamp upon it. Then he went into the readway, past the full tram of coal which glittered in the light, and picked up a slender six-foot post. But before going back to the cog, he looked up the road way to make sure that the boy was nowhere to be seen. The darkness of endless night filled the place—the black night that knows no day; for Job looked upon a spot hidden under the earth a thousand feet from the light of the sun. Nearer the coal, his little lamp glimmered on the cross timber and rough sides that held up the dangerous roof.

"If I didn't send the young rascal clean his lamp," said Job, "he'd be potchin' about in here an' get a clout with a stone on his head mos' likely.

It was merely the kindly nature of bim which made him so careful. The boy was no son of his only his butty.

He slowly put a plug of strong to bacco into his mouth; for a chew is a very excellent dust sponge, and the job Job had in hand just then would make it necessary. Then satisfied that the lad was far enough from the dangerous operation, he began to whistle | ing him. under his arm returned to his lamp on

Holding his slender battering-ram as near the end as possible, he went sional skill, knocked out the furthest posts firsts. A little creaking and grumbling by the fall of the upper

vein of coal, mingled with rubbish. "More rubbish than anything else," said Job, spitting out the dust which enwrapped him like a fog.

Of course, no one wants rubbish; so Job spoke of it disrespectfully. The mineral called mine makes iron, which in turn makes Birmingham jewelry; coal makes smoke, and smoke makes limited companies and happy share-

He listened for a moment to the voice of the top. All around him it creaked, groaned, and strained like a vessel in rough water. The collier took as much notice of these terrifics as an old salt of a puff of wind. To those who went down to the sea and the pits, shipwreck or destruction was always too near to be terrible. Like an old sailor taking a squint at the weather, the collier just tapped only held by contact with the remainthe shining black surface above him gently with his knuckles over his head. It sounded hollow.

"M'm!" said Job. He stepped nearer to the cog which with its squarely arranged sticks. looked a firm pillar under the roof. Then Job knocked out the remaining

A most unexpected roar followed; a dden terrific downfall of earth; and or Job of the good temper and sweet elody found himself engulfed in this deluge of stone.

This was the unexpected rock which

wrecks the old salt at last The falling earth hissed and roared as it broke away and came down, making a hill where there had been a holw. Dust choked the place—white, here a faint gleam from the lamp on cog shone through the gloom. All the time little downfalls, like sudden wers of hail, added to the mounin of the fall.

-----Through it all the light hung from the steel wedge on the cog. Sometimes a falling stone hit the lamp and made it swing to and fro. But soon it steadled itself, and shone on calmy till it got another rock. The wedge held firm.

After a time the loosening earth came no more than the mere pattering of raindrops from a tree after a storm. Small flat pebbles fell inoffensively upon the heap with sounds as if they were dropped into water. The dust slowly rolled up on the air-current from the upper to the lower side. It passed through the cut down there and gradually disappeared from Job's stall, so that the lamp brightened up and shed a clear circle of light upon

the situation. Job opened his eyes when instinct told him to do so. He immediately closed them again, when a bunch of rubbish unexpectedly fell over his head. He felt blood trickling from his forehead. He would have wiped it away; but he could not move his arms

"Broke, I s'pose," thought Job. Once more he opened his eyes; and he smHed as he saw the lamp shining serenely where he had hung it. "The best steel wedge I ever had, said he.

Then by the hopeful light he looked upward; he rolled his eyes from side to side. He did everything slowly. At last he tried to rise: failed: tried again; found the effort had lodged him into a tighter fit than ever. He tried again and found he could not move an

So Job quietly submitted. He saw that he was laying on his back. Mountainous stones lay across the lower part of his body; his legs were buried under the big part of his fall; and around his head were grouped the stones that had rolled down the side of the heap. They squeezed upon his cheeks. He bore the pain of it calm-

He looked straight up into the hole over his head.

"Looks very raggid," thought Job 'More is comin' down. Done for, I s'pose I am now, whatever."

He raised his voice, trying to attract the nearest neighbor, who worked in the upper stall.

"Davith, hoy!" shouted Job. No answer came.

"Hoy-y-y!" Job shouted again. got no response. "This old fall is dead'nin' my voice,"

said Job. But the truth was that poor Job's voice had lost its lustiness, owing to the weakening of his suffering body. Drip-drip-drip, came the little stones out of the black hollow above.

"Wonder if that boy'll soon come back?" thought Job. "Hoy-y-y!" He walted for an answer, but non-

came. "Well, I mus' do somethin' for my

self, I s'pose," said he.

Again he tried to move his body out of its prison. He felt the stones shifting; in the light from the cog he saw a great stone sliding down.

'Ah!" said he, satisfied. "P'raps

can manage by myself, after all." But he stopped suddenly. As the big stone slid away from against the cog. it set free the loose top which it had held up. With a clatter more stones fell down around the man's head, cutting him again, and completely cover-

When the sliding and rattling of the stones ceased, and the dust cleared away, Job could only open one eye; the other was held fast by the angle of a stone upon his face. And with the one eye he could barely get a glimpse of the light.

The rubbish was piled up over him, and but a faint gleam came to him through the crevices.

But it was because of the crevices that Job was still breathing. The stones crushed one another, and therefore could not properly get at their

His agony increased; the danger was even more terrible than before; but the moral force of the man left him as calm as ever.

"Better not try that game, I can see," he said. "If I move one stone, down comes 20 more."

He lay quite quiet. Another man, frantic with the pain and terror of it. would struggle. His struggle for life would be his death.

Job merely took his bearings. He

locked at the cog, and saw around its locking for the stricken man. top ragged and soft rubbish. This part, he knew, must then have been der of the roof down towards the lower side. But, in order to get at the top seam of coal, the roof down the lower side had to be exposed temporarily. But it was vicious. It resented the exposure of breaking loose and bringing down with it all the top up to the edge of Job's firm cog. This good pillar cut off the breakage, and prevented more of the roof coming down. But it had not been able to prevent Job from going down. He had been a step below it, and a sudden stone had disabled him. With this in his brain, Job quietly planned how to get out. For he saw that even the services of

"If on'y it'll hold up till somebody shall come," said he. "Wonder how long that boy'll be again?"

the cog might not hold good for

Resigned, he lay still, listening to the ceaseless patter of the dripping

"If on'y it'll hold," said he.

Job's interest then became centred in the build of the cog, wondering whether he had built it with true artthe putting up of one of those square pillars to hold up the earth took as much skill as the deceration of a pillar in the Collseum. Job rarely flattered himself. Only now, when he saw that the firmness of the cog kept it from slanting, did he feel satisfied with himself. The slightest disturbance to the stones as they now lay would bring them solidly on the facof the man; their displacement would bring down tons of loose earth upon them; and the human head underneath would be crushed into pulp.

"Wonder how long that boy'll be?" thought Job. "No use tryin' to shout, I s'pose, Might shake the stones." The ghost of a smile grinned grimly

in his brain; it could not get as for as his lips. He lay quite quiet. Drip-drip, fell

the little stones upon the great heap. Job's eye looked through the crevices to the lamp. Hope never looked brighter.

"Gives a splendid light," thought Job 'An' that steel wedge is the best I ever had. Holds well. Good old cog. Wonder if it'll hold till I'm took If is slaats any, down everything'll come on me; an' then-so

long, whatever," That very fact—that the turn of a hair meant death-that fact would be the one to set a weak nature roaring for safety. In the crisis a man's real nature shows itself. If the folly is there it will come out. It is only when you strain a man to the breaking point that you see his weakness. But Job's strong nature allowed him to act with the simple quietude that sulted the fix he was in. He lay still. with his plan for safety in his brain, waiting coully for death or rescue.

His eyes were fixed upon his lamp; his brain working out the problem of how it might be possible for anybody to get him out safely. To touch a sin gle stone would be the worst thing that could happen. But if he didn't get the stones away, how was he to be freed? Not only himself, but the one who tried to rescue him might be buried, too

"Where's that boy?" wondered Job Thinks I'm all right, I a'pose, Playin in the lockin' place, mos' likely. Thinks I'm all right, I a pose-young nonkey.

He heard a dull report. "Somebody comin' through the door,"

said Job. Soon came shuffling footsteps through the dust, and a most unmelodious whistling. The minstrel boy was returning. Evidently his good humor was high. The whistling was sometimes broken off to allow the performer to sing and dance along the roadway.

"Good lad," commented Job. "Wenderful boy that." The concert came nearer. It stopped

at the spot where the boy usually took off his coat. "Hoy, there, wassy!" called Job.

"Hoy!" returned the wassy. "Come here a bit. I'm fast." Job

said quietly. The lad ran up to the sound of the voice. He saw only the mountainous fall, with the lamp hanging from the

"Hoy!" he shouted, "where be you?" "I'm fast," answered Jab, "Run'n tell a couple of 'um to come down

The boy looked for the voice. Then, with terror, he understood. The boy lost hold of himself in the horror of it. He began running to and fro senselessly, rearing out:

"Oh! mam, mam. He's under the -he's under the fall. Oh, mam, mam! ie's killed; he's killed!

He could do nothing useful in his fright. But Job's voice steaded him. "Stop that crying, butty. Do what I tell you. Run up to the next piace an' tell a couple of 'um to come here, quich. Don't cry, wassy. Off with you. There, that's a good boy. Off you go."

The cool tone controlled the terrified youngster. He ran to the upper side, climbed over the slope of the fall, his long lamp getting awkwardly mixed up with his short legs, and cut past the face of the coal into the next It was empty. He remembered that the collier had not been to work there that day. Out along the roadway he ran to other places, all the time crying:

"Hoy! Hoy!"

In five minutes, down came the men. lob's stall was filled with streaming lights and excited colliers.

Three of them leaped to the edge of the fall, and in frenzied anxiety started to full away the big stones

Job saw they would bring down the place and bury everybody. "Whon, there!" said he. "Stendy,

"All right, all right," they cried. Have you out now in a jiffy.

And again they laid trembling hands on the stones. Down upon the foremost came a stone that laid him out. But he nor the others feared anything of this kind when any one else was in worse danger. Two of them carried the man back, and a half dozen advanced to the rescue. But their eagerness and excitement were dangerous

"Whoa, there, I tell you," said Job patiently. "Stand back a bit. We'll all be buried if you go on like that. That's you, is it, Shenkin?" "Ay, Job, that's me. We'll 'ave you

out now. But we don't know how. "Stand by the cog," ordered Job. "Only one-you Shenkin. I got it marked out. See that stone corner? Put a post under him first."

"Post-get a post!" It was in Shenkin's hands in a second. He was a good workman; and in

a move of a bit o' dust might bring it two minutes the post held up the HUGE MOUNTAIN AFLOAT all down worse than ever." for nothing. Shenkin's head got a mark that never left it. With the blood streaming down his face, he

walted the next order. "If you stock a bit of a post a big flat lid slanting against this here stone over my body," said Job, "that'll

hold up a lot." Then following out his plan in detail. Job gave order after order. They put a support here, another there; one leaning downwards, one leaning up

some more crossing these. In way Job calmly worked out his scheme. Under his orders the men ocensionally had to run back to avoid an inevitable downfall, like soldiers taking cover. But they came back to the firing line

and the position was soon conquered Instead of letting every rescuer get buried under new falls and himself crushed to death altogther, Job coolly insisted upon taking command. His patience and endurance held good; and when at last the willing arms gently drew him from under the crisscros supports of the great stones, he said with unruffled gravity, as he looked at his lamp hanging from the cog: That's the best steel wedge I eve

had. They found a leg and an arm and a

few ribs broken. "Wonder I wasn't killed," calmly remarked Job as they carried him home.

I wonder did it ever occur to him that he had saved his own life by his patience and the rescuers by his simple, cocl, solid presence of mind.-Nev York Post.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Cancer was among the diseases diagnosed in the Talmud 20 centuries

More steel is used in the manufac ture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

A clever woman traveler mended a

rent in her gown by using a hair from her hend as thread for the needle she always carries in her purse. The oldest love letter in the world is in the British museum. It is a proposal of marriage for the hand of

an Egyptian princess, and it was made 3500 years ago. It is in the form of an inscribed brick Commendatore Boni, the archaeolog st of the Roman Forum, says that locality was a cemetery long before it was a forum, and the tombs were pack

ed so close together that no trace of

a pathway could be found. According to the Chemist and Drug gist the native drug stores in Japan are still largely stocked with dried ennkes, toads, lizards, crabs, etc., infusions of which are the popular household remedies throughout the country.

In London we find there are 65 Hbraries, which contain reading rooms, and on the bookshelves are 600,000 volumes, which have four million readers. Fiction forms 80 percent of the reading matter. The parks under the control of the council cover 3833 acres, and cost over £100,000 a year to maintain.

The simple ordering of a joint of beef for dinner involves pulling the strings of an almost incalculable number of different trades, which, if ev ery one gave up beef as an article of diet, would to cease to exist. The butcher of 1903 could make no profit out of the beasts he kills were he not to use up every atom of the ox's body

Jacky's Mistake.

Two deap sea jackles of Celtic race and Uncle Samuel's service were cruising for a berth one day along a country road. The joyful festivities of the city water front hed delayed their return aboard the white battle craft whose henored name in letters of gold adorned the front of their blue caps, and now adrift they were rolling ahead with the gentle sidewise wing of a ship when she courtesies buovently to the underburl of the foam flecked waters. They were a hungered and a thirst and had parted with the paymaster's last donation long before the wharves were hull down far astern.

Presently they saw a fine fat bird of emerald hue in a well furnished cage hanging on the veranda of a resi dence. That parrot a little further up the road, placed on the market, would buy dinner, or at least a drink, and this brace of lawless men of the sea bent themselves to its capture. One slipped into the yard while the other moneyless mariner stood at anchor watch at the gate against a possible surprise. Polly held her peace, but noted the trick out of the tail of her big round eye, till Jack was well within hail. Then she found her black

"Shove off, you bloody, brine soak ed pirate!

Startled at the stillness broken by rebuke so aptly spoken, or overcome by the natural superstition of the sea faring, Jack lost his nerve and stumb ling astern toward the gate he mut tered. "Beg pardon, sur. I thought you was a bur-rd."-San Francisco

A "Nervy" Proposition

On being sentenced to seven days hard labor at the workhouse for being drunk, a Lowestoft (England) man took a coin from his pocket and offered to toss the mayor whether it

ORE HANDLING HAS REACHED A REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT.

lew Records on the Lakes-Boats Deeigned with Especial Attention to the Facilities for Loading and Unloading the Big Cargoes.

This has been a phenomenal seaon on that remarkable inland highway of water-borne commerce, the Great Lakes, by reason of the astenish ing manner in which all previous records for the transportation of cargoes bulk commodities have been smashed.

The manner in which all old records have been going by the board is due principally to the recent advent of several new steel cargo-carriers far exceeding in size and capacity any mer chantmen previously affeat on fresh water. However, new types of loading and unloading machinery for transferring the bulk commodities to and from ships, cars and stock piles have also been introduced and these, together with the improvements made in the appliances beretofore in use, made possible also the establishment of new records for handling cargoes as well as the new records for the size

of the leads carried. The brenking of records started when the moneter new steamer, A. W. Welvin, the largest vessel ever built on the Great Lakes, went into commis sion. The Wolvin took, on her maiden trip, 9964 tons of soft coal from Loraine, O., on Lake Eric to the head of the lakes, thus surpassing all pre vious achievements in coal carrying The next best record for the movement of a cargo of fael is held by the steamer J. H. Reed, another comparatively new boat, which has transported \$029

On the return trip down the lakes, after the planeer craise, the big burden-heaver Wolvin brought a cargo of from one that aggregated 9727 gross tone, or 19,892 net tone.

With the entry into lake commerc of vessels especially constructed with reference to the operation of the clamshell buckets of the monster 400-ton automatic unicaders, it has also been found possible to secure a greater economy of time in loading and unleading operations, and these records have also been broken. Indeed, four of the automatic unloaders working almultaneously have, on more than one occasion, unloaded a 6000-ton ore ear rying vessel in about four hours, which far and away the fastest unloading of cargo ever attained by any means anywhere on the globe. the cost of handling the bulk commod-Ity by this method is only about one ninth of the cost by hand labor.

Improvements in the latest approved appliances for conveying cargo have also played an important part in the general revision of records which has astonished the commercial and indus trial world of late. As now constituted, the automatic unloaders-repre senting the name of achievement in this line-consist of parallel girders at right angles to the dock, mounted on trucks and capable of being moved horizontally along the face of the dock. On top of the girders is mounted a walking beam supported on a movable trolley. By pulling down on the back end of the beam the from end of the beam is raised and lowered so that the bucket leg, which is hung on the front of the walking bears, is raised and lowered in and out through

the batches of the boat. The bucket is carried on the end of the bucket leg and is capable of being rotated in a complete circle. The trolley travels back and forth along the top of the girders, which motion carries the bucket from the dock out over ! he boat and Lack. All the operations of the machines, except the travel up my desire was not to leave the milind down the dock, are made by large hydraulic cylinders carrying 1000 country water pressure. The inches has a capacity of 10 tons and is closed when he would have had me submit

by a large hydraulic cylinder. In operation the machine is first moved opposite the latch of the ves- to submitting to this degradation. forward so as to reach cut over the | of Washington," in the Century. boat; it is then lowered by stacking off the hoist cables at the rear end o the walking beam until the bucket comes in contact with the ore. The bucket is then closed and the back end of the beam pulled down, which hoists the bucket out of the boat, and the trolley runs back, carrying the walking beam and its bucket over the cars on the deck.

The bucket is made to rotate, so that it can reach out under the deck of the vessal after it is in the hold. As the reach of the bucket when wide open is more than half way from the centre of one hatch to the centre of the other, almost all the cre in the hold of the vessel can be reached unloaded as high as 97 percent of a cargo without any hand shoveling in service on the Great Lakes for a considerable time past, and in the case of new ships, such as the Wolvin, where the hatches are spaced with careful reference to the span of the open sucket and the cargo hold constructed with sloping sides, obvisting corners in which ore can lodge, it is possible to take out practically the entire car-

go by mechanical means. Improved types of car dumpers also contributing to the establishment of new records in the iron and ccal industry, and so likewise is yet another lass of appliances for unloading ore from vessels, and which are being installed where the unloading dock is situated at the furnace yard and the machine serves as an unloading machine, and also as a rehandling bridge for removing from stock as the ore is used. This type of machine consists

of a bridge structure mounted on machinery towers on the front end and shear legs at the rear end, and to equipped with a movable boom, which is lowered over the batch of the vensel. A patent clamshell bucket, sim-llar in its plan of operation to the bucket of the automatic unloader, is run out over the boat and lowered on to the ore, closed, hoisted up and run back over the dock and its contents dumped into the stock pile. Such machines will unload from 50 to 60 percent of the cargo of an ore-carrying vessel without hand shoveling, but the balance of the ore must be shoveled under the hatches so that the gral bucket, can reach it.

VIRGINIA UNDER DINWIDDIE.

Washington's Withdrawal from Col onial Service at Twenty-three.

I do not suppose that any land was ever worse governed than Virginia was under Dinwiddle, and as to mil-Itary affairs worst of all, but not worse than other colonies. The governors were ignorant of warfare and expected too much from the half-train ed militia and their careless officers These conditions may have seemed to justify the king's order that all offi holding militia appointments should be outranked by all royal com missions, and even by the king's officers on half pay. This was bad snough, but there were also independent companies raised in time of need and their officers, being directly com missioned by the governors acting for the king, insisted on their right to outrank gentlemen of the militia, and led the men in their commands to dis obey such officers and to consider themselves of a class superior to the militia. I had already had so sad an experience of the difficulties which arose out of these conditions that I was unwilling to submit to Gov. Din widdle's plan of making all the militia independent companies and with on ly captains in command. The object to be attained by this awkward ex pedient was to nut a stop to the con stant disputes as to precedency and command. As this would reduce me from colonel to captain, I made it clear to the governor that it was not in my opinion, a sten to be advised, but I would consider it, which indeed,

took me no long time. In November I resigned my commission, and before it was accepted went to Alexandria, where my regiment then lay. I asked the officers to meet me and explained the cause of my being forced to resign. I was surprised to find my resolution, which all admitted to be reasonable, met with the most flattering opposition. deed, I received soon after a letter from these gentlemen in which, with much more, they said:

"We, your obedient and affectionate officers, beg leave to express our great concern at the marked disagreeable news we have received of your determination to resign the command of the corps. Your steady adherence to impartial justice, your quick discern-ment and invariable regard to merit, enlivened our natural emulation to

As this letter lies before me and think of the emotion it caused me, I still like to remember that at the close they spoke of me as "one who taugh them to despise danger and to think lightly of toil and hardships while led by a man they knew and loved."

I have been spoken of as wanting sensibility. If it had not been said I lacked means to show what I feel, that were to put the matter more correctly. Even now the recollection of the praise thus given moves me deeply, and recalls the memory of my farewell to those who served with me in the War of Independency. was but 22 when I left the colonial

I did so with much reluctance, for tary line, as my inclinations were still strongly bent to arms, and of this assured Col. Fitzhugh very plainly to return to service in the inferio grade of captain. I preferred my farm sel, the walking beam and trofley run | From S. Weir Mitchell's "The Youth

The extraordinary seniority of excratic candidate for vice-president, is no reflection up on Mr. Davis. It is day)-And, Mary, you may invite a rather greatly to his credit, and the credit of his progenitors. Mr. Davis is today 12 years older than the oldest on ever chosen vice-prosident. Elbridge Gerry, who qualified at 60 fa 1813 with Madison for a second term. Just 40 years later William R. King o Alabama became vice-president at 67. one. Citizen-Yes, we made it diff-Three vice-presidents, George Clinton, 1865; T. A. Hendricks, 1885, and L. P. Morton, 1889, were 66. Two other vice-presidents, John Adams, 1789, at without shoveling. The muchines have 62, and Henry Wilson, 1873, at 61. York Weekly. were over 60 when they resumed this office. Every other vice-president was the case of vessels which have been in under 60 when he qualified Out of 25 vice-presidents, one, John C. Breck inridge, was 32; three, D. D. Tomp kins, John C. Calhoun, and Theodore Roosevelt, were 43; 14 were from 44 to 60, and seven from 61 to 69. When Allen G. Thurman was nominated for vice-president in 1888 he was 75 years old, but he was not elected .- Pittsburg Gazette.

> Proper Place for It. Mrs. Stubbs-So you took a snap-shot of a dozen couples courting on the beach. What are you going to do

with the picture? Mr. Stuves-Hang it in the dining

Mrs. Stubbs-Is that an appropriate

Mr. Stubbs-Certainly, Isn't it a col-lection of "spoons"?-Philadelphia

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

Do not imbibe the ice cold drinks mixed

Do not imbibe the ice cold drinks mixed at the sods booth.

(An aerated, icy draught you'll find is sure to soothe.)

On no account permit yourself to feed on too much ment.

(A diet of beetsteak gives strength that helps resist the heat.)

A cabbage leaf worn in the hat dispels the sun's effect.

(A cabbage leaf within the hat all heat rays will collect.)

Don't walk too fast-you'd better stay Don't while too fast—you'd better stay
in idleness indoors.

(Brisk promenades in open air will open
up the pores.)
Don't talk too much; it only makes
more labor for the brain.

(Talk all the time; for cooling off tis
better than a rain.)
Don't sit beneath electric fans; reaction

(Get undernenth a buzzing fan, and keep it going fast.)

Eat lots of fruit; the acid makes the blood contain less heat.

(Beware of fruit; too much of it will take you off your feet.)

White garments may look cool, but they calorify the skin.

(Be sure your clothes are all of white and very light and thin.)

Do just exactly what your doctor says you ought to do.

(Or ask another doctor—he'll say: "That you should not do!")

Don't fret about the heat; this only

makes it greater still.

(Twill ease your mind to blame the heat to what extent you will.)

Cold baths are best; they give a sense of perfect peace and ease.

(Warm baths are best; they soothe the nerves and all your wees appease.)

Remember all you read about the best

(Forget it this you'll find to be a satisfying rule.) -Chleage Tribune.



Carrye-I didn't accept Fred the first time he proposed. Edna-I know you didn't-you weren't there.- Ex.

"I'm getting old." "Having rhoumatlam?" "Worke than that, I'm having reminiscences."--Cincinnati Trib-"So she started on a life journey

guesa it is only an excursion trip." Brooklyn Life. He-I suppose you think smoking is hurtful. She-Not always. It is quite an Improvement to pork products.-Boston Transcript.

into matrimony, has she?"

Mother-Yes, children, you may run out and play on the railroad tracks, but he sure and keep off the street or the automobiles will get you. Bursley-He claims to be related to you, and says he can prove it. Ffloyd

may be a mere coincidence.-Smart She-Do you really enjoy whist, Mr. Finesse? He-Do I enjoy it? Not at all, madam; not at all. I play a distinetly scientific game.-Boston Tran-

The man's a fool. Bursley-That

serint. Mrs. Haggard-Do you know, myself and my daughter are often mistaken for sisters. Mrs. Gav-Ab, the dear girl must be studying too hard, don't you think?-Puck.

Jimmy-Ma, did y' buy Georgie a birthday present? Ma-Yes. Jimmy -Ma, what did y' buy t' pacify me cause 'taint my birthday?-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. "What are you going to do this

summer?"

cided whether to go to St. Louis for two days or to the seashore for a month."-Chicago Evening Post. Mr. Krusty-What's all that noise? First Steps in Music." Mr. Krusty-

"Well, we havent' quite de-

Tell her to take the steps in her stocking feet.-Philadelphia Bulletin. "I punish you, Browning, because I love you. But you are too young to understand what a mother's love is." "Is it two soles with but a single thought; two hands that beat as one?"

Stalket-Headley says my impersonation of Caesar last night was ab Manning-Guess that's so; everybody I've met says it certainly was not acting.-Boston Tran-

script. Mistress (who is going out for the friend to come in to tea, if you like. Mary-Please, 'm, I haven't got any friends. I only know young women: -Punch.

Stranger-I am told that it is easy for a woman to get a divorce in this state, but difficult for a man to get cult for the men so as to discourage them when they thought about it, and we made it easy for the women so they wouldn't care about it.-New

"So you have quit selling gold bricks and conducting bunco games, said the old-time pal. swered Mr. Conne; "It is foolish to run around the streets picking up a thousand here or there. The thing to do now is to open an office and have people send you the money by mail." -Washington Star.

"What is your favorite opera?" asked the young women who was trying to make conversation. Mr. Cumrox looked startled. "I can't say," he answered. "My favorite poem is "The Recessional" and my favorite painter is Rembrandt, but I forget what mother and the girls told me to say my favorite opera is .-Washington Star.

The Rev. Peter McQueen, pastor of the First Parish church in Charlestown, Mass., predicts the union of all Protestant denominations.