She sees the ships of Xanadu Sport with the laughing wind, And galleons gay from far Cathay, And merchantmen from Ind, But heeds not all these argosies, Their glimmering sails and spars; Caim as the Fates, serene she waits Beneath the silent stars.

Dear heart," I cry, "a thousand fleets "Sweep o'er the stormy sea. "Canst thou divine, by mark or sign, Whence comes thy ship for thee?"

'And hither when, with gleaming sails,
'It speeds from shores unknown.
'Whither, I pray, doth lie thy way?
'Wilt thou fare forth alone?"

And the wild, wanton wind is hushed;
Its sibilant Furies flee,
And on its wings this song it brings
Like some sweet minstrelsy:

"Tis for my love ship here I wait;
"It cometh o'er the sea.
"To bear away for aye and aye
"My own true love and me." "O Sen!" I pray, "From thy dark depths "This, only this, I crave: "When Time at last my life shall cast

Upon thy mystic wave, That mine may be the ship for which 'My Love doth watch and wait, 'To bear her own in paths unknown 'Beyond the Golden Gate."

Then out across the harbor bar Our gallant ship shall ride, The futile fears of all our years Sunk 'neath the ebbing tide, And then upon the Shoreless Sea, Where Allah's waters play, Our tryst we'll keep upon the deep Forever and a day. -Charles A. Barnard, in Roxbury Gazette.

*************** JONAH:

A TRUE SEA YARN.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH,

(Author of "The Stolen Submarine," &c.)

as far as I have been able to trace dur- hiss. ing many wanderings over the fields of ship-and this is the story of such a mate with him.

Two vessels of the famous Blackwell line left Melbourne loaded with wool about 30 years ago. One was the Lincolnshire, and one of the somewhat mixed crowd forward of the mast was an old shellback named Bill. None of us knew what names he had used when he had signed on, and he never told us. He was just Bill.

From the captain's room to the forepeak there was no man on board that stately old craft more learned in sea craft than Bill was. From truck to kelson there was nothing about a sailing ship that he didn't know, and yet he had not been many days at sea before Bill, stranger to all of us, as we mostly were to each other, began to be looked upon with suspicion. He was "an unlucky man." Little jobs that he did as well as any man on the Seven seas could do them somehow went wrong while the work of a novice held good, and, worse than all, he had the fatal gift of prophecy.

We lost the Somersetshire the first night out, and Bill said as she faded away into the twilight: "Well, we'll see her again before we

see old England. The morning that we sighted Staten island that pyramid of rock which is commonly called Cape Horn was as fine and bright as you would see a spring morning off the coast of England, and not much colder. The sea was smooth; we had a fair wind, and there were only a few white fleecy streamers of cloud in the sky. Every one on board seemed to think that we should get safely round that dreaded corner of the earth; but when I came on deck at seven bells (7.30) that morning I saw Bill standing on the

forecastle head. guess we'll see again," he said, "before we've done

He was right. Within an hour or so the barometer went down with a jump and all hand were hard at work shortdistinct from the other, and konwn as "Cape Horn blankets." were looming round the southeastern horizon. That afternoon the tempest burst on qs. Then came 20 days of stress and strife and struggle, during which the gallant old ship was driven mile by the South Shetlands.

It would take many pages to tell the tory of that fight for life and the hope of home, but in the end we got a slant of wind, and, true enough, we saw Staten island again. This time we got round and caught the good southwester, and for days and days more we tore away northward under every stitch we could carry, and certain daring spirits ventured the opin ion that we should have a good voyage

"It ain't over yet, sonny," said Bill. "There may be some of us won't see the end of it."

It was only a few days after this same to shorten sail. All hands were deck and we stripped her, until the spanker was brailed up and furled, and still the wind kept drop- omen. We had come to know that ing and shifting and puffing from different places, and then came night ally came to a bad end, and that is and silence-night so black that it just what these sails did. uld not have looked blacker to a blind man, and silence made, if posthe hammer of fate to strike us, the ed of her wings, and stopped in

nd then upon the silence there is a sound which no man who has heard it can ever forget-a gen-

The oldest of all sea superstitions, the sigh in the distance rising to a

"All hands lie down and hold on ocean, is that of Jonah, and only once came a sharp order from the quarter have I seen it, so far as the outer deck, but most of us had obeyed besenses are concerned, proved to the let- fore it was uttered. We knew what ter. To the sailor before the mast that sound meant, and down we went, "Jonah" means an unlucky man. That hanging on to the first solid thing that is to say, a man who has had no luck came to hand. The hiss rose to in his own life, and brings no luck scream, the scream deepened into a wherever he goes, especially on board roar, the firmament split from horizon, as though the sword of the Archman during the period that I was ship- angel had clovened it through. Then came a crash of thunder like the trump of God, and then the heavens and the sea seemed to come together, and for the next few minutes, which seemed like hours, we were fighting and struggling and gasping for bretah with a roar of wind in our ears and a choking of water in our mouths. The sails went out of the bolt ropes like so many rags of cotton, and the stanch frigate-built ship heeled over as though a squall had struck her under full sail. For certain uncounted seconds we hung between time and eternity, and then the blast passed. She righted, and the water flowed off her decks through the swilling scuppers, and a man who was holding on the main fife rail near to me said, as he got up and shook himself:

"Well, if that ain't the end of Bill, it - well ought to be." But it wasn't. Bill's end was many

days off yet.

The pampero went as it had come out of silence and darkness back into silence and darkness again. The mercury in the barometer rose to its normal level, and the next midday saw the old Lincolnshire stooping and swaying under every stitch that she could carry, beneath the cloud-dappled skies of the region of the southeast trades. And so, day after day, we went northcastward over the lonely sea till the good wind began to die away into puffs and varying breezes, and the clouds joined together into a dense brown pall, and the rains came down. and the waters that were above the firmament flowed in unceasing streams into those that were below it.

After that we drifted with the currents and were driven by sudden and fitful squalls from this quarter and that into what is perhaps the most ghastly and terrible region of the world, the zone of equatorial calms.

The water is without a ripple, the eavens without a breath. bubbles up between the planks, and the drinking water gets warmer and warmer, and the boiled pork and salt ening sail. Square masses of fog, each horse grow more loathsome every day -and then other ships drift like ghosts out of the night into the same area of elemental death, and so it

But something else goes on also, and that is work. Now no good seaman ever objected to work in its proper mile down toward the icy solitudes of time and seasons; but of all things abhorrent to the real deepsea sailor's mind the most hateful is the sailor's Eleventh Commandment.

> Six days shalt thou work and do that thou art able,

And on the seventh holystone the decks and scrape the cable.

I regret to say that cur skipper was one of those misguided captains who believed in this ordinance, and on the first Sunday in the calms, which was our sixth day in that dismal region, he had the watches alternately working at bending new sails and generally getting ready for the run home. took a whole Saturday and Sunday, and when the work was over Bill that a sudden and unexpected order looked up at the newly bent sails and cursed them with a solemn eloquence which somehow seemed curiously suitthe big ship was under bare poles with able to the miserable monotony of our only three fore and afters set. Then surroundings. But this was not held among us in the forcastle for a good

when Bill cursed anything it gener

Five days later we drifted out of the doldrums and on the edge of the norththle, more intense by the occasional east trades, and then the good old ship lap of a sail, or the clack of a rope settled down to her work again, and against a mast or the standing rig- we went ripping across the short seas, ng-and so for hours we waited for and on the second day fell into company with our long-lost sister ship, the Lincolnshire swinging lazily to port Somersetshire. Her we raced neck and and starboard, no doubt wondering, if neck for two days and nights, and on have souls, as some used to say the third morning, just as she was have, why she had thus been leading us by a quarter of a mile was leading us by a quarter of a mile, we saw her fore-topgallant-mast sway forward with one of her plunges and come down amidst billows of smothering canvas, and so we left her.

my hammock nearly up to the beams three distinct bangs, as of great artillery, then a ripping and tearing of shattered canvas, and then Bill's voice just above the forecastle hatchway. saying in a tone of grateful regret: "There go the skipper's Sunday top-

sails, blast them!" Every man and boy was on deck in an instant, and then began a hand-tohand struggle for life or death tween human skill and energy and the suddenly aroused elemental forces,

which lasted for 64 hours on end. For about 12 hours we drove along to the southward and eastward through a chaotic mingling of sea and mist and rain, dominated by the ever louder howling wind. The sea was not rough. It had no time to be, for when a wave upheaved itself its crest was cut off by the wind as though by some huge scythe and hurled in a blast of stinging spindrift across the struggling, staggering ship, and then the lashing

storm-driven rain beat it down again. At daybreak it was "shorten sail again and heave her to." Everything came off her except the close-reefed main lower topsail, and then I was sent with two others to lash a tarpaulin on the weather mizzen rigging. The object of this was to drive her head up into the wind whenever she payed off before it; in other words, to keep her as nearly stationary as possible

This heaving to is a last resort but one in a sailing ship's fight for life out drive before the gale till it blows itself out, or she hits scmething that ends her career for good and all. Then before the end of the watch came the dreaded order, "Hands to the pumps!"

"Blowed if I didn't think so!" said Bill, as we waded and hauled ourselves aft along the swimming deck. "This old barkle will never see Dungeness." To which another old shellback re-

plied with a growl: "I'm a Dutchman if I think you will anyhow.

And then we went at it, the most backbreaking and heartbreaking work that a sailor can do. For three hours out of every four for the next two days and a night those pumps clanked, and the bilge-pump on the lee side, with which I made a much too intimate acquaintance, rattled and squeaked, and still the carpenter's face was longer every time he took his ominous report Just before 4 on the morning of the third day we heard the most terrible cry that man ever hears on the high seas: "Man overboard!"

And then a voice screamed into my

"It's Bill!" What had happened was this: The captain had found that the straining of the old ship had opened her seams to such an extent she was practically in a sinking condition, so he had wisely decided to make a run for it and get her on an even keel, so that perchance the seams might close and the leaks stop. The watch on deck had been ordered to set the lower mizzentrysail. The sheet was sodden and swollen, and just for one fata, moment it jammed. The men hauling on it let go to get a fresh hold, and then with a flap and a the men were hurled this way and that as the heavy rope lashed to and fro along the deck. When they picked

themselves up Bill had vanished. Those who read this yarn may call it miracle, consequence, or coincidence, as they please: but it is a literal fact that in the very hour of poor Bill's death the wind fell away and swung round to the southwestward. The good old ship was taken out of frons and cidentally pick up a few ideas. This got an even keel. The leaks closed, and by breakfast time the Lincolnshire was tearing away before a freshening sou-wester with all her kites out, and poor Bill's ocean grave far behind her. By midday the pumps sucked, which meant that she was dry, and after our long, weary struggle of over 100 days, we never had another stroke of ill-luck. Off Plymouth we picked up the Somersetshire again, and the two gallant old craft raced neck and neck up the channel like a couple of long-parted sea-chums in friendly We were first up the river rivairy. and into the Southwest India Dock, and when we came to compare notes we found that in the 106 days' voyage from Port Philip Heads to London docks there was just an hour and

three-quarters' difference between us. But what took the conceit out of both crews was the fact that there, lying comfortably at her berth loading up for her next trip, was Green's old Renown, one of the finest Blackwall ships that ever floated. We had seen her taking in wool beside the quay at Sandridge, now Port Melbourne. She had left nearly a week after us, and had made the passage without a sin-

gle mishap in 84 days. It was nearly 25 years after this that I spun this yarn after dinner at the chief officer's table in the saloon of the Union liner Tartar, on a trip home from Cape Town. When I had finished the chief officer looked a little prazled

and said: "I don't remember anybody of your name among the crew of the Lincolnshire, Mr. Griffith.

To which I replied: "No. When you hock it from your own name, do you?"

And then there was a laugh, and the erstwhile sailor lad and the midship- coolies, when not at work, play chess man of the old Lincolnshire shook hands and had another just for auld lang syne .- New York Times.

An ostrich never goes straight to if possible, to conceal the locality from

awakened by the ahrtek of a blast of JAPAN'S CONTRARIEDIES THINGS DONE BACKWARD AND

> A Japanese Baby is Ushered Into the World in a Decidedly Impersonal Manner-Extent to Which Politeness is Carried.

UPSIDE DOWN.

The childish belief that on the oth er side of our globe all things are of necessity upside down is strangely brought back to a person when he first sets foot on Japanese soil. his first glance does not disclose the gatives in the every-day feat of standing calmly on their heads, it does at least reveal them looking at the world as if from the standpoint of that ec centric posture for they seem to him to see and do everything topsy-turvy. and if the inversion be not precisely of the kind he expected, it is none the less striking and impressibly more real. To speak backwards, write backwards and read backwards, is but the a b c of their country. The inversion extends deeper than mere modes of expression down into the very matter of thought. Ideas of ours which fancied innate find in them no home, while methods which strike us as preposterously unnatural appear to be their inheritance. From the standing of a wet umbrella on its handle instead of its head to drip, to the striking of a match away in place of toward one, there seems to be no ac tion of our daily lives but finds with them its appropriate reaction. In a in midocean. The other is to let her land where, on entering a house, one begins, not taking off his hat, but by removing his boots, he gets at the very threshold a hint that humanity is to be approached the wrong end

A Japanese baby is ushered into this world in a sadly impersonal manner, for he is not even accorded the distinction of a birthday. From the moment he makes his appearance he is spoken of as a year old, and this same age he continues to be consider ed, with utter disregard for reality, until the beginning of the next cal endar year. When New Year's day comes he is credited with another year, but so is everybody else, and be finds he is only one of many. Upon the disadvantages of being consider ed from one's birth up at leas one year older than one really lies beyond the purpose of this article to enlarge, but it is quite evident that woman has had no voice in in

stituting such reckoning. If the baby chances to be a boy everybody is immensely pleased; if a girl there is considerably less efusion shown. In the latter case the more impulsive relatives are unmis takably sorry, while the more philos ophic evidently hope for better luck next time.

From the privacy of the domestic circle, the infant's entrance into public life is performed pick-a-back. Strapped securely to the shoulders of a slightly older sister, out he goes, consigned to the tender mercies of a being scarcely more than a baby berself. The diminutiveness of th nurse perbulators is the most surprising part of the performance. That it should be possible to entrust the safe bang the great sail "took charge," and ty of one infant to another proves the preconsciousness of the children. but this surprising maturity of the young implies the law of consequent immaturity of the race. That which has less to grow up to naturally

grows up its limit sooner. At a school a student has a monot onous time. He is given the "Trimetrical Classic" to start on, that he may learn the characters by heart, and in is followed by the "Century of Sur names," which is a catalogue of the family of clan names. Next comes the "Thousand-Character Classic," a wonderful epic as a feat of skill, for of the thousand characters which it contains not one is repeated. How those children must hate to go to school!

Three more books succeed these first volumes, differing from one another in form, but in substance singularly alike, being highly moral and

Marriage to the far Oriental is the most important mercantile transaction of his whole life; it is therefore too weighty a matter to be intrusted to his youthful indiscretion, for although the person chosen is of lamentably little account in the bargain, the character of her worldly circumstances is most material to it. It is certainly easier, if less fitting, to get a wife as some people do their clothes, not to their own order, but ready made, and all the more reason for it when the bargain is for one's son, not one's self. So Japan looks at the arrangement from a strictly paternal standpoint and ignores such trifles as personal preference; love, as we understand it,

eing an unknown quantity.

Japanese civilization is in a sense not unequal to our own. Some one has said that "It is not in the polish the real difference lies; it is in the substance polished." In delicate tact and good taste they have as a people no peers. Art has been their mistress, though science has never been their master. Perhaps for this reason the result has been the more widespread. for their culture is not the attainment "No. When you bock it from your of the few, but the common property ship as I did at Williamstown you of the people. But little need be said don't usually ship again under your to prove the civilization of a land where ordinary tea-house girls are models of refinement, and common

for pastime. Their development as a nation shows a peculiar case of importation, a condition of ready-made development. From before the time when its nest, but always approaches it with they began to leave records of their many windings and detours, in order, actions, they have been importers, not actions, they have been importers, not of merchandise, but of ideas. They have invariably shown the most ad-

vanced free-trade spirit in preferring to take someone else's thoughts and and plans rather than to work out any schemes for themselves. And they continue to follow the same line in life. A hearty appreciation of the

things of others is one of their most winning traits. Their politeness is widely known. We should probably consider it impos sible in this land of hurry to carry it to the extent which is demanded in Japan. For instance, upon entering a house, after the painfully low bows

thing like this ensues: "Thank you for the pleasure I had, the last time I met you.'

"I beg your pardon for my rudeness on the last occasion."

are exchanged, a conversation some

"How can you say such a thing it was I who failed to show you due

"Far from it! I received a lesson in good manners from you."

"How can you condescend to com to such a poor house as this?" "How can you, indeed, be so kind as

to receive such an unimportant person as myself under your distinguish-At last, amid a final chorus of apologles, the guests come to anchor upon

the floor.

Socially they are a delightful pe ple; their hospitality is universal, and their ever-ready smile warms the heart of the foreigner .- A. M. H.

A TWO-POUND POTATO

Of Glant Proportion, It Originated in South America.

Some time ago a brief report was submitted by United States Consul Haynes at Rouen, France, dealing with a new potato which was being grown in some parts of Europe, and the matter attracted such widespread attention that he was compelled to make the subject a matter for a subsequent report.

This wild aquatic vegetable was introduced from the banks of the River Mercedes, Uruguay, and distributed in France by Professor Heckel, director of the Colonial institute of Marseilles. In its original state the tubercle is very bitter, but Dr. Heckel pronounces the results of four years of experiments with it marvelous.

The leaves are small and slender. somewhat like those of the Irish potato, and the flowers are abundant, of a pale violet color, and very odorous, the perfume resembling that of jasmine. New stems and tubercles branch off in every direction all the year, and after one planting the plant perpetuates itself from the broken roots left in the soil.

The vegetable proper (that is, the tubercle) weighs from 1 to 2 pounds, and has a vellowish, wrinkled skin, covered with lenticels, which disappear after culture. The pulp, when cooked, has a slight greenish color. At first they had a very bitter taste, but this has been greatly Improved.

Planting is done toward the end of March, preferably in level ground, so as to diminish drainage. The best depth seems to be above three inches The digging, which is a little more difficult than that of the Irish potato, because the numerous tubercles extend in every direction, begins when cold has arrested the growth of the plant. In the same soil the yield is greatly superior to that of the ordinary potato. The Early Rose in one instance gave 3000 pounds to the acre, the American Marvel 3000 pounds, and the Solanum commersonii 8500 pounds.

The new potato requires humid, even dy, clayey soil the yield has been 25 tubercles, and 10 to 15 days later ripening.

The foliage, refused by rabbits, is eaten by horses, cattle and sheep. The flowers, which make their appear ance about a month after the plant shows above the soil, continue to be very abundant until the harvest. A rude attempt to extract the perfume has furnished an exquisite aromatic, very persistent, but faint jasmine odor. In the fruit this perfume is so strong that when specimens were placed in an artificially heated room to dry, the room was uninhabitable for the 15 days they were there.

There were three varieties of Solanum commersonil, characterized by the color of the skin-the yellow, the was the best for human consumption, presents the following characteristics: Enormous and uninterrupted produc tion, absolute immunity from cryptogamic maladies, delicious flavor (much appreciated by animals), adaptibility to moist soil and easy cul-

The Print of the Springs.

A politician, upon his arrival at one of the small towns in North Dakota, where he was to make a speech the following day, found that the two so called hotels were crowded to the

Not having telegraphed for accommodations the politician discovered that he would have to make shift as best he could.

He was compelled for that night to sleep on a wire cot which had only some blankets and a sheet on it. As the statesman is a fat man, he found his improvised bed anything but com-

"Well," asked a friend, when the

politician appeared in the dining roon in the morning, "how did you sleep" "Oh, fairly well," replied the statesman, nonchalantly, "but I looked like Companion.

SUNG BY MRS. MAYBRICK

THE HOLY CITY" COMPOSED BY HER HUSBAND'S BROTHER.

An Incident in the Life of the Amer-Ican Woman Just Released From an English Prison-The Composer Helped to Convict Her of Her Husband's Murder.

> Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Hear the angels sing: Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to the King.

It is not difficult to imagine Mrs. Florence Maybrick, once sentenced to death for the murder of her husband and now released, after spending many years in an English prison, singing the refrain of Stephen Adams' popular sacred song, "The Holy City," says the New York Sun. But it is not generally known that her voice which first gave utterance to the strains which were destined to become as world famous as those of Sir Arthur Sullivan's "The Lost Chord" or "The Palms," by Faure.

The song was the work of the younger brother of the man Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of poisoning. Its composer was her most relentless enemy and was mainly instrumental in securing her conviction.

Few English composers have more successful songs to their credit than Stephen Adams. Few have made such a fortune out of royalties as he. has been stated that "Nancy Lee" alone netted him a quarter of a million dollars. His "Warrior Bold," "Midshipmite" and "Blue Alsatian Mountains" were scarcely less suc-

He is now extremely wealthy, justice of the peace and a member of the Victoria Yacht club, and he has served two terms as mayor of Ryde, Isle of Wight, in which capacity he has frequently entertained the king of England.

"Stephen Adams" is merely th name under which Michael Maybrick publishes his songs. Mr. Maybrick be gan his musical career as a barltone singer at local concerts around Liverpool. He is the son of a well-to-do shipping agent of Liverpool.

He and his brother were widely dis-similar in tastes, character and phys-The elder was a weakling, feeble in mind and body, a hypochondriac, addicted to the use of drugs and with a mind fixed upon commercial en terprises.

The younger, Michael, was a magnificent specimen of humanity, tall, broad and athletic. Of aristocratic temperament, he quit the counting house and studied music in Milan and Leinsic. The elder remained at home always ailing, always scheming to secure more wealth.

The brothers had only one trait in common. They were both enthusiastic vachtsmen.

Mrs. Maybrick was a good musician, had a great liking for music, an excellent voice and a love of conviviality. Thus she drew together to some extent the brothers who had drifted

Her husband owned a fine yacht, a feature of which was a music saloon. There many well-known singers and musicians were entertained. Michael Maybrick, who had just leaped into fame as the composer of "Nancy Lee," but as yet had not gathered in enough of the profits to indulge his passion for owning a yacht, was a frequent guest. It was on one of these musical ev-

enings while the yacht was anchored in the Mersey, that Michael Maybrick produced from his pocket a manuript song which he said he had written that afternoon, while dreaming in percent less than in moist soil. The his cabin, and listening to the plash absence of sunlight causes a smaller of the waters. He had caught the inyield, with smaller and inferior spiration of Weatherly's words, but the voice part only had been jotted down. The accompaniment had still to be filled in.

Sitting at the piano, he vamped an introduction and asked his sister-inlaw, Mrs. Florence Maybrick, to sing temporized accompaniment.

Thus it was her voice which, for the first time, stirred the air with strains destined to become almost classic.

It was some years after the trial of Mrs. Maybrick, and while she was shut off from the world, buried within prison walls, that "The Holy City" was published and became popular rose and the violet. The last, which Publishers to whom it was submitted shook their heads, and declared it too sombre in character and tone.

"Bring us another 'Nancy Lee," said, "and name your own price. Another waltz song with the swing of 'The Blue Alsatian Mountains' would be a sure winner. This is very fine, but it isn't in the Stephen Adams

How erroneous was the judgment of the popularity of the song. Before a year had passed they were clamoring a gentleman. Good day!"-Yonkers for more of similar character. Star of Bethlehem," "The Valley of the Sea," and "Children of the City" followed; but none of them equalled Thompson (a typist)-I am going into the success attained by the song which was first sung by Mrs. Maybrick, whose tragic history has at make room for a lady typist at a smalllength been brought to a peacefull conclusion, and who may with special in a month. Quickpen-Think so? meaning hereafter sing:

Hosanna in the highest, Hosanna to the King.

A Perfect Lady.

The Ladies-What sort of a per son is Mrs. Newcome, Mr. Hopper? The General Dealer-She's a pera waffle when I got up."-Youth's feet lady-doesn't know one brand of goods from another.-Judge.

ODE TO A FLY.

You harbinger of everything torment-

You horrid little aggravating fly, While I looked forward gladly to the I forgot that you, provoking creature, would be by.

raved about the coming of the flowers, And tried to feel poetlo bout the Spring; But here you are with all your teasing

powers, And all my fancies into air take wing. Today I tried to sleep at early morn, But you and all your brothers shun And while I chused "your sisters and You, loudly buzzing, sat upon my

In vain I lay upon the table sweets You lightly sip, your "weather eye"

on me,
And with a cruel malice nil your own,
You knock your youngest son into my

try to lie as still as any mouse, But, gloating in your power of torture rure, You loudly sing your scorn of helpless

And take a walk with friends amid my hair. I'm weak with flying at you round the Ah, now! once more you're standing

Just for one blow! Ah! there you're off again, And half your harem nibbling at my

There is no way to eatch you that I And lo! a theme to make even angels That I in all my pride of strength and

power, Can't smother you and get a little -New York Sun.



"What does you think about Providence?" "It's 'cordin' ter des how it comes my way!"-Atlanta Constitution.

"Why do sallors get 'attooed?" Well, it's just like your we rin' them yachtin' togs-ain't no particklar reason except that other fools is doin' it." -Puck "One thing I do not like about Nero,"

said the human torch, as the flames curled about his ankles, "Is his habit of making light of serious subjects."-Judge Mrs., Gadabout-Mrs. Plainer says she would not keep a girl who was bet-

ter looking than herself. Mrs. Talkabout-Well, that explains why she is always without one.-Judge, "Would you marry a man because he was rich?" asked the romantic girl. "No," answered Miss Cayenne, "but I

might refuse to marry one because he wasn't."-Washington Star. Boggs-Why is social conversation like a hot bath? Joggs-Give it up. Boggs-Because in both cases when

you put your foot in you get into hot water right away .- Princeton Tiger, "Miss Pasay hasn't any beau at all, has she?" "No, her past discourages suitors." "Why, there's nothing the matter with her past, is there?" "Noth-

ing, except that it's too long."-Philadelphia Ledger. "So you lost your position as undertaker's assistant?" "Yes. You see, I used to be a conductor on a street car. and I couldn't get out of the way of telling people to step lively, please."-

Wifey-Do you recollect that once when we had a tiff, I said you were just as mean as you could be? Hubby -Yes, darling, Wifey-Oh, James, how little did I know you then!-Glas gow Evening Times.

Washington Star.

Hicks-I do try to be polite, but I seem to be forever forgetting my manners. Wicks-What's the matter "The Holy City" from the voice part. now? Hicks-I just gave a woman my She was an excellent reader, and seat in the street car and forgot to readily did this, he filling in an ex- thank her for taking it.-Philadelphia

Ledger. "Oh, George," she exclaimed bitterly, "I heard you tell your friend that you didn't love me any more. Boo hoo!" 'Don't cry, dear," he whispered tenderly. "I mean it as a compliment. Of course. I couldn't love you any more than I do now."-Chicago Daily News.

"Dubley called up the fire department the other day and told them he had an idea that his warehouse was on "An idea it was on fire?" fire." "Yes," "What did the fire department say to his idea?" "They threw cold

water on it."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Get out of here, or I'll set the dog on you!" shouted the proprietor of the country place to the tramp. "I only style, and the public would not stand wanted to tell you that your man down there is in the field is not a truthful man," said the itinerant, with his hat those gentlemen has been proved by in his hand. "What do you mean?" "Why, he told me he was working for Statesman.

> Quickpen (a bookkeeper)-Hello, Thompson, where are you off to? the country for a month's holiday. I have just been sacked by Closefist to er salary; but I'll be back at the office Thompson-Sure of it. She'll marry him by that time, and after that she'll make him employ a man."-Pick-Me-

> > O. Dear No.

"Is he a litterateur?" "Oh, dear no. Why, he's able to sell the stuff he writes."-Chicago Evening