# CUTTING DOWN

By E. T. TAGGARD.

OHN FURLONG sat at his ! ZOK desk, in the office of Lord & Co. Close application to the duties of his position through a long series of years had driven the color

from his face, until it resembled in hue the leaves of the open ledger before him. From bending over his desk his once broad shoulders bad become rounded, and what was once a splendid physique had become emaclated, until scarcely sufficient flesh remained to hold his bony frame together.

One by one had the clerks who had been his assistants and companions been discharged, and their duties added to his, until, overtaxed, overweighted and overworked, his brain threatened to succumb to the unceasing strain which was slowly but surely sapping away his very life. Yet no word of complaint or expostulation did he utter, but struggled on with an unwavering will to complete the new tasks which, together, made up the cum of his everyday life.

"We must economize," said Lord & "Labor is a drug in the market, everybody is reducing expenses, and we must cut down-cut down-cut down," and as he threw himself composedly into his luxurious office chair, the small coins in his capacious pockets seemed to jingle out an echo-"Cut down-cut down-cut down!"

Wages had been cut down until the employes received scarcely enough compensation for their services to pur chase a bare existence, and the working force of Lord & Co. had been reduced until one person was compelled to perform the labor of three. Business was brisk, but day after day would an employe be summoned to the private office of the firm, and his pale face, despairing look, and quivering when he emerged therefrom, plainly indicated that he was another victim to the cutting-down process. A summons from the firm to an employe to visit their office was an inevitable death warrant to the victim.

One day John Furlong sat poring over his ledger. His face, if possible, was more haggard than ever, and his shoulders seemed rounder than usual. His eyes were deeply sunken, and the expression of pain that occasionally flashed across his marble features denoted that his iron will was endeavoring to keep in subjection the terrible nervous suffering under which he was laboring.

"Mr. Furlong," said the office boy, "Mr. Lord would be pleased to see you In his office."

John Furlong instinctively started. He dropped his pen mechanically, and after a moment's hesitation, during which the blood that flowed through his veins seemed to rush back to his heart, walked deliberately but sadly toward the office in which the senior member of the firm sat composedly.

"Ah, Mr. Furlong! Take a seat, Mr. Furlong-take a seat, sir. Glad to see you! Ah, Mr. Furlong, we find we must cut down-we must reduce. Our expenses are altogether disproportionate to our receipts. Economy is our only safeguard, sir-I might say our almost to distraction. only salvation. Boy, order me a carriage at 4, sure. We have concluded to dispense with your services, Mr. Furlong, and we will not need you after to-night."

"But, Mr. Lord, after ten years' ser vice in your house, you will not dismiss me in so summary a manner."

"Can't be helped, Mr. Furlong; we must cut down. Everybody is cutting, and we must cut. Can get men to work for less, sir."

"But I am willing to work for less Mr. Lord.

"Too late, sir-too late. Got a man

"But, Mr. Lord-"

"Don't detain me, Mr. Furlong. The carriage is waiting, and the club will have a champagne supper at 5. We must cut down, sir."

The senior member of Lord & Co carefully adjusted his high hat on his baid head, entered the carriage in waiting, and was driven rapidly away.

"Poor Emily! what will she do now." exclaimed John Furlong, as he stood like one paralyzed in the private office of Lord & Co. He heard the office door closed, heard the rattle of the wheels made by the departing carriage and yet he stood alone in the centre of the office, an impersonation of the

statue of despair. "Poor Emily!" It was all he said; the tears coursed down his pallid cheeks and fell upon the richly carpeted floor With an effort he aroused himself. walked to his desk, closed his books, carefully placed them in the safe, and slowly but sadly walked into the street

His fellow clerks saw him depart He was a favorite with them all, and with a saddened feeling they watched him until he was lost to sight.

Instinctively he turned toward his home. The people passing through the crowded thoroughfare jostled him as they passed, but he felt them not: the vehicles rattled through the badly paved streets, but he heard not a sound Idke wheat before the scythe, he had been cut down. His thoughts were not of himself, and when from between his quivering lips a sound escaped, only two words could be heard, "Poor

Stopping in front of a four-story ter ement in the central portion of the

restibule, put his nightkey into the lock, opened the door, and commenced his weary ascent up four flights of stairs. When he reached the upper landing, he was exhausted, and almost breathless, yet with the aid of the banisters he reached the door of his apartments, opened it by an effort, and

staggered into the room.

"John!"

"Emily!" He had fainted. Exhausted nature ould no longer bear the terrible strain. Emily Washburn bent over him. With a woman's instinct she at once percelved the necessity of immediate action, and proceeded to take measures to resuscitate him. She bathed his temples and chafed his hands, and her diligence and perseverance were soon rewarded by signs of returning consciousness. "My poor brother," said Emily. "I feared this. You have been sadly overworked; your brain has been tasked beyond endurance. You need

rest sadly, and you must have it." "I shall have all the rest I need now my dear sister."

"Oh! how kind of Lord & Co.," said Emily. "Yes, very kind," said John, sarcas

tically. "Why, John, what do you mean? Have they reduced your salary again?" "Reduced my salary again? Oh! if

that were all I would not complain. But worse, far worse than that." "You do not mean to say that you

"Discharged! Yes, Emily, discharged. Turned out by those whom I have faithfully served for years. I do not care for myself, Emily; I can bear the whips and scorns of life without a murmur, but you, my dear sister-what will become of you and your little children?"

"Never mind us, John. Cheer up! I can battle with the world. I blame myself for being a charge and care upon you, for what would we have done when my husband died but for your kindness? You have given us a home; you have not only been a brother but a benefactor and savior to us; you gave up your little home and came to us; your hard earnings have been bestowed upon us; you denied us nothing, and now, when the dark day of adversity comes, you are without means yourself. Oh! why did I ever permit you to share your hard earned bounty with us?"

John Furlong was now reclining upon the sofa. When he thought of his almost penniless condition and his broken health, his courage seemed to forsake him. He looked around him. The children were playing around in happy ignorance of the fate which seemed hovering over their little heads. Were they to be "cut down," too, in the bright days of their infancy The end of the month was approaching, and the rent had not been entirely accumulated yet. He knew his landlord well. He was inexorable, unfeel ing and exacting; and if payment was not promptly made, he would be dispossessed and turned into the streets.

The very thought seemed to drive him Emily Washburn stood by the win w, gazing abstractedly, but almost distracted, into the street below. Her eyes were suffused with tears, and her heaving bosom denoted the terrible struggle that was raging within, and which she was endeavoring with almost superhuman exertions to suppress. It was not the discharge of her brother from the house of Lord & Co., or any fear for her future welfare, or that of her children, that affected her. for with a woman's true heroism she had already determined to work for them-but the condition of her brother his emaciated frame, and the knowledge that his heroic struggles for her and her little family had caused it all.

The wheels of an approaching car ringe were heard. As it neared the house the horses' heads were turned in toward the curb, and it stopped in front of John Furlong's house.

"John! John!" cried Emily; "a carriage has stopped in front of our door." "Perhaps Mr. Lord has relented and sent for me," said John, a faint ray of hope illumining his pale face. "There is a lady descending from it!"

exclaimed Emily. "A lady!" echoed John, in a disappointment.

there, John, she has rung our doorbell," as the tingle of the bell was heard in of-towners always carry when they

"What shall we do?" said John, vainy endevoring to sit upright on the sofa, but sadly failing in the effort.

"What shall we do?" replied Emily. Why, there's only one thing to doshall go down and admit her." "But surely, she must have made a

mistake. Our acquaintances are not in the habit of calling upon us in their carriages," said John, smiling sadly. "Well, John," said Emily, "If she has made a mistake it will be very easy to correct it," saying which she descended to the door to meet the caller whose advent had caused such a stir. In a few minutes she returned.

"There is no mistake about it, John. The lady has called at the right place," said Emily. "And who does she wish to see?"

sked John.

"Mr. John Furlong." "Me! me! Why, sister, who can it "Here is her card, brother. She is

walting below." John Furloug almost convulsively eized the card and read aloud:

"Miss Florence Packard." "Miss Florence Packard! I cannot see her, Emily-I cannot see her. Tell her I am indisposed. Offer any excuse you think proper, for I cannot-dare

not see her to-day." "I explained your feeble condition to her, John, but instead of withdrawing she seemed to be more auxious to see

you than before," said Emily. "Tell her I will be better to-morrow

and will call upon her. Tell her-The door opened gently, and a light footstep glided noiselessly across the arpeted floor toward the sofa on which John Furlong lay. He saw her, and tried to raise himself to a sitting pos ture.

"John!" The effort had exhausted what little strength remained, and he fell back

unconscious. When he revived, Florence Packard at by his side. Her lace shawl was thrown over the back of a chair, and her dainty little hat occupied another. She kept her little fan busily employed upon his face, and the lifeblood was fast returning into its regular channels. In a spirit of gratitude he extended his hand. She grasped it, and held it in hers. For a few minutes not a word was spoken on either side.

"John Furlong," said Florence, "I am not a stranger to the nature of your affection for me. I have known it for years. You love me. You have struggled on and on in the hope of prospering in business and bettering your condition before you made your affections known to me. I have watched you, John Furlong. I am rich, and you are poor. Day after day, with a salary that an unprincipled firm was cutting down, you saw your hopes crushed. Still you labored on with an unfaltering zeal. To-day you were discharged- I heard it all. Mr. Lord went to the club, and there boasted of his conduct toward you. In the midst of his hilarity he was seen to reel in his chair and fall. A doctor was summoned but life had fled. He who had cut down' others was in turn 'cut down" by the hand of God. When I heard of your misfortune I hastened here. Surrounded as I am by a host of giddy admirers, I saw at once, and read their hearts. They loved me for my money. There is one brave man who loves me for myself alone, and

that man is John Furlong." "Florence! Florence! you have read my beart aright." "I know it, John. I also know that

your love is returned. I have endeav ored to disgulse the fact from myself; but it is useless. You would not, from a sense of honor, ask me to become your wife-John Furlong; I ask you to become my husband. You are ill-I cannot leave you. Give me the right to remain and care for you-make me

"Oh, what joy it would be to me!" said John, in the eestasy of the moment, "Florence Packard the wife of poor John Furlong! Never! never!"

"Not never, John, but forever," said Florence. "I do not care for what the world says. You are all to me-the world is nothing. You will consent?" She pressed her claims eloquently and fervently, but still he resisted. He pleaded for delay.

"I will not leave this house save as the wife of John Furlong," said Flor-

He could resist no longer. When he breathed the happy consent, Florence wound her delicate arms around him, and kissed the tears from his cheeks. A clergyman was sent for, and before Miss Florence had passed Packard had become Mrs. John Furlong. When his health permitted, they removed from the apartments on the fourth floor to a granite mansion on

West End avenue The house of Lord & Co. is no longer in existence. The share of the senior member was purchased for our friend, and it is now known as John Furlong & Co.; and when the clerks are summoned to the private office they always emerge with smiling faces. Their sal aries have been increased to the old standard, and "cutting down" is anknown in the firm of John Furlong & Co.-New York Weekly.

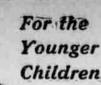
Her Eye to the Future.

"The best time to buy Christmas gifts," said the economical girl, "is after Christmas. Last year I met a Brooklyn friend on Sixth avenue busily shopping, the day after New Year's, and she told me she was buying Christmas presents. I stared at her in sur prise.

"Why, we had Christmas in New York last week," I said. "I always

knew Brooklyn was slow, but-"'I mean for next Christmas,' she explained, ignoring my fling at her na-"She is approaching our door, and tive city. 'Just look here,' and she opened one of those string bags outshop, displaying before my admiring eyes some expensive trifles that had been left over from the holiday season and marked down to less than half price. 'I have about \$20 worth of things in there for which I have paid less than \$10,' she said. 'T'm going to put them away and bring them out for Christmas gifts next December. They'll be quite as good then as now for you know the fashlons in glove boxes, handkerchief cases and such you?" things never change, and for these lovely hand painted calendars, which give me time." I bought for a mere seng, I shall simply put a new block of dates on them instead of the 1905 blocks which they have now-it's only a matter of a to recite another lesson in the same small amount of ingenuity and a less study. amount of glue."-New ork Press,

For the saving of would-be suicides, the municipality of Rome has decided to employ police motor boats on the time."



NURSERY TRAVELS.

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Mary went to France,
Betty went to Spain,
Bobby went around the world
Twice and home again.

Mary took a doll,
Betty took a shawl,
Bobby took a shining sword
And a rubber ball.

What seems very strange,
Though it's true, I've heard,
Is that on his journeyings
Bobby caught each word
Mary spoke in France,
Betty spoke in Spain,
And they heard him, whether he

Betty spoke in Spain,
And they heard him, whether he
Talked in Greece or Maine.
-Elizabeth L. Gould, in Youth's Com

A CURE FOR CARELESSNESS

"And white frosted cakes, Dorothy,

with baked apples in the little pink

"I will come early, Milly," said her

little cousin, positively, "and I guess

that I will wear my little frock with

"Now, dear, do be careful. Put on

your hood and run down to the store

and get a spool of blue silk for me. Be

"Yes, mother." And Dorothy, look-

ing in her red coat and hood not unlike

a flighty red-bird, was off like a flash.

Dorothy knew what her mother meant

in her caution to her to be careful, and

she pouted a little as she ran down

"I know that I am not always care-

ful," she whispered to herself, "but I

do not think it is nice in mother to be

"What can I do for you, Miss Dor-

othy? A spool of silk? What color,

But Dorothy hardly heard him. She

was searching everywhere for the

scrap of slik which her mother had

given her. She was quite sure that she

had tucked it in her mitten. And then

"I guess that it don't make any dif-

How dreadfully ashamed Dorothy

ference," she said in a low-very low-

she took the next wrong step.

always reminding me of it."

saucers!" Milly sighed blissfully.

the bows. Mother said I might."

"Dorothy!"

"Yes, mother."

sure that it matches."

the narrow street.

please?

voice.

one shade of blue."

felt as she walked home!

dear. It is growing late."

But Dorothy was not hungry.

When she did so, she did not say any

thing, however. So Dorothy decided

supper she had to play with Betty

Baby until bedtime, while her mother

"It is very late, Dorothy," said her

mother next morning. "I sat up so late

last night that I overslept. I wish

that you would take Mrs. Watson's

waist home. She will want it for the

reception this afternoon, and that was

why I was in such a hurry last night

to finish it. You will find the bundle

on the table. Yes, you may take Betty

Two hours later Dorothy's mamma

called her. "Come here, Dorothy," she

said in a strange voice. "I have some-

Dorothy's little cheeks grew hot.

Her mother was holding Mrs. Watson's

waist up to the light. It was a light

due silk waist stitched with lavender

"Dorothy, what shall I do to help you

to remember to be more careful?" her

mother said. "I trusted to your eyes

dear, and after night I could not tell

is disappointed and offended, and I

It was a very forlorn little voice that

answered her. "I am truly sorry,

"I don't like to punish you, little

girl. Can you think of some way by

"I am sorry, mamma, and I will stay

away from Milly's party if you think

And that is the true reason why Dor

othy and Betty Baby stayed away from

the party with the little frosted cake

saucers. But she was never quite so

careless again .- Mrs. H. J. Tompkins,

TOOK TIME TO DO HIS BEST.

The boy who is in too much of a

hurry to reach results is not willing

to take the long, uphill road leading

to them, but tries to find a short cut

instructor in a prominent Eastern

school tells a story of a lad of another

sort, who made a success by a very

"I knew a boy who was preparing to

enter the junior class of the New York

University," says this teacher. "He

was studying trigonometry, and I gave

him three examples for his lesson. The

following day he came into my room

to demonstrate his problems. Two of

them he understood, but the third-a

very difficult one-he had not per-

formed. I said to him, 'Shall I help

"'No, sir: I can and will do it if you

by using other people's brains.

in Christian Register.

different method.

you wish."

must do all the work over again."

which mamma can help you?"

that it will help me to 'member."

Baby if you like."

thing to show you."

mamma."

Children.

"Certainly: you shall have all the time you desire.

"I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men The third morning you should have seen Simon enter my room. I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success.

"Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of hard work. Not only had he solved the problem, but, what was of much great er importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical power, which, under the inspiration of 'I can and I will,' he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathemat ics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in the country."

### FRIENDS OR ENEMIES.

There was so much whispering in the cornfield we supposed the wind was blowing, making the long blades rustle. We did not understand their martial spirit.

All stood in ranks like soldiers. Each wore a tassel proudly on the head, and carried a blade and pennant-in deed some carried many-which made the rustling so much like whispering As they all had ears they could easily hear what was said; we at a distance could only guess.

Some of the tallest stalks with largest tassels and silvery plumes at each ear looked like officers. They asked: "What are these green stragglers in our midst? They don't stand up and face the music like soldlers, but creep slyly over the ground." "They don't wear plumes or carry banners. "Now and then one has a big yellow trumpet, but it makes no sound; it looks like a big yellow flower."

Some replied, "They are spies." Some said: "They are deserters from our enemies. We must watch them If they increase in numbers or show fight, we must attack them."

Time passed. The corn ranks thinned "I guess that it doesn't, either," said the tassels withered, the long penthe man, pleasantly. "I have only nants dried and sounded busky last they all stacked "blades" and 'ears.'

Then behold, on their parade ground "Why, Dorothy, what a long time you great yellow balls! "What are these have been gone, child! It is almost great things like cannon balls?" buskdark. Did you get the thread? Run ly asked the seedy corn-stalks. "Are along and get your bread and milk, they mines, dynamite bombs, or what? And they all shivered in the twilight. We could hear them, like the sound of scarcely dared breathe while her dry leaves.

mother opened the little package. These dangerous yellow perils were oon piled high by the old stone wall like a fort well supplied with ammunithat it was all right, after all. After

One night some boys made fierce ooking jack-o'-lanterns of some of them, marching about the field, striking terror to all who did not know them.

Some one cried out, "See those felows among the corn stacks with pumpkins on their heads!"

So it was all explained, and these 'enemies" found out they were akin as both were of the vegetable family each brave in its own line of march each humane in giving food to the hungry, even to "insurgent" boys,

So there was "Peace."-Christfar Register.

## WRONG SIDE UP.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. sels for his breakfast and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said, destruction of game by that field rob-Jack, I want you to go right up to your room, and put on your clothes had killed the jack. the difference. And now Mrs. Watson wrong side out."

Jack started. He thought his mother must be out of her wits. "L mean it, Jack," she repeated,

looking earnestly at him. Jack had to obey. He had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put came up to him, there he stood-a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravellings-before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conand the baked apples on the little pink

science. Then his mother, turning him around said: "This is what you have been doing all day, making the worst of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you cian's beard blue, a Bostonian said the really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack, shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them

"Yes, you may if you will try to speak what is pleasant. You must do anecdote at his own expense with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes-wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to and began to paint. His subject was persist in turning them wrong side the stretch of water and the rolling out."-Ohio Work.

## Rat Hunts in Favor in England.

Rat catching as a pastime is fast | was ready. ounding into popularity. It is claimed by the many fresh devotees of this peculiar hobby that it provides excitement and sport, while as its aim is the extinction of vermin its usefulness is beyond question.

Mr. H. F. Willoughby Greenhill, a 'I said, 'I will give you all the time stock broker, and a party of friends, with the assistance of four dogs "The next day he came into my room bagged ninety-two rats on Saturday and nearly as many during the preced ing week. The sport is general all over the county of Surrey, and 'the "'No, sir,' he answered; 'but I will services of those who follow the pasdo it if you give me a little more time are in requisition in all rat infested quarters.-London Express.

SAVING A COMRADE

A Flock of Terns Rescue a Wounded

Mate From Its Hunter. Stories of affection and apparent res son among wild animals have divided the "nature writers" into two schools One believes that animals act merely from instinct; the other holds that the dumb brute feels and reasons. "The Life of a Scotch Naturalist" Mr. Smiles quotes from the journal of Thomas Edwards the story of how little flock of terns rescued a wounder companion whom the naturalist had

I fired, and he came down with broken wing, screaming as he fell into the water. The report of the gun, to gether with his cries, brought together the party he had left, in order that they might ascertain the cause of the alarm After surveying their wounded broth er round and round, as he was drifting unwittingly toward the shore with the flowing tide, they came flying in a body to the spot where I stood, and rent the alr with their screams. These they continued to utter, regardless of their own individual safety, until I began making preparations for receiving the approaching bird. I could already see that it was a beautiful adult specimen, and I expected in a few moments to have it in my possession, since I was not very far from the water's edge.

While matters were in this position I beheld, to my utter astonishment, two of the unwounded terms take hold of their disabled comrade, one at each wing, lift him out of the water and bear him out seaward. They were followed by two other birds.

After having carried him about six or seven yards they let him gently down again, and the two who had hitherto been inactive took him up. In this way they continued to carry him alternately until they had con veyed him to a rock at a considerable distance, upon which they landed him in safety.

I made toward the rock, wishing to obtain the prize which had been so unceremoniously snatched from my grasp. I will observed however by the terns and instead of four. I had in a short time a whole swarm about me On my near approach to the rock I once more beheld two of them take hold of the wounded bird as they had done before and bear him out to sea in triumph, far beyond my reach,

Hawk and Jack Rabbit. weeks ago a correspondent asked for reports on the action of small game in dodging the assault of hawks and other birds of prey.

Some years ago two of us were hunt ing quail and rabbits in the northern part of Kansas and were walking along the railroad track when we came to a section gang, and inquiring of the foreman if he could direct us where the other party could get a jack rab bit to take to his home in Chicago he pointed to an adjoining field and stated 'there was a large one that lived in the field, if a bawk, that had been after him for two weeks, had not got him." White talking he pointed to a large hawk in the distance and said: 'If he comes this way we can soon tell if he has yet caught the jack." The hawk came sailing on, and when over the field made a swoop down upon the ground, and as he rose in the air a jack rabbit darted out of the stubble and ran in our direction, and the hawk made two darts at the jack in plain sight of us. As it would near the jack he would flatten himself out upon the ground and as the hawk passed over him he would spring up and run toward us. Thus eluding the nawk, he came quite near us, trying to get into some very tall rank grass and weeds by the side of the Broad Ac the bank was making his fourth dive, a load of No. 4 shot from my 12-gauge Parker ended the ber, and before I could object my friend

We noticed that the jack would squeal whenever the hawk darted at him, but a close examination of the back and ears of the jack showed that he had not been touched by the talons of the hawk.

This being the only time that I was on his coat and trousers and his collar ever close enough to carefully note wrong side out. When his mother the action of the hunted I look forward with anticipation to the reports of other brothers of the field who have had more and better opportunities to note the acts of self-defense on the part of the hunted .- Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

Too Impressionistic.

Of John S. Sargent, who has been accused of painting a Baltimore physiother day:

"Mr. Sargent will take this fling about the blue beard good humoredly. He likes flings at artists. At a dinner here during his late visit to Amer ien. I heard him tell a pretty good

"He was visiting, he said a country family, near Woodstock, and one morn ing by a lake side he set up his easel hills behind.

"As he painted away, a house servant came to tell him that luncheon "As Mr. Sargent slowly cleaned his

brushes, he noticed that the man was lingering to study the wood and water scene upon the canvas. "'Well,' said the artist, 'what do

you think of my picture?" "'Why, sir,' the servant faltered, 'I can't say as it's such a very good

likeness of the master." - Philadelphia Hulletin.

A man in Portland, Ore., proposes to purchase fir logs which the sawmills of Reitish Columbia will not use, build them into enormous rafts, and tow them to San Diego, to be there cut into



GUESSING.

A man will struggle hard and long
To gain what he esteems success.
He wins it; feels that he was wrong,
And starts in on another guess.

—Boston Courier,

### MONEY IN IT.

Knicker-"Strange they didn't name the baby after its rich uncle." Bocker-"No; he looked at it, and said he'd give them \$10,000 not to."-Harper's Bazaar.

A SURE CURE. Puffenburg-"I'd give anything to know how you managed to reduce your weight.'

Thinow-"I have made it impossible to get much to eat, by joining an Anti-Tipping Society."—Brooklyn Life.

IN HONOR BOUND. "I ain't dirty by choice, ma'am," the hobo explained. "I'm bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a soapmaker once an' promised ter use no other." "Well, why don't you use that?" demanded Mrs. Goodley.

"Because, ma'am, dat firm failed in 1887."-Philadelphia Ledger.

A MAIDEN PHILOSOPHER, "I suppose you will marry when you grow up!" said the visitor, pleasantly. "No," replied the thoughtful little girl, innocently. "Mamma says papa is more care than the children, so I guess the care of my children will be enough for me without the care of a husband."-Chicago Journal.

A BAD BREAK. "My husband could never write any poetry unless he was smoking," said the one in black. "I believe your husband is dead."

said the man, with a far-off look. "Yes he is." "Do you suppose he is writing any poetry now?"-Yonkers Statesman.

# OLD FRIENDS.

The Wife-"What luck?" The Husband (wearily)-"None what-

ever." The Wife-"Were there no servants in the intelligence office?"

The Husband (sadly)-"Lots of them, but they had all worked for us before."-Woman's Home Companion.

### FRENZIED FINANCE.



"I made money to-day all right. I 1 our plane for \$150.

"Made money? Why, you told me if cost you \$350." "I know, but I never paid for it."-New York Evening Mail.

## THE CHUGS.

Mrs. Chugwater-"This paper says the passengers escaped on a raft. How could they make a raft at sea?" Mr. Chugwater-"They could use the ship's log, couldn't they? Why don't you use your own reasoning faculties

### once in a while?"-Chicago Tribune. THE CENSURER.

"I heard you swearing at an awful rate this morning. What was the matter?" said the first flat dweller.

"Why, I was mad at that coal man for swearing so at the poor horse he was trying to back into the court!" explained the other, with flashing eyes, "It was awful?"—Detroit Free Press.

### CIRCULATED SOME. "Have you a library in your town?"

asked the New York man. "Oh, yes," replied the Westerner. "A circulating one?" "Well, it wasn't intended for that sort

of a library, but we had two or three eyclones out our way that circulated it considerably!"-Yonkers Statesmen. MORE TO THE POINT.

"Ef yer real interested," said Deacon Skinner, "I'll tell ye what I want fur "Oh, I wouldn't be interested in

knowin' thet," replied Farmer Shrude. "No; but I wouldn't mind knowin' what ye'd take."-Philadelphia Public

# AS REVISED.

Ledger.

"A horse! A horse!" exclaimed King Richard. "My kingdom for a horse!" "There isn't one in the building, your Majesty," said one of the supes behind the scenes in a husky, agonized, stage whisper. "Society is using all of 'em for a horse show!"

Realizing his mistake, he called for an automobile, but it was too late. A moment more and Richmond was upon him.-Chicago Tribune,