

DON'T WEAR YOUR RUFFLES ALL THE TIME.

Oh! fussy folks who fret and fume And carp and sneer and criticize, Whose presence puts an end to peace, From whom all pleasure quickly flies; Who never yet have found a place, A person, function, thing, or rhyme To suit your aggravating souls. Don't wear your ruffles all the time. You make your troubles for yourself, And ruffle others as you go; You want December when it's May, And sigh for roses in the snow; You hate to hear the children laugh, You think a frolic is a crime; For other people's sakes, I pray, Don't wear your ruffles all the time. You tire of single life, perhaps, "No boarding round," you say, "for me; I mean to wed and settle down. And take some comfort, yes, siree! But you're at odds with Hyman ere The marriage bells have ceased to chime. Just take a bit of good advice— Don't wear your ruffles all the time. Your train is never fast enough, Your paper is not fit to read, Your tailor cuts your garments wrong The drama, too, has gone to seed; The water does not know his place— The dinner is not worth a dime— 'Tis thus you're always finding fault. Don't wear your ruffles all the time. For when you climb the stary stairs That lead above this earthly sphere, An angel at the door will say, "You cannot wear your ruffles here, So if you ever wish to see The mansions of the best sublime, And mingle with the seraphs there, Don't wear your ruffles all the time."—Mina Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.

THE SCAREDNESS OF DORCAS TRIPP

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"Dear land, yes, we've had an epidemic fast enough, down to the Bridge! But it's over 'n gone, thank goodness, an' nobody dead, without it's me." Aunt Roxie Knapp's lean old face wrinkled into a smile. "My dear," she added, "I can count the little creatures that I didn't auss on the fingers o' one hand." Aunt Roxie had come up river for her annual visit to little Rosemary Lambont. Rosemary claimed Aunt Roxie because, she reasoned, she might have married Uncle Rufus Lambont "as easy as not," in which case she would have been an aunt, wouldn't she? "I suppose you ain't heard how it happened? No, of course not—well, soon's I get my breath I'll tell you the hull story. It's a kind of funny story the way it's turned out, but, dear land, it might've been solemn enough! The Bridge folks ain't liable to forgive Mis' Tripp for one spell." "Miss Tripp?" Rosemary queried. "Oh, Mrs. Tripp, with so many little Tripps!" "Five—boys and girls equally divided. She's the one I mean, my dear." "Aunt Roxie!" Rosemary whirled about from the kitchen stove, "how do you equally divide five children?" "Two boys, two girls, an' the twins—one a boy an' one a girl, and neither of 'em but a half. Two an' two's four an' a half 'n a half is another. There's your five children, equally divided, my dear!" Aunt Roxie's laugh wrinkled again pleasantly. She put out a slender old hand for Rosemary's cup of steaming tea. Under its benign influence the epidemic story unfolded. "Dorcas Tripp was born scared, an' it grew on her, till when she come to be married and have children I declare to goodness if she wasn't most too scart to bring 'em up! Epidemics was her worst dread of all. She was always certain the children were going to catch something. It frightened her nigh to death to hear they was a case o' measles in town, or mumps, an' when somebody dropped in an' up 'n' told her Cornelia Higgin's boarder's little girl had the scarlet fever, you ought to've seen Dorcas Tripp's face! Before that caller dropped out all the little Tripps had the scarlet fever and the twins was dead an' buried." "Well," Aunt Roxie took a reminiscent sip or two, "I heard how scart she was an' I went right over. 'Aunt Roxie,' says she, as pale as a ghost, 'I wish you'd button the children up, I've got to finish packing.'" "Packing," I says, took all in a heap. Then I saw she was cramming things into valises like one possessed. She never looked up but kep' right on talking. 'I'm going to Cousin Flavilla's,' she says. 'The children's got their best dresses on for traveling—if you'll button 'em up. An' I wish you'd hurry, Aunt Roxie,' says she, hurrying like everything herself, 'I'm not going to stay in this plague-ridden town a minute longer than I can help. Do you suppose I want to bury my innocent little children! The twins are delicate—none o' the children could ever stan' the scarlet fever. What I say is—kind of screaming it out—that people no business taking summer boarders an' perilling the lives of their innocent neighbors! Cornelia Higgin ought to be ashamed of herself! First she knows she'll have blood on her soul!'" Aunt Roxie rocked creakily. Yes, she didn't know but she'd have another cup o' tea. Rosemary got it with alacrity, its fragrant steam filling the little kitchen pleasantly. "Well, my dear (a mite more sugar, if you please), Dorcas went. In less'n four hours after she heard the news she was on her way to her Cousin Flavilla's. You know where Flavilla Cross lives, don't you? A dreadful manufacturing place, swarming with furniners. It used to be real aristocratic up where Flavilla's house

is, but it's all built up with them flat houses now. Dorcas stayed there till somebody wrote from the Bridge that Cornelia Higgin's boarder's little girl's scarlet fever had turned out to be the toothing rash. Then Dorcas packed up an' come flying home with all the little Tripps a-tripping. My dear" (Aunt Roxie stopped rocking, stopped sipping tea; the teaspoon marked off her words solemnly), "my dear, in—just—seven—days—all—those—children—were—down!" "Down?" ejaculated gentle Rosemary, excitedly. It seemed the crucial moment of the story. Aunt Roxie's stories had crucial moments. "Yes, on the flats o' their poor little backs with the scarlet fever. They'd caught it playing with some o' those little furniners." The dramatic pause that followed proved Aunt Roxie a true story teller. Rosemary waited with kindly solicitude to hear the fate of the little Tripps. "No," Aunt Roxie said, as if answering her thought, "they didn't nary one of 'em die. I nussed 'em all," with unconscious egotism, "an' they all come out of it without being deaf or blind or anyways afflicted. But they set the fever agoing all over the Bridge, that's what they did. We up an' had a regular epidemic o' scarlet fever. Only the Lord's mercy kep' a lot of us from dying." "And your nursing, Aunt Roxie," cried Rosemary, lovingly. "Didn't that make Mrs. Tripp feel ashamed of herself, 'perilling the lives of innocent neighbors?'" "Dorcas feel ashamed? Well, she was a'most too scart for that. She didn't have a chance to feel anything but scart for one spell. But I was over there last night, an' I must say there was something sort of chastened about Dorcas—sort of chastened. No, my dear—no, no—I don't never take more'n two cups at a time."—The Country Gentleman.

UNIFORM MEDICINES.

Wide Geographical Distribution and Age Make Drugs Unreliable.

So, because any man, however ignorant, with any motive, however ignoble, may manufacture and sell any of the 50,000 compounds known to organic chemistry and may allege for them what curative powers he will; and because, too, of this unlimited opportunity for fraud among the older drugs, it becomes a matter of no surprise to learn that at the present time among the great number of firms manufacturing remedial agencies there is the greatest conceivable diversity of science, sincerity and wisdom. These drugs come from the uttermost parts of the earth—from the dank forests of Brazil, from the banks of the "gray green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees," or from "silken Samarkand," but almost everywhere they are gathered by barbarous peoples, the lowest of earth's denizens. It is small wonder, then, that with any one plant there should be a variation among its individual specimens in the proportion of the active medicinal agent it contains. But when we add to this the fact that, in general terms, the percentage of the active ingredient depends on the amount of sunshine it enjoys, on the time of the year it is gathered, even on the time of the day, on the amount of moisture, the elevation, the character of the soil and a dozen other factors, it becomes almost a necessity of thought that the amount of "medicine" in that plant must vary from a maximum to nothing at all. A man's wife goes bravely down to the gates of death to pass through, or, if it may hap, to come slowly back, bearing radiantly with her the flaming torch of another life. Ergot is required. Now, ergot is a fungus growing upon rye, where it destroys and displaces the ovary of the plant. It comes from Russia, Austria, Spain, Sweden, and where not; its chemical analysis does not seem to yield reliable information, for its active constituents are not definitely understood. Finally, the physiological activity of the drug may be good, or little, or zero, just as it may chance, while after the lapse of a year it becomes unfit for use. Yet it is to this substance, so utterly variable, that the physician must trust the life of the woman and the child.—Harper's.

Fruits of Reclamation Service.

Figures are now available covering the work of reclamation carried on from the organization of that service pursuant to the act of Congress in 1902 to the first of this year. As a result of the operations, which are conducted under authority of the Geological Survey, eight new towns have been established, 100 miles of branch railroads have been constructed and 10,000 people have taken up their residence in the desert. To pave the way for these homeseekers the Government has dug 1267 miles of canals—nearly the distance from Washington to Omaha. Some of these canals carry whole rivers, like the Truckee River in Nevada and the North Platte River in Wyoming. Forty-seven tunnels with an aggregate length of nine and one-half miles have been excavated.

Automobiles and Coaching.

James Martin, at whose North Side stables the "Blue Dog" coach which was used to make trips to Highland Park was kept, says that the arrival of the automobile has practically killed the sport of coaching in Chicago. There is now no demand for drags and brakes, although they used to be most popular.—Chicago Evening Post.

CONFIDENCES OF A CONFIDENCE MAN.

When I sit down with a pen and paper and jot down the amounts I've made during the past year in my profession as a confidence man, the total staggers me. What have I done with it? I have squandered money like a prince and borrowed it a week later like a beggar. I have missed my breakfast in order to "skin" a greenhorn of \$700 and lost it all before I got my lunch. I have helped a stranger unload \$10,000 in a "framed-up" poker game and then gone around the corner and lost the whole roll bucking another poker game. There is one thing I'm sure of—I'm smart enough to get another man's money, but I'm not smart enough to keep it. I saw in a paper the other day a list of the salaries they pay to Congressmen, members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court Justices, Governors and a lot of those big guns. I make more than any of them, and I haven't a cent when the notice comes up from the office to pay the room rent or move. It's always so with bunko men. While he is framing up a game that will "skin" other "suckers," somebody else has a game waiting that will "skin" him. Why, back in Chicago, where we used to work the crooked faro dodge on every stranger we caught loitering around a hotel, there was an Oregon gambler who ran a faro game on Wabash avenue exclusively for bunko men. That's a fact. He had a big play, too, and went to Europe on his profits. Every night you'd see the "con" men line up around his faro table and go against the same game in which they had trimmed the yokels earlier in the evening. It was a private game and none but "con" men and crooks had the entree. Nobody seemed to think it strange, and we lost our money about as regularly as we made it. Of course, we didn't always lose the first night, but it was only a matter of time. There are no faro games in San Francisco, but craps, poker and the races do just as well, and keep the gang hunting fresh marks without any let-up. Not very long ago I made half of \$700 and lost it before I had the price of a lunch out of it. It happened this way: My partner and I picked up a fellow in a place on O'Farrell street who was anxious to beat the races. We were ready to help him. My pal told him he knew a horseman who had something good coming off in a few days, and introduced me as the man. I was offish and didn't want to have anything to do with outsiders, but finally, after the stranger had bought a dinner for all of us, I warmed a little to him and agreed that I would let him in on the deal. "We'll make no mistakes," said I, when it had been agreed that our host was to be a party to the clean-up. "My horse worked the three-quarters in thirteen flat this morning, and there isn't a thing in the race that ever did better than fourteen and a half. But I'm taking no chances." Here I leaned over toward them, looking around cautiously, as if afraid of being overheard and lowered my voice. "I've got an electric boot," I whispered, "and I'll win that race if I have to turn my nag into a dynamo to do it." Our intended was properly impressed, and we made a date for the following morning, when I was to have the electric boot in evidence. I had to borrow \$25 from the owner of the poker game where I usually lost my money to buy the boot the first thing in the morning. I was up bright and early and bought the boot and spurs. Inside was as pretty a little battery as you ever saw. It seemed a shame that the boot was not to be used. My man showed up, prompt to the minute, and I proceeded to show him how the contrivance worked. He was delighted. Then I told him that he would have to give me his money to bet, as I didn't intend to trust anybody with the secret of the horse's name until post time, and he was about to demur. "Look here," said I, "I'll write the name of the horse on a sheet of paper, put it in an envelope addressed to you and leave it at a messenger office with instructions for them to deliver it to you at post time. You are to give me your money now to take over with me. If that doesn't suit you everything is off as far as you are concerned." He hesitated a minute, but we had assured him that my horse would be as good as fifteen to one, and the thought of the amount he could win overcame his scruples. He handed over \$700 in gold to me to bet. I was to keep a third of the amount won to give to the "jockey." In this sort of business the money, of course, is not bet at all. I wrote down the name of a horse that didn't have a chance and put it in an envelope and pocketed the \$700 as a clear profit. The "sucker" came to me for an explanation that night, and I showed him a fake ticket showing him that I had bet the money. Of course he had no redress. But to return to the fate of the \$700 after it dropped into my pocket. I had been in such a hurry to get the electric boot in time that I missed my breakfast. When I separated from the "greeny" it was after 12—just time to take the boat for the race track. I went from my room directly to our rendezvous, where I met my pal and divided the money with him. Then I jumped on a car for the ferry and was off to the races. In my pocket I had \$350 of the "sucker's" money and a lonely quar-

ter of my own. Five cents of the quarter went for fare and with the remainder I bought a round-trip ticket across the bay. In consequence when I boarded the boat I had nothing but gold in my pockets. I had intended to get my lunch on the boat, as I was hungry by that time, but on the after deck I met an assistant trainer in one of the big stables at the track. "What's good to-day?" I asked him after we had chatted a while. "Got any money?" was his answer to my question. I jingled my pocket full of gold. "There is something coming off in the first race," he hastened to say when he heard the clinking twenties. "You'll do the right thing if I put you wise?" "You know me," I said. Then he went on to tell me about a "frame-up" in the first race by which a horse called Yellowstone was to win. "It is all cut and dried," he assured me, "and you will get ten or twelve to one for your money." Before the boat reached the other side I had agreed to bet \$200 on Yellowstone in the first race. Also I was still without my lunch, but I promised myself that I would get it at the track immediately after the race. When the odds went up for the opening event I went round the ring betting \$20 at a crack on Yellowstone. Others were doing the same, and before post time every book in the ring was loaded with Yellowstone money. It was a mile race, and the minute the barrier went up I knew my money was burned up. Yellowstone got off lengths behind the field—might just as well have been left at the post. He ran a cracking good race and finished fourth, but that did not save my \$200. I still had \$150 in my pocket and was standing in the ring gnawing my mustache and snapping my fingernails in my disappointment when a man-about town whom I knew came up and told me that Michigan Smith, the plunger, had sent \$1000 into the ring to be bet on the favorite, which was then two to one. "It looks like a cinch," my friend said as he drifted away. I didn't hesitate a moment, but elbowed my way to the nearest book and handed over my remaining \$150. The horse was beaten a nose after a furious drive. Everybody said the boy tossed the race away by overconfidence. It didn't make any difference to me anyway. The books had that \$350, which was all I cared about. As I turned back toward the betting ring cursing myself for a fool, I saw a fellow being served with a nice, thick porterhouse in the restaurant. Then I remembered my lunch. Gee, I was hungry, and I didn't have the price of a cup of coffee about me. On the first two races I had lost all my money, even including the \$25 I had borrowed to buy the boot. I hadn't bought even a shave or a shine or a lunch out of the money. As I "mused" gloomily around the ring the rest of the day and saw the horses I would have bet on win right down the line I tried to figure what was the difference between myself and the "sucker" who had given up the \$700. The only difference I could see was that I had the privilege of betting my money before losing it, while he had not. I had to walk up from the ferry that night for the lack of carfare, but I was comforted somewhat by the thought that Micky, my pal, would lend \$50 or even \$100, and I would be on my feet again. The minute I saw him I knew it was all off—that his money was gone, too. His face was longer than anybody's in town. Before a word was said each knew the other was "broke." "What did you lose yours on?" he asked. "Good things in the first two races. Where did you drop yours?" "Poker game," he answered. "I went up to where there was a big game going. They had been at it all night. I lamped around for a while and saw that they were playing them high and loose. One fellow in particular was bluffing on every other hand and standing 'pat' if anybody stayed. Then he'd shove in his whole pile and make 'em lay down. I stood behind him and he did that a couple of times without a pair in his hand, as I could see. So I thought that I'd sit in and wait for him to try it again. I bought checks for a hundred and left the rest of the \$350 in front of me. The first hand I picked up three aces. Somebody opened the pot. I just stayed to draw them on and the bluffer raised us \$50. We both saw the raise and drew two cards apiece. He stood pat. Knowing how the fellow had been bluffing on the same kind of a play my three aces looked like a cinch. We both passed and he shoved in all he had in front of him. The other fellow laid down and I called him, putting in all the money I had. "Three aces here," I said, and was reaching for the pot. I was so sure of it, but he showed down a small full house and took the money. I left the game minus my \$350 after playing just one hand." We were silent for a while. "Let's go out and rustle up dinner money," I said at last, and we went. At the commencement of the present racing meeting at Oakland my pal and I opened a "tipping" bureau. Our idea was that he would run the "tipping" game and I would pose merely as a customer. In this way

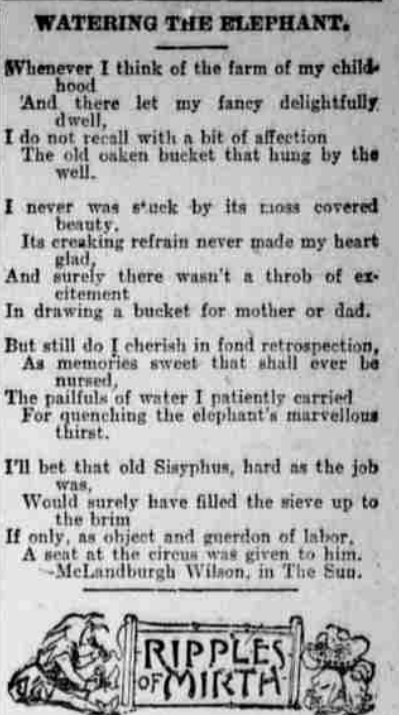
I could hang around the office and "freeze" on to any likely looking "suckers" who appeared. His dealings were to be strictly on the square—that is, he would sell a couple of tips a day and refund the buyer's money, as per agreement, if they did not win. If I landed any of the clients for a bunch of money I did it on the outside and my pal sympathized with them, but told them he only knew me as an occasional customer. The business prospered beyond our best hopes. Micky had all kinds of luck in picking the winners and by advertising we soon had an income of nearly \$200 a day. In addition I steered one of our clients into a poker game where he lost \$3500, and the next day I caught a boy from San Jose for \$5000, which he had just received from his guardian on his twenty-first birthday. These "killings" set us up in the world, and we lived like millionaires. I also had luck at the track, and in the middle of December I had \$18,000 in a safe deposit vault. That was the heyday of our prosperity. It was a common thing for us to have nothing but a tip for the water left out of a \$100 bill after we had had dinner. But we didn't care nor even think about it. It's easy to be prodigal when you have \$18,000 in a box waiting to be spent and more coming in every day. But it wasn't long before the tide turned. In the first place we struck a losing streak with our tips and the \$200 a day dropped off until we scarcely paid office rent. Meanwhile I was dropping big wads of coin at the track. I couldn't seem to pick them right. One day I lost \$4500. On another \$2800. My roll couldn't stand that long, and on New Year's Day I took our last thousand over to the track. I intended to bet on two horses—Firestone, which I knew was likely to prove the best two-year-old on the Coast, and Proper, in the New Year's Handicap. A horseman persuaded me to stay off Firestone, which he said was not ready to race, and at the last moment I switched from Proper to Logistilla. The latter was left at the post and Proper won. On the way back that night I felt natural. I was broke. I've been broke ever since, and the way things look now I am likely to stay that way, for the easy marks are staying out of my path, if there are any in town. Now, I am an old hand at all kinds of gambling. I make my living by knowing more about that sort of thing than the man whose money I want, and yet I squander all I make in going against games in which my money isn't worth ten cents on the dollar the moment I sit in. Years ago I was talking with John Condon, the blind racetrack magnate of Chicago. We were discussing gambling and the chances a man has to win. "Well," said Condon, "there's only one way to beat a gambling game. Make the other fellow go against your game. With me any time a man didn't want to go against my game there was no play." Shrewd old John Condon hit the nail on the head. As long as the "suckers" play my game I get the money. The moment I begin to gamble in any other game where another man has the percentage I lose my money the same as any other "sucker." I know this and yet I go right on losing my money. Why? There's a conundrum. If I had \$10,000 I'd give it all to know the answer.—San Francisco Chronicle.

WATERING THE ELEPHANT.

Whenever I think of the farm of my childhood there let my fancy delightfully dwell. I do not recall with a bit of affection The old oaken bucket that hung by the well. I never was struck by its moss covered beauty. Its creaking refrain never made my heart glad. And surely there wasn't a throb of excitement In drawing a bucket for mother or dad. But still do I cherish in fond retrospection, As memories sweet that shall ever be nursed, The pailfuls of water I patiently carried For quenching the elephant's marvellous thirst. 'Til that old Siyphus, hard as the job was, Would surely have filled the sieve up to the brim If only, as object and guardian of labor, A seat at the circus was given to him. —Melanburgh Wilson, in The Sun.

She let fall a few remarks—

"Is that why she spoke in such broken tones?"—Baltimore American. Yeast—"What kind of men get the most enjoyment out of fishing?" Crimjonbeak—"Why, liars, of course!"—Yonkers Statesman. "I got my eyes and nose full of dust yesterday, and every muscle in my body aches." "Long auto ride, eh?" "Nope. Beating rugs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. A Persian penman named Aziz. "Remembered," I think I know my biz. For when I write my name as is, It is Aziz as is Aziz. —Carolyn Wells, in Life. "Do you favor any particular school of music?" asked the lady. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissimo school."—Puck. "When was their engagement made?" "While they were singing in the church choir." "What was the cause of their divorce?" "Singing in the church choir."—Milwaukee Sentinel. Mrs. Newcome—"My husband has been a collector of curios and old relics for a number of years." Mrs. Knox—"Indeed! I have often wondered why he married you!"—Chicago Daily News. The man wore a badge with the legend, "I am an undesirable citizen." "Why go to the trouble of announcing it?" queried an observer. At this point the trouble began.—Philadelphia Public Ledger. The ladies stopped a little boy whose legs were briar-scratched. And laughed to see the novel way his little pants were patched. "Why did they patch with white?" they asked. "Why not with blue or red?" The small boy scowled and touched the spot. "That ain't no patch," he said. —Dallas News. The Scientist—"There is every reason to believe that the ancients used illuminating gas. In fact, I once dug up an article which I have no doubt was a primitive form of gas meter." The Householder—"Was it still working?"—Judge. "I feel," he said, as he laid the morning newspaper aside, "that my country has called me." "Make no mistake, dear," said the wife. "That's only old Jones' blind mule braying for oats. He'll feed it directly!"—Atlanta Constitution. "Shopping by mail," quoted Mrs. Gaddie, quoting from the advertisement in the paper. "How ridiculous!" "Why so?" inquired her husband. "Why, how can you 'shop' by mail? You can only buy things by mail."—Philadelphia Press. Jigley—"We were talking about suburban cottages, and Subbubs remarked that the only thing they ever dreamed of out his way in Boghurst was Queen Anne." Citiman—"The idea! Is that the way he pronounces it now?" Jigley—"Pronounces what?" Citiman—"Quinsies?"—Philadelphia Press. "That's the first time I ever sold a single envelope," said a young woman at a big stationer's store in the city's centre. "I've always sold them in packages, but that gentleman came in with a letter in his hand and asked for an envelope, and I sold him one for a cent. I imagine that's the smallest sale that has been made in this establishment since it opened. The biggest I ever made happened to be in the envelope line, too. A rather roughly dressed man came in, asked to see our envelopes and wanted to know the price by the thousand. I told him. Then he asked the price by the million. I got the figures from our manager, who smiled as he gave them to me. Yet the man ordered a million envelopes and when we asked for reference he said he would as lief pay the bill on the spot—which he did from a roll of yellowback notes about the size of a loaf of bread. We delivered the envelopes, but haven't seen the purchaser since."—Philadelphia Record. Sauce For the Gander. The modern wife is beginning to astonish the modern husband. A man came home at 3 a. m. He took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the bedroom door. With a sigh he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau, fully dressed. "I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," he said. "I haven't been," she said. "I just came in myself."—New Voice.



RIPPLED OF MIRKA

"She let fall a few remarks—" "Is that why she spoke in such broken tones?"—Baltimore American. Yeast—"What kind of men get the most enjoyment out of fishing?" Crimjonbeak—"Why, liars, of course!"—Yonkers Statesman. "I got my eyes and nose full of dust yesterday, and every muscle in my body aches." "Long auto ride, eh?" "Nope. Beating rugs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. A Persian penman named Aziz. "Remembered," I think I know my biz. For when I write my name as is, It is Aziz as is Aziz. —Carolyn Wells, in Life. "Do you favor any particular school of music?" asked the lady. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissimo school."—Puck. "When was their engagement made?" "While they were singing in the church choir." "What was the cause of their divorce?" "Singing in the church choir."—Milwaukee Sentinel. Mrs. Newcome—"My husband has been a collector of curios and old relics for a number of years." Mrs. Knox—"Indeed! I have often wondered why he married you!"—Chicago Daily News. The man wore a badge with the legend, "I am an undesirable citizen." "Why go to the trouble of announcing it?" queried an observer. At this point the trouble began.—Philadelphia Public Ledger. The ladies stopped a little boy whose legs were briar-scratched. And laughed to see the novel way his little pants were patched. "Why did they patch with white?" they asked. "Why not with blue or red?" The small boy scowled and touched the spot. "That ain't no patch," he said. —Dallas News. The Scientist—"There is every reason to believe that the ancients used illuminating gas. In fact, I once dug up an article which I have no doubt was a primitive form of gas meter." The Householder—"Was it still working?"—Judge. "I feel," he said, as he laid the morning newspaper aside, "that my country has called me." "Make no mistake, dear," said the wife. "That's only old Jones' blind mule braying for oats. He'll feed it directly!"—Atlanta Constitution. "Shopping by mail," quoted Mrs. Gaddie, quoting from the advertisement in the paper. "How ridiculous!" "Why so?" inquired her husband. "Why, how can you 'shop' by mail? You can only buy things by mail."—Philadelphia Press. Jigley—"We were talking about suburban cottages, and Subbubs remarked that the only thing they ever dreamed of out his way in Boghurst was Queen Anne." Citiman—"The idea! Is that the way he pronounces it now?" Jigley—"Pronounces what?" Citiman—"Quinsies?"—Philadelphia Press. "That's the first time I ever sold a single envelope," said a young woman at a big stationer's store in the city's centre. "I've always sold them in packages, but that gentleman came in with a letter in his hand and asked for an envelope, and I sold him one for a cent. I imagine that's the smallest sale that has been made in this establishment since it opened. The biggest I ever made happened to be in the envelope line, too. A rather roughly dressed man came in, asked to see our envelopes and wanted to know the price by the thousand. I told him. Then he asked the price by the million. I got the figures from our manager, who smiled as he gave them to me. Yet the man ordered a million envelopes and when we asked for reference he said he would as lief pay the bill on the spot—which he did from a roll of yellowback notes about the size of a loaf of bread. We delivered the envelopes, but haven't seen the purchaser since."—Philadelphia Record. Sauce For the Gander. The modern wife is beginning to astonish the modern husband. A man came home at 3 a. m. He took off his shoes on the front doorstep. Then he unlocked the door and went cautiously upstairs on tiptoe, holding his breath. But light was streaming through the keyhole of the bedroom door. With a sigh he paused. Then he opened the door and entered. His wife stood by the bureau, fully dressed. "I didn't expect you'd be sitting up for me, my dear," he said. "I haven't been," she said. "I just came in myself."—New Voice.