

HIS WONDERFUL PA.

Papa went a-fishing... With his pockets full of bait; He went all by his lonesome, And the luck he had was great.

Her Guardian.

By LOUISE BROWN.

He stood on the broad veranda and gazed down the long slope of green lawn. Yes, there they were, just emerging from the wooded path which led to the lake.

The two young people drawing near to the house were good to look at. The man, who would become of age on the morrow, somewhat resembled his uncle, Wallace Grant, with whom he and his mother made their home.

The girl's face grew grave and her lips trembled slightly. The departing sunlight rested lovingly upon the shining golden braids which crowned her head.

At this juncture there was a light tap at the door. He was ashamed of the rush of blood within him as he recognized Esther's knock.

William Pruette, the singer, tells of a servant girl who came to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days.

after her in a dazed way, "but, Esther, I thought it must be you."

"Oh, no—no—no, indeed," she vehemently said that she caught her breath as she realized. He looked more closely at the beautiful troubled face and downcast eyes.

"Who is he, darling?" the name escaped him quite naturally. Then, as the golden head inclined toward him, almost roughly he placed his hand under her chin and lifted the drooping face.

"You haven't said whether you approve of Harry's engagement to Madge, and Harry is here to know his standing with you."

"Do you suppose I could deny him what he asks when he has been so blind as to let a prize like this slip by him?" he asked.

And when Harry impatiently opened the door, the scene which met his eye told him his uncle would be in such a softened mood there would be no need for him to fear the outcome of Esther's plea.

A Few Deductions.

By ELLIS O. JONES.

"Ah, Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Sherlock Holmes, "I observe that you love formality, that you own this house, although I am not certain about the mortgage, that you are not very well connected, that you do not care for books, that you are trying to make a grand stab at being re-erchee, while only succeeding in a poor four-flush."

"Perfectly wonderful, Mrs. Holmes. Quite as good as your husband. How in the world do you do it?"

"It is very easy," replied Mrs. Holmes, as she deftly unshined her nose with a pocket powder rag.

"You are not accustomed to good things or you would not have served that horrible cake with the tea. Then, when you called the maid to replenish the cake, most of which you ate yourself, you said, apologetically, 'We bought this house without a bell in the library,' a remark which, though awkward, proved conclusively that you owned your home, but proving nothing as to the size of the mortgage."

"Then you will recall your account of how your husband complained of having nothing to read and how you chided him by the reply that there were three large book-cases downstairs and two upstairs, all well filled. This proves that you look on books as household furniture of the junk type. Your whole demeanor proves that you are a very poor climber."

"Perfectly marvelous, Mrs. Holmes."

"It might seem so," replied the detective's wife, "but the real secret, after all, is that I have met so many like you before."—From Life.

Canine Etiquette.

In their relations with one another, dogs have a keen sense of etiquette. A well-known traveler makes this unexpected remark about a tribe of naked black men, living on one of the South Sea Islands: "In their every day intercourse there is much that is stiff, formal and precise."

Almost the same remark might be made about dogs. Unless they are on very intimate terms, they take great pains never to brush against or even to touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person, and live in the same house, and yet never take the slightest notice of each other.

A spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head upon him; but, with the egotism of a true aristocrat, he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose.—Henry C. Merwin, in the Atlantic.

Was Doing Her Best.

William Pruette, the singer, tells of a servant girl who came to Mrs. Pruette in tears and asked permission to go home for a few days. She had a telegram saying her mother was sick.

"Certainly, you may go," said Mrs. Pruette, "only don't stay longer than is necessary, as we need you."

A week passed, and not a word from her. Then came a note which read:

"Dear Miss Pruette I will be back next week an please keep my place for me mother is dying as fast as she can."—Success Magazine.

SPORTS AND ADVENTURE

FOUGHT FOR LIFE WITH FANATIC

A copy of an order issued in the Philippines, which calls the attention of the army to the gallant conduct of Private Jeremiah Cronin, of the Twenty-third Infantry, has just been sent throughout the army by the War Department.

Army men who have served in the Moro country in the Philippines are a unit in declaring that the hardest man to kill in the world is the Mohammedan fanatic among the Moros. Colonel Scott, Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, who was for several years in command of operations against the Moros, has said that the Moro bolo is the deadliest thing in the world in the hands of a Moro.

Jerry Cronin, according to the order issued in the Department of Mindanao and signed by Lieutenant F. S. Young, his battalion adjutant, did nothing more or less than fight with a stick of kindling wood a Moro armed with a bolo. This was in a district of Mindanao, where the Twenty-third Infantry was on duty.

The Moro's weapon, the order states, was "a heavy, keen edged working bolo."

The order says that Private Harry Smith, of the Twenty-third, "while walking unarmed, about seventy-five yards in the rear of his barracks at 6.40 a. m.," was surprised and assaulted by a bolo-armed Moro. The Moro first inflicted a wound in the back of Smith's head, then he struck him on the left arm. The force of this blow threw Smith to the ground with such force that his shoulder was dislocated. Thus he was absolutely at the mercy of the Moro.

At this point Cronin comes into the affair. Cronin happened to leave the barracks and, hearing Smith's cry, hurried to the rescue. Cronin had no arms of any kind, but he knew he had no time to lose if Smith's life was to be saved. Seizing a stick of kindling wood that was lying on the ground Cronin started for the Moro. The Moro was just about to end Smith's struggles with another blow of his bolo when Cronin rushed upon him.

Then began the strange single combat. For ten minutes Cronin and the Moro fought, the soldier deftly parrying every swing of the bolo with his stick of kindling wood. The noise of the struggle was heard in the barracks and an armed detachment of soldiers was sent to aid Cronin.

The rescuing soldiers were unable to fire at first without danger of hitting Cronin. He shouted to them to take up a certain position, adding that he would fight the Moro into range, at the same time covering himself. He did it, and the soldiers began firing. Half a dozen steel capped bullets were imbedded in the Moro's body before he gave up fighting and fell to the ground, dead.

The order in which the story of Jerry Cronin is told closes by stating that his "coolness and presence of mind and his fearless attack with only a club on a desperate well armed Moro, indicate high soldierly qualities and reflect credit not only upon himself, but upon his company and regiment as well."

In passing it may be added that "Jerry" is on the way home with his regiment now.—New York Times.

HANDLING A TIGER.

"In a cage near the room in which I lived while in Khiva," says Mr. Langdon Warner in the Century Magazine, "was a tiger from the Oxus swamps. He had taken a dislike to me, and every time I passed his cage he got up and paced angrily toward he, snarling."

"Into the cage of this beast, at the command of the prince, a Turcoman stepped, armed with a short stick as big round as his wrist. With this stick he struck the tiger's nose as he made for him, and then, with the palms out and eyes fixed, he walked slowly up to the shrinking beast and stoked his face and flank."

"The tiger snarled and took the man's hand in his open mouth. I held my breath and looked for the bleeding stump to fall away. But keeping that hand perfectly still, with the other he tickled the tiger's jaw and scratched his ear, till with a yawn and a pleased snarl the big cat rolled over on his back to have his belly scratched."

"The man then sank to his knees, always keeping his hands in motion over the glossy fur, and with his foot drew toward him a collar attached to a chain. This he snapped round the beast's neck and, rising to his feet, laid hold of the chain and dragged the tiger out."

"This was only the second time that the cage had been entered. As soon as the tiger was outside he espied the watching party and started for them, but came up short on the collar. If he had chosen to use his weight and strength no four of them could have held his tether, but as it was, the Turcoman found little difficulty with him, and held him, snarling, while a camera was snapped."

There are times when the so-called "red tape" of the army gives way under the stress of circumstances.

General, said Rosecrans, sternly, "consider yourself under arrest, and leave your sword here until your case is tried."

"Yes, general, I will consider myself under arrest," was the reply, "and shut so soon as this fight's over I'll come and fix him up."

"But, sir," said the astounded Rosecrans, "I want you to consider yourself under arrest now."

"Of course I do," responded Willich promptly, "and so soon as I get off this fight, I'll be up and settle him."

"But, sir," expostulated the commanding general, "I can't let you go into this fight. You are under arrest. I will assign an officer to your brigade."

"You send an officer to fight my boys!" cried Willich, indignantly. "He can't do it; they don't know him. Me they know; I teach them. I fight them, and none of the boys would know how to fight or what to do, only when I go with them. My boys belong to me; yes, me, General Willich. I command the brigade, and I must fight the brigade!"

General Rosecrans gave it up. General Willich was requested to return and "fight his boys," which he did most successfully. And that was the end of the matter.

PUGNACIOUS EAGLE OWL.

On his way home one evening last October from Karben railway station, in central Sweden, a young man when passing through a small wood was vigorously attacked by an eagle owl.

Some years ago several similar attacks by eagle owls occurred during the summer months in the province of Vester Gotland, in one of which an unfortunate old man lost an eye. A correspondent of the Swedish periodical Fran Skog or's Sio states that in the part of Vermaland to which he belongs there was an eagle owl which became well known for its repeated attacks on human beings who chanced to come near its abode. While cutting timber one day a man was assailed by the bird, which drove its claws into the upper part of his body.

He managed to get rid of it, but it at once came on again, when a blow from his axe put an end to its further attentions. A peasant in the parish of Stammar, Nerike, had a similar experience in April last. He was fetching water from a lake close by his house when an eagle owl suddenly flew at him. A kick made it retire a few yards, when it came in contact with the fence. This seemed to irritate it, for it returned to the attack, but the man seized it by the neck, tucked it under his arm and carried it off home.

On the way the owl's mate kept flying around in unpleasantly close proximity. Ultimately the captor had to despatch his prisoner, his wife and children being much scared at its formidable aspect.—From the Field.

AN AVERTED DUEL.

There was nothing old Pomp enjoyed more than telling stories of the importance of his position in the days "befo' de wah," when he was a conspicuous figure on a Southern plantation of the best sort.

"'Twar jes' like dis: Marse Charlie an' Marse William, dey bofe tuk de nos' 'grejus fancy to a young lady dat come a-visiting de house; an' somebody had fill deir foolish hails all up wid talk about duels; an' dey jes' promulgated to hab one, an' find out which ob 'em was to hab de young lady."

"Marse Charlie he was seibteen, short an' fiery, an' Marse William he was sixteen, slim an' cool; but dey was bofe sot an' 'terminated on de duel. 'Course dey didn't tell me 'bout it, but I s'pected it, same as I always did, 'kase I looked after dem boys fo' deir paw an' maw, when dere was comp'ny."

"So I watched out, an' I follered, an' I crep' up to where dey was beginning to take 'p'ition fo' de duel, an'—an' I jes' broke it up."

"How did you do it, Pomp?" each listener is sure to ask.

"How did I do it, chief? Why, I jes' emptied a pail of water right on Marse Charlie's bald, an' I tuk an' spanked Marse William—dat's how."

The Hot Air Furnace.

There was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class which we call society.

"Where's Lawrence?" some one asked of "Mr. Dooley."

Dooley answered: "Oh, he's up town now warming his hands at the Social Register."—Success.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

ON BEING BROKE. O gentle reader, wast thou ever broke, Financially embarrassed, up a tree, With not one dollar, not one sou markee, And not a friend whose aid thou might'st invoke?

With rage and thirst did ever all but choke, And pause and wonder whence the hully gee The next square meal was coming unto thee, With watch and chain and diamond stud in snook?

If so, kind friend, I hail thee as a brother! No mercenary bard, in truth, am I, But this one fact, which I have tried to smother, Is universal, and it cannot die: A dollar is thy friend as is none other, And poverty's a crime. Dispute it? Try! —Willis Leonard Clanahan, in Puck.

THE REASON. "I am tired of being made the goat."

THE NEW GIRL. Mistress—"There, Emma, that's how the glasses should go."

THE NATURAL REASON. "Why is Mrs. Cashit's fine new whispering gallery with its rubber plants so unpopular?"

OTHER INTERESTS. "Just a word, my dear."

WATERED. "How's your chicken farm getting on?"

ONE DID, ANYWAY. She—"Do you suppose a man ever spoke the truth when he told a woman she was the only one he ever kissed?"

BEAT THE RECORD. She—"How far can your ancestry be traced?"

THE REMAINS. A negro died without medical attendance, and the Coroner went to investigate.

AN EXPLODED THEORY. "Do you believe there is anything in mental suggestion?"

HOW TO KNOW THE TWINS. The Beverly twins, Fred and Frank, were such exact counterparts of each other that none of the neighbors could tell them apart, and even their mother sometimes had her doubts.

THE HOT AIR FURNACE. There was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class which we call society.

WHERE'S LAWRENCE? "Where's Lawrence?" some one asked of "Mr. Dooley."

DOOLEY ANSWERED. "Oh, he's up town now warming his hands at the Social Register."—Success.

THE FOUR MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS. The four mills of Minneapolis grind 120,000,000 bushels of wheat every year.

HEAVENLY FURNACE. There was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class which we call society.

WHERE'S LAWRENCE? "Where's Lawrence?" some one asked of "Mr. Dooley."

DOOLEY ANSWERED. "Oh, he's up town now warming his hands at the Social Register."—Success.

THE FOUR MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS. The four mills of Minneapolis grind 120,000,000 bushels of wheat every year.

HEAVENLY FURNACE. There was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class which we call society.

WHERE'S LAWRENCE? "Where's Lawrence?" some one asked of "Mr. Dooley."

DOOLEY ANSWERED. "Oh, he's up town now warming his hands at the Social Register."—Success.

THE FOUR MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS. The four mills of Minneapolis grind 120,000,000 bushels of wheat every year.

HEAVENLY FURNACE. There was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class which we call society.

WHERE'S LAWRENCE? "Where's Lawrence?" some one asked of "Mr. Dooley."

DOOLEY ANSWERED. "Oh, he's up town now warming his hands at the Social Register."—Success.

THE FOUR MILLS OF MINNEAPOLIS. The four mills of Minneapolis grind 120,000,000 bushels of wheat every year.

HEAVENLY FURNACE. There was a young publisher who made a sudden fortune by appealing to that largely neglected class which we call society.

TRIALS OF THE NEEDLES

MR. LAWYER, I WANT TO GET A DIVORCE. I CAN'T LIVE WITH THIS WOMAN. HERE MR. NEEDLEMAN TAKE THESE PAW-PAW LAXATIVE PILLS. THE DOCTOR'S WORDS ARE FOR MY CLIENTS.

MR. NEEDLEMAN'S PAW-PAW PILLS COAX THE liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, grip or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. In vigorous instead of weak. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

Mr. Needleman's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, grip or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves. In vigorous instead of weak. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it.

Callous the bowels with harsh cathartics, and you'll need physic always.

Help them gently, with candy Cascarets, and you'll need them rarely. Once learn the difference and you'll never take a harsher laxative than these.

Keenly Observing, Carelessly Observed. Lincoln, one of the greatest of observers, was himself the least truly observed. God had built him in the backyard of the nation, and there, wrapped in homely guise, had preserved and matured his pure humanity.

Japan's National Spirit. Tokio now has a monthly review which was established to promote and explain the national spirit of Japan.

GET POWER. The Supply Comes From Food. If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

EVER READ THE ABOVE LETTER? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.