# **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.

He came home, bringing with him A string of fish that weighed Just twenty pounds he told us, And a lovely meal they made.

Papa went a fishing Upon another day; 'And mamma she went with him-He couldn't say her nay.

They came a trudging homeward All tired out at night; And mamma told us papa Had never had a bite.

My papa's broken records Of nearly every kind— 'A greater man than he is It would be hard to find.

He's always doing wonders, But here's what bothers me: He never seems to do them When folks are there to see. London Fishing Gazette.



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. Hand in hand they walked, his nephew and his ward, evidently in very earnest conversation, as the girl's eyes were bent upon the ground and the young man's cerned." head was very near hers. The watcher sighed, then shrugged his shoulders vigorously as though to shake off some feeling which possessed him. He was a tall, splendidly proportioned man of forty, with square-cut jaw, grave dark eyes and hair very slightly touched with gray. "I have never gotten over the wonder of it," he murmured, "that plain, shy little child has developed into such an attractive woman. If only I were not so old—" "Wallace," called a querulous feminine voice, The tall man on the veranda gave one last look at the approaching couple and turned to enter the house, where his sister evidently desired his help with her troublesome household accounts

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 except that his figure was decidedly boyish and his hair was not cropped so closely as to prevent its curling slightly upon his broad forehead. Esther Charles, who had made her home here for the past year since completing the course of education faid out for her, would reach her twenty-first birthday the following week. Esther's blue eyes were bent upon the ground to hide the laughter in their merry depths, but in a sympathetic voice she murmured: "Yes, Harry, dear, but which one are you in love with now? You haven't told me the lady's name." She was accustomed to having Harry's affairs of the heart confided to her, but the weather vane of his affection sometimes veered so rapidly it was quite impossible for her to be absolutely sure of whom he was speaking,

"It is Madge Clereford," he replied Esther, was as nothing compared to the love I have for Madge. Esther,"

after her in a dazed way, "but Eather, I thought it must be you." "Oh, no-no-no, indeed," so ve-hemently that she caught her breath as she realized. He looked more closely at the beautiful troubled face and downcast eyes. "Is it someone else, Esther?" he asked gently. For a moment she hesitated, then slowly nodded. He took both her hands in his, and trying to speak in a fatherly way asked her to confide in him. He could not eliminate from his voice the intense feeling within him, and the girl, suddenly comprehending what this meant, grew more courageous.

"You know him well," she whispered.

"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. The rioting blushes told him the truth, but before clasping her in his arms he made his last stand. "Sweetheart, I am so old-" and then capitulated as two soft arms crept about his neck.

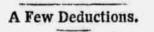
Half an hour afterward there was a timid rap at the door and Esther started in dismay.

"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.

"But Wallace, he never had any chance beside you so far as I am con-

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 .- Boston Post.



## 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 recherchee, 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, "When I came in you took special pains to ask me to remove my gloves and be informal, which showed that you have formality on the brain and that your remark was intended as an apology for anything which was not just so. If you were really informal, you would have said nothing about it.

"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 reproachfully; then impetuously, having nothing to read and how you "any other attachment I have had, chided him by the reply that there were three large book-cases downthe love I have for Madge. Esther," stairs and two upstairs, all well filled. pleadingly, "won't you manage some- This proves that you look on books how to prepare uncle? I think I can as household furniture of the junk that you are a very poor climber.' "Perfectly marvelous, Mrs Holmes.



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. The order, officially, cap-tioned "gallant conduct," tells what Cronin did, and this, according to officers on Governors Island, was one of the bravest acts in the history of the service.

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 Mil-Itary Academy at West Point, who brigade," 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 as-saulted by a bolo-armed Moro. The Moro first inflicted a wound in the bird inflicted some severe wounds with back of Smith's head, then he struck its powerful beak and claws, and him on the left arm. The force of this blow threw Smith to the ground in token of victory. 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 unfortunate old man lost an eye, 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. 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 parrystick 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 despatch his prisoner, his wife 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 soldiery qualities and reflect credit not only upon himself, but upon his company and regi-

culty with him, and held him, snarling, while a camera was snapped."

> HIS "BOYS." There are times when the so-called

red tape" of the army gives way under the stress of circumstances. At the Battle of Chickamauga, General Willich, who was commanding a brigade, incurred the displeasure of General Rosecrans, the commanding general, by some very slight omission. General Willich was sent for, and nformed by the general commanding that he must consider himself under arrest for the present.

"General," said Rosecrans, sternly, consider yourself under arrest, and leave your sword here until your case is tried." "Yes, general, I will consider my-

self under arrest," was the reply, 'and shust so zoon as dis 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 zoon as I get off dis 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

"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 Karbenning railway station, in central Sweden, a young man when passing through a small wood was vigorously attacked by an eagle owl. Alighting on his shoulder, the when beaten off it carried off his cap

Some years ago several similar attacks by eagle owls occurred during the summer months in the province

A correspondent of the Swedish periodical Fran Skog orh Sio states that in the part of Vermeland 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 cut-The Moro was just about to end ting timber one day a man was assalled by the bird, which drove its claws into the upon 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 ing every swing of the bolo with his 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 children being much scared at its formidable aspect.-From the Field,



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

The next square meal was coming unto thee, With watch and chain and diamond stud

in soak? If so, kind friend, I hail thee as a brother!

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

"Then why don't you stop butting in?"-Baltimore American.

THE NEW GIRL.

Mistress-"There, Emma, that's how the glasses should go." New Maid-"Yes'm, yes. You see I've never lived in a drinking family before."-London Punch.

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

"Paradoxically, because it is a telling success."-New York Journal.

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

"Yes?"

"Can't I interest you in votes for women? "Not until after I get my winter

furs."-Kansas City Journal.

WATERED.



on?" "I gave up chickens. There's so much water on the farm that I'm specializing ducks?" - New York

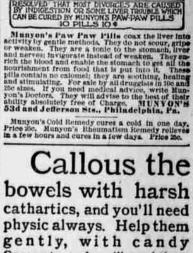
Evening Telegram.

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?"

He-"Well, I don't believe Adam lied about it to Eve. "-Tit-Bits.

BEAT THE RECORD.



TRIALS of the NEEDEMS

MR. LAWYER, I WANT TO GET A DIVER I CAN'T LIVE WITH THIS WOMAN

NERREN VERBILTES

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

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents-at drug-stores. Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

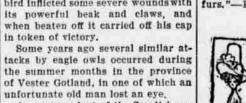
Keenly Observing, Carelessly Observed.

Lincoln, one of the greatest of ob-servers, was himself the least truly observed. God had built him in the backyard of the nation, and there, wrapped in homely guise, had preserv-ed and matured his pure humanity. He was heard but seems racely if ever was heard, but seems rarely, if ever, to have been truly seen. The re-ports we have of him do not satisfy, do not justify themselves, are inconsistent. The Eastern, old-world eye could not read beyond the queer hat, bad tailoring, and boots you could not now give away-and he was so long he fairly had to stoop to look the little world in the face. Never had bad tailoring and homely deferential manner so completely hidden seer, jester, master of men, as did these simple accoutrements this first great gift of the West. The world ever reads simple, deferential manner-true evidence of innate refinementas weakness, timidity and indecision, just as it reads strength in noise, and power in abuse. It is said of sound that volume will start a tear more quickly than quality of tone. But it is surprising that professional ob-servers, artists and writers alike, have drawn and redrawn an untrue pottors of this man. Durathody's

### Japan's National Spirit.

picture of this man .-- Everybody's.

Tokio now has a monthly review which was established to promote and explain the national spirit of Japan. It is authoritative, being edited by Colonel Takahishi, under the patron-age of Admiral Ito, General Terauchi and General Nogi, and it contains some notable expositions of Japanes ethics. Thus, the editor, declaring it to be the object of the publication "to lead humanity to true happiness," proclaims that "it is the duty of all men to improve their condition of life by forming good habits and acquiring refined customs, and to carry out the divine will with unswerving faith."



manage mother all right, but for type. Your whole demeanor proves some reason Uncle Wallace seems to avoid any conversation relating to love and marriage "

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. She did not smile now, but said slowly, "Do you not think, Harry, it would make a better impression if you presented the matter to your uncle yourself?" "Oh," he remonstrated, "I do not mean for you to tell him everything," then hesitatingly, "just casually mention how things are."

That evening Wallace Grant sat in his library, deep in thought. He had never been in love until now and could scarce understand the pent-up emotion within him whenever his intimate terms, they take great pains eyes rested upon Esther's face. He sighed as he mentally compared his touch one another. For one dog to age with hers and then thought of Harry. "Those two young people were meant for each other." he thought, "and have evidently discovered the fact. I doubt if Esther could same person, and live in the same ever regard me in any other light than as her guardian."

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. "Come in," he called. The girl entered hesi- tocrat, he does not hesitate to make tatingly. She seemed at a loss how to begin, and he remembered that for some time she had ceased to call him lantic. "Guardy," her old pet name for him. He dully wondered why this was. Lately she had not addressed him directly. Finally she said in a low voice: "Harry desires very much that I break to you the news of his en-gagement." She faltered and her eyes dropped before the steady gaze of the man before her.

With an effort he strove to conceal he said, "My dear child, I have been expecting this, and congratulate Harry and wish you both happiness from the bottom of my heart.

Bewildered, she raised her head read: and looked at him. "But you don't understand," she gasped. Madge-Madge Clereford." "It H

"Madge Clereford," he repeated can."-- Success Magazine,

"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 never to brush against or even 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 house, and yet never take the slight-

est notice of each other. We have 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 arisuse of the other dogs for that purpose .- Henry C. Merwin, in the At-

### Was Doing Her Best.

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

"Dear Miss Pruette I will be back nex week an plese kep my place for me mother is dying as fast as she

ment 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. J 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 jowl and scratched his ear, till with a yown 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 She faltered and her to go home for a few days. She had 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 espled 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 diffi- every year.

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. "I brung up Marse Charlie an' Marse William," often said, solemnly. "Deir own

fam'ly 'lowed I saved bofe deir lives once, besides all de res' I done fo' 'em.

"''Twar jes' like dis: Marse Charlie an' Marse William, dey bofe tuk de mos' 'grejus fancy to a young lady dat come a-visiting de house; an' somebody had fill deir foolish haids 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 Challe he was sebenteen, short an' flery, an' Marse William he was sixteen, slim an' cool; but dey was bofe sot an' 'termined 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'sition fo' de duel, an'-an' I jes' broke it up." "How did you do it, Pomp?" each listener is sure to ask.

"How did 1 do it, chile? Why, 1 les' emptied a pail o' water right on Marse Charlie's haid, 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. Gaining riches, the young publisher retired and was seen less and less in his old haunts.

town now warming his hands at the

The flour mills of Minneapolis grind 120,000,000 bushels of wheat

She-"How far can your ancestry be traced?"

He-"Well, when my grandfather resigned his position as cashier of a county bank they traced him as far as China, but he got away."-Pittsburg Observer.

### THE REMAINS.

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

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door.

"Yassuh," she replied between sobs. ·

"I want to see the remains." "I is de remains," she answered proudly .- Everybody's.

AN EXPLODED THEORY.

"Do you believe there is anything in mental suggestion?"

"Not a thing." "Don't you think it is possible if fixed on a certain thing which he wishes another to do that the other will be influenced so that he will

eventually do it?" "No, I don't believe in the theory at all. I've been wishing for a week that you'd pay me what you owe me without making it necessary for me

to ask you for it."-Chicago Record-Hernld.

## 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 The resemblance is accendoubts.

"How in the world can you yourself tell which is which, Mrs. Bev-

erly?" asked a caller one day. "To tell the truth," she answered, "I can't always; but if I hear a noise in the pantry and I call out, 'Fred, Reason."

Companion.

## 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 skilfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything one person keeps his mind steadily that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, tuated by the fact that they are my strength came back, and I am now able to do my honsework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Look in pkgs, for the little book. "The Road to Wellville." "There's a

Ever read the above letter? A new ma.' I know it's Frank, and that he's one appears from time to time. They in some kind of mischief."-Youth's | are genuine, true, and full of human Interest.

asked of "Mr. Dooley."

"Where's Lawrence?" some

Dooley answered: "Oh, he's un

is that you?' and he says, 'Yes, mam-

Social Register."-Success.

dressed exactly allke.