

CUPID'S LONG SHOT.

HE GOT A "YES," TOO, OVER EIGHT HUNDRED MILES OF WIRE.

How George Gaston In Indianapolis Made Love to Miss Bishop on Long Island. Married Last Week at Pelham Manor.

A man desires to win a wife who has the nerve to call on a girl 800 miles away over the telephone and ask her to marry him. That is the way Miss Ethel Mary Bishop, the only daughter of the Hon. James Draper Bishop of London, became engaged to George B. Gaston of Indianapolis. They were married the other night at the residence of Ezra T. Gilliland at Pelham Manor, N. Y.

Mr. Gaston is the son of a retired physician and is the secretary and treasurer of the Indianapolis Transfer company. For several years he was associated in the electrical business with Thomas A. Edison and Mr. Gilliland. All of Mr. Gaston's friends had it settled in their own minds that he would die a bachelor. His business frequently called him to New York. While in town he spent much of his time with Mr. Gilliland. Every time he went to New York Mr. Gilliland invited Gaston to make his home at Pelham Manor. Gaston invariably refused, saying that the Gilliland home was always filled with guests and that he had no time to play the agreeable to a lot of women. Then the man from Indianapolis would picture to his old friend what large times the two might have if Gilliland would only stay with Gaston in town.

"Break away, old man," he would say. "I'll have some fun that day. I'll be called fun. I can't see anything in talking one's self black in the face to a household of women."

One day last February Gaston arrived in New York on one of his business trips. His two sisters had been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Gilliland for several weeks, and in their letters home they had frequently mentioned Miss Ethel Bishop, a very charming English girl, who was making her home at the Gillilands. From those letters Gaston had learned that Miss Bishop had been born in Shanghai while her father was serving the English government there as consul. As a child she had lived in Africa, her father having been transferred to one of the South African states. Later she had been sent to a convent in Paris, whence she went to Heidelberg, and there she took a degree in music. Then she went to London to continue her studies in music and the classics. In fact, Gaston heard so much about Miss Bishop that when he reached New York and Mr. Gilliland extended to him the usual invitation to visit Pelham Manor, the Indianapolis man said emphatically, "Not much!"

Finally, on St. Valentine's day, the day before he was to return to Indianapolis, he consented to go out to Pelham Manor for a few hours, just to see his sisters. He went and stayed two weeks. He was done for, but he could not bring himself to the point of a proposal. As he himself said:

"I came pretty close to it several times. But when I got just to the point I got scared. I felt as if it would be a sort of sacrilege that I mustn't be guilty of. I tell you, I never thought a woman could bill me out, and so I went home."

When he returned to Indianapolis, he was unable to do much business. All he could think about was the English girl on the shore of Long Island sound. Two weeks went by and one morning while he was sitting in his office a letter came from one of his sisters. It was largely filled with a description of a German she had danced a few nights before, and told how all the men had simply gone daft about Miss Bishop. Gaston thought for a moment, and then rushed to the telephone, looked up the number of Gilliland's home telephone in the long distance telephone book, and asked to be connected. Pretty soon he heard a feminine voice at the other end of the line call, "Hello!"

"Hello! Who is that?" answered Gaston. "Who? Oh, Miss Bishop? Well, this is Mr. Gaston, Miss Bishop. Where am I? In Indianapolis. Yes, in Indianapolis. I thought I'd call you up to— to my sisters here. You'll call one of them and let her speak for herself? Oh, never mind, I said 'never mind.' N-e-v-e-r never. No, not mine; mind—mind—mind. Hello! How are you? Just going to the city? Theater party to-night. Oh, not going in till the 4 o'clock train? Wish I were going with you. I don't know whether my sisters would like to have me or not. I just wanted to go with you. Don't be foolish? Hello! What did you say? Hello! Hello! Say central! Don't cut me off! I'm not through talking yet. Come at the other end? Well, ring up again."

As Mr. Gaston said, he was bound to say something then or die in the attempt. After waiting some time, he got the Gilliland home again and began talking with Miss Bishop.

"I beat about the bush for a long time," he said, "and then I came out with the question. She evidently could not understand me, for this was the answer I got:

"Come a little nearer, Mr. Gaston. I can't hear you."

"Then I moved about one inch nearer to her in that 800 miles and asked the question over again. This time it was perfectly understood. I was told that I might not be sure of myself, that I had better wait for a while, and some more things like that. I said I had lived to be 35 years old, and I guessed I knew my own mind. Finally I was told that she would give me an answer when she called me up in two weeks."

That was on Feb. 28. Two weeks after that Miss Bishop was in Brooklyn one day and stepped into the office of Mr. Gilliland. She called up Mr. Gaston.

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. Gaston? This is Miss Bishop. Knew the voice, didn't you? Your memory for sound is excellent. I wonder if it is as good for other things. One other thing? What's

that? Oh, my answer? Was I to give you an answer about anything? Hello! What's that? I know very well I was? Yes, I guess I do. Two weeks have seemed like two years. You say that very nicely—over the telephone. Well, are you sure you knew what you were talking about? Positive? And you don't think you'll regret it some time? Sure? Well, then, if you want yes, here it is. What's that? Hello! What did you say? Oh! Well, you can't have that over the telephone. You must come for that yourself. Good-by, George."

It wasn't long before he went for what he couldn't get over the telephone, and the arrangements for the wedding were made. Mrs. Gaston is an unusually good looking woman, perhaps 22 years old. She has dark hair, large dark eyes and a graceful figure. She has a musical voice and speaks with a decided English accent. Speaking of her engagement, she said:

"I have traveled over a good bit of the world and heard of plenty of romances, but I never dreamed that I should come to America to get engaged by telephone. And I shouldn't if George hadn't been such a dear fellow, with such an awful lot of cheek at long distance."—New York Sun.

HIT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

General Miles Tells of the Sensations Produced by Grenade Wounds.

"You have been wounded several times, general. How does it feel to be shot?"

"That depends upon where the ball strikes you," replied General Miles. "If it passes through the fleshy part of the body without hitting the bone, it is a half mile away before you realize that you are shot. If it meets with resistance, however, you get the full force of the bullet, and it strikes you like a sledge hammer. I was shot in the neck. The ball cut along the side of my throat, under my ear and passed on. At Chambersville a ball struck my waist belt plate, and then, deflecting, went into the body. The blow paralyzed me. I could not move for weeks from my waist downward, and every one thought I would die. I was taken home to Massachusetts, and after a few days I surprised the doctors by moving my right foot. They took this for a sign that the ball was in the opposite side of the body and probed for it, laying the bone of my hip bare. They found the bone broken and took out nine pieces, leaving one, which they failed to find. They found the bullet several inches farther down than I then supposed of broken bone."

"At another time I was wounded in the shoulder by the half of a bullet. I was holding my sword up to my shoulder when the bullet struck the edge of the blade and was cut in two, one half of the bullet flying on and the other going into my shoulder. At another time I was wounded in the foot, the ball striking a Mexican spur that I was wearing and going off into my foot. By the way, I think I have the spur. Here the general opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a big Mexican spur, which was broken on one side. The break was caused by the bullet striking the spur.—Bloomington (Ill.) Patriot-Graph.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

Annihilation of the British Empire From a French Point of View.

As a specimen of radical writing in the French press I give a passage from an article I once read in Le Matin:

"The English empire in India is now a spectacle of extortion, rapine, famine and bankruptcy. All crumble into ruins—towns, villages, reservoirs and public works, temples and tombs, the railways pass through deserted villages and dilapidated towns; the ordinary highways are impracticable—it is impossible to use a carriage 12 miles outside of Calcutta. The English have made a purely superficial conquest of these vast regions. They do not live there; they are only encamped; their children die there, and with their gross bodies—all flesh and blood—they cannot acclimatize themselves there. India is for them a place of exile, a tropical Siberia, which they escape from as soon as possible; they are equally detested by the Hindus and Mussulmans. The fumes of this execrable hatred poison the lives of the conquerors. The day when Russia blows upon this castle of cards it must fall immediately, and England of the British channel will perish through India. Asia will cease to be a sterile and withered branch of humanity. Once rescued from the rumples of London, she will revive and awake to a new existence. The Russian conquest on the banks of the Ganges will be the signal for the downfall of the Anglo-Saxon power in both hemispheres. Nothing will remain standing in the present century—aristocracy and church, commerce and industry, will simultaneously disappear."

The writer, having thus annihilated the British empire and distributed her colonies "among the great powers," goes on to predict that "a new hour will then have struck for the human race," etc.—National Review.

A Third Gavel For Speaker Reed.

Speaker Reed has received a third gavel with a history. It was presented by Representative Hitt of Illinois, and it was made from a fragment of the branch of hickory by Abraham Lincoln in his rail-splitting days. It was the intention of Mr. Hitt to make a formal presentation to Mr. Reed at the caucus on Saturday, but he observed that Mr. Reed was more or less embarrassed with a riches of gavel and accompanying remarks on that occasion and withdrew the Lincoln gavel and quietly presented it when congress opened.

After Eating a Gentleman.

Pa Tiger—I don't think I'd care to be in the midst of civilization.

Ma Tiger—Why not, love?

Pa Tiger—It's so much nicer to let civilization be in the midst of me.—New York Sun.

LOCKED UP BY WOODPECKERS.

The Fate of a Ground Owl That Had Taken Possession of Their Home.

Although the woodpecker is industrious, provident and peaceful, he is not to be trifled with or tyrannized over with impunity, as the following incident will amply observe the fact.

A companion and I on an August day pitched our camp at a spring on the table lands of the ridge dividing Ojai from Santa Clara valley. About the spring stands a large grove of live oaks. In one of these trees, from the top of a pair of woodpeckers had for years no doubt made their dwelling place. Some- what shy of us at first, the birds in a few days paid little attention to our presence. It frequently amused us of a sultry afternoon as we lounged upon the buffalo robe laid on the shaded grass to observe the risings with whose labors the warmth appeared to have little to do.

We had camped there a week or ten days when before daylight one morning we heard a commotion about the home of our old neighbor. They tried to get away by their shrill notes and the whir of their wings among the branches overhead. It had no sooner grown light enough to see than we pushed back the flap of the tent door and peered out to ascertain the cause of disturbance.

It soon became apparent that a little toad, or ground owl, at the approach of day had taken lodging in the hollow occupied by the woodpeckers, to their consternation. But the return of day brought courage to the rightful owners, and they resolutely set about finding means to eject the intruder. They tried chaffing while about the only aperture to the hollow tree, but to little purpose, other than to cause the toad to peck at them when they appeared to be about to thrust themselves in.

At last, finding that neither threats nor entreaties were likely to be effected, and resolved that if they were to be deprived of their home it would be the last of that tyrannical owl, the woodpeckers brought presently from another part of the grove an oak ball of the size of the aperture, and, driving it tightly into the hole, withdrew to another hollow tree, leaving the bird of prey hemmed in as usual.

Several days, when we started to return to San Buenaventura, the owl was still in the hole, and the woodpeckers, settled in their new home, were going about their business as if there had never been a toad in the hole.

THE COLONEL WAS MEAN.

For a Big Man He Played a Small Game With His Car Tickets.

Colonel Blank was a big, pompous man, as it behooves one to be who aspires to a military title without the drawbacks of a military life. He was always calling people's attention to his marked facial resemblance to James O. Baine, "the greatest man, sir, this century and this country have produced." And people—all natured people that are—thought the colonel had a vivid imagination. There was a probability about his physical appearance that he expected to see repeated in the colonel's character. And to hear the colonel blurt forth from the end of the boarding house table over which he presided the unsophisticated boarder would never have doubted that such a reasonable expectation would be realized on closer acquaintance.

What, then, was this unsophisticated one's surprise to hear the doughty colonel, evidently in a high good humor with himself, say one day:

"Well, I earned my fare down town today."

That the colonel would stoop to take a nickel was remarkable; that he should boast of it was incredible.

"You see," proceeded the man of military aspirations, "I went down in the car. Getting in at Schiller street, the car was empty, and I went up to the front and bought six tickets for a quarter. One I dropped in the box. Then as the car filled up I was exceedingly passing to those who sat farther down, passing their fares up and depositing them. An exceedingly polite man they all thought me. And so I am, so I am. But instead of dropping their nickels in the box I dropped my tickets in until I had used up my five tickets and confiscated five nickels. I had regained my quarter and paid my fare. After that I was not so polite. I let people drop their nickels into the chute which the company provides for that purpose. Awful nuisance, that chute. But it's not my business to play conductor if the company's too mean to hire any."

And the colonel called for another cup of tea, and the unsophisticated one gasped to think of the smallness of which such greatness was capable.—Chicago Tribune.

Don't Keep Track of Dates.

"It's a peculiar matter, but nevertheless true, that not one-half of the colored people who come before me have any idea as to the time when they were born or, in fact, the date of any particular event," said Magistrate Jordan to a Philadelphia Call reporter. "I frequently have occasion to ask colored women how old they are, and almost invariably the answer comes, 'Don't know.' Frequently I ask them how long they have been married, to which I get the same reply."

Nationals.

Ethel—I suppose I shall have to wear this veil; it's the only one I have. It's so thick one can hardly see my face through it.

Ethel—Oh, wear it, by all means. Everybody says you never had an anything half so becoming.—Boston Transcript.

A Poor Spirit.

Mollie—in a fit of pique I've just had my hair cut. I don't think I shall have my hair cut unless I can see you in your undergarments.—Boston Transcript.

Over 1,000 patents have been issued in the United States for the manufacture of hats.

LINCOLN'S ELOQUENCE.

His Early Reputation as a Debater and Story Teller.

One man in Gentryville, Ind., a Mr. Jones, once a week-keeper, took a Louisville paper, and here Lincoln went regularly to read and discuss its contents. All the men and boys of the neighborhood gathered there, and everything which the paper related was subjected to their keen, shrewd common sense. It was not long before Lincoln became the favorite member of the group and the one listened to most eagerly. Politics was warmly discussed by these Gentryville citizens, and it may be said that on the counter of Jones' grocery Lincoln even discussed slavery. It was certainly one of the live questions of Indiana at that date.

Young Lincoln was not only winning in these days in the Jones' grocery store a reputation as a debater and story teller, but he was becoming known as a kind of backwoods orator. He could repeat with effect all the poems of the day in his various school readings, and he could imitate to perfection the wandering preachers who came to Gentryville, and he could make a political speech so stirring that he drew a crowd about him every time he mounted a stump. The applause he drew was not only from the vicinity, but he was still very much alive. Though nearly 92 years old, a "last leaf" in print of age, he is by no means weak in health and strength, and his mental vigor is quite unimpaired. It is hard in these latter days of the century to conceive that there is a national character still alive in the man who served as a drummer boy in the war of 1812, who had the honor of naming two states back in the thirties, who enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with all the presidents since Madison, who rode beside the Marquis de Lafayette when that hero toured through America in 1824, who sat in the lower branch of congress with Polk and Bell and Lincoln before they gained prominence, and in the upper house with Clay and Webster and Benton and Houston and Corwin, and who here a part in most of the great political events of our first half century as a republic. But Jones is just such a figure. He has done all those things, and in his book he will sketch them out in a touch and go manner that cannot fail to charm the present generation.

Jones, like most other public men of that time, was a great believer in the "code" and figured in seven different battles, although a participant in only one. The most notable of these battles was the famous battle of Marion and Graves' Kentucky, in which Jones acted as Colley's second. The meeting occurred on the outskirts of Washington, near the Marlboro road, and grew out of a debate in congress. Jones was induced to act as Colley's second by Franklin Pierce, then a young man. He was shown as the weapons, and three points were fired. On the third round Colley fell dead with a bullet in his brain. The sensation that ensued in congress and throughout the country was extreme and resulted eventually in the enactment of stringent laws placing dueling on the same level as murder.

Four days after retiring from the senate, on March 8, 1859, Jones was appointed by President Buchanan as minister to Bogota, New Granada (now Colombia). He remained there until November, 1861, when he was recalled by the Lincoln administration and shortly afterward confirmed as a suspected secessionist of great influence in Fort Lafayette, New York. Since then he has lived chiefly at Dubuque, Ia.

A signal honor was accorded him by the people who knew him best on April 12, 1864, the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, when the state of Iowa gave him a public reception and banquet at Des Moines, presided over by the governor and attended by both houses of the legislature. The executive council, the supreme judiciary and the members of the highest courts of the state. He is now residing at Grove Point, Mo., ten miles from Detroit. In a recent letter to friends in Washington he says:

"I have been informed for many years by friends and correspondents all over the country of your biography, but I have not read their extracts, thinking that the play would not be worth the candle. Last December, however, a year ago I came here [Villa St. Vrain, Grosse Pointe] on a visit and my grandniece extracted from me some reminiscences, the promise of spend the summer of 1863 with me and her husband in writing my life, they agreeing to furnish me with stenographers, typewriters, readers and all other conveniences to that end. Accordingly I set to work and now we have nearly 300 pages completed and made ready in proper style. I am in perfect health and have been since 1847."—Atlanta Constitution.

High License in Massachusetts.

I beg leave to correct the statement in The Sun that Haverhill, Mass., pays the highest liquor license in the country—viz., \$2,000. Great Barrington, in Berkshire county, pays \$3,000, and Pittsfield has paid \$2,000 for the last six years.—New York Sun.

HE IS AN OLD TIMER.

GENERAL GEORGE WALLACE JONES SOON TO ISSUE HIS MEMOIRS.

The Oldest Living Ex-Senator Was In Congress With Clay, Webster, Benton, Corwin and Polk—His Dealing Days—An Interesting Character.

Word has reached Washington that General George Wallace Jones of Iowa, the oldest retired United States senator living and the contemporary of James Monroe, John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson, is about completing his long expected autobiography and will have it ready for the press in a few weeks. The announcement will be required throughout the country with lively interest, for the epochs covered are so far back as to be fresh and new to readers of today, and Jones is known to possess a greater fund of personal reminiscences of public men and things of national note in the long ago than anybody else now surviving.

Unlike Senator Sherman's new book, dealing with statesmen both living and dead, Jones' forthcoming memoirs, which promise to be equally interesting, will treat altogether of statesmen passed away, except himself, and he is still very much alive. Though nearly 92 years old, a "last leaf" in print of age,



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he is by no means weak in health and strength, and his mental vigor is quite unimpaired. It is hard in these latter days of the century to conceive that there is a national character still alive in the man who served as a drummer boy in the war of 1812, who had the honor of naming two states back in the thirties, who enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with all the presidents since Madison, who rode beside the Marquis de Lafayette when that hero toured through America in 1824, who sat in the lower branch of congress with Polk and Bell and Lincoln before they gained prominence, and in the upper house with Clay and Webster and Benton and Houston and Corwin, and who here a part in most of the great political events of our first half century as a republic. But Jones is just such a figure. He has done all those things, and in his book he will sketch them out in a touch and go manner that cannot fail to charm the present generation.

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WOMEN'S EXALTED MISSION.

Better to Create a Good Home Than to Excel in Any Other Endeavor.

Certainly there is wisdom for two young people who have sworn to love each other, no matter whether there is poverty or wealth, no matter whether the days are bright or dark, to have a home of their own, writes Ruth Ashmore, discussing "The Mistress of the Small Home," in Ladies' Home Journal. Boarding house life is bad for women, and I do not believe that any man has ever really enjoyed a home created by a woman to make homes—to make homes for the men they love and for the children whom God will send to them. And a home must be started at the beginning of this new life. Do not wait for a big house and many servants, but make happiness exist in a little home with one maid as a help. It can be done. I know it can.

Do not shrug your shoulders and say you do not like housework. Work is only disagreeable when it is badly done, and when washing the silver and glass to dusting the brass and brass and beating a cake everything may be done in the right way and with the right spirit. You will have to be considerate, and you will have to be patient. You will certainly make mistakes, but each mistake is one step toward wisdom. Be diligent, self with patience, consideration and tenderness, you will need to make calls upon them often and often.

Then you will gain so much. You will be the happy housewife, the lady of the house who has the right to dispense hospitality and good will, the mistress not only of the house, but of the heart of your husband, because for him you have created a home. And that is a womanly work—a better monument to you, my dear, than the painting of a wonderful picture, the writing of a great book, or the composing of a fine piece of music. From such a home all virtues and all great works may come. No man ever made a home. He does not know how. The woman's brain, heart and hands are necessary, and a home is such a beautiful thing. It means rest, it means peace, and it means love. Make one for your husband and let him find these three great joys in its four walls.

THE MULLIGAN LETTERS.

Blaine's Dramatic Reading in Congress of the Famous Correspondence.

After the opening hour on Monday, June 3, Mr. Blaine rose to the question of printing the correspondence between himself and the late Mrs. Mulligan, which he had authorized in general terms, was aimed solely and only at himself. "The famous witness, Mulligan," he said, had selected out of years of correspondence letters which he thought would be peculiarly damaging to him. Blaine, after having perusing the correspondence, had decided to do with that investigation. He, Blaine, obtained them under circumstances known to everybody, and decided the house to compel him to produce them. Had Mr. Blaine stepped here his enemies would have made him bite the dust. Apparently he had decided himself to be drawn into a fatal episode. Not so.

Having vindicated his right to the letters he proceeded in his most dramatic manner. "Thank God Almighty I am not afraid to show them. There they are, including up a package of letters. There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification, that I do not pretend to conceal, with a sense of outrage which I think any man in my position would feel, I have the confidence of 44,000,000 of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk." For the moment triumph turned to dismay, dismay to triumph. The audience was electrified. The letters seemed to show Mr. Blaine in one case at least, high minded and generous in assuming the losses of "innocent persons who invested on his request."—From "The Plumed Knight and His Joust," by President E. Benjamin Andrews, in Scribner's.

Detrouths In Holland.

In certain parts of Holland when a young man thinks he loves a girl, he asks her for a match to light his cigar at the door of the beloved one's home. This is done to let the parents know that something is intended, and if the visit is repeated and the same thing occurs no doubt is left in the minds of the girl's parents, and they immediately proceed to investigate the young man's character and antecedents. When he calls a third time, they are prepared to give him an answer. If his suit is looked upon favorably, he is given a match. If refused, he produces his own match, lights his cigar and walks away. If a favorable answer is given, he steps forward and joins hands with the girl. While the engagement is by no means a settled fact even at this important stage, it is stated as a truth that if, on the occasion of the young man's third visit, his innamorata offers him a second cigar and he smokes it in the house the engagement is never canceled.—Godey's Magazine.

He Didn't Haft.

He was one of those unmythical youngsters who make the life of a public school teacher a hard one. He was in the primary grade. He came in one morning with dirty hands and face. The teacher looked at him severely.

"Johnny?"

"Yes'm."

"Have you washed your face and hands this morning?"

"No'm."

"Why not?"

"None of the folks is home, an' I don't haft to."—Syracuse Post.

The Land of Liberty.

Traveled Guest (meaningly)—In Europe the custom of tipping has been introduced to a system—two twofolds of the bill. Thus a \$1 check entitles the waiter to 2 cents.

Waiter—Yes, sah, but in this land of liberty, sah, every go'eman feels free to gub a quarter, sah.—New York Weekly.