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Among Dreyfus' grievances is the fact that he has inspired and advertised a great deal of literature on which he will never be able to collect any royalties.

American people should no longer plead ignorance of Cuba. Puerto Rico, Guam or the Philippines. Besides the numberless books that have appeared within the past few months, the newspapers fairly team with articles descriptive of the history, manners and customs of these several islands.

In a recent publication of the Massachusetts Prison association, a strong plea is made for the proposed legislation looking forward to complete state control of penal institutions; that is, of the placing of the county prisons as well as a number of reformatory institutions under the control of a state board. One of the main reasons urged for this change is that it will secure a classification of all the prisoners of the state.

The British Railway association has arranged to send five prominent railway officials to the United States to investigate the facts upon which the government bases the bill compelling the adoption of automatic coupling—a measure which would give the board of trade power, five years from its adoption, to compel British railroads to supply the whole of their rolling stock with this device, at an estimated cost of \$50,000,000.

Scotland is about to receive its first lot of American steel rails, a cargo of 500 tons having just been shipped from Sparrow's Point, Md., to Glasgow. This installment is part of an order for 35,000 tons for the Caledonian railway, and it marks the farthest advance of American steel products into England's home market. The expansion of this branch of American industry is strikingly illustrated by the fact that at the wharves of this one establishment in Maryland vessels are loading with steel rails for Scotland on the East and Australia on the West.

Professor Grindley of the University of Illinois has written Senator Cullom expressing his great interest in the establishment of a bureau of domestic science to foster the investigation of foods, particularly with reference to their preparation for use in the household. He says that university has for some years given attention to this line of investigation, and recently, in connection with the department of agriculture, has been making a series of studies of the composition nutritive value, digestibility and cost of the food supplies of the people of Illinois. "We are now studying the best methods for the preparation of meats for the table," he writes, "determining also the losses involved and the changes produced in the different methods of cooking. The information that is being obtained as a result of these investigations will be of much practical value to the people of the state. The citizens of Illinois have become much interested in our investigations and are constantly asking for more definite information upon this and allied subjects. It is highly desirable that these and similar investigations be continued and their scope extended, as they may be in case proper provision be made for the purpose."

Europe's Oldest Colony.
Iceland is the oldest colony possessed by any European country. It has belonged to Denmark since 1383. Originally colonized by Norwegians in 874, it remained a republic till 1262, when it became subject to the Norwegian crown. In 1383 Norway and Denmark were united, and when these two kingdoms separated Iceland remained Danish.

Why She Did It.
"Why is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way in everything?" "Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong."—Boston Journal.



THE SEARCH.

Upon my heart these vernal days,
The longing keen takes hold
To seek, afar from trodden ways,
The morn's new-minted gold.

I grasp my palmer's hazel staff,
And blithely hie me where
The arid bluebird's lyric laugh
Goes rippling down the air.

I find within the sky no flaw,
And all the earth to me
Is tuned to one ecstatic law,
The law of harmony.

And rising from the dewy land
Before my questing eyes,
A little flower, divinely planned,
In virgin beauty lies.

Plucking this boon of earth and air,
In hand and heart I hold
My own inalienable share
Of morn's new-minted gold.

—Clinton Scollard.

HOW THE CLIPPER GOT THE NEWS.



HOSE enterprising twins, Pauline and Polly Peters, aged seven, had just seen a wedding for the first time in their short lives, and were engaged in reproducing the event to the best of their remembrance.

Pauline, with a preternatural solemn air, held a last year's almanac in her hand and figured as the officiating clergyman, while Polly, with a piece of mosquito netting over her head and a bouquet of bachelor buttons in her hand, was the bride.

The most impressive part of the ceremony, to their minds, was the throwing of rice and old shoes after the departing couple, and the insurmountable difficulty of introducing this feature into their reproduction caused them much distress.

A bride, Polly complained, couldn't very well throw rice at herself, and as Pauline thought it needed a hack or some kind of a conveyance to make the thing complete, it was at last reluctantly decided to omit this most interesting part of the marriage.

The wedding procession, conspicuous for a triding oversight in the matter of a bridegroom, was on the point of starting down the barn, when the event was taking place, when a young man drove into the yard and, hitching his horse, rang the bell to inquire for the twins' grown up sister.

For a minute the children gazed at each other as the door opened to receive him, then a brilliant idea struck them simultaneously. Off came Polly's veil and down went Pauline's book.

"That's Charley Bingham come to take sister to ride," gasped Polly, dancing up and down in delight.

"I know it," said Pauline excitedly, "and we haven't a minute to lose. You run right up to the house and get all the rice you can, and I'll borrow some of the neighbors."

"Oh, Mrs. Herrick," she panted breathlessly, a few seconds later, as she rushed into that lady's door, "won't you please let me have some rice?"

"Why, child, what do you want of rice? You are not having a wedding at your house, are you?"

"Yes, ma'am, and please hurry, or it will be too late."

"But who is it for?"

"For sister Sue," shouted Pauline, who was in too much of a hurry to stop for elaborate explanations, and raced back to meet Polly, who had had the good luck to find a bag of the stuff which the grocer had left on the kitchen table.

"Well, haven't they kept that pretty quiet?" inquired Mrs. Herrick of her caller, Mrs. Smith, as she picked up her knitting, and both ladies drew their chairs to the windows on the side next the Peters's house to watch the course of events more closely.

"There goes Parson Hildreth!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith; and sure enough that reverend gentleman was seen coming down the steps next door, having made a call upon the twins' father.

"I thought that would be a match sometime; but what are those children doing now?"

Pauline and Polly, in their stocking feet, were tying white hair ribbons to the horses' foretops, and two pairs of small shoes were seen dangling under the carriage. There had been no time to hunt up cast-off symbols of good luck, so the twins had hastily divested themselves of their own footgear, and only mumbled that there weren't centipedes when they viewed the smallest of the collection.

The little girls had barely finished tying the last knot and skipped into the barn after their bags of rice when Mr. Bingham came out to get his team. He was a desperately shy young man and not especially observant. Being slightly agitated, too, it is doubtful whether he would have noticed had his horse turned into a prancing zebra during his absence, and it is not strange that the ribbons and other decorations failed to attract his attention.

"The poor little girl," she groaned, "how could anybody have been so stupid. Most becomingly gownned in

riage, and Mr. Bingham had just gathered up the reins preparatory to a start when a cloud-burst of rice enveloped them, the carriage, the horse, and a good share of the people on the street.

The horse, a nervous animal, started with a jump, and further irritated by the fluttering ribbons before his eyes, swept down the street at a runaway pace. The shoes swung back and forth under the carriage for some distance, but finally dropped off in front of the office of The Snowville Clipper, a country weekly whose force lived up to the motto, "All the news while it is news, while it is fresh."

Editor Dodge, who had a lively realization of the fact that eternal vigilance is the price of items, cast his eagle eye out of the window in time to note the occupants of the flying carriage, the rice and the shoes in front of his office door.

"Hold on, John," he called to the foreman, who had just finished making up the paper, "unlock the last form and take out half a column of matter; I will be back in a few minutes with something to fill in."

So saying he rushed out, and striding up-street met by chance the very lady who had been visiting Mrs. Herrick that afternoon.

"Heard about the wedding?" she asked him, as he drew near.

"No; but just going to find out about it," he answered. "Young Bingham and Susie Peters, wasn't it?"

"Yes; I was next door during the ceremony, and it was the quietest thing in the way of a wedding I ever heard of. Mrs. Peters likes so much style that I reckoned she would want to make considerable of a spread when Susie was married."

"Who married them?"

"Parson Hildreth, and he was the only person there outside the family. I don't believe their nearest neighbors would have known anything about it if it hadn't been for the twins. They were on hand with their rice and old shoes and gave the couple a good send off."

"What was her dress?" queried Dodge, jotting down the points as fast as his glib informant brought them out.

"Well, she did have on the queerest rig for a bride—a white duck skirt, pink shirt waist and a plain white sailor hat. She looked real sweet, though, and as they were evidently going away on a carriage trip it was well enough, but not what you would expect from Mrs. Peters's daughter. No one would suspect from her dress, though, that she was a bride, and that is probably what she intended."

"Thank you ever so much, Mrs. Smith," said Dodge; "meeting you has saved me lots of trouble."

Back he hurried to the office with gratification so plainly depicted upon his countenance that the idlers in the square, as the business part of the town was called, wondered what "Hustler" Dodge had got onto now to make him look so happy, and several old farmers, who had driven down to the village to do some trading, decided to wait until after the paper was out before going home; "the women folks would like to read the news," they thought.

"Now, girls, wake up," said the editor as he blew into the office, "and set this copy as fast as you can; we have only ten minutes to spare, and it won't do to miss the mails; people are too anxious to get The Clipper," he added complacently. "Here is the first take," he called, after a moment or two of violently scribbling, and type began to rattle into the sticks with businesslike rapidity.

In due time the article was set up, the proof taken, read and corrected, and 4 o'clock in the afternoon The Clipper—with a great news "scoop"—was awaiting its eager readers in the boxes of the postoffice.

Mr. Peters was among the first to get the paper, but without stopping to look at its contents he wended his way home and tossed the sheet into his wife's lap.

"Here mother, is the Illuminator," his favorite name for The Clipper; "where are the twins?"

"I put them to bed," said Mrs. Peters, unfolding the paper, "what they might realize how naughty they were this afternoon, but oh! what is this—'Bingham Peters,' and with wide distended eyes—horror, indignation and amazement in her whole attitude, she began to read the news while it was news and decidedly fresh:

"BINGHAM-PETERS.
"A very pretty home wedding took place this afternoon at the residence of our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. John F. Peters, whose eldest daughter, Miss Susan Amelia, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Gerald Bingham, a rising young lawyer of Snowville."

"The wedding was a very quiet affair indeed, only the immediate members of the bride's family being present at the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Hildreth, pastor of the First Church."

"The bride, one of Snowville's fairest daughters, was plainly but most becomingly gownned in a white duck skirt and pink shirt waist, and was attended by her twin sisters, Pauline and Polly, who showered the happy couple with rice as they started away on a carriage trip."

"Mr. and Mrs. Bingham are very popular young people, and The Clipper joins their host of friends in extending congratulations and good wishes."

"Those wretched children," breathed Mrs. Peters, starting to her feet. Pauline and Polly covered their guilty heads with the bed clothes. But the sight of The Clipper turned the direction of her wrath, and she glanced at the item again.

"The poor little girl," she groaned, "how could anybody have been so stupid. Most becomingly gownned in

a white duck skirt and pink shirt waist," with sarcastic emphasis. "My daughter married in a shirt waist."

"Don't faint, mother, don't. His esteemed fellow-citizen is going right down to interview Editor Dodge, and while I'm gone you can write up his obituary, I'll guarantee that it will be founded on fact, at least. Where's my hat?"

But Mrs. Peters was dissolved in tears, and before her husband succeeded in finding his head covering, alone and unaided, Susie and young Bingham returned from their ride in a state of satisfaction that even The Clipper was powerless to disturb. After they had read The Clipper's account of their wedding, Mr. Bingham plucked up courage to propose that they regard it as a prophecy and proceed immediately to fulfill it.

The ceremony was finally performed according to the directions laid down in The Clipper, except as to the bride's dress, a change in that particular being strenuously insisted upon by the bride's mother, and "the popular young people" were able to receive the congratulations of "their hosts of friends" with a placid smile.

But Editor Dodge never really understood why Mr. Bingham subscribed for The Clipper and paid down ten years in advance, with the remark that he liked to encourage genius, or why Mr. Peters at the same time stopped his subscription and tried for a whole year to exist by borrowing his neighbor's papers.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Effect of Crime on Trade.
"The bromo-seltzer trade is busted temporarily," remarked a down-town druggist.

"I suppose as many people get up with headache in the morning as ever, but they don't drown their sorrows in bromo-seltzer, since the Cornish poisoning case came out. 'Guess I'll get a bottle of seltzer,' remarked a man in here yesterday."

"Bromo-seltzer?" queried a friend, as if the very idea gave him a cramp.

"Er—well, no, I guess I won't," remarked the first man, as he recollected something. And he didn't buy it. Curious how people are influenced by imagination. I'll bet there isn't an anonymous box of candy sent once a day in Chicago now. The Botkin case knocked that. People who send candy sign their names to it. Why, one day at luncheon I stepped in and ordered a box of candy sent home. When I got there that evening my wife was in a state of excitement bordering on hysterics. 'Who do you think could have done this, Henry?' she whispered. 'I've saved the wrapper and the string, and I wouldn't touch a piece of that candy for a million dollars.'

"Then the sausage trade was knocked into a cocked hat for nearly a year by the Luetgert trial. I know every time my wife suggested sausage for breakfast that winter, I kind of wished she wouldn't mention it."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Pine Cone Gatherer.
Every one knows what a bright, beautiful fire is made by burning pine cones, and country people who can get them use them a good deal. They are almost an impossible luxury for city folk, so thought a Southern woman who greatly enjoyed her fires of pine cones, and then the idea occurred to her to collect a quantity of them and ship them to a woman's exchange for sale. She sent in several barrels, and only asked the modest sum of \$2 a barrel for them. A few thrown into an open fire will make a merry blaze, and the cones were quickly sold to people who immediately appreciated their value. The Southern woman found her orders increasing almost too rapidly, and has now a regular business in supplying pine cones, and one that involves no expense in carrying it on. Gathering balsam for pill-makers is another industry that would demand no outlay for a "plant," and it would be a pleasant and interesting occupation for healthy girls who like to tramp the mountains and forests.—New York Tribune.

Polish Jehus.
To drive slowly over cobblestones is not a joy, but to drive four Russian horses at a gallop over cobblestones was something to make you bite your tongue and to break your teeth and to shake your very soul from its socket. I must solemnly assure you it was anything but a simple drive to one fresh from the asphalt of Paris, for, like Jehu, they drove furiously. Their horses are all wild, runaway beasts, and they drive them at an uneven gallop resembling the gait of our fire engine horses at home, except that ours go more slowly. Sometimes the horses fall down as they drive across country, or stop only for stone walls or moats. The carriages must be built of iron, for the front wheels drop a few feet into a burrow every now and then, and at such times an unwary American is liable to be pitched over the coachman's head. "Hold on with both hands, shut your eyes and keep your tongue from between your teeth" would be my instructions to one about to "take a drive" in Poland.—Woman's Home Companion.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

24
93.—A Charade.
My first is a crowd, either silent or loud;
My second's a measure of land.
My whole, says my verse, than a battle is worse,
Which the dullest can understand.

94.—A Diamond.
1. A consonant in Club. 2. Part of the face. 3. A kind of cloth. 4. An inclosure. 5. A consonant in Think.

95.—Four Pied Cities of South America.
1. Uoncrepab. 2. Raap. 3. Abiiba. 4. Aaavrispo.

96.—An Hour Glass.
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1. An army musician. 2. An animal. 3. Comes in winter. 4. A consonant in Club. 5. A little insect. 6. An appellation. 7. The vogue.
Centrals Down.—A famous tragedy.

ANSWERS TO PREVIOUS PUZZLES.
89.—Two Drop-Vowel Proverbs.—1. It is better to suffer severely than to sin slightly. 2. The inward look should be revealed by the outward life.

90.—Four Pied Rivers of the United States—Escambia, Charlotte, Chipewa, Francis.

91.—A Square—
M A I L
A C R E
I R O N
L E N D

92.—A Word Puzzle—Remain—
marine-miner-mien men-me.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

Peculiar Practice at Formal Dinners—Guests Carry Away Scraps.
At the close of formal dinners in Japan the guests are presented with any portion of the meal they may fail to eat. However great or small the amount they may fail to eat, it is cheerfully wrapped up for them, and they are expected to take it home with them. The unique custom was followed at official dinners until a short time ago, when it was discontinued, but the withdrawal of Government example has not materially affected the practice. The plan has been followed for many years, and it is difficult to place its origin, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

Peculiar as the custom is, it is not without its attractive features. The husband who stays out late at night can pave the way to wifely pardon with the neat and tempting parcel under his arm. The impetuous or temporarily embarrassed can hold out enough to tide them over several hungry days. The indulgent father or mother can pass the sweets and carry them home to their children. Half a dozen satisfactory combinations can be worked on the plan. There may be all kinds of elaborate courses at a dinner that one does not care for, but the mental struggle of saying no is not half so hard when you know you will get a chance to carry the food off, and either give it to your children, feed it to your dogs and cats or distribute it among your friends. The Japanese practice is all that could be expected. Each kind of food is kept in a separate parcel, and at the close of the dinner the share of each guest is made up in a neat and artistic bundle.

WISE WORDS.
From a worldly point of view politeness is the best stock-in-trade that one can possess. It has opened more doors of advancement than any faculty, genius, or art, because for strangers there is no other way to judge another's character than by externals.

Some of the best lessons we ever learn we learn from our mistakes and failures. The error of the past is the wisdom and success of the future.

There are few things impossible in themselves, and the application necessary to make them succeed is more often wanting than the means.

The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur; and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies.

When we advance a little into life we find that the tongue of man creates nearly all the mischief in the world.

Let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action.

To choose time is to save time, and an unseasonable motion is but beating the air.

What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

The more perfect the trust the more perfect the peace.

Ruskin as a Patriarch.
In an account given by a distinguished man of letters of a recent visit to Mr. Ruskin, this gentleman describes Mr. Ruskin's appearance as singularly enabled by the long, snow-white beard, which descends nearly to the waist, and give a patriarchal dignity to the finely molded face. The end of life finds Mr. Ruskin in a mood of perfect serenity; the storm and stress have departed, and all that is left is pure sweetness and gentleness. His favorite occupation is sitting at his window looking on the calm waters of the lake below. He receives great numbers of letters, but the present day affairs of this troubled world make little impression upon him.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Queen Victoria's Pancakes.

The royal pancakes for Queen Victoria's table are made as follows: "To each egg allow one ounce of flour, half a gill of milk and one-eighth of a saltspoonful of salt. Whisk them well in a basin, beating the whole into a perfectly smooth batter, which, when ready for frying, should be like thick cream. Cover the pan thinly with butter. Grate a little lemon rind over the cakes and send sifted sugar and cut lemon to the table with them." The younger members of the family have currants and sultanas in their pancakes.

The Return of the Cradle.
When physical culture came into vogue and was applied to the up-bringing of babies the first act of the reformers was to discard the old-fashioned cradle. It was said not to be healthy for the baby to be subjected to the see-sawing motion of the cradle. Now, a Chicago woman physician has come out with the idea that the baby needs a cradle to get a little exercise and a healthy circulation of the blood. She discarded the cradle for her own children, but for her grandchildren she has arranged something in the way of a baby exercise.—New York Herald.

Care For Mattresses.
The feather bed is, of course, a thing of the past. It is probably not lamented in many quarters, as it is certainly unhealthy, difficult to care for and not pleasant to sleep on. Mattresses, blankets, pillows and other articles of bedding, however, require much care to keep odorless and clean.

The main enemies to mattresses are dust, damp and moth, and frequent brushing must be given them, for in an incredibly short time they will harbor dust all along the edges and where the button is fixed. A loose cotton cover over the mattress, made to button neatly at one end, always goes a long way toward keeping it clean. This can be washed and changed as often as need be without much trouble or expense. It is very important to air all the bedding thoroughly. Every article should be daily taken off and laid separately over a chair, and a strong current of air should be allowed to circulate through the room before the clothes are replaced. The mattress should be turned daily from end to end, as this insures it being worn more evenly, and not sinking in the middle.

Blankets are a difficulty to many people mostly because they cannot make up their minds as to how often they should be washed, or how they should be treated. In many houses they are washed only once a year, but somehow this does seem rather too rare a proceeding. On the other hand, it is really not necessary to have them washed more than twice a week; but they must have proper care in the interval in the shape of airing, shaking, etc. A washing machine is very good for the purpose, especially as they should never be rubbed by the hand. The water should be only lukewarm, and a little soap well lathered in the water is all that will be required. Wring the blankets very dry through a wringer, shake them out, and wash again in the same way, wringing each time, until they are quite clean. Do not rinse them, but pull them into shape, and hang them out in the sun, which is a great help to preserving a good color.—New York Ledger.

Recipes.
Fried Bananas—Peel the bananas, cut them in halves and steep for an hour in a syrup of sugar and water, then drain, roll in flour and fry in hot fat. Reduce the syrup to a thick sauce and serve with the bananas.

Fried Parsnips—After boiling let them get cold and cut in slices about a third of an inch thick. Season with salt and pepper. Dip in melted butter, then in flour. Have two or three tablespoonfuls of butter, lard or beef drippings in a frying pan and as soon as hot fry the slices brown on both sides, and serve.

Lunch Rolls—Sift together one pint of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder and half a teaspoonful of salt; work in one teaspoonful of lard or butter and add one-half pint of milk; mix to a smooth dough, roll out to half an inch thickness, and cut into circular shapes. Bake in a moderate oven.

Creamed Cabbage—Remove the outside leaves from a small, firm head of cabbage and cut the remainder as fine as for slaw, then stew in a covered stewpan until tender. Drain off the water, add a half cupful of rich cream, a dessertspoonful butter, pepper and salt to taste. Simmer three minutes and serve.

Sardine Salad—Take two boxes of best sardines and arrange on a platter. For dressing take the yolk of four hard-boiled eggs, put in a bowl and rub to a paste; add a tablespoonful of prepared mustard, three of vinegar, a teaspoonful of sugar and a little cayenne. Mix well together and pour over the sardines. Garnish with sliced lemon.

Queen of Dampings—Two cups of flour, half teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cup sweet milk. Beat the batter vigorously for five minutes. Put one scant teaspoonful of dough in a custard cup, add twice the bulk of fruit—good, quick-cooking apples are best—more dough and more fruit, alternating till the cup is three-quarters full. Put the cups in a steamer, cover tightly and steam fifty minutes. Serve with any sauce preferred.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Her Glorious Opportunity—A Juvenile Jest—A Self-Evident Case—If One Could Choose—A Serious Case—Only For Home Use—Calls For Prosecution, Etc.

"Where are you going, O gentle maid?"
"I'm going to the hospital, sir," she said.

"And why to the hospital, gentle maid?"
"To be a nurse, kind sir," she said.

"Why be a nurse?" Her cheeks went red; she gently sighed and hung her head.
"My nursing there may be repaid
By a chance to get married, sir," she said.
—Chicago News.

If One Could Choose.
"I think a man should be allowed to choose his own calling."
"Certainly. If I could choose mine, it would be 9 or 10 o'clock instead of 7."

Only For Home Use.
"Jobbins tells me he has just bought a houseboat."
"Why, I didn't know he had money enough for that!"
"Oh, yes! This one is for his cellar."

A Juvenile Jest.
Sunday-school Teacher—"Now, little boys, what do you know about Goliath?"
Freddy Fangle—"Please, ma'am, he was rocked to sleep."—Harlem Life.

A Self-Evident Case.
"Why do you think she must have picked up her musical education herself?"
"When she sings I can understand nearly every word she says."—Chicago News.

A Serious Case.
Young Mother—"Wake up! Quick! Quick! You must run for the doctor."
Young Father—"Eh? What's the matter?"
Young Mother—"Baby has stopped smiling in her sleep."—New York Weekly.

Calls For Prosecution.
"If society is really a great matrimonial market," he said reflectively, "some prosecuting attorney ought to get after it."
"For what?"
"Why, just think of the swindles perpetrated."—Chicago Post.

An Extract From a Novel.
Our traveler felt that his companion was beneath him, and secretly desired a separation.—Life.

Got Her Money's Worth.
"Well," said the landlady, "I have just finished paying the plumber for thawing the water pipes. It seems like an imposition."
"But you must admit," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that he gave you a run for your money."—Minneapolis Journal.

An Exhibition of Boy Manners.
Mabel—"I'll never invite Fan Billwink to a box party at the theatre again as long as I live! Never!"
Maud—"Doesn't she know how to behave?"
Mabel—"No. She keeps saying: 'Hush! I want to hear the play.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A Subject For Sober Reflection.
"My dear," said Mrs. Henpeck, "I'm positive that our George is thinking seriously of matrimony."
"Well, I only hope so," returned Henpeck, with unusual spirit. "I wouldn't want any boy of mine to be so unfortunate as to regard it as a joke."—Philadelphia Record.

In Unsuspected Luck.
"I have just learned," she said, with a perceptible tinge of asperity, "that I am the ninth girl to whom you have been engaged."
"Well," he suavely replied, "that ought to make you glad."
"Glad?" she exclaimed. "I'd like to know why?"
"Don't you know," he answered, "that there's luck in odd numbers?"—Chicago Daily News.

Concerning the World.
The man was saying all sorts of unkind things about several people who hadn't treated him fairly in a certain business venture.
"Don't talk so, dear," remonstrated his good wife. "Be more charitable. You know it's love that makes the world go round."
"Is it?" he snapped. "Well, I wish it would make it go square for awhile."—Detroit Free Press.

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