

# Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.  
PUBLISHED EVERY

MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

BY THE

TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE.  
FREELAND, PA.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year ..... \$1.50  
Six Months ..... .75  
Three Months ..... .50  
Two Months ..... .35  
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The governor-general of Guam, the newly acquired possession of Uncle Sam out on the Pacific, is very nicely located. He has the island for a building spot and the ocean for an outlook.

More than 15,000,000 visits are paid annually to London pawnbrokers, or, to be more exact, 41,000 a day on an average. The number of pledges deposited throughout the country is said to amount to 190,000,000 every year.

There is an interesting item in the report of the librarian of Bishopsgate institute, London. According to the reading done in the free library of that building for one day there were 543 persons who chose works of fiction, 51 who selected books of travel and history, 36 biography, 25 natural sciences, and so on down the list to philosophy and religion, for which there were 15 readers. There is something very significant in a comparison between the extremes. Scarcely a century ago the order would very likely have been reversed.

Italy has determined to negotiate peacefully with Colombia for the settlement of the Cerutti claim, instead of trying to enforce its payment under the threatening or thundering guns of one of her warships, thus accepting the friendly suggestion of the United States, which wishes equally well to both countries. Approached in this amicable spirit, there is no doubt that an equitable and satisfactory settlement of the claim will be reached without any expenditure of threats or gunpowder. That is much the best way every time.

Secret service men always have an inclination to emphasize the importance of their work, and when they deal with counterfeiters their published reports have a sensational flavor that sometimes tends to make them excellent literature for "green goods" swindlers. Notwithstanding this tendency, the capture of a gang of counterfeiters in Pennsylvania, together with their materials of manufacture, must be regarded as a creditable achievement. The detected conspiracy is remarkable for its elaborate organization, extensive plant and the youth of its members.

Some writers of natural history books for youth say that the serpent always devours its own kind, when so inclined, tail foremost. This peculiarity has been so often repeated that it is generally believed. At dinner time the other day in the reptile house of the London Zoological Garden a live rabbit was fed to a boa. The reptile crushed his prey and then began to devour it in the usual fashion, but before it had entirely disappeared down his maw a huge python shot forth and seized the half engorged rabbit, and, after swallowing it, began on the boa. The head of the boa and a good portion of his body had disappeared before the keeper came to the rescue and attempted to withdraw the smaller reptile from his unusual retreat. As this mode of procedure failed to make the python disgorge, the latter was seized and beaten with a whip. This was more to the point, and the boa finally wriggled free and betook himself to a corner of the cage, minus, however, his dinner. This little incident goes to show that reptiles, under extraordinary circumstances at least, will swallow their kind head foremost.

## A Turning Headlight.

Among recent inventions is a locomotive headlight which, when the train is rounding a curve, turns in such a manner as to keep its projected shaft of light continually upon the rails, instead of pointing off to one side, as occurs with a stationary headlight. The motion of the headlight is controlled by means of an air cylinder, connected with the air brake system of the train and regulated by a valve in the cab. When the locomotive strikes a straight section of track the headlight automatically returns to its proper position.

At the present rate of increase the population of Edinburgh (now 295,628) will reach the 300,000 mark in less than two years.

## BE SERIOUS.

We don't know what might happen, so we better have a care. And start to cultivate a hump for burdens we must bear.  
Oh! let us all be serious and leave off franks and tricks,  
And act with all that stateliness attributed to sticks;  
And let it be our duty, when the sounds of laughter rise,  
To move upon such thoughtlessness an avalanche of ice.

We don't know what might happen, so we better have a care. And start to cultivate a hump for burdens we must bear.  
Oh! let us all be serious, and keep our faces straight,  
And not be fooled by little joys into the toils of fate;  
Let not a song of brighter days a flower of beauty burst,  
And if we hug a hope at all, oh! hope 'tis for the worst.

We don't know what might happen, so we better have a care. For what we have to make us glad is but a trap and snare.  
Oh! let us all be serious, and view with doubt and gloom  
The glorious sun in deep-blue skies, the beautiful earth below;  
Perhaps the glad songs that we hear but voice the bright birds' woes,  
And sweet perfumes are flower tears—oh, there is no one know!

We don't know what might happen, so we better have a care. And start to cultivate a hump for burdens we must bear.  
Oh! let us all be serious, and never crack a grin,  
Lest microbes of the glad sunshine our beings enter in;  
No, let us humbly stand and wait till all life's joys grow numb,  
Our faces straight, our backs a-hump ready for the toils to come.  
—John P. Sjolander, in Galveston News.

## OUR JUSTIFIABLE CRIME AND HOW IT ENDED

I. LD man, I want your advice."  
Debenham broke a piece of silence that had lasted some ten minutes or so, and during which he had sat frowning at the fire. I had been studying his face and, being prepared for his words, I answered that he was welcome to the best counsel I could give, whereupon he thanked me very earnestly and threw himself back in his easy-chair.

"It's a rather curious affair," he began diffidently. "It happened last night. I wanted to go out to Bayswater to see my old nurse, who lives there. I took the trolley car. As I dare say, you remember it was a nasty night, wet and foggy, and the car was soon full; in fact by the time we reached Westbourne Grove we picked up our last passenger. She was a young lady."

"And of course you contrived that she should sit by you," I said.

"You would have done the same yourself," Debenham retorted. "Any man would, for she had the sweetest face. It's haunted me all night—it has, really. I dare say she was about eighteen, or perhaps twenty—not more. [She had brown eyes, very brown eyes—you know, the kind that seem to speak, almost—and they were shaded by long lashes. She had brown hair, too; the kind of hair that twists into a lot of curls—natural curls, you know. I wonder why all girls don't wear their hair that way. Then her mouth—her mouth—"]

"Never mind her mouth," I interposed hastily, seeing that he was about to indulge in an extravagant flood of rhapsody. "It was an ideal mouth, I haven't a doubt, and I'm sure that her chin was all that a chin ought to be, but these special features, I take it, have nothing to do with your story."

"Well—not exactly, but you'd understand a fellow raving about her if you'd seen her. Of course I can't make you understand what she was like. She was the sort of girl you feel you can never describe."

"Just so; a regular unique specimen. I know the kind."

"Indeed you don't, for there isn't another girl in the world like her."

"Well, well, then, there isn't," I returned impatiently. The fact was Debenham had come to my rooms so often with the same story that it was becoming a trifle monotonous.

"She sat down next to me," he went on. "There wasn't much room, and she thanked me when I moved. She had the sweetest voice."

"Well, there's nothing curious about that. I believe you said—"

"I'm coming to it if you'll only give me time," he returned, in an aggrieved tone. "You've no patience. It was when the conductor came round for fares. Then she felt for her purse; she found it was missing. At first she thought she must have dropped it, and I searched the floor and under the seat. However, it wasn't there. Poor girl! I never saw anyone so distressed in my life. It seemed she had £25 in it, and it was evidently quite a fortune to her. Well, I paid her fare for her and we got out together."

"I don't think you need tell me any more," I said dryly.

Debenham stared.

"Why not?"

"Because I know the rest."

"How the—"

"Yes, I do. You lent her the £25, of course. My dear fellow, you've been 'done.'"

"I didn't do anything of the kind!" Debenham retorted hotly. "She wouldn't let me. That's what I came to ask your advice about. I thought that as you were a lawyer you might be able to suggest something, but I wish I'd never mentioned it to you."

Of course I hastened to soothe his ruffled plumes, and in a little while he went on with his tale. It appeared that he had seen her home, and that he had learned her name. It was Charnley—Kate Charnley. She was a dressmaker and lived with her sister.

"And you want to help them, eh?" I said after a time.

"Yes, but it'll be a difficult matter. They're a clergyman's daughters, and very proud. I don't see what I can do. It's awfully riling, you know, Kenning, to have a pile of money and not be able to do a little good with it once in a way. It's a shame that this girl should have to slave at a sewing machine all day while a great strong beggar like me lounges around killing time."

"I suppose you want to refund this £25."

"Yes, I can't do more; but I don't even see how I can do that."

"Well, you might order a gown of some sort from them."

"Don't be an ass; men don't buy gowns."  
"You could say it was for your sister."

"But I haven't got a sister, and if I had she'd never let me choose her gowns for her; besides, she'd have to be fitted on and all that you know."

I was obliged to admit the force of these arguments, and a fresh period of silence intervened. Debenham had risen, and was pacing the floor in a state of perplexity.

"How would it be if I inclosed the money in an envelope and sent it anonymously?" he said at length.

"You might do that, certainly," I replied after a little consideration.

"But she'd be sure to know who sent it."

"Well, that doesn't matter, as you are not likely to see her again."

Debenham stopped and turned his eyes full upon me.

"What's that? Not see her again? But I must see her again. I—I feel that my fate is—linked with that girl, Kenning."

"Oh, very well; then that squashes the idea entirely, unless— Look here, why not assume the character of the thief yourself, and send her a letter saying you have repented and return the money?"

"But I don't want her to think that I'm a bad lot."

"Well, she needn't know that you sent it. You can pretend to be an ordinary pickpocket."

"So I can. I never thought of that. By Jove, it's a grand idea! Where's the pen and ink? What shall I say? Give us a lift, old chap. You're a dab hand at this sort of thing."

I took up my pen, and after a little thought, dashed off the following letter:

"Dear miss—This is from me, the bloke that tuk yer purse I sents the munny bak because yer father was once very kind ter me when I was down on my luck, and I ners yer need it a sight more than I does, yer humble servant, Bill Nokes."

"How will that do?" I said, as I tossed it across the table.

"Splendid—splendid!" he cried, as he ran his eyes over it. "It's worthy of Bill Sikes himself. I'll send it off this very minute." And he thrust it in an envelope in company with the money.

"You'll let me know how it answers?" I said, as he took up his hat.

"Oh, yes." And then with a hasty good-night, he went flying down the stairs to catch the post.

## III.

The following morning it happened that a matter of business took me in the vicinity of Debenham's chambers, and, having half an hour to spare, I determined to call and see if he had heard anything in connection with his plot.

As I was about to enter his sitting-room, however, I heard the sound of voices, and a hasty glance showed me that he was engaged. A young lady was standing by the table, facing Debenham, who looked as guilty as any schoolboy caught in an orchard.

"I got it back this morning," the girl was saying. "A man who is employed on the railway picked it up as he was on his way to his work."

"I—I am very glad," Debenham murmured nervously. "He must have been an honest fellow."

"Yes," she said. "But the strange part of it is that by this morning's post there came a letter from a—a thief, inclosing \$25. You can read it if you like."

And she handed him the precious missive I had concocted.

He read it in feigned astonishment.

"I never heard of such a curious thing," he murmured. "It's positively—Isn't it, you know?"

Of course, this childlike attempt at deception didn't deceive the girl.

"Mr. Debenham," she said, "you wrote this letter; you sent this note."

"I? Really, Miss—"

"Oh, yes you did. It's no use denying it. No one else knew of your loss."

There was a pause. Debenham stood looking very red and foolish.

"Come, you'd better confess," she said at length.

He ruffled his hair in a reckless fashion.

"It seems impossible for a fellow to do a good action in this world!" he cried. "He's sure to be found out!"

"Then you did send it?"

"Ye-es. You see, you wouldn't let me help you, and so—so it struck me that it would be a capital idea to pretend that I was the thief!" (The humbug! his idea, indeed!) "I never thought for a moment that you'd see your purse again, and if you hadn't done so, my little dodge would never have come to light."

"No, I don't think it would," she answered, "for that was a most realistic letter you wrote."

Debenham groaned.

**HE HAD FOUND HER.**

**How Mr. Pringley Knew Miss Willowby Was His Ideal.**

"Do you believe in territorial expansion, Miss Willowby?"

"Well, to tell the truth," the beautiful girl replied, "I haven't given enough study to that question to know anything about it."

Mr. Pringley twisted his mustache for a moment and then asked:

"Are you in favor of an Anglo-Saxon alliance?"

"Oh, dear, I can't say. I haven't paid any attention to that subject. I confess that I am as ignorant as a child where public matters are concerned."

"Then you haven't become interested in any of the reform movements?"

"No, I don't consider myself capable of taking up and discussing those things."

"Do you take much interest in science and are you in the habit of discussing the beauties of classical music, using technical terms, or are you an amateur literary critic, or do you ever talk to people about the great moral problems that are claiming the attention of so many of our learned women nowadays?"

"No, I'm ashamed to have to confess it, but I have found it impossible to get any of those things through my head sufficiently to dare to talk about them."

"You don't know anything about politics or socialism in its new sense, or the influence of the Compendium as Applied to the Concomitants of Paleolithic Abnegation, do you?"

"I—I am afraid I don't," she timidly replied.

"Say," he suddenly exclaimed, "will you be my wife?"—Chicago Record.

**Rare New Ribbons.**

Everything that can be possibly trimmed with yards upon yards of narrow gathered ribbon is trimmed with it. It comes all prepared in narrow lute string width, with a cording down the center. A pull on one of the ribbons turns the cord into a drawingstring, though the ribbon can be quite as prettily put to very orthodox uses.

The commanding beauty of color and unusual charm of decoration of the ribbons have inspired some thoughtful soul to set the fashion of having shirt waists made of lengths of ribbon laid together. The ribbon edges are united by a beading on a very narrow lace inserting or a piping of some satin in a solid color.

Such shirt waists are made with the ribbon running lengthwise or crosswise of the figure, and are the result of the strenuous effort to find something new in fancy bodices that threaten to be done to death. Another species of ribbon very much used for this purpose is the rich white or mauve satin article striped with black velvet. A richer fabric than this it is impossible to find, and the ribbon par excellence for the hordes of muslin frocks soon to be materializing about us is a very much grained tulle that is soft withal and edged with a narrow chined floral band that finishes in fringe. The fringe is merely the raveled edge of the ribbon and is stamped with the floral pattern, too.

The new way of using a ribbon round the neck is to buy one three or four inches wide, pass it twice round the throat, tie a bow under the chin, carry the ends down to the waist, knot a smaller bow there and then let two dished tabs fall three inches below this second bow, which is made fast to the dress or shirt waist by means of an ornamental pin.

Pretty fronts are made of colored tulle powdered with large silk dots and worn as above described, while cut white crystal buttons, some of them as big as the tops of decenter stoppers, and some of them with little pictures in their depths, have made every other species of button look eminently passe.—Boston Post.

**To Improve the Eyebrows and Lashes.**

A solution of rosewater will prove an excellent lotion for the eyelashes. They should be bathed with it every morning. A little powdered borax in water is also good, or even a still smaller quantity of carbonate of soda. If a child has perfectly strong, healthy eyes the lashes may be improved by occasionally slightly trimming them,

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### A WOMAN'S THRILLING ADVENTURE.

#### Vanquished a Ghazi, Armed and Mounted With a Horsehip.

There is a plucky little Englishwoman out in Sibi, in Northwestern India, who recently fought and vanquished a Ghazi who had placed her husband temporarily hors du combat.

The Ghazi was armed with a sword and mounted on a horse, while she was afoot, and her only weapon was a stout horsehip.

The tribesmen out there are treacherous fellows, and they have not yet forgiven the English for encroaching upon their territory.

Every once in a while they ambush an officer or attack and maltreat a helpless woman; but almost as often they are caught, and you can trust the Englishmen for it that in these cases the punishment is made to fit the crime. This particular Ghazi has gone out of the business for good.

The woman who knows how to defend herself is Mrs. Spence, wife of an English army officer. Captain Spence and his wife were out driving when, in a lonely part of the country, they saw this Ghazi come galloping toward them.

As the man approached he drew his sword and made a vicious cut at Captain Spence, who was unarmed. The Captain stood up in his trap and lashed at the Ghazi with his driving whip. This caused the Indian to swerve so much that the sword fell just short of the Captain's head.

But in striking at the Ghazi Captain Spence lost his balance and fell under his trap, where he was caught by one of the wheels and pinned down for a time.

As he fell Mrs. Spence stretched the whip from his hand and pluckily jumped from the trap to defend him. By this time the Ghazi had wheeled on the road and was making another rush. Mrs. Spence instantly stood between her husband and the man, and there received the Ghazi's attack, whip in hand, cutting at him and his horse and calling out for help.

By making vigorous use of her whip she kept the Ghazi off and drove him away.

A second charge was similarly repulsed, except that on this occasion the Ghazi's cuts came more perilously near, and Mrs. Spence was knocked down. By this time Captain Spence had extricated himself from beneath the wheel of the trap (where he sustained several severe bruises and a cracked rib) and ran to his wife's assistance, and when the Ghazi made his third rush he was driven off by Captain Spence, and made off at a gallop.

Mrs. Spence then helped her exhausted husband into the trap and, taking the lines herself, drove back to their quarters. She was able to give a good description of their assailant, and in a short time there was a party out in pursuit of him. He was overtaken and, after a vain attempt to escape, made a stand, and was cut to pieces.

Mrs. Spence now carries a revolver when she goes out driving, and, as she is a good shot, it is likely that the next Ghazi who attempts to kill her will meet with a great surprise.—New York Press.

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**To Improve the Eyebrows and Lashes.**

A solution of rosewater will prove an excellent lotion for the eyelashes. They should be bathed with it every morning. A little powdered borax in water is also good, or even a still smaller quantity of carbonate of soda. If a child has perfectly strong, healthy eyes the lashes may be improved by occasionally slightly trimming them,

but this practice should be discontinued as one reaches maturer years. Brushing the eyebrows and eyelashes every morning with a solution of green tea improves them. There is no better lotion for the eyes than salt water.

An excellent wash for red, tired eyelids is composed of a small quantity of sulphate of zinc dissolved in a quart of water. The eyes should be bathed in a little of this twice daily and gently dried with a soft rag. I have known this wash to cure obstinate cases of weak eyes.

Smooth, glossy eyebrows, and long, dark lashes aid wonderfully to the beauty of a face, and women should care for these necessary adjuncts to their good looks. If the brows are thin and ill-formed rub pure vasoline or vaseline on them at night, bathing them carefully in cold water in the morning and then putting on a little petroleum. Never brush nor rub the brows the wrong way. Brush them daily with a small eyebrow brush, and you will find an improvement.—Ladies' Home Journal.

**The Woman's Burden.**

The address of Charlotte Stetson Perkins at the dollar dinner was one of the brightest on the list, and yet it is possible that Mrs. Perkins may have led her hearers to an erroneous conclusion by saying that "women must be made conscious that they ought not to consume the fruits of labor and do nothing in return."

There are those who believe that in the division of the day's work the woman not only does her share but as a rule does rather more than her share. Mr. Everts' witty eulogium on the Pilgrim mother, that she not only endured all the hardships of the Pilgrim father but had to endure the Pilgrim father besides, is applicable to other mothers and wives.

When in addition to the burden of wifehood and motherhood woman has to do the cooking and washing and scrubbing and housekeeping and marketing and nursing for the nation, without any fixed rate of wages or any chance of forming a union and going on a strike, or any claim for a dividend on her investment, it is rather straining a point to assume that woman is consuming the fruits of labor and doing nothing in return. When the account is squared it is possible that in the average American household the balance is on the other side.—New York World.

**How to Wear Jewels.**

Few out of the large number of women who possess brilliant jewels wear them becomingly. Strange as it may seem, brilliant jewelry in close contact with the face is unbecoming and the neck is the worst possible place for its display. It is shown to best advantage on the hair or corsage where the hair or material of the gown separates it from contact with the skin of the wearer.

The possession of jewels, such as diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, etc., implies wealth, but the vulgarity of wearing jewels simply because they are costly is undoubted, while the wearing of much jewelry during the morning or upon the street is equally so.

Many of the cheaper grades of jewels are very beautiful and are becoming to the majority of women—corals, pink and red, just now so fashionable, cameos and carved ivory are most effective and are, in most cases, more becoming than the flashy jewels of untold value.—American Queen.

**Face of Fashion.**

Perforated piques are one of the novelties.

A parasol which matches the color in your hat is the chic thing to have this season.

Pretty little collar clasps come in all sorts of pretty designs to fasten ribbons around the neck. There are butterflies and conventional patterns in various colors in enamel and with mock precious stones.

Louis XVI. muslins with bouquets of flowers between stripes of lace insertion are the daintiest fabrics imaginable. They are trimmed with lace and made up with overdresses and fichus much as they were fifty years ago.

A neat short coat of pale beige cloth is seamed with white satin, stitched bands of which edge the revers and collar, pockets and cuffs, and are laid over the point of the shoulders. This coat is double-breasted and fastens with two steel buttons of large size.

A band of black velvet undulates around the skirt of a red cloth gown, and is finished at one side with a bow. Three bands of velvet to match cross the front of the bodice, which has a white vest, and fasten at the side.

A pretty summer cape is made with two accordion plaited ruffles of white chiffon striped with black satin on the edge. The plaitings are finished with a tiny ruche of chiffon, and a ruche of chiffon with long scarf ends completes this dainty wrap made on a white tulle foundation.

The shapely little mutton-legsleeve, so easily fashioned and so graceful in its present modified style, still continues to divide honors with the clove coat shapes, open or slashed on the shoulders, tucked, strap finished, and with many other fanciful arrangements. Novel and varied styles in these pretty sleeves appear upon almost all of the dressy tailor gowns.

Belts for the neck are not really novelties, but they have blossomed out in new and varied designs for the summer girl. The latest is a sort of dog collar in silver or gold arranged in medallions with chains between, or made in a solid band set with jewels. These are worn over a band of colored ribbon, with a belt for the waist to match.

**A Hard Cough.**

"Doctor, I want to know exactly what's the matter with me."  
"My good sir, your ailment is a tendency of the lungs to expel air suddenly and forcibly through the glottis, the effort being accompanied by a raucous and more or less guttural sound."

"That's what I told the doctor I discharged the other day. He said it was nothing but a cough."—Chicago Tribune

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

### LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

**His Race—In the Sanctum—Cherishing Illusions—Believed in the Diamond Age—Result of a Family Row—A Sign of Weakness—In Doubt, Etc., Etc.**  
I asked him for his daughter's hand.  
He asked: "Your income, sir?"  
And with a careless air I said,  
"About ten thousand per."

The millionaire gave his consent.  
I'm luckiest of chaps.  
For my "ten thousand per" just then  
Was nothing but per-haps. —Judge.

**Cherishing Illusions.**  
"It is cherishing our illusions that keeps us young."  
"Yes; especially if we hold on to the illusion that we are still young."  
—Chicago Record.

**A Sign of Weakness.**  
"Is Perdyllite such a weak man?"  
"I should judge so. He has been married for years, but even now he cannot obey his wife without continual protests."—Life.

**In the Sanctum.**  
Editor—"Did you write these jokes yourself?"  
Would-be Contributor—"Yes, sir."  
Editor—"You must be older than you look."  
—The Criterion.

**Believed in the Diamond Age.**  
He (bitterly)—"Your heart must be of stone. I don't believe anything could make an impression on it."  
She (sweetly)—"You never tried diamonds."—Brooklyn Life.

**A Spanish Profession.**  
His Sweetheart—"I have always heard that all Spaniards were expert at fencing."  
Returned Volunteer—"Yes; indeed they are; especially with barbed wire."  
—Brooklyn Life.

**Gone Long Enough.**  
"Always something new; here's a messenger boy being sent around the world."  
"That's no novelty. Our office boy goes half way around the world every time I send him in the