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The ex-queen of the Hawaiian Islands and the ex-king of the Samoan Islands might organize an aristocracy that would set the pace so far as genuine royalty is concerned for the western hemisphere.

If the purpose of the giver of the "America Cup" was to finally secure the best form of vessel for sailing in coast waters that purpose seems to have been fulfilled in the fact that both the American and British vessels built for the coming contest are substantially of the same type, with similar appliances, and the contest is likely to be decided by a mere chance difference in the traveling of the vessels, or in the happening of the wind. It is worthy of note that both vessels are absolute departures from the characteristics of the "America" and the competitors from whom she won the trophy originally.

Probably some enterprising explorer will soon attempt to reach the north pole in an ice-crusher. We have a fine one operating at the Mackinac Straits and doing duty as a railway ferryboat at the same time. It sails easily through ice two and a half feet thick, and has broken down ice walls as high as fifteen feet. But this is left far behind by a Russian boat in the Baltic steaming easily through ice five feet thick. Whereat her commanding officer grows sanguine, and, accepting Nansen's assertion that polar ice seldom attains twenty-five feet in thickness, concludes that an ice-breaking steamer of 20,000 horse power would be strong enough to reach the pole. No doubt somebody will try it and spoil all the fun and danger of north pole hunting.

The idea that anyone who has ever been familiar with the delight of driving an intelligent and spirited horse will surrender that pleasure for that of guiding a soulless machine can only have occurred to a man city born and bred, and thus deficient in half the knowledge and experience which makes for the happiness and health of the race, says the Brooklyn Eagle. The cheapening of horses, which will come from the general use of automobiles, will extend the possibilities of driving to many persons to whom horses have been hopeless luxuries heretofore. The bicycle has already begun that process and many people in the country now own horses who could not have done so at the exalted prices which prevailed ten years ago. The change is bound to go further, and although it will injure the horse breeders it will still leave a market for horses of blood and breeding. The demand which is left will be for horses of the best quality, and the good horse will come into more honor for the qualities which no machines can possess, and the poor horse will no longer be worth his keep when the automobile shall have been made cheap. So long as these machines cost from \$400 to \$6000 each the horse need not fear their competition outside the busiest of city streets.

A Paying Business.
San Francisco Bulletin: There is no singer in the world who can draw more than a \$12,000 wage. There is no orator who can much raise the \$1 admission fee without exposing himself to the danger of speaking to empty benches. If the four most popular debaters selected by popular vote would advertise a discussion on any question of the day they would be fortunate if an audience could be gathered which would net each \$1,000. Yet it is stated that there was \$20,000 in the box office of the Coney Island Clubhouse on the night when Robert Fitzsimmons and James Jeffries met to see which could punch the other harder, and which could stand the most punishment. The best of any class of performers always represents a money value, but the best fighter carries off the largest prize.

Good Companions.
The Kennebec Journal tells of a man who has a fox and a hound that are his companions. When both animals were in the pup stage they were placed together, and have now enjoyed a year of each other's society in peace and harmony. They sleep together and play with each other much after the manner of two frolicsome pups.

AN OLD FUR HUNTER'S TALES

Adventures of John Monroe With the Blackfeet Indians.

A Flight on the Plains With Indians in Pursuit—Fall of the Two Chiefs Who Did Not Recognize a Double-Barrelled Rifle—Unpremeditated Suicide of a Grizzly.



THE American Fur Company, whose headquarters were in St. Louis, and whose trading posts or forts were scattered all over the West, where there was fur and Indians to get it, went out of business in 1863 after a prosperous career of more than forty years. Out in northern Montana there are still living a few of the old employes of the company—clerks, voyageurs and hunters, all men of advanced age. Nearly all of them married Blackfeet women, and are passing their remaining days upon the reservation of that tribe in peace and comfort, well cared for by their children and grandchildren. One of these old-timers, John Monroe, is now seventy-six years of age, and, in spite of the many hardships he has endured, apparently still in the prime of life. Every season he goes on long hunting and trapping excursions into the Rockies, in the region just south of the Great Northern Railway, the best game country we have left, and he always manages to load his pack horses with furs and trophies before he returns. Last season he trapped a number of martens and beavers, and shot several moose, elk, grizzlies, bighorn and goats.

John's father, Hugh Monroe, was born in Montreal in 1798, entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company in 1814, and the following year arrived at Mountain Fort, the company's post on the upper Saskatchewan, under the shadow of the Rockies. In the fall of the ensuing year, 1815, he was sent by the company to travel with the Blackfeet and learn their language, and they moved south for the winter; he was undoubtedly the first white man to traverse the immense extent of plain and mountain land lying between the Saskatchewan and Missouri Rivers. Hugh soon married a Blackfoot woman, who was John's mother. In the '40s they left the north and entered the services of the American Fur Company, which they served faithfully for many years. Hugh Monroe was ninety-three years of age at the time of his death.

To his friends John is ever ready to relate stories of his adventures in early days. He will not talk much before strangers for fear they will regard him as somewhat of a Munchausen; and, indeed, some of his tales would seem incredible to persons not versed in the early history of the West. But those who know him know that he is absolutely truthful.

In 1857 the company's agent at Fort Benton was notified by the factor at Fort Union to purchase a large number of horses for him. He wanted them to trade with the Crees, who had many robes and furs, but who were short of ponies, the Blackfeet having nearly set them afoot by continued raids. This latter tribe and the Crees had thousands and thousands of horses, but they valued them so highly that it was impossible to buy them for any reasonable figure. The agent therefore concluded to send some men and goods to the Snake Indians, who were camping south of the Yellowstone. They, too, had large herds of horses, and were said to sell them very cheap. A Crow half-breed, Louis Bisette, a white employe named Wiper, and John Monroe were sent with four pack horses loaded with trade goods. Both the pack and the horses they rode were the pick of the company's herd, a large, swift and powerful animal—a most fortunate choice, as will be seen. But I will tell the story in John's own words:

"We started, and Louis took the lead, for he had passed a great deal of time on the Yellowstone with the Crees and knew the way; he also knew the trail from there to the country of the Snakes. It was in June, and the weather was so warm that we rested during the hottest part of the day, continuing our journey far into the night. You may be sure we kept our eyes open, for in those days, and especially at that time of year, war parties from all the different tribes in the country were abroad to steal from one another, to waylay and murder whom they could. We scanned the prairie, the hills and valleys, and the thickets we were obliged to pass for signs of the enemy, but, above all, we watched the herds of buffalo and antelope to warn us that man was abroad. So long as we could see them quietly feeding or lying down on the green plain ahead of us we felt that the trail was safe. A war party sneaking through the country would have started them running in all directions. Of course, we scared some of these herds ourselves, but whenever we could we went to one side or the other, and left them to graze in peace. Besides a double-barrelled rifle I carried a bow and arrows, using the latter by preference to kill what game we needed. It made no noise, did not startle all the animals in the country, and at short range, running buffalo, was a powerful weapon. In the time it took to reload a gun a good Bowman could discharge half a dozen arrows.

"In those days there was a plain Indian trail from the Missouri to the Yellowstone. The Blackfeet had made it, and the passing back and forth of the great camp, the dragging of thousands of travois, of lodge poles, the sharp feet of their ponies had worn deep, narrow and parallel paths, as plain and sharp cut as a wagon road. Passing the point of the Snowy Mountains we traversed the scene of the great massacre of the Blackfeet by the Crees, which had taken place some years previous. It was the only time the Blackfeet were ever worsted by any of their native enemies, and afterward they were fully revenged. The Blackfeet were split up into two large camps, one hunting along the Yellow River, while the other went over onto the Flat Willow Creek, which heads in the Snowy Mountains and empties into the Musselshell. There they camped about, hunting and trapping until they had all the robes and furs they could handle. One morning word was passed to break camp for the return journey, and in a little while the whole outfit was on the move, strung out along the trail for miles. Most of the hunters were far ahead or away to the right or left of the trail, hunting as usual, leaving the long column of women and children unprotected. So, when the Crees suddenly appeared at the rear they met with little opposition, the few warriors, the old men and boys being unable to check them, although they fought bravely and died fighting.

"The struggling column of Blackfeet was perhaps four miles in length, but in a very few minutes those in the lead were apprised that something was wrong, and a frantic stampede ensued. The Crees had little difficulty, mounted as they were on their best horses, in overtaking the fleeing people, and an awful slaughter took place. Young and good-looking women, girls and boys were taken prisoners, but the rest were murdered as fast as the Crees could overtake them, the men and boys of each little group fighting desperately to the last. An old medicine man named Red Eagle, seeing that there was no chance for him to escape, calmly halted in the trail, called his seven wives with their children about him, and stabbed each one in the heart, the women bravely walking up to him and baring their breasts to the blow. Without a word, without a cry, they sank down and died about him, and then, just as the enemy was upon him, he placed the muzzle of his flintlock to his head, pulled the trigger, and fell among his faithful wives. Incumbered by their prisoners and the rich plunder, the Crees ere long were obliged to give up the chase, so many of the people escaped. The hunters and warriors rejoined the fleeing column too late to be of much service. That night when the count was made more than four hundred persons were missing, and a thousand or more horses, a large amount of furs, robes and other property had also fallen into the hands of the enemy. As we rode along the trail where all this had taken place we saw many reminders of that awful day; here and there were human skeletons, nearly every skull crushed in, and all along were broken travois, lodge poles by the thousands, bits of clothing, shrivelled robes and skins.

"Ten days after leaving Fort Benton we came to the Yellowstone, which was bank full from the melting snow in the mountains. We built a raft and floated our goods over and then swam over with the horses. As near as I can recollect, it was where the town of Big Timber now stands. We left the river next morning and pushed on to the southwest, over a rolling and broken country. Late in the afternoon, as we neared a deep, narrow valley through which a small stream made its way, I looked across it and beyond and felt sure I saw an Indian suddenly jump out of sight behind a patch of brush. I didn't say anything until we started down the steep slope into the valley and had got out of sight of any one on the table land. Then I told my companion, and as soon as we reached the bottom of the hill we turned to the right and rode up the narrow plain as fast as we could go. We went up for nearly two miles and then had to climb out on the prairie again. In the meantime the Indian I had seen had probably run off and informed his party, who must have been camped close by, that we had ridden down into the creek bottom and were probably making camp. Anyhow, just as we rode back onto the prairie we saw a large band of mounted Indians, several hundred of them, riding rapidly toward the spot where we had entered the little valley. They saw us as soon as we rode up in sight, and, changing their course, came after us with all speed.

"We flew. As Wiper had the best horse, he took the lead, and Louis and I pounded the pack animals after him. They were all big, swift and powerful, and didn't need much urging. We had a good start of the Indians, but they had some fast horses, too, and little by little, a number of them began to lessen the distance between us. Then, as mile after mile was passed, they dropped out of the chase one by one, until finally not more than a dozen kept on. Of these there were two who fought steadily ahead of the rest and soon drew within range of

us. Nearer and nearer they came, until the foremost was not fifty feet away, shouting and encouraging each other in a language that was strange; perhaps it was Cheyenne. We now saw that they each carried a long lance, but no bow nor gun, and Louis told me to shoot them if I could; that he would take care of the pack horses. "I turned in my saddle and pointed my gun, but before I could pull the trigger both of the Indians slipped over onto the side of their animals, so I had no mark but a leg gripping one horse's back and an arm thrown over my neck; I couldn't stay twisted in my saddle long with my gun extended, and as soon as I would straighten around they would sit up again and urge on their horses, and they kept getting closer. If it had been just a question of the two we would have stopped and finished them in short order, but we dare not attempt it, for their companions who had stayed in the race were still coming and only a few hundred yards distant; we couldn't fight them all. The two were getting very close now, almost near enough for a lance thrust, and, trusting to luck I suddenly turned and fired at the nearest one without raising the gun to my shoulder or taking aim, just as if I was firing at a buffalo at close range. Down he fell to the ground, and the other one, with a yell, made his horse give one or two great leaps and prepared to lance me. I guess he didn't notice that my rifle was double-barrelled, for he made no effort to dodge when I pointed it at him, and he grinned as he raised his lance. I'll never forget the expression of surprise and pain which flashed across his face when I pulled the other trigger and the ball smashed through his ribs. He dropped the lance, grabbed at the hole in his side and then rolled backward off his horse. "Those two must have been pretty big chiefs, for when the rest came up to them they stopped and set up a terrible howling. We never stopped, though, for we felt sure that the whole tribe would hunt the country for us. We had been swinging around toward the Yellowstone all the time, but when the Indians gave up the chase we dropped into a trot and about dusk struck the river where we had left it in the morning, never resting until we had got the packs and horses across to the other side. We had concluded that so far as we were concerned the company would get along without any Snake horses.

"Before we got back to the fort a little incident happened to me which may interest you to hear. We got up early one morning and started on without having breakfast, for we had eaten all our meat the previous evening. When the sun rose the wind began to blow from the west, as it often does in the foothills, so strong that our horses could barely make any headway. We struggled on and on, getting very hungry as the hours passed, but expecting every minute to catch a band of buffalo and kill one. I guess the wind blew them all out of the country, for they seemed to have disappeared. Finally about noon we sighted an animal just going over a ridge. We only got a glimpse of it, and thought it was a buffalo bull. Wiper told me to ride over there and kill him. I handed Louis my rifle, intending to use my bow and arrows, and rode off thinking we would soon have some ribs roasting over a fire. When I got to the top of the ridge there was no bull in sight, so I rode over another little rise or two and suddenly found that what we had taken for a bull was an enormous grizzly bear. He was as big as a two-year-old steer, and was busily digging in a marshy, muddy place, full of hummocks and small clumps of brush. "Bear meat wasn't so good as buffalo meat, yet it would do for hungry men; but I had only my bows and arrows, which wasn't exactly the weapon to shoot a grizzly with. I turned back to get my rifle, and then, thinking that Wiper and Louis would laugh at me, I concluded to tackle the bear anyhow. When I was a young man I did many foolish things for fear of being laughed at and called a coward. The wind was blowing as hard as ever, so I made a little detour and approached the bear across it. He was still busily digging, and I rode up within thirty feet of him and let drive an arrow. Instead of piercing his ribs it went foul and hit him a stinging blow on the flank, just as if he had been struck with a good whip. He gave a savage roar and started for me at once, and I dug my heels into the horse and lit out. The ground was soft, and my horse didn't go very fast—he hadn't scented the bear yet and probably thought it was buffalo—and the first thing I knew the grizzly had him by the tail. The horse couldn't pull away from him, but he kept swinging around, and I kept thumping him with my heels and pricking him with an arrow, until he made a half circle and got the scent of the bear, and then he began to squeal and kick for all he was worth, and I had all I could do to sit in the saddle. The bear lunged on like grim death, and finally the tail parted, bone, hair and all, the horse lurched forward, recovered, and ran as fast as he could across the marsh, the bear after it, still carrying the part of the tail he had bitten off. I fitted another arrow to the bow and let it drive just as he arose for a leap. I saw it pierce his brislet, entering only an inch or two, and then the beast fell, as beasts generally do when they are wounded, ever so lightly. The but of the arrow struck a stone or some hard substance and was pushed clear in through the heart. The old fellow tried to rise three or four times, but couldn't make it, and then fell over on his side quite dead. When Louis and Wiper came up they both said it was the biggest bear they ever saw."

Germany has about 250,000 physicians and surgeons.

GOOD STORIES OF BONNER

HOW A POOR PRINTER ROSE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE PUBLISHER.

Odd Events in the Career of the Founder of the Ledger—One of the Fastest Typesetters in the World—Skill as a Horse-shoer—Spent Millions For Trotters.

There are more forms of High Art than appear on canvas, in marble or on a green page. The late Robert Bonner, for instance, was a master of many. To be sure, he could not paint a picture nor carve a marble fawn. But he could shoe a horse, and as an advertiser he had no equal. Besides this, he could set type with machine-like rapidity and precision and decision, and could tell a paying story at a glance. Also, he never owed a cent longer than it took to pay it. All of which is more or less Art. In 1844 Mr. Bonner came to New York. He brought with him \$70 to a cent. He put it in a bank, and one day the cashier wrote down in red ink in his bank book "83."

"I was my interest," said Mr. Bonner. "I had to ask him what it meant. He told me, and I was overwhelmed with astonishment. I told him I hadn't made the money. 'No, but your money did,' he answered. "That settled it. I learned that day that money makes money, and that to be rich you must save. So I have saved."

Mr. Bonner's greatest pride was that he never borrowed or owed. The only thing he ever borrowed was a maxim from Emerson—"O discontented man! Whatever you want, pay the price and take it!" He did. Whenever he wanted anything he paid for it. The price sometimes came high. But Mr. Bonner got it all the same. One day he suggested to a friend that Edward Everett ought to write for the Ledger. The friend smiled.

"You couldn't get Everett to write at any price," said the friend. "You wait and see," said Mr. Bonner.

Mr. Everett was lecturing at that time on Washington, using the proceeds toward a fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon. Mr. Bonner wrote to Mr. Everett that he would subscribe \$10,000 to the fund if Mr. Everett would write once a week for the Ledger. The famous Bostonian accepted. "There," said Mr. Bonner. "What did it cost you? It came high, but I got it."

The only time in his life that Bonner ever made a bet was when he was a typesetter on the old Hartford Courant. A "jon" of the name of John Hand came down the line with the advance reputation of being the swiftest compositor on earth. "Maybe," said the Conrant men; "but you haven't tried Bonner yet." "Huh!" said the "jon"; "I'll try him for \$10 a side."

"I never bet," said Mr. Bonner. "You better not," laughed the challenger.

Mr. Bonner changed his mind. He put up \$10, got down to work, and besides consuming two pieces of custard pie set 27,500 ems of solid minion type in twenty hours and twenty-eight minutes. The feat has never been equaled. Although Mr. Bonner spent in his lifetime about \$650,000 for trotting horses he never raced one or allowed one to be raced for money. His first horse was bought in July, 1856. At that time there had been just nineteen horses in the world, dead and alive, that had trotted a mile in 2.30. Today there are 15,000 on the list. To Mr. Bonner is due much of this.

This was effectually displayed some time ago at a sale of Palo Alto trotters. Mr. Bonner looked them over and picked out Ansel Chief as the best of the lot. But every other high horseman in America had discarded the animal as unsound. The day the colt came to New York he was lame, but that made no difference to Mr. Bonner. He sent his brother to buy Ansel Chief, and set a limit of \$1500. In virtue of his lameness, Ansel Chief was knocked down at \$500.

Mr. Bonner grinned with delight. He took the colt to Tarrytown and pared down its toes. In a few days it was as sound as a dollar, moving squarely and fast, and at the age of four went the mile in 2.15.

"You see," explained Mr. Bonner, "the toe of its hoof was so long that it stretched the suspensory ligament. I just had it pared down and relieved the strain. It cost about two cents' labor and saved me a thousand dollars.

One rule that was always inviolate in the Ledger office was that nothing even remotely suggestive should appear.

"You shall not print in this paper," said Mr. Bonner, "even a single word that my mother could not read aloud without shame to her infants."

"There is nothing on earth," said Mr. Bonner again and still once more, "like advertising. If you have anything to sell advertise it."

One of Mr. Bonner's early ideas was to buy up the entire advertising space in a New York newspaper. His display consisted in repeating over and over with bewildering iteration the fact that the Ledger was about to publish a story by So-and-So. On the morning the advertisement appeared—eight pages in all—Mr. Bonner's physician hastened to his house.

"Is anything the matter with Mr. Bonner?" he asked hurriedly. "I don't think so," said Mr. Bonner, answering in person.

"Then tell me," demanded the physician, "what in the face of nature all this means? Have you gone out of your mind over night?" Mr. Bonner laughed delightedly. "There," he exclaimed, "I knew that advertisement would hit. I venture to say that every person that has read that paper this morning is making the same query. 'It's grand!'"

The advertisement cost thousands of dollars, but it paid.

"It's too bad," said a friend to him one morning, "that Charles Dickens won't write for American publications."

"He won't, eh?" cried Mr. Bonner. "Just wait till I try." He rushed down to his office, wrote to Dickens asking for a story and with the letter sent a draft for \$5000. Dickens was carried off his feet. He accepted and at the same time asked whether this was the way American publishers did business.

"That's the way this one does," answered Mr. Bonner. A while afterward Mr. Bonner captured Tennyson by the same plan.

Mr. Bonner, with all the tens of thousands of stories he published, never read fiction. The only stories he ever finished were Dickens's "Hunted Down" and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.'s, "The Gunmaker of Moscow." It was his custom to read merely the opening chapter, and if he found it satisfactory to read the story read through by his readers.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Professor S. H. Short declares that the first commercially operated electric railroad in the United States was built in Denver, Col., in 1885, and that it was an underground trolley system. He says that he knows this because he built the line.

Lightning is said by scientific men to be visible one hundred and fifty miles. A French astronomer declares, however, that it is impossible for thunder to be heard more than ten miles. An English savant has counted a hundred and thirty seconds between a flash of lightning and the report. If this be true, thunder is audible a distance of twenty-seven miles. If the thunder, succeeding a flash of lightning cannot be heard, it is impossible to estimate the distance away of the flash. If an allowance of one mile is made for every five seconds after the flash the distance of the electrical discharge is quickly known.

The best way to prevent fog is the consumption of smoke and the removal of dust. Hot bodies repel dust by molecular bombardment; cold bodies attract it. For this reason furniture in a room with an open fire is less dusty than when the heating is done by a furnace. A discharge of electricity also dispels dust. A thunderstorm clears the air, not only by the fall of heavy drops of rain, but by the electrical disturbance. The particles of dust are thrown down, and the germs falling into milk and other foods produce fermentation. It is for this reason that when there is thunder in the air, it is bad keeping weather.

M. Charles Janet, of Beauvais, France, has proved by experiment that little India-rubber balloons are capable of supporting in the water persons who cannot swim, and that they are very effective in quickly bringing to the surface a swimmer who has been submerged by a wave or eddy. He proposes their adoption as life-preservers. Four little balloons, rolled up with a yard of small cord, and not too bulky to be carried in a lady's purse, constitute his apparatus. In case of need, the balloons are to be inflated to about half their full capacity, as in that condition they offer the greatest resistance to the action of the waves.

M. de Garlache, the leader of a Belgian exploring expedition which has just returned to Montevideo, Uruguay, sums up as follows the results of his journey to the Antarctic regions: "Discovery of a channel, which was named the Belgian channel; discovery of an archipelago, formerly believed to be an isolated island; rectification of numerous errors in the British admiralty maps concerning Firoland and Shetland Islands; the water temperature permits the supposition that there is a continent far to the South; important discoveries referring to flora and fauna; discovery of unknown lands, especially Davidland."

The utilization of powdered coal in the production of steam is being more and more considered, in its advantages, by engineers. The method now being resorted to is that of feeding into a hopper in front of the furnace coal ground to pass through a sixty-mesh screen, at the bottom of this hopper being a grating which can be agitated say 150 times a minute. The powdered coal drops, of course, through the grate into the bend of an air supply pipe which enters the furnace at the top of the furnace door, as it falls an induced draught carrying it into the furnace, which is lined with firebrick at a length of ten feet, and having two firebrick bridges. In this arrangement there is no grate and no fire doors, combustion being observed through two small apertures. What is known as the Wegener system has been experimented with considerably, the most important results showing that the dry, powdered coal evaporated, from and at 212 degrees, 0.12 pounds of water per pound of dry coal as compared with 6.48 pounds solid coal fed by hand stoking. It is figured that grinding costs about ten per cent. of the first value.

Supplying the Inspiration.

Caller—"Why do you play the piano constantly when your husband is busy at his literary work; doesn't it annoy him?"

Hostess—"On the contrary, he insists upon my doing it. You see he is engaged in writing a tragedy and he wants something to make him write."

Hostess—"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy as he flung open the gate on the top floor of his passenger to step out; "but I've brought up a good many families in my time."—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Greatest Inventor of All—For Comprehensive Reform—They Are Strangers Forever—A Tragedy in Plaid—A Large Distinction, Etc., Etc.

The punctureless tire and the automobile are inventions we welcome with joy; but the best of the laurels we're saving for him Who invents us the noiseless small boy.—Washington Post.

For Comprehensive Reform. "You're for shorter hours, aren't you, Billy?"

"Yes; I want hours shorter and fewer, too."—Chicago Record.

They Are Strangers Forever. First Tramp—"Nobody can say that you have a submarine face." Second Tramp—"What do you mean?" First Tramp—"It's never under water."

A Tragedy in Plaid. "Miss Jigger and I have fallen out for good."

"What was the trouble?" "She wanted me to wear a waistcoat to match her parasol."—Chicago Record.

Making Good Use of the Opportunity. "That amateur palm reader told me I would make a good housekeeper."

"Well, what did you say?" "I told him it was rather sudden, but he might speak to papa."—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Question. Little Clarence—"The funny-bone is in the elbow, isn't it, Pa?"

Mr. Callipers—"Yes, my son." Little Clarence—"Well, Pa, is that what makes people laugh in their sleeves?"—Puck.

A Large Distinction. Mr. Newlywed—"You want my reason for getting home so late last night?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"Oh, no! that would be expecting too much—I want your excuse."—Puck.

The Time She Was Agreeable. "Miss Cutting," began young Softleigh, "I—aw—would really like to know one thing—"

"Yes, it's a shame," interrupted Miss Cutting, "you really ought to know one very much."—Chicago News.

Seemingly Dangerous. The Bank President—"Are you aware the cashier has taken a half interest in a yacht?"

The Confidential Adviser—"No. Perhaps we had better see he does not become a full-fledged skipper."—Indianapolis Journal.

Faithful to His Trust.



"I hates ter break up the game, fellers, but I permissid de teacher I'd bring two new scholars to Sunday-school to-day."—Harper's Bazar.

An Ungallant Question. "Oh, Mr. Ricketts!" said Mrs. Prooms to her star boarder, "the ladies and gentlemen of the house have decided to have a picnic this afternoon. If you care to go I'm sure we'd all be glad to have you."

"I don't know about going with the party," replied ungallant Mr. Ricketts; "but what time does the relief expedition start?"—Judge.

Cook and Policeman. "Why don't you get dinner?" he asked.

"You didn't marry a cook," she replied, simply.

Time passes. It is now the dead of night, and muffled footfalls are heard. "Why don't you go and drive the burglars away?" she exclaimed.

"You didn't marry a policeman," he said.—Puck.

A Sudden Relapse. "He's a mean man," was the earnest comment; "a mighty mean man."

"What has occurred?" "I was explaining to him my success in demonstrating the power of mind over matter. I was telling him how I had brought my will and my intellect to bear upon a corn, and how I had subjugated the delusion called pain, when he deliberately stepped on my foot!"—Washington Star.

He Was There. She sighed, as girls will sometimes, and then said:

"There are moments when I feel as if I would hesitate even if the best man in the world asked me to marry him."

"Olivia," he cried, "you must be a mind reader. I was just thinking of asking you to be mine."

Four seconds later she reluctantly promised that she would name an early day.—Chicago News.

A Smart Elevator Boy. The pert elevator boy in the big hotel was airing his views to a passenger on the proper conduct of children.

"What do you know about it?" laughed the passenger. "You're not married, are you?"

"Well, no," replied the boy as he flung open the gate on the top floor of his passenger to step out; "but I've brought up a good many families in my time."—Brooklyn Eagle.