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"What did I say, mamma?" the beautiful girl asked, with wonder and alarm in her big, fawn-like eyes.

"You said, 'The wages of sin is death.' Mercy sakes! Don't they teach any better than that in college? You should say the wages of sin are death."

—Chicago Record-Herald.

De Cape.

"Good night," he said, "my little girl! Good night, I'm going now." "Good night," he pushed the wavy locks back from her forehead.

"Good night, good-by, I'm going now." "I turned to go, and then, it clasped her close, and with a kiss, began it all again."

—N. Y. Times.

HE KNEW HIM TOO WELL!



She—But your father is well-to-do! He—On the contrary—he is very hard to do!—Ally Sloper.

American Husband's Song.

Wives and daughters all remind us
We must make our little pits;
And, departing, leave behind us
Chairs for them to live in style.

—Life.

Taking Their Chances.

"Has the man confessed yet?" asked the stranger at the lynching.

"Well, not exactly," said the leader. "He has given us a different confession every time we string him up and we're just waitin' patiently till he gets practiced up 'nuff to give us de kind of a confession we want. Got 't be particular these days as th' papers don't take offense."—Baltimore Herald.

Drives to It.

"So Wilkins has joined the church at last?"

"Yep. He concluded that as long as the members of the church all patronized his store he might as well get something in exchange for the bazar and raffle tickets he had to buy."—Baltimore News.

In the Right Place Now.

Bill—You say he lost his job in the weather bureau?

Jim—He lied too much to even suit them there.

"What's he doing now?"

"Why, he's writing up the advantages of a new breakfast cereal."—Yonkers Statesman.

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MISSED GREAT FORTUNE.

South African Colonist Was Five Minutes Too Late to Become Owner of De Beers Mines.

F. W. Salzman, the oldest South African colonist, missed by about five minutes the acquisition of a fortune of \$30,000,000—the great De Beers diamond fields, now one of the richest mines in the world, says Stray Stories.

He was surveying Griqualand when the original owner of the famous farm, W. De Beers, held it. It was then about as barren and hopelessly-looking a tract as any in Africa, and De Beers, with endless hard work from morning till night, and very little help, had all he could do to scrape a living out of the place.

There was hardly any water, and grass was scarce and poor; the total profits only amounted to a pound or two per month. When Mr. Salzman had completed his survey De Beers, tired of profitless toil on his patch of sunburnt desert, offered to let him have the farm in exchange for a waistcoat.

Mr. Salzman refused at first, and then said he would think about it. He went to Cape Town later on, where he had strange rumors of lucky finds in the district he had left.

The next time he trekked that way he went 50 miles out of his road to see De Beers and check the bargain offered. He found a stranger's wagon and oxen "outstamped" at the farm when he arrived.

Its owner had come only a few minutes before and had already made an offer for the farm which was accepted.

PLUTOCRACY OF PITTSBURG.

Parse-Proud Younger Generation Forget What Their Fathers Might Have Been.

Pride is a feature of the younger generation of Pittsburghers of wealth. Things of which some of them think they cannot be proud—such as the way in which their hard-working fathers got their start in life—they try to forget. That the fathers are sometimes proud of this same lowly start is responsible for this incident:

"Do you know, young man, that I once was very envious of your father?" said one of the steel kings to the son of a man whose wealth, while great, could be written with one less figure, says a writer in the New York Tribune.

"And when was that?" asked the young man pleased to think that there had ever been a time when the "king" envied his father.

"It was this way," returned the old man. "I was working in a ditch for \$1.50 a day."

"I didn't know you started that way," interrupted the youth.

"That's the way. I was working in this ditch for \$1.50 a day, and your father was working in the same ditch. He got \$1.75 because he was stronger, and I envied him the extra quarter."

LIGHTNING STRIKES UP.

The Earth Becomes Charged with Negative Current Which Rashes Upward.

The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thundercloud, which is highly charged with positive electricity, hangs over any certain place, the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate being, will do so with such force as to almost invariably produce instant death. A person is really "struck" by the ground current, and not by the forked fury from above.

Earnings of College Students.

By a variety of employments, ranging from teaching and technical work to sweeping rooms and washing dishes, 164 Columbia university students earned in three months last year \$15,500—an average of about \$90 for each man. One student earned more than \$100 a week during the three months by advanced tutoring, and another gained \$1,950 during the 12 weeks. Several of the students earned \$300 each. Of the women students 17 gained \$2,434.68, an average of \$143, or \$30 above the men's average.

Facts From Birth Statistics.

Recently compiled statistics show that the proportion of twins born as compared with other infants is one in eighty births. Of triplets there is only one instance in 6,400, and quadruplets are as one to 512,000; while the chances of a quintet are even more remote, the ratio being one in 40,960,000 births. A case is known of a woman who presented her husband with seven successive triplets.

Voluntary Crop Observers.

The agricultural department has 107,000 voluntary crop observers. (Continued in report on seven times a year, wheat eight times, corn and oats each six times.)

It Saved His Leg

P. A. Danforth of LaGrange, Ga., suffered for six months with a frightful running sore on his leg; but writes that Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured it in five days. For sores, wounds, piles, it's the best salve in the world. Cure guaranteed. Only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

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A LAGGARD IN LOVE

WHEN young Thomas Mobery, counselor at law, returned from the opera to the flat which he and his artist friend Robert Hamilton shared, he found Hamilton hard at work on a portrait. When he recognized Mobery's step and heard his knock at the door, he quickly hid the canvas on which he was engaged, substituted another on the easel, and opened the door.

"Well, Bob, I am glad to find you up," said Mobery, laying aside his opera hat and coat, and seating himself in a comfortable chair. "I want to talk to you."

"On the same old subject, I suppose."

"Yes—about Miss Gertrude Russell. You know she asked me to sit in her box at the opera. I have just left her, and I confess she never appeared more charming. Do you know, Bob, I am sure she likes me, and I am as much in love with her as I ever could be with any woman. She is pretty, bright and—here Hamilton paused for a moment—of might as well attempt to disguise the fact—wealthy in her own right. But to come to the point—I am resolved to marry her."

When Mobery had finished, Hamilton made no reply. He had an abstracted look and did not appear to have heard what had been said.

"Wake up, old man," called Mobery, rather loudly, "and tell me what you think of it."

"What I think of it!" repeated Hamilton, unable to conceal his surprise. "What will she think of it? Do you suppose she will accept you?"

"She has given me every reason to think so," quietly remarked Mobery. "But have you considered the number of excellent proposals she has rejected?" suggested Hamilton.

"O, I know she has refused several recently, if there are the excellent proposals to which you refer."

"Has not little Leonard Thompson, notwithstanding his great wealth and social position, failed to win her?"

"Yes, I believe so," replied Mobery, evidently bored.

"And has she ever deigned to look at Lieut. Harold Schuyler, who is soon to be military attaché to the embassy at Austria?"

"I don't know how she has treated Schuyler," answered Hamilton, rather shortly, "but Schuyler does not know how to win a girl anyway."

"And there is John Milford," continued Hamilton, "a man calculated to attract any woman. He has told me that he loved her, but that he never had the courage to tell her so."

"O, there is no use to run over the whole list of her admirers," said Mobery, impatiently. "Of course, she has had a number. I would not care for her if she were not sought after by us for the 'chaps' you have named—they are barbarians in affairs of love. Certainly she refused them; anyone of taste must have done so. If she had listened to any one of them, I doubt if I should have had anything to say to her," and Mobery leaned back in his chair with a self-satisfied look.

Hamilton was completely overcome by surprise at Mobery's assurance. He knew his friend had unlimited self-confidence in courts of law, but he had not expected to see him carry this trait of character into the court of love. They sat for some time in silence until Mobery reopened the conversation.

"You understand art, Bob, I will admit. You can describe the physical beauty of Miss Russell with vastly more ease than I. You could paint her likeness to perfection. But if you will let me say it, I fear you would be attracted by her solely from an artistic standpoint. You would be fascinated as an artist, not as a lover, with her low, broad brow and fair, oval face; her dark hair arranged tastefully on a gracefully poised head, accentuating the fairness of that face; the freshness of her complexion, which even your art could not copy; her large, expressive brown eyes; her mouth full of grace and gentleness; the perfect contour of her figure; and I believe you would not even be critical of her small, delicate, slightly turned-up nose. All of these attractions you would instantly discover and would appreciate. But while you understand these things as an artist, you know nothing of love or success in affairs of love. You would dawdle and lag around, and remain in a constant state of hesitation and fear. On the other hand, I am a practical lover, not a visionary or romantic one. I carry things through with a rush when once I make up my mind. Now I want to marry Miss Gertrude Russell, and I am resolved to do so. I shall propose to her next Thursday night at Miss Drake's cotillon."

Late on the following Thursday night, or rather, early Friday morning, to be exact, Mobery returned from the dance and went directly to Hamilton's studio, where he found his friend still at work. In manner, as he seated himself, was not as buoyant as on the previous occasion.

"Well, I proposed to her, Bob," he began, and then stopped and took several slow puffs at his cigar. "and, by Jove, she refused me—liked me, admired my energy and success in my profession, and all that sort of thing, but—"

She didn't finish the sentence still that "but" finished me." And Mobery gave a sigh, a rather unusual thing for him.

"You will get over it quickly, Tom. You know you will," suggested Hamilton, consolingly. "You have the faculty of recovering rapidly."

Mobery smiled faintly and attempted to answer in the same vein. "But you must understand that one of the previous attacks has been quite as severe as this one." Then, seriously: "I am harder hit than you think, Bob."

The two friends sat for some moments in silence.

"Well, I won't keep you up any longer over any troubles," said Mobery, rising to go. "Good night, old man," and he started toward the door. Then turning around he said:

"By the way, what the deuce are you doing up at this time of night?"

"Just putting the finishing touches to a portrait I am to have ready for tomorrow," replied Hamilton. "The original will take lunch with me tomorrow, and if you can spare the time I would like you to join us, and give me your opinion of the picture."

Mobery accepted and then sought in sleep to forget his disappointment in love.

The lunch was served in Hamilton's studio. When Mobery entered he was surprised and disconcerted to find that the other guests were Miss Russell and



YOU UNDERSTAND ART, BOB, I WILL ADMIT

her mother. But the truth of the situation did not dawn upon him until Hamilton went over to the easel and uncovered the portrait of Miss Russell.

"Some time ago," began Hamilton, "Miss Russell was gracious and kind enough to permit me to paint her portrait and to consent that I might keep it in my studio. But the harder I worked to reproduce a worthy likeness, the more I despised of the power of art to accomplish the task of impressing her delicate features upon canvas, and I realized that if I desired to have that face always with me, my only hope was to possess the original. And when I think of it I am simply unable to understand how I ever had the courage to ask for it."

"You are a silly old fox," said Mobery, grasping his hand, "and I was wrong in supposing you were a laggard in love."

"But he was," said Miss Russell, smiling.

"I hope, Gertrude, you don't mean to imply that you forced a proposal," remarked Mrs. Russell, reprovingly.

A Smart Woman.

"You bet I've got a smart woman for a wife," remarked the groceryman with pardonable pride.

"We're all got that kind," responded the customer, smiling.

"But mine is the real thing," insisted the groceryman. "And I'll tell you why. I am going into the egg business as a specialty, and when I had everything ready, even to the name of the company, I submitted it to her. Soon as she saw the name she kicked. 'What's the matter with calling it The Century Egg company?' said I, because I was proud of the name. 'You don't know much,' said she, in a tone of voice that crumpled me all up. 'Can't you see if you call it the Century Egg company everybody will say you call it that because the eggs you sell are a hundred years old?' Now, if she wasn't quicker than chain lightning, would she ever have thought of that?" and the groceryman went ahead snapping the shins off of a few eggs in the basket that needed it.

—Detroit Free Press.

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