

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

When a look ahead shows you nothing but the thickest sort of gloom... When you're worried to the center of your soul... When your plans have all miscarried and proved castles in the air... And you're nothing in your pockets but a hole...

A SUBURBAN SCANDAL.

By A. St. John Adcock.

EDMUND DOLBY went home from the city that evening by an earlier train than usual... The mistress went out, sir, about ten minutes ago, and said she'd be back in half an hour.

Edmund returned to the sitting room, and lay back in the low armchair by the fire in gloomy meditation... He had seen uneasy in his mind all day, for the night before he and Letty had quarreled, and it was because this had been fretting him and he was wasteful of making his peace with her that he had contrived to get home so much earlier than usual.

There had been a time when Alfred Hilbert was desperately in love with Letty... She had refused him, when Edmund made her acquaintance and they fell in love with each other at sight.

Alfred resigned himself to the inevitable so completely that, a few months later, being a breezy young man whose heart was too well seasoned to break easily... He was that sort of a man. Instead of growing hurt by his facetious descriptions of his extirped passion...

Last night, after the Hilberts were gone, he had reluked her with unreasonable irritation... "Yes, that's mine, right enough," Alfred admitted. "Then, all of a sudden he broke into a roar of laughter. 'It is mine...'

"Away from her he remembered all her sweetness and was ashamed that his jealousy could so outrageously be fool him... He had pictured it all vividly: he had hastened home to fulfill his happy imaginings—and she was out.

heads and parted, and when Edmund returned home there was Letty waiting for him.

"She met him in the hall, and, before he could decide how to greet her she snatched her arms round his neck... "I did so want you to come home, dear!" she whispered.

"I was delayed," he murmured awkwardly. "Martha says you came in and ran out again almost immediately." "Yes... You were not here."

Growing Appetite For Quinine. Quinine has become one of our staple forms of food. It is much more widely and ardently eaten than garlic, and it may soon approach the popularity of pie.

The early life of a woman of my time, cast out into the world as was the custom, without preparation, her faith in man full fledged, and no suspicion in her soul, was apt to be darkened by disillusion. I know not how it may affect a boy, but the first shock of proof that a man can lie is a thing from which a girl never recovers.

Water's Part in Colloquial Terms. "How many of our 'expressive expressions are built around some reference to water?" said a writer. "Take a few brief examples for consideration.

Willie's Estate in 100 Words. Probably the shortest will ever filed in Wyandotte County, Neb., was presented in the office of the County Judge.

Durability of Liquid Air. An experiment for testing the durability of liquid air has been made between Berlin and Geneva. One morning two quart jars of liquid air were delivered to the railroad at Berlin.

A Curious Exchange. A peculiar business transaction was recorded at Lebanon, Pa., when Grocer John Light transferred to Baker William A. Garrett a fifteen-acre farm in Berks County for a consideration of 7000 loaves of bread.

HONOR ON THE WANE?

AN ENGLISH WRITER ON THE DECADENCE AMONG MEN AND THE DUTY OF WOMEN

Commercial Probity's Ebb... Levity of the World... Wit Tends to Sink High Moral Ideas... Politics is Talented... Lying Considered Fine Art... An Appeal to Women to Stop the Downward Tendency and Restore Old Confidence.

ARAH GRAND, in an article printed in the London Chronicle, says: It has been suggested that man's honor is a myth. And appearances seem to favor the suggestion. But it may be that here again appearances are misleading, because so much more appears now than of old.

BRAVE MAMMA HIPPOPOTAMUS. An incident showing that somewhere in the huge animal lies a brain. The hippopotamus is not generally credited with great intellectual power but it seems from the following incident, taken from the Popular Science Monthly, that somewhere in that mass of flesh and fat resides a brain prompt to act when necessity demands.

At one time Bishop Williams, of Marquette, was university preacher at Cornell for a few weeks, and during that time he not only gave fine sermons, but provided his friends at the university with many good stories.

Handless Fiddler. Frank Clawson is the name of a singular fiddler, of Atlanta, who is without hands. Many years ago he was caught in a blizzard and his arms frozen so badly that both hands were amputated at the wrists.

Mastodon Tooth in Tennessee. A magnificent and perfect mastodon tooth was unearthed at the Tennessee Marble Company's property near Concord a few days ago, and was brought to Knoxville, where it has created considerable curiosity.

Mystical Creatures of Japan. Japanese believe in more mythical creatures than any other people on the globe, civilized or savage. Among these are serpents 800 feet long and large enough to swallow an elephant.

Humor of Today. A soldier of the Russians. Lay Japanese at Tschirizkitch, there was lack of woman's nurturance and other comforts which might add to his final moment. And smooth the last way; but a comrade stood beside him to hear what he might say. The Japanese soldier faltered. As he took that comrade's hand, he said: 'I never more shall see my own, my native land; take a message and a token. To some distant friends of mine. For I was born at Smolnskgratzki; Fair Smolnskgratzki on the Irkutsk kinnow.'—W. J. L. in New York Sun.

UNIQUE HOTEL ROOMS.

Some Regulations Which Add to the Joy of Life in Atlantic City. Atlantic City has a number of hotels given over to 'stags,' and one of these displays the following signs: 'Parties contemplating suicide will be furnished with all necessary facilities and the latest improved methods, with assistance free and funeral expenses defrayed.'

'Stationery and postage stamps furnished free.' 'Female typewriters on every floor.' 'The best and most courteous attention given to old maids (the older the better), and families with small children (the more the merrier).'

'Couples desiring the services of a minister will kindly leave word at the office. One of any denomination will be furnished at short notice. We stand in with them all.'

'The clerks are college graduates carefully selected to please everybody, and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, lawn tennis, croquet, shake the dice, dance a jig, play billiards, take a switch in croquet work, lead the German, spin a tough yarn, play on the cornet and piano, put on the gloves work the growler, hold a baby, deliver a lecture and wait on forty gentlemen at once.'

'Making Figures Lie. "Most of the figures handed out by these physical culture cranks on the subject of cheap living," said a housekeeper who does her own marketing "make women extremely weary. Our husbands and sons read them, believe them, and then sniff significantly at the weekly totals in the grocery's book. I was reading the other day an article by a well-known New York physical culturist who undertook to show how he had lived fifteen days on eighty-four cents. He put down crushed oats at three cents a pound. Eight cents is the correct figure if you want oats that have any nourishment in them. He mentioned watercress at five cents a bunch. Well, one bunch lasts my husband two meals. It would look pretty thin strung out over fifteen days. He charges for three pounds of rice fifteen cents. It costs eleven cents a pound if you want good rice. For ten apples he allows ten cents. Must be queer apples. For six Swede turnips he puts down six cents. The grocers have been charging six cents for one all winter. No use trying to fool women with figures like these. They know better.'

Quick Work. At one time Bishop Williams, of Marquette, was university preacher at Cornell for a few weeks, and during that time he not only gave fine sermons, but provided his friends at the university with many good stories.

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Humor of Today

The New Version. A soldier of the Russians. Lay Japanese at Tschirizkitch, there was lack of woman's nurturance and other comforts which might add to his final moment. And smooth the last way; but a comrade stood beside him to hear what he might say. The Japanese soldier faltered. As he took that comrade's hand, he said: 'I never more shall see my own, my native land; take a message and a token. To some distant friends of mine. For I was born at Smolnskgratzki; Fair Smolnskgratzki on the Irkutsk kinnow.'

Engagement Time. He—"At what time in a girl's life should she be engaged?" She—"Just before she is married."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Other Fellow. Little Willie—"Say, pa, what kind of modesty is false modesty?" Pa—"False modesty is the kind other people have, my son."

Salesman—"Are those shoes large enough for you?" Pretty Girl—"No, but they match my suit."—Detroit Free Press.

The Two Kinds. "The great art of conversation is to tempt other people to talk." "Yes, but some people need to be headed off."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Hardly. He—"Did you take in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition?" "Well," said the man, jingling three pennies and a souvenir medal, "I doubt if the exposition was taken in."

Enough. "Geewhilkinks, what's the matter with Biffins? Has he lost his money in speculations?" "Oh, no. Biffins is all right. That is merely his housecleaning time face."

Making Himself Agreeable. "Uncle George says I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth." "A spoon in that little mouth! Oh! I see—it was one of those after-dinner coffee spoons."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.