

PURPLE LILACS.

By HELEN IRVING.

A pretty maiden rose one day...

A look, a kiss, a word, away...

EVERY INCH A MAN



How she ever came to join the society was as great a mystery to herself as to her friends.

When Sibyl Cathcart found herself fully installed into the sisterhood of the Spinners' Society, she began to ruminate as to whether, after all she had acted wisely.

Before two more days had passed the Spinners' Society were acquainted with the worst. The members were not afraid of the opposite sex, antagonistic though they might be.

"My dear," began Miss Tabbs, as she surveyed the girl from over her spectacles, "do you think you could become one of us altogether?"

"I-I think so," Sibyl replied doubtfully, well aware that her friends would think her more eccentric than ever.

"Now that is nice of you! Well, the fact of the matter is that Miss Franklin has come to the conclusion that the position of secretary to the society entails more work than she can undertake.

"Thank you so much, dearie," responded the ex-secretary kindly. "But do you know what has happened? The landlord has come himself for the rent.

"How fearful to be in the hands of such a money-grabbing brute!" interposed Miss Tabbs.

"You forget the house is my own." "Oh—er—so it is. You—want the rent? I am afraid we cannot pay you just yet.

"In a few days, nay, in a few hours the bill will be in, unless the rent is paid at once," he replied, firmly.

"Cruel! Were you never cruel? What was my fault, and how much mercy did you show me? Now it is my turn, and no mercy will I give.

"Very well. Good morning." He turned away and she slammed the door.

"What did he say?" asked Miss Tabbs, anxiously, when she entered the room.

"He is every inch a man!" replied Sibyl, significantly.

"Good morning, Miss Cathcart," he said, as she came out to meet him. "You expected me, of course?"

"Really? There is nothing much to understand. I am, in fact, my own landlord, and only immediate payment of the rent will prevent my being quarantined upon you.

"You brute!" she ejaculated. "Sorry to inconvenience you—very. A debt's a debt, you know. But I don't think you'll find me a very troublesome tenant. I shall come at 9 in the morning and leave at 6 in the evening, until the money is paid.

"The girl hid her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"I always knew you were a coward!" she sobbed. "And now you've proved it."

"I hope not. If I come as my own bailiff you should congratulate yourself upon having escaped so lightly.

"The bursting of this bomb in the headquarters of the Spinners' Society did not tend to draw the members toward the male sex, and immediate steps were taken to realize the money, a matter of some difficulty.

"It's nothing short of a scandal," piped Miss Tabbs, between fits of hysterical weeping, when the news was conveyed to her.

"And he stands in the doorway for ten minutes wiping his boots so that the neighbors shall see him enter," gasped Miss Franklin, to the groans of the other members.

"But the calamity fell more severely upon the head of Sibyl, though no one dared to imagine that she had once nearly become the wife of the obnoxious individual. Her one thought now, as she sat in the little study set apart for her own use, was how to get rid of him.

"Thank you so much, dearie," responded the ex-secretary kindly. "But do you know what has happened? The landlord has come himself for the rent.

"How fearful to be in the hands of such a money-grabbing brute!" interposed Miss Tabbs.

"Men were always brutes!" volunteered Miss Franklin.

"But where is he now?" asked Miss Tabbs.

"Oh, he's on the doorstep. I spoke to him through the letter box. I could not have the house polluted with his presence inside. It's bad enough for the neighbors, knowing our principles as they do, to see him here at all. He says he must have the rent at once, or a bailiff will be put in. Think of it! A male bailiff here—here!"

"Miss Franklin was periously near fainting, and her tears were running fast.

"Shall I go and try and reason with him?" asked Sibyl, by way of putting an end to a painful scene.

"Oh, if you would be so kind; but be sure and treat him like an animal, or at least as an inferior, because he's a man, you know."

"Silence!" commanded Sibyl. "You may go at once, and your wages will be sent to you. We do not keep money in the house."

"So that bloke seems to think. Well, good-day to you, miss. An' nigh you don't fall in love with that bewitchin' young man."

"With this parting shaft the servants withdrew, and Sibyl, having seen them off the premises, entered the dining room.

"Good morning, Jack," she said pleasantly.

"Jack, eh? Why, yesterday it was nothing but Mr. Allingham, with plenty of emphasis on the 'Mr.' Want to ask a favor, suggest."

"Now, Jack, why will you be so horrid?" "It must be a legacy I got from you. The same term might be very well applied to your treatment of me, mightn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know. You see I had a reason." "A reason? What reason?" "Don't stand there and pretend you don't know," she retorted. "You never went to the theatre with another woman, I suppose, and you never kissed her at the railroad station, did you? And a pretty woman, too—a pretty woman, I repeat, and I am not pretty."

"But, pardon me, you are very pretty, especially when you're angry. Yes, I have been to the theatre with another woman, and kissed her at the railroad station—my sister-in-law!"

"What do you mean?" "George's wife. You've heard me speak of my brother George, who's in Australia. He was home some months ago with his young bride. We all three went to the theatre, and—oh! I see it, now. You—ha!—thought it was some one else!"

"He dropped into a chair in a fit of laughing. "You thought I was flirting with another woman?" he said, at length.

"Of course. Any one would have thought so," she replied, crestfallen at the absurdity of her blunder.

"But, you silly thing, why didn't you find out before you became so un-usable? And are you still cross with me?"

"No—not very." "Then atone for it all by leaving these stupid companions of yours, and prove that you do not agree with their views by marrying me—me, the bailiff!"

He bent down and kissed her as she did not reply.

"Miss Cathcart!" came a shrill voice. "Here comes the old hen," he said. "No, you shan't get away, so don't struggle."

Miss Tabbs peered through the open door and dropped into one of the hall chairs preparatory to fainting. Her shriek of "Murder!" brought all the other occupants to the spot in an instant, prepared for the worst.

"Now, then, my good ladies," said Allingham, coming forward. "Don't get hysterical. I have a right to claim anything in the house for the debt owing, so have decided to claim Sibyl and write 'paid' across the account. She's going to be my wife."

"Wife! The vixen, the sly little rat, the—"

"Yes, we quarrelled some time ago, but now she's forgiven me and I've forgiven her, though I don't know why I should," he added, jocosely.

"Because," she answered, with eyes full of joyful tears, "because, you old dear, you're every inch a man."—The Penny Pictorial Magazine.

"It is true that somnambulists and drunks, when they fall, are not so apt to hurt themselves as you or I," an actor said. "There is a reason for this, too."

"The reason lies in a certain perfect limpness or relaxation of the muscles, that accompanies the fall of somnambulists and drunks. They fall unconsciously, without fear. They make no convulsive effort and strain to save themselves."

"To fall in this limp, relaxed way is to fall without injury. Limpness, relaxation, is the secret of successful stage falling. I can stand erect and crash down on my back like a log of wood or a ton of coal, and I suffer no hurt because I let myself go—because every part of me is relaxed, limp, loose. The frantic effort to save ourselves is what makes our fall disastrous. The absence of this effort, conscious in the actor and unconscious in the drunkard and somnambulist, is what makes their falls harmless."

The snail is as sacred to a Parisian as a lobster is to a chorist, so there has been a pretty how-do in Paris over the discovery by the health officers that a large part of the snails sold there are fakes. A workman in one of the factories sued his employer for damages, and that is how the discovery was made. The makers of snails buy up discarded shells, clean them, and then fill them with cat's meat, which has been cut into corkscrew shape by a machine invented for the purpose. When the shell is filled with the meat some fat is poured in and the trick is done. The defense was that these sham shells are preferred by some epicures as having a finer flavor than the escargots which feed on the vine leaves in Burgundy.—New York Globe.

Card in Time. She had just made a purchase in the crowded, busy department store. "Name and address, please," said the clerk, preparing for the usual orthographic struggle.

But there wasn't any struggle. She opened her shopping bag, and from one of the inner pockets thereof produced a small card, about visiting card size, having the desired name and address upon it in typewriting.

With this in her hand, the finishing touches were put to the transaction in about one-third the usual time. There was no straining of ears, no vexation.

The hint is a good one for all—especially for those having names of foreign origin that require treatment letter by letter or syllable by syllable.

The Latest Problem. Tom, Dick, Harry, Eliza, Mary and Jane went to market to buy pigs. Each gave as many shillings per pig as he or she bought. Tom bought eleven more than Mary. The persons in this sensational narrative were three married couples, and in each case the husband spent three guineas more than the wife. Which was Tom's wife which Harry's, and which Dick's?

Whole Boiling Whales. A plant for boiling whales, which cost \$1,000,000, is in operation in Newfoundland. Every ounce of the whale is used in the manufacture of stearine, bone meat or bones and other articles of commerce.

JAPAN'S DEADLY EXPLOSIVE

SHIMOSE DID TERRIBLE DAMAGE IN THE CHEMULPHO FIGHT.

HERE has been much debate on the question as to whether the projectiles which caused so many casualties among the crew of the Russian cruiser Varieg off Chemulpho, at the outbreak of the war were shrapnel or high explosive shells.

The French and Italian officers aboard the cruisers Pascal and Elba are of the opinion that little if any shrapnel was used. The British officers who were aboard the Talbot think that most of the havoc was due to shrapnel.

Dr. Wada, chief surgeon of the Japanese Navy, has given a correspondent the following details in regard to Shimose, the secret explosive used by the Japanese. Dr. Wada had twenty-four of the worst cases after they had been aboard the Pascal for four days and where most of the fragments had already been extracted. He extracted some more fragments, all of which he said were "undoubtedly parts of high explosive shells."

The doctor showed a parcel containing fragments extracted from one man. The largest piece was two inches long and half an inch wide at the greatest point. It was shaped like an arrow.

The next two pieces were about the size of hazel nuts. The other fragments, numbering 120, ranged in size from a pin head to a full grown pea.

An examination of the largest piece showed that the outer walls of the shell were not more than three-eighths of an inch and that it was fired from nothing smaller than a six-inch gun. The inference is that nothing but the best of steel can be used to stand the pressure on the bore of the gun. Nothing but a high explosive could smash a strong steel shell into such minute fragments.

Dr. Wada in operating on twelve sailors did not find a larger fragment than the one described. There were no indications of shrapnel. He described how on decks made slippery with blood he saw small bits of flesh and bone scattered everywhere. He stumbled over an arm here and a leg there. He saw men with their abdomens carried away and the flesh torn off their bodies. Nothing but a high explosive shell, he said, could have caused such effects.

The wounds caused by such a shell were no worse than those resulting from old-fashioned shells or shrapnel. If a man was lucky enough not to be killed he had a very good chance of getting off unhurt or with very slight wounds, but they were meant to kill. The doctor continued:

"Two sailors stood on the bridge with Capt. Rudneff, Count Nirod and a petty officer. One of the new shells struck the petty officer. The new shells are provided with fuses and take effect not only on contact with water, but with parts of the rigging, living men, even clothing—in fact, wherever the resistance is sufficient to alter the speed ever so little. The shell referred to exploded and blew the petty officer to atoms. There was absolutely nothing found of him afterward. Count Nirod, who was standing next to him, was also blown to pieces, only one arm being found afterward. The two sailors stood a little way off. The explosion tore all the flesh from the lower parts of their legs, which had to be amputated afterward. Capt. Rudneff was still a little further off and escaped with slight wounds in the head.

"Old shells the fragments are meant to kill or wound. The explosive is there merely to burst the shell and give additional impetus to the fragments. In the new shell the explosive itself is meant to kill. The function of the shells is simply to convey the explosive to the desired spot."

Dr. Wada said he did not know the limits in which the new shell kills or wounds seriously. But the instance described above proves that it is not very large. Referring to the numerous cases of suppurating wounds caused by pieces of clothing entering with the fragments of a shell, Dr. Wada suggested that the Government should make a new rule in the navy that whenever a fight is expected every man shall have his body well washed and his clothing disinfected. He continued:

"Happily it is the rule of our men in the army and navy always to go into battle in the newest and cleanest uniform. This is not for sanitary considerations, but it works the right way all the same."—New York Sun.

A McKinley Story. Congressman Dick, of Arkon, tells this about President McKinley: "McKinley was always good to the poor. When he lived in Canton he had, each winter, a great stock of blankets, shoes, potatoes, Bibles and so forth that he would distribute where they were needed most."

"One day he gave a Bible to a newsboy. He would not have ventured upon such a gift as this had not the newsboy asked for the book."

"I am glad, Mr. McKinley said to the lad, 'that you want a Bible. Are you happy now that you have got one?'"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "I know a place where I can trade it off for a fiddle."—Boston Advertiser.

New Potatoes. The discoverer of a new potato in England is selling the seed at \$500 a pound, or \$30,000 a bushel. That almost ranks with the Lawson Pink. It bears a glaucous garden, which is worth \$50,000 an acre each year. But the Irish potato will surely have to go, as it is becoming too diseased for human consumption. We shall have to turn to Uruguay. The French scientists, you know, have found on the banks of the River Mercedes what they style the "Solomon commercial" potato that is immune from all diseases. Its yield is enormous, and its quality is superior to the finest Irish potatoes. Let 'em come in!

LABORER TO MILLIONAIRE IN A DAY

As a profession mining offers more chances for sudden wealth than any other, and this is exemplified in the case of a Mexican miner, Pedro Alvarado, who owns a mine at Parral, in the State of Chihuahua. He is about fifty years old, and comes from the poor, or lowest laboring class, the ability of whose members to write their own names is remarkable. For years this man was a mine laborer, working for fifty cents (Mexican silver) a day; illiterate, unthinking and in common with the rest of his kind, he had no ambition beyond the making of enough money to keep body and soul together.

He was known to be hard working, but he had no more thrift or foresight than the other peons, and in consequence his taking up of a small piece of property three years ago with the intention of sinking a shaft was a standing joke in the neighborhood. He borrowed enough money to work his property in a small way, but being what he was, his credit did not hold for very long, and it was on the last day before the mortgage would have been foreclosed that he made a strike that gave him a position that is unique.

The vein of gold and silver ore that he found turned him in a day from a peon to a millionaire many times over, and the results have been spectacular and interesting. The wealth of his mine, and the average ore taken out assaying in the neighborhood of \$12,000 a ton, although one shipment of three carloads was made some time ago that brought him a profit of \$900,000 a car, this ore being so rich that the native silver could be cut from it with a pocket knife.

After the discovery there was naturally a change in Alvarado's methods of living, and he started the building of an enormous and gorgeous house, which, true to his blood, he placed in the center of the poorest part of the town, where it is surrounded by the mud and thatched huts of his old friends. Until it is finished he will continue to live in a mud shack, where he has no less than five pianos, although of course neither he nor his wife has the slightest idea of what to do with them.

Alvarado is not inclined to keep his good fortune to himself, and has a pension list among those he worked beside in his laboring days that amounts to more than \$20,000 a month, while during the Christmas season he gives custom to load a wagon with silver dollars, which he personally distributes through the poorer parts of the town. He is intensely patriotic, and a year ago made a proposition to the Mexican Government to pay the national debt, and undoubtedly would have tried to do so had not Finance Minister Limantour felt that it was for the best interests of the country to decline the offer. Alvarado is very proud of his position, and so jealous of his interests that he has surrounded his property with a high wall, within which he will permit none but his own people to enter.—Leslie's Weekly.

Female Fishhawk Guarded Her Mate. Complaints are made of the shooting and attempted shooting of fishhawks in the town of Bristol, and people near whose homes the hawks nest are very much incensed because of the killing of one fishhawk recently, on the land of Dr. H. M. Howe at Ferry Hill, and the wounding of another of the birds on the shore, near the residence of Edward Anthony.

Mr. Anthony noticed the wounded bird near his home the last of the week with a wound in its throat and the breast feathers covered with blood. It was alone for a couple of days, its mate not having arrived. As soon as the female bird came from the South, it caught fish and fed the wounded bird until the wound improved.

The bird shot at and wounded, which is nearly over its hurt, Mr. Anthony claims is the same hawk wounded in the wing by a rifle ball thirty years ago. He recognizes the stiffness in the wing that was wounded, year after year.—Providence Journal.

An Indian Boy on the Horse. The following forcible piece of writing is said to be by a young Indian pupil not yet so familiar with the English language as he is with the "noble quadruped," he has chosen for the subject of his essay: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his feet on the stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are on the rear. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending these in the rear in a parallel direction towards his foe, but this he does only when he is in an aggravating mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have tails, but not so long as the cow and other such like animals."—New York Tribune.

Nothing Lost. They take tremendous precautions at the mint so that no specie shall be lost," said an Englishman, with a reminiscence of an article he had been reading on the subject. "Every scrap of refuse is burned in order that not the slightest vestige of metal shall be wasted. The working clothes of the men are burned, too, when they are worn out, and they even burn the carts which are used in carrying the bullion to the mint."

"Well," said the American in the corner, contemplating his cigar. "I guess we go one better than that in our immortal country. We burn the refuse and the clothes and the carts, too, sir, we do all that, and what is more, when a man dies who has worked there we have him cremated." Then they talked about the weather.—London Fun.

Korean Houses. The average Korean lives in a thatched cottage having three rooms in a row. The kitchen fire is at one end and its chimney at the other; the fire passing under the rooms warms them.

JIMMY ATHLETIC:

The General Manager of a big Ann street establishment late Saturday afternoon looked around the inside of the office, carefully inspected the inside of his hat before putting it on, called for the porter to make doors and shutters secure, and, accompanied by a belated customer, started for Park Row.

"Well, he's resigned," he remarked with a sigh of relief. "Who?" inquired the customer, having in mind the junior partner.

"The third assistant office boy," replied the General Manager, a note of joy in his voice. "He's gone at last, and I don't think he'll come back."

"If you didn't want him why didn't you fire him?" queried the customer. "I did—three times—but he wouldn't stay fired. It was the limit. We got him six weeks ago, and the office has been in a turmoil ever since. He has a name, of course, but no one except the paymaster knows it. He looks like a prizefighter in miniature, and the first hour he was with us one of the clerks called him 'Jimmy Athletic.' That flattered the young wretch, and the man that nicknamed him was the only one that ever was able to induce him to work except on the day after one of the firings. Then he'd bully all the other boys and keep them out of the way, and when I called for a youngster in a hurry he'd present himself.

"I knew, of course, that I'd fired him, but I'm kept too busy to wait, so I would use him, and there he'd be—re-established.

"Jimmy was never known to smile. But he had a laugh, the loudest, most penetrating, and mirthless that mortal ever listened to. When I reminded him one day that I had discharged him the day before he laughed, and I begged him to desist.

"His first break was two days after he was hired. A messenger boy brought an important telegram, and Jimmy didn't like his face. He beat that boy to a whisper, and the kid went home to have his injuries repaired.

"I wasn't until the next day that we heard of the telegram, and then all the good it did us was to give us the idea of how much money we had lost by its non-receipt. Jimmy was fired then for the first time.

"A week later I was at my desk, when a long steel rod from a bill dropped beside my hand and stuck quivering in my desk. Up above there was a hole in the ceiling, and at that I saw Jimmy's grinning face. He was doing the William Tell act on me. He was fired again for that.

"Jimmy had an ambition to run an elevator. Not regularly—just once—but the colored man that tends to ours would not let him touch the wheel. So Jimmy went to him and told him that the boss was giving orders that he be dismissed. The man told Jimmy to watch the elevator while he ran to square matters, and Jimmy had his chance.

"Just at this moment an old woman stepped aboard, and Jimmy had a passenger to experiment on. He nearly ran her through the roof.

"No, he wasn't fired for that. The passenger was the boss' mother-in-law from Sunbury, and the shock so affected her that she decided at once to go home. If she'd heard so that she couldn't have traveled Jimmy would have lost his job then for good.

"The next time he got fired was for putting up a target on the boiler in the cellar and shooting at it with a revolver.

"To-day he came to me and said he was going to resign. I asked him if he wanted a bonus, but he said he didn't. He's only about as big as a pint of peanuts, but he sat all afternoon smoking big cigars and making the other boys envious. He told one of the clerks that if I didn't give him a recommendation he'd knock two of my teeth in."

"Well," said the customer, consolingly, "he's gone." Then, wishing to change the subject, he remarked: "I was lucky to catch you this afternoon. You must have been detained."

"Yes," said the General Manager. "I wanted to write a recommendation for Jimmy Athletic."—New York Times.

Potato of Much Notoriety. No potato has ever gained so much notoriety as Eldorado, raised by the famous Scottish raiser, Mr. A. Findlay, of Markinch. The very name of the variety was a stroke of genius, for it is hardly possible that the raiser, or those who had the good fortune to secure some of the first tubers distributed, could have imagined that in so short a time it would change hands at such enormously high prices.

Mr. George Massey, of Spalding, was one of the very first to obtain stock, and from him Mr. Zachariah Gray, a well-known grower at Everton, Sandy, purchased a stone weight for \$100. This set the ball rolling, and as Mr. Findlay resolved not to further distribute Eldorado until the autumn of 1904, the demand for the small stock available was doubled and trebled, and so the prices rose. Messrs. Dennis, the Covent Garden salesmen, and Messrs. I. Pond & Sons, of New York, possessed some supplies, and the latter firm found a purchaser of four pounds at \$150 per pound. This determined them to obtain further stock, and so at the Smithfield Club show a member of his firm found that Mr. Massey had a limited stock for disposal and made him an offer of £1000 for a stone. Mr. Massey refused, as he wanted £1500, but eventually the bargain was struck at £1400, to the satisfaction of both parties. Subsequently, Mr. Massey sold a relatively small quantity for £2000, so that his original transaction brought him a very handsome return.—Gardener's Magazine.

Colorado's Output. Colorado ranks eighth in the United States as to agriculture, sixth as to live stock, fifth as to coal and iron, first in the percentage of sugar in grain, first in the area of irrigated lands, and first as to quantity of wheat, potatoes and melons. No State approaches Colorado in the amounts of gold and silver produced.

Sign of the Door Key. When a door key is hung up outside a house in Sweden it is a sign that the family is not at home.

Humor of Today

All Correct. An antiseptic baby lived on antiseptic milk; His clothes were antiseptic, made of antiseptic silk. In antiseptic carriages he rode, with time to spare. He had an antiseptic nurse, breathed antiseptic air; And though upon this mundane sphere he did not long abide, They placed him in an antiseptic coffin when he died. —Smart Set.

Its Drawback. "Education is a great thing." "Yes, it turns out some mighty intelligent criminals."—Life.

Expensive Engagement. "Patience—How do you know her love for him was strong?" "Patience—'Because it broke him.'—Yonkers Statesman.

Ambiguous. Jack Nervey—"I'm going to kiss you when I leave this house to-night." May Kutely—"Leave the house this instant, sir!"—Philadelphia Press.

Mother Earth. "I wonder why people always speak of Earth as she?" "It's natural enough. Nobody knows exactly what her age is."—Philadelphia Ledger.

After. "She—'Ah, you men! Before marriage you pay compliments, but after—'" "He—'After? Why, after—we do better; we pay bills.'—Life.

A Distinction. "Can a man patent a scientific discovery?" asked the commercial person. "It isn't usually done," answered the scientist. "But some of them ought to be copyrighted as literary productions."—Washington Star.

Far From Improbable. "Many a man would give a great deal for your opportunities," said the earnestly ambitious man. "Of course," answered Senator Sorghum. "I had to give a great deal for 'em myself."—Washington Star.

Advanced. "You say that Lord Fuchsi's social position has improved since he married a rich American girl?" "Yes, indeed. Formerly he was only a nobleman; but now he belongs to our helmsmanship."—Washington Star.

None Such. "I'm looking for a painless dentist. Can you recommend one?" "I never knew any that didn't hurt at least once." "When is that?" "When his bill comes in."—Detroit Free Press.

Careless Artist. "Do you think you can draw that ball the length of the table?" "I'll have to, I suppose. But I don't see why the artist didn't draw it back there to begin with."—Chicago Tribune.

Wisely Chosen. "Mr. Short—'Can I believe it—you will really marry me?'" "Miss Tall—"Yes, I always make my own dresses, and, as we are both the same height, you will come real handy when I am cutting and fitting."—New York Weekly.

Not Compulsory. "Tell me, Colonel," asked the beginner in politics, addressing the gray-haired statesman, "can a politician be honest?" "I suppose so, my boy," replied the veteran, "but—ah!—it isn't necessary."—Collier's Weekly.

Making Allowances. "People do not take in proper account," said the broad-minded man, "the nervous strain under which we live. It is necessary to make allowances for some of our public officials." "That's the idea," rejoined Senator Sorghum. "And liberal allowances, 'so.'"—Washington Star.

Physical, Not Political. Doctor—"You have a perfectly sound constitution, sir, but you are overworked a little and run down, and that is why your physical energies have begun to flag." "Patient—"Then in my case the constitution does not follow the flag? Thank you, doctor."—Yonkers Herald.

No Contretemps. "How did your nephew's wedding pass off?" "Just splendid." "Were there any contretemps?" "I don't think so. I didn't see any. You see we had the church thoroughly cleaned up just before the wedding took place."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In the Billville Backwoods. "How far is it to the next town, my friend?" "Bout fifty acres—or better." "Well, hit—how many miles." "Well, hit—how many to two, or hit—how many to six." "You're a big fool!" "I know it; but—your order seen my daddy?"—Atlanta Constitution.

His Preference. The father was giving the son some advice. "Now that you are starting out in life," said the parent, "you will find it pays to cultivate the acquaintance of well-to-do people." "But the son shook his head. "No, pop," he responded, "I will find it pays me better to cultivate the acquaintance of easy-to-do people. I am going to locate in Wall Street."—Chicago News.

