

HOMeward BOUND.

The train goes roaring up the track. The sun is in the west; The smoke rolls eastward, dense and black; And I, complacently lean back— To-day I've done my best.

Contentment fills my heart to-night. The train and God are kind; I've worked to-day with all my might, And I can feel, with strong delight, The miles recede behind.

Ah, but the years will pass away, And I am doomed to see A change that parents only may— The child will be a man some day, Who waits to-night for me. —S. K. Kieser.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF DOOLITTLE WRIGHT BY MARY GRACE HALPINE

WHAT'S in a name? That is what Shakespeare says; but it is my belief, if he had had the one that was around my neck ever since I was old enough to have any name at all, he would have sung quite another tune. I ascribe to mine all the misfortunes that have followed me from that time to this, and which have been neither few nor light.

My paternal cognomen is Wright. Not remarkable for elegance, it is true, but if it had been prefixed by John, James or Henry, it would have been in no way distinguishable from those borne by the rest of my neighbors. But, unfortunately for me, I had a maternal uncle by the name of Doolittle Tickellum.

He was rich and a bachelor, with no nearer relatives than nephews and nieces, and, when I came into this world of toil and trouble, my father, having a fatherly eye to my future needs, proposed that I should be named for him.

which, indeed, it was very far from being to me—and then, instead of manifesting any regret, he bid me take my seat, muttering "that a boy with such a name as that wouldn't be likely to get any more of that sort of thing than he deserved."

To do my mother justice, at first she strenuously opposed it. Thoroughly imbued with the idea under which most mothers labor that her baby was considerably brighter and prettier than other women's babies; in fact, something altogether extraordinary, she was proportionately indignant at the suggestion.

Mr. Bumbleby carried this theory into practice; and the consequence was that I got considerably more of "that sort of thing" than any other boy in school.

I was lying, kicking and screeching, upon her knee, if my photograph taken at that interesting age can be relied upon, as ordinary a specimen of the countless throng of infant humanity as it is possible to imagine. But catching me rapturously in her bosom, she nearly smothered me with kisses, declaring "that I was an itty, precious darling; the pittiest, thweetest baby that ever was! And that papa ought to be ashamed of himself to think of giving it such a horrid name."

But as he made no response to this, save to repeat the often expressed hope, that I would do credit to a name I hated, and as it was necessary that I should do something for my own support, I began to cast about what that something should be.

Like most young men of my calibre and expectations, I wanted some nice, easy berth, with little to do and a large salary. Having heard of a vacancy of this kind in an insurance office, with whose President my father's family had been long and favorably known, I applied for it.

But when my father set strongly before her the substantial benefits that might accrue to me from this stroke of policy, alluding to the artful ways with which Cousin Sophronia, another of the nieces, tried to interest our rich relative in her spoiled, disagreeable Tommy, she yielded a reluctant consent.

"But just think, Henry, how horridly it sounds! Doolittle Tickellum Wright! It's perfectly dreadful!" "He can change it in a few years—before he is old enough to have it do him any harm, I dare say. Your uncle is an old man, my dear, and can't live forever."

"No objection at all to you! It's your name I object to. Doolittle Wright! It would cast discredit on the company, as you can see for yourself. Take my advice and change it."

But he seemed likely to do so. From the day that there was thrust upon me that luckless name he appeared to take a new lease of life, and to grow younger, instead of older, every succeeding year.

"Why not?" I said, in astonishment. "What possible objection have you to me?"

"Uncle Doolittle was duly informed of the honor that was done him, to which he responded very graciously by sending me a silver mug, together with the assurance that 'if I did honor to the name it bore he would do something handsome for me.'"

"Then, glancing at my letter to him, which was signed D. T. Wright, he added: 'What does T. stand for?'"

"I had already experienced some of the disadvantages of the name to which he had alluded, and, in spite of the tutoring I had received from my father, a feeling of sullen resentment swelled by heart, which must have found expression in my countenance, for the old man shook his head as he looked at me, saying, in quite another tone: 'I hope you'll try to be a credit to it.'"

"I was in for it now, and there was nothing to do but to go forward. 'Tickellum, did you say? Why, that is worse if anything, than the other—more ridiculous, at all events. A man who will give an offending child such a name as that ought to be indicted by the Grand Jury. All I can say to you is, get rid of them as speedily as possible. Good morning, sir!'"

"I never felt more strongly inclined to do this in my life, and that is saying a great deal. But I knew my uncle would take mortal offense at it, who was now prostrated by one of the attacks to which he was subject, and which threatened to be his last. It would be a pity, after enduring so much, to fall when the goal was near. So, after various other attempts, ending just as disastrously, I accept a second rate clerkship in a small retail store, with a correspondingly small salary. This was something of a come down to my ambitious hopes, but I consoled myself with the thought that my uncle's declining health made it only a temporary arrangement."

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"I shall never forget my first day at school. Mr. Bumbleby, the head master, had fiery red hair and the fiery temper that usually accompanies it. He was in an unusually irritable mood that morning. 'Hold up your head and speak so I can hear you!' he roared, as I faltered out my name."

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her; that I was named for a rich and aged uncle, who would be greatly displeased."

Here Miss Montague arose. "Very well, Mr. Doolittle Wright—very appropriate name, I should say—you will do as you like, of course. But if you would rather dispense me than your uncle, you needn't take the trouble to call again; for I never will marry a man with such a ridiculous name."

Exit Miss Montague, leaving me to my not very pleasing reflections. While I was debating which of the horns of this perplexing dilemma to take, I received a telegram that my uncle was at the point of death.

He had frequently been at the point of death before; but, in accordance with my invariable practice when receiving such notice, I went to see him. I found the old gentleman, very low; in fact, scarcely able to more than gasp forth his intention of "doing something handsome for me."

"You will find it in my will, when I am gone," he whispered, as I bent over him. But, true to the program that he had apparently laid down for himself, to delay that desirable event as long as possible, he lingered nearly six weeks.

The same paper that contained the news of his demise recorded the marriage of Miss Clara Montague. As bitter a pill as this was to swallow, I was consoled by the thought that I was now about to be rewarded for all my trials and mortifications.

When my uncle's will was opened, it was found that he had left sums, varying from one to ten thousand dollars to all his numerous kith and kin, leaving a double portion to the very few "who hadn't bothered him," as he expressed it.

To me, "his beloved namesake," he bequeathed the full-length portrait of himself that hangs in the library, knowing that his tender affection for the original would make him prize it beyond anything else he could bestow.

If there are any curious to see said legacy, they will find it in the attic of my present abode, with its face to the wall. I have taken my father's name, though no one seems to be aware of the fact, all my acquaintances insisting on calling me by the one I have borne so long, and which I seem likely to bear to the end of the chapter—Doolittle Wright.—New York Weekly.

Though it has never been proved that plants have brains, it has been proved often that there is some power within them whereby they combat evil conditions and seek what is best for their good.

A resident of Castle Valley, Pa., has a vine that showed itself last month to have, if not a brain, a substitute of equal value. This vine, a young one, grew in a clay pot. A stick stood in the middle of the spot, and the vine curled up it. It was about two feet in height; in length, it would have measured four feet.

Usually the vine was placed in a south window every morning, where it absorbed all day the benefit of the sun's rays. It happened, however, through an oversight, that one afternoon the shutter shaded half the window and the vine was set in the shutter's shadow. A foot away was the sunlight, warm, glittering, life-giving, but where the plant stood there was nothing but gloom.

During the four days the vine stood in the shadow with the sunlight near it, it did something that proved it to have a faculty akin to intelligence. It uncurled itself from its supporting stick, and like a living thing it crawled over the window ledge to the sun.

This vine, to be sure, did not uncurl itself and crawl with the rapid movements of a snake. Its movements were, indeed, so slow as to be imperceptible. Nevertheless, looking about, it overcame every obstacle, and finally it lay basking in the sun.—Portland Oregonian.

The word "vaudeville," which now means a play in which songs are introduced, is a corruption of Vaux de Vire, the names of two valleys in Normandy. A fuller in Vire, in the fifteenth century, composed some humorous and satirical drinking songs which were very popular throughout France, under the name of their native place, "Vaux de Vire." The terms seem to have been corrupted into vaudeville. A collection of songs was published at Lyons in 1561 entitled "Chansons Voix de Ville," and another at Paris in 1571 called "Recueil des Plus Belles Chansons on Forme des Voix de Ville." Both these publications were probably reprints of the original songs. At any rate, the name "vaudeville" has in some way grown out of them.—Boston Globe.

Have we had too much Stevenson? A clever critic maintains that we have, and implores those who have further details about Stevenson in Scotland, Stevenson at college, Stevenson in London, Stevenson in Belgium, Stevenson in France, Stevenson in America, Stevenson in Samoa, to withhold their hands and graciously spare us. Already, it is contended, the shadow of Stevenson lies too heavy upon pages of our amateurs in literature. The young litterateurs who are forming themselves upon Stevenson have studied closely the precise proportions of nouns, verbs, adjectives, color words and figurative terms to put into their mixture, and the result is a style which would have driven Stevenson himself either to suicide or to justifiable homicide.

Excitement on Monhegan Island. Great excitement on Monhegan—Dan Stevens' horse ran away and stove the cart into kindling wood. He came off to the harbor Wednesday and bought a new one, so he is all fitted for hay or any other teaming. You can't stick Dan. He has been all over the world and traveled the rough road, you may believe.—Boothbay Register.

"Staging" by Automobile Now. A daily automobile service between Durango, Col., and Farmington, N. M., is soon to be established. The round trip is 110 miles and the distance is covered in twelve hours. This shows how progressive are the people of the "Wild and Woolly West."

HOW THE BEE SPENDS ITS TIME

Swarming Day the Only Day of the Year—Fealty of Worker to Queen—Drone Pays Terrible Penalty For Gay Times.

BEES, in a way, are something like children—they hate to feel lonely. A bee will die of sheer loneliness if you take it away from its friends. It never does any work for itself, but works only for the sake of the hive. And bees love their work. They love the best stir in their home, and above all, they love their queen, who is the mother of them all, and hardly ever stings out of the hive.

Fancy being the queen and the mother of the 50,000 busy, bustling bees who live in our hive at the bottom of the garden! No queen is more lovingly attended by her subjects than the queen of the bees. They would do anything for her, but they can do nothing without her. Day and night she is surrounded by a ring of ladies in waiting, who always stand with their faces toward her, so that some of them must walk backward whenever she moves. She is fed and she is washed, and nothing is ever allowed to disturb the one work that she is busy upon day and night—the work of laying eggs.

If anything should happen to her all the bees will nearly go off their heads in their sorrow, and if she should be lost and her bees can't find her, all her unhappy children will soon die of distress. If any accident happens to the hive the bees protect their queen and the young bees with their lives, and if there should be a famine they give her the last drop of food.

The sentinels who guard the door of the hive never allow a strange queen to come in when their mother is at home. The queen herself is the busiest of all in the hive. But she never enjoys long days of sunshine spent among the flowers. It is her duty and her joy to keep on laying eggs without stopping in the darkness of the hive.

She lives three or four years so that she may do this work properly, but the common bees who have been born in the spring only live to see a little of one bright summer, six or eight weeks, perhaps. Those who are born late in the year live longer, for they have not to work day and night, but sleep through the winter.

You can see how eager the bees are to get on with their work, as they fly in streams in and out of the hive, all through the summer days. If you watched a bee as it arrived at the hive you would see it hurrying, without stopping to talk or play, to the little cell where the honey it has gathered must be stored; and then it would go to empty out the stores from its leg baskets into other separate cells. Each load must be put away in its proper place; and then at once out it would fly again to the sunshine and the flowers to bring back another load.

WAY BLOCKED BY DRONES. If you kept a very careful watch on the busy working bees as they hurried about in the hive, you would soon notice that their way was often blocked by the larger bees than themselves, who never seem to have anything to do but to hinder the others. These larger bees are the grand gentlemen of the hive—drones they are called—and drones they are, for they never do a stroke of work for themselves, but simply live a lazy life of luxury.

In the hive that I am telling you about there were quite 400 of these grand gentlemen. They were very big and fine, and each one had 12,000 eyes on each side of his head, which seemed rather a shame considering that the poor workers only had 6000. But then the drones had no stings. All day long they did nothing, but were fed by the working bees on the food that they had so carefully stored up.

They slept in snug corners, sunned themselves at the hive's door, and perhaps now and then flew out to see how the world was looking, but never to do a stroke of work. They were always treated with respect and allowed to pass and they pleased into any hive they cared to visit.

The most important part of the nursery, indeed the most important place in the whole hive, was the spot where five wonderful cells had been built, larger than any of the other cells, looking something like acorns. In these special cells were the grubs of royal bees—beautiful princesses of the future, who might some day reign as queens themselves.

With hundreds of little bees coming into the world every day, it is quite easy to see that soon the hive would be too small to shelter all the bees. This is what happened in the hive that I am telling you about—the hive grew too small to hold all the bees, or rather the bees grew too many to live in the hive—and so nearly all the wise little bees went away to find a new home, so that the old home might be left to the rising generation.

But, of course, it would never do to go away without a queen. So this is what happened: From one of the royal cells there stepped out a beautiful princess. Now, seventeen days before, this princess had been nothing but an egg. The egg had lain in its little cell for three days, and then a grub had emerged. For five days this little grub was fed by the nurse bees, not on the ordinary food that is given to little bees, but on food that is kept only for royalty. And then the nurses had covered in the cell with wax, and left the little grub to itself, to spin a cocoon.

This took one day, and then, two days later, after it had had a good rest, the grub was transformed into a real baby bee, and on the seventeenth day stepped out from the cell a beautiful princess.

QUEEN MOTHER IN RAGE. The princess uttered a loud cry—a long, piping note—and at once all the hive was thrown into the greatest state of excitement. The bees stopped working and flocked to see the new princess, flying about in the maddest way,

now rushing in a body out of the hive, only to stream back again a moment later—but maddest of all was the old queen mother.

Directly she heard the piping note of the young princess she threw herself into a violent temper, and doubtless she would have fallen upon her poor daughter and stung her to death had not so many of the other bees blocked her way. Old queen bees are always furious when princesses step out of their cells, for they hate to think of any one else ruling in their places.

The excitement of all the bees was so great that soon the hive became very hot, and at last the old queen bee, feeling uncomfortable, and finding herself unable to kill the princess, determined to fly away and find a new home.

And so she made her way to the door of the hive, and then sprang into the air, and at once a great cloud of bees streamed after her, and the cloud floated away—away from the dear old home that they had filled to overflowing with treasure, to come to rest beside their queen, who alighted on the bough of a tree near by. Wave after wave of bees alighted beside her, until a great cluster hung from the bough, a golden, shimmering mass.

Now, the bee keeper had watched the bees swarming, and had made ready of them a new clean hive. Directly he saw that the swarm had settled, he took an empty box and placed it on the ground just below the cluster.

And then, knowing well that all the bees were far too happy to think of stinging any one, he gently shook the bough from which the cluster hung, and the great ball of bees dropped down into the empty box; and though some of them settled on his hands, his arms and his face, not one thought of stinging him, but from all the bees came a buzzing song of happiness. The day of their swarming is the happiest day in the life of the bees, the one day when they make holiday.

The old hive must have seemed very deserted to the few bees who remained with the new princess, after the old queen and her swarm had departed, for only a few thousand bees had stayed behind with her, to care for all the baby bees in the nursery cells.

OFF ON THEIR HONEYMOON. They set to work at once to tidy up the hive and to put things straight, and the princess, who was to become their queen, married a handsome drone gentleman, and on a beautiful summer morning went away for a honeymoon flight in the blue sky. Then her husband had died, and she had returned at once to the darkness of the hive to settle down to her work as queen, and to pass the rest of her days laying eggs.

Soon work went on as merrily as before, some of the bees cleaning the hive, some of them flying out to the flowers, others busying themselves in the great nursery, where thousands and thousands of baby bees were almost ready to leave their little cells. And the bees knew that in a few days the hive would be filled again with a new stock of little bees.

For quite 50,000 little bees would come out from the cells of the nursery. But the new queen knew that among these 50,000 babies would be four princesses, and killed in turn each of the princesses, for it is a law of the little royal family that only one member of the royal family may live in the hive.

But all the other baby bees who were born were brought up with the most loving care by their nurses, and when two weeks old each of the new bees had grown wise enough to be able to fly out to visit the flowers, and forage for honey. And so it was not long before the old hive was filled with a new race of little people, who were just as clever in working for their queen as those thousands of older bees who had flown away.

It was just before autumn began, in the month of September, that the long suffering bees had their revenge on the great, stupid, lazy drones, who had lived such luxurious lives while they had toiled so hard.

Early one morning, while the drones were still sleeping, the working bees, who had quite lost their patience with the drones, and were now very angry with them, set upon them and dragged them to the floor of the hive, and began to tear off their wings. Three or four of the little angry working bees set upon each great stupid drone, and the drones were too helpless, having no stings, to offer any resistance.

One by one they were carried, wingless to the door of the hive and thrown down to the ground, where death came to them. And so the bees sacrificed all the idle drones, and the ground was strewn with the corpses of the giants.

Then work went forward again, and the honey of the autumn flowers was gathered.—Royal Magazine.

The More the Better. When the Franciscan friars first brought their religion to the Huichol Indians, of Mexico, the "new gods" were eagerly accepted by them, but they would not give up their native deities. The fancied that the more gods they had to pray to the surer they were to get their prayers answered.

A London Husband's Pledge. A man recently summoned in a London Police Court by his wife for assault, finally agreed to sign the following document: I promise that I will never strike my wife again; never use bad language; always be just; give her all my wages; and always make her comfortable.

Our Fruit Export. Exports of fruit from the United States in the fiscal year 1904 will exceed \$20,000,000, against less than \$3,000,000 in 1894 and less than \$2,000,000 in 1884. The growth in the exportation of fruits from the United States has been very rapid during the last few years.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Why Newspapers of Small Towns Are So "Local."

A British visitor to this country not long since was quoted as saying that he estimated the character and quality of the papers which in all probability fell into the hands of this Englishman. He would naturally see the prominent metropolitan papers, and at furthest only the leading ones of the smaller cities. From certain correct inferences he drew certain correct inferences as to the people for whom they were printed. He would know, first, and most distinctly, that these people were full of enterprise and energy, and were ready for any commercial undertaking, however vast; he would learn that they were generous in a large way, somewhat boastful, rather careless, individually, of their public obligations but on the whole having rather a high standard by which to measure public men. These and numerous other conclusions he could draw from the papers that would in all likelihood fall into his hands, but unless he made a study of the country press he would miss a view of these same people quite necessary to a proper understanding and estimate of them.

The metropolitan papers deal with affairs of general interest—foreign and national events, politics, matters relating to public men, news that concerns many classes of readers, etc.; the papers of small towns and villages deal with matters of another sort; they are in close touch with their readers and treat of local and personal affairs. Politics and outside news may have place in their columns, too, but merely in an incidental way. It is the local record that gives them interest and character and makes them valuable and delightful.

In a community where everybody knows everybody else there is a natural and perfectly proper interest in knowing that Uncle Jake Snyder is having his barn painted, that Sam Sweeney is having trouble with his eyes, that Farmer Johnson has raised the biggest tomatoes ever seen in the region, that John Jones visited his "best girl" on Sunday night, and so on, and so on, and so on. It is not love of trivial detail or petty gossip, but an outgrowth of neighborly and kindly feelings that calls for a recital of these things. To an outsider the personal comments may at times seem overly familiar, but with the free give-and-take of a small community they are not so considered by the persons concerned, but are regarded rather as family pleasantries. It is through these papers, indeed, that glimpses are to be had of the best family life of the country, the dinners, the picnics, the reunions, the gayeties, as well as the more serious phases. The relations of the people to each other are discernible. One who reads between the lines of these records of local happenings and doings can see the simplicity, the open-hearted hospitality, the kindness of the men and women who are mentioned from time to time; their pursuits, their ambitions, and, alas, also, their sorrows are made clear.

Many a man long resident of a city takes regularly a little paper published in his old home and reads it eagerly, thus keeping in touch with his former associates; but even the stranger of sympathetic mind and a degree of insight finds a charm in such papers that more pretentious sheets cannot possess. They bring him into close relations with the people who, above all others, are representative Americans and who make the country what it is.—Indianapolis Journal.

My Oriental Dressmaker. My Japanese dressmaker that came to the house wore a long blue cotton kimono and wooden clogs that he slipped off his feet at the door of my room. He brought with him the clumsiest pair of shears and a little hand sewing machine that was an undoubted patriarch among machines. He rested in a chair, but squatted with his feet under him, set the machine on another in front of him, and seemed happiest and least concerned with the things of this life when he was grinding the machine with one hand, guiding the work with the other, while his prehensile toes kept the long breadths of skirt from the floor. Perhaps the bestial condition came with the Buddhist attitude. Who knows?

He wore a curious sort of a thimble that was not much larger than a ring on the inside of the middle finger between the first and second joints, and pushed his needle straight out from him, at an angle directly opposite to ours when we sew.

He spoke very seldom, almost never asking a question, but worked steadily at something, somehow, if not directed otherwise. He never seemed surprised when told that his calculations were all wrong, and invariably answered, "Can do," when told that I wished a thing altered.—Laura D. Starr, in Harper's Bazar.

The High-Falutin' Style. The high-falutin' style may be fashionable, says London Truth, but it is not always informing. Miss Eva Powell, lecturing before a ladies' class upon vocalism, declared: "If you really want to sing, just open your mouth and let the radiating energy soul within you hurl itself forth," adding: "If you sing of a dewdrop you must see mentally the glistening beads of the meadow; if of a skylark, imagine yourself a bird." At this point an inquiring damsel caused the lecture to collapse by innocently asking about the "Honeysuckle and the Bee." Was she to imagine herself a flower or an insect?

The Wolf's Philosophy. "Temptation is temptation, whether the man yield or overcome. Fire is fanned by the wind until it leaps up fiercely. So is desire like fire. It is fanned, as by a wind, by sight of the thing desired, or by a new and luring description or comprehension of the thing desired. There lies the temptation. It is the wind that fans the desire until it leaps up to mastery. That's temptation. It may not fan sufficiently to make the desire overmastering, but in so far as it fans at all, that far is it temptation. And, as you say, it may tempt for good as well as for evil."—Century.

WIT and HUMOR of THE DAY

The Pigeon. The eagle is a noble bird, and wings its flight on high. The pigeon is of lower mold, but makes a better pie. —Browning's Magazine.

A Stealer. "Yes," he said, sadly, and there was a tear in his eye. "Yes, my business has driven me to the wall. And he went on posting bills.

Information Free. Backe—"A man is never too old to learn." Benne—"No, he can always find somebody to marry him." Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Suburban Arithmetic. Teacher—"Now, Johnny if your mother engaged two cooks on Monday, three on Tuesday and four on Wednesday, how many would she have?" Johnny—"None."—New York Sun.

Sammy. Teacher—"So I've caught you chewing gum, have I?" Sammy—"No, mum; I wasn't chewing. I was just keepin' it there instead of in my pocket. It's so sticky."—Chicago Daily News.

Motest. "I came to ask you for your daughter." "But she is the only one I have." "Well, I don't want but one. I hope you don't take me for a bigamist."—Springfield Journal.

He Wished He Was Twins. "Oh, dear!" sighed six-year-old Harry. "I wish I was twins." "Why?" asked his mother. "So I could send the other half to school while this half went fishing." he replied.—Chicago News.

No Restriction on His Liberty. Ketchum A. Cummin—"So your father objects to my calling to see you, does he?" Anna Goe Wynne—"Not at all. What he objects to is my being at home when you call."—Chicago Tribune.

The Retort Courteous. Giffle—"Hi, old man! My, but you are a sight! How'd you get all the skin rubbed off the end of your nose?" Spinks (with hauteur)—"Not by poking it into other people's business. I can tell you that!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Subtle to the Day. "I'm told you play golf on the Sabbath," said the Rev. Mr. Goodman, sternly. "Yes," replied Miss Kute, "but on that day I only use the sticks I won at our church fair."—Philadelphia Press.

The One Thing. "Garden truck in exchange for a subscription?" "No, sir," said the editor. "There's only one thing we'll be willing to have you take out in trade." "What's that?" "Your pocketbook."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Grown-Deer Fear. Cholly—"I did think of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know just how to treat my infernals, don't y' know?" Pepprey—"Your infernals? Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."—Philadelphia News.

Not All of Them. "Does he advertise all the comforts of home?" inquired Mr. Tiredout. "No," replied Mrs. Tiredout, "the advertisement simply says, 'No mothers-in-law, cross cooks, or crying babies.'" "Well, go," asserted Mr. Tiredout, emphatically.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Satisfactory. Mrs. Backlotz—"So your servant girl has left you again?" Mrs. Subbubs—"Yes." Mrs. Backlotz—"What was the matter?" Mrs. Subbubs—"She didn't like the way I did her work."—Philadelphia Press.

Another Fish Story. "So you were out in St. Louis?" said the postmaster. "Did you see the big pike?" "To be sure," drawled the village fabricator; then, after a pause, "but it wasn't one inch bigger than the pike I caught in Hurley's mill pond last summer."—Chicago News.

Cold in His Extremities. Mr. Tye-Phist—"They tried to work me for a campaign contribution this morning, and I answered them with a level-headed 'no'!" Mrs. Tye-Phist—"And when I try to work you for a contribution for household expenses you answer me with a flat-footed 'no'!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ward Lines. "Goodman's in a bad way. He's got such a sore throat he can't talk and—" "I saw him on the street to-day and he seems to have a black eye, too." "That's just it. Not being able to see his voice he can't explain to people that he got the black eye in a perfectly innocent way."—Philadelphia Press.

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