The Judge's Son. BY RICHARD S. CAAVES. AT. JOSEPH, MANUEL.

-- Edmund Vane

ICAJAH BOLEAN had been a stice of the peace many Mars, and nobody had der questioned his right/to hold the office the of his life, for he was a eripple. Year offer year his name was on the milots at every election and he was not opposed after the first Trear.

Auother min had made the race against him the first time he was a candidate for the office, and it was said that his opponent did not receive a single fete. No other candidate for the place could be found after that, and notedy but Micajah Bolean wanted the office.

"He knows nothing but justice." the strangers used to be told. "He sent his own boy to jail once, and the ungrateful little wretch ran away from home and never came back."

The office of the justice of the peace was overa grocery store and his home was on a quiet street where his wife, a sad faced woman with streaks of gray in her brown hair, busied herself all day with her household duties. It was plain that some great sorrow had hefallen her at some time in her

There was no trace of sorrow on the face of the justice of the peace, especially when he had once turned it in the direction of his home. He had always said that he knew right from wrong, and when he stated that anything was right nothing on earth could change him. He was as firm as a rock He had been firm the day he sentenced his own son to jail, and that firmeess was with him still.

The boy had contended that he was inggreat of the charge against himthat be had been fighting in self-defense-in: the firm old magistrate believed the evidence of other witnesses and would not listen to him. He had made up his mind, and refused to change it. The boy threatened that if his father sent him to jail he would leave home and never return, and the threat had some bearing on the case.

It was true that he had been a good boy and gave promise of being a good men. Even his stern father was forced to make that admission when be argued with himself and tried to justify his action.

In the office of the justice of the peace there was an old table littered with books and papers, and over all the dust of years had settled. When n law soit was tried there, at long intervals, the dust was brushed away by the use that was made of the tables, but the pooks and papers were not disturbed.

. The edges of the papers were frayed and razged, and they were all yellow with age. Sometimes the pile was moved a little by some one slipping a sheet of foolscap off to make a memorradum. On the table was a copy of the revised statutes with one of the covers torn off and many of the pages missing. In the corner stood | thing?" the stove, from which the ashes leaked the whole year through. In summer it was the receptacle for trash, and the lower section was always a spittoon.

The beach was represented by the long table, behind which the justice sat, and in front of him had been cleared a small space among the aged. dust covered papers.

In the pigeon holes of the tall case that stood against the wall were papers that human eyes had not seen for twenty years-parts of the record in forgotten law suits, and unpaid fee bills of cases in which the litigants were long since dead. The window shades were frayed at the lower end and could not be moved up or down. When it was desired to keep the sunlight out. newspapers were pinned across tue windows.

It was in the old wall case, among the papers that had been touched and turned yellow by the hand of time, that Meajab Boleau found, while scarching one day for a lost document, the picture of a boy. He looked at it eurlously at first, for his sight was dim and he did not recognize it. Then he turned it toward the light and pa-hed his spectacles up on his Lose.

For a moment he stood there unmoved, sustained by the firmness that had been his lifelong pride. Somehody opeled the door as he fell to the floor, attering a hearse ery, like an animal that had been given a in the following words: "'Uncle Sam' death goond, and with the picture is a scant phrase significant of the Uni-Cinspet it his hand.

It was a pleture of the boy he had sent to fail-a boy with laughing blue eyes and unit that curled about his forebow.

The notae in which Micajah Bolean fixed was a great contrast to his United States Light Dragoons. A dingy office, for it was clean and as free from dust as the willing hands of his wife could make it. Trees grew around it and vines covered the long porch. The street in front and the alley in the rear ended abruptly a few yards away in a steep embankment. over, which the tops of freight cars , moving to and fro and the long freight trains passing through the yards could be seen. Weeds grew in the

he hilt. The wife of the magistrate sat there bours at a time, watching the tops of the cars and scanning the freight trains as they came in. The brakemen ran along the tops of moving trains, twisting a brake here and loosening one here, waving their arms and giving signals in pantomime.

It was because she once had heard that their son became a railroad brakeman that the wife of the justice of the peace sat and watched the trains all day and listened to their noises at night. When Micajah Bolean was away from the house she wept stiently many times and felt as though her old heart would break. It would have been a relief to have talked about the missing boy, but his father never permitted his name to be men-

So she watched the faces of the brakeman, hoping that the lost boy would some day come back and steal into the house. She was a prim old lady, always neat and clean, but she knew that if ever he came home and slipped into the house while his father was away, she would take him in her arms as she had when he was a child. even though he were as black with smoke and grime as any of the brakethen or aremen she could see from her window.

It had been twenty years since he went away, and in all that time the stern old man had not once relented. The white haired mother had often tried to imagine how her son looked with those years added to his age. She knew he would be large and strong, and she thought his eyes would still be bright and his face as cheerful and smiling as the boy she remembered so well.

One night a man whose face was covered with a thick growth of beard. in which there were streaks of gray. slouched through the streets. His clothes were ragged, his eyes downcast and his bair unkempt. He was vagrant, and as he walked he cast furtive glances about to see that no officer was in sight. He came from the direction of the railroad yards and crept through the weeds growing rank and tall back of Micajah Bolean's house. His feet, covered by ragged shoes, made no sound as he stepped upon the porch, where he stood looking in through the window.

The vagrant uncovered his head as he stood there. He saw Micajah Boleau and his wife, sitting with the weight of years upon them. He waited for the sound of their voices and when Micajah Bolean spoke he noted the firm, barsh tone-the same harsh voice that many a vagrant had heard when he was sentenced to jail. It was when the aged woman spoke. in a sad, sweet voice, that the tears started to the vagrant's eyes. He made a step toward the door, but drew back when his ragged garments came within range of the shaft of dim light through the window.

Down in the railroad yards he could hear the noise of the moving trains, the clang of bells and the shricking signals of the engines. In an interval of silence in all that jargon of noisean interval so brief that only a practiced ear could detect it-he heard a clear note whistled as a signal to himseif. It sounded far away, for at that moment the vagrant was dreaming. and in the dream he was a boy again. He looked once more through the window at the two old people sitting there, and with a sigh that would have wrung even the hard heart of

Micajah Bolean, he turned away. A few moments later the vagrant climbed upon a car loaded w and was followed by another man. very like him in appearance. As he stretched himself out on the hard bed the speed of the train increased. . His companion crawled close to him and

"What luck, Bill? Did you get any-

The vagrant did not answer. He was looking up at the stars, shining down on them from a clear, blue sky He did not even hear the words of his companion.-National Magazine.

The Swiftest Stenographer.

The world's typewriting record on aciua! practical work has been broken by Mrs. Margaret Cunningham, stenographer in the office of the Supreme Court, Trenton, N. J. She wrote 21,089 words of a legal decision requiring the utmost care in six and one-half hours' actual time, and not a correction had to be made on the fifty-seven pages covered. The record discounts the one made recently in the Washington Patent Office by Miss Olive R. Cameron, of Tennessee, who wrote 32,000 words in a working day of seven and onchalf hours, using only one sheet at a time. Mrs. Cunningham was compelled to make eight manifold copies, which necessitated the bandling of 513 sheets of paper and 300 carbon sheets, nearly eight times as many as used by Miss Cameron. Mrs. Cunningham was highly complimented by the justices of the

Origin of "Uncle Sam."

A curious version of the origin of "Uncle Sam" has been discovered in an old almanac published in Lexington. ., in 1814. The phrase is explained ted States, as John Bull is significant of England. The origin of it seems to be this: In the year 1807 there was authorized by law the raising of a regiment of light dragoons. When the company first appeared their caps bore the letters 'U. S. L. D.,' signifying the countryman, seeing the company in dress parade, asked a bystander what the letters stood for. 'Why,' was the answer, 'that means Uncle Sam's Lazy Dogs. Since that time the use of the term has become general." - London Chronicle.

A Typewritten Treaty.

Probably the first treaty of peace to be typewritten is the South African street in front of the house and the peace document. The signatures of alley in the rear was overrun with the Boer leaders form an interesting them, for the two irproughfares were part of it. They are all in different seldom traveled. The shricks of the styles. Louis Botha's is described as engines at work in the Fards could be being in a fine hand, and though the heard all day and all night, and the others are somewhat rougher, Delarattle of the jangling cars, as heavy rey's is the roughest of all. He has as thander at first, and gradually spelled his name split into three sylladying away down the tracks, was a bles, de la Rey. Christian de Wet is alsamiliar sound in the little house on so snelled with a small d.



THE CONDITION. Brooklyn Life.

- IT DEPENDS. Mrs. Bacon-"Which do you think is the best talker—he or his wife?" Mr. Bacon-"Well, do you mean for quality or quantity?"-Yonkers States-

KEPT HIM GUESSING.

"Suppose I were to tell you you must not go to the matinee to-day," said Mr. Naggit. "How would you like that?" "Oh," ambiguously replied his young rife, with a steely glitter in her eye, wouldn't mind."-Philadelphia

AMONG THE FISHES.

Mr. Carp-"What made your trolley line a failure? Mr. Pike-"Well, you see, the hogfish always wanted the end seats, and then the dogish and the catfish couldn't be carried without separate

HELPING HAND.

"I am awfully poor, you know," begau the smitten young man, "but---"Well," interrupted the frigidhearted heiress, "I am willing to help you along in the world. Here's a nickel to pay your carfare home." hicago News.

SOURCE OF SUPPLIES. Mrs. Wedderly-"This paper says the original calender was arranged in the Far East."

Wedderly-"Yes; I suppose some enterprising fruit grower in that section wanted to create a demand for his dates."-Chicago News.

EVERY TIME.

Miss Debutante-"He must be quite realthy."

Miss Sixtiseason-"Why?" Miss Debutante-"He spends his noncy very freely." Miss Sixthseason-"My dear, that's the best evidence that he's not."

SOMETHING WRONG. "Now, Henry," she began, with set

aw, "I must have \$50 to-day." "All right," replied her husband here it is. "Gracious, Henry!" she exclaimed

suddenly paling. "What's the matter? Are you sick?"-Philadelphia Press.





"Can I see the master of the house." "Yes, you can, and do. Now, what do you want?"-- Punch.

LONGING.

The Little Sister-"I wish I could do bat with my hair." The Big Sister-"Oh, no, you don't learle! Your curls are pretty just as

The Little Sister-"They're horrid: want a stylish curfew, like mamma said you had."-Puck.

OF THE SAME MIND.

Fond Father-"How are you gelling long with Miss Gush? Young Bank-"She says she would like me better if I were doing some-

thing to carve my own way in the world." Fond Father-"Sensible girl, that So would I."-Detroit Free Press.

A SEEKER AFTER KNOWLEDGE. Mamma-"Johnny, I'm ashamed of you for keeping at the boftom of your class in school.

Johnny-"I keep there for the advanlages of the place, mamma. It's my last guess at a question, you know. When all the others have falled, it's almost impossible for me not to quess right."--Boston Transcript.

QUITE THE CONTRARY.

Traveler-"I used to know a man of Scamboge, who came out here several years ago and set up for a doctor, but he didn't stay long. I presume be found the town too healthy."

Comanche Jim (of frontier town) 'No, it weren't that, adzackly, pord. He tried to introduce a new remedy for snake bite, an' the Jown got too unhealthy fer 'im."-Chicago Tribune.

The "Goore" Step.

The congress of naturalists and phy sicians which recently met in Breslau strongly condemned the "goose step" as practiced in the German and other armies. Dr. Thalwitzer read a paper on the subject, in which he showed that the adoption of this ridiculous step accounts for numerous knee and foot complaints among the troops, Six. out to air, and then be comfortable. ty per cent. of the sores on the feet of August to wonder how they can get small buckle straps, with pearl or gilt



The girls looked upon as leaders of the younger contingent of the smart set now greet and farewell en militaire. Instead of recognizing a friend by bowing in the old-time, conventional way they give a sharp, short military salute. It is the newest fad, brought back to town from the country and the shore, and it is well to say right here that the awkward, selfconscious girl should-not attempt it, says the Woman's Home Companion. To be at all a success the military salute must be done gracefully and in an offbaud, natural manner.

A School For Mothers. "The School for Mothers," originated by Mme. Moll-Weiss in Bordeaux, is being much discussed. There is a question of starting similar educational establishments in Paris and other large centres in France on the same system, and thinking people are applauding the measures taken to further the interests of humanity. Hitherto. young girls were brought up to ignore the very things they should be taught They had no notion of the elementary principles of hygiene, of the dressing of infants, of the management of household expenses, the price of food, etc. All this will be taught them, and prepare them for the position of wives and mothers.-New York Globe.

A Poetry Party.

When the season makes it seem delightful to be again indoors, girls often like to have suggestions for methods of making their meetings attractive-something besides the usual "talk and refreshments"-what some eminent man of letters in a waggish way described as "giggle, gabble, gobble and git."

A series of little meetings, each in celebration of some poet's birthday or other anniversary, would be an excuse for making some interesting additions to the usual program. Thus there would be no great difficulty in arranging a Shakespeare party or a Milton party, in which quotations from the works of either poet were used in invitations, dinner cards, bills of fare and so no. Or an American poet might be chosen. Oliver Wendell Holmes would furnish lines of a cheering nature fit for mild festivities; or you might introduce your guesic to some of the beautiful poems of Celia Thaxter, or of Jean Ingelow. if you do not mind going outside of our own land. - From Books and Authors, in St. Nicholas.

Unique Collection. A New York woman has made a unique collection of teapots. During residence in Japan she managed to accumulate more than a thousand examples, of which no two are alike. There ere black pots and white, blue pots and gray, big pots, little ones, pots in glaze, in crackle, in yellow and browns and reds and blacks. One was like an old man, whose head formed the lid and could be set at any angle. Others were in the form of birds, beasts and fowls, fish, frogs and actually a beetle or two. Buddha, even, was pressed into service as a model. There were lotus-bud pots and other pots in semblance of a teahouse. One enormous caldronlike affair held three gallons, but at least a dozen specimens would not have contained a thimbleful Among the teapots were several in the form of swans, correct to the last curl of neck and feather, and of a size to be hidden in the hand. The materials used for these treasures were inlaid silver, hammered copper, iron—most exquisitely wrought-silver-gilt alloys and all the myriad sorts of Japanese

Browns and Purples.

The fashionable colors this season writes "Ninette" from Paris, are browns in every shade; a new "ver Empire," or vicux vert, a shade be tween moss and laurel green, and "bronze," a tint that is likely to become the favorite in the fashion bandicap to be run this winter.

Then comes the manifold shades of purple, containing a warm dosing of crimson in the dye; aubergine, amethyst, pansy and fuchsia-purple are the newest, especially the lastnamed, that; in combination with crimson, rose-red, orange or heliotrope look very rich and lovely.

Hats naturally follow suit, and quills ostrich feathers-the latter more often shaded than not and rich velvet flowers, dahlias, begonias, fuchsiasthe purple and red variety especially -marigolds, oreilles, d'ors, crimson and golden brown dablias, small and compact, and the entire scale of deeptinted roses are to be found on autumn

and winter hats. Small velvet sunflowers are also sparingly employed in seasonable millinery.

Hats and large bonnets will be emi-

A Word About Furs.

neutly picturesque.

Furs are a bit of a problem for the woman who wants to dress well on a moderate sum of money. They are expensive to begin with, and vary in style almost as often as frocks and hats do. There is a new cut in sleeves every winter, a different le. 3th, a variation in collar and some no elty in lining.

) urs used to be a real comfort. You packed them away with blankets and cur ains, and borax powder to outwit moths, and all you had to do in the fall was to shake them, hang them

ent adherence to this antiquated step, their furs up-to-date without bank- buckles, -

rupting the family exchequer. For and thicken by allowing one level furriers are as heartless as plumbers tablespoon of flour to each cup of and almost as essential to happiness.

a good deal from last season's, but here

is a word of comfort, they suggest all sorts of practical schemes for the artistic remodelling of old garments. but it needs to be thickened with a Almost all furs are trimmed or made little white roux. The artichokes bined with almost everything but cold water) must be boiled in a quart seal, deer and baby calf skin; chin- of milk, rubbed through a sieve and chilla combines with seal nicely, seasoned; and if cream is at hand a which has a brownish cast. It is also always adds to the velvet smoothness used with deer and mink, with Persian of thick soups. lamb and fine dog skin. Usually the light fur is the trimming; but squirrel.

monkey skin. leather, or for dressy occasions with bave clear, bright silver. It would

smart touch it gives an old coat put three quarts of milk and let it sour over collar, cuffs or set in a double for the purpose.-Deborah. breasted tailor vest. It comes in all the dull vegetable dyes, in hunting green, golf red,

thread or silk.

Persian towels, strips of Russian or or jars. Hungarian peasant work and all the rich Turkish, India and Japanese hand embroideries. The colors are selected

tate Russian or Japanese embroidery half level teaspoons of baking powder. and make her own trimming just to Beat two eggs light, and two cups of match her coat. There is one bit of good fortune in the cold sifted parsnip. Beat well and this season's furs, they are fashionable fry in tablespoonfuls in deep hot fat. all lengths, and both loose and tight In dropping the spoonful into the fat fitting. You are in the style whether hold the spoon near to top of the fat.

your coat is a reefer, blouse or basque, When a light brown drain the fritand your sleeves may have fulness at ters and serve at once. the shoulder, or a trifle at the elbow. and the stole effect of last winter is quite gone out. Nearly all coats, plain as well as fancy, have light linings this season, satin-brocade, damasse and broche silk and plain light twilled taffeta. As

this was somewhat the vogue in 1903-4, beaten slightly. If the squash is very dry a little more milk put in a roundmany women will unpack their furs with a sense of dismay over the soiled ing tablespoon of powdered cracker. conditions of their pretty coat linings. But there is no need to worry, for a soiled lining that is still in good condition otherwise can be made as good as new by the right sort of home cleau-

Linings for fur coats are fitted in after the coat is quite finished and may be removed without any ripping beyond brush with a velvet whisk then regularly wash in a luke warn suds of castile soan and borax, two teaspoonfuls of borax and a handful of soap shavings to a bowl of Water and let drip in the wind. When almost dry roll over a curtain pole, pull taut and pin, stand near the fire. Unroll sideboards use tepid water co all intents and purposes a new coat lining.

If the lining is in a pale tint, soak in cold borax water, two teaspoonfuls to a basin of water, for ball an hour

before washing. It is not impossible for the amateur dressmaker to do over her own furs. with a hint or two about the work Use always a seamless pattern: place it on the leather side, tack with pins, then cut without any seam allowance. using a sharp pen knife. The scams are overhanded with fine stitches. It is wise to first cut a cambric pattern. see-that it fits perfectly and make a stiff paper pattern from that, as any wrong cutting in fur work is serious. In piecing, make sure that the nap of the fur runs in the same direction and that your colors are what furriers call "closs."



are chosen. There will be a perfect craze for

Irish lace and fur combined. Silks will no doubt continue popular

most popular materials for both young cut in cubes is the proper proportion. and old.

Black will not be worn to any exevening gown.

fashionable "motor" outfit both for style. conts and headgear. The envelope bag, so cagerly

favor with femininity. Close fitting turbans of suede trimmed, with quills or a barness

buckle are also good style. In bandles the tendency is away from braids and straps and toward

plain stiff handles, preferably flat. Little change purses of pigskin are on view, with long handles of the same length and variety as are seen on the "Peggy from Paris" bag.

A greater fullness and breadth at the bottom marks the new carriage bags. Some are corded and stitched

Itadish and Cucumber Salad. Arrange on a bed of carefully wash-Arrange on a bed of carefully washed watercress, alternate thin slices of red skinned radishes and cucumbers, and pour over a French dressing. The and pour over a French dressing. The combination of scarlet, w...ite and two shades of green is attractive, while the crispness and blending of spiciness and coolness pleases the palate.

Chickon Friences

Have the chicken disjointed and cook until nearly done; then drain from the broth. Put one-half cup of butter in a frying pan and fry the chicken until brown. Pour the broth into the pan broth. Put the chicken in a deep dish Of course this season's furs differ and pour the gravy over.

Artichoko Soup.

Artichoke soup to another variant, up with other furs. Ermine is com- specied and put for a few minutes into especially the Russian chinchilla. spoonful or two may be added. Cream

For Sour Milk. Here is a new use for sour milk: beaver, tibet and mole skin are all very smart trimmed with lamb or with Put your silver into the milk when it is thick; let it stand for half an hour; When furs are not combined, any take the pieces out and wash them in one fur may be trimmed with suede clean hot soapsuds; wipe dry, and you embroidery. This use of leather is pay a busy housekeeper who has to new, and you have no idea what a do her own polishing to buy two or

Grape Catsun.

Cook five pounds of ripe grapes with mahogany, bluet blue, navy blue and a little water until soft and strain every conceivable shade of brown, light through a colander. Add five cups of and dark. Sometimes it is em- sugar, two cups of vinegar, one level broldered with outline work in gold tablespoonful each of cinamon, cloves, allspice and black pepper and salt. It The embrolderies most in vogue for this is not spiced enough to suit the fur trimmings are straps from old taste add a little more of all kinds Chinese silk petticoats, to be found in the same proportion. Cook together in any Chinese shop, bands from until thickened, then seal in bottles

Paranip Fritters. Cook parsnips in bolling water until to match the color scheme of fur and tender and then press through a ricer lining as closely as possible. It would, or sieve. Measure two cups of sifted be very easy for a clever girl to imi- pastry flour and sift with one and onemilk, then add the flour; beat and add

Squash Pies. For two squash pies allow three cups of stewed and sifted squash, two cups of boiling milk, one cup of sugar, one level teaspoon of salt, one-half level teaspoon of cinnamon and two eggs Neither squash nor pumpkin pies should be made with many eggs, for they should retain the taste of the vegetable from which they are made and not taste like a custard pie.



For sponging out bureau drawers or sideboards use tepid water containing

The old idea of putting oilcloth under the washstand cover is now adopted for dollies on highly polished tables. Jars and bottles that smell of onions will be quite sweet and odorless if left out of doors filled with sand or garden mold.

Raisins for fruit cake are much improved by cooking. Let them soak slowly and then simmer until the skin is tender.

A great convenience at trifling cost when building a new house, is a dumb waiter connecting the kitchen with the floors above.

If salt is sprinkled over the range before frying is commenced, there will be no disagreeable odor it the fat spatters over. Varnished walls in the bathroom and

little in either money, time or trouble to varnish them. If silver is washed every week in warm suds containing a tablespoonful of ammonia the polish can be pre-

halls are easily washed off, and it costs

served for a long time. When using a broom don't sweep with your back; use your arms. Sweep, gant in one direction with long, light hunt. strokes. Sweep the carpet with the

pile, not against it. Nuts are said to make a great imbut they will be of a heavier quality. of English walnut meats to a cup of provement in chicken salad. A cup Satins and cashmeres will be the celery cubed and one of chicken also

The cane furniture, with white and gilded woodword, so much in vogue in ent, excepting, possibly, the all-black the eighteenth century, is having quite a fashionable revival at present Leather enters conspicuously into the | for claborate rooms of the French

Desk sets of brilliant scarlet leather give a pretty touch of color to sombre heralded by the shops, has found scant desks of weathered oak. The bronze furnishings now so much in vogue harmonize beautifully with the dull brown of this wood.

When the eyes are tired from too long use or reading by insufficient light, moisten pieces of old linen or absorbent cotton with some good extract, and place them on the closed evelids for fifteen minutes or longer while you lie down in a quiet room.

For bachelor apartments of restricted dimensions, a shaving stand that is really a small chiffonier, raised stories about it?" on legs, is a most convenient article. large enough to accommodate a pile 'Dimme a jink o' water, p'ease, "of folded shirts

Humor of Today

Not Ther. From kissing this lady from Ipswich

Yee, Indeed. Mr. Staylate-"Atter all, society is a

deuced bore, don't you know." Miss Weery (yawning)-"Yes, some people's society."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

She-"Suppose, dear, I find you haven't given me money enough? He-"Then telegraph for more." She-"Have you a telegraph blank?" Detroit Free Press.

"I have always been a prominent igure," boasted the self-made man. "Then you were mever a sweet boy raduate or a bridegroom," replied his

Couldn't Have Been.

Defective. "Ma. I don't like our new cook." ex-

claimed Willie, disappointedly. "What's the matter with her, dear?" "She doesn't fry any holes in the

"Do you keep any cats?" asked the

The ground in the barnyard is pretty well filled with 'em."--Chicago Trib-

Blazaway-"Well, I was relieved of all I had." De Fly-"Where was it?"

Free Press. Stopped at His "Uncle's" Green (looking for a trade; "How long have you owned that watch?"

Brown-"About two years." Green-"Does it gain or lose?" Brown-"Well, it lost thirty days not long ago,"-Chicago News,

luck. He was disinherited recently." Harold-"Cut off with a dollar, ch?" Percy-"No; his mother did the disinheriting. He was cut off with ninetyeight cents." -- Houston Chronicle.

Scrybbler-"Jules Verne says all his

writing has been done on an empty stomach.'

Hardest Part.

labor on the Sabbath and rest the remainder of the week. "Not on your order book," replied the

village parson. "I try to collect my salary on week days."-Chicago News. Using Lofty Language.

shoot that Boston man when he gave vou the lie." Georgian "He didn't give me the lie. He only said that in his judg-

Somerville Journal. That's Always Attractive.

fond of uttering platitudes, "there's certainly nothing attractive in pov-"Oh, I don't know." replied Bur-

Too Costly Aspiration. Godfrey-"I am sorry to hear that

automobile position in society on a bicycle income."--Chicago Tribune.

Stern Parent. "Yes," said Harker, "it's leap year.

Did Estelle propose to you?" "No," sighed young Larker. "But I heard you say, "This is so

his appearance with a club."-Chicago Perennial Blossom, This!

Johnny." Johnny-"Between us, pa, I think she's a little prejudiced against me. It was only the other day she told

Improvident Man. "My husband is the most extravagant man," walled little Mrs. Bargaiu-

"Yes?" said the sympathetic friend. "Yes. He paid \$2 for a hat, when by looking around for a day or two he could probably have gotten one for

What He Sald.

to Jack Hansom? Jess-"Oh, yes." Tess-"I suppose he wondered how soon I would be married to him.

Jess-"No; not 'how soon,' but 'how long.' "-- Philadelphia Press. Perfidy.

less trick on Flossie." He-"How's that?" know, and last night, at the U.VI masque. Jack made up so that Flossie didn't know him. He proposed and

The Young Papa.

"No: but I sat next to him at the This has a square swinging mirror at lunch counter to-day, and I heard him the top and six shallow drawers, just ray, absent-mindedly, to the waiter;

Would Be Propared.

istener. - Houston Post.

fried cakes!"-Detroit Free Press. Supplied by the Neighbors.

caller from the city. "Y-yes." replied the suburbanite.

His Worldir Goods. De Fly-"Were you ever held up?"

Blazaway-"At the altar." Petreit

Woman's Way. Percy-"Young Rapidgait had hard

Oulte Natural.

Nokker-"Of course. When it was full there was no room for the writing."-Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"I suppose," said the drummer, "you

Bystander-"I expected to see you

ment I was habitually untruthful."-

"Well," remarked the man who was

roughs, "there's a 'v' in it." Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Squallop is in a bad way financially. What is the cause of it?" Scorjel-"As nearly as I can learn. he has been trying to maintain an

sudden!' ' "Yes, that was when her father made

News. Papa-"Your mother tells me you haven't been a very good boy to-day,

Aunt Kate I was just like you."- Boston Transcript.

\$1.98."- Pittsburg Post.

Tess-"Yes, he was an old flame of mine. Did you tell him I was engaged

She-"Jack played an awfully i. art-

She-"Why, they were engaged, you was accepted again!"-Puck.

"Popley's baby is beginning to talk

now. "Has be been boring you with some

Philadelphia Press.

ing.