Rates of Advertising

TAB PROPLE

Bernwell C. H. S. C.

There lies across the mother's knee. And gathered in her hand.

A little robe of puffs and lace, With an embroider'd band. I see her smile, I hear her sing A low, sweet fullaby : And oft I see a thought of joy Light up her bright blue eye; It is a robe for her dear child To be christen'd in!

There lies across the mother's knee. And gather'd in her hand, A silken robe, with puffs of lace. And an embroidered band. 'Tis white, and like a cloud at evo, That floats across the sky. But oh, I hear the mother give An oft-repeated sigh.

It is a robe for her dear child. To be wedded in. There lies across the mother's knee. And gathered in her hand. A robe of softest wool : but it Has no embroidered band.

And on her cheeks so wan and pale. The mother's tears I see, And hear her pray, Lord, give me strength! Oh, give Thy strength to me! It is a robe for her dear child,

Ethel's Husband

Ethel Vane was a young beauty of eighteen-a beauty of the most radiant, is he?" blonde type, with eyes that seemed like liquid wells of blue light, wavy hair of spun gold, and a complexion like a freshly-opened oleander. She had a neat little fortune in her own right, and she had a very clear and well-defined idea of doing what she pleased with it. Miss Eudocia Eames was a middleaged second cousin, who had more gentility than income, and who eked out the latter by acting in the capacity of chaperon and companion to the saucy beauty, giving advice which Ethel never took, and objecting on principle to every gentleman whom Ethel fancied.

But one day Miss Vane entered her relative's presence with very rosy cheeks and a deep sparkle in her eyes which Eudocia had never seen there before "Miss Eudocia," she said, "I am en-

gaged to be married." "Are you?" said Miss Eudocia, with a little gasp, as if she were swallowing

castor oil. "To Mr. Harold North." "My goodness!" cried Miss Endocia.

"Why, it isn't three weeks since you were first introduced to him." "Oh, that's nothing," said saucy

Ethel. "I made up my mind that I liked him in three days." "I think you are running a great risk Ethel," said Eudocia Eames. "I should

never marry a man that I didn't know "Is that what has kept you from matri-

mony all these years?" said Ethel Vane, mischievously. Miss Eames tossed her head, and the

tips of her cheek-bones and the end of her nose became a degree more roseate

"Well," said she, "of course you know your own business best; and I only hope you will never live to regret this precipitancy."

But Ethel married Harold North in less than six weeks more. "I never could reconcile myself to

such a rash step," said Miss Eames. "Oh, well," said Ethel, "there seems to be no occasion that you should."

"You'll live to repent it," persisted Miss Eames, waxing venomons under the barbed sting of her pretty young cousin's words.

"Oh, no; I shall not," laughed Ethel But in spite of this war of words, the young people had scarcely settled down after the honeymoon, before Miss Eames came to visit them, with a fearful array of Saratoga trunks, bandboxes, and parcels strapped up in brown paper. Ethel ran to the gate to welcome her.

"I am so glad you come just now. dear Miss Eudocia," said she, brightly, "The roses are all in bloom, and Eden Villa is at its best. Wasn't it nice of Harold to engage it ready furnished for the season-servants, carriages, horses and all? And he can go in and out of the city every day, and I'm working a pair of slippers for him on the sly; and there's such a delicious little cascade down in the ravine, and a fernery among the rocks, and a little lilac-and-gold boat on the river-that I can row myself-hardly bigger than a scallop shell. Do come in, and I'll ring for some tea, and you'll have time for a nice long nap before Harold comes home."

And the bride led Miss Eudocia Eames triumphantly into a pretty little apartment, all paneled rose and silver, with a white velvet carpet, windows draped with muslin and pink ribbons, and a tiny conservatory opening out of

"And are you happy?" said Miss Eames, interrogatively,

"Oh, I am the happiest girl in all the

wide world !" said Ethel. Mr. North came home to dinner, presently-a dark-browed, corsair-looking man, with one of those mysteriously handsome faces which inspire all schoolgirls with the idea that there must be some secret chapter in his life. But he made himself very agreeable, and Miss Endocia began to releat in her opinion

The next day she was beginning an elaborate piece of worsted work in the pink-and-silver drawing-room, when the

maid knocked at the door-"Please, ma'am," said Phebe in a perturbed manner the will come in!

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE. And she won't send up her card! And she won't wait in the little green reception-room for me to go up to my mistress! And please, ma'am, here she is on the stairs now!"

"Phebe," said Miss Eames, "what on

earth do you mean ?" At the same minute Ethel North came softly in from an opposite door, and found herself faced by a tall apparition in black, with a dusty crape veil, haggard eyes, and hair originally black as a rayen's wing, but now thickly streaked with silver.

"Ah!" said she, as Ethel looked at her with surprised blue eves. "so it's you, is it, that have married my husband?"

"Married your husband!" Ethel could only gasp out the words after her in breathless amazement,

"Yes!" uttered the other woman, with a chuckle of malicious satisfaction. "But don't think that you are to keep him, in spite of your blue eyes, and yellow hair, and pretty pink cheeks. I was pretty once, in the days that are past. I have the first right to him, and I mean to have him. I've followed him half over the world, and I've traced him out at last. Where is he? I say, where

Ethel looked at Miss Eudocia, and shrank behind her like a frightened

"He is in the city," said Miss Endocia, bewildered and hesitating, "He has not returned vet."

"Then here I wait until he does re turn," said the woman, seating herself upon one of the pink damask chairs. "Yes, you may well stare at my rags; but it is his fault. He can dress you, you pitiful doll-faced thing," with a jerk of her bead toward Ethel, "in silks and jewels, while I am shabby and neglected. But never mind; we shall see what the law says to this. A man can't have two wives. I'll wait-yes, I'll wait."

She laughed derisively as she spoke. Ethel caught at Miss Eudocia's hand "Oh, come away !" she faltered, with trembling voice and changing color. "I -I am afraid of that woman."

And together they took refuge in the library beyond, locking the door to bar themselves effectually from all intru-

"Miss Eudocia," whispered Ethel, as pale as a ghost, "what does it mean?"

"It means, my poor child, that you have been cheated and deceived!" groaned Miss Eudocia, "Didn't I tell you so? Didn't I say you would live to regret your rash precipitancy? Oh, Ethel, I never liked that man's face! I always knew that there was a dark mystery in his life."

"What shall I do? Oh, dear! what can I do?" gasped Ethel; and Miss

Endocia could feel that her hands were "Get your things !" said the old maid.

'Come home with me! Leave him forever !"

"But I love him !" wailed Ethel. "More fool, you !" cried Miss Endocia, fairly losing patience. "What! after he has trifled with you-deceived youblighted your whole life? Come home with me, I say! Don't let him gloat over the ruin he has wrought !"

But even as Miss Endocia pleaded with the young wife, who sat there pale and drooping as a broken lily, the blinds of the open window back of them were cautiously raised and a rubicund face

"Ladies," said the owner of the rubicund face, in a whisper, "don't be alarmed. There ain't no occasion. But

"Who?" exclaimed Miss Eudocia, who was the first to recover her self-posses-

"Mrs. Nokes! Escaped from the Private Lunatic Asylum, three miles down the river, this evening. Tall lady. in black. Talks about her husband, as she thinks is married to another woman !"

"Yes," cried Ethel, springing to her feet. "Oh, yes-she is here. She is in the other room.'

And she fell, hysterically laughing and sobbing, into Miss Eudocia's arms. "Mum's the word, then," said the man with the rubicund countenance, disappearing from the window as miraculously

as he appeared. And presently they saw him escorting the tall lady in black down the carriage drive, talking to her, as they went, in the most persuasive manner possible.

"Oh, yes'm," said he. "He's at Doctor Fitching's, waitin' for you. He's been there this long time, and we couldn't think where you was gone. He's thrown all the other wives overboard and come back to you. Oh, it's all right."

Ethel North looked at Miss Eudocia. Miss Eudocia looked at Ethel North. "What goese we have been!" cried Ethel, radiantly.

suspicious," said Miss Eames, blankly. "I believe you're sorry yet that you can't say, 'I told you so,'" laughed Ethel, as gleeful a a child.

"No, I'm not, my dear," Eudocia, bursting into tears. And she really and actually meant it; for Miss Eudocia, old maid though she

Monthly. "YES, Augustus, I love you. Now you must go and see father." "No, dovie, not yet; that is father than I want to go iust at present."

A NATIONAL DISASTER.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE IN

n Interesting Sketch of the Cattle Business of the West-How the Cattle are Kept.

To appreciate the imminence of the danger that threatens the cattle-growing industry of the West, the differences in the systems of handling cattle in Kansas, and their movements must be understood. These systems are the natural outgrowth of the climate of that State. Imagine the 100th meridian to be a sinuous line, winding southward in great bends across the State, at one point approaching the 99th meridian, at another pushing west close to the 101st. That imaginary line would divide the State into two zones. To the east lies the agricultural land; westward the great plains stretch to the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. On these plains no agriculture, unless the lands are irrigated, is successful. They lie within the arid zone. The wheat lands of Kansas begin at the eastern edge of the great plains, and extend eastward to about St. Mary's on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. From there to the Missouri river lie the corn lands of the State. The bottom lands of the wheat belt are productive corn lands, but the uplands are strictly small-grain lands. Throughout the corn lands, cattle that are generally driven from the Western cattle ranges are fattened for the Eastern markets during the winter. During the summer such cattle as are held in the corn belt are close herded or are inclosed in pastures. In the wheat-growing districts the cattle are herded in the summer. During the winter they run to straw stacks, feed on the dry grass standing on the unbroken prairie, or graze on the wheat fields when the ground is dry. West of the 100th meridian the cattle roam at will. Kansas is on the border of the great plains, known among the cattle growers as

"The Range." The movement of young cattle in the States bordering on the Range is toward the west. The native cattle move to the east. In eastern Kansas, where cultivated grasses are grown and enormous crops of corn secured, the business of breeding high grade and thoroughbred calves has been added to that of fattening the cattle coming from the Range for market. There are many breeding herds in that portion of the State Young bulls, singly, in pairs, and in car loads, are constantly being shipped to the cattle range of the plains to replace the losses incurred during Arctic-like winters. Many men are busy during the early fall and winter, in the eastern portion of the State, gathering young females into herds preparatory to driving them to the straw stacks of central Kansas, or to the great plains. There is a ceaseless movement of cattle to and fro in Kansas-fat cattle going east, young cattle going west. In New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, in fact. everywhere on the Range, young cattle from Kansas are to be found. When spring opens in the southern portion of the cattle range, the shipment of young bulls begins. Then the drive of the

young females, that have been gathered into herds, sets in. The breaking out of the foot and mouth disease, which is a highly contagious and generally fatal disorder, in a State from which cattle are distributed broadcast throughout the cattle region, is a disaster that may become national. If the disease makes its appearance in any herd on the Range the industry of cattle growing will be well nigh ruined. There the cattle wander at will. A discased animal might not be discovered for weeks. It would walk for miles, poisoning the earth at every step. It would infect thousands of cattle, and they. roaming at pleasure from valley to valley, from plain to plain, would communicate the disease to other thousands. These half wild, diseased, feverish cattle could not be prevented from wandering. The disease, if controlled at all, has got to be stamped out in Kansas. Once it spreads westward beyond the land of inclosed pastures and close herding, it will be beyond the control of

human agency. The alarm felt by the stock growers who hold their cattle in the great plains is plainly indicated by the meeting of the Wyoming Stock Growers' Association who will take immediate steps to quarantine their range. Many of their herds are over 1.000 miles from the center of the disease in Kansas, but they are justifiably alarmed. They realize that enormous losses would speedily follow the walking of a single diseased animal over their range. The great danger of the spread of the

disease lies in the fact that men owning cattle that are dangerously near the infected herds, and that may be diseased but have not reached the febrile stage of the disorder, will endeavor to protect their property by driving them westward or by shipping them to Eastern markets. The Kames Legislature should take prompt and heroic action st the family throwing his arms wildly. once. There is no known cure for the disease. All infected animals should be killed and burned. The ground they have been feeding on should be burned over, and plowed. If Karsas is unable to cope with the disease through a lack of money the national aid should be extended. If this disease is not speedily

apread to the great plains, and will also be carried to the stock yards at Kansas City, and from there distributed throughout the eastern Mississippi States. This disease may easily become a national disaster, and money should not be spared in the efforts now to be made to FRANK WILKRSON. control it.

HEBEROPEE.

Notes of a Sermon.

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." (Acts. i., 8) was Dr. Hall's text Sunday morning. Among the notable sentences of

the sermon were: "There are questions which it is wise for us to put off, as far as an an swer is concerned."

"Original power belongs to God, but there are forms of power which His creatures can call into action."

"You would all agree that the minister should preach the word with all boldness, but are there not some of you who think your religion is a matter between your Maker and yourself, and the less you say about it the better? If you think this is a matter of divine teaching I say to you, No."

"The servants of God are equal to the burdens laid upon them." "If you have been truly brought to

discipleship you will always be hungry for more truth." "We Protestants agree in stigmatizing

the unscriptural opus operatum teachings of Romanists, but I put it to you if we Protestants are not in danger of falling into an opus operatum doctrine in our own line that is just as mischievous? You say you hear a sermon every Sunday, and I say to you, what of it? What have you gained?"

"Real healthy appetite does not lead a man to turn away from food because food of the same kind has been served to him before. What if you have heard a sermon of the same kind before?" "Church fellowship has been abused

and counterfeited. Men have even taken the ministry as a means of making a living and getting on in the world; but is that an argument in favor of the right use of church fellowship?" "I wonder if there have not been church members who have taken and

steps one after another, and have gone never once spoke a kindly word of warn-"Reactions commonly go a little too far. In the reaction against various doctrines we, as Protestants, have been

have been known to take downward

apt to make too little of the sacra-"Most of you have been baptized. You would not rob a fellow man. Do von rob God of what you have solemnly vowed to render to Him from day to

"No man can be sure that he is not in danger of morbid feeling in some direc-

"Divine power is always ready to be put into operation if we will keep the channels ready."

"You may take a sheet of paper and fill it with lines of ciphers, but they amount to nothing till you put the one at the beginning. Numbers in a church are idle unless the spirit of God leads them."

"The use of great quantities of quack medicines is proof of widespread disease or apprehension of evil."

"Ask yourselves if you have not been living below your privileges."

The Nisero's Captive Crew.

The captain of the steamer Nisero has arrived in London, and will have an audience with Earl Granville. The Rajah of Tenom asks £62,000 ransom for the crew, the banishment of the rival Rajohs, and the declaration that Tenom is free from the Dutch. The Nisero was wrecked on the west coast of Acheen, Sumatra, on Nov. 12, while on a voyage from Sourobaya to Singapore. The vessel was looted by the subjects of the Rajah of Tenom, and the crew, consisting of twenty-five men, among whom was an American, were taken captive. Late in November the British gunboat Pegasus visited the Acheen coast to give aid to the captive crew; but it withdrew when the Bajah announced that he would put all the captives to death if the gunboat fired a single shot. In December the Dutch senf out an expedition from Padang to rescue the crew. The expedition effected a landing at Tenom on Jan. 7, and the land and naval forces bombarded and burned the Rajah's capital and destroyed several villages, But the captives had een removed to the interior, and the Rajah refused all the proffers of ransom made by the Dutch. There was believed to be little prospect that the lives of the crew would be spared; but it seems the Rajah has been holding them with the hope of

exacting an exorbitant ransom. A round Indiana woman was "frightened into convulsions by going into a dimly lighted room which she thought unoccupied and there seeing a young manabout in the effort to put on his overcoat." The contortions of the average Indiana man while putting on a coat would frighten a railroad train off onto the first switch it could find.

Ir is stated that Mr. Barnum is having a sign painted which will read; stamped out in Kansas it will probably | "This elephant is white."

OUR GREAT WAGS.

How a European Editor Turned the Tables on Larry Jerome.

When Mr. Larry Jerome was in Nice some years ago he didn't confine himself to painting the town red and astonishing the natives. Among the Americans who were in the city at the same time were Mr. Mackey, the representative American millionaire, and the talented proprietor of a famous newspaper, While looking around for a target for one of his practical jokes Mr. Jerome's eagle eye espied a piece of cheap jewelry in a shop window. He paid a franc for it, put it into a handsome case and sent it to the newspaper editor with the compliments of Mr. Mackey.

"Here's a nice affair !" exclaimed his friend as Jerome met him an hour later. "What's the matter?" inquired the joker. "Anybody dead?"

"Dead! No, but somebody will be, if I am to be insulted in this way. Just look at this jewel that Mackey has sent me. He wants to subsidize me by offering me bribes."

Mr. Jerome took up the jewel, and immediately uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Goodness gracious!" said he. "That's the \$15,000 gem I've been wish ing I could buy! How fortunate you are, old boy. Mackey must think an awful lot of you to send you such a valuable present."

"I'll send it back to him," said his friend, "No man can purchase me, and I'll let him know it."

"My dear boy," urged Jerome, "that would never do. Mr. Mackey is a very kindly gentleman, and I am sure that he was actuated to this princely generosity by his disinterested regard for you. Don't send the jewel back, for you will only hurt his feelings."

Mr. Jerome's eloquence prevailed, and it was not until the editor met Mr. Mackey and thanked him for his mag-

nificent gift that the joke leaked out. The editor determined upon revenge and the opportunity soon presented itself. A number of French naval officers had shown Mr. Jerome marked attention, and as an evidence of his appreciaation he purchased a case of the finest Turkish tobacco and a number of delicately carved meerschaums and dis-patched the handsome presents to the man-of-war, which lay in the harbor. The editor intercepted the box on its journey by bribing the expressman, and after removing the contents, filled it with the rankest tobacco purchasable,

and threw in a number of old clay pipes. Mr. Jerome was never able to explain the matter, and to this day is an object of intense hatred to every officer in the French mayy who has been told the story of his supposed outrageous conduct .-New York Journal.

Horace Greeley's Boyhood.

Ben. P. Poore, in his Reminiscence thus speaks of Horace Greeley: Horace Greeley's personal appearance was always a subject of remark from his boyhood. Rollin C. Mallary, a member of Congress from Vermont, who was an able champion of the American System, used to narrate a visit of his to the printing office of a country newspaper at Poultney, Vt., his place of residence. His attention was attracted to a young compositor, who was rather awkwardly "sticking types," and who, though full grown, was evidently the youngest apprentice in the office. His legs ran a good deal more than "a feet" through his pantaloons, the sleeves of his coat searcely reached below his elbows, his hair was very white and flaxen, and he was, on the whole, the aggregate, taken separately and together, the greenest looking specimen of humanity we ever looked at, and this is saying a good deal, for "we keeps a lookingglass." "That boy," said Mr. Mallary,
"will make a remarkable man; I can't
hold an argument with mm on Masonry or anything else connected with politics." As Mr. Mallary was considered one of the ablest men in Congress, his remark caused me some surprise; and we not only "made a note of," but took another look at the "devil" (printer's we mean), and could not but trace in the expansive forehead "a mind formed in mature's finest mould and wrought for immortality." It was years afterward that we became aware of the fact that that boy was Horace Greeley.

A Vast Enterprise.

It is now proposed to connect the cailway system of America with those of Asia and Europe by means of a ferry conveying locomotives and cars across Behring's Strait. The project is to extend the Canadian Pacific, now being constructed through Manitoba, by build. ing a branch to Alaska until it reaches Behring's Strait. There it would meet in Siberia, which of course have their direct relations with the railway system of Russia and Europe. A line to Pekin is talked of. This having been done it requires not much further stretch of the imagination to see with the mind's eve the long rails stretching out under seem wild, but stranger things have the boundaries of Peru. In the manual happened in this wonderful modern facture of powder Pennsylvanis stands world of ours,—Demores's Monthly, first, New York second, and Ohio third.

LOST IN A BLIZZARD.

A Sad Tragedy of Winter Life in Dakota One of the saddest of this winter storm tragedies, says a Dakota correspondent, was that which resulted in the death of the Nelson family, who lived near Sanborn. They had not been in the Territory long, and they knew comparatively little about the flerceness of the blizzards. They were poor and had

made but scant provision for the winter. Running out of fuel, they had been burning straw, and as the consumption of this article was enormous during the severe weather, it was found almost impossible to keep enough of it on hand to last more than a few hours. When the last great blizzard swept over the country, the Nelsons found themselves with only a little straw near at hand and their necessities very great. The nearest stack was only half a mile from their house,

but they feared to brave the storm in an

effort to reach it.

Hoping that the tempest would soon spend its force, they economized the fuel they had at hand as best they could Doling out the straw sparingly, they managed to keep their hovel tolerably warm, and to cook such food as they were supplied with. Economical as they were with the straw, however, it was spent before the storm showed any signs of abating, and as the cold grew more intense it became a question of securing more fuel or freezing to death. It is be-Ochiltree-"It has given Bismarck so lieved that they realized the desperate situation they were in and the possibility that if they once ventured out in the blinding gale they might not return. None of them wishing to remain in the cheerless home, the father and his two children started out. It is known that they reached the straw stack, and each,

in changing their course they lost their way, and wandered aimlessly about until, exhausted and benumbed with cold, they could go no further. The father then appears to have dug a cave in huge snow drift at a point as little exposed as possible, into which he put the children. He then started out in search of assistance, but finding none he succumbed to the snow and the cold. Becoming tired of waiting for him, and probably crazed by her suffering one of the girls left her retrest and wandered ished. A searching party found the body of one little one in the cave, and that of the other a few rods away, and that of

having secured a load, started back; but

the father about half a mile from his own door.
Almost every blizzard that sweeps over this section causes similar cases of suffering and death. They will continue until people coming here to settle understand in advance that they are braving an Arctic climate in winter, and that when the blizzard rolls about their babitations they must stay in doors and wait

for clearing skies. The Variable Wind.

One blowing day last week, when the aidewalks were as slippery as glass, a woman stood in front of a door on Olifford street, and strewed some sahes from a pan she held on the icy walk. As she did so, the wind blew the coal dust rather freely over her, and a man going past

"If you will turn your back to the wind it will blow the ashes from you instead of over you."

The woman thanked him with her eyes, but did not move. Indeed, she could not without losing her balance and the ashes both.

"Let me show you," said the man, kindly, as he removed a far glove and grasped with a determined grip the wellfilled ash-pan, "You causthrow them over the walk in this way, and not be liable to put your eyes out. It's as easy as rolling off a log," and he braced his back against the wind and gave a generons flop to the ash-pan.

The woman went into the house to get the ashes out of her hair and eyes and recover her health. When the police had dusted the man off and identified him they took him home. The only remark he made was:

"You can't most always tell from what quarter the wind will blow when you attempt to give advice about emptying an ash-pan."

Which it is so, - Detroit Free Press.

Something About Gunpowder.

As a matter of fact, says a manufacturer of powder, much more powder i burned in times of peace than in time of war. The average daily consumption of men happened to meet in Berlin, and powder in the United States is 100 tons, the following conversation was p In a battle in which 50,000 men fired 40 rounds each, less than one-quarter of an ordinary day's quots of powder would be used. In the construction of the Hoosac Tunnel more powder was exploded than in the war of the rebelties, and a single water was too deep." with the railroad tracks to be constructed large coal mine will use almost as much. Gunpowder and the finest quality of blasting powder are made of three parts of saltpetre and one part of charcoal and in the river ?"-brimstone in equal quantities. In the cheaper grades of blasting powder, nitrate of sode is substituted for saltpetre. The largest beds of saltpetre are the shadows of the Himalayas until they make connections with the proposed line in the Jordan Valley, and thence with the European system. This may

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

THAT WE FIND IN THE MOME PAPERS TO CHILL OVER.

bed of the Otia, New
so swelling, shall run
dry, O, Maybe in the distant ages, then the selectists and sages will ruck their
brains o'er the fossil remains
of the old gum shoe of the
maid so true. The weeping maiden who so with love was laden;
that very daring daughter who wershiped Higher Water. She did her level
best to save him from a watery grave. Peace
to his soul! No more he'll roam upon the
yellow foam; no more he'll hear the
porkers equeal; he'll know no more of
woe or weal; for
will all his sorrows he a!!

DUTIES OF A DIRECTOR. "I am a director in the company," said the desil in a newspaper office. "You don't say so?"

"Yes, it's true." "What are the director's duties?" "To direct wrappers, of course."-Merchant Traveller.

A LITTLE INTENVIEW.

Reporter-"I suppose you feel pretty bad over the failure of your Lasker resolution to reach the Reichstag?"

Ochiffree-"Well, I don't mind that so much, but there is one thing that makes me sorry I introduced it," Reporter-"What is that?"

much prominence." IF HE COULD DO NOTHING BETTER. At a Lake Eric pleasure resort last summer, a certain small party of young adies were out for a sail. The yacht was managed by a handsome young boatman, who unconsciously made

mash on the jolly girls. "Shall I hug the shore?" as "Well-yes-if that's the best you

girls .- The Hoosier. TOOK CARF OF THE HORSE Passenger-How long have you been

employed on the street-cars? Driver-Fifteen year-barrin' whin I was sick. Passenger-You must be a great favor-Driver - Ha! ha! ha! - D're see

that owld gray mare I'm dhrivin'? Well, we both fell sick together at want last winter. They sint fur a docther for the horse, and they sint me me resigna-

"Will you grant me a kies?" said General Sherman to a very presty young lady in St. Lenia,
"No," was the blushing reply.
"Ah, 'no' means 'yes'," said the Gen-

THE TRUE MEANING.

eral, with much manner, and he helped himself to a couple of kieses. A few moments later he was saked if he was a candidate for the Presidency. and he blushingly enswered "No."-

Evening Call. WHY ONE CANNOT LOVE A TOMATO. The feminine mind early attains to the consideration of the ethics of the affections. In a city school the other day the class in English grammer was dis-cussing the difference between the words "like" and "love." "Note" said the teacher, "we can like a tomato, but is it proper to say we' can love a tomato?" "No, it is not," said a fresh mine miss; "one cannot love a tomato." "Why not?" inquired the teacher, "Because, you know, you thenot you can't

-well, you can't hug a tomato. DIFFERENCE IN POOLS. Men may dig fur months an' fine dat de gol' ain't dar, but when de woodpecker digs a hole in de tree he alles takes out a worm. It ain't alles silent man dat's de smartes'. De sheep don't make ez much fuss ez de dog, but he sin't not nigh ex much sense. It takes one good pint in er man ter show up anuder. Widout de sid o' good feed de fine blood wouldn' show nigh so plain in er hors. De edycated fool is was den de one what ain't advoated, fur the edycated one spiles a good piece o' work swharas de onedvested one doss of un'ertake a thing what he kain't do-

Arkansaw Traveler. In Germany, the police regulation is promptly punished. The people have a holy terror of the law. Two quality men happened "Have you beard the dreatest and

about Miller ?" "No, what is it?" "He was in a boat in the sing.

A CHEAR "Cheap Ho