

THE RECOMPENSE.

In Tunis, once, I rambled down
A winding Arab street.
When suddenly broke upon the wind
A strain of music sweet.

THE LAST NIGHT IN CAMP.

Nestled among the tall trees of a
river valley in New York State's wild-
erness is a little cabin. Before the
open fireplace in the one large living
room two men sit, dreamily gazing
at the leaping log flames.

Charlie, the merchant, rises,
stretches, sighs and moves to the west
window. His eyes wander afar to the
mountains beyond the river, lit by the
lights of heaven.

"I wish we could stay longer!"
There is a plaintive note of regret
in his voice. Leslie, the editor, hears,
but does not answer. He is seeing
things in the fantastic movements of
the flames.

Charlie picks up his gun, looks over
the sights and then slowly pushes an
oil rag through the barrel. Then he
sits down and gazes again into the
fire.

Leslie stirs and sighs. He, too,
rises, and, from the north window,
peers afar to Hardwood Island and
Pine Ridge. With his eyes he follows
the cranberry swamp to the old lum-
ber camp and on beyond to Silver
Brook and the raspberry patch.

"It's tough to go back to the desk,"
he says. His voice is no more joyous
than that of the merchant, and his
words bring no response.

Leslie lifts his mud-stained hunting
boots, cleans, and greases them and
hangs them on a hook—for a year.
Then he drops again into the chair be-
fore the fire. The kettle sings its
song louder and louder. An hour
slips by—an hour in which the long
tramps, the wading of streams and
climbing of hills, the shots that meant
meat, and the weary but happy far-
ing toward the open grate in the even-
ing—were all silently reviewed and
weighed and measured, and measured
and weighed and reviewed, by the
dreamers before the fire.

Leslie turned to the man-made
satchel and took from it a man-made
linen collar. He looked at it more
than casually. He encircled his
bronzed neck with it and shuddered.

"Did you ever think that there
must be a hades?" he asked, reflectively.
"Else there would be no here-
after for the man that invented the
stiff linen collar."

The merchant showed symptoms of
taking notice.
"The collar fiend does not deserve
the measure of torment that has been
completely won by the inventor of the
boiled shirt," he replied.

Then they gazed into the fire and
lost themselves in thought.
"Well, we must pack up, I sup-
pose," said the merchant at last.
"Yes, we must pack up," dreamily
echoed the editor.

And they continued to stare at the
fire.

The moments flew by and outside
the gloom increased. The mountains
across the river were no longer dis-
cernible and the shadows in the
woods were deep and dark. By the
flicker of the fire the merchant sought
his razor, while he ran his tanned
fingers through his facial under-
growth. Finding the desired instru-
ment of human torture, he—sat down
and again gazed into the flames.

The editor yawned and reaching
for the drinking cup, interrupted the
song of the kettle by filling the cup
with hot water. He, too, was think-
ing of the moving that civilization
demands of man's face. Then he—
fixed his eyes on the fire.

"It's no use," said the merchant,
finally and desperately. "Here goes."

He arose with determination and
began the work of preparation for
the departure. Lamps were lit, sweat-
ers were doffed and the razors were
applied. Then came the packing. It
was a busy hour or more unbroken by
words. Buckles clicked, straps
creaked and the kettle sang. In-
wardly the merchant and the editor
groaned.

Morning came only to emphasize
the regret. Stiff collars chafed necks,
stiff hats pinched heads, stiff shoes
crowded feet and stiff shirts held un-
willing bodies as in a vise. The sun

was shining in the sky, but there
were clouds over the hearts of the
two men. That world there in the
wilderness was beautiful, but the
other world—that was different. The
wilderness world was made by God—
the city world was made by man.
Who would not feel a pang on being
compelled to leave the grandeur and
freedom of the one to mingle with the
pinched soul of the other?

It was almost time for the wagon
that was to carry them over the
mountain road to the man-made rail-
road. They listened for the chug of
the wheels and hoped that noise
would not offend their ears. They
hoped the wagon-man had forgotten
his orders.

They grabbed their grips and great
coats out of the cabin and listened
again. Chug-chug! There it is.
The wagon is lurching through the
woods.

Side by side, the merchant and the
editor turned and looked far off on
the mountains across the river, a-glit-
ter in the early morning sun. They
must soak their souls full of the
scene, for they would not see it again
for a year—perhaps they would never
see it again.

OLDEST LONDON POLICE CELL.

Supposed to Be More Than 200 Years
Old—Underground Passage.

Beneath a building known as the
Old Court House, Wellclose square,
Stepney, stand what are said to be
the oldest police cells in London, and
under these is the entrance to a sub-
way believed to have once led to the
Tower, nearly a mile distant.

This subterranean passage is now
blocked up, and at the entrance there
stands a skeleton.

The building was formerly known
as the High Court of Liberty and is
supposed to be over 300 years old.
The court house is now the home of
the German Oak Club, and the fine
apartment in which trials took place
is used for dancing, while the adjoin-
ing rooms provide accommodation for
billiards.

A winding stone staircase leads to
the two cells at the rear of the court
house. At the top of the stairs is a
massive and strongly barred door,
with a peephole in it. This leads to
the first of the apartments. The only
light which penetrates these dirty
dens comes through gratings high up
against the ceiling, and each is fitted
with a shutter, by means of which
the cells can be plunged into dark-
ness.

Nearly half the floor space in each
room is filled by a wooden bed, and
attached to the walls are the rusty
chains with which the prisoners were
manacled. Another object to be seen
is a straitjacket made of stiff canvas,
with iron rings which can be fastened
to the chains.

Many names, inscriptions and pic-
tures are carved on the wooden walls.
One can still read the name of Edward
Burk, who is said to have been
hanged for murder. Close by is
carved "Edward Ray, December 27,
1758;" and another inscription runs
"Francis Brittain, June 27, 1758.
Pray remember the poor debtors."

On the floor of the first cell can be
distinguished the squares of a chess-
board, cut in the solid oak. Over the
door between the two cells can be
traced the words, "The rule of the
house is a gallon of beer," and just
below, in neater character, are the
words, "John Burn came in April 11,
1751."

One prisoner broke into verse thus:

The cup is empty,
To our sorrow;
But hope it will
Be filled to-morrow.

Another prisoner signed himself
"James Carr, smuggler, 1787." The
pictorial efforts include churches, a
crude representation of the Tower
of London, an armchair and the
triple emblem of the rose, shamrock
and thistle.

Running under the roadway of
Wellclose square is a dungeon lined
with brickwork a foot thick.—London
Evening Standard.

Japan's Hair Export.

Japanese hair now floods the hu-
man-hair market. In 1904 this ex-
port totalled but 6075 pounds, val-
ued at \$1400. In 1906 these figures
had risen to 337,500 pounds, worth
\$64,000. France—Japan's chief cus-
tomer—in 1906 bought 117,000
pounds of hair, while the United
States in that year purchased 42,500
pounds.

Such bales of human hair are not,
however, the luxuriant tresses of the
mousse sacrificed to benefit her fan-
gled, but constitute comings.—Har-
per's Weekly.

Miser's Gold is Melted.

Afraid of banks, Frank Marks, a
farmer, of Berea, Ohio, converted all
his money into gold coin and hid the
metal under the floor of his pig pen.

While he and his wife were in
Cleveland, a robber searched his
house, ripping mattresses and up-
holstery to locate the hidden wealth.

The thief set fire to the barn and
pig pen. Upon his return home, Marks
surprised his friends by digging in
the ruins of the pig pen and drawing
forth a huge lump of gold. The coins
had been melted by the heat.

Russia Supplies Japan.

Vice-Consul Harry Suslow, of Mos-
cow, writes that the administration
of the Russian Dnieprovskiy Metal-
lurgical Company recently signed a
contract in St. Petersburg with the
Japanese Government for the supply
of 360,000 pods (5896 tons) of steel
rails. The weight of the rails is to
be twenty-four pounds to the current
foot. The rails are to be delivered
at Port Dalny for the southern parts
of the Manchurian Railway.—United
States Consular and Trade Reports.

Tobacco was successfully grown
under Government supervision in
Ireland last year, but as the crop has
not yet been marketed the financial
result will not be known for some
time.

STRANGEST CHAPEL
IN THE WORLD

In the very heart of London, Eng-
land, not far distant from the Marble
Arch, there stands one of the strang-
est temples of worship in the whole
world. It is called the Chapel of
the Ascension, and it contains no pul-
pit, no altar, no font, no band of
choristers. No services are held in
it and no priest or minister crosses
its threshold except as a visitor. The
chapel is a place not of Christian rou-
tine and service, but simply where
a man or woman may "rest a while
and commune with his own soul amid
pictured walls," as the notice which
hangs over the door says.

The chapel is the idea of Mrs. Rus-
sell Gurney, who, during her life-
time, was a member of one of the best
known families in London. She
received her inspiration from a small
chapel in Florence and conceived the
idea of building a place of commun-
ion in the heart of London, set
apart for rest and filled with consec-
rated art.

But while the purpose of the chap-
el itself is unique, more remarkable
still are the religious paintings that
cover its walls from floor to ceiling.
For fourteen years Frederic Shields,
the famous English painter and friend
and contemporary of Ruskin, Dante,
Rossetti and Ford Madox Brown, has



WORLD'S ODDEST CHAPEL.

devoted his whole time and thought
to their execution. Although the
task is not yet complete, there are
but few vacant spaces on the walls
of the little building. Very nearly
two hundred paintings, illustrating
the Scriptures, have emanated from
the fertile brain and gifted brush of
this artist.

The chapel was finished in 1894,
after considerable difficulty had been
experienced by Mrs. Gurney in find-
ing a site that suited her. In that
year Mr. Shields began work on his
paintings. The little building has
been open for a few weeks now to
the general public. As one enters
and looks around one may see the
whole story of the Bible told by the
pictures on the four walls.

The scheme begins over the gallery
arch with the creation of man, fol-
lowed by the union of man and woman.
On the south wall is pictured "The Good-
ly Fellowship of the Prophets," be-
ginning with Enoch, caught up and
delivered from a violent world flow-
ing with rivers of blood, ending with
Malachi, who looks back on his pre-
decessors and points across the space
of the channel to the north wall to
John the Baptist and his successors,
"The Glorious Company of the
Apostles." Some are preaching,
others praying, prophesying, confess-
ing sins, beholding the beatific vis-
ions, or standing triumphant as mar-
tyrs. Below the Prophets and the
Apostles are small subject pictures;

above, in intimate relation with these
figures, are angels performing mis-
sions of mercy and judgment; while
alternating the figures are large
paintings, giving spiritual renderings
of the familiar stories of the Gospels
and of the incidents of the Acts of
the Apostles.

But it is to the east wall where

eyes are first directed and are held
by the pictures which give the key-
note to the whole of the designs—
the conceptions of the Crucifixion and
of the Ascension. Subject paintings
surround them, and many figures,
such as those of Faith, Hope, Love
and Patience—the final virtue.

Mr. Shields began his career as an
apprentice to a firm of lithographers,
and went through a long period of
the direst poverty. Finally one day
while in the depths of despair, he wan-
dered into an exhibition of paintings
in Manchester and decided to become
an artist. He immediately went home
and made a water color sketch which
not only sold for \$45, but brought
another commission to the needy
youth.

A few years of this work brought
him an order to illustrate "The Pil-
grim's Progress." He took the con-
tract at so low a figure that he soon
found that he was reduced to a bread
and water diet. A little later he exe-
cuted some designs for an edition of
"Vanity Fair," which so pleased Rus-
kin that he said to him: "I do not
know of any artist in England who
could have done these pictures but
yourself. You may become more
celebrated than any painter of the
day."

From this time on the path of the
young artist toward success and
fame was a smooth one. He came to
London in 1874, when his reproduc-



Machine Gun Used for Duck Shooting by the Prince of Monaco, and the
Blind Through Which it is Discharged.—Sketch.

For Treating Animals.

A novel apparatus for treating ani-
mals has been invented by a North
Dakota man. It consists of a cabinet



having open ends and gates to permit
an animal to be driven in at one end
and out at the other. In the bottom,
top and sides of the cabinet is a se-
ries of pipes. Each pipe contains per-
forations through which a liquid so-
lution can be projected in a small jet
or stream against the animal in the
cabinet.

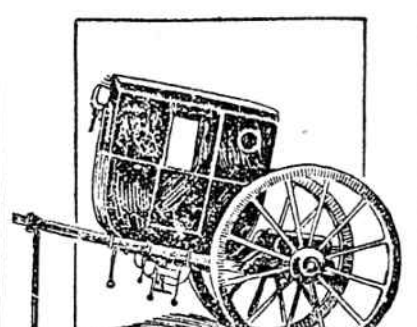
But it is to the east wall where

"SPORT ROYAL."



Remarkable Carriage Still in Use in
Malta.

To a world accustomed to ride in
its automobiles, there is something



Remarkable Carriage Still in Use in
Malta.

almost uncanny about this venerable
fragment of antiquity which may be

FEELT OF THE RARE BLACK FOX.

Only About Five Are Brought Down
Each Year From the Far North.

In the estimation of trappers of the
Canadian Northland, as well as in
the eyes of the nobility of Russia,
there is only one king of beasts—the
highly prized black fox. On an
average five perfect pelts of this rare
fur-bearer are brought down from
the Northland each year, and in rare
years as many as ten or twelve,
though each year thousands of men
make a living trapping and the
yearly catch of fox skins amounts
to over 100,000 from Canada alone.

In no way except in color does the
black fox differ from the red fox,
whose pelt sells for about \$2, or
from the grey fox, whose winter coat
is valued at from \$150 to \$400; but
whenever a hunter can secure a black
fox and remove its skin without mar-
ring the fur he is sure of receiving
from \$800 to \$1500 for his trophy.
Not only is every black fox pelt
bought as soon as taken, but a dozen
Russian noblemen have paid agents
traveling in North America all
through the winter seeking out re-
mote hillside farms and abandoned
logging camps where it is possible
that a shy and elusive black fox may
have been seen.

Within the last twenty years a
number of wealthy men who have
owned fenced game preserves have
spent vast sums of money in buying
young foxes alive and turning them
loose within private enclosures. By
and by it may be that some skilled or
fortunate breeder will produce a
black pup or perhaps a pair of black
foxes may be captured alive and from
these a new breed of black foxes will
arise and cause a great panic among
the men who hunt for black foxes.
He who can wrest the secret of breed-
ing black foxes from nature is as-
sured of riches past counting and can
command the worshipful homage of
the Russian nobility and aristocracy,
who seem willing to sacrifice untold
wealth for the pleasure of wearing
overcoats made from the pelts of
American black foxes.—Edmonton
Correspondence Toronto Globe.

Fear of the Law.

"In Switzerland this summer,"
said a Philadelphiaan, "I heard Charlie
mange Tower describe the stringent
police regulations of Berlin.

POPULAR
SCIENCE

The smallest electric motor in the
world was made by a Texan electri-
cian and watchmaker, who uses it as
a scarf-pin and drives it with a tiny
chloride of silver battery.

Experiments are being made in
Europe with a microphone for the
discovery of the presence of shoals
of fish. The instrument is sunk into
the water, and the constant tapping
of the fish against it as they pass
warns the fishermen.

Dr. Alexander Schaefer, a noted
scientist, says cattle have the sharp-
est sight, the second place being by
man and the horse which have nearly
equal visual power. Sheep do not
see as well as cattle or horses. Owls
and buzzards possess great acuteness
of vision. Dogs have such poor sight
that, as a rule, they are not able to
recognize their masters by sight
alone.

A recent re-discovery in the chemi-
cal world was a liquid preparation to
prevent the bottom of ships from
rusting or gathering marine growths.
Although the secret was known to the
Romans, it was lost about 600 years
ago.

Professor Louis Agassiz, many
years ago, first announced that the
ice sheet, or glacial flow, at the north-
west of Maine could not have been
less than a mile deep; while later
geologists have confirmed his state-
ment, adding the more recent conclu-
sion that the ice was of that thick-
ness at least over the larger part of
New England.

Green is a mixture of blue and yel-
low. In this green light of shallow
water all seaweeds grow, and, for
want of the red rays, they have gold-
en and tawny leaves. Green and
red seaweeds are the exception, and
blue seaweeds are as rare as blue tree
leaves. At this rate, land plants
grown under green glass ought to
turn golden brown, like seaweed.
They do. Experiment has shown that
under green glass plants grow near-
ly as well as under clear sunlight.

A petrified forest covering an area
of one hundred square miles has ex-
isted for centuries in Arizona. Thou-
sands and thousands of petrified logs
strew the ground, and represent beau-
tiful shades of pink, purple, red,
gray, blue and yellow. One of the
stone trees spans a gully of forty feet
wide.

PELT OF THE RARE BLACK FOX.

Only About Five Are Brought Down
Each Year From the Far North.

In the estimation of trappers of the
Canadian Northland, as well as in
the eyes of the nobility of Russia,
there is only one king of beasts—the
highly prized black fox. On an
average five perfect pelts of this rare
fur-bearer are brought down from
the Northland each year, and in rare
years as many as ten or twelve,
though each year thousands of men
make a living trapping and the
yearly catch of fox skins amounts
to over 100,000 from Canada alone.

In no way except in color does the
black fox differ from the red fox,
whose pelt sells for about \$2, or
from the grey fox, whose winter coat
is valued at from \$150 to \$400; but
whenever a hunter can secure a black
fox and remove its skin without mar-
ring the fur he is sure of receiving
from \$800 to \$1500 for his trophy.
Not only is every black fox pelt
bought as soon as taken, but a dozen
Russian noblemen have paid agents
traveling in North America all
through the winter seeking out re-
mote hillside farms and abandoned
logging camps where it is possible
that a shy and elusive black fox may
have been seen.

Within the last twenty years a
number of wealthy men who have
owned fenced game preserves have
spent vast sums of money in buying
young foxes alive and turning them
loose within private enclosures. By
and by it may be that some skilled or
fortunate breeder will produce a
black pup or perhaps a pair of black
foxes may be captured alive and from
these a new breed of black foxes will
arise and cause a great panic among
the men who hunt for black foxes.
He who can wrest the secret of breed-
ing black foxes from nature is as-
sured of riches past counting and can
command the worshipful homage of
the Russian nobility and aristocracy,
who seem willing to sacrifice untold
wealth for the pleasure of wearing
overcoats made from the pelts of
American black foxes.—Edmonton
Correspondence Toronto Globe.

ENEMIES OF ARIZONA CHICKENS.

Bullsnakes and Big Frogs Get Into
the Poultry Houses.

About four days ago T. L. Clifford,
who owns a fine lot of poultry, was
out in the yard engaged in doing the
chores when he heard an unusual
commotion in his hen house. On
opening the door and lighting up a
large bull was astonished to see a
bull snake lying in the middle of
the floor with its body coiled around
two chickens, which were yet alive.

Mr. Clifford struck at the reptile,
landing a blow on its head, when it
immediately tightened its coils and
crushed the chickens. The snake
measured between three and one-half
and four feet in length.

On Saturday evening the owner was
again disturbed by a noise among his
fowls, and this time the cause for
alarm in the hen house was made by
a large frog who had just finished
making an evening meal of one of the
broilers. Mr. Clifford killed the frog.
—Arizona Republican.

A Hairbreadth Adventure.

Small Sister (politely) — "I am
afraid it will be some time before sis-
ter will be down."

Suitor (anxiously) — "Isn't she
well?"

Small Sister — "Oh, she's well
enough, but Tommy hid the rat for
her hair, and it was the longest time
before she could find it."

Suitor (smiling) — "But you say
she has found it?"

Small Sister — "Yes, but Tommy
hid her hair, too, and she is looking
for that now."—New York Times.

Fine Ruling.

The finest rulings thus far pro-
duced by any of the machines are
at the rate of something like 250,000
lines to the inch. Some idea of the
closeness of these ruled lines can be
obtained from considering that 2000
such lines would occupy only the
space included in the thickness of a
sheet of ordinary writing paper.—The
American.

Seaweed may be planted in the
Schuylkill River in Pennsylvania as
an experiment to attempt to filter the
water which is used for drinking pur-
poses in Philadelphia.

The Perils of Riches.

By TOM P. MORGAN.

"Dese yuh 'saults an' 'assinations
de rich has done become plumb
dahlmin'!" peevishly announced a di-
apitated-looking colored zittered not
ong ago. "Much as I's hzerred de
white folks 'spatatin' on de subject,
never organized de heenyunsens ob
t'well jes' lately—man kain't pre-
zize sense a thing, sah, twell it's
rung right home to him!

"I takes a load ob chickens over
o' Timpsville an' sells 'em fo'—
'ow, dar you goes wid yo' 'sinna-
sions! What diff'ence do it make how
I 'cumulated dem fowls, lo's I had
'em? In a 'scussion wid a gen'lman
'es' stick to de bone ob extension, an'
lon't git to flingin' no sarcasms
round loose! Man's had a rock
sounded on his head fo' jes' dat
awiah foolishness befo' now! De
'unt am dat I got six dollahs an'
'emty cents fo' dem chickens, an'
'omty' home, well-uh, bless goodness,
I done found a fi-dollar bill an'
a ickel in de road! Sho'ly looked like
twuz uh-rainin' merries dat day;
but right away atter muh tribbly-
lions begun' I hadn't muh mo' dan
got back twell it 'peared like de whole
indurin' popularity was atter me
mizzellaneous pussons dat I'd done
'ogot I eber owed 'em money come at
de wid claws; niggers dat I skace-
ly knowed who de chickens dey was
lopped onto me to borry muh wealth;
le Puhssidin' Eldah, de most slingin'
gen'lman you eber seed in all ob
woe's app'inted ways when dar's any-
thing in it fo' him, took muh trail
like a houn' dog an' hung on; an'
len dat yallah-completed widdah
'ady dat I's been mo' or less shinin'
round—uh-well, I 'knowleges dat
I went too far wid her; I axed her
hid de sp'icion her last husband's best
coat could be cut down to fit me (de
late gen'lman was sawtah broad
across de shoulders, you knows), an'
sich as dat, but she didn't precipitate
ludder at de time dan to threaten to
fing scaldin' watah on muh pussional-
ity, an' so I don't see how she fig-
gered out dat she had any claims.
But widdah ladies ain't got no reason,
you knows dat, sah!—dat was when
I was po', but soon's I took rich, muh
suzz, she come at me wid a smile; an'
len, when I 'lowed dat I could do
bettah wid muh money, she 'nounced
dat she was uh-gwine to shoot me
fo' 'triffin' her 'fections. An' she
ain't none ob dem old-fashioned
ladies dat can't shoot straight,
needer!

"Dat was bad enough, goodness
knows, but when a young white
dotal wanted to operate on me, uh-kaze
I looked to him like a man wid a
brain-stawm, dat settled it, an' I put
fo' home. Yes, an' den when I went
out to de barn to add up muh finan-
cials in secrecy, ding-busted if dat
male ob mine—triffin' 'scount'ed dat
'habeen uh-feedin' an' uh-pomperin'
fo' lo dese many years!—didn't haul
off an' kick me in de face! Dat's
what de varmint p'intedly done, sah;
an' as I laid dar, dead to de world,
yuh come de Puhssidin' Eldah, a little
bit shawt ob brest, but still on de
trail, an' a stidder po'in' oil an' wine
down muh 'roat he went 'thoo muh
clothes an' picked out de whole 'leven-
senty-'fo' de ch'ch-baldin' fun'."

"De only joyful thing 'bout de
whole business was dat de Puhssidin'
Eldah swelled up to de rest ob dem
hungry people an' talked 'em plumb
down an' out—wouldn't be a Puh-
ssidin' Eldah if he couldn't!—an' dey
has since left me alone. An' den,
bless goodness, muh nose was natch'y
so fat anyhow dat de mule's kick
didn't degrade muh pussional appear-
ance to 'mount to nothin'."

"But, as I says in de beginnin', de
way things has been uh-goin' ob late,
a plutocrater ain't safe fo' a minute!
Jes' as soon as he finds hisse'f in de
p'ession ob money he'd better whirl
in an' take a good dose ob pizon an'
be done wid his troubles. Yessah,
dat's what he better do!"—Woman's
Home Companion.

WHO AM I?

"Come from many a maiden's lips,
I fly through airy spaces.
Between two hearts I make quick trips;
I linger on sweet faces.

I bind love's bargain many a time;
I heal up many a quarrel,
Adorn a tale, inspire a rhyme,
And blot out many a moral.

My first is better than my last;
With age I grow much colder;
I linger often in the past,
My memory makes me bolder.

I may be false, I may be true,
I may be sweet or sour;
For me the kings of earth may sue,
While babies wield my power.

I'm nothing; yet I'm everything;
I die when commemorated;
From death to life once more I spring,
With love's sweet message freighted.

No rule for me beneath the sun!
I scorn all mathematics;
With one and one, why, I make one;
True only to ecstasies.

Dividing two, then one I've made
By adding six and seven;
The best laid plans men have essayed
I lightly touch, and smother.

I add, subtract and multiply,
I've never been refuted;
Yet my sum totals always die
As soon as they're computed.

I'm full of sadness, full of bliss,
And everything that bliss is;
Yet, though I've never made a miss,
I've made too many Mrs.

—Thomas L. Masson, in Life.

"Ever experience a stage robber?"
"Once I asked a chorus girl out to
lunch."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Heiress—"Oh, papa! The earl
has proposed!" Papa Bigwadd—"
H'm! What's his proposition?"—
Puck.

"Mrs. Blidd says that she talks in
her sleep." "That isn't the worst of
it, either. She talks when she is
awake."—Life.

Servant—"Please, ma'am, there's
a burglar down stairs." Mistress
(sleepily)—"Tell him, 'Not at home,'
Jane."—Half-Holiday.

Wigg—"Sillius says he is working
for all he is worth." Wagg—"Is that
so? Then I suppose he is getting \$4
a week."—Philadelphia Record.

Of all the "white lies" the one white lie
That most deserves the crown
Is that atrocious stuff we buy
For "country milk" in town.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Perks—"I'd like to have you help
us out at bridge. Play?" Lane—"
Not a very good game." "So much
the better. We play for money."—
Life.

Caller—"Is the cashier in?" Bank
President—"Yes, I think he is, but
we don't know how much yet. The
examiner is going over the books."—
Puck.

Blobbs—"A politician always re-
minds me of a piano." Blobbs—"
How so?" Blobbs—"If he's square
he's considered old fashioned."—
Philadelphia Record.

Tommy—"Pop, what is retribu-
tion?" Tommy's Pop—"Retribution,
my son, is something that we are sure
will eventually overtake other peo-
ple."—Philadelphia Record.

Golter—"You've caddied for me
before. Will you give me some hints
before we start?" Sandy—"Weet, if
ye'll just no dae what ye're gaeen' to
dae, ye'll no dae