

TELL HIM SO.

If you have a word of cheer
That may brighten the pathway
Of a brother pilgrim here,
Let him know.

Show him you appreciate
What he does, and do not wait
Till the heavy hands of Fate
Lays him low.

If your heart contains a thought
That will brighter make his lot,
Then, in mercy, hide it not,
Tell him so.

—J. A. Egerton.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A DIME

By Mary McInnis.

Did any one ever pause to consider
what a varied existence a dime necessarily leads?

There are none of life's phases with which I have not come into contact, and now, although all my brightness and individuality are worn away, and I am so thin my circulation has nearly stopped, I am a veritable silver mine of experience and information.

It was a realization of this fact that induced me, in these, my last days, to cull from the past a few recollections and coin them into a little story, hoping it might make me appreciated beyond my mere intrinsic value.

I suppose I am consoled to attempt this, because all I know about writing I learned from being stranded in the pocket of a literary man. But his remarks regarding literature were very forceful. I was a great comfort to that man in moments of desperation. He knew as long as I stayed with him I stood between him and starvation.

One day he sold a joke for fifty cents, and, with the base ingratitude that mars some really noble natures, he swapped me over a quick lunch counter for two doughnuts and a cup of coffee!

An old gentleman got me next, and, mistaking me for a cent, gave me to a newsboy.

The boy was so astonished he bit me to see if I was real; not satisfied with that test, he dashed me to the sidewalk. I cried out protestingly, and when he heard the silvery ring of my voice he was satisfied. He gripped me so tight I was all in a perspiration by the time he got home.

Such a miserable apology for the name—home? He had to climb flight after flight of rickety stairs before he reached the one room that to him meant home.

"Pauly," he cried, pushing open the door, "are you awake?"

A small, white face was lifted from a heap of ragged bedding, and a pair of wide-opened eyes answered the question with mute eloquence.

"Look here," continued the boy, breathlessly, "an old gent gave me a true enough dime and I'm going to buy you a lump of modelling wax!"

"O—h," the long-drawn exclamation was expressive of an intense emotion, "let me see it!"

The boy laid me, all moist, on the outstretched palm of his crippled brother, who turned me over incredulously.

"Don't you need it to buy something to eat, Louis?" he asked, hesitatingly.

"Naw, I'm filled right up. A feller gave me a handful of peanuts, and I'm going to get some buns for our tea."

Louis dashed down stairs again, and I was soon lying in the till of a jeweler's shop where he took me to buy the wax.

I lay there all night, wondering why those hungry boys had parted with me for an insensate lump of wax, little thinking I would ever know.

The next day I was given to a beautiful young lady, dressed all in gray. I fell quite in love, and was glad when she tucked me in her glove. I liked snuggling close to her warm hand and feeling her dependent on me; because I was all the money she had left from her shopping.

Alas! As she stepped into a trolley car I fell out unnoticed. I realized that I was lost; but, with my mercurial nature, I ran like quicksilver to the feet of a young man, who picked me up and started after the beautiful gray lady. She had disappeared into the car; he followed. When the conductor came to collect the fares she discovered it was gone!

The young man leaned forward and said politely: "Allow me the pleasure of paying your fare." She thanked him so sweetly, and asked for his address that she might return the money.

He gravely handed her his card and paid her fare; but not with me. He put me, still warm from her hand, in his vest pocket. And there I stayed until I was tarnished for the want of use, all done up in tissue paper and labelled: "Her dime."

One night the erratic thumping of his heart made me so restless that I popped right out of his pocket. As soon as I touched the floor I saw the reason that I had been able to do it was because he was stooping forward to tie the beautiful gray lady's shoe. She saw me and read my label as she picked me up.

around the room were exquisitely modelled wax busts of prominent people, wonderfully conceived designs for ornamentation and fantastic conceptions that breathed the soul of an artist.

Paul was pleased to see me again, for they both remembered I had been instrumental in helping them get material for their first successful model.

In after years I often heard Louis and Paul spoken of, and always in terms of respect and admiration.

And so I might endlessly go on recalling stories from the book of life, but I once heard my literary friend say it was not so much what you wrote as what you didn't write that made a story.—Boston Post.

SHIP'S BELL CLOCKS.

Nickel Plated, Some, and Not Expensive; Others of Bronze, More Costly.

In its most ordinary form the ship's bell clock is a stout, well made clock, a good timekeeper, contained in a round nickel plated case six or seven inches in diameter, which is mounted on a board that can be hung on or screwed to a wall or bulkhead. The face of the clock, the dial, is of finished steel, and its pointers are of blue steel, so that with its nickle case the whole clock has a metallic, solid, serviceable look.

Attached to a projection of the board upon which the clock is placed, outside the clock and immediately below it, is the clock's gong, with the hammers—there are two of them—brought down into it on arms extending through an opening in the clock's case and striking on the gong's inner side. It is a sturdy gong, two or three inches in diameter, and it sounds with a strong, clear, resolute note when the hammer strikes it. On this clock's face you can tell the time in the usual way, but the hours are struck as they are at sea on a ship's bell.

This is the sort of ship's bell clock, costing about \$8, that might be found on merchant vessels, sail or steam, or put up in steamer engine rooms or in the pilot houses of towboats, and they are used also on many yachts. And not a few are bought for use on the land by men who are fond of and have been more or less on the water and who hang them up in their room or in their home for the sake of pleasant associations.

But there are now made also finer and more costly ship's bell clocks for use on fine yachts, and fine clocks with this strike are now made for use as mantel clocks, these last being most likely to be bought by yachtsmen or by others to whom the sea appeals.

One fine ship's bell clock was so made that it could be used either afloat or ashore secured to a bulkhead or resting on a support on a mantel. Used afloat, the clock was removed from its base and screwed to a wall in the cabin of the yacht with screws running through holes made in the rim of the clock's case for that purpose. At the end of the yachting season the clock could be brought ashore and set again upon its bronze support.

Fine ship's bell clocks in bronze cases designed especially for mantel clocks are made in various sizes and in a variety of styles. Here, for instance, is such a clock, base and case of bronze, and the case having wrought into it an anchor, its flukes and shank of bronze, while its stock is of oak, with its ends bound with bronze.

The strike of the ordinary ship's bell clock is loud and sonorous, as it is intended to be; the strike of the fine ship's bell is soft and musical. Its gong, of a beautiful tone, is set inside the clock, and the hammer has a little patch of leather set in its face, not to muffle but to soften the tone when the gong is struck. The effect produced by this clock striking is that of the sound of a ship's bell heard from some vessel far off shore, coming musically across the water.

These finer ship's bell clocks range in price up to as much as \$150.—New York Sun.

When the Officers "Hike."

Those test rides and marches prescribed to keep sedentary army officers in a condition for field duty at emergency's call are fine things. What able bodied civilian does not envy the two majors of the pay corps who have just completed their annual sortie out of Fort Sheridan, despite their stone bruises and lameness and a dash of rainy weather? Who would not exchange three days in the office for a tramp over autumn canopied highways?

When the sedentary civilian does get an occasional day in the country, however, he does not have an ambulance and a detachment of hospital stewards following; there is no troop of cavalry to carry tents and rations and a bathtub; flags are not raised along the line of march, and the villagers do not declare a holiday. Some features of an army officer's "hiking" stunt remind one of "roughing it" in the Adirondacks, where the camp consists of a half-million dollar villa, with electric lights, Turkish bath and butlers and valets. It's very magnificent, but somehow it doesn't seem exactly like war.—Chicago Record-Herald.

That Famous Swim.

"It is a very dangerous thing. I have found, to tell stories to the present younger generation," a Sunday-school teacher recently remarked.

"Now, I have always been fond of illustrating the Gospel lessons with little stories which helped to point the moral, and a favorite with me was one of a young Roman athlete who used to swim the Tiber three times every morning. This generally made a hit with the boys in my class, but one Sunday a new lad with Irish eyes appeared, and at the conclusion of this story he snickered audibly.

"You seem to think that this story is rather funny, Patrick," I remarked, severely; "will you tell us in what respect?"

"Seems like he might have made one more trip and got his clothes, Miss," he replied with a cheerful grin.—Bohemian Magazine.

England reports that her potato crop this year is the biggest on record.

WILD WHITES OF AUSTRALIA.

CONVICTS WHO LOST IDENTITY AND LANGUAGE

Escaping Into the Bush They Lived the Life of Savages, Forgetting the Ways of Civilization—Those Who Returned Were Broken in Body and Mind.

Human beings, like domestic animals, are kept up to a standard that permits them to survive by the constant selection of the capable and the weeding out of the unfit. Let that selection be for a time interrupted or removed, and the individuals sink back to the lower level from which they had been raised. From philanthropic motives Captain Cook left in New Zealand a number of pigs, intending that they should serve the needs of the indigenes or of future immigrants. The indigenes used them—they use them to this day—but many of them ran wild, reverted to their primitive type, and now furnish the dangerous sport known in Europe as boar-hunting and in India as pig-sticking.

Horses and cattle in Australia have escaped to "the bush," and in a single generation they have lost the fine points scientifically bred in them, and resumed the old life of the species. In both countries domestic cats take to the forest and soon reacquire their daring and predatory habits. Cultivating plants are blown into inhospitable places and forthwith lose their graceful forms, their bright colors and their luscious scents.

It is not otherwise with human beings. Wherever men have gone among savages, some of them have sunk to or below the level of their degraded associates. They assume their manners, wear their costume and carry their weapons, eat their food, assimilate their sentiments and speak their language. Sometimes they forget their mother tongue and lose all recollection of their past. In a few years they roll down the steep ascent their ancestors had taken fifteen or twenty centuries to climb.

Old New Zealand was an omnium gathrum of all the ruffianism of the South Seas. At the annexation of the islands in 1839 it was estimated that there were 150 pakehas, or half-wild men, scattered chiefly in the north island. Some of them had gone inland and were living as Maoris. Yet none of these were properly "wild men." Under a veneer of barbarism some at least of them were civilized Englishmen at heart, who led sordid or maimed, but not savage, lives.

The Three Australian Convicts.

Very different from most of these, and truly wild men, were three Australian convicts. In 1833 a party of Tasmanian settlers who had shortly before landed on the Victorian coast, in the neighborhood of what is now Melbourne, were startled by the approach of an aboriginal, as he seemed. He was a giant (six feet five inches without his boots, as was afterwards ascertained); not black, it soon appeared, but browned by exposure; with long matted hair and a patriarchal sweep of beard. He carried in his right hand two spears and in his left a waddy and a boomerang; and he was clothed in kangaroo skins. He sat down among his fellow-countrymen, for such they were. They spoke to him and questioned him, but no word of answer could be got from him. He remained in a kind of mental stupor, the brain refusing to act. Not till after ten days did the long-closed cells of speech and memory begin to unlock and yield their secrets. Even then but little could be extracted from him. Partly from himself, but mainly from his black "gin," a few confused details were learned.

His name was William Buckley. Born at Macclesfield in 1780, he was drafted from the militia into the Fourth Infantry Regiment. With it he served on the Walcheren expedition and at Gibraltar. There he was accused of mutiny and transported to Botany Bay. From New South Wales in 1803 he was deported to Victoria, whither a band of convicts was sent under Judge-Advocate Collins. Very strangely, a little boy named Pascoe Faulkner, son of a convict, was also with that party; he is now honored as the founder of Victoria.

One of Three Lived.

Buckley, with two more convicts, escaped into the bush. Buckley's physique enabled him to survive hardships that killed the other two. For a year he lived on shellfish in a cave at Queenscliff, now known as Buckley's Cave; then he was tracked by blacks. The critical moment of his life had come; Buckley proved equal to it, not by cunning or force of character, for he had neither, but by sheer stolidity. "Are you Chief Bawron?" they cried to him, naming a dead chief whom they believed to have come to life again in Buckley. He nodded and grunted assent. He answered further questions with the same inarticulate affirmation. They were satisfied, and acknowledged him as their resuscitated chief. For thirty years he lived among them in all ways like themselves—in all ways but one. He was joining in a feast after a victory of his people over another tribe, when his stomach and feelings alike revolted at the roasted flesh of the captured blacks. He left his associates and wandered away by himself, taking with him a girl and a blind boy whom he had adopted.

Eventually, he returned and resumed the old life. A black girl to whom he had married proved faithless, and (to his grim delight) was speared, with her lover, by the tribe. He married a second time, but had no children by either wife. Twice or thrice at the most did the opportunity of escape present itself when ships touched at the bay, but each time he was baffled.

Thirty-two Years a Savage.

Nearly thirty-two years had rolled away when Buckley learned that a party of whites, who had landed on the coast, was about to be attacked. He made a two days' journey to warn them. When Governor Arthur soon after granted him a free pardon, the

shock was so great as for some time to paralyze his atrophied faculties. At length he took service with an officer of the regiment he had once belonged to, which had been sent to Australia. This he tired of, and he passed over to Tasmania, where Sir John Franklin found him something to do. On the strength of a pension of £12, given him by the Government of Tasmania, and another of £10 given him by the Government of Victoria, he married a third time—a (white) widow, with a daughter. He was to be seen in Hobart "pacing along the middle of the road with his eyes vacantly fixed upon some object before him, never once turning his head to either side or saluting a passerby; and seeming as one not belonging to the world." Little information about his past or the savages he had lived with could be gleaned from him. His faculties had been hopelessly clouded by his long sequestration from civilized life. "A mindless lump of matter" was the account given of him. He died of an accident in 1856.

Other Runaways.

Wild whites were usually convicts. In 1825 the head of the convict settlement at Moreton Bay (now Brisbane, Queensland) was a stern old Peninsular officer, Captain Logan, who governed it as it would have been dangerous to govern a herd of placid animals. Many of the madened convicts escaped, finding the horrors of life among the blacks less terrible than Logan's merciless rule. In 1859 it was decided to try to recover some of these absconders. Andrew Petrie, one of the many Scottish explorers of Queensland, was sent to the north on a joint mission of discovery and recovery.

Getting into the neighborhood of one of the fugitives between Brisbane and Wide Bay, he sent a letter to him by a friendly black. The simple device was successful. Bracebridge, whose native name was Wandj, came running eagerly toward them. He was indistinguishable in appearance from his native companions. For a time he was unable to speak. Tears rolled down his face. Then, remembering the horrors he had escaped from, he asked whether punishment awaited him at the convict station. His joy was unbundled when he was told that transportation was at an end.

Bracebridge was used as a decoy to recover another man residing with a tribe at Wide Bay. When they arrived at the spot, Bracebridge was sent forward to meet the other, Davis, or Durrumbul. Apparently in the native language, he explained to Davis that the station was abolished, and that Petrie had come to take them back to Brisbane. Instantly, Davis' suspicions were aroused. He passionately accused Bracebridge of concocting a falsehood that he might entrap him. In a moment Bracebridge was again transformed into the black fellow, and angrily sang a challenge to Davis. The two stood there for a while, each the sport of contending natures in him—those of the black and of the white man—perhaps as striking a concrete example of the conflict between the good and evil principles as has been witnessed. In poetry and in action—in Tennyson and Kingsley, Ahirman vanquishes Ormuzd. It is not always so in reality; happily, it was so now. The white man conquered first in Davis, the last reclaimed, and he ran off to Petrie's party, soon followed by Bracebridge. Petrie's words are too vivid to be weakened by substitution or paraphrase:

"I shall never forget his [Davis'] appearance when he arrived at our camp—a white man in a state of nudity, and actually a wild man of the woods; his eyes wild and unable to rest a moment on any one object. He had quite the same manners and gestures that the wildest blacks have got. He could not speak his 'mother's tongue,' as he called it [the Scottish dialect]. He could not even pronounce English for some time, and when he did attempt it, all he could say was a few words, and these often misapprehended, breaking off in the middle of a sentence with the black gibberish, which he spoke very fluently. During the whole of our conversation his eyes and manner were completely wild, looking at us as if he had never seen a white man before. In fact, he told us he had nearly forgotten all about the society of white men, and had forgotten all about his friends and relations for years past, and had I or some one else not brought him from among these savages, he would never have left them."

Fifteen or twenty years ago Davis, who was the son of a blacksmith in Glasgow, was still living in Brisbane, where he kept a small crockery shop. His strength had been broken by the hardships of his life among the blacks, so that he looked ten years older than he actually was. His reserve about his past was invincible.

A tragical case was that of a professor of classics from Columbia College, New York, who lived in savage isolation in Northern Queensland. There, twenty-five years ago, he was speared by the blacks. Few countries have witnessed such awful maulings as Australia.—Sydney (Australia) Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.

Nights at the Music Halls.

The variety entertainment is, as was the low comedy of the last generation, "racy of the soil." It comes from the rich flesh and blood life of the people, and has a bitter-sweet sympathy with their sorrows and their joys.—London Era.

Switzerland has an estimated water power of 1,000,000 horse power. Of this power 250,000 is already harnessed, while 500,000 more is capable of exploitation.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING

In the Philippines the Spanish pronounce "pula-janes" "pulaharnes."

Pennsylvania, Ohio, Wisconsin, Maine and Missouri, in the order named, are the greatest producers of lime.

A device which forces water down to the roots of plants is said to produce wonderful improvement in crops.

Charles II. is said to have first encouraged the public appearance of women on the stage in England in 1662.

Experiments with new machinery on the Chilean nitrate fields are expected to cut the cost of production in half.

The average cost for fuel for a railroad train is ten cents a mile, and the average fireman burns \$2500 worth a year.

The Jewish population of the United States in 1818 was about 3,000. In 1903 it is estimated at over 1,000,000.

John McCleishy, seventy years old, left Mount Vernon, Ill., for Scotland to wed his boyhood sweetheart. He declares that he has never kissed a woman.

More diamonds are coming to New York City each week now than during any previous week in the last six months. Dealers are looking for a greatly increased trade.

One of the largest saw mills in the world has been erected on the island of Hawaii by a company which has a contract to furnish a million ties a year to an American railroad.

New York City's real estate value, according to the assessment, is \$900,000,000 more than the entire assessed real estate values of all the land west of the Mississippi River.

A letter written by Robert Burns and which was part of the Morgan collection on exhibition at Columbia University denied authorship of "Auld Lang Syne." An unpublished poem of Abraham Lincoln was exhibited.

Several of Mrs. Louise Kaup's eight children made long journeys to Chicago to be with her on her nineteenth birthday. Thirty-eight grandchildren were present and forty great-grandchildren. "Oh, I am so happy to see all my babies again," she said.

It is said that Emperor William of Germany has always been careful that the ancestral cradle of the Hohenzollerns should be used for each infant member of his family in succession. This cradle is over two centuries old, and is of curiously carved black oak. It is supposed to protect the baby who sleeps in it from convulsions and other childish ailments.

The Country Life Delusion

By EUGENE WOOD.

The editorial writers of the great metropolitan dailies, who have plumbed the depths of every mystery and from whom no secrets are hid, cannot conceal their vexation at being unable to say why people will persist in being such awful fools as to prefer existence in six rooms and a bath in the crowded, unwholesome city to living—really living, don't you understand—out in the country where you can get fresh air and fresh eggs, out where the birds and the northwest winds whistle, and the children have room to play and nobody to play with, while they twine their wreaths of clover blossoms and poison ivy and get as brown as a berry. By the way, what sort of berries are those brown berries you hear so much about? Blackberries and blueberries I know, and strawberries are red, and "most every kind of berry is green at the start, and there's a front yard bush that bears white berries, but what for kind of berry is brown?"

In the spring and summer, in addition to these editorials bewailing the clotted folly of the human race in wanting to live in town, are letters from reclaimed sinners who have seen the error of their ways and now have little places of their own (subject to a first and second mortgage and a mechanic's lien) out in the country, where life is one grand, sweet song. Though meat and vegetables and groceries and clothing and a few other little things are somewhat higher than in town, and you cannot keep help except at the muzzle of a shotgun, you can live so much more happily and inexpensively. Why will folks be so blind to their own best interests? Come on in, the water's fine!—From Everybody's.

Magnificent Bathing Pavilion.

"The new bathing pavilion at Venice, Cal., is one of the largest and most complete in the world," says the Popular Mechanics in an illustrated article. "The structure, which is built of concrete blocks, is 235 feet long by 169 feet wide, and contains 661 enamel finished dressing rooms and a warm plunge or swimming tank 150 feet long by 100 wide. The tank ranges in depth from three and a half feet to twelve feet, and its sides and bottom are of solid cement three feet thick. It holds 500,000 gallons of water, and is emptied and refilled twice each week. In addition to this tank the bathers have the ocean surf, which rolls up on the beach just outside the pavilion."

Pennsylvania Nearly Out of Debt.

According to the report of the Sinking Fund Commissioners, the State of Pennsylvania has a net debt of only \$47,000. To be precise, the figures are \$47,035.91.

There is a gross debt of \$2,689,617, but the sinking fund is ready to wipe it out of existence when the bonds fall due.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



Place Cards.

Seasonable place cards are very handsome this season, and since the water colored cards have been so much in vogue, a very interesting and profitable field has opened for girls with talents in this line of art. Some of the daintiest cards are flower girls opening boxes of roses, lilies or violets. Other pretty ones represent green jack-in-the-pulpits, colonial dames, Dutch girls and birch bark logs. For auto parties there are numerous cards suitable for the table, also wedding and engagement place cards.

Photograph Frames.

The latest frames for photographs from Paris have a light blue mat which makes an attractive setting for a picture. A framer can easily duplicate one, as the colored mat is really the thing and can be chosen to match or contrast with any room. One often does well to supply their own mat when having pictures framed, for certain rooms, especially if tapestry is used. Many picture shops can furnish handsome silk or cloth mats, and it is cheaper to use these and quite as satisfactory, as one must purchase so small a piece for one picture.—New York Evening Post.

Lamp Shades Important.

When choosing lamp shades for a room remember that color is of more importance than the material used. Porcelain and colored glass are often very satisfactory, but softer and more pleasing effects are obtained with shades of paper or silk. Be sure to choose a shade which distributes the light properly, at the same time saving the eyes from glare. The color of the shade should harmonize with the walls. Red walls reflect red light best, and green walls are best suited for green shades. Contrasting colors dim the light and make a room appear gloomy.—New York Evening Post.

New Rugs From Old Carpets.

Our upper hall is a passage hall in antique oak with green and brown burlap. The carpet on the stairs leading to it is brown, old yellow and green. In recarpeting the hall it was our wish to use the same carpet as on the stairs, but when we wanted to order it we found that the design was no longer on the loom and that it was impossible to get any more of it. Nothing else seemed to match in color or design and we were sadly perplexed.

At last a thought came to us. We gathered together the Wilton and velvet carpets that were so worn and faded from their latest service in the laundry that the storage attic wouldn't take them in. Even the rag man wouldn't pay his customary cents for them. These we sent to a rug company to have two new rugs made of them in sizes of two and one-half feet by fourteen feet and two and one-half feet by five feet. These firms weave any old carpet you may have into durable rugs and are highly to be commended. When our old, faded, worn out, dirty rugs were returned to us we found they transformed into two beautiful rugs of softest color. They were woven as a filler and contained gray, yellows, light browns and an old French blue. They cost just \$6.

For weaving old carpets into new rugs I am told the Ingrains and Brussels are preferable. If you have any old carpets about the house do not be ashamed of them and throw them away. Keep them until you need a new rug. It is also well to tell the weaver that you want a blended color effect and what the predominating tone should be. Then, if your carpets do not have the requisite color the weaver can add the color in new materials at a cost of eight cents a yard.—Good Housekeeping.



Fried Squashes.—Cut the squash into thin slices, and sprinkle it with salt; let it stand a few minutes; then beat two eggs and dip the squash into the egg; then fry it brown in butter.

Breaded Sausages.—Wipe the sausages dry. Dip them in beaten egg and bread crumbs; put them in the frying bucket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook ten minutes. Serve with a garnish of toasted bread and parsley.

American Toast.—To one egg thoroughly beaten, put one cup of sweet milk and a little salt; slice light bread and dip into the mixture, allowing each slice to absorb some of the milk; then brown on a hot buttered griddle; spread with butter and serve hot.

Pear Preserves.—For each half-bushel of pears take the juice pressed from four quarts of cranberries; make a syrup of the cranberry juice, adding one cup of water to every quart of juice and two cups of sugar. Simmer the pears in the syrup till tender and add one-third stick cinnamon for every quart jar. Seal air tight.

Cream Pie.—A piece of butter the size of an egg; two-thirds of a tea-cup of sugar; one teaspoonful of cream; one tablespoonful of flour. Stir butter, sugar and flour together, then add the cream and flavor with vanilla; pour into a pan lined with pastry and bake. Let cool and spread over the top a cupful of whipped cream.

Potatoes a la Creme.—Heat a cupful of milk; stir in a heaping tablespoonful of butter cut up in small pieces; stir until smooth and thick; pepper and salt, and add two cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes, sliced, and a little very finely chopped parsley. Shake over the fire until the potatoes are hot all through, and pour into a deep dish.



The Pop Mixture.

How to make a proposal
You can't learn from books;
It is made up of stammers,
Sighs, surlies and looks.
—Boston Transcript.

Two Ways.

"Some toil hard and work wonders."

"Say the rest of it."
"Others take it easy and work suckers."—Pittsburg Post.

Signs of Jealousy.

"The count must love me."
"Why?"
"He gets sulky whenever another man wants to know how much paper is worth."—Houston Chronicle.

Innuendo.

"He says he spent Thanksgiving with his folks. Dined quietly at home."
"Dined quietly, eh? Then I'll bet there was no soup served."—Pittsburg Post.

No Detriment.

"Ever been in jail?"
"Countless times. But that's no detriment to a man in my business."
"And what is your business?"
"I'm a chauffeur."—Houston Chronicle.

None Exempt.

"I have my troubles."
"Why, you are rich, healthy, respected."
"Still, I have my troubles. I have to listen to other people's."—Washington Herald.

The Same Jig.

"Ebenzer," called out Mrs. Jagway from the floor above, "have you been drinking again?"
"No, m' dear," answered Mr. Jagway, in the hallway below. "Not again. Still."—Chicago Tribune.

No Loss Attached.

"I dreamed last night that I beat a man out of ten cents. I've been worrying about it all day."
"You should have paid him."
"Sure I should. It was nothing but dream money."—Houston Chronicle.

Thoughtfulness.

Waiter—"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?"
Restaurant Patron—"I'm glad you spoke of it; my wife told me not to spend any money foolishly, and I was just going to give you a tip."—Chicago News.

The Auto Typewriter.

"The typewriter people are certainly slow."
"In what respect?"
"To cling to the bell. Why don't they introduce a machine that will hook at the end of a line?"—Washington Herald.

Hope Still.

Mrs. O'Toole—"She's takin' on awful. Her husband got three years— but he kin git twelve months off for good behavior."
Mrs. Dooley—"Tell her to rest aisy. Sure an' he may not behave himself."—Life.

Domestic Chat.

"I saw an old girl of yours to-day, hubby, and she looked—"
"Like a frump, I s'pose. I saw an old beau of yours, and he borrowed \$5 from me."
Then the subject was changed.—Washington Herald.</