ON OLD ROCKY.

The People Are Natural and the People Are Human.

rool" in Love with "Variegated Young American Woman-Essay on the Human Brain-In the Vailey and the Shadows.

If it want from the it that I am alady married, and if I didn't have what seems to me like the best woman in the world, what you reckon I would do this beautiful Sunday morn-

in? I would wash my lovely countenance, climb right up into my Sunday-go-to-meetin clothes,

sprinkle a few cinnamon draps on my wayward, wanderin locks and pitch out and go a courtin over to the old Pollard place. For why? There is a young lady over there which could change her name and administer on the Sanders estate before the sun went down if she wanted to. Miss Susie Bell Pollard is her name, and you mought ride three days and nights before you could find more good, pure womanhood done in one bundle of dry goods.

One Fool on Her String.

White people, did you ever take any particlar notice of a natural-born blame fool in love with a rale handsome woman? If you never did there is yet a whole passle for you to learn in regards to the ways and means of the human race.

It never was no trouble for Miss Susie Bell Pollard to catch a beau. All she ever had to do was to put on the balt and fling out her hook and pull em in, comin and a gwine. Blamed if I haven't seen her out at pienics and parties and candy pullins and protracted meetins and the like of that, with the boys so thick around her till she put me in mind of the band wagon on a circus day.

Understand me now, I couldn't blame the boys for that. No doubt if I had been a boy myself about that time I would have been the lead dog of the pack. But along in the fall of last year Miss Susie Bell caught a natural-born fool on her string-which, of course, it want her fault, and nobody coukin't blame her for that. Gabe Ranking is the enlyest son of old man Lum Hankins and his wife, and they are tremendius well fixed in the way of this world's goods. The old man has got land on top of land all the way from Murder Creek to Caney Branch, and the general talk around amongst the people is to the extent that he is likewise also plum lousy with cash money. And as to the old Rankins stock of eople, they have all got sense enough eat when they are hungry, and go to bed when they get tired, and save money. But Andy Lucas was wobblin around powerful clost to the bull's eye when he give it out over at the cross roads one day that the young man Gabe was way out on a back seat when they handed round the brains. Well, you raky couldn't blame Gabe for that. And neither could you blame the old folks for havin a foel in the family. He couldn't help it, and they couldn't help it. You couldn't blame nobody. There was nobody to-blame.

The big break come in when old man Lum took up a notion that he could run his hand down into his flank pocket and take his money and do what the good Lord, in His own good time and way, didn't do-make a few brains and out em in Gabe's head. The human brain, fellow citizens and friends, is a powerful skeerce and pecurious thing. The world don't give it, money won't buy it and colleges can't make it. Bless God for that. Old man Lum has beat clean out of sight in regards to win money on general lines. But it would of been money in his flanks if he had only come over to see me about

that college business. But the old man had the money, and Gabe he went to college. When the money was gone and Gabe come back home he had a few fancy college clothes and yet no brains to speak of. If anything he was a bigger fool-or more different sorts of a fool-when he got back than when he went away. I never will forge' the little piece of good advice which Blev Scroggins give him the first time they met up together after Gabe's return back from college:

"Been off to college, have you, Gabe?"

"Didn't git lost gwine or comin'?"

"Got back safe and sound exest more?" "Yes."

"Bully for you, Gabe. Go and climba tree, now, and fall out and break your

Something Had to "Drap."

The next Sunday, it would seem, Gabe crawled into his fine college clothes and put out and went over the creek to see Miss Susie Bell Pollard. And naturally, of course, he feel heels over appetite in love with Miss Susie Bell. Well. I couldn't blame him for that. I think a whole passle of that girl myself-jist as much as the law allows. But Gabe, he did have a tremendius bad case of it. The more he saw of Miss Susic Bell the more he wanted to see. The more he went over to the old Pollard place, the more he wanted to go. It was every Sunday for a time, and then one night in the week for good measure. Finally, at last, it was every Sunday the Lord sent and two or three nights in the week till Gabe Rankins was stickin more closer to the old Pollard place than a sick kitten to a hot brick. He was there so reglar and so frequent and so constant, and cut such a furious high dash with his college clothes on till the other boys laid down their hands gradually by degrees and quit the game.

In the main time anybody could see, with one eye shet, that Miss Susie Bell -kind-hearted and patient and longsufferin as she was-was weary of life and tired to death. All along for the last six months I have been lookin for somethin to git ripe and drap. It come to pass on Friday night before the last third Sunday-over at the old Pollard place. Gabe Rankins was there. I was not there. But two or three days after that Miss Susie Bell was over to our house. I could tell that somethin had come to pass the minnit she lifted the latch and come in the front gateshe did look so fresh and happy and bright and rested like. She put me in mind of a young colt which had slipped a big paster. And she didn't tarry around there long before she up and told me and mother the latest newswhich was to the general extent that everything was over as between her and Gabe Rankins.

The Same Old Story.

"If he had told me he loved me onest, I reckon he had told me the same thing 40,000 times," says she. "But to save my life I never could respond back to him accordin. He had went off to college and wore fine clothes, but he was such a mortal, monstrous fool. The Rankinses have got plenty of money, and I can see wherein money would be a mighty nice thing to have in the family. But Gabe he is such a variegated fool. He told me I was an angel on the earth-which, of course, anybody ought to know better than that-and it showed to me that he was either a fool for the want of sense, or couldn't tell the truth with a rest. I aint nobody's angel so far as I know. I don't even make out like I am sproutin any wings as yet. I am nothin more and nothin less than a young American woman in the plain and reglar way. If I ever do git to be an angel-which I hope and trust I may in the future hereafterbless goodness I won't need any of these mutton-headed youngsters in my business. I give out my private opinions along that line to Gabe, but it was like sayin your Sunday school lesson to a lazy mule.

"By-and-by he told me how it would jest naturally kill him to give me upthat he would die a slow and terrible death if I didn't marry him. To be certainly, of course, I didn't want to break over the ten commandments and kill anybody. Yet still at the same time I felt like it would bodaciously kill me if I had to mix clothes through good and bad reports with such a unanimous fool as Gabe. Bless gracious, a man that didn't have no better sense than to turn loose and die for any livin human woman on top side of the green earth-well, Susie Bell Pollard never was cut out to fit into a weddin match with that sort of a man. So at last I told him I was mighty sorry, but the deed would have to be did. I had one consolation, anyhow-I lowed if I killed him in a circumstantial way they never could prove it on me in the county court.

"But bless your sweet life, honey, Gabe didn't keel over and die. He poked off home and come back the next night. He come in sighin and cryin and blub berin and goin on powerful. I was good and tired by this time, but I had to stand and take it as best I could. I stood everything till the idiot fell down on his knees and went to beggin me. That was really more than my sad and weary heart could bear, I hauled off once to splt on him, and I did at last tell him if he didn't git up and go on home I would sick the dogs on him. And he went.

"They tell me that for a common thing women are better than men. I don't know so much about that. But one thing I do know-I ain't a blessed bit better than the common run of women, and I don't reckon I am so awful much better than the right sort of men. Anyhow, I don't want no grown man cryin and sighin and kneelin and prayin around me. If I ever do git married-which I hope and trust I will in the fullness of time-give me a man as good as I am, and one that could tell the difference between a plain young American woman and a snow-white

In the Valley and Shadows.

But the very next day after Miss Susle Bell came over to our house and talked a little bit and said a whole lot we got some sad and suddent news from the old Pollard place. From general appearments it would seem like Gabe had made out like he was goin crazy-which everybody says he wouldn't have no long journey to make. But he didn't lay down and die accordin to the promise he had made Miss Susie Bell. Instid of that he had brought the old man Lum down into the valleys and shadows of death, whilst the old lady Rankins was flutterin around on the outer edges of despair.

Right here I will have to switch off long enough to tell you that when the good Lord made Gabe Rankins-sense or no sense-He made him long for this world. Some people, you understand, jest naturally run to brains whilst others run to legs, and Gabe

Lankins he is one of the others. Nobody was there to tell the story straight, and as to Gabe he never did know anything for certain. But at any rates that night he had a bad dream or a fit, or a nightmare rid him in his sleep, and unbeknowance to everybody he straightened out them long legs too quick and suddent and kicked the bed down. The general noise and smashup woke old man Lum, and he didn't kag of powder. Consequentially he went tearin in there to see what was what and who was who. In his big hurry, and in the dark and terrible confusionment, he run headforemost into the door jam and fractured his skull. They now think he will pull through by the hair of his head and the skin of his teeth, as it were, but he had a scandlous

clost call. RUPUS SANDERS. -- The letter F, while old, is obscure in origin and history.

ARP ON AARON BURR.

Patriarch Carnochan Makes the Philosopher Retrospective.

Writes of Hamilton's Slayer-Son of Princeton's First President Denounced Christianity - Father Was a Great Preacher.

I see that my old friend, Sam Carnochan, of Rome, has recently celebrated his 86th birthday. He is still hale and hearty and loves to talk to his on his stool and talks while he works the bridle and turned herself loose in | and feels the feeling of an honest, industrious man. Apprenticed to the trade when he was 14 years old, he has continuously pursued his calling for 70 years, and in all that time I do not suppose that he ever defrauded any man. I have never heard him complain of his lot or of hard times. I never heard him abuse anybody more than to say: "He should not have done that. It is wrong. What a pity; what a pity." And yet he is a man of opinions and convictions and does not hesitate to express them.

How came old Father Carnochan to be so industrious and work so hard and live so long and enjoy life and have good health? He says he reckons it just happened so, but my opinion is that his early habits had much to do with it. For seven years he was "bound out," as we used to call it. Bound to a saddler and harness maker in New York city to learn the trade. That used to be common at the north, and I have known some cases in the south in the long ago, but not many. My father had an orphan boy bound to him for seven years, and the covenant was board and clothing and two months' schooling every year and \$200 in money at the end of his time. He was smart, handsome and willing, and made a good merchant and married well.

Mr. Carnochan says he had to work diligently, and by the time his term was out, the habit of work was fixed upon him and kept him out of mischief. There is the secret. But few of our boys have formed a habit of work. If they do any at all, they look upon it as a hardship.

Kentucky Bachelor Once Crossed in Level a hardship. a hardship.

The old man says that Aaron Burr traded at their shop, and he remembers him well, a handsome, courtly old gentleman dressed in tip-top fashion and with manners like Lord Chesterfield. Years before he had been forced to leave the country and lived in exile, but he came back when the storm blew over and he was such a great lawyer that he soon got lots of practice and made lots of money. He drove fine horses and was a high-born aristocrat and never lost a minute's sleep about killing Ham-

I was reminating about that, for there is no story like it in American biography. The young people ought to read it. His father's name was Aaron Burr and he was a very learned and pious preacher and teacher. He was founder and first president of Princeton college, and is buried there, and six other presidents are buried near him. He married Esther, the only daughter of Jonathan Edwards, the great preacher and profound thinker. A man whose sermons made the people tremble and cry out and beg for mercy. The younger Aaron had a sister named Esther, and these two were left orphans at an early age. They had a good estate and the best of guardians, and received a good education. Aaron was sent to Princeton, where he graduated with distinction. It was expected that he, too, would be a preacher, but he suddenly astounded his friends by denouncing Christianity as a humbug, and declared his admiration for Lord Chesterfield, whom, he said, was the finest gentleman in the world. Then he studied law, and soon became the top of the profession. When the revolutionary war was impending he was given a high position, and became an inmate of Gen. Washington's family; but he did not like Washington's steady habits and religious principles, and left him. At the close of the war he married a wealthy widow-a Mrs. Prevost, an accomplished and plous Christian woman. She became the mother of Theodosia, celebrated in her day for her beauty and her graces of mind and heart, and universally lamented for her sad and mysterious fate. The only child, a son, died when he was 13 years old, and she herself was lost at sea but a few weeks after; no one ever heard of the vessel after it sailed from Charleston. There are many stories about it having been seized by pirates and Theodosia with other passengers being made to walk the fatal plank that dropped them into the sea.

Not long before this sad event Burr had forced Hamilton to fight a duel with him, and killed him, not only without regret, but with unfeigned satisfaction. This put him under the ban, and he had to fly to avoid arrest. He fied to Carolina, where his daughter lived. She had married Joseph Alston, one of South Carolina's best citizens, and who afterwards became governor of the state.

Burr was the vice president of the United States when he killed Hamilton. After this he conceived a great political scheme to found a limited monarchy in the southwest, with New Orleans as the seat of government, and he was to be the monarch. His treasonable designs were discovered, and he was arrested and tried, and barely escaped know but what his own and onlyest conviction. Theodosia saved him son Gabe had blowed things up with a through her pleadings, her devotion and her faccinating beauty. But such was the public temper that he had to exile himself and escape to Paris, where he lived for several years under the assumed name of Arrot. When he dared to return he resumed the practice of law in New York, and soon became entangled in many scandals and intrigues. When he was 70 years old he was still handsque and engaging, and so beguiled a French countess of I say before. No, the ladee was not

she separated from him in a short time THE RISING GENERATION and he was left penniless. His few friends abandoned him and he died degraded and disgraced at the age of four score years. In his last days he read the Bible anew-read and pondered, and with sadness and contrition said: "There is the most perfect system of truth the world has ever seen."

What a life, what a record, what a wreck of great talents, and all because he forsook the teachings of his noble: Christian ancestors and became a scoffer, an infidel, a Chesterfield. What bitter memories-what anguish he friends about the good old times. He is must have felt in his last days his last a harness maker by trade, and perches hours, when he begged to be buried at. Princeton by the grave of his father. Verily it seems like Providence followed him with an avenging hand and heaped misery upon him all his life.

And my old friend Carnochan saw that man and heard him talk and felt magnetized by his presence-and he was old enough to vote for Jackson for president and since then has voted for 17 presidents. What a world of memories the old man has. You can't alarm him with fears of the nation going to ruin through the currency question. He has heard the cry of ruin too long and too often. It makes him smile to hear the boys talk ruin now. It is the same old toesin that pealed the alarm in Jackson's day, when the United States bank was demonetized, and he remembers that. It was a bigger fuss than this, he says, though there wasn't so many people nor so many newspapers to make it. The old man came south in his early manhood and rode on the first and only railroad of any length that had then been built. He is a concordance, a chronology, an antiquity. There are some older men, but not many who are as bright, as genial, as contented. His long life of industry is an object lesson to the rising generation, and I hope they will see it and think of it. He has done no big thing to give him fame or fortune, but he has fought a good fight and set a good example. Peace to you, my old friend. May you keep on living until you are tired and then depart in peace.-Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

LIVED UNDER THE GROUND.

He was a Kentuckian, stopping at an uptown hotel. At the same time he was not six feet tall, he was not chewing tobacco, he was not twirling a corkscrew in his fingers and he was for sound money.

"You know," he was saying, "that in many parts of Kentucky there are wonderful caves. Of course we all know of Mammoth cave, and yet there are some quite as remarkable as that, and possibly as deep, if, indeed, they are not parts of it, and one can go from one end of the state to the other under the ground. Several towns have caves under them, and in Bowling Green the sewerage of one section of the town is simply the caves beneath, and if the householder wants a sink or pool for receiving the waste water from his house he simply drills a hole into the ground until he breaks through the rock into the cavity below, and he has what he wants.

"In Mammoth cave are houses where consumptives lived in hopes of cure, and so on, with a list of cave curios, but the oddest one I know of is an old bachelor who has made his home in one of these caves near a thrifty interior town. He is a man of 60 odd now and for more years than I can remember he has lived in this hole in the ground. The romance is that when he was a young man he was in love with a girl who refused to marry him because there was consumption in his family and her refusal crazed him and drove him clear to the ground, so to speak.

"Whether she refused him on that ground I do not know, but it is true that he was threatened with consumption and began to try his life underground, there being a fine cave on his father's farm. Here he fixed himself a dwelling-place, which was to all intents and purposes a house, for it was built of wood and ceiled throughout, The cave was perfectly dry, and so the house was, and the temperature being always the same, it was not such a bad place to live in. When the young man first took to the cave he had learned the trade of shoe-making and this he has kept up all these years, having a shop near his house.

"Since the introduction of electric lighting he has had things much better down his way, and, being a studious man, he has found plenty of time to improve his mind. He isn't a bit of a crank, and whenever the weather is pleasant he comes out and goes around town attending to whatever business he may have on hand and making calls on his friends. A colored man does his cooking for him and takes cere of his house, does his marketing, calls for and delivers his cobbling and shoe work. He is a beautiful workman, and makes quite a comfortable little sum out of it to add to what he gets in rent for his farm, for he is the only survivor of the family. It is a rare thing to see him on the streets in winter, and then only on the balmiest days, and he never comes out in the summer time."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Bad Mistake. A former minister to the United States from Argentine found great difficulty in learning the English language. "I make often many meestake," he

received at the white house. A beautiful ladee tell me something which happened in your civil war. She say she see it. Now, I think to myself, I will be polite and make the senora a grand compliment. "'It is impossible that you see it,

madam,' I say. 'You must have been after the war. But I made a meestake. He wasted her money so lavishly that | Washington Post.

Sam Jones Draws a Picture of the Children of America.

The Upper and Lower Classes of Society-Effects of Alleged Culture - How American Civilization Is to Be Perpetuated.

Civilization as history shows it is like road in the hill country, up and down, born in poverty and ignorance, and dying in affluence and pleasure; thus the history of the past is but the history of the rise and fall of nations. However from the high tide of each nation something has been preserved to add to our permanent progress. The question often arises, will our magnificient civilization go on to perfection or rot at the top, like other civilizations. The hope of a country is in her succeeding generations. The boys and girls of to-day are the men and women of the next generation. We may read in our children the future of our nation. As my children begin to take position as citizens, this question becomes more interesting to

THE CHILDREN OF AMERICA! When I begin at New Orleans on the gulf, I find the steps of the foreign part of the city crowded with French and Italian children, as distinctly foreign in looks, language and habits, as if born in France and Italy. When I come up into the cities and towns of Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, and find the cabins in the negro quarters jammed together and as full of negro children as a cheese is of skippers; and when I find the old farm residences of ante-bel lum days deserted by the whites, who have moved into the towns and cities, and literally full of negro children, all of whom are growing up almost as ignorant as if in the heart of Africa; when I go to the northern and eastern cities, and find the crowded portions of the cities made up of foreign population, with foreign languages and habits. and almost every home crowded with children; when I add to this the fact that the saloon gets its heaviest patronage from these classes and consequently | turn to enter. Despite rain and the these children are born into the world | discomfort of standing in a puddle unpart drunkards by heredity; and when | der dripping umbrellas, we were eager add the other fact that these children as Dotty to see "the wheels go round." are without homes, with no religious training, turned loose in streets and alleys as scavengers of all the impure things about them, drinking, stealing, roomed cabin. Almost at the back, in gambling, cursing and lewdness, on the middle, was the old well. In apevery hand, I confess the picture is not | pearance it resembled most other wells, encouraging to me.

fact, that in the homes of the more cultured Americans there are few children to be found, and to what is called high society, child-bearing is becoming a reproach, and children are an accident and a nuisance, guarded against by infernal medical skill. I ask you as a thoughtful citizen to get into your buggy, and drive down the leading streets, and count the children. Then look forward 20 years and count citizens and voters. But as dark as this picture looks, I am candid to say I have as much hope in the lower classes as I have in what is called the highest class of society. I have very little hope in either. My hope is in the middle class. So far as making useful citizens is concerned, I had about as soon risk the ignorance and neglect of the slums as the card table, wine supper, dance and theater of the upper class.

The United States is taking some interest in stock raising and in amusements. We are raising well-bred horses, cows, hogs and dogs. We have journals on horse breeding, journals on deg breeding, and on cattle breeding. I think it would be well to have some more good literature on the breeding of children. I do not think our ancestors came from the monkey, but I do think his donkeyship immediately dropped we had better block up the road that leade to the razor-back hog. The country seems to be headed that way.

I notice from the papers that all our schools and colleges are fuller this year than usual. This is a good indication, but the boys and girls are located in college boarding houses and private families, away from the kind and salutary influences of the mother. The bad our children get away from | finally gave an extra spurt, and upon home at school, mixed with the good they get, makes in many cases a doubtful compound. The higher colleges are | to call to him. going to "seed" in amusement "clubs" and "teams" and secret societies. "College yells" are becoming more prominent than college honors. The average college boy who can wear toothpick shoes, part his hair in the middle, set his hat on the back of his head, belong to a "team" and give the college "yell" seems to be satisfied with himself, provided his daddy foots the bills. In many cases the daddy had better foot the boy. Thank God there are many schools where girls and boys may secure the very best training of head and heart. It seems that every fad and new invention is bidding for our boys and girls. The ballroom and the bicycle bid for our modesty. Moonlight balls and moonlight bicycle parties bid for our purity. Sunday bicycle excursions, street cars, parks, lakes and pavilions bid for our Sunday-school boys and girls. Social clubs, dances and cards take our boys from home at night. The various tricks of trade bidding for the honesty of our boys, the cigarette, the saloon, the card table, the bicycle clubs and ball teams bid for their health and | place?" inquired the comedian. said, "when I speak Americano. I morals, and the boy who runs the gauntmake a bad blunder the last time I am let to-day and makes a clean, honest ess or professional man exception. The hope of the country lies in the few homes where, by the family altar and proper restrictions and care the boys and girls are raised for God, the church and a successful business life.

Has our civilization reached its zewriting has appeared upon the wall. Not only at the feast of Belshazzer, of Jerusalem and the decay of Greece; remark recurred to him.-Chicago Post.

when imagination takes the field and we look at the rapid strides in the last half century, of science and art, of mechanism and mind, we frequently ask ourselves the question: "What vantage ground the Nineteenth century will have for its rapid strides and development towards perfection?" Men only are the masters of the situation, as men only are the authors of the advancements we have already made. Already there is a dearth of statesmen; a dearth of great preachers; a dearth of philosophers. Already one is forced to ask the question: Has manhood and character kept pace with the times? I would scorn the pessimistic view. which says: America has reached her. .. zenith, and soon will begin to decline; ... but it is a fact, nevertheless, that the rising generation seems to be illy equipped to gather the world in hand and carry it on to manly contest and nobler achievements.

We have too many dudes and dudines; too many bums and thugs; too many idle boys and giddy girls; too many millionaires and too few men, to contemplate the future without concern for its welfare. When right shall rule and character shall outrank everything. and God shall reign above gold, and we shall make the advancement of our race, the manhood of our boys and the nobility of our girls the chief aim, and then make everything else secondary to this, we can say that the American civilization is but at its dawn, and the noontide of its day shall be more glorious than the dreams of her old men and the poetry of our nation can paint

Let us, then, pay attention to the things that lie at the very basis of all that is good and true and noble in character, for the perpetuating of noble character in the generations which shall follow us forms the very bas's of immortality here and hereafter. SAM P. JONES.

CARISBROOKE'S DONKEY.

He Holsts Water from the Well of the

Castle on the Isle of Wight. A little knot of people slowly gathered outside the wooden door of the tiny stone hut, patiently awaiting their Presently we heard a bolt draw back, the solid old door creaked open on its hinges, and we walked into a onebeing merely a dark hole surrounded by In the face of this picture is another | a stone guard, around which had been placed a two-stepped wooden platform. Over the well was the usual arrangement of ropes and a bucket. When the keeper, or showman, rather, had carefully locked the door again, he mounted the steps, and began in a slow, monotonous voice:

"This well is 700 years old. It is almost 200 fect deep-175 feet down, and streets of your city, then in the back | 25 feet of water. It has never been known to go dry. It would take a man too long to wind the bucket up, so we have it done this way. Come, 'Jacob!'" We turned in the direction in which the showman had called, and saw that a huge wooden wheel, about 25 feet in diameter, had been put alongside the well, and arranged in such a manner that its axle formed the beam around which the bucket-rope was coiled. The wheel and a tiny space to the left was partitioned off by a low railing, and in this inclosure stood a small but wise-looking donkey. He had a very large head, enormous ears, and a fat, round little body. While keeping one eye on the showman, he playfully thrust his head over the rail, and with his teeth seized an apple from the hand of an unwary countryman who was gazing at the hanging rope. However, on hearing the words "Come, Jacob!" the apple, assumed a business-like air, and entering the wheel, began to trot. The wheel revolved fairly rapidly, and looked much like that in a squirrel's cage, on a large scale. When Jacob thought it about time for the bucket to come up, he stopped, and glanced round to see how much rope had been wound up, and then continued his trotting. After doing this two or three times, he seeing the bucket appear, jumped out of the wheel before the man had time

Jacob stood quietly by, panting a little, and gazing with interest at us to see if we properly appreciated his feat. We each were offered a glass of the clear, sparkling water, and then a lighted candle placed in a stand was lowered to enable us, by looking over the curb, to judge the depth of the well. -Edith V. B. Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

His Little Joke.

An English comedian was traveling some few years ago from Ipswich to Cambridge. The train was a slow one, and the journey in consequence very tedious. When Bury St. Edmund's was reached the comedian was thoroughly worn out at the length of time the train was delayed at the station.

Calling a porter, he asked in a very bland manner for the station-master, who, all politeness, bustled up in a very busy manner to the door of the carriage in which sat the actor, looking as solemn as a judge.

"What is it, sir?" asked the official. "At what time is the funeral to take

"Funeral, sir! whose funeral?" asked the wondering station-master. "Whose funeral!" continued the actor. "Why, have we not come to Bury St. Edmund's?"

Exit station-master in a huff .- Chica-

go News. Not Needed at Times.

"Do you find it necessary to drink coffee at night to keep yourself awake?" born many, many years before the war.' nith? With our eyes turned backward he asked for no particular reason ex"All the time," he added, "I meant in all ages and in all nations, the handcept that the conversation seemed to be lagging. "It depends on who's coming to call," she replied with a yawn. And great wealth that she married him. pleased. She felt much contempt."- but at the downfall of Rome, the ruin for two days he scowled every time that