TRI WEEKLY EDITION

MY LITTLE BOY-BEAU.

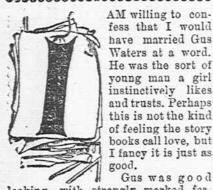
nt is hidden away with the keepsakes Of summers and winters ago-A love-letter yellow and faded
And creased, from my little boy-beau,
The envelope reads, "To my dearest,"
The pages are tattered and torn,
The childish handwriting is blotted,
Dat it breathes of life's recent morn But it breathes of life's roseate morn.

The little boy-beau he is sleeping Where his regiment laid him to rest, In a uniform buttoned and braided, With a flag and a sword on his breast. But it is not the dashing young soldier In sabre and sash that I see,
But the little boy-beau with his ringlets-

He will never grow older to me,

Since, a girl of eleven, I found it Slipped into my grammar one day
The years with their rains and their roses Have rapidly glided away. Lovers and hearts they have brought me,

Tears and my portion of wee: But never so pure an affection
As the love of my little boy-beau. -Minna Irving, in Judge.



have married Gus Waters at a word. He was the sort of young man a girl instinctively likes and trusts. Perhaps this is not the kind of feeling the story books call love, but I fancy it is just as Gus was good

looking, with strongly marked features, rather tall, and well built, and when he chose to be well dressed made a good appearance, and never looked ill, however old his clothes might be, when about his ordinary work. He did not depend upon his clothes to command respect.

He had a calm, confident air, and could express himself concisely when he needed to assert authority. That is what a woman likes-to have a man able to deal with men and not be turned aside from his purpose or make a mistake. He was a good talker with a fine, coy humor, not putting himself forward to be amusing, but easily nolding his own. Like most strong men, Gus was hard to provoke to a quarrel, though in his school days he had his allowance of fisticuff encoun-

Yes, I will admit I would have married Gus had he asked me, though I did not think he was in love with mo nor I with him, I did not believe he would fall desply in love with anyone. Perhaps I was too reserved, or leared to show a decided preference unless it. was shown first, though other girls, as greatly chagrined when he devoted himself to Hattie Tinde. I had other

admirers, and if I was not as handsome as Hattie, mere beauty is not everything. There is no denying that Hattie was the prettiest girl of our set, and she was pretty without having to care for her complexion or wear becoming clothes. We girls all knew she was intolerably selfish, and wondered that the young men did not find her out. But beauty hides a great many defects of character and if a girl only pretends to be kind and sympathetic she is supposed to possess al! The angelic qualities.

One day Robert Carpenter asked

me to marry him. He proposed in a blundering, roundabout way, so clumsily that I did not know at first what he meant. He made me almost as confused as himself, and whether I said ves or no I do not now recollect, but he went away smiling, so I conclude he thought himself an accepted lover, and I had a ring which I put away in a box, undecided whether to wear it or give it back.

I don't think I expected that Gus would hear of this and come forward as Robert's rival. He did not, at any rate. When I met him he simply said:

"Well, little girl, so you are engaged to Carpenter. He is a good fellow, but you are young. You should have waited a little longer. "An engagement does not mean

marriage," I replied, somewhat sharply. "No, but I think it ought. It keeps

many young men straight to be engaged, but they ought to feel confident friend who keeps a shop, to hold it that the girl's heart is fixed upon until it amounts to \$5 or so. He them."

"Perhaps the girl's heart has little to do with the matter nowadays. She has to consider other things.

"Yes, I suppose so. But the heart is not to be ignored."

This was about all that was saidnothing to suggest that Gus was jeal- for a chance to invest. ous or likely to enter the list for my hand. Nor did I expect it, though

gossips reported the contrary. Robert was impatient to be married, but I was not. He accused me Only New York real estate is not of being cold and of not reciprocating usually what he is looking for. His his passion. Possibly all men in love purchases are most frequently made, are apt to act childishly. I found Robert's attentions wearisome. It towns on the outskirts of New York, might be said that he would be cured Paterson being, for example, a popu-

Mr. Haves-that I held him off hoping Tribune. Gus would come formard as a suitor, and added, as a final rebuke, that he and Hattie Trude had been married the day before. He showed me a pa- nuisance. per with the marriage notice printed

I was so angry at the accusation doesn't want. that at first I told him the engagement between us was broken. Then he began to be consistent. to plead for himself, expressing such sorrow at his hasty words that gradutreated him rightly? At last I agreed keeps on good terms with-his wife, to marry him at once. It was becom- his stomach and his conscience. ing the fashion to plan a half elopement and save the expense and pub-

After Robert departed I looked for the newspaper containing the notice, but could not find it. He had had several in his hand, but the special copy he had taken with him. I do not know what prompted me to write a note of congratulation to Gus and dispatch it by my brother Ned, a lad of twelve. I mentioned having seen the notice in the paper, and said I was sorry he had not confided in me.

It was after 10 o'clock, and I retired to my room. Half an hour later heard Ned coming up stairs. He stopped at my door.

Did you see Gus?" I asked from within. "Yes. He's down stairs. He came

back with me." "What does he want?" "He wants to see you, I guess."

"What for." #He didn't say. Probably wants to borrow your overshoes. Better go

down and ask him." I went down. He didn't want to wanted me to give him some thing to keep-my hand, my heart. He said the notice of his being married was a relled rifle across his knees. confounded fraud-that Robert must

have had it inserted in a few copies of the paper by special agreement-it could be done if one was willing to pay for it. He was in quite an excited frame of mind, and I hardly knew my usual placid Gus. "Of course, when you were engaged

to Robert, it was not for me to make any attempt to win you. I thought you knew your own mind, and had neighboring hut. decided that I was not the sort of fellow you cared to marry. But this trick gives me a right to speak. Am I too late?"

Naturally I told him he was. That if he had cared for me in that way he ought to have come forward long before. Now that my word was plighted to Robert, and I could not think of breaking it, though he had acted in a most despicable manner, in a manner to make me ashamed to think he was my plighted lover-and so on.

To which Gus replied: "All right, little girl. If you think so, I had better go and give him the worst licking he ever had in his life, even though they do send me to jail for it. But you won't care."

once, early to-morrow morning. How early can you be ready?" I ought to have resisted longer, but

was-and we were married. And that is all there is to the story.

Paper Handkerchiefs Now.

hyself at his head and suggestive illustration of what may be interstices of the wattles. termed manufacturing ideas is afforded by the recent introduction into the English market of the paper handkerchief of Japan. The Irish Textile Journal, which devotes a leading article to this weighty subject, instances the fact that, so long ago as 1862, hut. some Chinese visitors, to the west, after they had discarded their handkerseeing the occidental "barbarians" rush forward to pick them up and of thing now.

The enterprising Japanese, among observe, the use of paper handkernow laying these articles down in the heavily and growling low. Yet not a of 100, or say, seven cents per dozen, and when we learn that the laundry price for washing handkerchiefs is one cent each, or twelve cents a dozen, it pajamas and an ulster. Not one of British manufacturer also. The Japanese handkerchiefs are described as leg of another black who had clam-

How the Italian Saves.

The Italian working man, at a wage of \$1.25 to \$1.50 a day can always manage to put some portion of it by, even if he has a large family. A corner of his chest is his first "savings bank." If there is no chest, he carries it about with him in a greasy pocketbook, or with fear and trembling hands it over to some good | could shin. guards it jealously, thike many of the easier-going Irish poents. No old china teapot on an uppe. belf, no old stocking is a fit receptacle. After a bank account is started small sums follow it, and when there are several hundred dollars the man looks around

He buys real estate most frequently, unless he plans to use his first money in setting up a small shop of his own. Real estate is the poor Italian's dream. Italian authorities say, in one of the of them by marriage, but this is a lar place. He begins with a large painful experience to look forward to. mortgage, and sets himself the task One evening we had a quarrel. He of reducing this, and seldom does he accused me of secret admiration for fail to make a payment. - New York

Side Views on Life.

Practice sometimes makes a perfect It isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy as what he

It is always better to be right than

The average man has a poor foundation when he stands on his dignity. ally I relented. After all, had I There are three things the wise man

Some people who don't claim to know very much make better use of licity of a regular wedding at home. their knowledge than others who I consented to marry him the next think they know it all .- Chicago WINNSBORO, S.C., MAY 26, 1900,

TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

<u>୬ଁଜରେର୍ପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ରପ୍ର</u> Besieged by Lions.

ION-HUNTING is dangerous enough when the hunter's supposedly dead. health and strength are of

grunting sighs of three or four of other Britons to be massacred. them as they moved about in the

from their shelter, some passing in and was mortally wounded. front of me, others behind me, making for a grove of trees.

Scarcely had the first of them got as if a lion were right among them, as, with deep, savage grunts, it dashed one, record of a private who, to save past my but, bounding through the his native comrades, says Tit-Bits, scrub in close pursuit.

Suddenly a yell rang out from the army, and obtained a well deserved darkness, and I was convinced that commission for the unprecedented one of my blacks was being devoured; feat. but I was too weak to stand, and was powerless to act.

After some further noise and con-"Then we'd better get married at half moan, uttered in a deep voice, native regiment that had, through too Then there was a heavy but silent was mistaken for the enemy, and the I didn't. I consented to be ready at footfall as the beast walked to the whole advance of the British army, any hour that he should name-and I back of my hut, and thrusting his amid the smoke, poured into it an nose among the thatched grass, awful fire, killing great numbers of sniffed loudly, till I could see the men. At this moment, Howell, who degree and in some respects a dearword a need a paw between the

Each instant I expected the whole structure to collapse, but luckily the beast forebore to take a mean advantage, which would have secured my destruction. I should have fired, had I not been afraid of setting fire to the

At length the brutes cleared out, uttering deep growls. They had dechiefs, experienced the satisfaction of stroyed one hut and pretty much ruined two more, not to speak of smashing the hut next to mine, which carry them away as curios; but we contained all my stores. I could hear have got a long way beyond that kind them there, making a terrific noise, snuffing, grunting and snarling, breaking sticks and clanking metal, while whom, it is perhaps unnecessary to every now and then one would leap down the bank into the water and chiefs has obtained for centuries, are then come tearing back, breathing English markets at sixty cents per box whisker hair did one of them show in the firelight in front of me.

The excitement did me good. next morning I was up and about in branch, and in his terror seized the maw, the other fellow kicked his leg clear, so that the unfortunate fugitive fell to the ground, uttering the yell I

had heard. Why the nearest lion did not seize him, I cannot say. The boy explained that it merely growled as he scrambled to his feet and climbed up another tree as fast as his black legs

Brave Children.

Probably one of the youngest heroes on record is Leonard Webber, aged five years, who has just received a certificate of honor from the Royal Humane Society for saving his threeyear-old brother from drowning. The Philadelphia Times tells the story.

The children were playing with other | dead. boys upon the edge of a pond, when the younger Webber fell into the water. The others, frightened, took to their heels, but Leonard, without the slightest hesitation, plunged in and rescued his brother.

great, gaunt wolf that had assailed a tiny playmate as he lay asleep.

been left by a woodman, and gave bat- the kettle there was an explosion, and tle to the wolf, which, finding itself the liquid metal was thrown upon him, thus attacked, promptly scuttled off setting his shirt and hat on fire and to the wood.

Russia has been the scene of much | the crown of his head. vouthful heroism. Some years ago, while a peasant woman was sitting sion of an oil lamp.

what to do, but her daughter, child as moned. she was, possessed more presence of His eyes escaped injury, but his mind. Seizing a knife, she climbed face, arms, and body will be disfigupon a chair, cut down the blazing ured for life. The burns at first were curtains, and then smothered the thought to be fatal, but his reco flames with the hearth-rug. In two is now regarded as certain. minutes the fire, which might have hero of the foundry.

ERA OF THE DIME NOVEL. tion, was extinguished.

> Woman Who Defied a British Army. An event that is, on the same scale, unparalleled in history was that provided by a woman of noble race, the Ranee of Jhansie, who stood at the head of her own troops and twice defied the British army; she. on the second occasion being so desparately wounded as to be carried off the field

When the terrible conflagration of the best. But an inveterate the Indian mutiny was thought to be sportsman does not regard conse- almost extinguished this woman-who quences, and the author of "Sport in was singularly handsome and, in the East Central Africa" gives an account | European sense, still quite youngof a foolhardy adventure which he fanned the dying flame among her seems to have enjoyed. He was ill own subjects in Central India, giving with fever in a little settlement of every active direction for the defense blacks, but since lions were in the of her city of Jhansie, but her fiery neighborhood he must needs insist and intrepid spirit brought the very upon having the carcass of a boar fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the placed as bait not far from his hut; mutineers throughout whole provand although his legs were too weak inces to her aid. Sir Hugh Rose, with borrow anything. On the contrary he to allow him to walk a dozen steps, a British force, made a most memorhe had himself propped against the able speedy march in order to interdoor-jamp, and laid his double-bar- cept the hordes rushing to her banner, and when he came before her city It was nearly 1 o'clock, he says, she sent out messages of insolent dewhen the lions gave notice of their fiance, declaring that she would have whereabouts. 1 heard the heavy him murdered, as she had ordered

With her own hands she helped at scrub two hundred yards away. Then the guns, while furiously urging on followed a series of rushes, as they her men, and when the place was leaped down the bank of the creek magnificently stormed and taken at and lapped noisily at the water. the bayonet's point, she escaped, Next came a terrified voice from a wounded badly. But she soon rallied another army, and when she was "White man, we are going," he again defeated at Suhejnee she fought in the first line like a veritable fury,

Faced an Army Single Handed. Our modern military annalswell outside the huts, before it seemed crammed with the names of heroic literally faced the fire of a whole

During the Indian mutiny it was sometimes in battle almost impossible to tell our loyal native allies from the fusion, I heard a lion treading over revolted enemy. At the relief of the dead leaves near by. Then came Lucknow, Private Howell, of the a prolonged muffled sound, half roar, Thirty-second Foot, was near a loyal which under the circumstances, I great impetuosity and missenception recognized as profoundly musical. of orders, got to a position where it lighter stalks stirring with his breath and hear the rustling, when he enrushed forward some thirty yards in up his left hand warmingly, waved his

shako at the point of his music with his right. Hundreds of bullets from his wn comrades whizzed past him, two of them cutting one sleeve of his tunic, but the daring deed served his pur pose, for the British officer saw what was intended. No sooner had the "cease fire" sounded than the men, to be the moment after again in the throes of battle, sent up a magnificent cheer for Howell.

Single-Handed Fight Against Five Boers. Papers aust received from South Africa relate an exciting single-handed combat between Gunner Harvey, R. M. A., of Norbury, Staffordshire, nephew to the Mayor of Newcastle. and five Boers. After the battle of Graspan, Harvey left the British camp in company with a comrade to relieve a soldier who had been wounded. Five of the enemy suddenly appeared becomes pretty certain that the Japan- the boys had been injured, although and halted about eighty yards from ese manufacturer will in this particu- one had had a marvellous escape. The Harvey and his companion, leveled ler become a strong rival, not only to hons were close upon him as he their rifles and fired. Harvey's comthe British laundry woman, but to the reached a tree. He sprang at a panion fell dead. Upon this Harvey killing one of their number. The being of a very fine quality of paper | bered up before him. Fearing lest | Boers then commenced running tohe, too, should fall into the lion's ward him, and as they did so Harvey fired again, and stretched another out dead. He then drew his revolver and fired, wounding one of the Boers in the side. The remaining two closed upon him, clubbing their rifles.

Harvey then drew his sword and waited for the attack. One of the Boers dealt a crashing blow at his breast. Harvey sprang aside, avoiding the blow, and quickly recovering himself sprang at his opponent, dealing him a blow with his sword, which almost severed the man's head from his body. Simultaneously the remaining Boer raised his rifle and sent Harvey staggering to the earth. He was upon his feet in an instant, his sword whirling in the air, and before his foe could recover Harvey struck him

Workman Stuck to His Post. Albert Murphy, a young man, employed as iron molder by the Goulds at Seneca Falls, N. Y., came near being burned to death on a recent after-

Quite as remarkable was a case noon. Murphy, having a quantity of which comes from a remote corner of bell metal in his ladle, poured it into Russia, where a boy of nine years act- a kettle under a scaffold, above which ually had the temerity to tackle a the men washed up at quitting time. A quantity of water had leaked from above into the kettle which Murphy The rescuer seized an axe that had did not see. As the metal went into

burning him terribly from the hips to Although suffering untold agonies, Murphy stuck to his post and handled with her little daughter, aged about the ladle despite his burns until the eight years, at supper, the curtains entire casting, which was a valuable which divided the living-room in one, had been distributed in the which they sat from the adjoining bed- molds. He then fell over unconscious room caught fire through the explo- and was carefully picked up by his field. George Munro, who had been for him to send the apple flying The mother sat still, not knowing office, where medical aid was sum-

THE RISE AND FALL OF BLOOD AND THUNDER LITERATURE. Little as It is Generally Realized, the Dime Novel Has Had a Considerable Influence on American Letters-Dates

Back to the Year 1860.

THE close of the century is witnessing the extinction of what has been popularly known as the "dime novel" (writes Firmin Dredd, in the March Bookman). Very curiously, readers are coming back to the position they occupied about forty years ago, and the books which are commanding wide sales to-day are what are known as high-priced novels. And yet the dime novel has played so prominent a part in the general literature of this country that the story of its genesis, its development, its evolution and its final degeneration, is rich with interest. Little as it is generally realized, the dime novel has been a considerable factor in American literature.

The dime novel dates from the year

1860. Shortly before, the firm of Beadle & Adams had begun a series of publications intended for lower middle-class consumption. This series was made up of books on eti-quette, on letter-writing and other and takes it in, while the other closes subjects of equal moment and impor-itself and the drop runs of Beecher. subjects of equal moment and importance. The dime book of etiquette, for instance, purported to be a guide to "true gentility and good breeding, and a complete directory to the usages and observances of society, including and observances of society, including and takes it in, while the other closes and takes it in, while the other closes subjects of equal moment and importance. Debt makes everything temptation. It is wars a man in a respect, places him at the mercy of a stradesment and observances of society, including and takes it in, while the other closes stands and takes it in the distance stands and takes it in the distance stands and takes it in the distance stands and takes it in the closes and takes it in the distance stands and takes it in the distance stand etiquette of the ball-room, of the evening-party, the dinner-party, the card and chess-table, of business, and of the home circle." It did not differ materially from the books of similar nature that are published to-day. These books had an enormous circulation, and despite the ridicule which one humorously inclined may see fit to heap upon them, undoubtedly had

serious and real educational value. Early in the spring of 1860 Mr. Orville J. Victor conceived the idea of the dime novel. At his suggestion the Beadle series was begun, and Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, then one of the most popular and widely known of American writers, was asked to contribute the inaugurative story. For "Malaeska, the Indian Wife of the White Hunter," she received two hundred and fifty dollars, a considerable sum for a work of its length at by Mrs. M. V. Victor. About the dime novel there speedily gathered a staff of writers who com-

conventional plots, and an industry that was simply amazing. With a few exceptions; one hundred dollars was the price paid for one of these novels, which contained on an average twenty-five thousand words, and which was produced by its author in a week or ten days. In addition to the professional novel-spinaers of the time the dime library drew on a number of newspaper men, who found in this a way materially to increase their incomes. In the autumn of 1860 the first story ever written by Edward S. Ellis, afterward so popular as a writer for boys, found its way into the office of the dime library. It was called "Seth Jones, or, The Captive of the Frontier," and before at appeared as the eighth number in the series it had been advertised with a skill and ingenuity very rare at a time when the art of advertising was still, in a measure, in its infancy. Several weeks before the day of pubsimple legend "Seth Jones" were the city. A week later these were followed by other guttersnipes, on is Seth Jones?" A third guttersnipe answered the question, and proved remarkably effective in bringing about

for the book an enormous sale .these pioneers among the cheap popular novels, they were entirely wholesome and far removed from the vicioussuccessors in the later 'seventies and parison. This was "Uncle Ezekiel," phere is direct evidence that the and his exploits at home and abroad. For if the heat had been very great, two hundred and seventy thousand. have been driven off into space. In England the sales reached two hundred and eleven thousand, a total of four hundred and eighty-one thousand. Cabin."

fellow-workmen and carried to the a bookkeeper in the employ of Beadle toward the juggler and the force in a 1870 is very interesting as showing the knew what struck him. - Worcester crudity of the color prints of the time. | Spy.

But the cheap novel of the early seventies was only a step in the whole scheme of evolution. With the great competition came a marked decline in the quality of the material. Each year showed advances in outright sensationalism, until the culmination was reached in the typical shocker of recent memory.

WISE WORDS.

The borrower runs into his own debt.-Emerson. A slight debt produces a debtor; a heavy one, an enemy.—Publius Syrus. 'Tis strange-but true; for truth is always strange-+stranger than fiction.

-Byron. Not only what is born with kim, but also what he acquires make the man. -Goethe.

Do we that which is assigned to thee and then caust not hope too much or dare too much. Emerson Courage! Up your hear! When ye do tire, he will bear both you and your burden Samue Rutherford.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we spear. Epictetus. There is dew in one flower and

cult for him to be truthful.-Smiles. Let the millionnaire take his millions to the slums and say: "There is a wrong distribution of the wealth of the world. You have not got your share. I give to each of you his share of my millions."-Andrew Carnegie.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every sinds and every pursuit, is the quality of attention. My own invention of imagination, such as it is, I can most truthfully assure you, would never have served me as it has, but for the habit of common place, humble, patient, toiling, drudging attention .-Charles Dickens.

Dangerous Pitfalls in Arizona.

Curious but dangerous freaks of nature frequently found in the deserts of Arizona are called Sumideros by that time. "Malaeska" was followed the Mexicans and Indians. They are by "The Privateer's Cruise," by masked pitfalls of quicksand that oc-Harry Cavendish; "Myra, the Child cur in the dry plains and are covered of Adoption," another of Mrs. with a treacherous crust of clay that Stephens's romances; and "Alica has been spread over them in fine Wilde, the Raftsman's Daughter," particles by the wind and baked dry by the sun-The peculiar properties of the son

retain all the moisture drained into them after the infrequent rains, and bined a knowledge of the popular allow it to be filtered to unknown taste, dexterity in the working out of depths, so that a man or a horse or a cow or a sneep that once steps upon that deceptive crust instantly sinks out of sight beyond hope of rescue. The Sumideros are on a level with the surface of the desert. There is no danger signal to mark them and their surface cannot be distinguished by the ordinary eye from the hard clay that surrounds them. They occur most frequently in the alkali-covered flats, and are often fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. Sometimes they are only little pockets or wells that a man can leap across, but the longest pole has never found their bottom. A stone thrown through the crust sinks to unknown depths and no man who ever fell into one of them was res-

cued. They account for the mysteri-

ous disappearance of many men and

cattle. - Chicago Record.

Earth Originally Was Intensely Cold. As the terrestrial mass was very lication, guttersnipes bearing the cold (233 degrees Centigrade) when separated from the sun, it follows that placarded on walls and fences all over | what heat we observe in the interior of the globe must have arisen from the shrinkage of its original volume, which was printed the query, "Who says Professor T. J. J. See, in the Atlantic. Unfortunately we do not know the dimensions of the nebular earth, but it will be reasonable to assume that it did not surpass the dimensions Despite the literary inadequacy of of the lunar orbit; and with this rough approximation, it is difficult to see how the internal temperature of the earth can have exceeded someness and the brutality which mark their thing like 1000 degrees Centigrade. Moreover, it probably does not inearly 'eighties. These romances were | crease after a certain depth has been often extravagant in plot and crude in reached, but then remains essentially reatment, but they were primarily de- uniform throughout the interior of signed for household reading. Proba- the globe. Contrary as it may seem oly none of the writers of these books to old theories like those of Laplace was more successful in commanding a and Poisson, who assigned to the wide circle of readers than Mrs. M. V. primitive mass a temperature of mil-Victor. The fourth of the stories lions of degrees, there is no evidence which she contributed to this series | that the temperature of the earth ever attained a sale which makes most of surpassed the melting point of lava the records of book sales of the pres- and of the more refractory rocks. The ent day appear insignificant in com- retention of the terrestrial atmosthe story of an alleged typical Yankee | primitive heat was very moderate. In the United States the book within the kinetic theory of gases shows that a short time reached a total sale of the molecules of our atmosphere would

Too Swift For the Juggler. The man who did a juggling act at This, however, was surpassed by "The the Park Theatre and concluded his tical subjects," said Mr. Blykins, "an ! Backwoods Bride," of which five hun- performance by tossing a number of dred and fifty thousand were sold, and apples into the audience for people to "Maum Guinea." The last named throw at him while he made an atwas a story of negro life, which, ap- tempt to catch them on a fork held bepearing at the time of the war, actually tween his teeth got all that was comrivaled in popularity Mrs. Harriet ing to him the other afternoon. The Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's first apple tossed out fell into the waiting hands of a young man well The success of this series in a few known in this city for his athletic years brought many rivals into the prowess. It took less than a second & Adams, began publishing himself well-developed right arm was behind books along the same line about 1865. it. The juggler saw it coming but A few years later the staid orange- wasn't quick enough to get out of the covers of the original dime novels were way. The apple caught him plump replaced by covers of gaudily colored | between the eyes and was shattered indesign. The typical dime novel of to a thousand pieces before the actor

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Point of View-Never Neglects a Secial Duty-A Plain Distinction-Well, What is a Fiame For?-Germs of Old Age-Detained at Home, Etc., Etc. When on the curb you w alting stand And see the gripman wave his hand, And pass you by, you rage in vain In anger at his rude disdain.

But when you're safely fixed inside And some outsider wants to ride, You smile and hear his pleading call.
And somehow do not care at all. -Washington Star.

Never Neglects a Social Duty. "Don't you observe any social duties whatever?" "Certainly; I decline all my invitations."-Chicago Record.



Willie Lightcoat-"I hear that Mr. Perry married an old flame." Maud Smith-"Yes, and now that flame has to light the fire every morning."-Judge.

Germs of Old Age. "Doctor, I wonder if I'm not getting old?"

"Quite possibly. The bacillus of old age is very prevalent just nox." -Detroit Journal.

Detained at Home.

Mrs. Muggins-"Are you going to the Paris Exposition this summer?" Mrs. Buggins-"No; I can't get The cook wants to go."-Philadelphia Record.

Easy Method. Johnson-"Jackson, how would you get into society?" Jackson-"Oh, if I felt like it, and had the clothes, and was invite l, I'd go."-Indianapolis Jaurnal.

Rushed. "You seem to be very busy, Miss Dorothy?" "I should think so. I'm doing so

I can't do anything for anybody." Mysteries of Life. Dibbs-"A man ought to know when he's got enough."

Jibbs—"Well,
got enough work, b when I've got enough pereation."

many things for so many people that



"Gladys was silent, but Harold could read her answer in her face."-Extract from an up-to-date novel, chapter xii., page 144.-Judge.

Slow Methods.

He-"If there could be any slower amusement than playing chess by mail, I should like to know what could be." Him-"They might use a messenger boy instead of the mails."-Iudianapolis Press.

A Trade in Itself. Citizen-"See here, I'll give you a dime, but I believe you asked me for money only yesterday. Why don't you learn some good business?" Able-Bodied Beggar - "I have learned one, sir; I'm a re-toucher."-

Withdrawn. "Where is your 'big gun?" asked the powdered matron who had comp late to the military ball. "He went away a little while ago in disappearing carriage," explined

Tribune. A Wonderful Woman. Mr. Hoon-"Your aunt Almira is a

the master of ceremonies,-Chicago

emarkable woman.' Mrs. Hoon-"How so?" Mr. Hoon-"Why, haven't you noticed that when she hears that a widow is to be married she doesn't count on her fingers and then wag her head solemnly? Most remarkable old lady

I have ever seen."-Judge. A Quick Choice.

"How did you like those two poem: sent you?" asked Willie Wishing-"There was a long one and a shor;

one, wasn't there?" asked Miss Cey-"Yes. Which did you prefer?" "I haven't read them yet. But I

am sure I shall like the short one."-Washington Star. Her Retort.

"A lot of women love to get together and talk over a great mass of impracthen go home and leave the world u. better nor wiser than it was before," "Yes," answered his wife, with

serene amiability, "sometimes women do so. But they didn't get up that peace conference at The Hague som; time ago."-Washington Star. Hard to Understand.

"Did you say he had studied music?" said the gentleman with the long hair, when the soloist had con-

cluded. "Oh, yes, indeed!"

"It's very remarkable!" "His voice?"

"Yes. If he has studied music I can't understand why he should persist in trying to sing."-Washington