



A Good Dreamer.
"May I dream that you will be mine?" pleaded St. Clair Maginnis, addressing the fair Minerva McGillicuddy.
"Really, Mr. Maginnis," repeated the stately girl, "I should not presume to exercise a censorship over your dreams. Dream as you please, but do not fail to remember that dreams go by contraries."
"Thank you for the suggestion, Miss McGillicuddy. I had not thought of that. I shall dream that you will not marry me."
"I am yours," she hastened to add, for she saw it was useless to hold out against so efficient a dreamer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Goddess of Liberty.
Ambitious Girl—I am not satisfied to be dependent on my father for every cent I need. I wish to be independent.
Mother—Should you go to earning your own living, you would have to be the obedient servant of any employer you might have, always ready to do the bidding of your superiors, and having not an hour you could call your own.
"That would be hard. I want to be independent of papa, but I'll call no man master, and I shall want my own way in everything."
"That's easy. Get married."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

These Tell-Tale Blushes.
"She blushes prettily, doesn't she?"
"Yes; but that's not always to be envied."
"No?"
"Oh, no. Why, last summer when her father asked her what that noise was he heard in the far corner of the veranda she told him she thought it must have been a kissing bug."
"Well?"
"Well, he just looked at her and remarked that it was the first time he ever knew a kissing bug to make a girl blush so like fury."—*Chicago Post.*

The Saddest Days.
These are the saddest days; once more, in spite of all advice,
Dear Willie hies away
With little Reginald and they,
Of course, break through the ice.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

AGAINST HIS OWN INTERESTS.

Mrs. Hayfork—Anything for me?
Rural Postmaster—I don't see nothing.
Mrs. Hayfork—I was expectin' a letter or postal from Aunt Sally Spriggs, tellin' me what day she was comin'.
Rural Postmaster (calling to his wife)—Did ye see a postal from Mrs. Hayfork's Aunt Sally, tellin' what day she was comin'?

Kindred Spirit.
"You're about the biggest distiller in the state, ain't you?" asked the athletic young man with the large, cracked hands, sidling up to the elderly stranger who had just entered his name in the hotel register.
"Perhaps so, sir," replied the other, rather distantly, "but I don't remember."
"Shake!" exclaimed the athletic young man, cordially extending his hand. "I'm somewhat in your line of business myself. I'm the champion corn husker."—*Chicago Tribune.*

To Her.
In childhood days I often wondered
If heaven lay beyond the skies,
Till on a happy chance I wandered,
And found it in thy hazel eyes.
—*Town Topics.*

SPORTING NEWS FROM FLYLAND.
Sandy McFly—"Funniest golf links I ever saw—nothing but holes."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Explicit Directions.
Young Tutler (who has been invited to call)—I hope I won't have any difficulty in finding your house, Miss Calloway.
Miss Calloway—Oh, no; I don't think you will, Mr. Tutler. You can tell the house in this way: Just before you get to it, on the first corner, is a florist's establishment.—*Harlem Life.*

Mean Thing.
Miss Frye—I can't abide Cousin Fanny; she's so suspicious, you know.
Aunt Hannah—Suspicious?
Miss Frye—Yes; a girl who will cover up the keyhole of the parlor door when she has company must be a terribly suspicious person.—*Tit-Bits.*

City Gadders.
Aunt Hilda—Well, it do beat all these city people are the worst gadders I ever heard of.
Mrs. Meadow—You have a nice there, haven't you?
Aunt Hilda—Yes, and her card says she's never at home 'cepting Thursdays.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Work.
Teacher—Spell "ferment," and tell what it means.
Minnie—F-e-r-m-e-n-t. It means to work.
Teacher—Now use it in a sentence.
Minnie—I love to help my mamma ferment about the house.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Glad to See Her.
"So you overcame that old antipathy of yours," her husband remarked, "and called on Mrs. Bobbles."
"Yes."
"Do you think she was glad to see you?"
"I am sure of it."
"Ahem!—you must have some reason for that belief outside of her assurances."
"I have. I had on the old dress that was made over twice, my hat was out of style and my hair had come uncurled; while she had on a gown that couldn't have come from anywhere but Paris. Could she help being glad to see me?"—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Loveless Woman.
If you believe her,
She will deceive;
If you receive her,
She will believe.
—*Harlem Life.*

REASON ENOUGH.



"I saw the count kissing you just now in the conservatory. Why didn't you tell him to stop?"
"Why, Fred, I can't speak French."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Somewhat Similar.
A duck is like a mushroom.
His waist is rather slender.
His growth is somewhat rapid
And his top is very tender.
—*Chicago Daily News.*

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A REMARKABLY BRAVE MAN.

Scorched to Use Anything But His Fists Upon Midnight Raiders.

Ever since the midsummer reign of burglar terror swept over the suburban towns just north of New York, burglars and their ways have been generally discussed at afternoon teas in the afflicted belt, states the New York Tribune. All of the popular burglar fiction has been read and reread, and some of the women have even taken to detective stories, in hopes of being able to develop their own clues in case their homes should be visited. Although with the coming of autumn the number of burglaries has fallen off to a delightful degree, the women are still talking about it.

"I am not afraid of these horrid burglar persons," said a dainty little woman at a tea in New Rochelle one afternoon the other week. "My husband is a brave man and he would protect me."
"Your house has not been robbed," said a matron who has more years to her credit in the book of life and who had sacrificed all of her solid silver to the aforesaid burglars. "Wait until the burglars get to prowling around on the floor below and see what your husband will do. Unless he's a most extraordinary man he will stay in bed and let the silver go."
"I'd have you know my husband is as brave as a lion," said the little woman, and her tone indicated that she would like to add: "You horrid thing!"

"I used to think men were brave, and all that," said a third woman, who had been an amused listener, "but I've changed my mind. They have but little more courage than women when it comes to burglars. I had an experience which proves it."
"Oh, do tell us," exclaimed the rest of the room.

"Well, it was this way," she began. "John was called to Philadelphia on business soon after we got back to the country, and he hated to leave three women alone in the big house. I was not afraid, but the evening before I had seen a suspicious man about the place, so I told him I'd feel safe if there was a man about. He sent his partner out from the city to protect us. He was one of the nicest men I've ever met—a big six-foot chap who played football at college and who looked strong enough to do anything. He talked bravely, too. When I offered to let him have John's revolver he said:

"Oh, never mind; I won't need any weapon but my fists if the burglars should come prowling around tonight. I never fight with anything else."
"Now, that was very brave, and it made me a little jealous, for I knew that John would never have voiced such sentiments. Anyways, I felt very safe with the man who scored weapons on watch on the ground floor. He left in the morning before we were up, and what do you suppose we found?"

"That the house had been robbed while he slept," ventured one.
"That he was a burglar in disguise," ventured another, whose imagination had speed like that of a racing automobile.
"No; you are all wrong. This man who never used any weapons, but depended on his fists, had taken a set of golf clubs from the hall rack and the heavy brass tongs and poker from the fire place. They were leaning against his pillow at the head of the bed, and in his hurry he had forgotten to remove the evidences of his unconfessed fear of things that crawl in the dark."

THE RICHEST RULER.

Emperor William Is Undoubtedly Since the Dividing of Queen Victoria's Estate.

Emperor William is undoubtedly the richest monarch in the world, now that Queen Victoria's estate has been divided. He inherited more than \$30,000,000 from his grandfather and has since rapidly increased in value. He inherited another fortune from his father, the late Emperor Frederick. His wife was also rich, and her property has multiplied under prudent management and with the development of the material interests of the empire. The emperor has been fortunate in securing good investments through his friends in financial circles. They know that he appreciates such favors, and when they have something they can recommend they save him a slice of it. But he never speculates in stocks or bonds, and never buys anything on margins, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

Most of his money is invested in gilt-edged mortgages upon buildings in Berlin and other large cities of the empire. He owns acres on Frederickstrasse, the principal business street of Berlin, and holds mortgages upon acres more. In the new part of the city he has some investments in residence property, and is the proprietor of whole blocks of apartment houses erected on land which he had chased when it was an unsightly dumping ground, but is now the most expensive part of the fashionable residence quarter. He has similar investments in other cities.

When the memorial church to his grandfather was erected near the Zoological gardens, the finest church in Berlin, it was surrounded by indifferent buildings. The emperor's pride was touched, and he entered into negotiations for the improvement of the property by the erection of buildings of a suitable character. Before he had accomplished his purpose he had loaned and expended more than \$600,000, but considers himself doubly fortunate, first in improving the appearance of that part of the city, and secondly, in securing so profitable an investment.

Unusual Viennese Custom.
At Venice when anyone dies it is the custom to fix a placard before the dead person's house, as well as in adjacent streets, as a sort of public notice, stating his name, age, place of birth, and the illness from which he died, affirming also that he received the holy sacraments, died a good Christian, and requesting the prayers of the faithful.—*Chicago Journal.*

Better Than Dynamite.
When it comes to opening a heart, flattery is superior to dynamite.—*Chicago Daily News.*

FARMER AND PLANTER.

TACT IN FARMING.

How to Run a Farm on a Modern Basis and Make the Most With the Least Effort.

An old farmer on whom I called gave me several good points, and with the rest he said: "Farming can always be carried on successfully so long as it is not taxed to death. Our fathers of the early part of the century worked on an economical basis; but they lived, and they lived well. They did not have our privileges, but they had what they knew how to take advantage of what privileges they did have. Nobody needs more than the farmer does to readjust himself to the times he lives in. We can not farm it now as they a hundred years ago and live; but we can adjust ourselves to the times and live right well." Then he brought his fist down with a thump that rattled his silver spoons. I said: "Perhaps you will show me your farm, and illustrate what you mean by showing how to run affairs on what you call a reasonable modern basis."

"So we took a stroll, and I am going to tell you something about it. In the first place, there were no large fields in sight. 'Where is your corn?' I said. 'I do not raise such,' he answered. 'I do not need to. Why should I help pile up a lot of good material to be unsalable, when it can be raised so much cheaper in the western states? The first law of economy is, that every food product should be produced where it can be produced most cheaply, and no one else should enter into competition.' 'But your wheat,' I said, 'how about that?' 'I buy it,' he replied. 'I can buy it cheaper than I can raise it, even now since the price has gone up. Only over there,' he added, 'are two or three acres sown for home use. You notice,' he observed, 'that I grow a little barley, and enough oats for my own horses.' 'That's all,' I said, 'sweet corn for the canner.' 'Have you gone into beet raising?' I asked. 'Not headlong,' he replied, 'expecting a fortune. I intend to wait until I see what will be done after the government appropriations are used up. Meantime I have made a small experiment, that will not damage, even if it does not pay me, for I shall get some personal knowledge out of it. Let me tell you, sir, it's haste that makes waste. Our farmers are too anxious to make a fortune on the jump. So they go into buying great farms, raising new crops, and they raise a little barley, and enough oats for my own horses.' 'That's all,' I said, 'sweet corn for the canner.' 'Have you gone into beet raising?' I asked. 'Not headlong,' he replied, 'expecting a fortune. I intend to wait until I see what will be done after the government appropriations are used up. Meantime I have made a small experiment, that will not damage, even if it does not pay me, for I shall get some personal knowledge out of it. Let me tell you, sir, it's haste that makes waste. Our farmers are too anxious to make a fortune on the jump. 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