TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I've wandered through the village, Tom, and sat beside the pen
Where you are still reducing rock as you were doing when
I left you back in eighty-four—ah me! How time does fly!
Excuse me while I wipe a briny teardrop from my eye

The same old bricks are in the wall—you couldn't steal the bricks;
The same old warden's watching you, to thwart the same old tricks.
But few are left to greet me, Tom, and none is left to know
The way they came to send up you, just twenty years ago.

Your cell looks rather different, Tom—the bars have been replaced
By new ones stronger than the bars your trusty file defaced,
But the same old lockstep's still in vogue—you journey to and fro
With little of the awkwardness of twenty years ago.

You know I was your lawyer, Tom, and when the sentence came
You tried to make me shade my fee, and said I was to blame,
But I had done my duty—you are doing yours, I know,
So let us, pray, dismiss the theme of twenty years ago.

—W. F. Kirk, in Milwaukee Sentinel.

:: FIREPROOF ::

* * *

By Morice Girard

WELL, Gerald, you seem strangely distrait to-night; it is toothache or love, man?" exclaimed the jovial rector of Menstone, the Rev. Harry Ingold, a squarson of the old school, now fast passing away.

Mountjoy started as the older man laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Not toothache, I'm thankful to say. I've never been troubled with that in my life."

"Then it must be the other thing." Ingold linked his arm into his friend's and drew him into a recess. There were several of these convenient resting places in the great ballroom of Mellans Castle.

The scene was certainly not one which favored either melancholy or abstraction. Sir Harry Gayter, the owner of Mellans, was giving a ball to inaugurate his shrievalty of the loveliest county of England, in the eyes of, at any rate, its inhabitants, Devon. It was an affair of the elite of the county, with a large military, naval and marine element thrown in, to give a touch of brilliance and color to the ensemble. It may be doubted whether more beautiful women or a finer body of men had ever before responded to the hospitable invitation of the lord of Mellans Castle than on this particular occasion.

From the alcove to which Ingold and Mountjoy had retired glimpses could be obtained of the dancers as they floated past on the carefully polished floor. Gerald sat forward, looking eagerly at the couples gracefully circling round to the tune of a waltz, played by the marine band from Plymouth, stationed in the whispering gallery.

The younger man was so intent and preoccupied that he seemed already to have forgotten—at any rate, he was oblivious of—the propinquity of his companion.

Ingold looked at the fresh, strong, handsome face with evident sympathy. He knew perfectly what was passing behind that inadequate, ill-fitting mask. He knew that every time the revolution of the dance brought Bertha Reeve and her partner, Lord Dayre, into Mountjoy's line of vision, a hardness came about the flexible mouth, and something very like pain showed itself in the clear gray eyes.

"You don't think Bertha would ever look at him, do you, Gerald? Why, she could crumple him up in the palm of one hand. She is the finest girl in the room, and that's not saying little. And he! Why, he has the intellect and frame of an under-sized monkey!"

"What does it matter to me whether she looks at him or not? Besides, you never know what a woman thinks or what she likes."

"Don't you? I do. I never was a marrying man; but not the most inveterate husband in this room, or anywhere else, for that matter, can teach me about what a woman likes or dislikes."

"Perhaps, then," he remarked, somewhat testily, "you will tell me what they do like?"

"Well, above all things, some one stronger than themselves—more inches, more fibre, more strength. Only a woman who wants a title, and can content herself with that and nothing more, will marry Dayre; and I can assure you, with all the confidence in life, that woman is not Bertha Reeve."

"I cannot help thinking sometimes——" Gerald said almost under his breath.

"That Bertha cares for you—loves you?" put in the parson.

"Almost that," Mountjoy assented, after a pause.

"Why don't you take your courage in both hands, and ask her?"

Gerald looked at his friend.

"How can I?"

"Why not?"

"You know the state of my exchequer just as well as I do. I have the oldest name in the county and the poorest property. My pedigree is as long as my rent roll is short. Bertha is Miss Reeve, of Reeve, the richest girl in the west, absolute mistress of herself and all her belongings. If she were poor I would ask her to go with me to Canada, or somewhere, and we would make out life together somehow. But as it is! Would not men say I was a fortune hunter? Nay, should I not feel like one myself? I cannot even talk to her like I can to other girls. I should say that she thinks that fellow Dayre a genius by the side of me. Look at them now."

The dance was over. They were now at the further end of the salon. Lord Dayre was half a head shorter than his companion. An ill-matched pair physically, any one would have said off-hand. But those who knew the circumstances might have judged differently. For in rank Dayre would take rank of any one at the ball, and in wealth the mistress of Reeve, an orphan ruling in her own right, had no peer.

Neither Ingold nor Mountjoy spoke a word for the next few minutes, which seemed like an eternity to one of them at any rate. Gerald felt perfectly certain that what he loved most in the world was slipping from his grasp, and his fate was being decided while the band rested from its labors, and the gay assemblage prepared itself for the next item in the programme.

There seems something specially incongruous in blank despair gripping the heart under such conditions. The brilliancy of the lights, the beautiful dresses and conspicuous uniforms all seemed to mock the gnawing pain at Gerald's heart.

Bertha Reeve and Lord Dayre passed the alcove. As they did so these words fell, softly as they were spoken, on two pairs of ears: "I hardly know what to say; it is all so unexpected. You do not wish me to decide to-night?"

"May I come for my answer to-morrow?"

Then the speakers passed out of hearing of those involuntary listeners.

"I cannot stay here," Mountjoy said, in a horse whisper, very unlike his usual tones. "The air of the place chokes me. I shall get away without any fuss. They won't miss me. If they do, make some excuse to Sir Harry and Lady Gayter. Say I was taken bad, or something."

With a squeeze of the hand Gerald slipped out of the alcove. Mechanically he found his coast and hat, and then went out at the hall door. He was glad that the stables were likely to be deserted. He had not brought a groom himself. In his present state of mind he hated to have to make even trivial explanations and excuses.

With some difficulty he managed to find his own mare among the hundred horses tethered wherever standing room under cover could be found. The carriages were outside in the great yard.

Gerald was just issuing from the stables when he heard a great shouting from the direction of the castle. He let go his mare's bridle; she galloped out of the yard and disappeared.

Mountjoy smelt burning wood. He ran toward the entrance of the courtyard. When he reached the great gates his heart stood still. All the basement and ground floor of Mellans were in flames. Panelled and lined, as the fine old rooms were, with oak, dry as tinder, centuries old, with a great staircase of similar material in the centre, the castle was just adapted for rapid conflagration.

As it turned out afterward, when investigation into the cause of the outbreak was made, the fire originated with the overturning of a lamp in the butler's pantry.

Gerald rushed to the main entrance, before which a crowd of guests were standing. They all seemed paralyzed with fear. The young man brushed them to one side. He could see Bertha Reeve nowhere. She must be in the burning building still. And there was Ingold, too, the man he loved best in the world.

Gerald dashed into the hall, meeting overwhelming smoke. He was choking, and his eyes were smarting and red hot. He could hear the cries of girls, the shouting of men above. In his frenzy he could have flung himself into the flames which danced before him.

Then an arm was laid upon his shoulder, and he was half dragged, half led, out. It was the parson, whose courage was of that order which rises calm and resolute to the greatest emergency.

The men, under Ingold's direction, were bringing up long ladders.

Up and down they went in relays, bringing in their arms fainting women. The gentlemen above either helped by handing insensible burdens to the rescuers, or stood back to wait their turn.

Half a dozen times Gerald had been up and down the ladder he had made his own. Ingold was at the next. On each journey he had brought some one to the outside air and safety, and then handed her to another willing helper to take away. But that some one was not the girl for whom, with glad prodigality, he would have given his life. Then at the last, when almost all were saved, Gerald saw Bertha. He jumped from the ladder top through the window and ran to her. The flames were at the back of her, and had begun to singe her light dress. Lord Dayre was still by her side. Just as Mountjoy reached her she was overcome and tottered backwards. Lord Dayre, with a quick effort, saved her from falling. There were now only these two and Gerald left at that end—the most dangerous part of the great salon. Some devil seized him, whispering in his ear: "She has half given herself to Dayre; let him save her." For years the memory of that terrible lapse haunted him.

"Take her, Dayre, and carry her down."

The peer was hardly able to support Bertha's weight, much less carry her down the ladder. He glanced at the window, filled with the eddying smoke; then he turned to Gerald.

"Curse you," he said; "you know I can't do it. Take her yourself."

"If I do," replied Mountjoy, "I take her for good and all."

Then he gathered the girl up in his arms and carried her down the ladder, Lord Dayre closely following.

In the afternoon of the following day Gerald rode over to Reeve to inquire after its mistress.

Dressed in a teagown, looking very white and interesting, she received him in her boudoir.

"I came to ask after you," he said. "To confess—to ask forgiveness."

"For saving my life? It surely is easily obtained."

"I had the devil in me!" he cried.

Then he told her all.

"So you have come to me for absolution?" she said. "Then you shall have it without any pains and penalties, since you saved my life." She added, looking at him with a half smile. "Lord Dayre only asked me whether I would care to be one of his party for a yachting expedition. Even that I would not promise offhand. Had it been what you thought——"

"Bertha!"

"I should have had no hesitation at all."—London World.

Teaching School in Persia.

Persians servants are always summoned and addressed by their masters as "children." When Mr. Wilfred Sparrow became tutor to the children of the royal family of Persia he was greatly amused by the daily customs of the little princes. He tells of his first day in the schoolroom:

We were in the middle of a lesson, when Akbar Mirza, the magnificent, laying down his pen and taking off his spectacles, complained of the heat, which was 105 in the shade. "It is hot, yes, sair," he said.

I made no reply, whereupon he resumed his work; but in a moment he lifted up his voice once more. This time his tone was loud and imperious. "Bachaha" (child) he cried.

To my amazement, in stepped the stately general, and stood in an attitude of grave humility at a respectful distance, his head bowed and his hands clasped folded at the waist. "Ab-i-ikhmerdan" (drinking water) was Akbar's word, and smart the sartip's action. Out he went, and back he came with a silver teapot in his hand. Very solemnly and slowly he went the round of the class, and raising the spout to each thirsty little mouth in turn, waited in patient silence until the imperial thirst had been quenched. While one little prince was being served, his neighbor, eyeing the silver nipple, sucked his lips in anticipation of the refreshing draught. As for me, it was mine to revel in the humor of the scene, which was followed soon after by an interlude in which our friend, the major, in full dress, was summoned by Bahram Mirza, the imperious, to clean his slate.

These interruptions tickled my sense of humor, undoubtedly, but they achieved a more useful end than that. They were the means of showing me that the first thing I should have to teach these youthful Kajars was not modern languages, but rather the first principles of self-help, self-reliance, self-dependence.

Personal and Political Enmities.

When Irishmen do differ, they differ all over. There are plenty of Irishmen in the House of Commons who have not exchanged a word with each other for years. Indeed, during the days when the old split subsisted it was quite a common thing to see Irishmen separate themselves even in the dining-rooms according to the group to which they belonged. In France it is pretty much the same thing, for there political differences follow the same lines as religious and social cleavages, and, therefore, are the more acute. I never expect a French politician to speak of a political opponent in any terms but those which would rightly be applied to a man who ought to be in penal servitude and had just escaped the gallows. But even in France there are mitigations. Old Grevy, when he was President of the Chamber of Deputies—although he was a very stout Republican—used to play billiards with Paul de Cassagnac, the swashbuckling Bonapartist. In Germany the Socialists are so bitter in their hostility to all other sections of the imperial Parliament that any one of them who would venture to accept an invitation from Count Buelow, the Chancellor, would lose all his influence with his colleague; in fact, he would be politically ruined.—T. P., in M. A. P.

A Grave Error.

Advertising men are critical of their own and others' productions. They criticise the ad. or booklet from the standpoint of technicalities. Is the language clear—informing—grammatical? Is there an original idea, and is it well worked out? Is the illustrator's work clean-cut and effective? Is the printing all it should be? The reader of advertising is critical, too. But his or her criticism is entirely from the standpoint of the article offered—its quality, utility, price. Good printing, clear language, pretty illustrations and fine ideas are hardly regarded, though readers are swayed by them beyond question, and perhaps criticise them unconsciously. But the proposition set forth is the chief consideration with the reader, and while the advertiser should never lose sight of technical details he will do well to remember that his opinions of good advertising are quite secondary to those of his readers. To look upon advertising entirely from the technical standpoint is to make a grave error.—Printers' Ink.

Food in China.

"The food of the Chinese consists principally of rice and fish." That statement has appeared in nearly every school geography or history that has been published since the flood. "It's all folderol and flapdoodle," said a concessionaire from the interior of the great empire. "The streams were fished out ages ago, and you seldom find fish in the interior. On the coast—yes. Much fish is eaten. But the main food of the Chinese is pork and chickens. Mutton and beef are rare. Less rice is eaten than you would imagine, but there is an abundance of palatable vegetables, and you would find no difficulty in making out a good dinner."

Georgia's First Newspaper.

The first newspaper ever published in this State was the Georgia Gazette, a quaint four-page affair printed in Savannah more than a hundred years ago.

Two copies of this ancient periodical were left at the Constitution office by W. H. Sharp, of McKenzie, Tenn., who owns the relics.

Aside from their curious crudity, aside from the solemn interest attaching to them as the handiwork of men dead for generations, these two yellow and faded papers are replete with a personal interest, for many of the persons spoken of in the news and advertising columns were the ancestors of men and women who play a prominent part in the affairs of to-day, here, in Savannah, and elsewhere in the State.

The publishers of the Gazatte were James and Nicholas Johnston, and their printing office was in Broughton street. There is living now one who is probably a descendant of one of these old editors, and he is Captain James Johnston, now a resident of Savannah.

The Gazette in size is probably about one-third that of a modern newspaper, and its pages are divided into three columns each, the type used in the news articles being very fine and of the old English style. There are remarkably few typographical errors, and an interesting absence of headlines, the megaphones by which newspapers now call attention to the matter they contain.

How primitive were the means of gathering news in those days is exemplified in a striking way in one of the two copies sent to this office. It occurs in the copy bearing date Thursday, May 9, 1793, No. 537 of the paper. The item, which occupies the centre of the front page, is printed in the the tiniest of type, and reads in part as follows:

"Madrid, February 7.—The following is an extract from the Madrid Gazette of the 5th instant, which officially announces the death of the King of France:

"'His Majesty has ordered the court to take mourning for three months from the 3d instant on account of the death of his most Christian Majesty, Louis XVI., King of France, who finished his career on the 21st of January, with a heroism equal to his hard misfortune, and to the inhumanity of the horrid and unheard of outrages committed against his august person.'"

Thus it was that in May the only newspaper in Georgia informed the people of the execution of the King of France, an event which was to change the history of all the world, and which, had it occurred at noon yesterday, would have been read in "extras" by the people of Atlanta the same day.

Lying next to this item concerning the late beheaded King is a formal protest from "the Grand Jury of the Circuit Court," which body asserts in stately terms that "The State of Georgia now lies under the greatest grievance a State can lie under," for the Creek Indians have been permitted to commit depredations on our frontier without being forced to make reparation. A recital of the grievance in detail follows this prefatory statement.

But within, on the two middle pages, are found those things to attract the lover of history with a personal bearing. These are the advertisements and personal notices which cover these two pages.

In on of these Poulain du Bignon declares that his partnership with others in the ownership of the island of Sapelo, a part of which he purchased while yet in France, has been dissolved. This Poulain du Bignon was the great-grandfather of Fleming du Bignon, and the property named in the advertisement of the old founder of the family in America remained in the name of the Du Bignon owners until very recent years, when it was sold by a cousin of Fleming du Bignon, who had acquired the whole title. It was purchased for the use of a yacht club.

Richard Wayne, who was himself one of the most distinguished Georgians of his day, and whose descendants also achieved distinction, advertises that he will no longer import dry goods, but will confine himself from then on to the factorage and commission business; also that he has eleven negroes and some hogsheads of fine brandy for sale.

There is also a petition for the foreclosure of a mortgage, the petitioner being John Bulloch, an ancestor of President Roosevelt's mother.

George Honstoun offers a "settled plantation" for sale. He was the founder of one of the early members of a leading Georgia family, members of which still rank very high in Savannah.

Another plantation is offered for sale by Edwin and William Harden, whose advertisement is of interest by reason of the fact that one of the trio of Chatham County representatives in the Legislature is now William Harden. He is also librarian of the Savannah public library.

Francis Courvoise, Robert Forsyth and Louis Cuthbert, all familiar Georgia names, are among the other advertisers.

Jacob Waldburger announces that he is in want of an overseer. This Jacob Waldburger founded a handsome fortune, which, when his last descendant passed away just a few years ago, was distributed among charitable institutions and the Episcopal Church.

Another advertiser is Godin Guerard, and those familiar with the society happenings of the State will remember that quite recently a Godin Guerard, a descendant of the old advertiser, married a very popular and attractive young woman of Kentucky.

And so it goes all the way through the columns. There is scarcely a name mentioned that cannot be connected with some event in the history of Georgia or which name is not to-day borne by descendants of the same persons mentioned in the ancient paper.

Mr. Sharp, who owns the papers, thinks a great deal of them, and would be loath to part with them. They are, indeed, of considerable value as relics and curios.—Atlanta Constitution.

TRAINING THE SIGHT.

It Can Be Educated and Exercised Like Arm Muscles.

So much of the happiness and success of life depends upon the seeing capacity that it is both a wonder and a pity that more attention is not paid by the parents in the home and by instructors in the schools to the perfecting of this gift.

The trouble is that the great majority of people regard the capacity of the eyes as something fixed at birth and not to be interfered with. If they would think a little they would recognize that it is, after all, largely a matter of exercise and practice. They know that the power of the muscles is capable of almost indefinite training, but they fail to apply the principle to the eyes. All forms of exercise are called upon to increase and strengthen the muscular system of growing children, and the wisdom of this, always granting reasonable moderation, is never questioned; but the child with the weak, undeveloped visual faculty, with the untrained color sense, with the carrying capacity of the sight limited to a few feet, is called stupid; and his best hope is that he may be fitted with glasses before he is rallied and scolded into real stupidity.

The sight can be educated and exercised just as truly as the hearing, the sense of touch, or even the leg and arm muscles can; and the work, which can easily be converted into play, should be begun very early in life. Much so-called color blindness is not a radical defect of vision at all, but a lack of training in attention and recognition, and could have been avoided by any form of simple half-play, half-lesson, with colored balls or skeins of silk in early childhood. Matching colors is an excellent game lesson. It can be carried on with silks, wools, paper or any other material in which it is possible to get many shades with very small gradations of color among them. Certain of the educational supply houses furnish colored papers for this very purpose. An element of competition can be introduced, and the power of vision can be trained at the same time with that esthetic sense which is its greatest reward.

Rapidity of vision can be enormously developed. Most persons know the story of the conjurer whose father made him while a small boy play the game of naming the objects in some shop-window passed at a quick walk. If one will try this he will be astounded at the way the number of objects seen in the glimpse will grow with practice.

As with other forms of exercise, that of the eye should be taken only under proper conditions. A tired, worn-out eye should not be forced to new tasks any more than a tired, worn-out body. This is why the process cannot be started too soon, that the eye may be insensibly trained to good habits of perception.—Youth's Companion.

How to Spend a Million.

I have often heard people speculate how such and such a millionaire can possibly spend his income, said a well-known art critic to a writer in London Tit-Bits. Personally, if I had a million a year I should find it the simplest matter in the world to get through every penny of it and yet live in my present simple style. Why, I could get rid of it comfortably in a month in cultivating a single hobby—collecting pictures and bric-a-brac.

There are heaps of pictures which you might cover twenty deep with sovereigns and yet not produce enough gold to buy them, and you can see some of them any day by walking into the National Gallery. Take that modest-looking little canvas, Terburg's "Peace of Munster." There is less than three square feet of it, but, if you would buy it, every square foot would cost you £3500 ($17,500). Then there is Corregio's "Vierge au Panier," an exquisite little painting, certainly, but you would probably cease to covet it if you were told that nothing less than thirty layers of sovereigns, covering every square inch of it, would make it yours.

Geographical Taffy.

"What town is this?" asked the eminent statesman, who was making a political tour of the provinces.

"Ionia," they told him.

The eminent statesman stepped out to the rear platform of a gorgeous private car in which he was traveling.

"My countrymen," he said, impressively, to the cheering throng at the station, "your beautiful and thriving young city has a rare distinction. Independently of its commerce and manufactures, independently of its charming location, independently, I may add, of the stalwart men and fair women who inhabit it—not forgetting these bright and winsome young children who are also here, the hope and mainstay of the republic—independently, I say, of all these, your lovely city——"

Here he became truly eloquent. His eyes flashed, his voice rang out in clarion tones, and he shook his clinched fist at the zenith.

"——has the rare distinction of bearing a name that has only five letters and yet has four syllables!"

The applause, as the train moved away, was simply deafening.—Chicago Tribune.

A Maine Steer.

A curious story comes from Arrowsic. A farmer in that little village has two young steers which he keeps tied up in the centre of his large barn. To reach the hay mow in the barn he has constructed steps of bales of pressed hay. One night recently the family went to a dance, and upon driving the team into the barn, shortly after the midnight hour, it was seen that one of the animals had disappeared. It was thought that somebody had let him out of the barn, but looking into the hay mow they saw Mr. Steer quietly feeding. It took half a day to get him back with his mate.—Kennebec Journal.

LIBRARY STAFFS

The Requisite Qualifications of a Librarian and His Assistants.

The rapid multiplication of public libraries in the United States and their importance as a part of the educational system of the time, makes the question of their administration one to be carefully considered. The trustees or directors of such libraries have but an indirect voice in their management, the actual administrative head being the librarian, while the routine work is done by his staff of assistants. If the librarian is fitted for the position and the assistants have been carefully selected, the work of the library will go on smoothly and regularly, and no reasonable person will be likely to find cause for complaint. But the governing boards of many public libraries seem to have a very shadowy idea of the qualifications required to make a good librarian, while in the selection of his assistants, who are usually young women, the curious pseudo-chivalry of America plays by far too large a part. A young girl may smile with the studied sweetness of a soubrette, facing a large and approving audience, and yet be profoundly ignorant of books; an elderly maiden may wear spectacles and a perpetual frown, and still share in the ignorance of her more youthful and attractive sisters. Probably the directors and trustees of public libraries have not yet learned the truth of the old French proverb: "Femme et melon a pierre les connait-on."

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Precisely what constitutes a good librarian is a much-disputed question. He should, of course, be a good administrative officer; he should possess at least a general knowledge of the world's literature; he should be tactful, considerate, long-suffering, diplomatic. A knowledge of at least two foreign languages, namely, French and German, is almost indispensable, and it is difficult to carry on the work of arranging and cataloguing a large collection of books without a knowledge of Latin. The librarian who does not understand several languages will be continually at a loss in his daily work. If he depends on the learning of others, his position will be far from agreeable or satisfactory. In the case of assistants, at least an elementary knowledge of Latin, French and German should be required. The staffs of the great libraries of Europe are so organized that no question of language, either modern or classic, can possibly interfere with the routine work of the day.

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It need scarcely be said that the man who has charge of several hundred thousand books should be a man of system. The librarian who is without a system, who does not know how to economize time, is lost. Each day's business should be so organized as to show a distinct advance at the end. Every assistant should have well-defined duties, and should be required to learn all the methods peculiar to library economy, including, above all things, the economy of time. Firmness, too, should characterize the government of all public libraries, and there should be no discrimination in favor of any one. All disputed questions as to the observance of any rule or regulation should be decided at once and in as few words as possible. The decision should be at once courteous and firm, and it should be made known that it was final. Of course this means that the librarian should have an even temper, and the resources of a trained diplomat at his command. Eccentric and wrong-headed people seem to drift naturally through the doors of public libraries, and it is with these that the librarian and his assistants must learn to deal in such a way that the usual routine of the day's work shall not be interrupted.

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A librarian who takes a real interest in the books placed under his charge will see that his assistants are neat and orderly in their habits. This does not mean neatness in their own person so much as in the performance of their daily duties. A hairpin, for instance, is a useful article when a young woman is making her toilet; but it should not be used to cut the leaves of a book or magazine. Neither does it make a good bookmark while searching for quotations, dates or historical allusions. The assistant librarians should be taught that the welfare of the library is largely in their hands, and that any neglect or carelessness will result in confusion and add both to their own labor and that of others. Dust and disordered shelves, and a slovenly air of neglect, are sure to excite public criticism and bring a library into disrepute. On the other hand, a well-kept carefully arranged collection of books calls forth favorable comment and makes a direct appeal to all true lovers of literature. A famous old Philadelphia library became at one time notorious for its uncleanliness. When a book was taken from the shelves the dust of unnumbered years arose in blinding, suffocating clouds. Stray leaves from dilapidated volumes drifted about the unswept floors. Indeed, the rooms of this ancient foundation finally became so unkempt in appearance that they seemed to be a fit abiding place for the man all tattered and torn, who kissed the maiden all forlorn, who milked the cow with the crumpled horn, in the immortal nursery rhyme of "The House That Jack Built."

Golfers' Red Coats Disappearing.

Golfers do not care any more to be labelled as such, and to carry about with them a sort of trademark which specifies definitely the form of amusement in which they indulge. Hence the tendency of the red coat has been to disappear, and it is only found upon the backs of those who think they are conforming to the old customs of the game, or of individuals who have bought one of these uniforms, and not yet had time to wear it out.—Country Gentleman.

The Force of Advertising.

Formerly it took a business man nearly a lifetime to build up a solid reputation. "But to-day," says Printers' Ink, "with newspaper advertising—that great news spreading force—it is a simple matter to achieve a vast credit in a few years. It is soon known through advertisements who is doing business by honest or by shoddy methods."

Humor of Today

In Wall Street.

Little Jack Horner, he got up a corner,
He smiled as he thought of the joke—
"I'm a captain of industry if it succeeds,
And if it does not, I am broke."
—Washington Star.

Which.

"I see that Russia has agreed to divide Korea with Japan."

"Which gets the Kore?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Photographer's Good Work.

"Maud's latest photograph is just lovely."

"Is it?"

"Yes. I had to ask who it was."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Blessed Season.

Stella—"Don't you believe it is more blessed to give than to receive?"

Bella—"Yes, indeed. There is no tantalizing ignorance of how much the gift cost."—New York Sun.

Shied Before the Altar.

"They say that Henry was awfully frightened when he reached the altar."

"I don't wonder. Did you see the way the bride had her hair dressed?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Experienced.

The Actor—"I don't think we actors are well enough organized."

The Actress—"I don't see why we shouldn't be. We could turn out some first-class walking delegates."—Puck.

Both Sorrowful Spectacles.

She—"I felt sorry for a woman I met on the street this evening; she was scantily clothed."

He—"Indeed! was she on her way to the workhouse or the opera?"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Versatile Chef.

"Doesn't that cook scare you when he looks this way?" asked the Belgian hare of the young chicken.

"No," replied the broiler, "but later on I have no doubt he will make me quail!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Good Medicine.

Doctor—"Did those pills I left you last week do you any good?"

Kid—"Sure! I rung 'em in on Jimmie Jones fer marbles an' won every alley he had!"—New York American.

Between Friends.

Swiggs—"Say, that fellow Bifkins called me an old soak. What would you advise me to do about it?"

Briggs—"Nothing. Had he called you a new soak you might have brought suit for defamation of character."

Embarrassing.

"Don't you feel proud since your daughter married the duke?"

"Proud!" echoed Mrs. Cumrox. "Not a bit of it. I'm worried to death for fear I'll forget to approach the duchess with proper formality."—Washington Star.

Essential to Happiness.

Goodman—"Then you don't think marriage is a good thing?"

Kratchell—"For some men it is absolutely necessary. Some men, you know, simply can't be happy unless they're fighting all the time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Competition.

Hewitt—"I understand that the foreign noblemen are beginning to get worried."

Jewett—"Over what?"

Hewitt—"The way these United States Senators are marrying all the American women."—Town Topics.

None But the Brave.

Spartacus—"Women are a great incentive to manly courage."

Smarticus—"That's right. Since I've been married and had a few tilts with my wife, the prospect of a scrap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me."—Baltimore American.

Genius and Housekeeping.

"John, the coal is out."

"I know it."

"Nothing in the flour barrel."

"Of course."

"Well, what on earth are you doing there?"

"I am writing a poem, my love, on the beauty and brightness of the glorious old world."—Atlanta Constitution.

Cheaper to Die.

In the north of Yorkshire an old couple lived on their farm entirely alone. The good man had been ill for some time, when the practitioner who attended him advised that a physician should be summoned from the nearest town for consultation. The doctor came, looked into the case, gave his opinion, and descending from the sick room to the kitchen, was there accosted by the old woman saying:

"Well, doctor, what's your charge?"

"My fee is a guinea."

"A guinea, doctor! a guinea! And if ye come again will it be another guinea?"

"Yes."

"A guinea, doctor? bless me!"

The old woman then went upstairs to her husband's bedroom, and the doctor, who waited below, heard her say:

"He charges a guinea. And if he comes again, it'll be another guinea. Now, what do you say?"

The feeble voice of the sick man was lost on the doctor, but there was no mistaking the energetic tones of his wife as she answered:

"If I were ye I'd say no, like a true Yorkshire lad, and I'd die first!"—Tit-Bits