

It is almost as easy to forgive as it is hard to forget. In addition to tempting Eve, Satan probably introduced money into the garden of Eden.

A Pennsylvania man has found a coal mine in his back yard. Mr. Baer may regard this as a case of sacrilege.

A Mississippi man found a jug of gold while demolishing an old building. Queer savings bank, but evidently safe.

Everything Lord Dundonald learned something in the Transval. He has abolished the sword in Canadian militia.

A contemporary has a column article on "How to Live Seventy Years." The best rule is to think about something else.

We violate no confidence in saying that the announcement that Mr. Peary did not quite reach the pole has occasioned no great surprise.

One of Brigham Young's grandsons is being held on a charge of murder. It was hardly to be expected that they would all turn out well.

After a glance over many of the current magazines the opinion of the reader is that the author who gets his next to advertising matter is in great luck.

The French government has decided to keep a watchman on Mount Pelee to feel the volcano's pulse. Some day the volcano's foot will slip again and they will get a new watchman.

The Princess di San Faustino, formerly of New York, who best her name so severely in Rome the other day that they had to take her to the hospital, must come from some of our good old fighting stock.

Prince Victor Dulce Singh has gone into bankruptcy, selling his specialties to the niggardliness of the British government, which allows him only \$35,000 a year for being a prince. Poor chap. His case shows that Americans who must bow to the dictates of the coal trust are not the only ones who are shamefully treated.

Baron Bunsen, son of a farmer, was proud to belong to "that kernel of the nation, the cultivated and cultivating class of society." Doubtless many persons of pretensions, jeering that the farmers of the United States will probably realize two billion dollars cash from the current cereal-crop, would themselves like to belong to the "cultivating" class.

Linguistics is the latest craze in Paris. If one prefers to call it glossomania, well and good. Under either name it means tongue reading, and it threatens to compete with palmistry.

A big tongue, it seems, indicates frankness; a short tongue dissimulation; a long and broad tongue, garrulity and generosity; a narrow tongue, concentration and talent; a short, broad tongue, garrulity and untruth. The man with a very short and narrow tongue is a liar of true artistic merit.

We are apt to lay great stress upon our foreign commerce, but the combined registered tonnage in the foreign trade at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco and Puget Sound for the entire year 1901 was 18,868,800 tons, or 18,867,240 tons cleared, or somewhat more than half the total tonnage reported for the great lakes during the seven months of 1902. Evidently, when this great chain of lakes is connected with the Atlantic by fitting canals, only the imagination can conceive the vast commerce they will bear.

Mr. Blesby was a curate for twenty-three years, and then lost his place. He made 470 applications in vain, and then hid himself to a convenient poor-house, and took up abode there as a pauper. That is the English way. Over here, after about two weeks of searching for a suitable position, an American Mr. Blesby would have been found doing something—anything to make a living. What are doctors and dentists taking fares on the trolley cars, working on farms or sweeping out offices; men of all professions doing drudgery, because it is necessary, and it is the spirit that makes successful men, one wonders if it ever occurred to Mr. Blesby to go to work.

Not long ago a 10-year-old Hartford, Conn., boy, visiting in New York, saw a street car drawn by horses and asked his father what it was. He had been born since the introduction of the trolley car, and the horse car was as strange to him as a Connecticut road filled with a drove of cattle on their way to the New York market would be to his father. If the adult could get the point of view of the child he will appreciate somewhat the extent of the revolution in transportation methods that has taken place within twenty years or less. The horse car has disappeared from the cities, save on one or two short lines in New York, and street cars have been introduced in small cities and large villages where they were unknown. Then, too, suburban villages have been connected with cities by electric car lines, and the rural districts which had no railway conveniences are traversed by the trolley cars. Consequently, the stage coach, which carried the mail and freight and a few passengers, has found its occupation fast by it before it comes to the town to the country. The perfection of the automobile, which is now approaching, will produce a still greater transformation. The automobile is bound to be more than a toy for millions, although many people will be injured or killed by it before it comes into general use. Then, with the good roads now building in various parts of the country, there will come a still wider scattering of population, for the conveniences of the town will be taken to the door of the dweller in the country, and rural isolation will be a thing of the past.

There are many things for some of us to do, and there are some for many of us to do. But there is one thing for every one of us to do, and that is to

"Cheer! Cheer! Cheer!" So writes the young president of Adlan College. And he voices a great truth. All of us cannot do great or brave things. But we can all cheer. When a strong man with sincere purpose stands up in the political arena and fights for the people's rights we can all cheer. When any man in whatsoever station does his duty to the best of his ability, we can all cheer. When a woman holds a loyal purpose and is true to it we can all cheer. And do you know that in battle a hearty cheer is half the victory? The line wavers. The shot and shell declimate the ranks. It is the cheer that saves the day. It is the cheer that gives courage and the thrill of enthusiasm take the place of the stubborn but falling physical bravery and the rebud is won. Many a brave soul falls in the battle of life for the cheer. Some men feel instinctively the need of cheering and deliberately seek to extort it from their fellow men. They compel the world to cheer. Others, fully as brave, wait for it, long for it and die without it. Cheer! Cheer! It costs little effort. It is the natural impulse of the heart when the heart is rid of selfishness and jealousies and envyings. You may not be able to win a single victory in life for yourself, but you can win a hundred victories by proxy if you will cheer, when you have an opportunity, a hearty cheering. Blessings on the head of the man who cheers another on his way. When he gets to the portals of heaven and St. Peter asks what he has done he need not hang his head when he says: "I cheered."

Yesterday my boy was 10 years of age. What can I say to him, and the boys like him, through this printed page? First, I can urge him to be a boy as long as he can be. And he can be a boy a long time. In many things I would like to have him be a boy always. In some respects I want always to be a boy myself. Never get too old to kiss your mother, my boy, nor to salute your dad with affection. Do not take care to have your clothes correct and your heart impure. Many things that way. Do not put dampers on your hearty laugh because some one says it is bad breeding. An ounce of laugh is worth a pound of dignity. God Almighty's way is better than society's way. Smile and laugh your way through life, if you can. It is easiest. It doesn't harm, but helps the other fellow. I want to be patient with you, my son, for I am dealing with soul-stuff. I cannot tell you how much I respect what is good in you—the God in you. I cannot tell you how much I love you at all. No father can. I don't know what you may be. I take off my hat to what you may become. Abraham Lincoln, at your age, was freckled, barefooted, lank and lean. The German boy who stopped the world of Europe with his hatch at 20 was not so tall as you at 10. The hand did not play all the time for these men, remember, my son. Destiny waits for you around the corner. I wish I could rule destiny, then I could guide you correctly. But I cannot do that. No cannot even bequeath my experience to you. You and destiny must fight the thing out. But bear this in mind: Whoever you become, whatever you may be, you will always be, you must needs always be, to me—my boy!

NEW RELIGIOUS CRUSADE. Herbert H. Booth, organizing another Evangelical Movement. Herbert H. Booth, who recently came to this country from England, having left the ranks of the Salvation Army, is about starting a new religious movement in the United States. During his association with his father in the conduct of the Salvation Army he has become a commander of the army in Canada and then in Australia. It was once intended that he would succeed Ballington Booth in the command of the forces in America. Now both he and the latter are seen in the ranks of the Salvation Army. In view of the fact that Herbert has left the ranks of the Salvation Army, which may possibly supplant the army altogether.

He proposes to combine in a new form religion and art and to continue the old army practice of carrying religion to the homes of the people. For this end he and his wife will shortly commence a tour of the entire country, when, armed with lantern and slides illustrating the struggles and trials of early Christians, they hope to achieve success in localities where older methods have perpetually failed.

The first series will consist of illustrations to a lecture entitled "Soldiers of the Cross," and will deal with the very early days when services were held underground in the catacombs, the kings and emperors united in a futile effort to stay the spread of the new doctrine.

Later other subjects will be taken, but always the idea will be the same, history, religion and art united under one roof and with one exponent.

The Wit of General Grant. In a recently published life of General Grant the author gives several anecdotes connected with his "old boy," these two being refreshingly smart.

The General was not an admirer of Mr. Sumner, and when one said, "Mr. Sumner does not believe in the Bible," Grant said, "No, I suppose not; he didn't read it."

Attracted by horse driven by a butcher, he purchased the animal at a cost of five hundred dollars, and invited Senator Conkling to a drive behind it. The Senator criticised the animal, and said, "I think I should prefer the money for the horse." That is what the butcher thought, said General Grant.

Speed of the Swallow. It has often been said that sixty miles an hour was the utmost rate at which a swallow could fly. Recent experiments between Compaigne and Antwerp prove that a swallow in a hurry can cover 128 1/2 miles in an hour.

Place of Real Rest. Briggs—What's your idea of heaven? Griggs—Well, it's the way a man feels the first three days after he is home from a summer vacation.—Life.

A man may be able to argue with a woman, but it never does any good.

GREAT WATERWAY.

Undertaking Which Will Transform the Mississippi.

FOR DEEP-SEA BOATS.

Ultimate Result of the Suspendous Work the Government Has in Hand.

Many Millions to Be Expended in Making the Mississippi the Grandest Water Passage in the World—Obstructions to Be Removed and Channels to Be Changed—Banks, Protection and Establishment of Adequate Levee Systems—Effect on Trade.

The Mississippi River, "Father of Waters," from its source to its mouth traverses 13 degrees latitude, is along the lowest line and through the most fertile belt of the United States. There is the vast alluvial strip from the mouth of the Ohio to the Gulf, several times the area of that great valley of the Nile which has played such an important part in the world's history. Back of this strip, to the west, in Southern Missouri, Arkansas and Northern Louisiana, is a great resourceful land in almost virgin condition, and having a climate as favorable as that of Northern Italy. To the east are the partially developed areas of Illinois, Ken-

tucky, Tennessee and Mississippi. To the westward again are almost limitless areas of undeveloped and unexplored forests, where conditions would be most favorable to the production of all the crops of the middle latitudes. Beginning at the Gulf, at the south, first comes the natural home of rice and sugar cane; then the cotton belt of the future; and then the corn lands of the Middle West. The Mississippi's source is practically at the door of the cereal country of the North. Here also ores and fuels and building materials are cheaply assembled. This region might indeed under favorable circumstances become the dominant manufacturing center of the American continent.

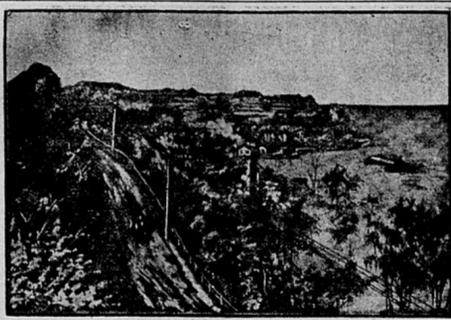
The mouth of the river at the Gulf is within easy reach of the Caribbean Sea, along whose shores are countries whose development has scarcely begun, while the isthmian Canal will in the near future open lines of commerce to new regions along the Pacific coast. All the great water courses, from the Rockies to the Alleghenies, and from the great lakes to the Gulf, are tributary to this noble stream, which thus becomes the

main artery of the continent. The effect of the new order of things is already seen, new steamboat lines between St. Louis and New Orleans being now organized, with others to come in the near future.

One has but to pass through a flood on the lower Mississippi to realize what adequate protection from the high waters of the river means to the dwellers of the States along its borders. While it is not expected that the overflow can ever be entirely prevented, it is certain that with the proper attention, much of the greater part of the damage can be averted. It is no exaggeration to say that the money loss which, from first to last, has come from Mississippi floods, will run up into hundreds of millions.

It need not be wondered that the people of the lower Mississippi, with those of the higher waters as well, for that matter, are thankfully regarding the work inaugurated by the government. The harnessing of the river means their salvation.

Methods of Work. Snags boats are essential features of channel making in the Mississippi. Snags have done more damage to river traffic than all other agencies combined. Snags are water-soaked logs and bunches of roots which come down in the floods and lie in the path of traffic, a constant menace to river boats,



MISSISSIPPI RIVER SCENE—THE BLUFFS AT NATCHEZ.

engineers produced by this country believe. They are working enthusiastically with the idea of "making good," and are sanguine that the work of the ensuing four years, which is the time limit set by the Government, will be as fruitful of results as shall satisfy the most hopeful. In 1906, there will not be a "crossing" shallower than eight feet, all the way from the Gulf to St. Paul. What this means can now be realized only by those who are familiar with the Mississippi and its workings. It can then be seen by all, for with a channel of eight to many times eight feet, river traffic will be a sight worth seeing.

In four years, however, it is practically certain that vessels of medium draft will be able to come up as far as St. Louis. To get a minimum depth of ten feet, the estimated cost is \$55,000,000.

The construction of Mississippi boats is such that it is comparatively easy for a snag to pierce their bottoms. Snags are removed with vessels constructed for the purpose. They are hoisted out of the water and cut up with steam saws. An accompanying picture shows how it is done.

Conductor Was Witty. The street car conductor with a talent for repartee of the neat and polished order is rare, and note should be made of him when found. A dissatisfied passenger found one out in the neighborhood of Bronx park last week, when two women who had been trying to get to the zoological show complained of the difficulty they had had in eliciting any information about its whereabouts.

"Yes, madam," the dissatisfied man said sympathetically, "I can't help sympathizing with you, but the fact is, I don't believe these conductors know the difference between botanical gardens and zoological. I doubt if any of them could even tell a monkey from a man."

"Please," pleaded the conductor, interrupting the conversation just at that point, according to the New York Times. "Fare, please. None of our business what you are so long as you pay your fare. Two, ma'am!"

Not the Same Thing. Sir Henry Irving's dresser at the Lyceum Theater is a young man who was recommended for the position by Clarkson, the wig-maker for the theatrical world of London.

Soon after his engagement, says the London News, Clarkson noticed that he did not get as many orders for wigs from Sir Henry as he formerly did, and he began to wonder what the young man had done to lose his business. He went to do with it. One day, seeing him going by his shop with a bandbox, he called him in.

"So you are making Sir Henry's wigs, are you?" he asked sharply. "Yes, sir, sometimes."

"I suppose you have one in there now," pointing to the box. "Let me see it."

The wig was produced. "So you call that a wig, do you?" sneered the irritated wig-maker. "Do you mean to tell me that you believe that thing looks like a wig?"

"No, sir, I don't!" retorted the nettled servant. "I mean to say it looks like the hair of the 'uman head.'"

The Cycling "Scorchers." Whence does the "Scorchers" derive his disheveled name? asks a writer in the Chronicle. A recently published Platonic Dialogue on bicycling suggests a resemblance to the squirrel with its rapid motion and the clutch of its fore-paws—and the Greek squirrel called himself "skourous." Hence "skourous" or "scorchers." This need not be taken very seriously, for neither the average scorchers nor the policeman who tries to arrest him is familiar with Greek. Webster notices the word, but shrinks the origin. To "scorch," he says, is to "ride very rapidly, especially on a bicycle." After all it is probably only an extension of the common phrase—"the pace was hot."

Princess Takes to Fishing. Princess Victoria Louise, the German Emperor's only daughter, who is in her tenth year, has taken to fishing during her holidays at Godden. Her brother, Prince Joachim, who is eleven and a half, was allowed to go out duck-shooting, and managed to secure a very fair bag from a boat among the reeds that fringe the banks of the so-called "duck pond" on the estate.

A man's wealth isn't known by the taxes he pays.

Creating a Wrong Impression. A violent rise in stocks showed that Wall Street speculators and professional syndicates appreciated Secretary Shaw's unprecedented measures for a further expansion of credits. Sobersided bankers and business men view the Secretary's novel action with doubts as to their legality and their efficiency in practice. If Secretary Shaw knew of any emergency calling for such action the public certainly is aware of none, and the whole proceeding is calculated to give foreigners an exaggerated idea of the arbitrary powers of the Secretary rather than reassure them of the safety and stability of our financial policy.—New York Herald.

Work of the New Congress. The realization of the Democratic platform depends absolutely upon the election of Democratic members of Congress. Only through Democratic Congressmen can the anthracite coal question be permanently settled. On the United States Representatives, to be elected this fall, depends the real work of the Democratic party. The trust and the election of every trust which abuses the power of organization with the aid of tariff or through railroad monopoly can be attacked successfully only through the Congress of the United States.

It is with Congress that the trusts must reckon. It is the elected Congressmen that most interests the trusts at this moment. It is in hope of electing Republican Congressmen to perpetuate the present trust paradise that the President has been stumping the country. It is to the Republican Congressmen that the trusts will most willingly devote their resources in this coming campaign.

The election of Democratic Congressmen this year can alone give reality to the ideas which the Democratic platform expresses. What is the election of Democratic Congressmen an acknowledgment of the tariff-fortified serenity of the trusts.

Congress alone can make effective the demands of the Democrats. It is the duty of those who feel that the people should govern the country to vote for Democratic members of Congress and bring the coal trust, the beef trust and the other pirate trusts within reach of the people.—Chicago American.

Theory vs. Practice. A rather curious phrase in Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Logansport was the following: "Our tariff policy is designed to favor the interests of the nation as a whole, and not those of any particular set of individuals save as an incident to their building up of national well-being."

Theoretically that may have been the purpose of the tariff, but in practical working it has been designed to favor the interests of a particular set of individuals, and not those of the nation as a whole except as an incident to the building up of individual fortunes.

One of the sections of the tariff which promises to build up the fortunes of a great many of the individuals of the nation as a whole, is that which protects the sugar growers from the competition of the great trust-owned plantations of Cuba and the Philippines, which are operated by a few individuals. Yet that identical section of the tariff in the one case Mr. Roosevelt has singled out as the subject of an urgent message to Congress urging its emancipation. As Mr. Roosevelt said on another occasion, and as many others said before him, "Actions speak louder than words." The part of the tariff which helps the farmer, and which the sugar trust would like to have removed, is made the object of attack, while the parts of it which fatten trust profits at the expense of the people are to be guarded, "so that business interests shall not be disturbed."

Apathy in Illinois. Republican voters of Illinois are greatly troubled over the apathy displayed by the rank and file of their party. Meetings are held in the usual way with all of the ordinary attractions, but the working is small and lifeless. What can be the explanation? A disinterested outsider might suggest the idea that when a political party once adopts the prize-package theory it must not only continue the practice, but it must constantly increase the number and the value of the gifts which it dispenses.

The Republican campaign was opened with a sort of lottery and grab-bag vaudeville. The faithful are simply awaiting the next largess.—Chicago Chronicle.

Taking a Brutal Advantage. There is no more reason why the price of soft coal should be \$8.50 a ton to-day than there was before the anthracite strike began, when it was \$2.50 a ton. Wages of soft coal miners have not been increased. Transportation to tide-water or to the West costs no more. More soft coal is being mined than before, and there is practically no limit to the amount that can be transported. The simple truth is that a base advantage is being taken by the soft coal trust to swindle the people by extorting over three times the ordinary price from them.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Industrial Progress at the South. The record of the industrial progress of the South grows larger and more satisfying every week. New mills, foundries, factories and crafts are being built and operated—and yet all men say we are but in the infancy of our growth in those matters. The industrial South will soon become a forceful factor in the national field of production and competition, and in the day her influence upon national policies will be even as in the days of old, when her statesmen were leaders and her verdicts were irresistible.—Atlanta Constitution.

Willing to Pay the Cost. The only inference to be drawn from the attitude of the coal operators is that they weighed the cost of defeating the miners and were willing to pay it. Willing to pay it because the cost doesn't come out of their pockets, for the cost will be in blood, in health, in human misery, in life itself. And the responsible authors won't have to compensate for all that in this world even if they do in the next.—Toledo Bee.

Novel Barber's Sign. "If you can't raise 10 cents, raise whiskers." is a sign in a barber shop in a certain Indiana town.

When you feel discouraged, smoke up and blaze away.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

High-Tariff Prosperity. The United States and Canada are two great countries with a border line 3,000 miles long. Naturally it might be supposed that an economic system that would benefit one would also benefit the other. Such, however, does not appear to be the case, if the statements in charge are to be believed.

The Republicans who are "it" in the management of our trust ridden government are perfectly certain that the prosperity which they talk so much about (to make sure that we have it) is due to our high protection policy, inaugurated five years ago. Canada lowered her tariff duties about the time we raised ours, and the statements are now crediting their prosperity to these lower duties. The Toronto Globe says:

"If under any scale of duties the industries of a country are prospering, higher duties cannot be justified even on grounds of expediency. The trust and every trust which abuses the power of organization with the aid of tariff or through railroad monopoly can be attacked successfully only through the Congress of the United States.

It is with Congress that the trusts must reckon. It is the elected Congressmen that most interests the trusts at this moment. It is in hope of electing Republican Congressmen to perpetuate the present trust paradise that the President has been stumping the country. It is to the Republican Congressmen that the trusts will most willingly devote their resources in this coming campaign.

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JOLLY JOKER.

Fat—Did they shake hands when they met? Mike—No; they shook their fists.

"Have they been in society long?" "Only about a week." "How's that?" "Before that they called their chef a cook."

"He has a picture of his sweetheart inside his watch." "Indeed! Well, he looks so happy lately, I thought there must be a woman in the case."

Church—I see the definition of a gentleman is who never gives pain. Gotham—I don't suppose my dentist would like it if I told him that.

Invalid—I understand it is quite dry out here. Broncho William—Dry I fly, stranger, it's so dry here that the rain is wet only on one side.

"So the engagement's off?" "Yes; she advised him to practice economy, and he started by getting her a diamond diamond."—Detroit Free Press.

Wife—Really, she's the worst gossip in the neighborhood. Why, I heard this morning that she— Husband—Come, now, don't try to beat her at her own game!

A Common Variety: Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it hardest to cure? Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—Judge.

"Were you much embarrassed when he kissed you?" "No, I was frightened, though." "How so?" "I told him to stop, and for a moment I thought he was going to."

Beetee—"Pshaw! I must have \$20 by noon to-day, and I left all my money at home in another envelope. Can't you help me out? Wiceman—Sure! I'll lend you carfare to go home for it.

"What care I for gold or silver?" said the proud beauty. "Your sentiments are eminently practical," answered Miss Cayenne. "Get some steel or copper stock and the gold and silver will take care of themselves."

Summer Hotel Proprietor (proudly)—Nearly all my waiters are college men who are working their way through college. Guest—Well, judging by the way they work your guests, they'll all be graduated with honors.

The Status—Marie—"I have an engagement with Cholly, and I don't know how to get out of it." Helen—"Haven't you any reason for breaking it?" Marie—"Yes, I have a reason—Cholly is the reason—but I want an excuse."—Puck.

"Is there any profit in selling postage stamps?" inquired the man in search of information. "Not directly," replied the druggist; "but it gets people into the habit of going to the drug store, and after that it's just beginning mine."

Mrs. Goodsole—Why, Johnny, are you just going home now? Your mother's been looking for you all afternoon. Johnny—Yes, I know. Mrs. Goodsole—"Just think how worried she must be. Johnny—Oh, she's near the end of her will power."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Newell, examining the window-sash. "Something has been gnawing at this woodwork." "Yes; I noticed that," replied her husband. "A little dormouse, perhaps; there are lots of them around." "A dormouse? But this is on the window-sash!"

"I'm so Disinterested: Biggs—I had no idea old Graspit was a philanthropist until I saw him circulating a petition yesterday for the purpose of raising money to enable a poor widow to pay her rent. Biggs—Oh, Graspit's all right. He's a very good fellow. The poor widow lives in—Chicago News.

A certain Dyersburg woman assured her husband she never told him a lie and never would. He told her he didn't doubt it, but would hereafter cut a notch in the piano when he knew she deceived him. "No, you won't!" she screamed. "I'm not going to have my piano all ruined!"—Tennessee State Gazette.

Examining a class of children, a patriarchal gentleman asked for the names of some of the islands near England. There was a dead silence, and to help the scholars—himself thinking of the 150 or so islands—said "Not a word, my boy." "Can you think of any places where no women are allowed, only men?" Instantly a girl held up her hand: "Please, sir, the Scilly Isles."

Wearly Willie and his friend Frowsy strolling along the seashore stop before a sign reading: "Notice! Dangerous. Wearly Willie—here, Frowsy; dere's the true blue—spirit for yer. I don't know got da feller Quicksands is, but he's got da right idea yer 'tings an' bin' the afraid to say so, an' he's wuz here 'd talk of me hat to him!"—Leslie's Weekly.

The front-door bell rang furiously. A head adorned with shaggy and unmanageable whiskers was thrust out of the chamber window, and a voice that fit the beard and hair, "Who is it?" "Oh, it's Mr. Higgins," said the little voice from the shade of the doorway below. "Yes." "Please come to No. 41 High street just as quick as you can, and bring your instruments." "I ain't no doctor; I'm a carpenter." Dr. Higgins lives two doors below. The window was coming down with a slam when "Please, sir," said the little voice, "it's you we want. Pa and ma is shut up in the foldin' bed, and we can't get 'em out."—Chicago Journal.

A View of the World. It is true that the gentle old soul who stands out in soft relief below lived in the seventeenth century, but the charm of simplicity and enthusiasm cannot be outworn by time.

She lived in the Peak country of Devonshire, England, and had never been out of her native village till somebody took her to the town of Bath. One of the hills which rise above Bath is called the hills which rise above Bath. The hills which rise above Bath. The hills which rise above Bath. The hills which rise above Bath.

Chumpley—Hello! My party must be making money. Stuckup—Sir? Chumpley—My friend Kidder told me you had quite a large party at your house on Sunday for dinner.

Stuckup—(Cecily)—My niece, Miss Plumpley, did us the honor to dine with us that day.—Philadelphia Press.

Express agents say that they never delivered a collect package without the receiver saying that the charge should have been paid at the end.