

"BILL"

He wasn't purty—nary bit; the wrinklin' hand o' Time Had written strange devices in the tan and powder grime;

But prospectin' his character, there'd crop out everywhere Rich streaks o' golden places that you'd never dreamed was there.

And, spite of all his homeliness, somehow his rugged face Jest seemed to brace a feller up and give 'im savin' grace.

When times was hard and grub was high an' the colors far between, And into the starvin' miner's life there widened the streak o' lead!

There widened the streak o' poverty when all o' the world was blue; When above an' pan were red with rust, with nothing at all to do;

I don't jest save the why o' it—and I reckon I never will be rid o' it. That I somehow tried to appreciate the worth o' my pardner, Bill.

It's shorely hard to understand the ways o' the world in this muddled, For we grow indiffer'nt-like to gold, the more o' the stuff we find.

'Twas so with me; I'd lived so long with old Bill that I stretched and yawned. That I never jest knew the worth o' him till my pardner up an' died.

"Good-by, old man!" he says, says he, a-lookin' toward the skies, The light o' new discovery a-shinin' in his eyes.

"I see across the great divide, an' like a golden flame. I catch the gleam an' glitter o' my everlasting claim!"

An' then he died—my pardner Bill! There wasn't no better Bill! An' I know he washes gravel on the overminin' hills—

The golden and the Stream o' Life— a hundred to the pan! For the Lord won't play him low down, 'cause my pardner was a man!

For fifty year o' storm an' sun Bill's blanket has been mine; And his friendship never broke a strand, though it stretched from '46.

He loved me, which the same is mighty comfort to me, For I know my pardner's grub-staked for a long time!

—San Francisco Bulletin.

ASK AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN

THEE, dear," said Bessie Brown, with proud eyes, "my mother, Phillip Estes Brown, from South Africa."

Lieut. Phil bent over the dainty hand of his sister's chum, mentally contrasting her radiant fairness with the sun-burnt faces of the Boer ladies, his principal feminine society for two long years.

"I am pleased to meet you," he said, simply. "Bessie has often written of you. I can't express how glad I am to be shaking hands with a genuine English girl again after so many months of desolation."

"And I look like Mackay, with charming serenity, 'Am glad to meet one who has given up home and business to uphold his country's flag. My father fought for it in the Crimea. Bessie told me," she continued, when the three had adjourned to the veranda, "that you received your wound in saving one of your men. Would you would mind telling me about it?"

"There isn't much to tell," said Phil, with an embarrassed laugh. "Bessie" with a fond glance at his sister—"has constructed quite a good piece out of it, with me for the principal character; but it was the other fellow who was the hero."

"We ran into an ambush about a dozen miles from camp—twenty of us; myself, the only officer, in command—and only by the greatest good fortune escaped annihilation. But we managed to reach cover with only half a dozen wounded."

"It was a sort of natural pocket in the rocks, a regular little citadel; and while the enemy couldn't rush out of it, we couldn't get out either, for we were completely surrounded, and they numbered ten to one."



Dark-Room Window.—A correspondent asks for a coating for the glass with which he is to glaze his dark-room window. I do not approve of the use of daylight as an illuminant in developing—it is too variable. Besides, almost any coloring matter will lose its value to some extent if exposed to strong daylight for months. With this protest made, I would suggest that my correspondent coat each side of his glass with a solution of gelatine, coloring one solution with erythrosin and the other with orange G, aniline colors. The first will absorb the green and the latter the blue and violet rays. The gelatine films should be protected with a good coat of varnish. Old negatives may be utilized by removing the image with a reducer and then staining the film with a solution of the dye.—Western Camera Notes.

Importance of Margins.—One often notices in portrait work, even among the specimens of those photographers who ought to know better, a defect which is either the result of carelessness or of ignorance. What I refer to is the arrangement of the general position of the head on the finished print. In the case of vignettes, for instance, a person, on looking at the portrait, instinctively determines to himself whether the portrait is that of a tall or a short person. But to know how foolish it is to guess the height of any one from a vignette, it would be safe to say that if a cabinet vignette were printed of the biggest giant in the kingdom, and a couple of inches margin were allowed above the head, a stranger would almost certainly judge him to be a short, stout dwarf; and the reverse holds good, in that a short person, whose head in a portrait was printed close to the upper margin, would carry an idea of tallness. But there is something else in portrait margins apart from this. We know there is nothing of special interest above the head—er, perhaps, to allow for feminine interest in the necktie, but we know that below the shoulders there must be the rest of the body, although it is vignette away; and it only seems in the fitness of things, as strengthening suggestiveness, that there should be more space below the portrait than above. The importance of correct and intelligent spacing in portraiture, once grasped, means a good step forward.—Photo-Artist.

about sixty acres in extent. Here the farmer of the college grows hay and corn for nearly a score of cows and keeps a walled garden in which are grown fresh vegetables for the table. The whole arrangement smacks of the medieval monastery, says the New York Times, only the clergy do not work the glebe, whereas St. John's is the only college in New York city that in part supplies its own table from its own land. The score of cows do not give enough milk for the needs of the college and the products of the garden must be supplemented from the markets, but the whole situation serves to recall a time when St. John's was really in the country, when the great, ugly town had not penetrated the grounds and the smiling glebe lands actually produced enough to feed both teachers and pupils.

The long row of farm buildings and especially the old-fashioned barn with its dependent cowsheds bespeak the earlier conditions. A long, narrow farm lane lined with giant elms leads eastward to the rear beds of the glebe and still looks as it must have looked when the glebe was yet unspoiled country. The farmer lives in one of the row of farm buildings, and the strange impertinence of a child's cart in the college garden indicates the presence of the lay element.

Oddly mixed with farming implements are old desks and chairs from the school-room, and old furniture of various kinds from the lodgings of the teachers and students, while priests in long robe and biretta occasionally take their constitutional along the farm lane in the wake of the farmer and his laborers.

How long St. John's can maintain its old farming traditions nobody can tell, but the time must come when it will no longer be profitable to keep the glebe under cultivation. The yearly growing beauty of Bronx park is constantly adding to the value of the glebe, and the development of the whole region round about it is contributing to the same thing. Already the entrance of the elevated railroad to the campus, and the park has taken a considerable slice off the fine old college campus, and some years ago the college authorities leveled a bit of the ground to the north of the campus proper, as if in anticipation of a time when the campus might be extended in that direction. The time will surely come when the glebe will be further narrowed by the sale of portions not needed for ordinary college purposes, and the farm will be merely a tradition.

CANNON TELLS A STORY. Congressman Cannon has a Great Fund of Anecdotes—His Tariff Views. Congressman Taylor of Ohio, while expressing his admiration for Congressman Cannon of Illinois, who is to become speaker of the new house of representatives, said, the New York Times writes:

"Cannon has the greatest fund of homely anecdotes to illustrate points of any man I ever knew. At a banquet in Washington, where the contest for the speakership was referred to in a humorous way by a number of his speakers, Mr. Cannon was called upon to speak.

"I must confess," he said, "to have experienced considerable embarrassment during the contest for the speakership. One of the Democratic papers of Chicago, with the idea of stirring up trouble, was demanding in its editorial columns every day to know what

the last census gave the value of poultry raised in the United States during the year 1899 as \$134,891,577, of eggs produced in the same year, \$144,286,158.

One of them in Hard Luck. Jones—"This talk about Friday being unlucky is all nonsense. My wife accepted me on a Friday.

Smith—"But how about your wife?—Judge.

Not Such a Fool as He Looks. "Did you tell your father that the lady loved you for yourself alone?" "Yes," and he said you must be smarter than you looked if you could like that."—Tit-Bits.

The flower of the family isn't always college bred.

ABOLISHING THE QUEUE. Dr. L. W. Littig, who resigned his professorship at the State University at the close of the last year, has been engaged to lecture on nervous diseases at the university.

Thomas McCracken, a pioneer of Taylor County, was recently killed at Bedford by falling from a load of hay. His neck was broken.

The remains of Burton Tedrow, who disappeared from Burlington, were found in the Mississippi. It is supposed he committed suicide.

The proposition to buy and operate the hospital in that place has been abandoned by Ottumwa, the city being already beyond the debt limit.

The Illinois central contemplates changing the runs of its trains to have them end from Dubuque and Council Bluffs at Waterloo instead of Fort Dodge.

Lavace Carceran, who was for forty years a pressman in the office of the Dubuque Telegraph, has just died at Dubuque, Wis., aged 83 years.

O. J. Lawhorn, aged 35, of Lamont, is dead of lockjaw. He contracted the typhoid habit on July 4. His wife will receive \$6,000 life insurance.

THE STATE OF IOWA.

OCCURRENCES DURING THE PAST WEEK.

Assessments Raised All Around.—The amount of Taxes Collected During Bimonthly Term Runaway Results Fatally—Cow Throws Train Off Track.

The executive council, after a three weeks' session, has completed its work as a State board of review and assessing board. The State levy is fixed at \$3,000,000. The railroad assessment, fixable value, is increased from \$1,307,960 to \$96,537,297. While there has been this large apparent increase, the railroads have little more than kept pace with other property, as the present assessment on farm lands alone is 17 per cent greater than it was in 1901, when the last general real estate assessment was made.

The present assessment of railroad property is 20 per cent above the assessment of 1901 and a little over 10 per cent above the assessment of 1900. An equalizing board the council was confronted with wide discrepancies in the assessments on farm lands in the different counties. For the first time on record the council did some real equalizing, though it made but little change in the aggregate real estate assessment as returned by the county auditors. Some of the counties had some real equalizing, 10 per cent, while others were cut down as much as 11 per cent. The valuations in but seven counties were left unchanged.

Taxes Collected in Bimonthly Period. The receipts of the State of Iowa from the State of Iowa for the period ending June 30, 1903, amounted to \$177,856.50, as is shown by a table, prepared for the bimonthly report of Treasurer of State Gilbertson. There are some features of an unusual nature in the figures. The amount of general revenue June 30, 1903, was \$1,570,478.88, or more than \$400,000 in excess of the balance July 1, 1901.

A Dismal Runaway. A runaway occurred at West Branch when a team of mules, as Mr. and Mrs. Moses Perlestein were driving a one-horse wagon, the horse became frightened at an umbrella, and ran away, throwing the occupants out of the vehicle. Mrs. Perlestein received injuries from which she died an hour later, and her husband is in a precarious condition.

Train Derailed by Cow. Three men were killed, another is missing and a fifth was dangerously hurt in a freight wreck on the Wabash Railroad at Perry, Mo., on the 27th inst. The wrecked train was No. 71, north-bound, a local freight from St. Louis, Mo. While rounding a sharp curve at Perry, the engine struck a cow and was derailed, together with half a dozen freight cars, all of which were demolished.

Indians in a Fatal Fight. Ed Campbell, a half-breed Plowman, died of a fatal injury on June 27, at Council Bluffs. The victim was a young man named Print, who was shot by Campbell with a knife when Campbell grabbed an axe and sunk it into his pursuer's side.

State News in Brief. A Norwegian will build a \$6,000 church. It is planned to hold a county fair at Fort Dodge in September.

Howard Hix of Centerville is dead of lockjaw, caused, it is said, by a rat bite. Halsted of Gillette was severely burned by the explosion of a lamp.

The Davenport barbers' union have won their fight for closed shops on Sunday.

J. M. Newton has been appointed postmaster at Kasson, vice Wm. Birin, resigned.

Thieves robbed the office of Dentist Collins of Marshalltown of \$30 worth of gold.

A 14-year-old boy named Mowrey was drowned at Coon Rapids while trying to learn to swim.

It is rumored that Judge F. C. Platt of Ansonia will be a candidate for the federal bench at the next election.

The Dubuque Humane Society has purchased a painless death apparatus to be used in the execution of condemned criminals.

The annual picnic of the grocers and butchers of Council Bluffs was held at Missouri Valley. It was attended by thousands.

More than 15,000 Iowa farmers are served daily by telephone with weather reports emanating from the central office in Des Moines.

The wife of Eugene Marcum of Dubuque eloped with a negro, Felix Coleman, and they are supposed to be living in Chicago.

After Shenandoah merchants raised \$1,000 to launch a baseball team, the club has been forced to disband owing to lack of players.

Michael Townsend of Waterloo, for nine years an operator for the Illinois Central Railway, has been promoted to the position of train dispatcher at Fort Dodge.

Rev. Mr. Carlson, pastor of the Danish Baptist Church at Humboldt, is dead of lockjaw, the result of stepping on a nail, which penetrated both his shoe and his foot.

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Ottumwa wants a new and more modern hotel. Denison will have a street fair Sept. 2 to 5.

A Riverview cow is the proud mother of twins. The Pinkerton family has just had a reunion at Waterloo.

James King, born in Ireland in 1812, is dead at Ottumwa. Ceston Swedes have let the contract for a \$5,000 church.

Wright, near Charlton. Burglars looted the home of Fred Hopkins at Marshalltown. Blairtown Presbyterians will have a silver jubilee Aug. 18.

A good roads convention will be held at Gladys, Aug. 18. Lightning damaged the Dallas County court house to the extent of \$100.

The Burlington Railroad has promised to build a new depot at Mt. Pleasant. William Cowan, a telephone lineman, was drowned at Des Moines while in battle with a live wire.

Five Waterloo boys were fined \$5 and costs each for robbing Illinois Central cabooses. The census shows Keokuk to have 12,023 negroes, more than any other Iowa city.

Gus Carlson, a Des Moines miner, was instantly killed by the premature explosion of a blast. Polk County Socialists have secured a new platform for the next year's campaign this fall.

Mrs. A. H. Fox, the mother of Mrs. D. B. Henderson, is dead at Edwanda, Cal., aged 82. The new United Brethren Church at Gladys is under construction at a cost of \$10,000, has been dedicated.

A spring of mineral water has been found on the grounds of the Trappist monks at Dubuque. Rev. and Mrs. John Simpson of Keokuk will celebrate the sixty-first year of their wedded life.

Le Grand and Dunbar citizens are anxious to secure interurban connections with Marshalltown. A team valued at \$500 was accidentally killed near Muscatine by a runaway horse on the Muscatine and Dubuque.

The citizens of Drake are planning for a carnival in the near future. About \$250 has been subscribed. A runaway team of mules held a meeting to plan for reforms in the conduct of their establishments.

A stranger hired a team valued at \$900 from Frank Haynes, a Humboldt liverman, and failed to return it. It is not improbable that the Iowa monuments on the Sibley battlefield will be dedicated some time in November.

Seven more injunction suits have been filed against Ottumwa saloonkeepers charged with violating the anti-liquor law. The annual reunion of the Third Iowa cavalry will be held in Keokuk Oct. 7, 8 and 9, during the street fair there.

Des Moines is trying to secure the removal of Chicago of a factory that has been built on the site of the old Le Grand and Dunbar citizens are anxious to secure interurban connections with Marshalltown.

John T. Jones of Beacon, aged 40 and single, was instantly killed at Oskaloosa by a runaway horse. His body was taken to the Oskaloosa hospital.

At the Burlington butchers' annual picnic two tons of beef and mutton and 800 loaves of rye bread were eaten by the crowd in attendance. Arthur Hess of Iowa City, aged 15 years, was thrown by a horse named Tim, which was thrown by the horse stumbling and his collar bone broken.

Mrs. Thomas Lucid, who mysteriously disappeared from her home in Neola, was found in a cave and stream near there. Fool play is suspected. The sensational and salacious Bickley divorce case at Waterloo has been settled by Dr. Bickley paying his wife \$7,000 and taking a divorce.

The coroner's jury investigating the demise of Ben Ferris, the C. G. W. brakeman killed at Dubuque, returned a verdict of accidental death. Prof. A. M. Wood, former instructor in mathematics in the Burlington high school, has accepted a position in the Oak Park, Ill., high school.

"Trolley day" netted the Marshalltown Y. M. C. \$342.55. Lady conductors were employed on the trolley but not cars enough to supply the demand. Two-year-old Madeline Whitmore of Fairfield caught her hand in the pulley of a hayfork, and it was found necessary to amputate all the fingers but one.

The bill to give the treasurer of Davenport a salary of \$2,500 per year and the interest on the funds deposited in bank has been vetoed by Mayor Becker. Jesse Levi, a University of Chicago student, died of lockjaw at Dubuque, a graduate of the University of Chicago, a graduate of the University of Chicago, a graduate of the University of Chicago.

Amanda Anderson was found in a dying condition in a hotel in Des Moines. She was removed to a hospital, where she died. She literally starved herself to death. Over \$1,000 has been found in various places about her home.

H. W. Ackles shot and probably fatally wounded Isaac Allen and Jack Mahler at the Ackles home at Atlantic. The shooting followed a quarrel. Ackles was the young man, who was intoxicated and attacked him, whereupon he fired in self-defense. George Slies, who was with Allen and Mahler, escaped.

Attorney General Mullan has issued a ruling that the State Board of Health examiners cannot discriminate against non-residents in issuing permits to tinner-physicians. The wife of Eugene Marcum of Dubuque eloped with a negro, Felix Coleman, and they are supposed to be living in Chicago.

After Shenandoah merchants raised \$1,000 to launch a baseball team, the club has been forced to disband owing to lack of players.



House for Drying Sweet Corn. I have for several years been raising sweet corn under contract, and the accompanying illustration will convey some idea of my drying house. It is also my granary, the upper floor containing grain bins on one side. The lower floor and south side of the upper floor are arranged for sweet corn. The most essential part of drying sweet corn is to have a free circulation of air. Therefore I cut doors through as shown. These doors are on both sides and on the back. They are hung on hinges and can be opened and shut when needed. The sweet corn should be spread in layers; therefore we use racks made of 1 by 3 inch slats placed twenty inches apart, two feet apart, one above the other. If the corn is green and milky when husked it should be put on the racks very thin, not more than two or three cars in depth, and turned frequently, but if it is more matured and the kernels are glazed it

Testing for Plant Food. One of the simplest methods of ascertaining what plant food is needed in a soil is to test the soil with a growing plant. If the soil is deficient in nitrogen the leaves of grasses and cereals will be either bluish or yellowish, the latter in the case of the grain, while a deep, vivid green indicates a good supply of nitrogen in the soil. Any soil in which rape, cabbage and other members of the turnip family thrive indicates that such soil has a good supply of phosphoric acid. Where potash in the soil is abundant the leaves of the growing plants have a yellowish green cast, while if potash is deficient the shade of green is of a bluish color. Naturally it requires a practiced and observant eye to determine accurately these things, but the plan is correct and worth following.

The indication of sorrel in a meadow seeded to mixtures such as redtop, timothy and clovers, is a pretty good indication that the soil needs lime. However, the Illinois paper test for acid soil is the quickest and is thoroughly reliable.—Indianapolis News.

Value of Dry Earth. It is well known that fine, dry dirt is one of the best absorbents and disinfectants known. It is also plentiful and costs nothing but the labor of handling. It makes excellent bedding if covered over with a few inches of straw, and it really keeps the cows clean, even when used in the stalls without straw, as it is easily removed from the hair with a brush. A stall bedded with dry earth can be cleaned out in a much shorter time, and it absorbs the liquids and gases, quite a saving is effected in that manner. Its use goes beyond the stall. As the stable should be cleaned daily, quite a large quantity of dry earth will be used in the course of a year, and will necessarily be added to the manure heap. Although it adds nothing to the heap itself, yet its presence therein will double the value of the manure by preventing loss of fertilizing material. It is a better absorbent than any of the materials, and is easily handled when the manure is hauled to the fields.



Pruning an Orchard. I am opposed to the too common practice of trimming trees as high as a man's head, leaving the long, naked stem exposed to the ravages of insects and the damaging influence of the sun and winds. It is better to leave a branching near the ground dangers from these difficulties are lessened. It will grow faster and stronger and bear more fruit, which is more easily gathered. If watched closely when young and growing it will not be necessary to take off the outer limbs, or occasionally clipping of the ends of branches to give proper shape and removing twigs that cross or crowd each other is all that will be required for most trees. The tree is easily trained if the work is accomplished at the right time. Pruning should not be done.—E. B. Jones in American Agriculturist.

Oats for Pig Feeding. We have been feeding oats to pigs for the past few winters and consider it the best feed we have ever used. It is one of the best bone and muscle builders that I know of, says a correspondent in Success. Occasionally, like corn, it does not tend to produce fattening. As a feed for brood sows it is hard to beat. We plan to grind our oats with one-third cornmeal. Where possible we add to this skimmed milk, making a slop which is ideal in the production of growing pigs. Those farmers who have plenty of oats will find that they can be used as a hog food to an excellent advantage.

Cultivation of Trees. If you have old trees that have failed to give profitable crops of fruit, dig around the base of the tree and apply a good dressing of well-rotted stable manure and work thoroughly into the soil. Then, if you have them, apply a dressing of wood ashes. If these fail to revive the tree after giving a good dressing it is past redemption and should give way to something better. Good rich soil for three or four years can be profitably planted to some crop while the trees in the orchard are growing, but after that the best plan is either to seal down to clover, and use as a hog pasture, or to cultivate without allowing any crop to grow.

For Cankerworms. Secretary Goodman of the Missouri Horticultural Society has advised for cankerworms to spray the trees well with a Paris green mixture of one pound to 100 gallons of water to insure quick results. Thoroughly and then apply pounds of lime well slaked and thoroughly mixed to each fifty gallons of water. In spraying do it thoroughly, and usually one application will suffice. If not, make another as necessary.

A Remedy for Insect Pests. For worms on cabbage, lice on collards, curculio on plum trees, spray with old sour buttermilk. Keep the milk until it is a week old and use it freely. It is quick and sure death to bugs and worms and not at all hurtful to trees, plants or man, as some other remedies might be.—Southern Cultivator.

Start with Good Birds. A few extra good birds on the foundation stock is far better than twice the same number of ordinary ones. A good beginning is the "short cut" to success. Life is too short to breed from inferior birds. It may be cheap at the beginning, but expensive in the end.—American Poultry Advocate.

Poultry Notes. Stone drinking vessels are cooler than tin ones. A quart of feed for twelve hens is a good measurement. Tincture of iron is a good tonic to give during the hot weather.

Best mode of renovating old worn-out farms is to raise sheep on them. But in raising sheep the land should be divided into fields and some thing grown thereon, the crop only reaching a height sufficient for the use of the sheep. The animals should never be compelled to hunt for their food. No profit can be made on sheep, unless they receive care and assistance. With the production of wool, mutton and lamb, and the gradual enriching of the soil, the profit is sure in the end. Do not expect too much in one year, but keep on, and good results will surely follow.

Bees and Damages. The Supreme Court of Iowa has held, in the case of Parsons vs. Manser, 93 Northwestern Reporter, 86, that the owner of bees, who knows that they are prone to attack horses, if near them, is liable to one whose horses were stung to death by the bees while fastened to a hitching post.

Boast not, and the world knows not who you are; boast, and it displeases you for what you are.—Life.

She—Time will heal the wound I've made in your heart. He—Yes; but you'll be mad at me if it does.

"Wiggs says his new house has eighteen bath-rooms." "Must be a fine place! What does he call it?" "Plumber's Paradise.—Life.

"Railroad took off his leg." "Yes, and so presidential!" "Presidential?" "That's what. It was the leg with the rheumatism in it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

We prefer to live in a small town where all the people sympathize with you in front, and if you haven't any friends will hunt up some for you.—Formosa New Era.

"Has he had much success as an author?" "No. The publishers couldn't sell more than a hundred copies of his last book before it came out."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Jones is a conscientious fellow." "What makes you think so?" "I watched him play solitaire for two hours last night, and he never cheated once."—Brooklyn Life.

A Western paper refuses to publish eulogies gratis, but adds: "We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."—Rami's Horn.

"Why are you crying, dear?" "Oh, mother, last night I showed Henry the hammock that we first married in." "What did he do?" "He went over and kicked it."—Chicago News.

Young husband, to wife—Didn't I telegraph to you not to bring your mother with you? Young wife—I know; that is what she wants to see you about. She read the telegram!

"Oh, yes, it was the first time they had met, but he became real chummy at once." "Is that so?" "Yes, they discovered that they indulged the same breakfast food."—Philadelphia Press.

"Wise for his years: The mother—'Bobbie, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong?' Bobbie—'Yes, but I don't believe in conscience.'"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Host (pairing off his guests)—"Mr. Makinbrakes, you will please take Miss Gunnell out to dinner. Mr. Makinbrakes—'Certainly. But, great Scott, where don't you have dinner here in the house?'"—Chicago Tribune.

Most satisfactory results: Kingley—"You've been to these literary clubs and metaphysical things for two or three years now, and what does your culture amount to?" Mrs. Kingley—"Don't I know everybody?"—Town and Country.

Here is one candid author who tells the truth in his journal: "I generally take a run every day—but not for exercise. The butcher and the baker are either on my doorstep or ten yards behind me. That's why I run!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"My new play's sure to make a hit," said the eminent actress, "it gives me an opportunity to show twenty superb gowns." "Gorgeous! how many scenes do you appear in?" "Only five, but one of them's a scene at the dressmaker's."—Philadelphia Press.

"Well," you said the other day, tangling in our streets." "That's so," replied the Philadelphian, "clever scheme of yours." "What's that?" "To keep tearing your streets up so the grass can't grow."—Washington Star.

"I suppose your chances of winning the affection of Miss Gigg are good as the next fellow's?" "Oh, yes, you know! She loved Jim' very affectionately last night." "You don't say? Well, that's promising, isn't it?" "Hardly, considering that my name happens to be Tom."

The probabilities: "McGoosie, where are you going to spend the summer this year?" "I'm going to Europe, between a tour of Europe and a couple of weeks at my wife's uncle's farm, near Naperville—with the chances strong in favor of Naperville."—Chicago Tribune.

Farmer Hornhand (reading the market paper) "Why did you didn't have no more luck when he was a-buntin' down there in Mississippi?" Mrs. Hornhand—"Why, Sias?" Farmer Hornhand—"Haint you been a-readin' how th' bears is playin' smash with th' cotton crop?"—Baltimore American.

A woman's bargain: Mrs. Enpeck—"I think, Henry, that your daughter has made a very satisfactory marriage, and that she will succeed very well in the management of her husband." Henry Enpeck—"Why so?" Mrs. Enpeck—"I overheard her talking to him this morning, and she got him to agree to a proposition like this: 'If you will do as I want, I promise to do the same.'"—Baltimore American.

The doctor's wife went to the door. She and the woman next door were not on friendly terms, but the tramp didn't know that. He lady next door said, "Give me a piece of your good made pie, an' I'll t'ough." "I'm sorry," interrupted the doctor's wife, "but the doctor isn't at home just now. However, there's a physician in the next block, and if you hurry he may be able to give you relief before much harm is done."—Chicago Post.

Why She Feared Raw Eggs. A little girl who takes lessons in water colors from a young woman painter found her teacher beating up a raw egg preparatory to swallowing it. "Oh, how can you eat a raw egg?" the child exclaimed. "I couldn't." "Did you ever taste one?" she was asked.

"No." "Well, then, taste this," suggested her teacher. After she had taken a spoonful she was asked if she didn't like it and replied in the affirmative. "Let me fix you one then," said her teacher.

"Oh, no, please," said the child quickly. "I—why—aren't you afraid you'll hatch chickens?"



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