BY JES' LAUGHIN'.

It's curious what a sight o' good a little
thing will do;
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when
it begins ter brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced
to rankle when 'twas spoke,
By keepin' still an' treatin' it as if it
wuz a joke.
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with
smiles instead o' tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin' through
the shadows of the years
By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fail to note the possi-
bilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the
twinkle in yer eye;
It ain't so much whut's said thet hurts
ez what ye think lies hid;
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a
thing is did.
An' many a home's kep' happy an' con-
tented, day by day,
An' like as not a kingdom hez been res-
cued from decay
By jes' laughin'.
—Selected.

YOUNG ATHERLEY'S LUCK.

THE morning sun lay warm and clear after the rain of the night before, and young Atherley, as his horse loped easily along the wide range, sang aloud for very joy of light-heartedness. Out here, away from cities and crowds, how good life was.

The train was in, and Atherley hurried around the corner, then halted suddenly, dazzled by the vision which confronted him. On the lower steps of a car near the middle of the train stood a girl, her fair hair blowing in the wind, her hands full of pink roses, her eyes gazing straight into his. For a second neither moved. Then, as a voice from within called "Marion," the girl, with a quick flush, turned up the steps, and Atherley, stricken with the consciousness of his dusty "chaps," huge spurs and sombrero, slipped back. He had quite forgotten his letter. The engine gave a preliminary snort, the conductor yelled "All aboard!" but Atherley still stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the car wherein she had disappeared. As the slow length of train began to move the girl slipped back to the platform for a moment, and on the ground, almost at Atherley's feet, fell a pink rose. To spring forward, seize the flower, then swing aboard the last car as it passed was to Atherley but the work of another moment. Before he had fairly realized it he was on the train and speeding eastward as fast as steam could carry him.

Practical thought forced a way, and his first act was to take account of stock.

"Jim will take the horse back," he reasoned. "It's all right. Luckily, I have just about enough for my ticket to New York." Somehow he had decided that she lived in New York. "And as for meals. Well, who knows what may turn up?" with cheerful optimism.

At the next stop he sneaked forward to the smoking car and sat down to think things over. She was certainly a mighty pretty girl! Atherley, feeling for the rose hidden in his breast pocket, concluded that he would probably not regret his action.

"But I've got to get busy on the food question."

There were three or four other men in the car, the younger ones chatting together, and another, rather older, reading in a corner. All eyed him curiously, and Atherley had an inspiration. If he worked them right, amused them, told them queer experiences, they might supply him with food and drink, and as for cigars, well, he must husband those he had carefully. In pursuance of this idea he moved nearer, and soon held the group enthralled with his breezy frankness.

"So you really just jumped on the train and came," asked the older man at length, when Billy had grown aweary of his talk and moved away, "and for no other reason than that you wanted to see the world?" Atherley laughed rather shamefacedly.

"That's what I told those fellows. But I don't mind telling you the truth. It was—it was on account of a girl," he said, haltingly. The older man's lips twitched.

"A girl! How so?"

"I saw her on the car step," confessed Atherley. "And—and I liked her," he ended lamely, not even to himself did he care to mention the rose. "I wonder if you have seen her?" he added, eagerly. "She had on some kind kind of a blue skirt, with a white waist, and carried some roses. They called her 'Marion.'"

The older man started.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, "why, that's my daughter," unthinkingly. Then he stopped, rather annoyed. A young ranchman, no matter how charming and gentlemanly, was hardly a person to be presented to the carefully guarded Marion. But Atherley was too absorbed to notice the hesitation.

"Your daughter!" he cried. "Really your daughter, oh, I say, what luck! That will save me an awful lot of time and trouble. I expected the deuce of a job in locating her. Though I knew that I should do it in the end," he added confidently. "Do you mind telling me your name?"

"My name?" divided between indignation and mirth, "I am James Arbuthnot," he declared rather pompously. But Atherley was clearly unimpressed.

"Better and better," he cried. "I always was a lucky devil," joyously. The older man leaned back and stared at him.

"My dear young man," began he in his most formal manner, "I think we must understand each other. I certainly fail to see where the luck comes in." Atherley, starting in his turn, became suddenly enlightened.

"Of course. You mean that you don't know me," he cried. "Oh, that's all right," easily. "I've heard dad speak of you hundreds of times. I'm Billy Atherley, and I've just been out looking up some properties in the West."

The older man's brow cleared somehow.

"Not William H. Atherley's son?"

Atherley nodded.

"The same. So now won't you introduce me to your daughter?" wistfully. "It would save such a lot of time."

Arbuthnot, his gray eyes twinkling, looked at the young fellow quizzically.

"If you are much like your father, and I think you are, you would be hardly apt to wait long for my services," he remarked jocosely. "Come along, then. All I ask of you is please to get married before we reach New York." The tone strove to be stern, but young Atherley laughed happily.

"I make no promises," he declared with gay defiance. "Oh, here, hold on a moment," as a sudden recollection of his unmailed letter recurred to him. Pulling out the envelope, he tore it into fragments, letting the pieces float out of the open window.

"It was to say that I wasn't coming home," he explained. "I will telegraph from Chicago. Now if you are ready."
—San Francisco Call.

SHOOT BIG BEAR IN CAVE.

Three Hunters Have Lively Experience on Mount Hood.

Shootiong a 400-pound black bear in the darkness of a cave twenty feet in the side of Mount Hood was the experience last week of three Portland plumbers, says the Portland Oregonian, who have returned to the city with the pelt.

The hunters are Fred H. Schindler, Jesse S. Hayes and Roy C. Maxwell. It was three days out from Portland that the party stumbled upon the bear's den. Just after lunch they saw, behind a large rock, an opening about six feet deep. Maxwell dropped inside, the others following. A candle was lighted and fresh bear signs were discovered. After going in fifteen feet they found that the cave widened out and pitched downward. Hayes was in the lead.

By this time the hunters were in darkness, except for the flickering light of the candle. Hayes was sure he had heard a bear moving about, so the trio proceeded with fear and trembling. They had come all the way from Portland to hunt bear, but to steal along in the semi-darkness of the interior of Mount Hood was not on the program as arranged.

When the party had walked 300 feet from the entrance and were down in the earth at least 200 feet, at the same instant all three heard the sound of claws on the rocky floor and saw two green eyes glaring at them, the bear fearing to approach nearer to the light. Hayes fired instantly. The report was deafening, but as nitro-smokeless powder was used there was no suffocating smoke. There was a half-stifled roar from the bear, and the hair of each man went straight up. Fearing an onslaught, all fired a volley of three shots each and awaited developments on the part of bruin. But the bear was dead. Half the shots had been wasted.

Not only the pelt was secured, but twenty-five pounds of meat as well. Bear meat at this season, however, is almost useless for food. No attempt was made to explore the remainder of the cavern.

A Nightmareless Rarebit.

A bachelor whose skill at getting up dainty supper dishes assures him plenty of company in the evenings is responsible for a substitute for the Welsh rabbit that is free from nightmare. He covers lightly toasted bread with finely grated cheese and instead of slipping it in the oven places it beneath the flame of the gas broiler until the cheese has been toasted a light brown.

If a good cream cheese is used there is not the slightest suggestion of sogginess or greasiness, and even those to whom a rabbit means a night of troubled dreams may indulge in this with no fear of evil consequences.

The trick lies in the grating of the cheese. Broken into bits, it would melt into a pasty mass. Finely divided, each particle should be individually toasted before it has a chance to melt down, and in that state it is readily assimilated.—New York Press.

The Choice of a Wife.

A German professor selects a woman who can merely stew prunes not because stewing prunes and reading Proclus make a delightful harmony, but because he wants his prunes stewed for him and chooses to read Proclus by himself. A fullness of sympathy, a sharing of life with one another, is scarcely ever looked for except in a narrow, conventional sense. Men like to come home and find a blazing fire and a smiling face and an hour of relaxation. Their serious thoughts and earnest aims in life they keep on one side. And this is the carrying out of love and marriage almost everywhere in the world, and this the degrading of women by both.—From One of Mrs. Browning's Letters, 1846.

We are disposed to admit that every man has a right to have worthless days.

EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

EMPEROR MUTSHUHITO.

The Emperor of Japan, to whose genius is accredited the most remarkable victories achieved by his forces over the Russians, has come to the front as one of the famous rulers of the world. As the man who actually selected the officers that figured in the triumphs on land and sea, and who in a measure supervised the work of the war board at Tokio, his discernment and efficiency have been awarded unstinted praise. The Emperor's name is Mutshuhito, and his imperial title is Tenno, but the appellation by which he is called in relation to external affairs is "Kotei," a word of Chinese origin. Only foreigners, it is said, make use of the poetic title, Mikado. The Emperor was born at Kyoto, Nov. 3, 1852, and succeeded his father, Komeo Tenno, Feb. 13, 1867. The Japanese assert that their empire was founded by the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, in 660 B. C., and that the dynasty still reigns. The present ruler is said to be the one hundred and twenty-second in unbroken descent, and he is venerated by the common folk as a son of the gods. Many current sayings serve to perpetuate this reverence, such as "The Emperor has neither father nor mother," or "In heaven there is one sun; on earth there is one Emperor." The Emperor's wife is Princess Haruko, but she is childless, and the heir to the throne, Prince Yoshihito, is the son of a second wife. The Japanese law for royalty admits the choice of inferior wives, but, strange to say, prohibits polygamy.

THE SWEET VOICES OF SPRING.

—Cincinnati Post.

PTOMAINE POISON PUZZLES.

Beware of the Canned Goods When the Tin Edge Bulges Out.

Just what "ptomaine-poisoning" really is puzzles the average man, but he is not so puzzled that he proposes to risk it in order to solve the enigma. He is quite willing to wait until the medical sharps have drawn their deductions from the sufferings of others. "Ptomaine-poisoning" is very much like appendicitis—it is almost fashionable to have it. But the ptomaines can not be toyed with as can appendicitis. They always mean business, and there must be a hurry call for the doctor, when they make their presence known. Like appendicitis, too, they are charged with a great many things for which they are not responsible, and they have in the past escaped blame in cases where they deserved all the censure.

Some queer ideas are extant about ptomaines, one of the most widely spread being that they are created by the cans in which the majority of this workaday world finds most of its food. But one of the scientific gentlemen in the agricultural department will tell you, and perhaps with a superior air and some condescension, that that is just where you are most in error. In a very few minutes he can convince you that the only safe food to eat, as far as ptomaines are concerned, is canned food. Regard all others with suspicion. Of course, sometimes quite by accident, ptomaines are found in canned foods. But that is because they were in the food before it got into the can. Anyway, it is easy enough to avoid them if they are in the can. Cast your eye over the ends of the can. If they bulge, beware. If they sink in you are safe.

"But I thought canned goods were the main cause of ptomaine-poisoning?" you suggest.

"Nonsense!" is the reply. "No other form of food is safer. The reason is obvious. Canned goods are generally prepared from fresh material, used before there is opportunity for decomposition to reach the danger point, and they are further freed from danger of bacterial action by careful sterilization."

Food-poisoning may be caused in various ways, the most common causes being those of meat, sausage, fish milk and cheese poisoning, through bacterial actions producing ptomaines. These bacterial changes usually take place in the flesh before it is cured or cooked. During this time the bacteria, which act by attacking the nitrogenous portions of the food and breaking it up into other substances some of which are poisonous, complete their work so thoroughly that even the heat of an oven or frying pan is insufficient to destroy their newly acquired poisonous qualities. These changes take place with great rapidity and are almost impossible to detect in their first stages. Later the decomposition is accompanied by a characteristic taste or odor, but the food may have become dangerous before these telltale evidences are noticeable.

The remedy lies, said the professor, in stringent laws regulating the sale of any food product that is open to suspicion—and especially in removing from every creature that has been sacrificed to the human appetite the intestinal tract, where these dangerous organisms are found in greatest abundance. The passage of such laws based on the work of the bacteriological laboratories, has already marvelously reduced the number of reported cases of ptomaine-poisoning.—Washington Post.

DEBT WIPED OUT BY PELEE.

Evidence of Obligations Destroyed—Survivors of Eruption Prosper.

Rising out of the ashes and prospering beyond all thoughts of the possible at the time of ruin, is said to be the latest history of the people of the island of Martinique. The historian is American Consul Ayme, on leave of absence from his post in Brazil, says the Worcester Telegram. He was the only official United States representative on the island after the eruption of Mont Pelee a few years ago, when the city of St. Pierre was destroyed and nearly all its inhabitants killed in an hour.

He stopped at the island on his way home and looked into the conditions of its people. He was atsonished and he expressed his astonishment and at the same time explained how it was possible for the quick recovery to have taken place. He says that at the time of the eruption St. Pierre was the metropolis of the island and practically all the wealth was centered in the city. With the buildings of the city there was wiped out all the papers and evidence of indebtedness on the island, so that there was no evidence on which creditors or such of them as outlived the disaster could collect a debt of any kind.

All the people on the island outside of St. Pierre found that their debts had been wiped out by the terrors of the eruption, but the eruption did not destroy the large stores of specie and metallic wealth in the banks of the city and that fell into the hands of the living inhabitants of the island and made them rich in hundreds of cases where they had been poor. Therefore, they were much better off by means of the eruption and they have taken advantage of their opportunity to prosper and make the island bloom. Those who were killed by the volcano do not miss the wealth they left. It was better for the survivors than a national bankruptcy law.

Pay of Canadian Militia.

An order has been promulgated by the dominion government increasing the pay of the militia as follows: Colonels, from $4.86 to $5 a day; majors, $3.90 to $4 a day; captains, $2.80 to $3 a day; lieutenants, $1.58 to $2 a day; provisional lieutenants, $1.28 to $1.50 a day. Recruits will receive the first year 50 cents and if their conduct is good they will get 70 cents a day the second year. Privates will get 50 cents and if their conduct is good 90 cents the second year and the third year 90 cents and if their conduct is good $1 a day.

Latter-Day Banking.

Prospective Depositor—————?

Bank President—Perfectly safe, my dear sir; perfectly safe! Why, we haven't a trusted employe on the place! As soon as we find ourselves beginning to have confidence in one we discharge him on the spot.

Paying Old Scores.

"So she fell in love with the critic."

"No; she is just going to marry him to dictate what he shall say about the other actresses."—Illinois State Journal.

We suppose the slang expression, "Cut that out," originated with the doctors.

BEAUTY OF THE RHINE

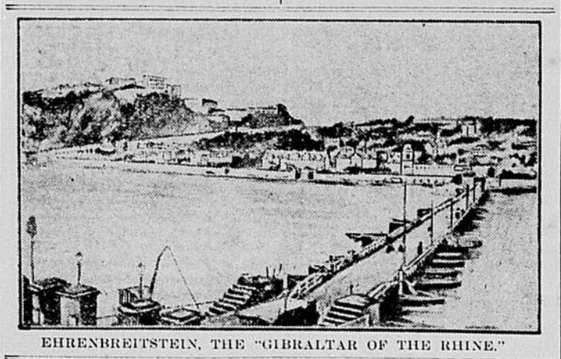
ROMANCE AND REALITY OF THE FAMOUS RIVER.

Belongs to Europe, but Its Legends Give It to the World—For Every Mile There Is a Song and for Every League a Story.

Nowhere on earth have romance and nature combined more successfully to charm the human soul than on the Rhine. Above the majestic stream the sky spreads like a canopy of perfect blue. The green slopes are broken here and there by towering rock and stately fortress and as one approaches any of the cities which dot its banks from Rotterdam to Lake Constance the mellow music of old cathedral chimes may fall upon the ear like a benediction in the hush of the eventide. To the beauties of nature man through many centuries has added what the art of the architect and the painter and the skill of the builder can give. The Rhine, stripped of its legends, would yet be one of the world's enchanting spots. When over it is cast the spell of mystery and legend which has come down from the early days and the real is invested with the supernatural there is brought to the mind that which captivates and enslaves.

Where nature, nor too somber, nor too
gay,
Wild, but not rude, awful yet not aus-
tere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to
the year.

From under the veil of mysticism which envelopes the river have been drawn the scenes which opera and the painter's canvas have made a part of the life of the world. Its tales are for the nursery and the stage. For every mile of the Rhine there is a song and for every league a story. Geographically it is the river of the Germans and the Dutch, of the Swiss and the French, but auctually it belongs to the whole world. It is part of its literature, its music and its art. The dragons which inhabit the Rhine have stared out of the pages of fiction at young and old. Their caves are scattered from Switzerland to the sea—some of them nameless; others clothed



EHRENBREITSTEIN, THE "GIBRALTAR OF THE RHINE."

in cognomens which have survived the years. It was of one of these that Byron sang:

The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters proudly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose fair white walls along them
shine.

And peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of
gray;
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round;
The haughtiest breast its wish might
bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear.

Cliff of the Dragons.

Drachenfels means cliff of the dragons and it is a mountain peak in Rhenish Prussia, near Bonn, and has an altitude of 1,506 feet. It rises

CLIFF OF THE DRAGONS.

abruptly from the river and its summit, crowned by a ruined castle, commands a beautiful view. According to a tradition this cliff was inhabited by Fafnir, who guarded the Rheingold. A single drop of his blood upon a man's tongue would make that man so acute of ear as to hear the tune to which the grass grows. He can also understand the language of birds and beasts. It was this monster whom Siegfried slew. He had committed many depredations and Siegfried, who was the St. George of Germany, resolved to put him out of the way. He hid himself in a trench over which the dragon had to pass to leave the cave. With his sword, which would cut as easily through iron as through paper, he stabbed the dragon from below and thus killed him. Another tradition differs from this. It says the dragon was worshiped by all the people for miles about before their conversion to Christianity, and that part of the tribute he exacted was a supply of girls. Among those offered him was a young Christian, who, when he crawled up to devour her, held up before her a crucifix she had concealed under her mantle. The monster was paralyzed at sight of it and fell from the rock into the Rhine and was drowned.

Roland and Hildegarde.

It was after the great defeat of Charlemagne's paladins at Roncevaux that one of the sadest events in the history of the Drachensfels occurred. The lord of the castle had a most beautiful daughter, Hildegarde, with whom Roland, while being entertained at the castle, fell in love. They were betrothed and happy until Roland was called away to drive back the invading Saracens. Those who trust only to French accounts of the battle think he was killed, and this French report reached the Lady Hildegarde at the time. Broken-hearted, she took the veil and entered the convent of Noennewerth, on an island in the Rhine, in sight of the Drachenfelds. She had made her final vows and had been covered with the black veil on the morning of the day when Roland, recovered from the desperate wounds which caused French historians to pronounce him dead, returned, expecting to marry her and carry her to the Emperor's court. When he found that she had taken the veil he built the "Roland Tower' overlooking the river and the island convent. Here he spent the rest of his life, attempting to find his betrothed among the veiled figures moving here and there in the court of the convent. After seeing the procession of nuns which buried Hildegarde he made his own last confession, asked to be buried with his face turned toward the cemetery of the convent, and so died.

In mediaeval days Drachenfels was occupied by barons, some of whom were crusaders.

Ehrenbreitstein.

The Ehrenbreitstein of reality is a strong fortress, the Gibraltar of the Rhine opposite Coblenz, with which it is connected by a bridge of boats. The citadel stands on a promontory which rises 400 feet above the water and is inaccessible on three sides, while on the other it is defended by a double entrenchment which was at one time considered impregnable. It has been a fortress from time immemorial, even when the Romans were in the country. The French tried many times to capture it and finally succeeded in 1799. It was retaken by the Prussians in 18 5, and General Aster restored what had been permitted to go to decay during years of peace. It was between the years mentioned that Byron wrote of it:

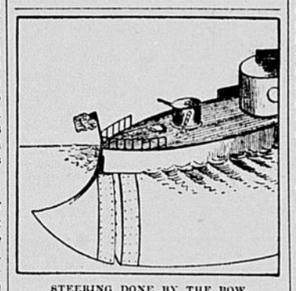
Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered
wall,
Black with the miner's blast, upon her
height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell
and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did
light.
A tower of victory, from which the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the
plain.
But Peace destroyed what War could
never blight
And laid those proud roofs bare to sum-
mer's rain,
On which the iron shower for years had
poured in vain.

Ehrenbreitstein has its legends. Upon the spot sacred now to engineers and gunmakers once stood the hermitage inhabited by Ritza, the granddaughter of Charlemagne. Disgusted with the court of her father, "Louis the Debonnair," she left the world and lived on the summit of the Ehrenbreitstein, spending her life in prayer and fasting, until she became so holy that she could walk across the Rhine to and from her hermitage without even wetting her feet. People came to Coblenz from far and near to see this miracle. Generally in walking on the water she held only a small willow in her hand and supported herself wholly by faith. Once, however, she carried a thick walking staff and was suddenly carried away by the impulse to use it in supporting herself. She began sinking immediately. When the waves rose around her she had the presence of mind to throw away the staff. After saying a prayer she found herself once more on the surface, with her power of walking on the water fully restored.

STEERS BY THE BOW.

The Boat's Course Laid from the Front of the Craft.

An Indiana man proposes to reverse the time-honored practice of steering boats from the stern by means of his



STEERING DONE BY THE BOW.

patented steering bow. His scheme is to build the hull proper in one piece, as at present, except that the forward portion is finished without the usual bow shape. This section is to be built separately and provided with a number of bearing recesses to receive pivot members in the hull plate, as well as overlapping plates to furnish a practically continuous smooth wave surface, so as not to increase the vessel's water resistance. The steering nose, or bow, is to be operated by means of steering ropes manipulated by any of the usual methods.

WORK FOR THE RAVENS.

VERESTCHAGIN PAINTING DESTROYED BY RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.

This remarkable picture by the great Russian painter has been destroyed by the Russian government because it tended to create a strong anti-war feeling. Nobody painted the horrors of war more vividly than Verestchagin, hence the irony of his fate, for he was blown to atoms on board the ill-fated Petropavlovsk when she went down at Port Arthur with Makaroff. The picture is entitled "Work for the Ravens." Copies of the picture are secretly circulated by the revolutionists all over the empire.

EFFECT OF POWDER ON GUNS.

More Powerful Kinds Damage Ordnance by Erosion or Burning.

A serious trouble that confronts the modern artillerists is the tendency of the smokeless powders that are now exclusively used to burn out the interior lining of the guns, particularly near the powder chamber. The powder itself is the cause of more or less anxiety because of its chemical instability. The erosion or burning out of the interior tube of the gun, which is in immediate contact with the powder gases, is due to the high pressure and intense heat of the gases.

At the instant a charge is fired a great volume of gas is generated and, being confined in the powder chamber by the projectile, its pressure rises to an enormous amount, which, in the case of the service charges in the United States guns, is as high as seventeen tons to the square inch. This is accompanied by a proportionate rise in the temperaturel of the gases.

If it were possible to look into the powder chambers at the instant of discharge it would be found to be at a dazzling white heat. As the projectile begins to move down the bore of the gun these white-hot gases rush out of the powder chamber and as they stream from the larger chamber into the smaller bore they literally melt the hardened steel surface of the bore, the process being probably assisted by some chemical reaction not yet thoroughly understood.

The gases, under the enormous pressure, quickly find out the very smallest way of escape past the base of the shell and they stream at an enormous velocity and still at a white heat through any such slight opening and melt the hard steel of the guns just as a stream of steam or hot water would cut its way through a block of ice.

British artillerists have had great trouble from erosion, because of the quality of powder which they use. The powder is known as cordite and the erosion is the price which the British pay for certain desirable qualities which are absent from other powders that do not cause so much erosion. Cordite consists of fifty-eight parts of nitroglycerin, thirty-seven parts of gun cotton and five parts vaseline, and it is responsible for the serious eroding effects. Bulk for bulk, the English powder is much more powerful than the United States navy powder.

WHAT REAL SELF CONTROL IS.

Not Merely Repression of Outward Expression of Wrong Feelings.

To most people self-control means the control of appearances and not the control of realities, says a writer in Leslie's Magazine. This is a radical mistake and must be corrected if we are to get a clear idea of self-control and if we are to make a fair start in acquiring it as a permanent habit.

If a man is ugly to me and I want to knock him down and refrain from doing so simply because it would not appear well and is not the habit of the people about me my desire to knock him down is still a part of myself and I have not controlled myself until I am absolutely free from that interior desire. So long as I am in hatred to another I am in boudage to my hatred; and if, for the sake of appearances, I do not act or speak from it, I am none the less at its mercy and it will find an outlet wherever it can do so without debasing me in the eyes of other men more willing than I am to be debased. My selfish desire to injure the man I hate is counterbalanced by my desire to stand well in the eyes of other men.

There can be no true self-control so long as either form of selfishness dominates my actions. The control of appearances is merely outward repression and a very common instance of this may be observed in the effort to control a laugh.

A Poet's Declining Years.

Swinburne, the poet, spends his declining years in tranquil pursuit of the simple life, although it is doubtful whether the book or the fad has ever disturbed his peaceful retreat. A friend says of him that he lives in possession of his needs. "Bounded on all sides by the best books, enjoying the close companionship of the truest friend ever given to a man of genius, and finding in a long walk at postman's pace a full satisfaction for the body's craving after exercise, he lives through the twilight of his days in a greater security and under the spell of a deeper peace than he knew in the boisterous dawn of his life."

Last of the Beecher Family.

Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, the only surviving member of the famous Beecher family, has celebrated her 83d birthday at her home in Hartford. She is the youngest daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher and sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. She was born in Litchfield, Conn. She was married in 1841 to John Hooker, for many years the reporter of the Supreme Court, who died Feb. 12, 1901. Mrs. Hooker has two children and six grandchildren, and has for many years been actively interested in woman suffrage.

A dealer always smokes cigars that don't sell.

FLASHES OF FUN

He—Would you rather be pretty or witty? She—Sir!—New York Sun.

The coal man should be brought to see the error of his weighs.—Philadelphia Record.

"Does Mr. Reuben Haybrick keep boarders?" "He takes 'em, but he don't keep 'em."—Chicago Chronicle.

Ella—He comes of good family, doesn't he? Stella—Yes, he's the only thing I know against it.—Town Topics.

Johnny—Pa, is it wrong to steal from a trust? Johnny's Pa—Don't let the question bother you, my son. It's impossible.—Cleveland Ledger.

Gourmand (after a table d'hote) Anything else, waiter? Waiter—One more peach, sir, and you'll 'ave eat the menu.—London Bystander.

"Dey ain't no sich thing ez gittin' married in heaven." "Course dey ain't. Don't de Bible tell you it's a place er peace en rest?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Mrs. Hatterson—I didn't see you at the lecture on "The Simple Life." Mrs. Cutterson—Why, no; I had no idea it was going to be such a swell affair.—Brooklyn Life.

Wife—It is so kind of you to put on my boots for me. Kneeling Husband (tugging away)—It's a—a—pleasure, my dear. Still, I'm glad you're not a centipede.—Pick-Me-Up.

Miss Riter—Could you use anything in your "Household Department" this week? Country Editor—Yes, we could handle a couple of dozen of fresh eggs nicely.—New York Times.

"What conclusion does that campaign orator reach in his argument?" "He never arrives at a conclusion. He merely stops now and then to take breath."—Washington Star.

Willie—Teacher told us to-day that there's a certain kind o' tree that grows out o' rocks. I can't remember what it was. His Pa—It's a family tree, I guess.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Irish lady declared to the magistrate that the defendant had stolen her hen. "How do you know it is your hen?" asked the Judge. "Know it!" cried the irate lady. "I have known that hen ever since it was an egg."

"You probably don't remember me," began the self-made man proudly, "but twenty years ago, when I was a poor, humble boy, you gave me a message to carry——" "Yes, yes," cried the busy man. "Where's the answer?"

"You are the first one to whom I have shown this poem," the young poet went on; "I was wooing the muse last night——" "Poor fellow!" replied the editor, handing back the manuscript. "It's too bad she rejected you."—Chicago Journal.

Hicks—How do you happen to be going fishing on Friday? I thought you believed Friday was an unlucky day. Wicks—Well, I always have. But it occurred to me this morning that perhaps it would be unlucky for the fish.—Somerville Journal.

"I'm afraid you're not wise," said the fair girl. "Why?" demanded the persistent suitor. "Because a word to the wise is sufficient, and I have said 'No!' to you." "Yes, but I'm wise enough to know that a woman's 'No' may eventually mean 'yes.'"—Philadelphia Press.

At the end of thirty years Hiram had accumulated a fortune. His wife and daughter were delighted. "For," said they, with becoming modesy, "we now not only have money enough to cut a splurge, but poor dear papa is too broken down to appear among the best people."—Life.

"It's so long since you last called upon me I was beginning to think you were forgetting me," said Miss Pechis, as she came down to the young man in the parlor. "I'm for getting you," replied the ardent youth, "and it's for getting you that I've called to-night. Can I have you?"—Kennebec Journal.

The passenger who had been holding himself up by a strap sat down in a seat that had just been vacated. "There is plenty of room, ma'am," he said to the pudgy, little matron sitting next. "Don't move." "We don't have to," she said, with a cheerful smile; "we own the house we live in."—Chicago Tribune.

"I tell ye what," asserted Old Man Spiggets, "that there painter feller is a fine artist." "What impressed you about his work?" "Well, ther' was a pictur he called 'The Rainstorm,' an' I swan, it was that nat'ral that I hadn't looked at it three minutes before my corns begin hurtin' me."—Cleveland Leader.

"Prosperity?" said Dr. Slighcem, the eminent surgeon. "There is altogether too much prosperity! It is killing business." "In what way?" asked the other. "Why, sir, almost anybody can afford to have appendicitis nowadays, and, in consequence, all of my best patients regard it as too common, and refuse to have it."—Chicago Tribune.

A gentleman who was in the habit of dining daily at a certain restaurant said to the waiter (an Irishman): "Instead of tipping you every day, Pat, I will give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the month." "Would you mind paying me in advance, sorr?" "Well! that is rather a strange request. However, if you are in want of some money now, here's half a crown for you, but did you mistrust me?" "Oh, no, sorr, but I am leaving here to-morrow."

Fault in the Manner.

It is the manner of the individual that hurts. Perhaps your coat tail may be spread out, and he sits on it, the beast! One in 2,000,000 would say, "Beg pardon," shove the tail politely toward its owner, and then sit. Then there is the matter of elbows. It makes no difference how closely you may scrouge into the corner, you are always suspected of hogging a little, and the stranger's elbows are in your short ribs. In a half empty car, what does the fool want to squeeze in beside you for? Just to show that he demands his rights? If a Christian, you will change your seat in a huff, scowl at the intruder, threaten him with a glance, and be miserable during the journey. And he will chuckle to himself.

His Compliment.

Fond Young Mother (with first-born).—Now, which of us do you think he is like?

Friend (judicially)—Well, of course, intelligence has not really dawned in his countenance yet, but he's wonderfully like both of you.—Punch.

A gossip's specialty is the making of unhappy homes.