## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful, in giving names and dates, to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

### SMITHY SONG.

When I am half a-dreaming,
And only half asleep;
When daylight's grayest gleaming
'Gins through the blinds to peep,
Oh, then I hear the dinging,
Of the smithy hammers ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.

At eve when I'm returning,
From labors of the day,
Their forges yet are burning,
And still their hammers play;
And oft the smiths are singing,
To that measured, merry ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.

Often with rhythmic bending
Of bodies to and fro,
They toil in couples, sending
The sparks out, blow on blow;
One hammer always swinging,
The while the other's ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.

O merry anvils sounding
All day till set of sun!
It is by steady pounding
That noblest tasks are done,
By sturdy blows and swinging,
That keeps the world a-ringing,
Ching, ching, ching, ching,
Ching, ching, ching, ching.
—George Horton

## THE ELEVENTH HOUR

"I am not at home to anyone, Jenks."

"Yes, sir. Shall I take tea into the library, sir?"

"No," was the curt answer. The door of the library was closed with a decisive hand and locked.

He crossed over to the fireplace and stood for a few minutes leaning on the mantelpiece, with his haggard eyes staring down into the recess of the glowing coal. Then he seated himself at the writing table, and for the next ten minutes there was no sound but the tearing of papers. He wrote two letters, both equally brief, and addressed one to his wife and the other to his lawyers and placed them before him, without a pause, he opened a little drawer and brought out a small revolver. He did pause then, and moving his head took a slow survey of the room. The hand pointed to five minutes to 5.

"NOT CROSS WITH ME?"

A grim smile flitted over his face.

"I will wait until 5," he said aloud.

Four minutes to the hour. Three minutes. Two. Eternity swung in sight—the portals of death were open when someone knocked with a boldness that demanded entrance.

"What do you want? Who is it?"

"It's me, father—Doll," said a clear, childish voice.

"Go away, Doll," he said thickly. "Go to Miss Carter, Doll—I'm—busy."

"But Miss Carter's gone to a wedding and she won't be home till 7, and it's dreadfully lonely."

"I can't see you now."

"Not when it's my birthday?" indignantly.

In spite of everything he could not withstand her. He must let her in for a minute and then send her away. He slipped the revolver into his drawer again and opened the door.

"Oh, daddy, how cold you are; and yet"—peeping past him—"you have got a lovely fire. Darling, are you cross, or not well?"

"A bit of both; perhaps, Doll."

"Not cross with me?"

"No, Doll, no."

"You were lonely like me, weren't you? And you wanted me—really?"

"Old woman, I can't let you stay here—this evening."

"Are you very busy, darling?"

"Yes."

She gave a deep sigh.

"It was dreadfully lonely upstairs," she began apologetically; "I don't care two pins about Miss Carter being away, but it's—my birthday, and—and"—tragically—"you never wished me any happy returns."

"I am a brute, Doll," he said unsteadily.

He took her little round chin in his fingers and looked down into her honest eyes—replicas of her lovely mother's, but with a depth, a soul in them that had never shone in the sparkling orbs of the fashionable beauty. Now as Doll's eyes met his he flinched before them, for their pure glance seemed to reach the recess of his guilty soul.

"Ten to-day, are you? Getting quite an old lady," with a forced smile. "Good angels guard you, sweetheart, for many years—happy years."

"Father, let me have tea with you—it would be a perfectly glorious birthday party. Say yes, do."

"Very well," he said quietly. "Have your own way, Doll."

She gave a little ecstatic scream and flew into the hall like a radiant white bird, too important to ring.

"Jenks, Jenks! I am going to have tea with father! Bring it to the library directly, please, and the cake!"

She was back again, all movement and vivacity. The man from the chair where he had thrown himself could not take his haggard eyes from her—she seemed the very embodiment of life.

And after the tea was over he could not get rid of her without absolute sternness.

"Do you remember last birthday, darling? I was 9, and mumsey gave a ball. She promised me one this birthday, but she had to go to the Latouches, you know. Mumsey is away a great lot," she said with a little regretful sigh.

"And you are very disappointed to be done out of your party, old woman?"

"Not very," said Doll stoutly. "Next year mumsey is sure to be at home, she says so. And she sent me this. Isn't she a darling, sweet mumsey?"

She opened a little gold locket attached to a slender chain round her neck and showed him the charming, smiling face of her mother.

He took it in his hand and looked at it long and intently. To-morrow those gay blue eyes would be clouded—that haughtily poised head abased with his dishonor. Well, he thought bitterly, she had had her hand in it. They had never run well together—she had gone her own way and he his. Once things might have been different—was it his fault or hers? He closed the locket with a little snap and let it fall again on Doll's breast.

"And this is her letter—look darling. I'll read it to you: 'So sorry, my sweet Doll, to be away on your birthday—but this is an old engagement, you know, and Lady Latouche would not let me off. Next birthday—indeed, when I return—we must make up for it. I am sending you something to console you. I hope my Doll is a good little girl and does what Miss Carter tells her. Take good care of father.'"

"And I am, aren't I?" Doll broke off to say.

"Yes, Doll, yes, old woman. You—you would miss me a bit if—supposing that I was lost, now?"

"Do men ever get lost?"

"Often, Doll."

"Then I would die," said Doll, tragically.

"Nonsense! Mothers always count for more, don't they?" he persisted.

She pressed round his face and looked at him critically.

"Do they—always?" she whispered.

"Mostly, Doll."

"But sometimes you—they could love the fathers just a wee quarter of an inch more, couldn't they?"

He considered the question, while she watched him anxiously.

"They might sometimes, Doll."

"It wouldn't be wicked?"

"No, of course not."

She gave a deep sigh of relief.

He put his arms round the little warm body, and pressed her close to him. And as he held her there a sudden love of life—a remembrance of all the best and highest of the life he had so basely ill-used—came back and stirred his pulses with gladness and pain.

He closed his eyes dizzily, and leaned against Doll's shoulder. How near had been Death—and Doll had come between them! He reviewed the mad acts of the last few days—the maddest acts of his spoiled life. He had dishonored the name that generations of good-living men had transmitted to him. That very afternoon—was it only this afternoon or centuries ago?—his lawyers had begged him to pull in, to retrench. They had asked him to go abroad until they could settle his submerged affairs. They had sworn that if he would promise them to give up his mad gambling they would be able yet in time to save an honored name—an honored house. And what had his answer been? He had flung away from them with a laugh. "Let my name and place go. My whole existence has been a mistake. I shall go to the devil my own way."

And then in the place of Death and dishonor had come—Doll. He was alive, thank God! Thank God!

"Doll, darling, wise old woman, did you ever turn over a new leaf?"

"Lots," said Doll promptly.

"Well, I've turned over one, all the leaves in my book are stained but this one, but I am going to keep this clean. And, Doll, to-morrow you and I are going in search of the very loveliest birthday present that we can find in the whole of London. But I have given you one to-night, dear."

"What?" asked Doll eagerly and puzzled.

He stooped down and kissed her, and she hugged him gleefully, for she thought his kiss was the gift, but he knew it was his life.—London Opinion.

## VICIOUS AUSTRALIAN DINGOES.

**Characteristics of the Treacherous and Untamable Yellow Dogs.**

There are some who believe, though the evidence seems against them, that certain of the wild dogs, like the Australian dingo—"yellow dog dingo, always hungry, dusty in the sun"—are reversions to the wild state of a race once tame, just as the pariah dogs of various countries have traveled half the road toward becoming wild animals again, the London Times says.

As one sees the dingo here in the gardens it looks not merely like a domesticated dog, but like a dog of a distinctly engaging and amiable kind. The dingo's character belies its gentle looks. "Quarrelsome, sly and treacherous," an Australian naturalist has called it. So sly is it that according to Mr. Beddard (in the Cambridge Natural History) it feigns death "with such persistence that an individual has been known to be partly flayed before moving," and so treacherous that in the days when dingoes were more commonly kept as pets by the colonists than, as a result of bitter experience, is the case to-day, it was no uncommon thing for the dog which had been brought up with every tenderness from puppyhood to turn suddenly on its master or mistress, or, what was more frequent, when left in temporary charge of an empty house, to seize the opportunity to raid the sheepfold or the poultry runs.

On such occasions it "ravens" even as the wolf, killing not to satisfy its hunger, but in the unrestrainable fury of a brute instinct, so that given time enough it will not leave one fowl or one sheep alive. That it does not need much time, moreover, is shown by the statement of Thomas Ward that "one dingo in the course of a few hours has been known to destroy several score of sheep." For its fighting ability the same authority declares it to be a match for the most domestic dogs of double its size.

When wild it hunts in packs, which are said sometimes to include as many as a hundred individuals, though from six to a dozen is the common number; and the only Australian animal which it is uncertain the pack can ever pull down is (in spite of Mr. Kipling) the "old man" kangaroo.

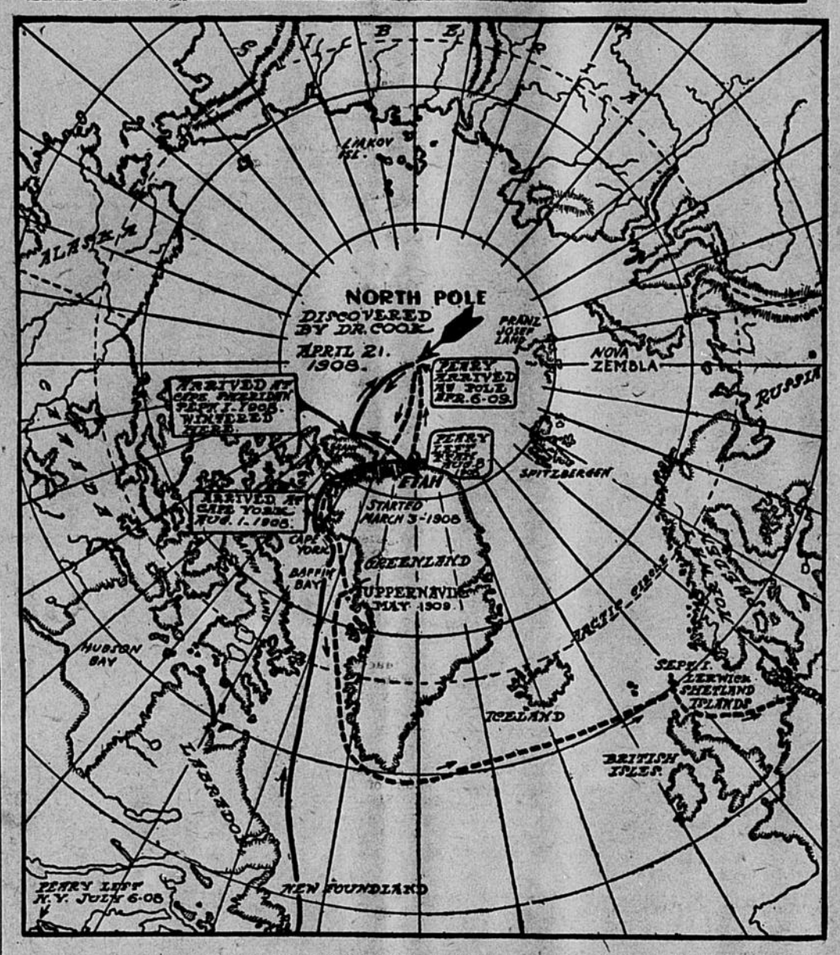
**The Witching Kind.**

"Pa, what are the witching waves?"

"Those that the women wear, my son, after their hair has been marcelled."—Cleveland Leader.

# THE ROUTES TO THE POLE

## WELL KNOWN GEOGRAPHER DISCUSSES MERITS OF THE PEARY-COOK CONTROVERSY



IT HAS been remarked that while the geologists, ethnologists, astronomers and navigators have been very outspoken in their opinions of the apparently conflicting Cook and Peary claims to precedence at the North Pole, explorers with wide experience, especially of Arctic conditions, have been reticent for the most part, or very non-committal.

Dr. Eugene Murray Aaron, F. G. S., who has acquaintance with both Commander Peary and Dr. Cook, and who has a knowledge of the terrors of the long night and the hardships and difficulties of travel on the Arctic ice, who for some years has been a Chicagoan, engaged in geographic authorship and publication, is well equipped to discuss the merits of the controversy. Dr. Murray Aaron has reached the time when exploration must be given up for the less hazardous duties of the editorial desk—the harpoon laid down for the blue pencil. Yet he has lost none of his interest in Arctic exploration, and his admiration for the qualities that have enabled two daring Americans to finally conquer in the battle of three centuries is all the more intense because of his knowledge of the almost insurmountable conditions to be contended with. Dr. Murray Aaron's travels and writings are widely known of all geographers, and he has a list of fellowships and memberships in geographic and other learned societies, both in this country and abroad, that expresses itself in a quite alphabetic array of initials.

"No one who knows either Dr. Cook or Peary," said the doctor, "can for a moment doubt that each of them firmly believes that he has set his feet on that spot, without longitude, where all lines converge—and hence without dimensions—that we call the North Pole. The only doubt permissible to fair-minded men who have the privilege of acquaintance with these great men is as to whether in the final dash they were able to take along those instruments necessary to scientific exactitude and whether, during their very brief stops on the top of the earth, they had sufficient time to verify their first conclusions."

"Then what proofs will the public ever have; how will these men prove beyond doubt that they have been there?" the doctor was asked.

"Of absolute proofs, such as would be undeniable in a court of justice, there can be none. We will always be compelled to accept their words. The talk of records of observations, that will support them beyond peradventure, is the sheerest nonsense. Any man competent to take such observations would be equally competent to coin them. There are no self-recording instruments to automatically, mechanically uphold him or give him the lie. The statement credited to astronomers that an eclipse, occurring at the time that Cook was beyond the 80th degree of latitude, must have been observed by him and would be contributory evidence, likewise means nothing. Those acquainted with atmospheric and hydrographic conditions in the Far North know that this is buncombe. Then, too, were Cook the sort of a man to manufacture records, and we who know him believe him to be far above it, it would have been the easiest possible thing to acquaint himself with future astronomic conditions and be prepared to incorporate such observations among his other manufactured data.

"No, not until some one has firmly established an aerial stage line to the North Pole will we be in a position to controvert the claims of those hardy men who find a certain delight in the frozen solitudes of the Arctic sea. As a matter of fact, there is nothing inherently more difficult in reaching the upper stretches of the final dash than have to be coped with in the preparatory marches; perhaps nothing as terrible as Cook must have undergone in his winter quarters in Ellesmereland, on his homeward journey.

"Yes, both reached the pole, and both by methods creditable. When their claims are finally sifted by our national hydrographic office, well fitted to be court of last resort, we will doubtless find that, to quote Admiral Schley, also a brave and hardy Arctic explorer, 'there is glory enough for all.'"

## POLICE EFFICIENCY.

Japanese police are always strict in their methods, but are often genuinely kind to persons in distress. In spite of his big sword, o mawari san, the "gentleman that goes round," has a very human heart. The following incident, which happened to the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, author of "Every-Day Japan," will show the efficiency of their methods:

Many years ago, before I knew as much of Japan as I do now, writes Mr. Lloyd in telling the story, I was one evening at supper, when a young man came to the house, wanting to see me. It was winter, and there was a fire in my hall, so I asked him to wait until I had finished my meal, which seemed for the moment to be the most important in the world.

After supper I talked with him. He was very plausible, and professed a great interest in Christianity, and eventually left me, giving me an address and promising to come again.

The next morning, when I was going to get into my jinrikisha to go to school, my rug was missing. My servants at once concluded that winter was the season for the sneak-thief, and that I had been victimized. For myself, I found it hard to believe that a man who had expressed himself so well and so piously could have stolen my rug.

I refused to report him to the police, but compromised with my conscience by writing to the man at the address he had given, asking him in English if he had by mistake taken my rug. I got no answer, but three weeks later I had a visit from a policeman, who brought me back my rug.

My post card had been the means by which they were enabled to get on to the track of a well-known personage. I also got a scolding and a lecture for not reporting my case at once to the authorities. Soft-heartedness, I was told, was one of the curses of the world.

It's some satisfaction to the widow to realize that she looks well in black.

"SAY WHEN, MY OWN."

## UTILIZES PRISON EXPERIENCE.

**Ex-Convict, Formerly Wealthy, Will Start Broom Factory.**

A term in Auburn prison and hard work in the broom shop of that institution have suggested a new career to Herman Bartels, former brewer and once regarded as a millionaire, an Auburn (N. Y.) dispatch to the New York World says. Having now regained his freedom and finding his fortune sadly diminished, he has set about turning his prison experience to account by organizing a broom company.

Bartels was convicted in Syracuse of attempted arson, fled to Canada and was brought back on the charge of perjury. Then he surrendered on the arson charge, and was sent to Auburn for a minimum term of one year and three months. He is now on parole.

His conviction having resulted in his being ousted from the directorates of his many brewery interests, he took up the broom proposition. In prison he had risen to supervisor of broom making. He has formed a corporation, got together $30,000 capital and is remodeling a Syracuse factory for the new industry.

**Richard Wagner.**

"Every one finds some fault with Wagner, but that is because he is a mountain, a huge bulk of a soul with black caverns, scarred edges, barren wastes and empty craters. He has been weather stained, mud-spattered, lightning-struck, dynamite-blasted, but still he is a mountain; his thrust is upward, the peak is snow and sunshine, and he commands the horizon. He belongs with the master heights of human glory, with Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Michael Angelo, Beethoven; and he is of a bigness with the biggest."—Rupert Hughes in Smith's Magazine.

**Force of Habit.**

Customer—Er—have you the time, please?"

Druggist—No, madam, the clock has stopped; but we have something just as good."—Browning's Magazine.

# For the Little Folks

### NO MISTAKE.

A dear little girl,
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word "kitten" to spe'l.
"K—double l—t—t—e—n," said she,
And thought she had done very well.
"Has kitten two l's?"
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and impatience was bent.
"My kitty has two,"
Said Marjory Lou;
And she looked as she felt—quite content.
Elsie R. Frobose, in the Newark Call.

### CORRECT.

Sarah P., aged four, was proud of her ability to spell. She wished her father, who had been away from home some time, to test her. So he started:

"What does d-o-g spell?"

"Dog," was her ready reply.

"C-a-t," he asked next.

"Cat," came quickly.

After a number of successful attempts, he finally said:

"Well, what does h-a-t spell?"

She thought a moment, but could not say, so her sympathetic grandmother, to help her out, said:

"Something to wear on the head, dear."

Then with proud and knowing air she answered:

"Rat."—Harper's Magazine.

### JANE'S OTHER NAME.

It was the first day of kindergarten, and the new pupils stood waiting to give their names—eight little maidens all in a row.

There were Rose and Margaret, and down to three-year-old Jane, so shy and sweet that all eyes were upon her.

"Your name is Jane, dear?" asked the teacher.

"No, ma'am, not Jane Dear, just Jane," lisped the baby.

"Well, what is your other name, little one?"

"Oh, my ozzer name is muzzer's pet lamb, but we don't tell it to stwangers."

It was too sweet to spoil. So the teacher just wrote it down Jane, and bided her time to find out "muzzer's pet lamb's surname.—Washington Star.

### EFFIE'S ADVICE.

One day small Effie's mother reproved her for soiling her dress.

"Be patient with me, mamma," said Effie. "You'll like me when we get better acquainted."—Philadelphia Record.

### COST OF WILD ANIMALS.

Live game trapping in Africa is conducted mostly north of the Transvaal and south of the Sahara Desert between the east and west coasts. The best results are obtained in the unhealthy marshy districts of Mozambique, the Portuguese colony in East Africa. A large part of the game is captured in the lakes district around the headwaters of the Nile. Most of the antelope are captured in the country lying between the east coast and Lake Tanganyika.

The prices of wild animals naturally fluctuate with the demand. An excessive supply of rhinoceri would soon reduce the market value. Five for sale at any time in the world would glut the market, for one cannot sell a rhinoceros every day. The maintenance of wild animals is costly and they soon eat their value in food; so that every day they are on the hunter's or the dealer's hands he is losing money.

After the animals are captured they have to be transported to the coast This adds greatly to their cost. Delivered at Nairobi or Fort Florence, which are inland and practically on the hunting field, a baby rhinoceros of the prehensile lipped species will bring from $375 to $500, a giraffe from $250 to $400 and a baby hippopotamus from $250 to $450, elands and most of the large antelope from $125 to $200, baboons from $1.25 to $5, monkeys about the same, elephants from $375 to $875, lions and leopards, with the exception of the black species of the latter, from $100 to $175, according to size and condition. The gorilla and the square-muzzled (or so-called white) rhinoceros can be sold at auction by telegraph. Their value might run from $5,000 to $30,000, according to the bidding. The square-muzzled rhinoceros is fast becoming exterminated, owing to the fact that it is a veldt animal and feeds in the open, where it is easily seen and shot.

The above prices are doubled by the time the anima's reach the coast. Then there is the cost of transport from Africa to Antwerp, Hamburg or London, with the cost of food and care added, as well as the additional expense of keeping the animals until a buyer appears on the scene.

Prices in New York, of course, are naturally higher. William T. Hornaday, head of the Bronx Zoological Park, gives the following quotations: Ordinary black rhinoceros, $4,000; hippopotamus, one year old, $2,500; elephant, two to three years, $2,500; giraffe, two to three years, $3,000; lion cub $500; leopard, $100; zebra, $500 to $800; gorilla, type of monkey, $1,500; gnu, $800; antelope, from $100 to $700, according to species; camel, $300; a python, $10 per foot of length; crocodile, $5 per foot of length. The longer the animals are in America, the better acclimatized they become, the higher go their valuation—from two to three times the above figures.—Hampton's.

### ADVENTURES OF JOSIAH.

Here is a story of the adventures of Josiah, a seafaring man, as told in the Delineator:

Josiah was, in A. D. 1841, an able seaman aboard the brig Etta, Mason, master, cruising in the South seas after coral and pearls. The brig's water supply having run low, him and two other foremast hands was sent ashore in the dingey to a little coral island to fill up the casks. Three of the butts, by which name I mean the casks, were filled, and Josiah was in the dingey waiting for the man at the spring. Suddenly there came loud hails from the brig. A sudden squall peculiar to such latitudes, was coming fast.

That typhoon struck before Josiah could reach the vessel. The cars, one of the thwarts and a water-butt was dumped over the side and lost, and Josiah expected every minute to be called aloft. But no, the dingey drove on amongst the darkness and spray, and dead afore the howling hurricane. For three days and nights he floated, dreadful hungry, but having water enough from the two butts left aboard. He couldn't hoist a sail or distress signal, account of there being no stick, mast or even oar to hoist it on. And the calm stuck by him and the sun was terrible hot. And says he, "Farewell, my wife and children dear, for I shall starve to death."

But no, it was not to be. All to once, a great school of squid, which are small cuttlefish creatures, began jumping and leaping. Several jumped into the boat and lay splashing in the puddles which had been shipped during the typhoon. And says Josiah; "There is other fish astern of them."

In another minute a big school of fine fat albicore, a nice fish similar to horse-mackerel, hove in sight chasing the squid. But of course Josiah could not catch a great albicore with his bare hands, so he set and hankered for them and then something happened. All to once a great swordfish poked his snout into the school sawfish, a creature some similar to a swordfish, but with a saw on its nose instead of a sword.

Josiah watched the doings of the swordfish and the sawfish with marveiling eyes, and he saw the two was fishing on a share-and-share basis, for the swordfish cruised amongst the albicore, killing them with his sword snout. And as fast as he killed them the little sawfish sawed them into sizable chunks for swallowing; and the little pieces he eat himself, but the larger chunks he left for the swordfish. And says Josiah, "I'll grab a few of those chunks of fish when they drift this way.

So he said and so he done, snatching a great piece from right under the swordfish's nose. And no sooner was it done than he was sorry, for that swordfish was crazy mad with anger. Round and round that dingey he swum, glaring at poor Josiah. And after him swum the little sawfish, seeming very nervous and troubled. Then the swordfish, after staring at Josiah as if to get the bearings of where he set in the boat, dove and went under the keel. And Josiah, having heard yarns of swordfish, thinks, "My time has come."

However, he changed from the bow thwart to the stern, and it was a mercy he done so, for "Bang!" up through the dingey's bottom, just where he'd been sitting, comes that swordfish acting weak and distressed stuck. The swordfish had jammed that sword in so hard that he couldn't tear it loose.

The sawfish, when he saw the fix his partner was in, was in a terrible way. Round and round he swum and at last he dives down alongside the swordfish's face and they seem to be holding a consultation. And then—and it seems hardly believable—that sawfish sets his snout crosswise of the base of his messmate's nose close up to the keel and begins scraping it back and forth. Those two fishes had sensed that the only thing to be done was to amputate that sword.

Well, it was done finally, and those two partners swum away, the big swordfish acting weak and distressed. And Josiah, drawing a long breath, eat his chunk of raw albicore, hoisted his jack on the swordfish's sword, which stuck straight up, and, as there was now a light breeze blowing, sailed the dingey afore it until, late that night, he run ashore on another little coral island.

"Here I am," says Josiah, "but how am I going to get away?" Then he remembers something. He has an old envelope in his starboard pocket, which will do to write on and a bottle also, but he has no pencil or pen.

And then he happened to think of the squid in the dingey. A squid's backbone is shaped exactly like a old-time quill pen, and when a squid is disturbed he squirts out a mess of black stuff to discolor the water about him. So what does Josiah do but split open a dead squid, take out its backbone, dry it in the sun, and make a pen of it. Then he squeezes a live squid till it squirts, dips his pen in the squid ink, writes his letter, puts it in his bottle, and heaves it overboard.

And in less than a day and a half he was taken off that island by his own brig, which had picked up that bottle, having sighted it afloat off the weather bow.

### A BIRD GAME.

A quiet and interesting little entertainment for a party on the porch or on the lawn is founded on birds and usually goes by the title of the Audubon Game, as given in an exchange.

Preparations consist simply of writing the questions, answers to which are birds' names, on cards or papers, leaving blank spaces in which players will insert their guesses. If desired the cards may be prettily decorated with designs of tree boughs and birds sketched in ink or water-color.

The prize or prizes, which are awarded for the best list or lists, could also be chosen with a view to the apropos.

Books of bird studies would make a good choice. Or select sofa pillows and other fancy articles ornamented in a design of birds in flight.

A list of the queries is given below:

**Pretty Customs in Brittany.**

Plougastel is one of the most interesting places in Brittany, for here the peasants have preserved their strange customs and costumes better thon anywhere else in the country. Several "pardons" are held here, the principal one on Midsummer Eve. This is a very picturesque ceremony, accompanied by bonfires and other festivities. The children's fete is a charming sight. Little Bretons, clad in their gay old-world costumes, go out bird hunting in the woods on Midsummer Day. The birds are put into cages and tended till St. John's day comes around again.—Wide World.

**A Twister.**

Foreigners are forever having trouble with the English language. A German, recently arrived, made efforts with a good business deal. "If the transaction goes through," he was told, "you'll have all kinds of money." Later he met the friend who made the remark.

"Vell," said the German, "der thing has fallen through.

"That's too bad," replied the friend.

"Too bad? Und you is sorry I make a pile of money?"

"Oh, it went through all right?" questioned the friend.

"Yah, so I said."

"Well, I'm glad of it. That's different."—New York Times.

"What does your husband like for his breakfast?" "Anything I haven't got in the house."—Cleveland Leader.

"Why do you allow your wife to pick your company?" "She's a good judge—she picked me."—Philadelphia Star.

Clerk—Mrs. Jones complains that her photographs don't look like her. Photographer—Complains! She ought to be grateful.

Alice—Ethel tells me she is engaged to Jack. Do you think she really means to marry him? Kate—Not if she can get anybody else.

"He's a fool and he only wants you for your money." "No—he says he'd marry me without my money." "Then he's a bigger fool than I thought."

The Pessimist—We'll pay for this fine weather later on. The Optimist—Well, cheer up! ! That's the regular time for paying for things, isn't it?

Her Husband—Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up. His Wife—That's just like a contemptible man! You'll sit there and think mean things.

"Didn't some idiot propose to you before our marriage?" "Certainly." "Then you ought to have married him." "That's just what I did."—Bon Vivant.

"If you'd assume a more genial manner, you'd get along better in business." "Rot! I tried it once, and everybody I met wanted to borrow money."

Young Wife—This dish, dearest, is an original composition of my own. Husband—Well, I should rather, my pet, that you would cook after the old masters.

He—So you think married life ought to be one grand sweet song? She—Yes. He—What air would you prefer for this matrimonial song? She — I think a millionaire.

Esmeralda—How many times do you make a young man propose to you before you say yes? Gwendolen—If you have to make him propose you'd better say yes the first time.

Hotel Visitor—Are there any deer about here? Gillie—Well, there was yin, but the gentlemen were aye shootin' and shootin' at it, and I'm thinkin' it left the deestrict.—Punch.

African Guide—Come! Quick! Your excellency. I have spotted a leopard. Famous Hunter—Here! Here, no nature-faking goes on this outfit. Leopards have always been spotted.

Mrs. Smart—Be sure and come. You'll meet quite a number of pretty women. Mr. Carte (gallantly)—Yes; but it will not be for the pretty women that I shall come, but for you.

Gunner—And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled. Guyer—H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples.

Anxious Mother—How do you know young Cashleigh is in love with you? Has he told you so? Pretty Daughter—N-no; but you should see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him.

"Oh, Johnnie, Johnnie," said his aunt reproachfully, "why is it you never remember to say thank you?" "I expect it's 'cause I don't get things given to me often enough to practice," answered the young diplomat hopefully, eyeing a box of candy.

The kind lady had just handed the hungry hobo a sandwich and a piece of pie. "Poor man!" she said, sympathetically. "Are you married?" "No'm," answered the hobo. "I got dis hunted look from bein' chased from place t' place by der perlice."

"So you don't guide hunting parties anymore?" asked the stranger. "Nope," said the guide. "Got tired of being mistook for a deer." "How do you earn your living now?" "Guide fishin' parties. So far, nobody ain't mistook me fer a fish."—Kansas City Journal.

A schoolgirl with large feet was sitting with them stretched far out into the aisle, and was busy chewing gum when the teacher espied her. "Mary!" called the teacher, sharply. "Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil. "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"

Browning—I hear you are engaged to that young widow who is visiting relatives here. Is it true? Greening—Yes. Browning—How did you discover that she was the one woman in the world for an old bachelor like you? Greening—Why, she—er—told me so.—Chicago Daily News.

Random Shots.—I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance. I knew not where till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half ($6.50). I bought some poison to stay some rats, and a neighbor swore it killed his cats; and rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents ($4.50). One night I set sailing a toy balloon, and hoped it would soar til it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a farmer's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot; it never hits in the proper spot; and the joke you spring, that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart.—Exchange.

**Individuality.**

Individuality is the only real life. It is breathing the ozone of mental, moral, spiritual freedom. All other living is an excuse, a substitute, a near thing. Nature put her stamp of individuality on every man. Some people seem to spend most of the time trying to soak off the stamp. They wear a uniform opinion, they seek to keep in step with the line, they march in solid sameness along the comfortably paved road of other people's thinking. Nature intended life as an individual problem, different for each man; she wants an individual solution.

Individuality means self-knowledge, self-confidence, self-reliance, self-poise, self-control, self-conquest. It means the fullest, freest expression of our finest self, as the most perfect rose best represents the plant. It is the complete, self-acting unity of man's whole mind, nature, heart and life. It is moved ever within, not from without. The automobile is a type of individuality—it is neither pulled, pushed nor propelled by outside forces; it is self-inspired; self-directed and self-moving.—The Circle.