THE JUNEBUG.

Thou stupid blockhead, blundering in my is not the great world wide enough, but

thou Must quit the dusky night where thou'rt To dazzle at my lamp, and burn thy wings; To blind thy goggle eyes with too much light, And bang thy doltish head / gainst every

thing? Thou meddling fool! thou'rt ever out of meeting's free from thy disturbing

No child too timid for thy scaring hum; No lady's nerves too strung, nor hair too

For thee to tangle it with scratchy claws-There, in my ink again!

And now, with pendering look and drabbled feet, Thou scrawl'st rude lines across an unstained page.

And yet, poor thing! thou dost not mean The light attracts thee, and thou too wouldst know.

How like we are! This dazzling room to Why, that's the sunlit world and we poor Do bang our heads 'gainst every wall

And wonder why they ache. Our blundering feet Tramp rough-shod over nerves that twinge

We meddle daily with the mysteries, To frighten timid souls with buzzing talk Of laws of unknown things, and life, and death; We burn our souls in many a garish lamp; many? a page lies stained with

thoughts more rude

Than beetles' legs could draw, and less in-And yet, from out the gloom of our first The primal twilight of our ignorance,
'Twas shining of a light that called us in.

Pardon, fellow-blunderer! Mine's the fault, Impatient of the things I do myself, The fashion only altered. Blunderers both! The one with open book and bruised heart, The other with his broken wings and feet. There, I'll blow out the light; it trouble

And here's a bit of wool to dry thee on. Rest thee a moment till thy dazed head

Then (there's the window open) go in And may the gentle God, who made us When next I blunder in His mighty face, -William J. Long, in Outlook.

Fate of Madison Jenks He Was a Pampered Cat, and Had a \$600 Annuity.

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OME of the wealthiest cats in the world live in Harlem," said the theological student, who was talking to buy perfume for your room." about experiences with cats. "I mean exactly what I say. There are cats here which have money in the bank, which live in luxury on their incomes. For there are scores of rich maiden ladies in Harlem who make cats their favorite companions, and when they die they leave the felines legacies, and fat ones, too. Guardians are appointed for the animals, and thus they lead a life of feline ease until the fires of the ninth life are extinguished.

"When my friend Dalton's elderly maiden aunt died, some time ago, she left a legacy of \$600 a year to her pet Madison Jenks, a nam stowed on the animal in memory of a lover who died many years ago, and directed in her will that Dalton should be its guardian. As long as the cat lived he was to provide it with every care and dainty, and when it died the \$600 a year was to go to Dalton, to be used as he pleased. To make sure that Madison Jenks obtained all the care and cat luxuries she wished him to have, Dalton's aunt specified in her will a long list of things to be purchased every week, and directed that the bills should be sent regularly to the executor of her estate to be audited. 'The executor was also to visit the cat once a month to assure himself that Dalton was not neg-

"Well, Dalton took the cat to his home in Manhattan avenue and was highly pleased to have direct charge of Madison Jenks and the \$600 a year, for he calculated that an annual expenditure of \$50 would cover the cat's requirements, thus leaving \$550 a year for his own and his children's numerous needs. But when he went to the executor at the end of the first quarter, to draw his first installment of the \$600 Dalton found, to his amazement and chagrin, that under the provisions of his aunt's will he had had to spend twothirds of the money due, leaving only a beggarly \$50 for himself. He returned told her to keep the change and he home chewing cloves and steeped in thought.

"Mrs. Dalton was equally amazed and chagrined and joined Dalton in his lamentations. It seemed impossible to evade the heavy expenditures for Madison Jenks. The executor, who taught in a Sunday school and was a conscientious man, insisted that every specification in Dalton's aunt's will which re lated to Madison Jenks should be fulfilled to the letter.

" 'And so,' sighed Mrs. Dalton, gloomily, 'we must continue to pay \$400 out of the \$600 every year until that impudent cat dies.'

"'Until he dies!" "Dalton kissed her. Then he danced. He would have stood on his head, but the children had assembled to take part in the family gloom and such an upsending of the parental anatomy he deemed ruinous to parental authority, "Funny it never occurred to me before.' he said.

"'What never occurred to you be fore?" asked Mrs. Dalton, astonished by his actions.

"That Madison Jenks had been looking mighty feeble of late and is liable to drop off almost any day,' returned Dalton, scanning the chandelier in a

meditative fashion. "Mrs. Dalton scanned the carpet pat terns. She was a good woman, and her mind and heart did not bend easily to a suggestion of crime; but \$400 a year

for a bloated, lazy, good-for-nothing cat when the children neededit?' she ventured, still eyeing the pat-

igence, or some other of his legal quib-

"Disappearance is also out of the question, too, I suppose?" continued Mrs. Dalton, managing to raise her eyes from the piano legs.
"'Quite,' returned Dalton with de-

cision. 'Madison Jenks must meet with a fatal accident. He sleeps in the hired girl's room, doesn't he?" 'Yes,' said Mrs. Dalton, wonderingly, but what has that got to do with

Madison Jenks' ill-health or sudden demise? "'Nothing much,' Dalton replied, 'only this is the hired girl's night off, I believe?'

"'It is,' returned Mrs. Dalton, still perplexed. "Very well,' continued Dalton, 'let

her stay away all night.' "'She always does,' Mrs. Dalton answered, and would have questioned Dalton further, but he said the interview was at an end for the time being, so she went about her household duties. "It was half-past ten when Mrs. Dal-

ton sniffed the air vigorously and suspiciously. Her hair was in curl-papers and Dalton had already turned in. "'Don't you smell gas?' she inquired anxiously.

"'My dear,' retorted Dalton from his pillow, 'your overactive imagination will be your undoing.'

"Nevertheless, she visited the children's rooms, the parlor, the diningroom, and the library before she was satisfied that it-might have been a trick of her imagination or lack of olfactory discrimination.

"Early the next morning she was roused from a sound slumber by a loud rap at her chamber door. The hired girl stood without, sobbing hysterically and trembling violently.
"'It's about Madison Jenks,' she gur-

gled, wildly. 'I didn't know I went out last night and left the gas on, indeed, I didn't, Mrs. Dalton; indeed, and doubledeed, I didn't.'

"Mrs. Dalton followed the hired girl to the latter's room. The odor of escaping gas which saluted her nostrils nearly overpowered her, and she was forced to gasp for breath. The hired girl rushed in and threw open the window. Mrs. Dalton entered as soon as she deemed it safe. There on his silken pallet lay Madison Jenks, stark and stiff in the eternal sleep.

"'Never mind, Katie,' she said, kindly, to the distracted girl. 'Accidents will happen. The escaped gas will not be deducted from your wages, so don't

"'But Madison Jenks-what will Mr. Dalton say?' sobbed the hired girl. "'Of course, I'm very, very sorry that Madison Jenks is dead, Katie,' said Dalton, when beseeched by Mrs. Dalton to soothe the perturbed girl, 'for I loved him, as did we all. Mr. Briefs, the executor, will probably come home with me to dinner, and then you must tell him how it happened. Here's a dollar

"Dalton wore a black necktie and grave expression when he presented himself at the office of the executor that morning. 'You have called at a most opportune moment,' began the executor, as soon as Dalton entered, for I have important news for you. have discovered another will of your aunt, which subsequents the one probated by seven months. In this one which I shall have recorded at once, \$900 a year is allowed for the maintenance of your lamented aunt's cat, although the provisions are slightly different charge of Madison Jenks until his deprove that death was due exclusively to natural causes, the legacy is yours. But should the cat's death be due to accithe Society for Supplying Spyglasses to Shipwrecked Sailors. Besides, it is set forth that I must inspect the catonce every two weeks instead of once a month. as before. Permit me to congratulate

you on this addition to your income.' "That afternoon a man in a black necktie was scouring the length and breadth of Harlem with a basket on his arms. For hours he rushed in and out of those establishments which keep small animals for sale and excitedly demanded a Maltese cat-a replica of Madison Jenks.

"The cat must be medium-sized, very much bloated and lazy,' explained Dalton to the youthful saleswoman who approached him in the last animal shop he visited.

".'I've got exactly what you want," said she, indicating a sleeping feline in the show window. Dalton examined it. and a smile of ecstatic joy overspread his countenance. It was Madison Jenks all over again-bloated, lazy and utterly worthless. The cat was a bargain. said the saleswoman - \$3.98. Dalton bolted for home.

"'Whatever you do, Katie,' said he to the hired girl, 'do not turn the gas on Madison Jenks the second, and never forget the name. You may forget, however, that there ever was a Madison Jenks the first, and be sure you mention not the fact of his sudden taking off.'

" 'It was a narrow escape,' he told his wife that night. 'I'm glad you said nothing about that cat's death to the children.' And the peace of mind of the adult inmates thus restored, the Dalton household settled down to its usual repose and vocations. Madison Jenks' successor took kindly to its new environment, as well it might, for never was a feline so pampered or watched with such anxious care.

"The executor will be up Saturday," said Dalton to Mrs. Dalton, one Wednesday evening, as he returned from the office.

"Well, I hope Madison Jenks II. will be on hand,' returned she. 'I haven't seen him all afternoon, although I am sure he is about the house.'

"But on Thursday the cat was still missing. Dalton nearly had a fit when the delinquency was reported to him at night, and a prolonged search was

made. It came to naught.
"'The cat is somewhere about 'the house, I know, insisted Mrs. Dalton. 'There is no possible way by which he could run off. and I'm sure he doesn't want to, after the treatment he has been getting. However, the children "Rough on rats wouldn't do, would and I will look again in the morning. I expect he is hiding in the garret, for

there are lots of mice up there."
"Friday night the Dalton atmosphere:

rnation had not abated. Dalton sat down to breakfast with a sinking heart. But his faithful wife revived his spirits. She brought out the basket. Dalton took the hint.

"'I'll try again,' muttered Dalton, between his clenched teeth. A shout of joy arrested him as he started away

with the basket on his arm. "'Papa! Papa! called one of the children from the cellar. 'We've found Madison Jenks hiding in a nest behind the coal.'

"Dalton waited to hear no more. He kicked the basket into the street and fled rejoicing to his office. He called round at the executor's place after business hours and escorted him home to view the cat and take dinner. Dinner came first, and then the executor remarked courteously that, as a mere matter of form, of course, he would like to inspect Madison Jenks. Dalton told

one of the children to fetch the cat in. "'Why, we can't get him up from the cellar, papa, exclaimed one of the youngsters. 'He's still hiding in the nest he made.'

"'Don't disturb the little ones,' pleaded the executor, 'we can run down and look at him where he is, if you don't

"Preceded by the children Dalton and One of the juveniles more adventuresome than the others scaled the coal

pile and made for Madison Jenks' nest. "'Pull him out, Oliver,' charged Dalmendous spitting, yowling and clawing, but the victorious boy landed Madison Jepks all right and held the cat up to view by the scruff of the neck.

"'Do you want these other ones, too?" asked the boy.

"'Do I want what?' gasped Dalton. "'Madison Jenks' kittens!' shouted the boy, as he threw the squirming cat to the ground and scooped from the nest in the coal a half-dozen mewing. spluttering, blind little felines, the progeny of the mis-identified Madison Jenks. 'We were waiting to surprise you with them, concluded the discoverer, proudly.

"'Well,' said Dalton that night, as Mrs. Dalton endeavored to subdue the inflammation of her eyes with rosewater. 'of course I hate to lose the money, but darn a cat, anyway!" "And the \$900 a year, what became

ot it?" asked the others. "You'll have to ask the Society for Supplying Spyglases to Shipwrecked Sailors," returned the theological student, passing his cup for the third helping .- N. Y. Sun.

## SAT UP IN HER GRAVE.

Thievish Propensities of a Sexton Saved a Woman Who Was Buried Alive.

"Near Ilfracomb, in the southern portion of England," said John Tapscott, from that country, to a reporter, "a was buried some time prior to 1820. By the way, she was a cousin to my ental friends and neighbors in the Pafrom those incorporated into the pro the cash it would bring would buy many try, could stimulate a public spirit that He resolved to disinter the body and lined. mise, in which event, if you clearly steal the ring. About the hour of middent or design, then the money goes to and, lifting the white, dainty hand, at that American manufacturers would be pocketknife, intending to amputate the finger which refused to give up its precious jewel.

"No sooner had he made an incision than the supposed dead woman suddenly sat bolt upright in her coffin. The startled sexton, frightened almost to death, fled with the speed of an American cannon ball train.

state and supposed to be dead. The moment the sexton's knife entered the flesh her nervous system responded State Express, and we expect in the with the rapidity of telegraphy, the circulation started up and she began to Empire Express with an American breathe. The cool night air soon revived her enough for her to get out of nearly 100 locometives that were built the coffin and walk to her home, some in the United States. In Russia they mile or more away. Ringing the door- have over 400 of our locomotives, and bell her husband looked down from a second-story window and was startled has ordered locomotives from this counat seeing a ghostly, white-robed figure try since the beginning of the war with standing on the porch below. He was Spain. too frightened to come down, but after

the lady and her household. prosecuted for grave robbing, but the friends of all our people. grateful lady presented him the coveted

"Another case occurred in England about this time," the gentleman continwas closed a lady present fancied she aw a very slight heaving of her breast. A mirror was held to the child's face, which was soon covered with a faint cloud of moisture. Restoratives were applied and she soon revived. After she grew up to womanhood this same peron was twice more coffined ready for burial and twice more rescued from a living tomb. She finally died at the advanced age of 87 years and was put into her fourth and last coffin."-Dallas (Tex.) News.

All They Wanted. One day an old farmer went into a shoe repairer's shop with a pair of old boots that wanted mending very badly.

pause, said: set aside the legacy on the grounds of dawned and the storm of doubt and fairly good!"-Spare Moments. RATIONAL PROGRESS.

othing Like the Commercial Growt of the United States in the

History of Nations. In an address before the New York ress association, at its forty-third annual meeting recently, Mr. George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central & Hudson River railroad, touched upon the effects of the late war with Spain upon our commerce and industries in the following impres-site words:

"One of the remarkable statements of Mr. Mulhall, the British statistician, in his work on 'The Wealth of Nations,' was this: 'If we take a survey of mankind, in ancient or modern times, as regards the physical, mechanical and in-tellectual force of nations, we find nothing to compare with the United States, in this present year, 1895.'

"Mr. Mulhall proved by his statistics that the working power of a single person in the United States was twice that of a German or Frenchman, more than three times that of an Austrian and five times that of an Italian. He said the United States was then the richest country in the world, its wealth exceeding that of Great Britain by 35 per cent., and added that in the history of the executor descended to the cellar. the human race no nation ever before possessed forty-one millions of instruct

"Should Mr. Mulhall revise his figures to-day, the differences would all be ton. There was a short scuffle, a tre- in favor of the United States, for in the past twelve months we have demonstrated the superiority of our manufacturers in every direction, and our ability to cope successfully with questions which have heretofore been handled exclusively by the older nations is recognized by all the world.

"The four years that have intervened between the time of your meeting at Lake George and to-day have been years of great events and achieve ments. "I said at the Lake George meeting

that 'one of the inevitable results of the war between Japan and China would be the opening to the commerce of the world of fields heretofore un known, perhaps the richest on the globe,' and in urging the members of the New York Press association to do everything in their power to secure to the United States a portion of the great commerce to be developed between the western nations and these two old countris of the world, I asked three questions:

" 'Shall the grain in China and Japan be harvested by machines manufactured along the lines of the New York Central, or will the manufacturers of England and Germany supply them? 'Shall the fires in Yokohama and Tientsin be extinguished with engines

built at Seneca Falls, or will France

and England send their fire engines to Japan and China?. "Will the locomotives, to haul the fast mail trains between Yokohama and the interior of Japan and through the lady of great wealth and social position rich valley of China, be built at Schenectady or Dunkirk, or will our ori-

mother, from whom I learned the some- cific buy them of our English cousins?" what remarkable story I am going to "I predicted that active efforts totell you. When the lady in question was ward the extension of American comburied there was upon her finger a large merce by commercial bodies, supported and valuable diamond ring. The sexton by a liberal and broad-minded policy who officiated at the funeral was aware on the part of our government, would of this fact and it excited his cupidity, undoubtedly secure to the United States He reasoned that he was poor, the lady the blessings that come from a great was dead and the valuable jewel could and varied commerce, and I said that be of no possible use to her down in the the New York Press association, and cold, dark tomb, but could he possess it similar associations all over the counwould insure the important results out

"At that time we had no idea that : night following the burial he stealthily war between one of the old nations of exhumed the lady, opened her coffin by the earth and our young republic would the pale glimmer of a waning moon, be fought; at that time we had no idea tempted to take off the beautiful ring. furnishing locomotives to the English It fitted so tight, however, that he could railroads, as well as Japanese, and no not remove it, and, desiring to get one thought four years ago that Amerthrough with the grewsome task as ican bridge builders would go into the quickly as possible, he took out his open market and successfully compete for the building of a great steel bridge in Egypt; nor that in so brief a time American engineers would be building railroads into the interior of China from the most important seaports and furnishing locomotives by the score to nearly every country on the globe.

"In a letter from a friend in Tokio. Japan, written only a short time ago, there was this significant sentence: "You see, the lady was in a cataleptic You will be interested in knowing that I have hanging on the wall of my office a framed picture of your Empire hear future to be hauling a Japanese locomotive.' They have now in Japan nearly every railroad in Great Britain

"In this connection it will be interestrepeatedly ringing the bell the door was ing to note in passing that the second finally opened by a servant. After the American locomotive was built at the consternation of the moment was over a West Point foundry near Cold Spring, most happy reunion followed between on the Hudson river, and was called the Best Friend, and from that day to this "The poor sexton was not only not the locomotive has been one of the best

"But it is not alone our locomtives ring, while her husband gave him a that have attracted the attention of arge sum of money. His greedy desire foreigners who have visited our shores, for the lady's ring had been the means our railway equipment generally has of her rescue from a horrible death, and commanded admiration and is now her gratitude knew no bounds. She receiving the highest compliment, lived a number of years after this tragic namely, imitation by many of our sister nations.

"Prince Michel Hilkoff, imperial minister of railways of Russia, has, since his ued, "in which an eight-year old girl visit to the United States a few years was put into her coffin, but before it ago, constructed a train on much the same lines as the New York Central's Lake Shore Limited.

"Only a short time ago, at the request of one of the imperial commissioners of Germany, the New York Central sent to Berlin photographs of the interior and exterior of our finest cars and other data in relation to the operation of American railways. Several other countries have asked for similar information, and there is a general waking up of foreign nations on the subject of transportation, brought about mainly by the wonderful achieve-ments of American rallways."

There is no part of the world which has such a black record for wrecks as On asking the man if they would the narrow Black sea. The number in mend, the shoe repairer; after a long some years has averaged more than one "No,' answered Dalton. 'That pestiferous lynx-eyed executor would insist on an autopsy, and have the courts was still invisible. Saturday morning ing, and new uppers—the laces seem these vessels became total wrecks, all the crews being lost. N. Y. Sun.



Magistrate-You are charged with stealing a dog. What have you

Prisoner (sullenly)-The dog folowed me 'ome. Magistrate-But the constable says it

Prisoner (impudently)-Well, a man can't walk about without 'is liver, can 'e?-Tit-Bits.

She Knew Her Lesson. He kissed the maid upon the cheek, And when the deed was done, The good book's teaching she obeyed, And turned the other one. -Chicago Daily News

TRIED TO BE COMPLIMENTARY.



"Good-by, dear; I think your new house is charming-not a bit what I expected."—Ally Sloper.

Her Epitaph. A victim to her wantonness,
Her folly soon is told.
She went to bed in her bathing-dress And caught her death of cold

To Accord with the Fact. "Will some one in the class," asked the teacher of rhetoric, "give a better form to the sentence: 'John can ride the mule if he wants to?"

"'John can ride the mule if the mule wants him to," said the boy with the bad eye .- Chicago Tribune.

His Choice.

Angri Waldo-If you wuz actually obliged to work, Bill, w'ot would you sooner be? Beery Billings (thoughtfully)-Well,

t'ink in a case like dat I'd sooner be a barrel uv cider.-Judge. There Are Others. Askins-What do you think of Van

Dubby? Grimshaw-Oh, he is the kind of a fool that whenever he opens his mouth you can see right through his head .-N. Y. World.

Two blades of grass he made to grow. Where one had grown before And when 'twere up to him to mow His lawn, he cursed full sore.

Retribution.

MORE RUDENESS.



"Hi. miss! w'y don't yer 'ave a pain stilts built for 'im?"-Ally Sloper.

That our baby will be a physician I can tell by his actions right now. For, to judge by his present position, His night calls are frequent, I vow. -N. Y. World.

His Diplomatic Reply. "Do you think she would have man ried him if he hadn't been wealthy?" "Well, you know, he understood that if he hadn't been wealthy he couldn't

have supported her." - Philadelphia

North American. Almost a Model. 'Oh, mamma, I'm miserable. I know that I'm not fully in Harold's confi-

dence. Did papa ever keep anything from you, mamma?" "Nothing - that is, nothing but money."-Tit-Bits.

Very Rare. Adaline-When I marry I shall seect a man who resembles an arc light. Mae-Gracious! in what way? Adaline-Not to go out at night and never smoke.—Chicago Daily News.

Tom-I'm afraid that Bessie's love for me has grown cold. Dick-That's what you get for feed ing her so much ice cream .- N. Y. Jour

Needed by the Best and Worst. A really good golf player must have "And so must a really bad golf play er. It must take a lot of nerve to play

when you don't know how."-Puck. A Pressing Need. The motor ne'er will wholly drive Old-fashioned horses from the land, Unless inventors shall contrive

Thoroughly Businesslike. First Burglar-What happened the other night when you fellows tried to crack that bank and were scared off? Second Burglar - The watchman drew on us at sight.—Town Topics.

Papa's Indulgence. George-Do you think that your father will consent to our marriage? Ethel-Oh, yes! He has always humored my silliest wishes .- Cincin-

nati Enquirer.

Mother-I don't like the looks of the boy I saw you playing with on the street to-day. You mustn't play with bad little boys, you know! Son—Oh! he ain't a bad little boy,

mamma! He's a good little boy! He's did so because you had some liver about been to the reform school two times and they've let him out each time on ac count of good behavior!-Puck.

> Has His Approval. "Doesn't it annoy you to see yourself ridiculed so frequently in the papers?
> "Not a bit," answered Farmer Corn ossel. "The more they picter me as a guileless hayseed that anybody kin gold-brick, the better I like it. It makes summer boarders more onsus

picious."-Washington Star. Wronged.

Mr. Rockingham--What! Trust my daughter in your care for life? Never! Why, to begin with, you haven't the faintest idea of the value of money! Young Courtleigh-I haven't, eh? Say, what do you think I want to marry

Herald. Pre-Empted. "Found," cried the explorer, as the north pole hove in sight. "I annex this district in the name of my gracious sovereign.'

her for, anyway?-Chicago Times

"Too late," murmured a native. laconically. "All this district is under the control of the ice trust."-Philadelphia North American.

Required Assistance,

Klubbman (on getting home at three

a. m.) - Special meetin' at elun m'dearsh, an' (hie) really couldn't get way till now. Mrs. Klubbman-And who finally helped you?-Town Topics.

His Choice. No doubt he is a nice man. And his wares command a price; But I wouldn't be the ice man. I would rather be the ice.

AMBIGUOUS.



 I want to get a note book Something that I can carry in my pocket to jot down my ideas in-Clerk-Oh - you want something

very small, then?-Harlem Life. Favored. No wonder the mosquito sings
While foraging about,
This life to him is nothing but
A grand, sweet free-lunch route. -Washington Star.

"If I could have had your money without you," he said, "we never would have been married." "And if I could have had your title

without you," she answered, "you'd still be hunting for a wife."-Chicago Post. Circumstantial Evidence Husband (after the performance)didn't enjoy the show very much; I for

got my glasses. Wife-Perhaps you did, dear, but your breath doesn't indicate it.-Chicago Daily News.

Not What She Wanted. "These cookies," said the dealer, "are so good that you can hardly get enough

"Give me something else," replied the woman. "I keep a boarding house."-

Chicago Post. Statistics When it comes to turning the tables

On people, one thing we've learned— The average table of figures may Be on anybody turned.

Detroit Journal.



Pious Female-Do people come into the church on a week-day to pray? Old Man-Yes, mum; I catched a ouple of 'em at it last week!-Sketch.

Friendly Comment. Mudge-It is an awful thing to realize you have made an egregious ass of yourself, isn't it? Yabsley-Ain't you used to it yet?-Indianapolis Journal.

"No," said the father to his undutiful son, "I can't ask you to respect me. When I think whose father I am, I don't respect myself." - Indianapo 1 60 90

Unhappy Parent.

Positive Testimony "You needn't tell me," averred Miss Batchgurl, "that golf isn't good exercise. It makes the young men so much stronger in the arms that—that you can scarcely breathe!"-Chicago Tribune.

Counting the Cost. "Aunt Julia, do you think it is a disgrace to die poor?"
"No, David; but it's un awfully mear trick to play on your relatives."—Chi

Faced Bary Ann, Then He Wilted.

It is the proud boast of Archie Bruce the is a lineal descendant of the great Sectish hero, and, as becomes a man of blood, he prides himself on his courage. For several months there has been in his familia a servant who has completely terrorize his wife, the latter being the victim as not, the commander of her wife.

his wife, the latter being the victim and not the commander of her nerves. There was a terrible row between mistress and maid last Saturday, and on Monday morning Mrs. Bruce said to her husband:

"Archie, I cannot stand Mary Jane any longer. Won't you please discharge her before you go to business this morning? You know how afraid of her I am."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bruce, with suave courage, "certainly. The crossest creature that ever cracked a cup or cleaned a kettle cannot cow me."

that ever cracked a cup or cleaned a kettle cannot cow me."

The valiant Archibald sometimes surprises himself and his friends by floating along on a stream of alliteration. Procuring his hat and coat, he descended to the basement kitchen, and in stentorian tones bravely addressed the servant:

"Mary Jane, ahem! I must hurry off now, but, ahem!—Mrs. Bruce asked me to tell you that she wants, ahem!—to speak to you after I have gone to the office!"—San Francisco News Letter.

Makes That a Business Pilson-Are you going to take part in that

nessing contest?
Dilson—Oh, no; they'd rule me out as a "Yes; you know I am connected with eather bureau."—Ohio State Journal.

Against Slang. "This slang is very annoying," said the solemn gentleman. "You remember that time my house was entered by a burglar? Well, I yelled 'robbers' with all my might, and the people thought I was yelling 'rubber' and refused to pay any attention."—Indianapolis Journal.

Slightly Mixed.

Mrs. Henpeck—The Episcopal funeral service is so beautiful! I want it read over me when I die.

Mr. Henpeck—Certainly! There's something in it about "Here endeth the first lesson," isn't there?—Kansas City Inde-Inference Barnes Tormer—He who entertains the fickle public, sir, leads a dog's life.

Stranger—You don't mean to tell me you are the barker for the show?—Indianapolis

Good Reason.—Grandma—"I wouldn't eat that hard apple in that way, Willie." Willie—"I shouldn't think you would, grandma. I wouldn't either 'f didn't have no more teeth 'n you've got."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Where He Landed.—Griggs—"What became of that son-in-law of yours who failed in business about a year ago? Has he got on his feet again?" Briggs—"No; he is still on my hands."—Ohio State Journal. Bacon—"I can't understand why your wife calls that Wagnerian stuff heavenly music." Egbert—"Because it sounds like thunder, I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

Miss Ethel—"Music always makes me feel sad; doesn't it you, Mr. Suda?" Mr. S.— "Yes; but I like it—it's awfully jolly to feel sad, don't y' know."—Brooklyn Life.

So much of the happiness of life depends

It is a good thing to be a man of one idea, providing the idea is big enough.—Ram's Horn. Automobile or ought not to mobile se

be the question at issue.-Cycling zette. The man who goes through life alone generally has poor company.—Chicago Daily News.

Songs about the Klondike should be writ-ten in a "miner" key.-L. A. W. Bulletin. Figures may not lie, but estimates are often misleading.—Chicago Daily News. When a river has a run on its banks it floats a lot of stock.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

REGISTER OF TREASURY.

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the

United States Treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says:

Gentlemen-I find Peru-na to be an execellent remedy for the catarrhal af-fections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depressi heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Pe-ru-na.

No man is better known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons. His name on every piece of money of recent date, makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States. Hon. Lyons address is Augusta, Ga. He is a member of the National Republican Committee, and is prominent and influential politician. He is a particular friend of President McKinley.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Peru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Pe-ru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbea. O

