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NUMBER 1.

THE BABY SLEEPS.

The baby sleeps—the little face
Against the snowy pillow pressed,
The waxen hands with baby grace
Lie folded on the pulseless breast.

The baby sleeps—a sunbeam falls
Softly through the darkened room,
In golden ripples on the walls,
A radiant light amid the gloom.

The baby sleeps, life's conflict o'er
In one short year, the victory won
Through him who all life's sorrows bore,
And the immortal life begun.

The baby sleeps—beyond the tomb,
Where streams of life's water flow,
And brightest flowers ever bloom,
Beneath the sun's eternal glow.

The baby sleeps—the bright blue eyes
Are softly closed in slumber deep,
To rest with him in Paradise,
Who giveth his beloved sleep.

—Alice D. Abell, in Good Housekeeping.

ADRIFT IN MIDAIR.

A Frenchman's Adventure in Sydney, Australia.

It was near midnight and the gates of the exposition would soon be closed. In the various pavilions, with their multitudinous attractions, the orchestras were already attacking that "God Save the Queen" of an altogether conventional loyalty without which no British ceremony ends. And as, with the aim of getting nearer to the Macquarie fort, where I thought more easily to regain my vessel in the roadstead, I had made the tour of the galleries, I found myself unexpectedly before the circular grating of the captive balloon.

Flaming, but beneath the force of the breeze which had arisen in the evening, quivering greatly, a line of gas permitted me yet to read upon the triumphal panel of the monumental gate: "Government of New South Wales, Australian and Universal Exposition of Sydney. Captive balloon, after the model of the Paris exposition. Visitors ascend four hundred yards." One hundred more than at the Place du Carrousel! I felt myself led into temptation.

With my hand directed mechanically toward my vest pocket I had approached still nearer. It was the ticket seller for the aerial voyage who decided me by the epistrophe: "Make haste, gentlemen; it is the last ascension of the evening!"

Resolutely I threw him the half pound exacted as the price of the passage, and introduced myself into the ring incumbered with chairs. A loose footbridge formed the communication between the platform and the car suspended over a shallow ditch. I passed across it amid the resounding accents of the brasses with a flourish, and scarcely was I installed in the huge osier basket when the footbridge was withdrawn and the door of the car, which was padded on the inside, was closed again. The enormous cable, which alone was to bind us to the earth, began to unroll very rapidly on its windlass at the command of the captain.

It was my first aerostatic debut, and, as I ascended on board the Condor of the Andes, I did not fail to experience a certain apprehension, although nervous, a sort of involuntary fright, which, by reasoning and force of will, I was able to control. I had felt at first a great sensation of emptiness, my respiration seemed cut off, and as I knew that I was susceptible to vertigo I only ventured with precaution to look over the elbow rest of the car.

Wholly contrary to my expectations, I found myself instantly at ease. The sides of the osier basket, mounting as high as my breast, seemed to me sufficient protection against my ambition, and, completely reassured, I realized that I was restored to myself.

From that time I looked toward the earth, from which the balloon was moving away with a rapidity which I judged to be giddy, although it was methodically regulated by the number of turns of the gigantic bobbin of the windlass. In the depths of the night below me I sought to distinguish the different streets of the city over which we were hovering; and the greater or less intensity of the lights served me as an indicating mark. I made out with exactitude the park of the exposition, the palace of the governor (Lord Loftus), with its double range of candelabra, then George and King streets, then Circular quay.

"Honored monsieur," said the captain, addressing me, whom, on seeing me step into the car, he had immediately recognized from my uniform as an officer of the French cruiser, "do you see down there in the midst of the roadstead the position lights of your ship?"

"Yes, yes! I see it, captain; monsieur's French man-of-war!"

Getting ahead of mine, this reply was thrown by the very fresh voice of a slight and slender woman, who was touching me with her skirt, and whom I had not yet noticed. But I could not judge of the features of the unknown; the balloon, which cast a shadow over us and seemed like an immense sinister mass of vellum above our heads, prevented me from doing so. Nevertheless, from the mere sound of her voice I divined that she was quite young; her diction and accent undeniably proclaimed that she was of good family and a lady.

I then had the curiosity to ascertain how many traveling companions were with me. I walked through the circular gallery which below the hoop of the netting the car formed around a large empty space, but I found no other trav-

eler. And, not without stumbling awkwardly over the bags of ballast of the Condor of the Andes, I speedily returned to the point of departure. We were still ascending.

"Three hundred and ten yards!" said the captain, sententiously, pointing out to me the registering barometer fastened close to a small lantern to one of the ropes.

The breeze had grown stronger; two or three times the enormous balloon of varnished taffeta, which was bearing us away, swayed wildly and gave a furious shock to the car.

"The cable can resist a traction of one hundred thousand tons," said the captain.

"It is truly magnificent!" tranquilly uttered the exceedingly calm voice of the lady passenger.

I was forced to admit to myself that my blood did not circulate so coldly. The excitement made it even rush back to my heart. But I stiffened myself energetically and leaned over the interior void to thoroughly assure myself that we had reassumed the straight line.

"Three hundred and sixty yards!" announced the aeronaut.

Scarcely had he spoken when the balloon stopped for a second as if it had struck against some very soft and elastic invisible buffer. Then with a bound, it shot off again into space with an impetuosity wholly new, and after a shock attended with vibrations so violent that we all three fell on the bags of sand.

Both the female passenger and I began to ask questions.

"What does this mean? What is it? What has happened?"

The captain, who was the first to regain his feet, leaned over the void.

"The cable is broken," said he. "We are loose!"

Secretly frightened, but unwilling to let it be seen, I said:

"This a captive balloon; will it be strong enough to permit us to land in safety?"

"There are only three of us and the balloon is inflated for thirty. That's the medium number of passengers. You will have only the annoyance of passing two or three hours more than you calculated in my company, and doubtless the inconvenience of not getting back to Sydney until to-morrow morning."

"In that case, captain," I replied, "I am doubly delighted at the accident; the ascension has grown exciting, and we could not desire a more courteous pilot than yourself. Is it not so, madam?"

"Miss, if you please," rectified the very slight and slender lady. "Miss Arabella Lipton, at your service." And she added: "But I shall miss my last car for Woolloomooloo!"

From new vibrations the captain conjectured that we were carrying suspended below us nearly the whole of the broken cable. Its weight visibly impeded the ascent of the Condor of the Andes, and there was reason to fear that on the descent it would occasion very grave damages.

The aeronaut was, fortunately, prompt in decision. Like a true captain, he armed himself with a penknife, and, hoisting himself over the interior abyss of the osier basket, strove to saw away the thick rope.

"How high are we?" he asked, without interrupting his difficult and perilous task.

"Twelve hundred and twenty-five yards," responded Miss Arabella, getting ahead of me again.

Fanting greatly, the aeronaut added, addressing himself to me:

"As soon as the cable is detached with a bound we will ascend to two—"

The sentence remained unfinished.

At a slight cry I turned around, ceasing to observe the barometer. Over the gaping void I could no longer see either the man or the cable. In the captain's supreme effort, one drawing the other, both had fallen! Above us, toward the profound night, still stretched the unfathomable space.

I had not much time for pity; the balloon, suddenly freed, scaled the inaccessible with a prodigious bound. And without any idea of aerial navigation, lost in space and darkness, I found myself alone with an ignorant young girl, as unconscious as she of the danger, unable to attempt the slightest maneuver.

Mute, but terrified—I divined it without seeing her, for her fingers had plunged their nails into my garments and flesh—Miss Arabella had seized my arm. Suddenly she let go her hold to stoop, and I saw that she was throwing our sand overboard.

I was about to grasp her unceremoniously by the waist—logically convinced that unballasted we would mount higher yet—when of themselves her arms fell; I realized that she was inert. A prey also to very painful uneasiness, I cast a glance of anguish at the barometer. The atmospheric pressure had sensibly diminished—we had passed four thousand yards! In the air the oxygen had rarefied. I experienced a sensation I had already felt on high summits.

"Miss," called I, striving to raise up the young girl, but it was in vain, for I had no strength. My legs trembled, my head sank upon my shoulders; I no longer felt the existence of my body.

Crawling, I dragged myself to the barometer and saw with terror that the thermometer had gone down to zero—33°. That was the equivalent of sixty-five hundred yards in height, the altitude of Chimborazo or of the Kouen-Loun chain. By the light of the little

lantern I noticed that my hands were growing black and swelling. My pulse counted the improbable number of one hundred and thirty to one hundred and forty beatings. Simultaneously with an insurmountable desire to sleep, the forerunner of asphyxia, cadaveric insensibility was gaining possession of me.

I had, however, the will to take the lantern in my hand, but on stretching out to reach it I felt myself enveloped by terrible cold. Ice coated the Condor of the Andes. The mercury of the thermometer had fallen to twenty-four degrees below zero.

I then clearly comprehended that the end had come, and, without further striving to recover, closed my eyes and gave myself up.

At the horizon, low and distinct, a brilliant and blue light was appearing.

When I returned to the knowledge of things a magnificent moon was illuminating the night. My eyes, turning mechanically to the rim of the car, distinguished a small silk balloon fastened to a strap. It bore a label: "Oxygen at seventy-five per cent." And it was salvation! My scientific attainments enabled me to understand this—salvation almost at hand! A few inhalations of that over-oxygenated air would restore me with life, with strength.

I seized the little balloon as quickly as I was capable of doing, and, carefully unscrewing its stopper, applied it to my mouth to breathe. I afterwards thought of Miss Arabella, and introduced the slender neck between her lips, which I saw were horribly black and swollen.

Greedy, as she returned to life, I took it from her again, and then ensued between us a strange struggle of ferocious, famished creatures.

Very far below us vast undulations shone, which at that height I judged to be the Blue mountains. We therefore had been carried fifty miles to the west of Sydney.

Cool now and completely restored, I was considering the quickest way in which to end our adventure. The more so, as, saved from asphyxia and strengthened, Miss Lipton kept shouting in my ears in a deafening tone: "I want to descend, Monsieur Frenchman! I repeat it to you that I want to descend!"

Without losing time in answering her, I strove to maneuver the ropes; I pulled them one way after another, hoping thus to discover that which communicated with the escape valve. And I evidently succeeded, for Miss Arabella exclaimed, clapping her hands:

"We are descending, monsieur; the balloon is descending!"

We were really descending, as could be told by the strong shocks of the car, and again I pulled at the rope, but much more delicately, in order to avoid a too sudden reaction.

And later when the anchor, which I had finally succeeded in casting overboard, caught in a vineyard in the environs of Tonggabbie, she threw her arms around my neck and said to me, between two kisses: "Monsieur, I owe you my life!"

I have often seen Arabella since then. Indeed, I see her almost constantly, for she is now my wife, and I must admit that I love her dearly.—San Francisco Call.

Why He Didn't Leave.

At the home of a popular girl in Louisville a most uncomfortable half hour was recently spent by a modest youth who had called to see her. The youth is noted for both bashfulness and nervousness. The night in question he went with a friend to the girl's house. He took a comfortable seat in a large arm-chair, and, as was his habit, soon began to nervously poke his fingers into cracks and holes of the ornamental part of the chair. He shoved one finger into a hole in this manner, but found to his dismay that his knuckle refused positively to come back through the hole. The more the young man worked to release his finger the harder it became, as the finger became swollen.

The youth was too bashful to mention the ridiculous predicament into which he had gotten himself, but patiently bore the pain in silence. He suffered untold agony for fear that his friend would go before he released his finger. Finally the hostess noticed his apparent uneasiness. The youth with many blushes then told the cause. It was not until half an hour later that the bashful youth and the chair parted company. The butler finally succeeded in releasing the finger with the aid of a hatchet and chisel, but the handsome chair is a thing of the past.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Confound you, sir! I've a notion to pull your nose. What do you mean by telling people that I've got a temper?" "I take it all back, sir. When I said that I wasn't aware that you had lost it this morning."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Elephant—"Yes, I'd like to keep up with the times, but I can't afford it. It would bankrupt me to have to buy even a spring overcoat." Giraffe—"But think what it would cost me to wear standing collars."

—What Papa Said—John—"What did the old man say when you asked him for his daughter?" Willie—"He didn't say a word; he whistled for the dog."—Detroit Free Press.

—The royal palaces and public works, such as roads, fortifications, streets, etc., of Belgium have cost \$110,000,000.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

"One deplorable result of excessive meat eating," says Mrs. Ernest Hart, in the London Hospital, is the ill-temper, which is said to be a chronic complaint in England. In less meat-eating France urbanity is the rule; in fish and rice-eating Japan harsh words are unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails, even among the children who play together in the streets.

Children should be trained to eat slowly, no matter how hungry or what important business is pressing. Much safer a little food well ground than a hearty meal swallowed in haste. Cold food is even more difficult to digest than hot, if taken too rapidly. The normal temperature of the stomach is about ninety-eight degrees; food has to be raised to this temperature before digestion can take place.—People's Health Journal.

According to the state board of health of Michigan the statistics of sickness have demonstrated the law that generally influenza (la grippe) is quantitatively related to the atmospheric ozone—the more ozone, the more influenza; and the law that intermittent fever is inversely related—the more ozone, the less remittent fever.

The cultivation of both coffee and the rubber tree (Castilleja elastica) is increasing rapidly on the isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico. In ordinary coffee plantations, trees otherwise useless are planted to shade the coffee trees, but the substitution of the rubber tree provides a shade that in seven years pays all the expenses of the plantation—both coffee and rubber. One rubber tree is planted for every four coffee trees.

It is reported from France that M. Egasse, of Arceville, in the department of Eure et Loire, produced an average crop of eighteen tons of potatoes per acre on forty acres. The tons were what Americans call "long tons" of 2,240 pounds. This result was attained by heavy manuring, the land having received, in addition to farmyard manure, a dressing of 280 pounds of superphosphate, 224 pounds each of sulphate of potash and nitrate of soda per acre.

In the process of extracting gold from its ores molten lead is used instead of mercury. The lead is melted on a shallow hearth and the powdered ore is fed in at one end and carried forward as a film over the surface of the lead by means of an agitator moving over it. It is thus brought to the other end, where it escapes through a hopper.

In order to prevent oxidation of the lead, the chamber is kept filled with carbonic oxide from a gas producer.

Between 60,000,000,000 and 100,000,000,000 codfishes are taken from the sea around the shores of Newfoundland every year. A single cod yields something like 3,500,000,000 eggs each year, and over 8,000,000 eggs have been found in the roe of a single cod. A herring of six or seven ounces in weight is provided with 30,000,000 ova. After making all reasonable allowances for the destruction of eggs and of the young, it has been calculated that in three years a single herring will produce 154,000,000.

Scientists affirm that red hair means an abundance of iron in the blood. And the analyst says that it is the matter that enters the red hair that imparts vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, sentient animal life is what renders them more intense in their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. Philosophers notice it is a peculiar fact that red-haired old maids are very rare.

Experiments are in progress at Yale to determine the relation of muscular action to the nerves. Tests will be made on some of the most celebrated swordsmen of the country to determine the exact time it takes the mind to realize that a certain action has taken place and how long a time is required to make a simple muscular action. This is being done to establish the theory that what is known as muscular strength does not depend upon the size of the muscle, but upon the strength of the nerve center and the quality of the muscle.

Army Tents as Ferry Boats.

Some curious experiments have recently been made with the new tents which the German soldiers carry with them. The end in view is to make the tents, or rather their cloth, serve to construct ferry boats for the soldiers' baggage. To swim a stream in full accoutrement is not without danger even for the best swimmers. In future, however, the soldiers will be relieved from this necessity by the folding tents, which they will carry with them. They will collect brushwood and small branches with which to weave light framework; the tent cloth will be unfolded, laid over the framework and fastened to it in such a manner that the water cannot pass through. The men will then strip and put all their baggage and accoutrements into the sail-cloth ferry boats, which will effectually preserve them from getting wet. The soldiers then swim across, pushing the ferryboats before them, so that they will reach the opposite shore with all their belongings dry. These experiments have been made on a large scale by the pioneers on their recently terminated autumn exercises, and have led to very favorable results, both as to the time required and the trouble occasioned by the transformation.—London Standard.

TRAVELING IN ANNAM.

Queer Modes of Locomotion Experienced by an English Tourist.

Though the French have been in full possession of the Empire of Annam for a considerable number of years, they have not sensibly modified the life and customs of the country. The Hon. George N. Curzon, M. P., an Englishman who recently traveled through French Indo-China, found the traveling customs very peculiar. One of the most ordinary means of locomotion for the European traveler is the palanquin, which is a net of crimson cords, having a roof and screens of richly lacquered ends. It is carried by four or eight men.

The ordinary Annamite is a very small man, and the palanquin is constructed to suit his size. Mr. Curzon was six feet high, with the usual proportions of robust Englishman; and he found the palanquin insupportable. "The most telescopic contraction of my lower limbs," he says, "rendered it impossible for me to occupy one for longer than an hour. Seasoned travelers, however, sleep in them with ease, while being carried along. The coolie bearers march at a jog trot, which enables them to cover the ground with great rapidity, accomplishing at least four miles an hour."

For a part of the journey Mr. Curzon was forced to travel a considerable distance on the back of a little Annamite pony; and he found that this method had its inconveniences also. The roads in places were a "horrible bog" after the rain. The natives ride the pony with a wooden saddle, and with a very narrow iron stirrup, which they grip in the cleft between the big toe and the remaining toes. This style of holding on a horse had its disadvantages for a European.

Frequently the traveler came to a river or lagoon, which had to be crossed in a rude native small boat. Ponies and men were loaded into the same boat. A single movement of one of the horses would have overturned the craft and its contents in midstream; but the ponies stood perfectly still.

"I have sometimes had horrid qualms," Mr. Curzon says, "while crossing a bac perhaps half a mile in width, with three or four ponies in the boat at the same time. But never once did the ponies seem to move by a hair's breadth."

The most remarkable institution of travel in Annam is the tram, which is not by any means a railway, as the word would indicate in English, but a post-station. These stations are from eight to fifteen miles apart, and to each of them are attached a number of able-bodied men of the neighborhood, who are held at the service of the state, and receive a ration of rice.

These men are liable to be summoned at any hour of the day or night from their houses or fields by the do, or superintendent of the tram, who beats a drum; and if they fail to comply at once with his orders, he beats them heavily with a stick.

As the Englishman and his party approached a village, "a drum would be heard beating, and numbers of men would come out carrying banners of red, blue and green flying from the tops of bamboo poles. Escorted by these individuals, and by umbrella bearers who ran behind and held over our heads the red or green painted official parasol of Annam, we entered the village, a coolie sweeping the road clear of dust in front of us.

In this fashion we advanced to the communal house, before which a table would be placed in the open street, shaded by an official umbrella and supporting plates containing bananas, oranges, eggs and other offerings, and sometimes chickens or a kicking pig in a wicker hamper.

"Here the mayor would be standing, and unless restrained would kneel down and make his la, or official obeisance, by three times touching his forehead on the ground.

"Outside the larger towns the local governor, or mandarin, would appear, borne in his official hammock and attended by two or three umbrella bearers, according to his rank; by lecturers carrying in a long case the recognized instruments of flagellation; by his pipe bearer; by a domestic carrying a wooden box in which were stored his writing, smoking and chewing material; and by pike-men and banner-men."

These instruments of flagellation, by the way, are used by the mandarin upon those about him in the same fashion as that on an English public school, Mr. Curzon says, and their use is not considered an indignity even by persons of high position.—Geographical Journal.

Poor Sweetening.

Alliteration is a grace which may easily be abused. Even in poetry it should not be laid on with too heavy a brush. Such successions of sibilants as we sometimes see in second-class songs should be sedulously shunned. Of what was probably an unintentional alliteration, an exchange tells the story:

"Got any good m'lasses, George?" asked a farmer's wife of the grocer.

"Good's I ever had in the store, Mis' Littlefield," answered the grocer.

"Waal, put me up tew gallons."

A week or so later Deacon Littlefield called the grocer to account for selling his wife poorer molasses than usual.

"It's good 'nough in Injin pudd'n," he said, "and in brown bread; but, George, I gin ye my word as a dekin, it's terrible tedious in tea."—Youth's Companion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A mistake is apt to attract more attention to us than a virtue.—Ram's Horn.

—"What caused your bookkeeper's downfall?" "Lost his balance."—Rochester Democrat.

—"His honor is at steak," said the waiter, when the judge was at dinner.—Binghamton Republican.

—"Don't you think Miss Nice is an intellectual-looking girl?" He—"Why, no; I think she is quite pretty."—New York Ledger.

—"Minnie—"Which would you rather be—awfully good or awfully beautiful?" "Minnie—"I'd rather be awfully rich."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"An absent-minded Manayunk man, who was asked to dine out the other day, apologized to his host for the poor dinner."—Philadelphia Record.

—"She—"It is rank injustice to say that a woman is inferior to a man in reasoning powers." He—"Why?" She—"Because."—Detroit Tribune.

—"Mrs. Slasher must have been very friendly with her next neighbor." "She passed her without speaking." "Yes, that's what made me think so."—Inter Ocean.

—"Have you met that elderly girl that Smith has married? He says she she is a sample of Virginia beauty?" "A sample! I should call her a remnant."—Vogue.

—"It's queer," mused the bookkeeper, as he rested his aching brow on his hands, "that when my head is in a whirl my mind is not a bit active."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Is anyone sick over at Smith's? I see all the shades are down and the blinds closed." "No, the people next door are going to have a whist party, and it was to shut out the noise."—Inter Ocean.

—"An Obliging Creature.—He—"The other night at the dance I took the same girl down to supper three times." She—"She was very accommodating, wasn't she?"—Truth.

—"What I want," said the anarchist, "is reform." "And that," said the police justice, "is what you're going to get, if there is any moral efficacy in jail discipline."—Washington Star.

—"Ethel (weeping)—"I am so disappointed in him. I am sure he was tipsy last night; he threatened to kiss me." May—"Well, there's no knowing what men won't do when they're drunk."—Waterbury.

—"Little Johnnie—"You ought to see Mr. Kilburn and Clara make lemonade." Mrs. Jones—"How do they do it?" Little Johnnie—"Why Clara holds the lemon, and Mr. Kilburn squeezes Clara."

—"Mrs. De Pyus—"I saw you at our church Sunday. How do you like the voice of our new tenor?" Forte—"I must admit that it is at least all that it is cracked up to be."—Kansas City Journal.

—"We often hear people say of a man that he 'talks like a book,' but if any man talks like the conversation in some of our modern novels, he must be an extraordinary creature, wonderfully made."—Somerville Journal.

—"Well Defined.—Amicus—"You say that poem is magaziney. What particular quality do you consider it as possessing?" Poet—"Some quality that will enable me to sell it for more than it is worth."—Puck.

—"Spoiled His Calculations.—"Don't you like the room I gave you?" said the hotel clerk to the drummer from Cincinnati. "Yes, the room's all right. What made you ask? Do I look worried?" "To be frank, you do." "Well, I am feeling rather uncomfortable. You see, I came over on the S. L. O. and W. road." "Got in late, I suppose." "No, we got in on time, and now I have about two and a half hours on my hands that I don't know what to do with."—Washington Star.

Bound to Kick.

The man with two cork legs was in a bad humor because he couldn't go skating, and he growled when he handed his fare to the street car conductor.

"Well, it is pretty hard," admitted the conductor, "but you have one advantage."

"I'd like to know what it is."

"You are never troubled with cold feet."

"Perhaps not in the day time," he admitted grudgingly, "but I am at night."

"O, come off," protested the conductor.

"It's true, I tell you," he said sharply.

"Get out; you haven't any feet to be cold."

"Possibly not, but my wife has," and the conductor rung up seven fares before he recovered from the shock.—Detroit Free Press.

Effect of Unsound Teeth on Speed. Many horses, it appears, have imperfect teeth, and their owners often fail to find what is the matter. The famous pony trotter, David L., with a record of 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, fell behind for a whole season. An examination of his mouth showed that two of his teeth were cutting him. He was operated upon, and he at once trotted again with his former speed. Rosalind Wilkes, with a record of 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, was another case in point. Not until her teeth were repaired did she resume her former rate of racing speed.—N. Y. Sun.

A Reason.

Mistress—"If you don't like your place, what do you stay for?" Maid—"Fer four dollars a wake, mem."—Detroit Free Press.