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MAIDENHOOD.

You stand in life's fair April-tide,
Upon a sun-kissed, haze-bound shore;
You cannot see beyond the wide
Expanse of ocean stretched before
Your eyes; but in your soul's great deep
There lurks a yearning, unconfessed,
To probe the mysteries that sleep
Beneath that ocean's heaving breast.

God's sun smiles upon your bronze-gold
hair;
God's angels rest their finger-tips—
Whose every touch enfames a prayer
Upon the sweet curves of your lips,
And, veiled beneath the calm surprise
Whose startled glance repels desire,
Within your sombre, wondering eyes,
There dwells a hint of slumbering
fire.

You do not know your power as yet,—
Nor shall you know till love shall stand
Demanding payment of the debt
You owe him, with your heart and
hand;
Then shall your soul, awakened, rise
On wings untried, but free and strong,
And soaring into Paradise,
Learn there to chant life's grand,
sweet song!

STELLA G. FLORENCE.

BARKER'S BICYCLE.

Barker is an old friend of mine, and
this story is not told with any malicious
intention. Not for the world would
I do anything to rupture the bond of
friendship which has existed between
us for many years.

I have had a talk with Barker about
it anyway, and he says he doesn't
mind, provided I handle the thing in a
neat and intelligent way, and do not
exaggerate, which I shall certainly be
very careful not to do.

Barker is employed in a bank during
the day. He has never made it very
clear to me just what the nature of his
occupation is in that institution, but
he can be seen at any time between the
hours of ten and three seated on a high
stool and waving a long black ruler. I
am informed that he uses the ruler once
in a while to draw lines with, and even
puts down an occasional figure in a
large book that is always open in front
of him; but this is only hearsay, and
as I have promised to confine this narra-
tive strictly to facts I would rather
not make any positive statement about
it.

But while it may be well to give
some short insight into the nature of
Barker's daily pursuits and the general
tenor of his existence, it is by no
means essential to the full comprehen-
sion of the events with which this story
has to deal, as the scene is laid entire-
ly after the set of the sun, at which
time Barker ceases to be an ordinary
individual and becomes a bicycle fiend
of the most desperate description. As
a matter of fact it is entirely probable
that such would have been his habitual
condition at all hours, if he had not
found it necessary for financial reasons
to waste his talents part of the time in
a bank.

Barker's bicycle is a machine of the
most approved pattern and equipped
with all the latest appliances for se-
curing speed, safety and grace. There
was one point, however, on which he
experienced great annoyance. He could
never find a device which would ex-
ercise a sufficiently startling effect on
pedestrians, and make them jump out
of his way in as lively a manner as he
would like.

"A bell ain't worth a cent, you
know," he would say to me. "People
are getting so used to hearing them
that they don't pay any attention to
them. I ran over three little boys, a
dog and an old lady last week, and it's
getting to be a nuisance."

I said I thought it was, and that I
had no doubt the three little boys, the
dog and the old lady also thought so.

"It's an outrage," said Barker, "when
a man can't go along the street without
being tipped over by people who don't
look where they are going. There
ought to be a law against it. Now,
what I want on my bicycle is some sort
of a thing that will show people who
go rushing around the streets at night
that they don't own the whole town."

"I don't mind telling you, though,"
added Barker, "that it will take a pret-
ty smart man to invent something that
will fill the bill. You see, it has got to
be something out of the ordinary run.
The only way I can make them move
now is to yell at them, and there's too
much work about that."

"Well, Barker," said I. "I am not an
extraordinary smart man, but if yelling
at them makes them move I can fix
you."

"How?" said Barker.

"Carry a phonograph," said I.

Barker stood for a few moments in
profound meditation. Then he slapped
me on the back with every appearance
of great enthusiasm.

"Perkins," said he, "you're an inven-
tive genius. Now here I've been puzz-
ling my brains for a month about this
thing, and couldn't hit on a simple lit-
tle scheme like that. I'll go and get a
phonograph right away."

"There's one thing about it, Barker,"
said I, "and that is that phonographs
cost a good deal of money."

"What do I care for that?" said he.
"I rather pay a hundred dollars than

be constantly in danger from those
reckless people."

One or two evenings after this I was
crossing Howard avenue when I heard
a voice—Barker's voice, but with an un-
familiar nasal twang about it—halloo-
ing at me: "Look out there!"

Involuntarily I started. There was
an uncanniness about it—a weird and
unnatural emphasis. It was a voice
pregnant with the ring of authority,
and as I stepped quickly to one side,
there shot by me a vision of gray golf
stockings, sweater and cycling cap with
which I was pretty well acquainted.
So he actually rigged up his wheel
with a phonograph! Darting into a
nearby bicycle agency I hired a wheel
in feverish haste, and sped up the ave-
nue in pursuit of the fleeting figure in
gray. In the dim distance I could hear
the howl of the fiendish thing as it sped
on through the night, and as I spun over
the asphalt with the speed of the wind,
the space between us lessened and I be-
gan to catch the melody of shouts that
were pouring forth from the vicinity of
Barker's handle bars. He had evidently
loaded it with a variety of expres-
sions suitable for all sorts of emergen-
cies, and the thing was spitting them
out with an intelligence that bordered
on the marvelous.

"Would you be so kind, miss," it said
with the accent of a Chesterfield, as a
woman of the fat and forty persuasion
stepped in the way, "as to turn to the
right a little? Aw, thanks!"

And the woman smiled at Barker,
and thought he was such a polite young
man. A few rods further on a small
boy darted across the street beneath
the flickering rays of the electric light.
"Hi, there!" yelled the phonograph,
"get a move on you now—y! y! y! y!
whereupon the boy was convinced he
was being pursued by a lunatic and
fled down a side street.

"Barker," said I solemnly, pushing
my wheel up alongside of him by a tremen-
dous effort, "you had better take
that thing off."

"Why, how do you do?" said he;
take it off! Why?"

"Because I am morally certain," said
I, "that it's a violation of Ordinance
No. 5,046. If one of those mounted
policemen comes along and that thing
howl at him you'll go to jail."

But Barker evidently thought that
was all nonsense. He didn't care if it
violated the whole Council series from
A to Z. He had got hold of an elegant
thing, and was going to stick to it,
and I was a gay sort of a man to recom-
mend it to him and then advise him
to give it up. All this time the phono-
graph was talking in the tone of deep
disgust to a heavy individual who was
pedalling along in a leisurely way just
in front of us, and who must have been
stone deaf or he would certainly have
clambered down and punched Barker's
head.

Then I was initiated into the myste-
ries of the thing, and saw how, by
pushing a small attachment down so
that it rubbed on the front wheel, the
mechanism of the phonograph was
made to revolve, and it shouted out
whatever was in it until the clamp was
released. Barker said he had talked
into it half a day, and was evidently
well supplied with a vocabulary.

By the time we got to the club—for
we belonged to a club, both of us—
Barker was in a state of hilarious de-
light, and half of the dogs, children and
old ladies in town were on the verge
of frenzy. Of course, all the other fel-
lows in the club had to learn all about
it, and Barker pushed his machine
around on the sidewalk and made the
phonograph curse them, and all their
relatives to the tenth generation, which
seemed to afford them the most un-
bounded pleasure.

As a fitting conclusion to the eve-
ning's entertainment we all went up-
stairs, and I regret to say that Barker,
after placing the phonograph carefully
on a table beside him, got as drunk as
a lord, and talked and sang and shout-
ed in a very scandalous and disgraceful
way.

After it was all over I took him home
and put him to bed, and while doing
this he informed me in a maudlin and
disconnected way that he was going
out riding the next evening with the
two Cutter girls, daughters of old man
Coupon Cutter, one of the directors in
the bank, and he wished I would drop
around and ride with the big one, so he
could talk to the little one. He said
that I was his only friend, and that he
loved the little one. He did not love
her in any ordinary way, either; but in
a way in which no one ever had loved
before.

Now, I like Barker, and he is a friend
of mine, and as a matter of course it
was only common charity to help him
out in a case like that. So I gave him a
lot of good advice about how to doctor
his head in the morning, which he re-
ceived with very bad grace, and prom-
ised to be in the neighborhood of old
Cutter's the next evening without fail.

I was a little late getting off, and had
hardly got within sight of the house on
the following night when I met the two
girls and Barker coming toward me.
He seemed to be in high spirits, and was
particularly jolly when they met me.
I wanted to ask him about the phono-
graph, but hesitated to do so. He im-
mediately mentioned the matter him-
self, however, and explained that the
youngest Miss Cutter was infatuated
with the thing, and had insisted in hav-

ing it put on her bicycle, and that they
were all anxiously waiting for some-
thing to get in the way so they could
give it a trial. I afterwards discovered
that Barker had represented to them
that the whole thing was his own idea,
and they had declared that he was
wonderfully ingenious.

We had gone about three blocks,
Barker and "the little one" being in
front, and the elder Miss Cutter and
myself in the rear, when a man tried
to cross the street in front of us.

"Hooray! gimme me another drink!"
said the phonograph in a ghastly coun-
terfeit of Barker's voice.

The man gazed at us in astonishment
and fell into the gutter; Barker's ma-
chine wobbled violently, and I could
see that his nerve had crumbled, while
I felt a shiver along my own spine as
I took in the situation.

"Her golden hair was hanging down
her—h—h—hic—back!" sang the wretch-
ed instrument in Barker's well-known
treble. Evidently "the little one"
couldn't loosen the clamp.

Drops of sweat stood on Barker's
brow, and he tried to turn it off as a
joke.

"Funny, ain't it?" said he; "never
can tell what it will say."

"You're a liar!" screamed the phono-
graph. "Come long now, and pass the
whisk."

I could see "the little one" turn pale,
and the elder Miss Cutter looked dag-
gers at Barker.

"Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, wov, wov,
wov, whoopee!" said the phonograph.

"Shay," it continued in a confidential
whisper, "I'm struck on the—hic—pret-
tise—hic—girl—"

"Take it off!" growled Barker, mak-
ing a lunge at the instrument, but his
equilibrium was gone, and he fell in
an ignominious heap on the pavement.

"Ho! ho! you're drunk!" shrieked the
machine, derisively, as we darted on
and left him.

"Mr. Perkins," said the elder Miss
Cutter, dismounting, and pointing im-
periously in the direction of her sister's
wheel, "take that thing off!"

I obeyed her with the utmost alac-
rity, and cast it at the dark spot where
its owner was reposing.

"Now," said the elder Miss Cutter,
"take us home, sir."

And so I did, and when old man Cut-
ter looked at me in an inquiring way
over the tops of his eyeglasses I felt as
guilty as a man who had robbed a bank
and strangled the janitor.

They didn't ask me to come in, so I
went off to hunt up Barker. I found
him sitting on the curbstone pounding
at something with a brick.

"What's that?" said I.

"I never saw a man who could ask
so many foolish questions," said he
sulkily, and then he climbed upon his
bicycle and rode away; and now I un-
derstand that the Board of Directors
have become economical and cut down
his salary.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Luck in Mining.

"I could have owned half the Enter-
prise mine at Rico for \$300 if a tele-
gram from Denver had not announce-
d the decision of the doctors to use the
knife on my baby boy for hernia. I
lost more than \$1,000,000, but I stopped
the knife, and my boy is healthy and
rugged."

These were the words of a gentle-
man seated with a group of prospect-
ors a few evenings ago, which led up
to a number of stories relating to sim-
ilar incidents.

"I knew a man more fortunate than
myself, however, who grasped his op-
portunity," continued the speaker.
"Dave Brown, of Aspen, gave a pros-
pector \$75 worth of lumber and got one-
fourth of the Aspen mine. Brown was
then a store clerk. He is now a mil-
lionaire, banker and operator."

"It is not always management that
secured a fortune," ventured another
of the group. "It was luck, pure and
simple, that made Dave Schwelker a
millionaire. He knew nothing about
mining, but a miner told him to sink,
and he did sink. He ran out of money
several times, but others, who were in-
terested in learning what greater
depths he would encounter on Dolores
Mountain, loaned various sums, and
at last a lucky lottery ticket drew
\$4000, and this money reached the ore
in the Enterprise mine."

"Yes, luck has a great deal to do with
it," said the third speaker. "Several
people in Durango had an opportunity
a few years ago to get into the Colum-
bus mine in La Plata for a few dollars
when the Dutchman who located it
owned it. I know one Durango man
who had a good chance to buy the mine
for less than \$500, the price received,
who had spent twice as much trying to
find something like the Columbus."

"Chances like that are often over-
looked in Durango," said another of
the group. "There was a little fellow
down here from McQuincy a couple of
years ago showing some good-looking
ore from a claim, which he offered to
trade a quarter of for a rifle. He went
to the gun store, and all over town try-
ing to trade for a rifle, and the kind of
gun he wanted was selling in second-
hand stores for \$5 or \$6, but the little
fellow couldn't get a rifle. I saw the
property last fall that he offered to
trade, and saw some of the ore roasted
in a blacksmith forge. Gold boiled out
of it very freely, and I doubt if all the
guns in the San Juan country would
buy a quarter interest in that property
now."—Durango (Col.) Democrat.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

There are twenty-six cremation as-
sociations in active operation in the
United States. The oldest was organ-
ized at Washington, Pa., in 1876, and
the two newest are found in New
Haven, Conn., and Elizabeth, N. J.
(1894). The number of incinerations re-
ported is 3,670. The number incinerated
in Europe from 1876 to 1893 was
19,700. The membership of the Ameri-
can associations is about 8,000 and the
adherents of the method about 100,000.

The Railway Age gives the following
as the present mileage of the greatest
railroad systems in America: Pennsylv-
ania, 8,882; Chicago and North-west-
ern, 7,931; Santa Fe, 7,555; Chicago,
Burlington and Quincy, 7,304; Canadian
Pacific, 7,103.

Statistics show that Pennsylvania
has more citizens whose sight has been
destroyed, or who have had their eyes
rendered useless, than any other state.
The large number of iron and steel
plants, and other manufacturing and
mines within its limits is responsible for
this. The fact that Pittsburgh is the
center of the iron and steel trade,
and in the most important coal-mining
district in the country, furnishes the ex-
planation for the fact, as stated by the
Chronicle of that city, that there are
more people in Pittsburgh wearing
glass eyes than are to be found in any
other city in the country. Those who
are in a position to know estimate that
there are about 2,400 such unfortunates
in Allegheny County, or about one to
every 250 persons.

A State organization of the school
Boards or Minnesota has been formed.
There are similar organizations in Il-
linois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas and
Pennsylvania, and a National Con-
vention—the first—will be held in Buffalo
this year; in connection with the Na-
tional Teachers' Association. The pur-
pose in the organization of these State
Associations of School Boards is to
gather and exchange opinions and de-
cisions. Without such organization, it
is argued, School Boards are indepen-
dent bodies, each acting upon its own
best judgment, and knowing little or
nothing of other boards. School teach-
ers and superintendents have their own
conventions and exchange of ideas,
and it is equally desirable that mem-
bers of School Boards should have an
opportunity of educating themselves
for their duties.

The figures given by Professor
Michele in the Independent of the size
and cost of the European military es-
tablishments are very striking. Russia
leads off with 868,772 men in her army,
while France is second with 598,253,
and Germany a close third, with 584,-
734. Austria follows after a consider-
able interval with 354,252, while Italy
slips in before England with 252,820.
But England takes first place in the
navy with 83,400 men, followed by
France, 43,620, and Italy 35,607. In the
percentage of the population for both
services in time of peace France leads
with 1.67, while Greece is second with
1.28, and Germany third with 1.26. In
the annual cost of both services Russia
leads off with \$252,176,870, followed by
France with \$181,180,002. The total
number of armies and navies in Europe
are 3,681,496 men, and the cost is \$973,-
202,215 annually. We might cut a con-
siderable figure in the list by adding
the pensions for our last war to current
army and navy expenses.

The Washington Star announces that
the two species of large water bugs
that have come to be called electric
light bugs have put in an appearance
around the electric arc lights. "A most
curious thing about these bugs," it
says, "is that before the introduction
of electric lights they were considered
to be comparatively rare. They were
seldom seen, as they were not attracted
by ordinary light. When the arc light
appeared, however, the bugs became
enormously noticeable. Upon their ap-
pearance in such prodigious numbers
entomologists were of the opinion that
after two or three years both species
would grow scarce, but the numbers
do not seem to be decreasing in the
slightest. While neither the Belostoma
nor the Notonecta is distinctly poison-
ous, both have strong beaks, capable
of inflicting severe wounds, and it will
be wise to handle them with great care,
if at all. The very large black water
beetle will also be seen among the
water bugs around electric lamps in
the proportion of about 1 to 100."

Some wise French physician has dis-
covered a new cure for insomnia, night-
mare, and all sort of nervous ills which
disturb our rest. It seems that the old
idea of sleeping with the head higher
than the feet is all wrong, and we must
reverse the order of things and put our
feet on the pillow, as this position as-
sures "profound and intellectual sleep."

It may be new to cyclists, but a
French physician declares that cyclists,
unknown to themselves perhaps, de-
velop a gentle vibratory condition of
the body. In other words they become
human tuning forks. It was Dr. Pettit
who gave the French Academy of Medi-
cine the "tip" on this, and since then
French and English bicyclists have
been surprised, when they have com-
plained to their medical advisers that
they felt unusually restless and could
not account for it, to learn that they
had unconsciously acquired the "vibra-
tory habit." The medical journals are
taking the matter up, and soon Ameri-

can doctors also will doubtless begin
to prescribe for the cure of the new ail-
ment.

The estimated cost of the Nicaragua
canal has been increased by the govern-
ment commission, whose report has
just appeared. "In spite of this in-
crease, however," says The Manufac-
turer, "the cost remains within the
bounds of the capital and the aid which
can be legitimately extended by the
United States." The original estimate
of the Nicaragua Canal Company ten
years ago was \$66,466,880. The present
estimate by the government commis-
sion is \$133,472,893. This is just
double. In the interval, however
the estimates made by the com-
pany have been increasing as the diffi-
culties were better known. Of late the
estimates usually made have placed
the cost at from \$100,000,000 to \$110,-
000,000. The report of the government
commission, instead of doubling this
latter estimate, as was freely predic-
ted, advances it only to a round \$133,-
500,000. As this commission was
selected in no friendly spirit and its
instructions were evidently intended to
render it certain that its estimates in-
cluded every possible item of cost, the
figures which it has now published may
be accepted as final.

In a work on the road and pavements
of France, Professor A. P. Rockwell,
formerly of the Massachusetts Insti-
tute of Technology, deduces from the
reports of the Minister of the Interior,
for 1881-1886, that the average cost of
nearly 26,000 miles of macadamized
road in France, of which over 17,000
miles were ordinary local roads, were
as follows: Main highways, \$2,309 per
mile; secondary highways, \$2,309 per
mile, and ordinary local roads, \$2,036
per mile. These figures include the
cost of the road proper and the grading
and right of way; but do not include
the cost of bridges, culverts and other
structures. The range in price is not
very great, being only \$800 per mile in
some departments and as much as \$5,-
600 and \$7,200 per mile in others. All
of the Paris pavements, except a por-
tion of the block-stone paving, are laid
on concrete foundations. The total
area of Paris street pavements on Janu-
ary 1, 1894, was 10,554,520 square
yards, and the percentages of kinds of
pavement were as follows: Block-
stone, 71.5 per cent; macadam 16.3
per cent; asphalt, 3.8 per cent, and wood,
8.4 per cent. Asphalt pavements date
from 1855 and the first wood pave-
ments were laid in 1881; but the ten-
dency of to-day is to substitute wood or
asphalt for stone and macadam, with
wood as the present favorite.

In an interesting decision the Massa-
chusetts Supreme Court decides that
damages by smoke from a fire which
was confined exclusively in a chimney-
place come within the risks insured
against by a policy of the standard
form in Massachusetts. The defend-
ant contended that the policy was not
intended to apply to a fire which is
lighted and maintained for the ordi-
nary purposes for which fires are used
in buildings, and which is confined
within the place that is fitted for such.
Judge Knowlton for the court says,
"We are inclined to the opinion that a
distinction should be made between a
fire intentionally lighted and main-
tained for a useful purpose in connection
with the occupation of a building, and
a fire which starts from such a fire
without human agency in a place
where fires are never lighted nor main-
tained, although such ignition may nat-
urally be expected to occur occasion-
ally as an incident to the maintenance
of necessary fires, and although the
place where it occurs is constructed
with a view to prevent damage from
such ignition. A fire in a chimney
should be considered rather a hostile
fire than a friendly fire, and as such,
if it causes damage, it is within the pro-
visions of ordinary contracts of fire in-
surance."

The State Department officers feel
that the Consular reports which are
prepared at infinite pains, and in some
cases by much labor and research, by
our consuls in all parts of the world are
not fully appreciated at home. These
reports aim, under the present system,
to point out to American merchants
and manufacturers the best markets
for their products. Complete data are
furnished by the Consuls, and it is
made available at once for the news-
papers. It has been found that Ameri-
can newspapers care very little for
such news, and even the trade papers
use the material sparingly. The re-
ports are published periodically in vol-
umes which are distributed generally
to business men whose addresses are
on the State Department list. By the
time this publication reaches them,
however, the information is old and in
some cases its value is lessened. The
department officers think that greater
consideration should be paid the re-
ports of our Consuls, especially as they
mean dollars and cents to many busi-
ness houses in all parts of the country.
The subjects treated of are as varied
as the lines of commerce, and both ex-
portation and importation are dealt
with. It was remarked recently in the
State Department that the London
Times awaited with apparent interest
the publication of the Consular reports,
and made regularly an abstract of the
information. It is the only paper in
the world, so far as the department of-
ficials know, which makes this use
of the commercial reports of American
Consuls.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN
OF THE PRESS.

Swinging and Singing—Who Saw It First
—Her Temper—Discrepancy Only Ap-
parent—Just Like a Charm.

SWINGING AND SINGING.

The maiden in the hammock swings
And her sweet fancy wishes,
While mother, in the kitchen, sings
And washes up the dishes.

WHO SAW IT FIRST?

Purchaser—That mirror you delivered
at my house was cracked.
Dealer—All right, I'll have it looked
into.

HER TEMPER.

"That Mrs. Naglet has the worst all-
round bad temper I ever knew."
"Yes, even her hair curls!"

DISCREPANCY ONLY APPARENT.

Hungry Higgins—I don't believe I could
walk a mile a day without a drink, could
you?
Weary Watkins—No, I couldn't walk
a mile without a drink, though I could
walk ten miles to get one. Queer, ain't it?

JUST LIKE A CHARM.

Customer, howlingly—This toothache
stuff you gimme is the rankest kind of
fraud. And you warranted it to work
like a charm.

Druggist, blandly—Well, did you ever
know a charm to work?

LOGICAL.

He: And so you wish to break off our
engagement, long as it is?
She: The longer a thing is, the easier
it is to break off.

TAKING HIS SUGGESTION.

Dealer (to newcomer, who has ordered
a large bill of goods)—Are you going to
settle here, sir? I trust so!
Newcomer—Well, if you trust, I don't
think I will settle. Good-day.

NEIGHBORLY ATTENTIONS.

"I didn't sleep a wink last night, that
Tugby baby cried all the night before."
"How did that keep you awake last
night?"
"You see, I waited until the Tugbys
got to bed, and then I played on my cor-
net until daylight."

A CITY CHILD'S CONCLUSION.

Aunt Mary. "Do you know what kind
of birds those are?"
Willie. "No, aunty."
Aunt Mary. "Now just think a minute,
Willie. What do they make chicken
salad of in the city?"
Willie. "Veal."

JUSTIFICATION.

"Why," thundered the magistrate,
"did you beat your wife with a rocking
chair, breaking three of her ribs?"
"To amuse the baby," faltered the cul-
prit.

However, he was not able to prove be-
yond a reasonable doubt that such was
his purpose, and sentence was accordingly
pronounced.

CHICAGO'S LITERARY MOVEMENT.

"So you have a new president in your
Shakespeare Club."
"Yes, our last president did not fairly
represent us; she didn't like French dress-
ing on her salads."

SATISFIED WITH RESULTS.

"I had a fight yesterday with the boy
next door."
"Yes, his father called at my office to-
day about it."
"I hope you came out as well as I did."

A DIFFICULT CALLER.

"Willie Wobbles is very hard to please,"
said the girl who is artless, if not brilliant.
"What makes you think so?"
"His behavior when he calls on me.
Whenever I play the piano he seems to
wish I would talk. And whenever I talk
he seems to wish I would play the piano."

A WHOLE COMMITTEE.

The Living Skeleton—The fat lady pro-
posed to me last night, I'll have to get
rid of her somehow.

The Glass Eater—Have you thought of
ways and means?
The Living Skeleton—Yes. I know
what she weighs, and I'm not going to
know what she means.

RATHER CHECKY.

Jones—"I have left all my money at
home in my other pants. Lend me a
nickel for