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I PIN MY LOVE TO AUTUMN.

Poets sing about the seasons in the slickest sort of rhymes,
An' on the bells of fancy ring a myriad o' chimes,
An' call upon the Muses fur to send inspirin' thoughts
To nerve the fleet Pegasus as along the course he trots.
But I don't do it in that a-way; I jest take up the pen,
An' squat myself fur business sort of easy like, an' when
The thoughts come softly oozing from the fountains o' my brain,
I start 'em coursing o'er the sheet an' give 'em easy rein.

An' that's just how I'm doin' this calm September day,
When the brightness o' the summer has begun to pass away,
When the leaves are slowly changin' to the richest sort o' brown,
Putting off their summer dresses fur the sober autumn gown,
An' the Bob White pipes its music in the woods an' in the fields,
An' the ever-faithful orchard all its richest bounty yields.
Other seasons offer beauties worthy of a poet's rhyme,
But I pin my love to autumn an' her richness, every time.

Then the harvestin' is over an' the mows are stuffed with hay,
An' amid the golden tassels o' the corn the breezes play,
An' the hungry-throated thresher swallers down its golden food,
Hummin' notes o' thankful music to the Giver of All Good.
'Tis the season o' festivity, when fun an' joy an' mirth
Dodges in and takes possession o' the rural part of earth,
An' the silvery bells o' pleasure ring their gladdest, merriest chime—
So I pin my best affection to the autumn, every time.

Then the wimmin git together 'round the cherished quiltin' frame—
Laughing-eyed an' merry maiden, motherly an' sober dame—
An' they stitch an' stich unceasin', tongues with needles keepin' time,
Chattin' socially or singin' meetin' hymns in rural rhyme;
Then when the golden sunset marks the closin' o' the day,
And the chiny supper dishes are all washed an' put away,
Then the men folks come a-troopin', dressed up in their Sunday clothes,
Fur the kissin' party pleasures none but country people knows.

Rosy cheeks grow still more rosy, brighter grows the laughin' eyes,
As the merry youths and maidens snatch at pleasure as she flies,
An' the peals o' joyous laughter tremble on the atmosphere
When some awkward boy is told to kiss the maid he loves most dear;
An' bunched in groups the old folks sit an' ply the busy tongue,
Fur the play brings recollections o' the days when they were young;
An' near the merry players, in some quiet, cozy spot,
Cupid lurks within the shadders, waitin' fur to git a shot.

Poets sing about the seasons in the slickest sort o' rhymes,
An' on the bells o' fancy ring a myriad o' chimes,
An' call upon the Muses fur to send inspirin' thoughts
To nerve the fleet Pegasus as along the course he trots.
But I don't never lack fur inspiration when I sing
About the time that follers up the summer's takin' wing;
The glorious golden autumn, when all Nature is in rhyme,
Kin ketch the bulky end of my affections, every time.

—Capt. Jack Crawford, the "Poet Scout," in L. A. W. Bulletin.

MADELINE VANE.

By Shannon Birch.

[Copyright, 1897.]

CUSTER barracks was at the feet of willful, beautiful Madeline Vane.

When Madeline chose to ride, she usually mounted Thistle Blow, a gray pony, almost as graceful and dainty as herself. No escort ever accompanied Madeline when mounted on Thistle Blow; but when she elected to mount Tiger Chief, a coal-black charger of splendid proportions and invincible mettle, she rode along the avenue that divided the buildings of the post at an hour when the duties of the younger officers permitted them to be at leisure, followed by a saddle horse for whomsoever she might select to become her escort.

Now one, now another, was favored, and all watched with envy the happy fellow as he rode off in fine, soldierly style, with his mind on Madeline, but keeping a cautious eye withal on the antics of Tiger Chief, whose indomitable temper was the joy of his rider and the secret fear of every lieutenant responsible for the safety of Tiger Chief's mistress. The serious responsibility devolving upon the escort to Madeline, however, never deterred any member of the barracks from accepting the part, and was not likely to.

One alone was never given the opportunity, although he was thus slighted for the most gracious of reasons—namely, because he was in possession of Madeline's heart. This, however, would have been denied by Madeline, and utterly disbelieved by Jack Silvis himself.

Jack Silvis was captain of a company of Apaches, who were in the service of the government to act as emergency required in frontier operations against the hostiles. Jack's characteristics peculiarly fitted him for this command. Although well educated, with good family connections in the east, he had chosen from love of adventure to lead the life of an Indian officer, half scout, half soldier. He handled his savage braves like children, and his remarkable knowledge of Indian character made him of great value to the post.

In the performance of duty, Capt. Jack was the most tireless, in every danger the most fearless, and in every crisis the most resourceful of them all. No Indian of his troup could excel him in feats of strength or endurance, and no officer among his associates was master of a more polished address. When in active service he wore a buckskin uniform, but when stationed at the post he appeared in the ordinary uniform of a captain in the regular army. He was a famous runner and wrestler, the most expert horseman on the plains, and withal but 26.

As Madeline, from time to time, chose her escorts from Jack's companions her heart would smite her for Jack, but it seemed quite out of the question to do anything so public where Jack was concerned. The public, however, did not dream that Jack was slighted because he was loved, nor did Jack himself dream of such a thing; he, poor fellow, thought it was the love he bore Madeline that kept her aloof. But when had he made it known? Never! To whom had he made it known? To nobody! Not even to Madeline!

But Madeline was continually dreaming of Jack; and the more she dreamed the more difficult it became to deliver the bridle of the led-horse to Jack, as she passed down Custer avenue, mounted on Tiger Chief.

At last it seemed to her morally impossible to offer Jack the bridle—simply impossible. She would sink, she knew.

And Jack was thinking that he would sink if she didn't. What was the matter? How did she know that he presumed to love her? He would go away where he could be by himself whilst he thought it over. Accordingly he passed, with long, soldierly strides, down the avenue, followed the beaten road that led out beyond the barracks.

Madeline, whether distraught with slighting Jack or from mere freak of feminine fancy, not long after rode down the long street, mounted on Tiger Chief; and for once she rode alone over her accustomed route into the country. The barracks was in consternation; but as this was possibly one of the circumstances counted on by Madeline, she seemed unconscious of anything unusual, and galloped rapidly on, passing Jack at a spanking pace, vouchsafing him just the slightest inclination of her head. She was soon out of sight around a bend in the road that wound through the woods, skirting a creek that flowed a few miles away into the Laramie.

Jack, though much perturbed, kept moving mechanically forward. He had an intimate acquaintance with the character of Tiger Chief—an admirable animal in the main, yet with a temper prompting him to wild vagaries at moments when they could at least be avoided and might do most harm. Jack obtained his knowledge of Tiger Chief from a supervision of his colthood and from many a royal battle for supremacy. He saw Madeline disappear at a reckless pace with deep misgivings. He hurried forward. The beat of Tiger Chief's hoofs could be heard in rythmic cadence till they passed out of hearing.

In the silence following Jack passed the bend in the road. There was another a little farther on; Madeline was out of sight. But a murmur struck his ear, and he soon distinguished the sound of mad hoof beats on the hard surface of the road ahead. Sight was not needed to interpret this sound. Tiger Chief had bolted, and was now plunging on his way back to the Barracks. Had he thrown Madeline? This question was barely formed before it was answered; for, like a whirlwind, Tiger Chief came into view round the bend, with head protruding and every muscle distended, rushing on to disaster.

Madeline was still on his back, clinging helplessly; her white face shone over the flanks of the black charger like a dove flying athwart a thunder cloud.

Nearer and nearer came the runaway, quite undaunted by the human midget he saw standing in his path. He would run him down; he would trample him under foot. With fierce leaps the maddened horse sprang upon the figure before him; it was not worth while to swerve.

But what has he hanging to his bridle bits? What wrenches at the muscles of his neck and strikes his knee joints? Is it possible that it is the man he just struck down? He will shake the incumberance off. But, no—it still clings and wrestles, and hauls his nose almost to his feet. Now that the blood is clearing from his eyes he will see. What! Here, close to his face is the king of men and horses—Jack Silvis; here, on his bridle is the hand of the man who reared him! What does it all mean, anyhow? Tiger Chief dropped his head and touched Jack's hand with his nostrils, giving a sharp whinny as expressive of sorrow and submission as it was possible to make.

Madeline had witnessed a heroic struggle, in which the life of Jack Silvis hung by a thread for more seconds than she dared to count. That she was able to maintain her seat during the fierce contest between man and beast was due to innate courage and months of practice in the rough riding of frontier life.

Then Jack, assured of Madeline's safety, asked her if she felt equal to riding back to the Barracks. He would vouch, he said, for Tiger Chief's good behavior; the madness had passed.

Madeline gathered up the reins, and by the easy response of Tiger Chief, knew that his docility had returned. "Yes," she said, "I can ride in alone."

But as Jack's hand dropped from the bridle, Madeline leaned forward, and, impulsively, held out her hand to be kissed—then rode away.

When Madeline next rode down the avenue on Tiger Chief she rode straight to Jack Silvis and proffered him the post of escort. With a graceful assent Jack mounted and rode beside her; and every man watched them with glowing eyes as they sallied out of the barracks on the Laramie road.

Swiftly they rode forward until near the spot where Jack had cast himself on the bridle bits of the frantic horse.

THE MADDENED HORSE SPRANG UPON THE FIGURE BEFORE HIM.

Madeline rode slower and slower, until the spot where she had separated was reached. Here, suddenly drawing rein, she leaned toward Jack as she had done before; but now she held up her lips.

Then, turning, she rode rapidly away, Jack following. Nothing was said until they hurriedly entered the avenue that led to the barracks.

"Madeline! Madeline! You will be my wife—Madeline?"

"Yes, yes, Jack, of course."

THE SOUL OF WIT.

The Deacon Also Thought It a Good Thing in Sermons.

Among the very many good and excellent people who reside in the quaint and delightful old town of Alexandria, Va., is a deacon, who, notwithstanding his great piety, is a man of practical common sense and believes in the expediency of things, just as some of his illustrious predecessors in Testament times did. Among those things which he considers of especial commendation is brevity in sermons, and the minister of the church at which the deacon attended was always known as a short-sermon man, and his congregation was always correspondingly long.

On one occasion it is narrated that the deacon, when the church last needed a pastor, went to a theological seminary of the proper denomination to hear some of the young men preach, if so be among them might be one who would find favor in the deacon's sight. It being some extra service of the church, there was preaching on Saturday and Sunday, and the deacon had an opportunity to hear several sermons. Sunday evening at tea the president of the seminary asked the deacon what he thought of the sermons he had heard.

"Um-er-um," hesitated the deacon, "I can't say that I am altogether satisfied, doctor."

"Why, bless my soul, deacon, what's wrong?" exclaimed the president in astonishment.

"Well, they don't seem to quite exactly strike me right," said the good deacon, hedging for charity's sake.

"That is beyond me," continued the president, half musingly, as if he were trying to work the problem out in his mind. "All of them are picked man, deacon; our rising young preachers."

"Is that so?" responded the deacon with a smile of hope showing in his honest face.

"Indeed it is," said the president.

"Then, doctor, smiled the deacon, "suppose you let me hear to-night one of your sitting down young preachers. I think that's what I'm looking for."

The president understood and the young man who preached that night became pastor of the deacon's church, though he left its pulpit ten years later for a wider field.—Washington Star.

A Lunatic's Lecture.

A very curious occurrence took place recently in Vienna, when a patient in a lunatic asylum delivered a lecture at his own request on the peculiarity of his mental state. The patient, who is a man of first-class education and exceptional mental powers, is liable to what is known as circular insanity. That is to say, he is only affected periodically, and between his fits he is as sane a man as one could wish to meet. His speech during the lecture was most brilliant, being characterized by exceptional eloquence and considerable wit. The lecture lasted an hour, and during that time he contrived to hold his audience without a break. His look and bearing, which were those of a scholar, made it well-nigh impossible for his hearers to associate him with insanity in any form.—Tit-Bits.

THE CONTINENTAL EDGE.

The Sea Level Not a Surface of Uniform Curvature.

We may apply what may seem on special portions of the coastline to the whole margin of sea and land—to the continental edge itself. From this point of view we soon learn that what we call the mean level is not a surface of uniform curvature, or an ellipsoid inclosing a smooth and theoretical earth, but is bent up or down, according to the nearness or remoteness of the continental mass, so that the sea level is high against the land and low in the center of the oceans. Could we remove the attraction of the continental masses, many oceanic islands would thus disappear beneath the waves.

Ice masses have naturally been invoked to account for some of the raised beaches. An unusual accumulation of polar ice would draw the oceanic waters northward and would raise the sea level along our shores; but Lord Kelvin has shown that the enormous thickness of the ice at one time demanded is a physical impossibility in an uninclosed basin, owing to the outward viscous flow of the material, which tends, even at polar temperatures, to thin and flatten the whole mass. Nor would all the ice postulated by the extremest glacialist account for the untilting or local curvature of the shell beds or terraces that are left behind. The Chaix hills of Alaska, to quote one fine example, are composed of strata containing shells still living in the adjacent ocean. Yet these beds, 4,000 to 5,000 feet in thickness, are bent up so as to dip northward at an angle of 10 to 15 degrees over a distance of about nine miles. We have here along the coast line of the Pacific a range of hills 3,000 feet in height—we should call the mountains in our own country—produced by a comparatively modern uplift along the continental edge.

Whether we study the American seaboard down the volcanic hills of Chili and Peru, or the coral coast of the Indies and Australia, or our own storm-swept western promontories, we find the same series of phenomena, the same problem to be solved. It seems generally agreed by this time that continental margins are unstable and that they mark lines of movement in the crust or skin of the earth. The North American continent is actually flanked by mountain chains formed of intensely crumbled strata, and South America presents toward the Pacific its magnificent backbone of the Andes. The Pacific as a whole is ringed about with earth folds, the details of which indicate a spreading of the continents at the expense of the ocean basin; and the progress of movement along these lines of weakness is marked by violent volcanic action.

Along the Pacific work is evidently being done, and the deep oceanic depressions bordering the continental edges are the submerged limbs of the folds that form these ledges. The late Prof. J. D. Dana long ago pointed out how the earth ridges and the long oceanic grooves were related to one another, the greater mountain chain having the deeper depression along its flank. In a word, as he urged, the highest mountains faced the deepest portions of the ocean, and their steeper flanks descend toward the ocean.—London Knowledge.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Military Life Very Distasteful to a Frenchman.

The question of non-commissioned officers is in itself a serious one, as the French have long recognized. So apparently distasteful is the military life to the average Frenchman that when his short period of service is over he can with the greatest difficulty be induced to reengage to complete a longer period as a "sous-officier." In 1889 the reengaged sous-officiers in the French army—that is, men of over three years' service—numbered but 16,000.

Even in our own small regular force we have at present upward of 14,000 sergeants. Such a figure is quite inadequate for the purposes of an army with a peace strength of over 500,000 and an estimated war strength of about eight times that size.

So obvious was the danger that inducements were offered in 1889 on what even we should consider a liberal scale, in the shape of bounties, increased pay, pensions on leaving, and eventual civil employment to those "sous-officiers" who should reengage beyond three years for even comparatively short terms; and these measures caused the numbers of reengaged men to rise to over 24,000 in 1893, but at a considerable cost.

The law of 1893 reduced these advantages in some particulars, with the immediate result that the reengagement fell off, so that on January 1, 1896, the numbers of reengaged "sous-officiers" had sunk below 16,000—lower than ever.

A new law, restoring some of the privileges of this very important class, has lately been passed, and it is hoped that the numbers may again rise.—Nineteenth Century.

Eminent Stammerers.

A great many people do not know that Moses, the prophet, stuttered so badly that Aaron, his brother, did most of the talking for him. It may also be balm to some people who stammer to know that Esop, Virgil and Demosthenes were likewise afflicted. Demosthenes is said to have cured himself by learning to talk with a pebble in his mouth. Mrs. Inchbold, the famous English actress, was another who triumphed over a difficulty of speech. More than one of the French kings have been stammerers, as were also Claudius Michael II., emperor of the east; Mahomet-el-Rasser, king of Spain; Eric, king of Sweden; Admiral Annebant, Tartagila, the Italian engineer; Boissy d'Anglas, the painter David, the critic Hoffman, Camille Desmoulcris and a host of others.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Potatoes and apples have both rotted so in parts of Maine that not half a crop will be harvested.

GHOST IN A POKER GAME.

A Pat Hand in a Big Jacker Was Bunched with Others.

"I was in a little sittin' the other night out at a private house. Folks gone away, and the old man here in the city, slavin' his life away—that's what the wimmin folks think—goin' to ball games in the afternoon, eatin' Saint Nick dinners an' handlin' the chips till two or three a. m.

"Game was progressin' right along and gettin' sort of interestin' when a jacker went aroun' three or four times. Only a 50-cent limit, but still the bones in the middle of the mahogany looked just as temptin' as a Klondike claim in summer time. It went around some more, and then it looked like two or three claims. Ike broke it then for the limit, of course. The old man raised when it come his turn, and the rest of us stayed. Bob was in, but he never looked at his cards, said a pot like that was worth a few chips, anyway. Ike said he'd like two cards. Looked like he had aces, an' was holdin' up a kicker. Bob said one card was enough for him. Flush, maybe. The old man stood pat, an' told the dealer to hep hissef. And he did, drawin' honest and gittin' three cards.

"Without lookin' at his cards after the draw Ike pushed the limit to the center sayin' somethin' about wishin' the game was wide open and he'd burn tar on us. The old man raised again, and said he wouldn't care if the game was a thousand limit. Standin' pat, you know, an' bluffin' it through. Rest of 'em kept quiet, and put up without a word. Not one of 'em had cold feet, an' it looked as if there would be a few fellows borrowin' chips before long or drawin' down markers. And that's how it ended, too, when every fellow was takin' out a chip or two an' sayin' I owe one till the pot looked thin and pale. Whoever win was goin' to get the whole bank, sure. Just then the door bell rang like the house was afire.

" 'Watchman, I reckon,' said the old man. He opened the door, and a ghost walked in. Least we thought so. There was the old man's sister, who had seen the light from her house a block away, and she had come over to see what the trouble was. Said she thought the old man was sick. And he was, too, for that pat hand of his was a king full on tens. The ghost scared us, and the first thing Ike did was to shove all the chips into the box. Thought the old man's wife had come home on the sudden.

" 'Just having a little game of whist, Emily, and we didn't think what time it was.'

"Emily went away as mad as a wet hen, but the old man was madder when he saw that the bones had been shoved out of sight, and the hands bunched. But it had to go. Told him we thought we were to be pulled, and didn't want any signs to incriminate us."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

MATTING FOR THE FLOOR.

An Inexpensive and Hygienic Covering.

If only all housekeepers knew the value and comfort of matting, how much worry and work would be saved, how many dull houses would look cheery! If you own your home, and have hardwood floors, thank kindly destiny and dismiss the subject. But if you live in a rented house, or cannot afford hard floors, if for any reason you are considering the subject of floor-coverings, pause long before passing over the advantages of matting. It is clean, fresh and easily cared for. It is a perfect floor covering in summer and an excellent background for rugs in winter—from the cheapest to the richest—adding to the cheerfulness of a room, yielding all accumulated dust to light brushing, possessing indeed almost every advantage that a floor covering can have, with no disadvantages. In making a move or refitting a house, every yard of it can be utilized. It is easily renovated (by soap and salt water), and can be matched or pieced, using the whole parts in two rooms to make one good complete room. Lastly, it is cheap, its growing popularity having so encouraged its manufacture or importation that it is to be had almost everywhere in great variety at moderate cost. To sum up its merits, matting gives a house a fresh, clean feeling, a sense of cheerfulness that no other floor covering gives. Its soft, new colorings make it available in the most carefully studied color schemes; it is pleasant to walk upon, is a practical protest against dust and microbes, is, in fact, both wholesome and satisfactory.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Woman's Home Companion.

Evils of Chewing Gum.

Aside from being an unpleasant habit and one not approved as good form, gum-chewing is productive of facial deformities, which are likely to increase until they distort the countenance and entirely alter the natural expression. The continued use of one set of muscles enlarges and strengthens them, and consequently makes them more prominent. There have been several instances where medical advice has been sought upon the idea that there was some swelling or enlargement of the muscles or glands, although no pain had been felt. Gum-chewers ordinarily use but one side of the mouth, thus throwing an undue amount of work upon that side of the face. It is well to distribute this labor equally between the muscles of the jaws if the practice must be persisted in.—N. Y. Ledger.

White Flour Gems.

One egg beaten lightly, one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar; sift one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda with 1½ cupfuls of flour; a little salt; beat thoroughly and drop into hot gem pans. — Leisure Hours.

Sponge Cookies.

Two eggs, one cupful sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder (rounding), one-half saltspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls lemon juice or one teaspoonful of vanilla. Flour enough to roll.—N. Y. Ledger.

HUMOROUS.

—Yeast—"I've just invested in one of those salt-and-pepper suits." Crimsonbeak—"Well, that sounds as if it would be good for at least two seasons."—Yonkers Statesman.

—A Busy Summer. — Phoebe—"Did you have many offers during the summer?" Lulu—"Many! why, I had to limit the engagements to 24 hours!"—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

—"Are you one of the strikers?" asked the woman at the door. "Yes, mum. I'se a pioneer in the movement. I struck 30 years ago, and I've never give in yet."—Household Words.

—"Johnny," said the schoolboy's mother, "do you like your arithmetic?" "No'm. I think the influence of that book is unwholesome and depressing." "Why?" "Because it is full of horrible examples."—Tit-Bits.

—Boarder (warmly)—"Oh, I'm knowing to the tricks of your trade. Do you think I have lived in boarding-houses 20 years for nothing?" Landlady (frigidly)—"I shouldn't be at all surprised."—Detroit Journal.

—The One Thing Needed. — "I am glad," said the ardent patriot, "that the Russian flag no longer floats over Alaska." "So am I," replied the man who wants to go, but is afraid. "Now, if they could only get rid of the cold-wave flag, the country would be all right."—Washington Star.

—His Baptism.—"Teddie," said the minister, while mamma was out superintending the preparation of dinner, "have you ever been baptized?" Teddie was not quite sure whether he had or not, and, after indulging in deep thought for a moment, replied: "Do you git baptized on the arm?"—Cleveland Leader.

WANTED TO CATCH A SHARK.

They Succeeded, But Not Until the Fish Had Caught a Sailor.

A fellow never knows what is going to happen to him when he goes a-fishing in the green waters of the sea. Adventures trust themselves upon the Waltonian, whether he will or no, and when he tells his friends of what he has seen or experienced, they smile commiseratngly and actually doubt his word. I remember, several years ago, going on a fishing trip down the southern coast, and I tell you, I had a good time during the outing. Fish were biting nicely all the while, and the crowd, for there were others in the party, seemed to appreciate the gifts set before us in the shape of fish. One day we all sailed to a location where sharks were reported to be very numerous. We wanted some big game, and sharks are mighty good sport. Well, we finally managed to hang to a fellow big enough to satisfy any fellow in the boat, and in their anxiety to see the fish while it was still vigorous, the boys gathered at the side of the sloop, looking over into the water. All at once the captive gave a desperate pull. The tackle slipped and the shark took about 30 feet of line, while one of the sailors was jerked into the water. He couldn't swim, and his hands happened to come in contact with the shark line; he grappled it with desperation and hung on like grim death. We began to haul in the shark, but the fish seemed stronger than ever, and we could do nothing for the sailor, who was out of reach. Suddenly he gave an unearthly yell, crying out that the shark had bitten him. There was commotion in the water and the fin of the fish appeared above the water for a moment, and the sailor yelled again, and flecks of blood arose to the surface. You may imagine how we pulled in on the line, and in a little while we finally managed to grasp the poor fellow, who still clung to the line. As we pulled him and the line in at the same time, it was seen that the shark had the fellow's leg firmly between its jaws, and it was a wonder that the fish had not bitten the limb off. A shot from the rifle killed the fish and we pried its jaws and liberated the leg, which was badly lacerated. The fact that the hook had caught in the socket was the thing that saved the leg from absolute amputation. The idea of a man being bitten by a fish that had practically been caught was a new one to me and leads me to the observation I made at the beginning of this story. The sailor was laid up for a month, but at the expiration of that time was as well as ever."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A Cooperative Effort.

A Minneapolis man once invited a friend to dine with him, and neglected to telephone his wife to that effect. In order to make matters worse, both host and visitor stopped in at the club on the way home, and consequently were late for dinner—very late. The dilatory husband undertook to explain his tardiness while dinner was being served and put up a rather overplausible defense in the line of business complications coming up at the very last moment before he should have left the office. The hostess heard him with ominous politeness and then calmly said: "Perhaps, but you really can't look me in the eye and tell that story." "No—no," stammered the culprit; and then, as a brilliant idea struck him, "but I tell you what I will do: If John will kindly look you in the eye while I repeat what I said, probably we can make it go."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Considerate Father.

A wealthy man went out hunting. He was accompanied by an honest farmer and his son. The hunter accidentally peppered the unfortunate boy, who howled like a dog whose tail has been crushed under the wheel of a furniture van, whereupon his father said to the youth:

"Don't howl that way, or the gentleman will not let you go along next time."—N. Y. World.

From a Surgical Standpoint.

"How is your Uncle Reub's blood poisoning getting on?"

"In great shape. Of course both legs have had to be amputated, but the doctor says he will have him on his feet in a few days."—Brooklyn Life.