LAFAYETTE, LA., SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1893.

MY HOUSE IN THE AIR. I notice the house that I build in the air, With the architect Fancy to plan it, With claptoards of clouds and with shingle

mist,
And with paint of aerial amethyst,
btands more firmly the shock of time's
wour and tear,
And is not solike to get out of repair
As my house with foundation of granite.

And though scoffers may jeer at my house

the air
With gibes that are gib and sarcastic,
Those hard-headed fellows of dollars and cents,
Whose whole life consists in collection of rents.
Have never yet been in my parlors up there,
And sat in my easy and dream-haunted chair
In the waving cloud turrets fantastic.

No mortgage, ye thrifty collectors of rents, Can you clap on my cloud-hosomed mansion: Nor real estate broker can enter its walls. For the drawbridge comes up, and the por-cullis falls:

cullis falls;

Hence, ye vulgar profane, with your pride and protence,

No welcome for you; so arise and go hence

From this home of the soul's expansion:

Then stay with your ledgers, and cipher an

plan,
And jeer at the house of my vision;
I, snugly ensconced in its vapory walls,
Ur, watking entranced in its shadowy halls,
Can laugh in my turn at your ciphering clan,
That has made such a tragic distortion of man.
And hold your whole tribe in derision.

—S. W. Foes, in Vankes Blade.



when I say I was an old bachelor at forty the ladies will immediately put away this paper in disgusta. But as I desire the ladies to read it particularly I haster to state that I am married now. Also, that the reason I was not married at forty was not my want of admiration for the ladies, but the fact that I admired them too well. I respected them so much that I was afraid to address them. Once or twice I was in love; but what was the use? I had not the courage to declare it. At forty I was a bachelor.

reason I was not married at forty was not my want of admiration for the ladies, but the fact that I admired them too well. I respected them so much that I was afraid to address them. Once or twice I was inlove; but what was the use? I had not the courage to declare it. At forty I was a bachelor, and as I was tired of boarding houses and disgusted with hotels I hired a flat and went to housekeeping with a single servant—a black boy.

It was rather lonely work, and sometimes I was obliged to serape over that I was a married man and that my wife servant—a black boy.

It was rather lonely work, and sometimes I was obliged to serape away the frost from my peeping place to see her; but I did it was disjusted with the courage to see her; but I did it was respectfully, and with the most gentlemanly feelings. I played the spy, but it was with the deepest veneration. Spring came. Little green buds were on the trees, and she opened the window to let in the air and wore pretty, light-down was open she drew her table farther away from it and nearer the twe wall. This was more convenient to me. I could see the words upon the paper. My hope was that belease I was poor. for I was not, but because I was poor, for I was not, but because I was poor, for I was not, but because I was poor, for I was not, but because I was poor, for I was not, but because I was poor, for I was not, but because I was poor for I was not, but because I was poor was not, but was made an alteration. Where was once a conservatory and had had talk in the poor was not better body. It is not my poor was not better body. It is not my poor was not better body. It is to be the poor of loneliness. I leaned

white curtains; but the glass roof was uncovered.

One morning, impelled by the curiosity which is born of loneliness. I leaned over my window ledge and peeped down. I saw below a little kitchen, with a little table and a little stove.

At the little table sat—my wife! What I mean is that imaginary being whose footfall I was always hearing on my floor, who in day dreams sat at my table and poured out tea—whose actual absence I consoled myself for by supposing that she had gone to take tea with her mother—sat there in proper person, round, dimpled, black-eyed, as my fancy painted her.

She was cating her breakfast all alone, and she looked as though she did not like it. I was sure—sure from the very first—that she was not mar-



SHE TOOK A ROSE

ried, and from my unseen post I watched her every movement until my black servant, with the remark: "Massa, den

She sat a great deal in that conservatory, the most blooming rose it ever nourished within its glass walls. She sewed there and read books there, one sewed there and read books there, as well as ate there. I saw her concoct dainty puddings for one, and pies which lasted her four days, and I was as sure Providence intented her for me as though I had asked an oracle and her told so

been told so.

With an opera glass I could read the very pages of the book she read, and all the while she had no idea that my eye have At last I took a step—a bold the while she had no need was on her. At last I took a step—a bold was on her. At last I took a step—a bold was on her. one for me. I bought a book—the last new one of an authoress she had seemed interested in—and left it at her door

with this on the fly-leaf:
"DEAR MADAM: You were so much interested in that book of Mrs. Edwards' that I

ventured to send you another, watch those may prove as interesting. You will, perhaps, be surprised when I tell you that you read the first four chapters of the book without stopping; that you the marked the place with a bookmarker with a her pon it; that you cried at the tenth chapter, and tased the book when you closed it.

Your Sprant France.

Through my peeping place I saw the little woman take in the book; saw her read the inscription with amazement, put her hand to her head and ponder, and then draw one of the white curtains and look out. A young man was shaving himself at a window opposite. I saw that she at once pitched upon him as the sender of the book.

The next day she put blue shades up. Once, watching her from above, as though I were an angelic being without wings, I saw her come in from a walk with antumn-leaves in her hand. Afterward she ironed them and made a little wreath of them, which she hung up over a little looking glass. The next day I bought and left at the door some hothouse roses.

"Since you care for autumn leaves

"Since you care for autumn leaves you will care for these," I wrote on a card, and signed it "Your Spirit Friend," as usual.

This time she laughed softly and put This time she laughed softly and put them in water, and sat and looked at them a long while. Then she peeped out of her window again. The young man was not at the opposite casement. Then she shook her head, and after a time she took a damask rose from the bunch and put it in her hair. The next time I sent the flowers I wrote on the card:

"You wore a damask rose from the last bunch I sent you. Will you put a yellow tea rose in your hair this time?" How I watched! I saw her look, half pleased, half frightened. At first she only put the roses in a wase, but at last she did take one, and it was a tea rose, and pinned it in her black braids. I kissed my hand to her from my elevated situation, but she did not know it. So for at least six months I watched.

vated situation, but she did not know it. So for at least six months I watched, and sent her flowers and fruit and books and little gifts of all sorts. But as for asking our mutual landlord for an introduction, I never thought of that—it never occurred to me. I should not have dared to speak to her if I had been introduced.

The autumn and the winter passed.

The autumn and the winter passed,

likes me, why does he not obtain an introducien."

"Perhaps be is deformed or disfigured in
some way; but if he were I should certainly
feel that so fine a soul deserved a better body.
Ilis taste is perfect. When he marks passages
in a book i know I shall like them. In fact, to
confess to you a truth whiten I would admit to
no other living belia, I am balf way in love
with him. How foolish of him to keep his incognito when in so many ways he makes it
monifest that he loves me."

I rend those words with jey and retreated to my room to think them over.
Having done so, my resolution was ar-

Having done so, my resolution was ar-rived at. I seized a sheet of paper and

rived at. I seized a sheet of paper and wrote upon it these words:

"Dear Madam-I am neither deformed nor distinured in any way. Your flattering opinion of me is so delightful that, though modesty prompts me to contradict you, I cannot bring myself to do it. Indeed I want you to think even better of me than you do. for while I am wholly in love with you, you are only half way. I inclose my photograph. At the same time I make you an offer of marriage, and will prove to you my respectable position in society and my ability to support a wife. And how I have learned so much concerning you I will explain if you will send me a line to ——, station.

"Dox 40. The line that I desire is an answer to my offer. Will you have me if, on meeting, you are not disappointed in me."

An Expressive Expression.

"I heard an expression the other day
in New York," said the drummer to th
hotel clerk, "that while it may be oh
to some people was new to me an
struck me as rather appropriate."

"What was it?" asked the clerk.

"What was it?" asked the clerk.
"The morning of the naval parade,"
went on the drummer, "was damp and
cold and about as disagreeable as one
could wish the wedding day of his
worst enemy to be, and as I stood on
the ferry, crossing from Jersey City, a
great big fellow from the west came
out of the cabin onto the deck where I
stood. I glanced at him and with a
shiver he said: 'Ugh, it's like the
breath of a stepmother, ain't it?

"Have you ever heard that before?"
concluded the drummer, and the
clerk said he hadn't.—Detroit Free
Press.

-Leveling Down.—A country squire, when passing through his stables found his coachman's little boy busy playing with his mates. "Do you know who I am, my little friend?" he asked the child, who appeared to take no notice of him... "Oh! yes; you are the gen'lem what rides in pa's carriage."—Le l'etit Francai Illustre.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Character and Work of America's Greatest Comedian.

Early Struggles Succeeded by Upparalleled

[Special Letter.]
The true delineator of dramatic

(Special Letter.)

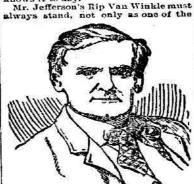
The true delineator of dramatic characters must learn sooner or later that strong contrasts are the effects which arouse enthusiasm in an audience. It was to the deep impression this thought made upon the mind of Joseph Jefferson that the world is indebted for one of the greatest characters ever enacted on the stage; and although not wholly, but in a great measure, to that same impression is that famous comedian indebted for the crown of glory which he so deservedly wears. Joseph Jefferson would without doubt have become a great and famed actor in any case, but his stumbling, almost accidentally, upon the character of Rip Van Winkle was extainly a powerful auxiliary to the success he attained.

Joseph Jefferson was nearly thirty years of age before he secured any public recognition. This was in 1858 at Laura Keene's theater in New York city, as Asn Trenchard in Tom Taylor's play of "Our American Cousin." He made a great hit and for the first time in his stage career enjoyed the pleasurable sensation of seeing his audience moved on the instant from laughter to tears. It gave him a sense of power which his dramatic instincts warned him to cultivate. In the summer of 1850 the actor went to a farm in Paradise valley in Pennsylvania for his vacation. He was in a fever of unrest because he was not able to find just the farm one rainy day, lying in the loft of the barn, on the lay, he was reading

cation. He was in a fever of unrest because he was not able to find just the character he wanted. While at this farm one rainy day, lying in the loft of the barn, on the hay, he was reading "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." Suddenly the remembrance of the "Sketch Book" came to him and from that his mind turned to the quaint character of Rip Van Winkle.

He went to the house and got the book and began reading the story. The result was his gathering up such material as he could from three previous dramatizations and by adding some ideas and situations of his own. He produced a play which was both satisfactory and disappointing to the author. It was not until some years later, when in Loadon, that Dion Boucicault revised the work, making it the representation as the public knows it to-day.

Mr. Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle must always stand, not only as one of the



finest, if not the finest, of all stage

finest, if not the finest, or all stage representations, but as the great masterpiece in his own repertoire. In rivalry with it is, of course, Fob Acres, and these two characters, as Joseph Jefferson has presented them, would have been sufficient to have established a lasting fame without anything else.

tablished a lasting fame without anything else.

Everything, however, this comedian has done has been super-excellent. Mr. Jefferson is an actor by lineage and by education. His father and grandfather, both of them named Joseph, were noted dramatic artists.

The subject of this sketch began his career at the early age of three years, when he took the part of the child in "Pizarro, or the Death of Rolla" at a theater in Washington. Joseph Jefferson was born, in Philadelphia, February 20, 1829. His earlier years, especially after the death of his father in 1843, were spent as a strolling player 1843, were spent as a strolling player

obs 40. The the that teleste and has to my offer. Will you have me it, on meeting, you are not disappointed in me?"

Thanks to my glass roof I was able to see that dear little woman write cives," or words to that effect; and I called upon her next day, and now I no longer dream that she is my wife. She pours out my coffee and makes my home a paradise. When I told her all I have told you, she said: "You ought to have been ashamed of yourself." She was in duty bound to say it, but, between you and me and the rose, she did not mean it.—London Tid-Bits.

An Expressive Expression.

"I heard an expression the other day in New York," said the drummer to the hotel clerk, "that while it may be old to some people was new to me and struck me as rather appropriate." home in New York and started for California, taking with him his eldest
son. The trip extended to a long tour
of several years' duration, embracing
Australia, South America, England
and the continent. The Australian
portion of the trip was particularly
pleasant and profitable. While at the
convict settlement, Van Deman's
Land, now called Tasmania, Mr. Jefferson played the character of Bob
Brierly in the "Ticket-of-Leave-Man." home in New York and started for Cal The actor in his autobiography says he can never remember with anything but can never remember with anything but the most extreme pleasure the effect he had upon that audience, made up for the most part of convicts. They were in perfect sympathy with poor Bob in all his trials, and afterward when on the streets he would chance to meet one he was always greeted as "one of them."

The list of characters Mr. Jefferson has played in his time is a very for-midable one. He played Bob Acres meny times in the early days, and never News

succeeded in making much of it until he did what was contidered nothing less than sacrilege, changing portions of "The Rivals" over to suit his own ideas. The world at large has long since passed its verdict upon the matter. Excellent as was Sheridan's original play, Jefferson has certainly produced a version more to the public mercial Commodities Bescued

A PECULIAR INDUSTRY.

How Old Tin Cans Are Utilized Normalized Excellent as the solution of the Nowadays.

Between the Solder Used in Making and Scaling Them—Other Commodities Bescued Appearance—Materials to Be Employed.

duced a version more to the public taste.

Mr. Jefferson has played and made great successes in the characters of Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon," Newman Noggo in "Nicholas Nickleby," Dr. Ollapod in a "Poor Gentleman," Dr. Pangloss in the "Heir at Law," and Caleb Plummer in "The Collabor on the Hearth." Cricket on the Hearth.

In character Mr. Jefferson is one of



time on December 20, 1867, to Miss Sarah Warren, a relative of William Warren, the comedian. He has ever been liberal in the extreme to his brethren in the profession, giving time and money whenever he was called upon. It was Joseph Jefferson who first profered his assistance to the family of George Holland after the death of that genial comedian.

It was Mr. Jefferson who went with the son of the dead actor, at Mrs. Holland's request, to the pastor of her church to ask him to hold the funeral services in his church, but who refused upon learning the profession the de-

church to ask him to hold the funeral services in his church, but who refused upon learning the profession the deceased had followed. It was to Joseph Jefferson this minister of the Gospel said that though he could not hold the funeral services of an actor in his church there was "a little church around the corner" where the funeral services could possibly be held. In relating the event Mr. Jefferson did not appear to care about the slight—yes, insult—to himself as a member of the deposed profession, though there is no doubt he did feel it keenly, but it cut him to the quick to have his dead friend's son hear such a slight put upon his father. Mr. Jefferson was probably never so much incensed in his life as he was at that unfeeling minister.

Joseph Jefferson is in these days resting upon the laurels he has so well earned. He confines himself to two or three of his favorite characters, mainly "Rip Van Winkle" and "Bob Acres," and it is hardly probable he will ever again essay any new role.

He is not perhaps too old, for though he is 63 years of age his health and general physical condition are excellent. He does not spend so much of his spare time at his plantation in Louisiana as formerly. He is interested in politics and is a warm personal friend of Grover Cleveland. Although a man of much liberality, he was never, like his father or his grandfather, improvident, and is now worth about

a man of much liberality, he was never, like his father or his grandfather, improvident, and is now worth about \$500,000. The last new venture he entered into was with the late "Billy" Florence, when they organized a combination to produce a line of the old-time comedies. The venture was highly successful, from both a financial and artistic point of view, and was in oper-



JEFFRESON AS RIP VAN WINKLE. ation when brought to a close by the ath of Mr. Florence

Mr. Jefferson's ability as a Besides Mr. Jefferson's ability as a comedian he is both a writer and an artist. There are various paintings on exhibition wnich testify to his genius in the latter line, and if there were nothing else to recommend him in the former, his autobiography in the Century Magazine, well written and full of sparkling humor, established his right to a high rank.

John J. Fuller. JOHN J. FULLER.

A Lesson in Patriotism Little American Girl—Did you the Goddess of Liberty? Visiting Boy—No. Where?

the Goddess of Liberty?
Visiting Boy—No. Where?
"Oh, you must have seen it. Its
awful big, and stands on an island all
by itself, holdin' up a light. The ferryboat goes real near it."
"Wot's it for?"
"For? Why, to make folks patriotic,
to be sure. She's a real American lady.
Her dress was made in Paris."—Good
News.

felied to Recover the Solder Used i Making and Scaling Them—Other Com-mercial Commodities Rescued from the Vats.

In the suburbs of great cities an in-dustry has sprung up, having for its object the recovery of the solder used in making and scaling tin cans. In consequence the formerly despised and uscless tin can has acquired sufficient commercial value to rescue it from the back lot dumping ground and garbage scov.

Under the present system of street cleaning, New York city's refuse is loaded on scows from dooks located at convenient intervals along the river front, and then taken to sea and dumped. These dooks have double the upper projecting sufficiently decks, the upper projecting sufficiently to allow the contents of a cart to fall upon the middle of the scow, and be distributed by the trimmers who keep he vessel on an even keel.



THE UTILIZATION OF OLD TIN CANS.

mers also select everything of value with the greatest care; rags, fat, bone, metal, paper stock, etc., being stored on the lower deck of the dock. The silver and jewelry form no small item of the contractors' profit, and the total value of a scow load is estimated at an analysis of the selection of the selecti

value of a scow load is estimated at an average of two hundred dollars.

The space between the dock platforms is often closed in with odds and ends, and the interior converted into a miserable habitation by the trimmers, men and women, who thus herd together, their supplies being drawn from the dump.

These dumping docks are the principal source of supply for the industry we illustrate, and a wagon load of tin cans can be bought at such places for four or five dollars.

pal source of supply for the industry we illustrate, and a wagon load of the cans can be bought at such places for four or five dollars.

The furnace is an old soap boiler, into which a few sticks are thrown; the bowl is then filled with cans, a quart of kerosene poured over them and ignited.

The heat developed by the oil is not great enough to attack the tin, but melts the solder, which flows to the bottom of the bowl. The solder recovered from a load of cans averages forty pounds. After this process is completed the tin plate scrap is sold to lake what is called "acid."

Into a large open vat containing waste acid, acid ferrie sulpate, sulphuric or hydrochloric acid, the scrap is thrown and allowed to remain until the tin is stripped from the iron underneath; more scrap and metallic iron is added until the solution is neutral. The tin thus dissolved is used as a basis for the preparation of stannates or other tin compounds, and by dyers.

The iron plate is rolled into balls for melting, the ferrous sulphate purified and cold as commercial copperas, and the remaining acid used in repetition of the process.—Scientific American.

The Inventor of Bullards.

The Inventor of Billiards.

The English are very fond of the game of billiards, and a letter has been discovered in the Britain museum which gives the origin of the national which gives the origin of the national sport. It was invented by a London pawnbroker, whose name was William Kew. Kew not only lent money but he sold cloth, and for the latter purpose had a yard measure with which he used to compute the amounts. One day, to distract himself he took the three round balls which are the emblems of his trade—they may still be seen in front of certain shops in London—and, placing them on his counter, began to hit them about with a yard measure. He found it made a pretty game. He got a kind of skill in making one hall glance off the other, and his friends who saw him thus employed called the game Bill's yard. It was soon shortened into billiards. But the yard was the instrument with which yard was the instrument with which the balls were knocked about and the difficulty arose what to call it. They called it after the name of the pawno. . ker-a Kew.

A Fragment of the Moo A remarkably fine specimen of mete A remarkably fine specimen of meteoric iron (which, according to Prof.
Tshermel's views, is simply a piece of
ore projected through volcanic agency
from the face of the moon) has been
sent from Rockingham couety, South
Carolina, to the state miscum at
Columbia. Its greatest length is not
above 12 inches, and its thickness
through the thickest part is about 2
inches. In general shape it is flat,
though somewhat concaved on one side
and convexed on the other, as if broken off from the outer surface of a round and larger mass. It is entirely coated with a thick crust of dark brown rust and weighs 25% pounds.

A Trolley Balloon Line. A Trolley Balloon Line.

Mr. Opha Moore, of Columbus, O., has proposed a system of aerial navigation which does away with the necessity of transporting a heavy motor. He proposes to use balloons to carry the passengers, and to provide each balloon with an electric motor. The balloon is to be driven from a trolley balloon is to be driven from a trolley line. The motor is to actuate a screw. line. The motor is to actuate a screw.

Exactly where this plan surpasses the
system of cable traction applied to
balloons does not appear. The trolley
lines are supposed to act also to 1.0ld
the balloon on its course. The poles
are to be about one hundred feet high.
The air ship is to flont 40 to 100 feet
above them. Parachute descents are
represented if necessary. above them. Parachu proposed, if necessary.

This nine room house will cost \$3,000. This nine room house will cost \$3,000. It contains nine rooms, all of which are large and conveniently arranged. The sizes of the rooms are as follows: Reception hall, 10x20 feet; parlors 13 feet by 13 feet 6 inches; dining-room, 12 feet by 13 feet 6 inches; kitchen, 11 feet 6 inches by 11 feet 6 inches; one chamber, 12x12 feet, and three 12 feet



by 14 feet 6 inches, all chambers being

by 14 feet 6 inches, all chambers being provided with large closets.

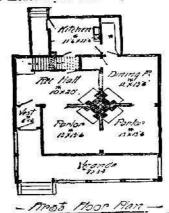
One feature of this house is the arrangement of the fireplaces, all having one common chimney.

There is a sliding door between the reception hall and parlor, the two parlors and also between the parlor and dining-room. The vestibule is 6x6 feet. The stairway leads to the second floor from the reception hall. The

feet. The stairway leads to the second floor from the reception hall. The dining-room is divided from the reception room by a cased opening.

There is an entrance from the reception hall into the kitchen, through the passage leading to the basement. The pantry is 5x11 feet 6 inches and is provided with drawers and shelves. The dining room is provided with a large china closet. The front veranda is 8x34 feet.

The basement wall will be of rubble 16 inches thick. Studding 2x4 16 on



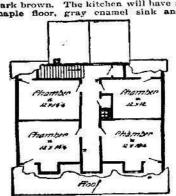
centers; joist 2x10, 16 on centers; sill 8x10; wall plates 2x12.

The ends of the porch will have stone columns supporting the roof, as shown by perspective. The siding will be 4 inch O. G., laid 3½ inches to the methor. The chimners are to

be 4 inch O. G., laid all inches to the weather. The chimneys are to be of pressed brick above the roof, capped with a stone cap. The apex of the gables and the dormers will have com-position carving.

with a stone cap. The apex of capegables and the dormers will have composition carving.

The end of the gables will have round but shingles. The plastering throughout the entire house is to be two coat work. The reception hall, kitchen.pantry, dining-room and vestibule will have sand finish. The finish will be of pine and pilaster trim with corner and base blocks. American glass double-thick is to be employed throughout. The entire house will be sheathed with matched fencing over which tar paper will be placed. The exterior of the house will be painted a dark brown. The kitchen will have a maple floor, gray enamel sink and



- Sugnd Moor Plan-

wainscoting. The entire house will be piped for gas and furnace.
Electric bells will be provided and
placed in the kitchen, connecting with a push at the front and kitchen doors. The shingles for the roof will be extra

The shingles for the roof will be extra Star. A Star.

The tinting of the vestibule will be of a maroon color. The reception hall walls will be of a dark yellow and the ceiling will be of a light yellow. The parlor walls will be of dark peacock blue with a light blue for the ceiling. The dining-room walls will be dark Indian red and the ceiling will be tinted a salmon color. There will be picture molding in each room.

The owner will furnish mantels, com-

The owner will furnish mantels, com The owner will turnish mantels, composition carving, shelf hardware and stained glass. The painting throughout the interior and exterior of house will be three-coat work. The roof will be painted a color to represent slate.

George A. W. Kintz.

Four Million Farms This country has 4,000,000 farms, having 53,000,000 acres, and valued at \$12,000,000,000.

It was in the definition class; teacher was giving out the words to spell, and explaining them at the same time.

"N-a-p, nap, that means a little sleep, you know, Johnny. K-i-n, kin, that means of a family, belonging to the family; do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Detty soon the class was called up

Pretty soon the class was called up again, and the word "napkin" came

up.
"Can anyone tell what napkin
means? What is it?" asks the teacher.
"I know," yells Johnny; "a sleepy
family."—Harper's Young People.

Her Conclusion. The youth of thirty summers was talking to the girl of twenty about his

"Just think of it," he said, "I'm cut-ting a wisdom tooth in my upper "People don't have wisdom teeth in

"People don't nare wisdom tectus the upper jaw," she contended.
"But I'm cutting one," he insisted.
"Pshaw," she said, as women argue.
"that isn't a wisdom tooth, that's just an ordinary intelligence tooth," and the young man refused to continue the discussion.—Detroit Free Press.

Good Judges, But Selfish.

Mrs. Livermore—Now, I think that a nice chuck steak is more tender and much juicier than a sirloin.

Mr. Feeder—Yes, I have known a great many people who preferred that cut to any other.

Mrs. Livermore (decidedly pleased)—And they were good judges, I suppose.

Mr. Feeder-Oh, yes; they all kept boarding houses.-Life.

Man, Poor Man! Mrs. John P. Cox (irritably)—Here I'm dressed and waiting, with a dress on that cost you nearly a hundred dollars and a hat that cost thirty-five! I should think you would be anxious to get out and let people see how well your wife is dressed instead of dilly-dallying around in this way. What are you doing, anyhow?

Mr. Cox (from next room, meekly)—One moment, dear. I'm trimming my

One moment, dear. I'm trimming my

Something He Forgot "No," said Mr. Pock, the grocer, gloomily, "there's no money to be made in the grocery business now. Take sugar, for instance. There's

nothing in sugar."
"You forget sand," replied Larkin.—



"But, papa, you said you were in no hurry to have your girls married."

"Yes, my dear, but that was ten years ago."—Harper's Bazar.

An Accomplishment. An Accompushment.

Music Teacher—I am sorry, Miss
Highlyfe, but after trying your voice
I cannot advise you to persist in taking
vocal lessons. You can never become

a singer.

Miss Highlyfe—But I never wanted to. You ought at least to be able to develop my voice so I can converse with ease in an opera box.—Chicago Record.

Her Point of View. Husband—Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to her face? Wife—No, I did not; but if it is so, I

presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband a woman has.—N. Y.

The Stamp Problem.

"It's a shame," said the economical wife. "I thought I had a splendid idea, but these new postage stamps are too

"Yes. I wanted to use them for w dow shades."—American Industries. A Cool Proposition.
Bill Collector—I want this bill paid

at once.
Student—How much is it?
"It is five dollars."
"Five dollars? Well, here is a pair of

my change."-Schalk.

In Good Time. Old Lady (excitedly)-When is the

Railway Porter-In two hours and Old Lady (with a sigh of relief)—I am so glad I am not too late!—Demorest's Magazine.



She—This fur rug is very beautiful.
To what beast does it belong? He (candidly)-lo me.-Jury.

ouragement to Posts Poet-And you will print my poem? Editor-Yes, sir, in the puzzle deartment, where it belongs -Texas

A Realistic Tragedy.

He's in trouble: so's his wife,

Because he tried, they say.

To lead a \$19,000 life