

# THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

## CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"I do not think," said Mr. Nicholson at last, "that I am an ungenerous father. I have never grudged you money within reason, for any avowable purpose; you had just to come to me and speak. And now I find that you have forgotten all decency and all natural feeling, and actually pawned—pawed—your mother's watch. You must have had some temptation; I will do you the justice to suppose it was a strong one. What did you do with this money?"

"I would rather not tell you, sir," said John. "It will only make you angry."

"I will not be fenced with," cried his father. "There must be an end of disingenuous answers. What did you want with this money?"

"To lend it to Houston, sir," says John.

"I thought I had forbidden you to speak to that young man?" asked the father.

"Yes, sir," said John; "but I only met him."

"Where?" came the deadly question. And "in a billiard room" was the damning answer.

Thus had John's single departure from the truth brought instant punishment. For no other purpose but to see Alan would he have entered a billiard room; but he had desired to palliate the fact of his disobedience, and now it appeared that he frequented these disreputable haunts upon his own account.

Once more Mr. Nicholson digested the tidings in silence; and when John stole a glance at his father's countenance he was abashed to see the marks of suffering.

"Well," said the old gentleman at last, "I can not pretend to be simply bowed down. I rose this morning what the world calls a happy man—happy, at least, in a son of whom I thought I could be reasonably proud."

But it was beyond human nature to endure this longer; and John interrupted him almost with a scream. "Oh, wheest!" he cried, "that's not all, that's not the worst of it—it's nothing! How could I tell you were proud of me? Oh! I wish, I wish that I had known; but you always said I was such a disgrace! And the dreadful thing is this: We were all taken up last night, and we have to pay Colette's fine among the six, or we'll be had up for evidence—sheebeenit is. They made me swear to tell you; but for my part," he cried, bursting into tears, "I just wish that I was dead!" And he fell on his knees before a chair and hid his face.

Whether his father spoke, and whether he remained long in the room or at once departed, are points lost to history. A horrid turmoil of mind and body; bursting sobs; broken, vanishing thoughts; born of indignation, now of remorse; broken elementary whiffs of consciousness, of the smell of the horsehair on the chair bottom, of the jangling of church bells that now began to make day horrible throughout the confines of the city, of the hard floor that bruised his knees, of the taste of tears that found their way into his mouth; for a period of time, the duration of which I can not guess, while I refuse to dwell longer on its agony, these were the whole of God's world for John Nicholson.

When at last, as by the touching of a spring, he returned again to clearness of consciousness and even a measure of composure, the bells had just done ringing, and the Sabbath silence was still marred by the patter of belated feet. By the clock above the fire, as well as by these more speaking signs the service had not long begun; and the unhappy sinner, if his father had really gone to church, might count on near two hours of only comparative unhappiness. With his father the superlative degree returned infallibly. He knew it by every shrinking fiber in his body, he knew it by the sudden dizzy whirling of his brain, at the mere thought of that calamity. An hour and a half, perhaps an hour and three-quarters, if the doctor was long-winded, and then would begin that active agony from which, even in the dull ache of the present, he shrunk as from the bite of fire. He saw, in a vision, the family pew, the solemnest cushions, the Bibles, the psalm books, Maria with her smelling salts, his father sitting spectated and critical; and at once he was struck with indignation, not unjustly. It was inhuman to go off to church, and leave a sinner in suspense, unpunished, unforgiven. And at the very touch of criticism the paternal sanctity was lessened; yet the paternal terror only grew; and the two strands of feeling pushed him in the same direction.

And suddenly there came upon him a mad fear lest his father should have locked him in. The notion had no ground in sense; it was probably no more than a reminiscence of similar calamities in childhood, for his father's room had always been the chamber of inquisition and the scene of punishment; but it stuck so rigorously in his mind that he must instantly approach the door and prove its untruth. As he went, he struck upon a drawer left open in the business table. It was the money-drawer, a measure of his father's disarray; the money-drawer—perhaps a pointing providence! Who is to decide, when even divines differ between a providence and a temptation? or who, sitting calmly under his own vine, is to pass a judgment on the doings of a poor, hunted dog, slavishly afraid, slavishly rebellious, like John Nicholson on that par-

ticular Sunday? His hand was in the drawer, almost before his mind had conceived the hope; and rising to his new situation, he wrote, sitting in his father's chair and using his father's blotting-pad, his pitiful apology and farewell:

"My Dear Father:—I have taken the money, but I will pay it back as soon as I am able. You will never hear of me again. I did not mean any harm by anything, so I hope you will try and forgive me. I wish you would say good-bye to Alexander and Maria, but not if you don't want to. I could not wait to see you, really. Please try to forgive me. Your affectionate son, John Nicholson."

The coins abstracted and the missive written, he could not be gone too soon from the scene of these transgressions; and remembering how his father had once returned from church, on some slight illness, in the middle of the second psalm, he durst not even make a packet of a change of clothes. Attired as he was, he slipped from the paternal doors, and found himself in the cool spring air, the thin spring sunshine, and the great Sabbath quiet of the city, which was now only pointed by the cawing of the rooks. There was not a soul in Randolph Crescent, nor a soul in Queensferry street; in this outdoor privacy and the sense of escape, John took heart again; and with a pathetic sense of leave-taking he even ventured up the lane and stood awhile, a strange peril at the gates of a quaint paradise, by the west end of St. George's Church. They were singing within; and by a strange chance, the tune was "St. George's Edinburgh," which bears the name, and was first sung in the choir of that church. "Who is this King of Glory?" went the voices from within; and, to John, this was like the end of all Christian observances, for he was now to be a wild man like Ishmael, and his life was to be cast in homeless places and with godless people.

It was thus, with no rising sense of the adventurous, but in mere desolation and despair, that he turned his back on his native city, and set out on foot for California, with a more immediate eye to Glasgow.

CHAPTER IV.

It is no part of mine to narrate the adventures of John Nicholson, which were many, but simply his more momentous misadventures, which were more than he desired, and, by human standards, more than he deserved; how he reached California, how he was rooked, and robbed, and beaten, and starved; how he was at last taken up by charitable folk, restored to some degree of self-complacency, and installed as a clerk in a bank in San Francisco, it would take too long to tell; nor in these episodes were there any marks of the peculiar Nicholsonian destiny, for they were just such matters as befell some thousands of other young adventurers in the same days and places. But once posted in the bank, he fell for a time into a high degree of good fortune, which, as it was only a longer way about to fresh disaster, it behooves me to explain.

It was his luck to meet a young man in what is technically called a "dive," and thanks to his monthly wages, to extricate this new acquaintance from a position of present disgrace and possible danger in the future. This young man was the nephew of one of the Nob Hill magnates, who run the San Francisco stock exchange, much as more humble adventurers in the corner of some public park at home, may be seen to perform the simple artifice of pea and thimble for their own profit, that is to say, and the discouragement of public gambling. It was thus in his power—and, as he was of grateful temper, it was among the things that he desired—to put John in the way of growing rich; and thus, without thought or industry, or so much as even understanding the game at which he played, but by simply buying and selling what he was told to buy and sell, that plaything of fortune was presently at the head of between eleven and twelve thousand pounds, or, as he reckoned it, of upward of sixty thousand dollars.

How he had come to deserve this wealth, any more than how he had formerly earned disgrace at home, was a problem beyond the reach of his philosophy. It was true that he had been industrious at the bank, but no more so than the cashier, who had seven small children and was visibly sinking in decline. Nor was the step which had determined his advance—a visit to a dive with a month's wages in his pocket—an act of such transcendent virtue, or even wisdom, as to seem to merit the favor of the gods. From some sense of this, and of the dizzy see-saw—heaven-high, hell-deep—on which men sit clutching; or perhaps fearing that the sources of his fortune might be insidiously traced to some root in the field of petty cash; he stuck to his work, said not a word of his new circumstances, and kept his account with a bank in a different quarter of the town. The concealment, innocent as it seems, was the first step

in the second tragic-comedy of John's existence. Meanwhile, he had never written home. Whether from diffidence or shame, or a touch of anger, or mere procrastination, or because (as we have seen) he had no skill in literary arts, or because (as I am sometimes tempted to suppose) there is a law in human nature that prevents young men—not otherwise beasts—from the performance of this simple act of piety—months and years had gone by, and John had never written. The habit of not writing, indeed, was already fixed before he had begun to come into his fortune; and it was only the difficulty of breaking this long silence that withheld him from an instant restitution of the money he had stolen or (as he preferred to call it) borrowed. In vain he sat before paper, attending on inspiration; that heavenly nymph, beyond suggesting the words "my dear father," remained obstinately silent; and presently John would crumple up the sheet and decide, as soon as he had "a good chance," to carry the money home in person. And this delay, which is indefensible, was his second step into the snares of fortune.

Ten years had passed, and John was drawing near to thirty. He had kept the promise of his boyhood, and was now of a lusty frame, verging toward corpulence; good features, good eyes, a genial manner, a ready laugh, a long pair of sandy whiskers, a dash of an American accent, a close familiarity with the great American joke, and a certain likeness to a R-y-I P-r-a-g-e, who shall remain nameless for me, make up the man's externals as he could be viewed in society. Inwardly, in spite of his gross body and highly masculine whiskers, he was more like a maiden lady than a man of twenty-nine.

It chanced one day, as he was strolling down Market street on the eve of his fortnight's holiday, that his eye was caught by certain railway bills, and in very idleness of mind he calculated that he might be home for Christmas if he started on the morrow. The fancy thrilled him with desire, and in one moment he decided he would go. There was much to be done; his portmanteau to be packed, a credit to be got from the bank, where he was a wealthy customer, and certain offices to be transacted for that other bank in which he was an humble clerk; and it chanced, in conformity with human nature, that out of all this business it was the last that came to be neglected. Night found him, not only equipped with money of his own, but once more (as on that former occasion) saddled with a considerable sum of other people's.

Now it chanced there lived in the same boarding-house a fellow-clerk of his, an honest fellow, with what is called a weakness for drink—though it might, in this case, have been called a strength, for the victim had been drunk for weeks together without the briefest intermission. To this unfortunate John intrusted a letter with an inclosure of bonds, addressed to the bank manager. Even as he did so he thought he perceived a certain haziness of eye and speech in his trustee; but he was too hopeful to be stayed, silenced the voice of warning in his bosom, and with one and the same gesture committed the money to the clerk, and himself into the hands of destiny.

I dwell, even at the risk of tedium, on John's minutest errors, his case being so perplexing to the moralist; but we have done with them now, the roll is closed, the reader has the worst of our poor hero, and I leave him to judge for himself whether he or John has been the less deserving. Henceforth we have to follow the spectacle of a man who was a mere whip-trot for calamity; on whose unmerited misadventures not even the humorist can look without pity, and not even the philosopher without alarm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.

She Was Cy Jones' Wife and Knew the Facts.

"I'm looking for—a man named Jones," he said as the door was opened to him by a woman almost six feet high and weighing nearly 200 pounds, according to the New York World.

"Cy Jones?" she queried.

"Yes, I think that is the name. I'm a whitecapper and have come to give him warning."

"What's Cy Jones been doing?"

"Licking his wife, and he's got to stop it or we'll take him out and switch him."

"Did you ever see Cy Jones?" asked the woman as she drew herself up.

"Not that I know of."

She went back to the sitting room, was gone a moment, and when she returned she was carrying a man about four feet ten inches long under her arm. She gave him a twist and put him on his feet and said:

"This is Cy Jones."

"Your—your husband?" stammered the whitecapper.

"The same, and I am Cy Jones' wife."

"Great Scott! There must be a mistake here, madam!"

"Yes, I think so!" she dryly replied, as she tossed the little man in her arms.

"Sorry to have disturbed you, ma'am, but you see—"

"Yes, I see, and let me help you over the fence."

And placing the little man carefully on his feet, she picked up the caller and tossed him over the gate and went back to her work in the kitchen.

It is said that locomotives use a third of the coal mined in England.

## MINNESOTA FORESTRY

### PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FOREST FIRES.

Fifth Annual Report of the Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota.

The law for the prevention and suppression of forest and prairie fires has been in operation five years, and the fifth annual report of the Chief Fire Warden, Gen. C. C. Andrews, being for the year 1899, has just been published. It is a document of 144 pages, and contains numerous original illustrations of Minnesota forests. The law constitutes town supervisors fire wardens, and in unorganized townships having inhabitants the Chief Fire Warden appoints fire wardens. The Chief Fire Warden can mass the fire warden force of the state at any special point to suppress fires. In ordinary years their pay cannot exceed fifteen days at two dollars a day. In emergencies, any able-bodied male citizen 18 years of age may be called upon to help extinguish a fire, for which he may be paid \$1.50 a day for not exceeding five days in a year. It is the duty of chairmen and fire wardens in unorganized territory to investigate and report fires to the Chief Fire Warden. Such officers are furnished with blanks for the purpose and stamped return envelope, and may charge a fee for making reports. The number of forest fires reported for 1899 was only 19; acres burned over, 2,635; damage, \$1,541. Number of prairie fires, 24; acres burned over, 24,616; damage, \$4,856. The drought of 1900, regarded by many as equal to that of 1894, when the Hinckley fire occurred, had been broken just as the report was ready to be printed. In regard to this period the Chief Fire Warden says: "There have been many forest fires, but from all the information I have received I doubt if the aggregate damage caused by them will exceed \$300,000, or 3 per cent of the total valuation of the forests. There has been no loss of life. Considering the vast extent of the forest region, the great activity prevailing and the dangerous weather, the damage is less than might have been expected. While in some cases fire warden could, no doubt, have been more on the alert, it is nevertheless a fact that many fires were prevented, controlled and extinguished by fire wardens. The fact that I have received over 300 reports from various fire wardens, relating to fires and the precautions being taken during the drought, is evidence of their interest and activity."

**The Pay of Fire Wardens.**  
Under the present law it is the duty of county commissioners to audit the accounts of fire wardens who satisfy the justice of the claim, but in two or three of the thirty counties where fire warden service should be active the county commissioners have refused to audit such accounts, and have practically nullified the law in their counties. The state promptly reimburses each county to the amount of one-third of what they expend for fire warden service, and no county can expend more than \$500 in any one year under the fire warden law. What better method can be devised for the payment of fire warden claims than by counties? If payment be left to the respective town boards, a levy for the purpose will have to be voted each year by the town meeting, and it might frequently happen that the towns which most needed the service would fall to vote the money. Also it might often happen that money would be voted and not actually required; in which case there would be temptation to spend it. There might be cases where towns could not afford to pay the necessary expense. Suppose the state would assume to pay all such expenses, how could a central officer very well scrutinize the accounts? Would there not be liability of much more excessive accounts being presented than under the present system?

We made the following additional extracts from the report:

**Punishment for Carelessly Causing Fires.**  
A few persons have been convicted and punished the past year for carelessly causing fires. Fire wardens, however, are reluctant to institute criminal proceedings; and it is natural that they should be unwilling to make criminal complaint against a man who, perhaps, will be their neighbor or townsman through life. Still, men who accept official trusts should have courage to discharge them faithfully. Communities often feel that a man is being wronged if he is prosecuted; they do not stop to think that the principal object of punishment is to deter others from committing similar offenses. Very good people are liable to be careless, and when we punish a man who, in a heedless and careless spirit, sets a fire in very dry and windy weather, which he ought to know he cannot control and which destroys or endangers the property of others, he should be made an example of; not for revenge or because we wish to injure him, but as a warning to many others to refrain from doing the same.

**Guarantees by Railroad Companies Against Fires.**  
The act of congress of March 3, 1875, grants railroad companies rights of way through the public lands of the United States, and the act of congress of March 2, 1899, grants general right of way for railroads through Indian reservations; and the laws of Minnesota give railroad companies power to acquire rights of way by purchase or condemnation of land. None of these laws provide guarantees against causing forest fires by companies operating railroads, and it would seem that they should be amended so as to secure proper guarantees against such evils.

**Fires on Indian Reservations.**  
While the fire warden law applies to white people, no Indians on their reservations; with the view, therefore, of having some regulations adopted that would help prevent forest fires on Indian reservations, I visited Washington in the early part of December last, and had satisfactory interviews with the secretary of the interior, the commissioner of the general land office and with the commissioner of Indian affairs, with the result that the latter issued regulations and instructions, in form of a letter to the United States Chippewa Indian agent at White Earth, under date of December 22, 1899.

**What Forestry Science Is.**  
Forestry is the science of growing trees for profit and should interest us

in this state, because our climate and much of the soil is peculiarly adapted for growing pine. The white pine loves good soil, but it is not an exacting tree, and will thrive on poor soil. True economy demands, and it is a fundamental principle of forestry that good soil be reserved for field crops. It takes eighty years on an average to raise a crop of pine trees on sandy soil. This is too long for individuals to wait for a crop, and, if the business is to be undertaken extensively it must be by the state. The one great truth to be impressed on the public mind is, that we have in Minnesota about three million acres of idle land which is fit only for bearing pine, and which, if planted with pine and administered on forestry principles, would earn a net revenue of 3 per cent per annum, compound interest on the capital expended in the work.

**Should Lay the Foundations of Sustained Forest Yield.**  
To-day we are cutting fifteen hundred million feet of pine in our Minnesota forests each year, but in twenty years the demand on our forest resources will be far greater than now. We should begin to lay the foundations of sustained forest products, because nature will work with us. It was Frederick the Great who started forestry in Prussia, and the people of Minnesota can do as much for their state, if they will but give the matter attention. Fortunately, we have not the incentive that he had when, after six years' absence in a foreign war, he returned to a country reduced as Carlyle says, "to skin and bones."

The value of the 10,000,000 acres of state forests in Germany, being on land unfit for agriculture, is \$700,000,000, an amount equal to the total assessed valuation of property in Minnesota. The average net revenue therefrom is \$23,000,000. And the forests are more in the nature of a park than of a wilderness. The principles of forestry are the same here as in Germany, but, owing to the denser population, cheaper labor and higher value of products, the profits of forestry there are much greater than could be expected here for a time. However, they would be fair here, and prove from the start the mother of wages. The sun, air and rain—all great factors in forest growth—are ready to go into partnership with our state in the forestry business, the state to furnish its sandy soil as capital, and receive all the dividends.

**Proposed National Park—Vandalism.**  
A year ago last August I visited Cass Lake, and found, to my surprise and delight, on its south shore, such an ideal pine forest as, with the remarkably clean and sandy beach, formed one of the most beautiful spots for a health and summer resort that could be imagined. I gave to the press some account of it at the time. Later a joint committee of the state medical societies made a visit there, and through the influence of a committee of women's clubs the legislature memorialized the president to postpone for two years the sale of the land, so that the State of Minnesota might, if it should then deem it expedient, buy the same for a park.

Judge of my surprise and indignation, then, to find, as I did, on visiting the spot again in the early part of July, 1899, that a dozen or more acres of this beautiful forest were lumbered and cut over the preceding winter, on the fraudulent pretense of its being "dead-and-down timber." The tops and branches of the trees—slashings as they are called—are now lying there, endangering the rest of the forest in the event of dry weather. Notwithstanding the terrible injury and disfigurement the forest is not ruined for a park. But in May, 1899, fires were set on the eastern side, the traces of which cover quite an area, and were set for the purpose, as is generally believed, of making pretext for another contract the coming winter to lumber it as "dead-and-down timber."

This sad and wicked despoliation of one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery Minnesota possesses was perpetrated under the fraudulent system of lumbering "dead-and-down timber," a system which offers a premium for firing the forest, and which was cunningly devised to enable rascals to obtain standing pine at a price far below its value. The government at Washington is directly responsible, and our people should hold their senators and representatives in congress accountable and responsible that nothing of the kind occurs again, for they are the officers elected to conduct the affairs of Minnesota with the executive departments at Washington and with congress.

**Some Reasons for the Park.**  
If the park be acquired it will be managed on forestry principles. The mature pine will be cut and honestly accounted for. Of course, some groves of the handsomest pine on lake shores, will be preserved. The younger growth of forest will be protected; bare spots will be planted; a substantial yield and revenue will be maintained; yet, in fifty years, the forest in the park itself will be more valuable than at present. If here and there are tracts of good agricultural land, they will be cultivated. The establishment of the park will give a wonderful impulse to forestry, and prove a boon to the Northwest that few now can realize. We have not in Minnesota, the White Mountains nor the Catskills, but we have as beautiful pine forests, and as beautiful clear lakes in their midst, as can anywhere be found; and future generations will reproach us if we allow all of such scenery to be forever ruined.

**What the United States Receives for Its Pine.**  
Lumbering has been going on in the pines of Minnesota for more than half a century. For a number of years back the pine that has been cut each year in Minnesota has averaged in value just as it stood in the woods, \$3,000,000. Fully \$100,000,000 worth of pine has been cut in this state, and \$25,000,000 worth more has passed into the possession of private parties. For all this how much has the government of the United States received in money? It is true that some of the pine was granted to railway companies, but all that the United States has received for pine lands in Minnesota does not amount to \$1,000,000. Beginning with the year 1849, and up to October, 1897, all that the United States has received for public lands at its land offices at Stillwater, Sauk Rapids, St. Cloud, Taylor's Falls, Duluth, Alexandria,

Fergus Falls and Crookston—offices whose districts included all of the pine lands and much agricultural land—amounted to exactly \$7,286,599.40! In view of these facts and figures, it would seem strange, indeed, and most lamentable, that a little remnant of all the great pine forests of Minnesota could not be spared for forestry and for a health and pleasure resort for the people.

Other features of this report are sketches of the forestry systems of as many as sixteen different European states, observations on the Big Fork forests, a detailed forest "working plan," quoted by permission from Dr. William Schlich's Manual of Forestry and Dr. C. A. Schenck's report to the State Forestry Board of Minnesota on "The Problem of Forestry in Minnesota." There are also maps showing the location of standing pine in Lake and St. Louis counties.

**ROOSEVELT REWARDED HIM.**  
"You Go to Hell," Cried the Arizona Soldier When Ordered to the Rear.

"During the storming of San Juan hill," said Gov. Roosevelt, while remarking on the extreme heat, as he journeyed through Kansas, "I was requested by one of my men to betake myself to the very hottest region, but when it comes a hot day I always congratulate myself that I didn't go."

"There was a young fellow from Arizona—Busby by name—who was shot straight across the top of the head. I happened to overtake him and saw by the way the blood was streaming down his face that he was in no condition to stay in the front. Ridding up to his side I tapped him on the arm and said, 'You go to the rear.'"

"Well, I'll never forget the face that fellow turned toward me," said the governor. "It was one mass of blood, and this added horrible fierceness to the look he gave me."

"You go to hell," he said, as he struck out on a run up the hill.

"I couldn't forget such a fellow, and I got him a commission in the regular army. He's now in the Philippines."—Alton Empire.

**THE JOYS OF THE PEDESTRIAN.**  
Trampling Over Country Roads Gives One a Keen Appreciation of the Beauty of Nature.

Man was born a pedestrian, and it is only at a walking pace, an easy, loitering pace, too, with many pondering talks, that nature can readily be got to talk. She flies before the scorching cycle like a frightened bird—though if you are content with an easy, rippling speed, you may often, thanks to your pneumatic tires, steal upon her unawares. Yet it is only when you hide your cycle among the bracken, and unconcernedly pretend you are a pedestrian, to whom time and space are no objects, that you can really know even a few acres of this England which everyone pretends he knows, as everyone pretends he knows Shakespeare. Then, as one of her silences steal back from their hiding places, and hop and pick and sigh and whisper and gloom and sparkle about you, you begin to realize how vast a single square mile can be.

**Fly Paper Philosophy.**  
"After all your talk about sensational journalism," exclaimed the fly on the edge of the sugar bowl, "I'm surprised at you."

"What about?" gasped the captured fly, vainly endeavoring to extricate himself from the sticky trap.

"Well, I notice that the paper you're stuck on is decidedly yellow."—Philadelphia Press.

**Not One.**  
"Here," said an angry pawnbroker to an impudiculous customer, "who don't you pay me and take your watch?"

"I can't," confessed the depositor, sadly.

"Well, you are the worst I ever saw." "I guess I am," was the candid response. "I haven't a single redeeming quality."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Consistent Circus.**  
"Why, Dolle, where's Marj? I thought you were playing circus."

"Well, she got mad and went home 'cause I wouldn't give her any peanuts. I was the monkey and she was the tiger, and tigers don't eat peanuts."—Bazar.

**Taking a Mean Advantage.**  
"How is your husband's divorce case going on?"

"I don't know; the stingy wretch won't buy me a new costume, and so I can't go to the court to defend myself."—Pick-Me-Up.

2 to 2 to 2 to 2.  
"How long does the train stop here?" the old lady asked the brakeman.

"Stop here?" answered that functionary. Four minutes. From 2 to 2 to 2 to 2."

"I wonder," mused the old lady. "If that man thinks he's a whistle?"—Indianapolis Press.

**Was Too Distinguished.**  
"The Beglers have a new coachman."

"What did they do with the old one?" "They had to let him go. He looked so superior to the rest of the family."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Ridgely—Come, John, get up. It's 5 o'clock. You said you wanted to get up early this morning and now the lawn.

Mr. Ridgely (yawning)—Well, I've slept on it, n' changed my mind. Suric! (Which, being explained, stands for a snore).—Chicago Times.

**The Intellectual Girl.**  
"It's a great drawback to have sense." "What do you mean?"

"When a girl has sense all the men she likes best are afraid of her."—Chicago Record.

**Professional Amateurs.**  
Smith (the critic)—You're a regular has-been.

Villain (the poet)—You're a regular never-was.—Judge.

**Why They Mour.**  
Dicker—What is the flag for the life insurance building at half-mast for?

Ticker—Dead policy-holder, probably.—Harlem Life.

Successfully.

"Here's yer health, Sylvester."

"Where'd ye git the liquor?"

"Squeezed it from the mine pig a temperance lady gimme."—Life.