THE INDEX.

AZTEC, - - NEW MEXICO

Mont Pelee has done its worst, but the Fourth of July is yet to come.

The treaty of peace between Chile and Argentina is a fortunate thing—for Argentina.

The czar of Russia has again discovered that his life insurance policy is a good investment.

Herr Krupp's faith in an approaching millennium of universal peace is shown in his works.

The bore who asks whether it is hot enough for you is about ready to make his annual inquiry.

Russell Sage is up and around again and probably worrying about the bill the doctor will be sending in.

King Alfonso already has a cabinet crisis on his hands. But he'll get used to that sort of thing if he lasts long.

Mr. Anonymous is unusually generous this year. His latest benefaction is a $100,000 laboratory to be built at Yale.

Readers of the Bible will remember that Ezekiel long ago sounded a warning to "them that dwell carelessly in the isles."

Why is it that we don't hear more of the Belgian hare as a solution of the beef problem? Have all the readers unloaded?

The various substitutes for rubber are useful for almost everything except those purposes for which rubber is generally used.

Amos J. Cummings left an estate valued at $1,500. He was great as a journalist, and must have been honest as a congressman.

Ping-pong is said to be very bad for the eye. At least, it has been observed that most of the players have a bad eye for ping-pong.

The son of a former mayor of St. Louis has been indicted for boodling. Either the St. Louis boodlers were very bold or bad bunglers.

Photographs of Mont Pelee in eruption demonstrate that the distinguished subject neglected to look pleasant while sitting for its picture.

Emperor William is experimenting with an alcohol plow on his farm at Kadinen. He is, however, permitting somebody else to hold the handles.

That New Hampshire man who has just been identified in Maine, lost his memory so completely that he could not even tell who his mother-in-law was.

The discovery that horse meat is being served on Chicago free lunch counters is causing one-time patrons to say neigh when the sandwiches are passed.

According to a New York announcement, Mr. Morgan has two silent partners in his Atlantic steamship trust Must be the United States and Great Britain.

The meat trust has its righteous uses. A cheap comedian has become famous by the gag: "Come out to dinner with me. We're going to have beefsteak."

Miss Rose Budd was among the graduates of the Marion, Kan., high school a few days ago. Let us hope her fragrance may not be wasted upon desert air.

London is overrun with American photographers who have gone thither to take views of the coronation scenes. Edward will find that getting crowned is no joke.

A Mormon named Reed Smoot is trying to get himself elected to the United States senate from Utah. It is alleged that he has several wives, in addition to the name.

Russell Sage has been confined to his house for a day or two with a cold. He can console himself for the loss of time at the office by remembering that he has saved car fare.

Great Britain has rejected the idea of making Mr. Bertie ambassador to the United States and has named Mr. Herbert instead. Now Mr. Bertie sees what he missed by having a nursery name.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given a niece $1,000,000 as a wedding present. As no conditions to the gift are mentioned, it is assumed that the bride is not compelled to buy a library with the million.

Prof. W. J. McGee of the government geological survey declares that the Great Salt Lake of Utah may disappear entirely in the near future, because contributing streams are used for irrigating the lands around the lake.

The mayor of Omaha, who is conducting a municipal matrimonial bureau, is beginning to realize that it is easier for a city official to appease all his political enemies than to please one girl who demands a perfect husband.

Japan's richest man has come to this country to talk over the subject of a Pacific steamship trust with J. Pierpont Morgan. If Japan is to be Morganized it will have to cut out the chrysanthemum craze and go to hustling in earnest.

Mr. Cleveland first obtained exclusive fishing privileges in the waters surrounding his home at Buzzard's Bay. If he can procure a monopoly on the bait and snake-bite medicine output, his outlook for an enjoyable vacation will be altogether satisfactory.

TOO MUCH GRANDFATHER

By H. J. MORAN

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The floor was littered with manuscript, as is usual in a newspaper office. The dark pigeon-holes were filled with selections put away with a purpose, but as soon forgotten. Other selections had been added, until it would have defied the search of the most ingenious, and yet at times the editor might take out one at random, to find himself musing with the memories of years.

Thus I carelessly reached for a stiff and moldy clipping which had been disturbed by a violent search for something placed there. Catching a word or two from the mutilated end I pulled it forth and found myself reading the death notice of an old and valued friend—Captain Randall Fonda, who had won his title in the British service, and whose stories of campaigns in India had whiled away many a weary hour. The captain had fallen heir to a small fortune left by an aunt in the town in which I lived, which decided him to settle there, and for the purpose of keeping up his interest in public affairs he became a frequent contributor to the pages of the Auraria Gazette.

Coming in one night rather late, somewhat more serious than usual, Captain Fonda pulled up a chair and whispered:

"I am going to get married!"

"Congratulations!"

"Yes, to a daughter of one of the oldest families hereabout. Her mother wants the engagement announced, and she has written it out in this form."

Here he took from his vest pocket a memorandum book, from between the leaves of which he drew a sheet of note paper, upon which was written:

"Mrs. Lucinda MacOwen announces the betrothal of her daughter, Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen, to Captain Randall Fonda, the marriage to take place in the early fall."

"The lady," continued Captain Fonda, "also asked me to give you this paper, which she thought would save you the trouble of writing an editorial notice."

The paper read:

"We must congratulate our newly acquired citizen, Captain Randall Fonda, upon his conquest of the heart of so amiable a lady as Miss MacOwen. She is the daughter of Mrs. Lucinda MacOwen, and granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens."

The captain then retired, and became thereafter the bearer of a remarkable series of announcements, leading up to the wedding day. First came a notice stating that "Society was taking great interest in the announced betrothal of Colonel Fonda and Miss MacOwen, the lady being well known as the granddaughter of the late Colonel G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens." Then there was the announcement of visits from numerous young ladies, who had come to congratulate the bride-expectant, "who was the granddaughter of one of McGinville's most prominent," etc. Finally, after a multitude of receptions came the formal declaration:

"The marriage of Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen and Captain Fonda will take place at high noon, October 12. Miss MacOwen is the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens."

When the foreman received this notice he asked:

"Why can't we keep this paragraph standing? The old grandfather seems to be destined to play his part all the way through, and we might as well make some 'fat' out of it?"

He was a rude sort of fellow, with whose coarse wit I could have no sympathy, especially when a friend was concerned as groom.

On the day preceding the wedding the notice was repeated, grandfather paragraph and all. Strangely enough the officiating minister omitted the name of the old gentleman in his performance of the ceremony, but the Auraria Gazette next morning gave a prominent place to this notice:

"Married, at the Church of St. Chrysostom, Captain Randall Fonda and Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen. The bride is the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, who was one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens. The couple will spend the honeymoon at eastern resorts."

"I am going to get married!"

The Auraria Gazette was by no means relieved from its work of resurrection on behalf of Colonel Henry G. De Long. His was an influence that could not be repressed. The local agency presided over by the mother-in-law kept the public fully informed as to the movements of the captain and his wife, each time identifying the latter as "the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long," etc., etc." One day the mother-in-law called at the office and demanded a personal interview with the editor-in-chief, as she only dealt with the heads of houses when she went out. To him she confided this:

"The citizens of Auraria remember with pleasure the marriage of Captain Randall Fonda and Miss Hortense Marie MacOwen. As the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens, the bride will be welcomed into our most select society upon her return."

"Front page position, madame," said the editor, "I shall see personally that it gets there."

The couple had to return, select a house, hold a reception, and in other ways keep before the public. There was no escaping the death grip of the old grandfather in each case, and it was not long until every reader took it for granted that the Colonel Henry G. De Long was to be found somewhere whenever Captain and Mrs. Fonda were mentioned.

The captain was proud and buoyant for a few days, then he began to walk with slower tread, and the cordial smile had left his face.

"No," he would say, "there is nothing the matter with me—only a little

A marriage announcement attracted my attention.

touch of the Ganges fever. It will soon be over."

Calling into the office one night, later than usual, he was taciturn and uneasy.

"A word with you," said he, "to be held secret. I know who Colonel Henry G. De Long was, but for the life of me I have never been able to locate the whereabouts of the late Mr. MacOwen. Heaven only knows how I can repress my curiosity!"

Winter melted into spring, and summer came, giving way to autumn. As the sere leaves were falling into a new-made grave the remains of Captain Fonda were deposited therein. He had died without having his curiosity enlightened. The Auraria Gazette next day printed a notice, the manuscript of which was in the same old handwriting:

"The death of the late Captain Randall Fonda came as a great blow to his bereaved wife, Mrs. Fonda, as the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens, has received the deep sympathy of those who have had the pleasure of knowing her during her brief married life."

* * *

The years have come and gone, and silver threads have invaded raven hair. This old message from twenty years ago rests uneasily upon my mind, and in the effort to throw it off, the clipping is dropped upon the floor, and I pick up the McGinville Banner, just received by midnight mail. Eagerly tearing the wrapper I turn to the social column, where a marriage announcement attracted my attention. Mrs. Ealoner Finchman announces the engagement of her daughter, Miss Frances Agnes, to Henry Arthur Mountserrat. The notice goes on:

"This marriage will be a notable affair, because of the great social prominence of the bride, who is the granddaughter of the late Colonel Henry G. De Long, one of McGinville's most prominent, influential and wealthy citizens."

The paper had dropped from my hand. The last street car for the suburbs was sounding the gong, and I hastened to leave my ghostly company behind.

There was too much grandfather.

MONTANA PROCESS SERVERS.

One Deputy Sheriff's Hardships in Getting a Witness.

The perils of process serving in Montana in winter are more than those who dwell in cities realize. Think of a deputy sheriff who risked his life—and nearly lost it—and traveled sixteen days to serve a subpoena on one witness. Clyde Osgood of Fergus county, is the deputy. Recently he was ordered to serve a witness in a state case.

After many days' traveling in a wide and sparsely settled country he found his man at Landusky, in the Little Rockies, served him and started to return. On reaching the old crossing of the Missouri below Rocky Point he was forced to take to a skiff. A thin crust of ice, however, was on the river, and, not having the luck of George Washington on the Delaware, Osgood had to abandon the attempt. Then he tried to walk across. He succeeded until he reached the center and then he broke through.

An ordinary man, says the Anaconda Standard, would have drowned. Montana sheriffs are not ordinary men, however, so Osgood finished his journey by swimming, breaking the ice in front of him as he progressed. Reaching the other side he procured another horse and proceeded to Lewiston, reaching there in sixteen days after his start. And he does not think he did anything unusual, either.

Some people, after casting a crust of bread upon the waters, think they should get a bowl of milk-toast in return.

Let him not be a lover who has not courage.

PARROT WAS AN APT PUPIL

Maiden Lady's Pet Has a Lamentable Fall from Grace.

A most estimable maiden lady living Dochester has a parrot, which, by dint of great effort, she has taught to recite verse after verse of scriptural texts. The parrot became a sort of animated Bible, until he fell into evil ways, and there is now much mourning on the part of the maiden lady, who has decided that the precept, "Evil communications corrupt good manners," is a true one.

She has a niece who is a very lively young woman, and who also has a parrot. The young woman lives with a lot of wicked brothers. A few weeks ago she came on from New York to pay her aunt a visit. She brought her parrot along, too. The birds on first acquaintance solemnly winked and blinked at one another and both were silent for a time but later were heard chattering together in a friendly fashion.

It was a few days later that the maiden lady had a terrible shock, says the Boston Herald. She was roused from her slumber by her good Sunday school parrot talking, but alas! instead of texts from the Bible, slang of the most modern description, intermingled with a few violent swear words, issued from the good old bird's beak. The New York parrot had taught its quiet Dorchester friend all of this new language, and now all Bible texts are forgotten, and the maiden lady, in mingled sadness and anger, is looking for a new home for her corrupted Polly.

CLEVER PARISIAN DRESSMAKER.

Humble Beginning of Gay City's Leading Man Milliner.

Paquin, the leading man milliner of Paris, was a clerk on the bourse a few years ago, with no knowledge of dressmaking. He is a very handsome man and when he met a pretty dressmaker who had a small shop he married her. Gradually the two extended their establishment until to-day they are the joint aristocrats of fashion, standing easily at the head of all dressmakers in the French capital. Once thoroughly established in a prominent way, the clever and ornamental young couple inaugurated a new regime. No haughty seclusion, no barred doors at the Maison Pequin. Madame was met at the door by monsieur himself, and to be met by Pequin was a treat. The most beautiful of Parisian elegantes and the homeliest old dowager received the same flattering welcome, the same tender interest. The charming woman, the handsome man, both so deeply interested, both so deferential, both so intelligent. This was a new experience and the Parisienne smiled and purred, bought more than she intended and came again.

It Was the Proper Place.

An English member of parliament of a generation now past was not noted for his habits of personal cleanliness. One he was visiting a seaside place and one day while out in a boat with a sailing party he was swept overboard, but was happily rescued. When the excitement was over a young fellow rushed down into the cabin. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "we've been having such an exciting time on deck!" "What is it?" asked everybody. "Mr. Blank was washed overboard." "I'm glad of it," snapped a fastidious matron. Everybody was horrified. "Well, I am," she exclaimed. "Just think of that man being washed on board!"

A Bohemian Experiment.

Lorin Eggleston, Postmaster and one of the wealthiest merchants in Millerton, N. Y., has made a special study of the tramp question for years. In company with his wife and J. H. Whittaker and wife of Malden, Mass., he will take his vacation in gypsy fashion this season. They will travel through the country, the men selling and trading horses, while the women tell fortunes and sell lace and other gypsy wares. In an interview Mr. Eggleston, who contemplates starting on the trip about July 1, when his term as postmaster will have expired, said he had decided that the easiest life to lead was that of tramps and gypsies.

A Kaiser Anecdote.

The kaiser is fond of children, and likes them to answer frankly the questions he asks them. While visiting the Syrian orphanage at Jerusalem—one of the institutions that owes its existence to the German Protestant Mission—the emperor examined the little native scholars in geography. He asked one boy what those African states were called that were not under the sway of native rulers. "German colonies," was the prompt reply, which elicited from William II. the following laughing observation: "If I were to carry out this boy's dangerous policy of annexation it would plunge me at once into a war with England and France!"

Glasgow Old-Fogyish.

"Glasgow is quite free from corruption, but there is considerable bosh about the ideal municipal government of the city," said a Glasgow man now touring this county to an interviewer the other day. "The public improvements are far behind those of many cities in the United States. The electric lights are queer, old-fashioned things, and the city permitted the construction of overhead wires for the street railways. Commissions were sent to various cities to look into electric light systems and electric railways system. I can't imagine where they went, for they brought back a lot of very old-fashioned ideas."

Statues of Three Famous Men.

Statues to the memories of De Witt Clinton, Alexander Hamilton and John Jay will be erected in the New York Chamber of Commerce, adorning its new home in Liberty street. The three dead men were associated with the early history of the chamber, and the three living men to perpetuate their names and looks are Morris K. Jesup, John S. Kennedy and William F. Dodge, present members, who defray the expenses. The cost of each statue is estimated at about $12,000, and the sculptors doing the work are Daniel French and Philip Martiny.

The Humor of Life

Land of the Free.

Shiny Patches—I say, Phil, what is all this talk about the need of free art in the United States?

Ragged Philosopher—That's all right, Shiny, and it is one of the things that we want to push along. The harder we push the sooner our turn will come. You see, this is the land of the free, and the idea is to be made practical in alphabetical order. They are going to start in with art, and, as soon as that is out of the way they will take up "B," which means beer. There's where our interest comes in.

Another Step Forward.

"The manager of our bureau has thought out a splendid scheme for the children's supplement."

"Eh! What is it?"

"He has had one of the artists draw a full page picture of Mont Pelee in action, and then, right at the summit he has rubbed a lot of explosive chemicals. When a match is touched to the stuff the eruption occurs. The child under five years whose photograph shows the smallest amount of hair and eyebrows after the explosion gets the first prize. Great idea, isn't it?"

His Conclusion.

"I understand that you have made a life study of volcanoes," said the interviewer.

"I have," answered the scientist.

"What do you regard as the most important conclusion to be deduced from your researches?"

"Simply this. If you live near a crater that starts to smoke take steamship passage for somewhere else."

His Wise Caution.

"You, William!" exclaimed the old man, "what you doin' on dat white man fence? Ain't you 'fraid you'll fall off?"

Then, after a moment's thought, the old man resumed:

"But, ef you does fall off, you might ez well fall on de side whar de watermillions is. You hear me, don't you?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Knew What Chaos Meant.

Lecturer (on French Revolution)—"It is impossible to imagine the chaos that reigned—confusion and anarchy everywhere. In our more peaceful conditions we cannot even imagine such a state of things."

Man at the back of the hall—"Yes, we can, mister. Come up to our house; we're moving."

The Easy Mark.

Markley—You're a nice friend to have! Why didn't you lend Borroughs the $5 he wanted?

Kraft—Why should I?

Markley—To save me. You must have realized that he knew if he didn't get it from you he would from me. You've practically robbed me of that "fiver."

How He Won Her.

Ardent Suitor—"I lay my fortune at your feet."

Fair Lady—"Fortune! I did not know you had money."

Ardent Suitor—I haven't much; but it takes very little to cover those tiny feet."

He got her.—New York Weekly.

His Own Interpretation.

"Do you ever expect to see Hamlet properly played?" asked the friend.

"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, gently; "not unless there is something in this astral body theory which would enable one to be in two places at the same time."

Too Terrible.

"What is your choice of weapons?" asked the duelist.

"Automobiles!" replied our hero in ringing tones.

But the challenger, prefering an easy death, went into the back yard and shot himself.

Infant Prodigy.

Visitor (to little Freddy)—Let's see what you have learned in your school. Now, can you tell me the difference between B and C?

Freddy—Thath's eathy. A bee ith a inthect, an' a thea ith full of water.

Health Item.

"Down with the grip."

A Conditional Diagnosis.

"What is the matter with me, doctor?"

"I fear you have a severe case of cephalalgy," was the reply.

"Great guns, doctor, I can't afford it!"

"Oh! that's different. It's headache—same thing. You'll be all right."

Great Spring Season.

"This has been a delightful spring," said the visiting stranger to the Billville resident.

"You bet it has," was the enthusiastic reply. "Billy's kilt forty-two rattlesnakes, an' sold the rattles for fifty cents apiece!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Gift.

"My young friend," said Senator Sorghum, "you have an exceptional talent for speechmaking."

"Yes," complacently replied the statesman who gets a great deal of applause from the galleries. "I feel justified in saying that oratory is a gift."

"That's what it is. There are mighty few people who can get paid for it nowadays."

One of Those Pet Phrases.

"Did any of the inhabitants escape with his life?" inquired the man who wants the harrowing details.

"I didn't stop to ascertain," answered the man who is harrowingly exact. "It struck me that if anybody escaped without his life there wasn't much use in his escaping, anyhow."

His Wages.

Pat—How much wages do yez git, Dinny?"

Dinny—"Divil a cint, but me wife gits $2 a day."

The Reporter Scores.

Senator Treacle—Did you tell that reporter I had nothing to say?

Servant—Yes, sir.

Senator Treacle—I suppose he was very much disappointed.

Servant—I hardly know, sir. He said he was aware of the fact that you never said anything but was under the impression that you never missed an opportunity to talk.

Recognition at Last.

"You are the most hateful, destable, abominable villain I have ever met!" exclaimed the indignant woman.

"You fill me with gratitude, madam," replied the gloomy traveler, whose disagreeable manners had offended her. "I have been a stage villain for twenty years and yours is the first kind word I have ever had."

Ping-Pong's Deadly Work.

"What was that awful row at the club last night?"

"Dreadful, wasn't it? They were disputing as to whether vellum ping-pong rackets were better than wooden ones, and some of them kept right on fighting in the ambulance on their way to the hospital."

Abundantly Occupied.

"What does the society which you have just joined find to do?" asked Mrs. Bizzie's husband.

"A great deal," was the answer. "After we get our organization established the question of other people's eligibility to membership gives us all the work we can possibly attend to."

An Untutored Impression.

"I understand," said the savage islander, "that the last of the Caribs have about disappeared, owing to numerous explosions in their vicinity."

"Yes," answered the other. "In other words, the Caribs may now be regarded as civilized."

Easily Overlooked.

"What do you think of his nerve?" exclaimed the young man who was notoriously tricky in business; "he called me a barefaced robber."

"O, well," replied the man who knew him, "probably in his excitement he didn't notice your mustache."—Stray Stories.

Error in Bookkeeping.

"Yes," said the head of the firm, "Miss Addie is a good bookkeeper, but she makes queer mistakes.'

"What, for instance?" asked the silent partner.

"Well, she enters our messenger boy's wages under the head of "running expenses.'"

Would Fit Almost Any.

Miss Giddigosh—O, uncle, have you seen the Williamses' baby? Do describe it to me.

Uncle Snark—Description! Um!—ah! Very small features, clean shaven, red-faced, and looks like a hard drinker!

Exhilarating.

Friend—Well, Ethel, how do you like married life?

Ethel (enthusiastically)—It's simply delightful. We've been married a week and have had eight quarrels, and I got the best of it every time.—Stray Stories.

Overweight.

"I wish I knew of a good way to raise bread," remarked the wife, as she tackled one of her biscuits at the breakfast table.

"Why not try a derrick, my dear?" suggested the brutal other half of the combination.

A Youthful Financier.

Dobbs—"Johnny, if I give you a dime, can I trust you to convey this note safely to your sister without anyone seeing it?"

Johnny—"Yes—er—but it would be much safer for a quarter."

More Necessary.

Lady (in registry office)—Have you ever minded children before?

Nurse—No, mum, but I've made many a child mind me.

The Conquest of Arid America

Is the title of one of the most fascinating books ever written about the wonderful development and boundless resources of the West. It is just such a book as every western man ought to read himself and then send to his friends in the East. Recognizing its value, permission was obtained from the author and his publishers to reprint several of its most striking chapters, such as "The Blessing of Aridity," "The New Colorado," etc. This fifty-page pamphlet, with other literature about the Sunny San Luis Valley, will be sent free to any address upon receipt of four cents in stamps to cover postage. ZEPH. CHAS. FELT, 102 Boston Building, Denver, Colo.

A hobby is an idea that goes around with a crank.

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A poor man with sand sometimes wins a girl with the rocks.

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