

After all, the corn crop is able to sit up and notice things.

The Turks seem determined to keep up the slaughter until they run out of Macedonians.

It would be a great joke if Boston should be obliged to send to the Philippines for codfish.

Sir Thomas lost his biplane, but he will let his vermiform appendix back to England with him.

Secretary Chamberlain is all right until he becomes so well known that people called him "Joe."

Naturally the rural mail carriers object to country roads out of which the bottoms have dropped.

Connecticut will have to whittle its cigars out of something else this year. Its tobacco crop is a failure.

A woman who knows how to make good bread can lack a lot of brains and her family will never miss them.

Stuart Robson left \$31,992, mostly in cash in the bank—which is about the most satisfactory possession, after all.

Now for a rush of hunters to Alaska! Dr. Frizell, government scientist, reports seeing fresh mammoth tracks up there.

The assets of the \$12,000,000 National Salt company have been sold for \$37,000. Evidently the salt mines were salted.

After submitting to an interview the sultan of Turkey has the nasty habit of turning the interviewer over to the executioner.

Perhaps Mrs. Peary was afraid that after another dash for the pole there would be no use trying to make Robert toe the mark.

A lack of expert management in the present crisis in European affairs is painfully evident. Where is Correspondent Creelman?

We learn by telegraph that a bather at Asbury Park was arrested for wearing a high hat into the water. If that was all, no wonder.

If Harry Lehr ever comes to grief in a financial way he can soon re-establish his fallen fortunes by starting a man-milliner shop.

When the United States army goes up against the football players of this country it will meet the fate that sooner or later comes to every champion.

Having sold the first two Shamrocks, perhaps Sir Thomas Lipton has got a quarter of the money that he will need to pay his expert doctors' bills.

Capt. Wringe will make a first rate American citizen, but there are three or four available skippers between him and the job of sailing a cup defender.

Another American word, "nickel," has joined "biffek" and "rosbil" in the French vocabulary. It is used in speaking of the new French five-cent nickel coin.

A daring Frenchman is coming across the Atlantic next May in an airship. Prof. Langley will meet him on the banks of the Potomac with an automobile.

With the friendly help of Mr. Rockefeller and other well-known citizens, young Cornelius Vanderbilt has just "made" \$10,000,000 in the stock market. Who lost it?

Following his plan of commemorating the army and navy in music, Mr. Sousa's next composition should be a spirited symphonic poem entitled "Uncharted Rocks."

Recklessly discharging a revolver at a concert at Middletown, N. Y., a man sent a bullet through the bass horn of a member of that band. Perhaps you can imagine what the band was playing.

An Eastern woman on the eve of her wedding wanted the word "obey" ruled out of the marriage service. But why couldn't she accept the word in a purely Pickwickian sense as the rest of 'em do?

Uncle Sam's income is over \$2,000,000 a day, which is somewhat larger than Mr. Rockefeller's income. But Mr. Rockefeller's percentage of profits is greater than Uncle Sam's. He has less competition.

The trouble with some well-meaning people is that they think religion and loud professions of piety synonymous. Religion is good conduct. Love and justice—this is the law and the prophets. This will be great news to some editors.

If the late Mr. Newton's theory of gravitation is false we are at last relieved to know that we haven't been walking around like flies on a ceiling since '81. It always seemed an undignified proceeding and we're glad to be set right—and upright.

Isn't it a little queer that none of the devotees of the higher criticism have ever worked out any theories as to what variety of apple it was with which the serpent tempted Eve?

It may feel quite sure that he has a woman unless he sees the woman and then he knows he doesn't.

It was over-reaction, and shall not happen again. And that you will hear nothing as well as some others, Mrs. Allen.

THAT GIRL of JOHNSON'S

By JEAN KATE LUDLVN.

Entered According to Act of Congress in the Year 1900 by Street & Smith, In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

CHAPTER XVI. "Man Proposes; God Disposes." Johnson did not die; that he lived through the terrible strain upon his vitality showed that he had an iron constitution, the doctors said; but the men at the tavern shook their heads over it, and looked meaningly at each other. They had their own opinion of the matter; perhaps they knew more than the doctors did; the wise man might open their eyes in amazement should they choose to tell their suspicions. Johnson was kept under the influence of opiates for three days and nights; he was not left alone one moment; they fed him on Mrs. Allen's beef tea and drinks, and cared for him as though he were a baby, the men said in half-whispers—him, with muscles like iron and cords like an ox.

Lottie daily carried the news, brief items briefly told in his measured tones as they gathered in the outer room of the tavern of an evening, or called now and then across the drenched gardens to each other, or met at the wells. And the women over their tubs, as they washed the clothes up and down, and scaped and rinsed and wrung them in clear water, leaving them to soak till the storm should be over, gossiped about "that hot head Johnson," and his girl, and the airs they put on since Lemuel Johnson—she who was born in the settlement years ago—had come with his girl and his gold to see that his brother should live like other folks, and was not so "no count an' sh'less."

Dolores, knowing nothing of these gossips, and caring nothing for them, had she known, watched her father untiringly. She never complained of being tired; she seldom spoke.

Young Green had gone home, but he came over every day, bringing genteel messages and delicacies.

For three days Johnson lay in this stupor so like death, scarcely stirring, not opening his eyes; his face was thin and drawn, his eyes sunken and hollow; his hair, a few days before so lightly sprinkled with gray, had grown suddenly white. He had aged so that his every-day companions would not know him.

Dolores saw this in silence; her thoughts were busy, but her lips were dumb. Young Green's eyes had grown wonderfully keen to note the changes of the sweet, pale face, and the shadows of the dark, wondering eyes. For he knew that he loved her. It had come upon him the first night as he stood behind her in the freight and watched the pure face bent above the book on her knees. It had come a-tingling like a blow at first, but full of a sweetness that was full of pain also, she was so high above him, she had never a thought of love, she had never even known what love was as others knew it in the home life. And there was a tenderness in the thought of how he—she, the first one in the world to show her what love might be—would prove to her the depth of its tenderness and holiness.

At sunset the third day the rain ceased, and the mist dragged itself brokenly across the peaks of the mountains; the hills were loud with the cry of the swollen river in the valley, and the cascades shouted aloud as they leaped the river sides of the mountains to join the river and eat at the worn old bridge at the foot of the roadway.

The rain had ceased at last, and Dr. Dunwiddie, who sat at the bedside, his eyes intent on the face of the girl, so grave and quiet in the light of the sunset, had raised the tiny window to let in the cool wind from the west. The clouds just above the distant peaks parted in sudden relighting for three days and nights of interminable raining, and through the rent the setting sun flooded the summit with a radiant glory that was dazzling.

Dolores, as though roused by the sudden rush of the sunbeams, slowly raised her head and looked up to the radiant mountain. Her sad, dark eyes grew softer and deeper in color, and her lips set close as in sorrow, slowly parted in one of her rare smiles. As Dolores slowly raised her head...

she turned her head the comb—an old-fashioned tortoise shell that had been her mother's—suddenly slipped from the heavy coil of her hair which, so loosened, fell in a mass of beauty, glistening, lustrous, about her.

The nurse softly opened the door at that moment, bringing the doctor's supper, and a half-bailef glitter appeared in her eyes as she saw the two so utterly unconscious of her presence.

Dr. Dunwiddie suddenly sat erect, with his usual quiet dignity; the girl had startled him out of himself; he had forgotten everything but her. Her grave face, with its solemn eyes, touched by the sunset, framed by the heavy tresses of loosened hair, was like an exquisite Madonna, and he held his breath in admiration and mute wonder. As he noticed Mrs. Allen, who entered by the door, he gathered up her hair...

slowly, and stooped to pick up her comb. It had snapped in two.

"You two are excellent nurses," Mrs. Allen said, softly, a smile on her lips as she motioned with her head toward the bed.

Dr. Dunwiddie turned at once with a slight exclamation, and Dolores arose with the comb in her hand, her hair falling around her, her eyes dark as though tears were in them, her lips shut close. As she turned her eyes toward the bed she met full in hers the weak gaze of her father. Only for a moment, however, for the eyes closed almost immediately, as though the light hurt them, but in...

that moment Dolores once more faced his soul with hers.

Once more her father opened his eyes and looked first at the doctor, then at her. At the doctor's suggestion she spoke to him.

"Father," she said, slowly, that he might understand, "Father."

But the eyes resting on her face had no gleam of pleasure at seeing her there; rather it might be said there was a flash of hatred there as in the old days. Then they drooped again and closed, and presently his breathing indicated that she slept.

"Miss Johnson," Dr. Dunwiddie said, by and by, as he sat by the window eating the supper Mrs. Allen had brought him, "I told you the other day that it was possible your father would not recover; do you remember?"

She bowed her head in acquiescence but did not speak.

"My dear Miss Johnson," the doctor's voice was grave, but there was a ring in it, a hidden note that struck her ear as unusual. "My dear Miss Johnson, I believe I am safe in saying that you—her will sleep through the night a natural, quiet slumber, without the aid of opiates, and if he does he will recover. He will be lame always; he will not have quite his old strength, but he will live and be much his old self again."

The grave, attentive face at the head of the bed changed not at all, though the drawn expression disappeared from around the mouth, and the eyes were clear and level in their gaze.

For a moment Dr. Dunwiddie was uncertain whether or not the girl was glad of the news. She gave no sign, and said not a word, but stood grave, and stately, and womanly, with the shadows of the night gathering around her, stealing along the bed, across the face of the sleeper, and up and up toward her face.

Suddenly they clutched at her throat, tightening their hold, like iron bands, ever contracting, growing firmer, unyielding; a thousand Irish voices, shrill and wild and weird, filled the corners of the room, the house; filled the darkness, crowding it upon her, till it seemed as though she were suffocating, till it seemed as though she would die. Loud and weird and terrible they were to her, filling her ears, shouting of the evil that had come through hatred and malice, and of what would follow upon so evil a deed. The hands were tightening their hold, they were struggling one with another for the mastery; a dozen hands were torn from her throat only to be instantly replaced by others stronger and firmer. She caught at them, and struggled, she fought against them, but she dared not cry for help. This that she was suffering for no one must know; they would know soon enough—every one.

The voices grew wilder about her; they shouted in elfish glee; their words ran in together unmeaningly except one or two close to her ear, that whispered, with deadly meaning: "When your father is well enough to prove—to prove—"

Then slowly she came out of this babal of noises; they grew fainter and fainter, and died away among the pines; the hands about her throat relaxed. She looked around to see if she were safe; she was dazed, bewildered, but her one thought was that no one must know. Some one spoke to her, and she looked up steadily, crowding down the dumb terror in her heart. Dr. Dunwiddie was standing beside her with his hand on her arm.

"Mrs. Allen," he said, quietly, "you will take my place for a few minutes. Miss Johnson must breathe some of this pure, sweet air after the storm."

CHAPTER XVII. The Freaks of a Woman.

The sunlight flooded the mountains and the quiet settlement; the sky was deeply blue; the pines along the bank beside Dolores' window stirred softly in the low wind that stole down from the summit laden with spicy odors. Down in the valley the river ran riot, shouting its jubilate as it swirled under the rotten bridge and whirled in mad eddies up the coarse grass along its banks.

Dr. Dunwiddie, standing in the door of the tavern, inhaling deep draughts of the odorous, piny air, watched Dolores with grave intent eyes until she turned from the doorway and entered the quiet house; then he turned away and no one ever knew of what he was thinking, or the thoughts that would come of his friend over in the town who was leaving this girl in his care with the utmost confidence—the girl, he well knew, whom Charlie loved. And should he betray his trust to his friend? Should he prove a traitor? Should he let this kindly feeling for this brave, beautiful, womanly girl grow into more than merely friendly feeling, knowing of his friend's thought of that? She was, to be sure, a wonderful girl, shut in by her surroundings, but growing mentally thousands of miles beyond them. She was a woman a man should be proud to own as a friend—and more—in spite of her strange, unfriendly life in the stolid little mountain settlement. But—and there was a graver line of thought, a sudden deepening of the lines of nobility around the set mouth under the black mustache—would the love of even such a woman atone in any degree for the loss of manhood, the stain of a traitor? Charlie had left in his hands the care of the girl he loved, and he would never—he straightened himself up to his full height in the low doorway and unconsciously clenched his hands—he would never betray his friend, Charlie was worthy even Dolores Johnson, and he would never be guilty of even an attempt to come between him and the woman he loved, he she thought she might, a woman with the strength and depth and nobility of character which the daughter of this mountain blacksmith possessed.

Then he turned, and the face was as grave, as apparently unconcerned as usual, as Charlie called him to join the family at the table.

Jones said among his comrades that Johnson's ill luck had brought good luck to him, for during the years he had lived there, never before had so many such men as now sought his lodging.

(To be continued.)

WON BY A WORD.

Cry of "Mouse" Caused Girl to Make Record High Jump.

The field-day of the rival women's colleges was in progress and competition ran high. The score was close, with the high jump in progress. Suddenly a wild cheer broke forth from the wearers of the baby-blue. Miss Tessie Thistleblow had just cleared the bar in the running high jump with a record of four feet and three inches!

A moment later the tall, blonde captain of the rival team tapped the spectated referee on her shirt-waisted arm.

"I claim a foul," she said.

"On what ground?" inquired the official.

"On the ground that just before this girl reached the bar somebody in the crowd shouted 'Mouse,' and then she jumped and broke the record."

"I did not hear the remark," said the blomed referee. "If I had I would have jumped myself."

Appearance in Her Favor.

S. P. Langley, the aeronautical pioneer will never discuss flying machines with newspaper men, but on other topics he is not so reticent. He talked the other day about his boyhood.

"Among the memories of my boyhood," he said, "there is one odd episode that is particularly vivid. It is a conversation that I overheard one morning between two women. The women were talking about babies—their size, weight, health and so forth.

"Why when I was a week old," said the first woman, "I was such a little baby that they put me in a quart pot and put the lid on over me."

"The other woman was amazed and horrified. 'And you live?' she asked.

"They say I did," her friend answered.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed the second woman, and she glanced at the other almost doubtful."

The "Grass Widow."

"The origin of the term 'grass widow,'" said a philologist, "is puzzling. Some say it came from the French—that it was originally 'grace widow,' that is, widow by grace, or courtesy. Others say it derives from the old English custom of a man's hanging out a broom when his wife was away over night. To hang out the broom was a common phrase. When the thing was done the meaning was that the house had been swept clear of the wife's presence, and the husband's friends were to visit him and do as they pleased. In time, instead of hanging out a broom, the husband came to hang out only a bunch of grass. Thus he grew to be called a 'grass widower,' and his wife a 'grass widow.'"—Philadelphia Record.

A Nile Village.

A traveler of the upper Nile thus describes a typical native village: "The houses are built of Nile mud, each house accommodating a family of no matter of what size, the inhabitants of each village almost all related to each other, comprising sometimes several hundreds of people. Their streets are littered with fith, animals of every kind obstruct one's path, dogs growl and snarl at the appearance and intrusion of a stranger; women rush about, hiding their faces in their yashmaks lest a white man should behold their features. Flies in swarms settle on the children and lay their eggs on their noses, unwashed, because they believe it to be contrary to their religion to wash or remove their noses' eyes."

WITH THE VETERANS

My Lady.

She walks unnoted in the street; The curlew eye, Bess nothing in her fair or sweet; Bess nothing in her fair or sweet; Uncensured, that an angel's feet Are passing high.

She little has of beauty's wealth; Truth will allow Only her priceless youth and health. Her broad, white brow; Yet grows she on the heart by stealth. I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kindly things That no one knows; A loving woman's heart she brings To human woes. And to her face the sunlight clings Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways With that contented smile; And only comes to staid days And Innocent. If heaven's fame or praise, Yet nobly spent. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Chickamauga Forty Years Ago.

Forty years ago was fought the battle that made the name Chickamauga historic. In the character and number of troops engaged in the strategic maneuvers that preceded the battle, and in desperate fighting on the field, Chickamauga was the great battle of the West, and one of the most remarkable conflicts of the civil war.

The troops engaged were mostly veterans. The men of the Union army had fought under Grant and Buell at Shiloh, under Buell at Perryville, under Rosecrans at Stone River, and were organized in corps and divisions commanded by such officers as Thomas, Crittenden, McCook, Sheridan and Palmer. The soldiers of the several divisions had the confidence that comes with long association in campaigns, and they had also that knowledge of the opposing army that came of meeting it in several battles.

On the Confederate side there were not only Bragg's veterans of Perryville and Stone River, but Longstreet's splendid soldiers of Lee's army and many of the veteran regiments from the rebel armies that had been operating in Mississippi and Georgia. Each army had respect for its antagonist, and an overwhelming desire to win.

On the Confederate side this desire to win had been intensified by what had gone before. Bragg had fought at Perryville and run away. He had fought at Stone River and retreated, yielding all of northern Tennessee to the Unionists. He had been outmaneuvered at Tullahoma in June and July, 1863, and had yielded all of southern Tennessee without a battle. Two months later Rosecrans had forced the passage of the Tennessee and compelled Bragg's army to retreat from Chattanooga, which had been pronounced impregnable, and which was to the rebel line in the West what Richmond was in the East.

When Bragg had retreated and Rosecrans' elated division had moved on diverging lines in pursuit, the Confederate authorities formed a plan to crush the pursuing army. Lee was weakened that Longstreet might be hurried to Bragg. Troops were drawn from Sherman's front and sent toward Chattanooga, and on Sept. 15, 1863, the President at Washington and the people throughout the country and Rosecrans at Chattanooga saw that the Army of the Cumberland was threatened with destruction in the hour of its greatest triumph.

Rosecrans confronted with the problem of holding Chattanooga and saving his army recalled his divisions to the line of the Chickamauga river, and had them in supporting distance before Bragg was ready to strike.

On the night of Sept. 15, he shifted his whole army, anticipating the plan of Bragg to crush his left and drive the Union army away from Chattanooga.

So on the morning of Sept. 19, 1863, Bragg, with an effective force of 71,000 men, was ready to attack Rosecrans' army of 56,000, and was confident that he would not only crush the Union army but reoccupy Chattanooga that day. Before he could attack, however, Gen. George H. Thomas, in command of Rosecrans' left, which was not where Bragg supposed it to be, took the initiative and made a furious attack on one of Bragg's advance brigades. This movement developed the rebel position and at the same time so disconcerted Bragg that he postponed his general attack.

Rosecrans, with Bragg's plans revealed, made his dispositions accordingly. His men knew they were outnumbered and fought with desperation. On Saturday night, Sept. 19, the men of the Army of the Cumberland had fought the day they had lost heavily in men and artillery, but they felt as they went into new positions that Rosecrans was preparing to hold fast.

On the morning of the 20th, forty years ago, the sore-hearted soldiers of the depleted Union army were hanging like a bulldoz to the roads by which Bragg must reach Chattanooga. The very fower of the rebel army of the East and West was against them, but they clung to the roads and gaps between the enemy and Chattanooga.

Divisions were crushed, charging rebels ran over the general's headquarters, a line of battle a mile in extent, melted away. Gen. Rosecrans himself was swept from the field in a rout of the regiments nearest him, and at a vital point in his line, and yet the bulldog Army of the Cumberland held on to the roads and gaps.

Assailed again and again, the divisions that had been sent to re-enforce him and the regiments, battalions and companies that had drifted to him when their own divisions were broken up, clung to the roads, even after Bragg's men were in their rear.

When night came the Army of the Cumberland retired to the line of Missionary Ridge, but it still held the roads and it still held Chattanooga. The supreme effort of the Confederates in the West had failed in its object. The great battle on the West had been fought at Chickamauga, and after the successful struggle, Rosecrans held at Stone River.

WITH THE VETERANS

This was the fact that discouraged the Confederates and gave new courage to the Unionists. It is the fact that is uppermost in the minds of the surviving veterans of Chickamauga today.

There were blunders on that field. There were mistakes of a mystifying character on both sides. But when you ask an old soldier who fought under Thomas or Palmer or Turchin at Chickamauga forty years ago, "Were you whipped?" he answers, "Well—we held on to Chattanooga, you know." And that is the answer of history.

Monument to Wilder's Brigade.

The most imposing tribute on the famous field of Chickamauga commemorates Wilder's Lightning Brigade of mounted infantry, which was one of the most important factors in the bloody fight.

The survivors and friends of the brave brigade have raised to it an enduring testimonial, which was dedicated on the fortieth anniversary of the battle with solemn ceremonies. Eighty-five feet high the massive stone tower stands, overlooking all the field like a great lighthouse by day, for it can be seen all over Chickamauga, and is a guide to traveler and to tourist.

Within, granite steps wind to the top, which is a great stone balcony, and thus the monument is an observation tower as well as a memorial to Wilder's Brigade. From the platform may be observed a superb view of the battlefield and the surrounding country. The Chickamauga, celebrated in song and story, winds along its devious path. Upon its once crimson, sodden banks are monuments of pristine purity, monuments of the red marble of Tennessee and of marble of shining black, monuments of Indiana's stone, of solid granite and monuments of bronze in all its many hues.

Nine bronze tablets have been placed within the monument, and on

Stone Tower Eighty-Five Feet High.

these, in imperishable letters, is the complete roster of the regiments which served in the brigade, and the history of the organization. The upper tablet has this simple inscription:

- Wilder's Lightning Brigade, Mounted Infantry, Fourth Division—Reynolds, Fourteenth Corps—Thomas.

Maj.-Gen. Joseph J. Reynolds, commander of the division, was himself an Indiana hero, and that state has not been laggard in commemorating her sons. Excepting the Buckeye state, she has the greatest number of monuments and markers on the field—thirty-nine of one and seventy-six of the other.

Horses in War.

Hardly anything can be imagined more cruel than the treatment of horses in war—on the march through the swamps and wilderness—on the battlefields where during the civil war thousands were left wounded to die of starvation—no hospital or Red Cross ambulance for them!

"Old Captain," in "Black Beauty," tells the story: "Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could hardly move from the loss of blood, others were trying to drag themselves along on three legs, and others were struggling to rise on their forefeet when their hind legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes to those who passed and left them to their fate I shall never forget."—Our Dumb Animals.

General Black.

Gen. Black, the new commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was commissioner of pensions during President Cleveland's first term and served one term in the national house as representative at-large from the state of Illinois. During Cleveland's second term Gen. Black was United States attorney for the Northern district of Illinois. He is a lawyer by profession, having practiced in Chicago ever since the war. Gen. Black was commander of the department of Illinois, G. A. R., in 1898. He has the unique distinction of being the first Democrat to hold the office of commander-in-chief.

Jefferson Davis' Captor Dead.

J. M. Wheeler, who was with the party which captured Jefferson Davis and who was the first man to be hanged on the Danmore plantation, died on a train in Arkansas while returning from the Georgia mountains at Stone River.

CUPOLA SKETCHES BY BRAD WELLS

Uncle Josh in Town.

I've bin to town, Maria, and I've seen a heap of things; I did upon them arter cubs there, high on them attils, by jings! I seen a bayseed buy a brick—'twas made of phony gold— But nary brick did I buy, wife, nor never one cent gold! I went to hear the thea-tur, and set right down in front Where I could see them ballet girls a doin' their stunts! While I was there, a cave collapsed, a tunnel fell right by me! I didn't see it, but I heard 'twas awfuler than sin! And yistaday, at 2 o'clock, a bulldin' turned around; Clean round, the feller said to me, 'Thought make'd any sense! Oh lawdy sakes! Oh me! Oh my! there's musk on the street, And pretty girls they walk like this, right for'ard on their feet! I went up to the Ferris wheel and shot the dizzy chute. I met a girl named Flora Dora. Gee whizz! she was a butle! I bucked the track for twenty 'bones' and heard that Sny's band! I visited a red light show and woke in Chinaland!



UNCLE JOSH IN TOWN. Gee whizzens! Maria Ann, I was most awful! I seen the elephant for fair and bucked the tiger high. I seen it all, Maria, dear, the whole rip snortin' there; by jings! I know I did, by cracker; fer sure I did, And I'll guess, by finger, I'll go down to Slack's. I'm out of Cuddor's chewin' and fragrant smok on my pipe. I'm goin' now, Maria, jest lend me fifty cents. I'll pay ye back to-morrow—I'm short by accident.

The Panama Canal.

Just as we expected, the Panama canal is not dug yet. Early in the spring we advanced a practical and wonderfully cheap plan for accomplishing the work.

We felt the inward fassing of a desire for a vacation working in us, and reasoned that the same leaven was fermenting in thousands and thousands of other men.

Now what we advised was to create a great furor about the fishing in the immediate vicinity of the proposed canal, attract all the fishermen to South America and upon their arrival, set them to digging bait along the canal route. The immense amount of labor expended every summer digging worms, if corralled and crystallized, would dig the Panama canal in one fishing season. The cost to the government would be really immaterial, and the worm hunters would just as soon dig in one place as another.

We outlined this plan, as above stated, early in the spring, but for some unknown reason the government has not seen fit to adopt it. The result is, the bait-digging season for the open year is about done, and no prospect of getting up enthusiasm over buried treasure is in evidence. Now the government will be compelled to pay out great sums of money to construct the waterway, but it's good enough for it. Hereafter when I diagnose a saving of several million dollars to this nation, the government will jump at the proposition as a ward politician jumps at a growler. It is the fate of a great thinker to be ignored for a time, but sooner or later the biographers of this country will invite him to print a book in which his picture is printed. This is the history of all great men, and we are always willing to incite history to do her worst.

Alas, the wintry days draw nigh, When all is white and chill and drear; The time when conscience reprimands Because you spent your summer wage for beer.

He Wins the Medal.

Bings—"In your estimation, Wings, what denotes a strong character in women?"

Wings—"Passing through a fire safe without buying her husband neckties."

Bings—"Aw, go on, somebody told you!"

Wife can't make pies like my mother used to make, but I try to be reasonable—I can't make the money her father did, if I did I could buy pie to suit me.

Wanted—A man that during his life time has thrown a bootjack at a cat. Also tell us why this bootjack joke persists in living.

The man had four treys and a full-house in his imitation bible case, but even that did not keep him from falling into coal hole.

An editor down in Southern Illinois has been so busy this summer he hasn't had time to ride out all his editorial mileage.

Pullitzer gives \$2,000,000 to endow a college of journalism. Just think what we could do with that money.

She was a nice girl but she let mother do all the heavy kitchen mechanical work.