

was his fiancee's husband!

Booth married and years passed. Then he and his wife were divorced and Booth wrote Ida Vernon, asking to renew the old friendship. He admitted he had married, as she had done, in anger and pique. They had made mistakes. But there was yet time to still be happy in their love.

She was a woman now, matured and beautiful. And her love for Booth had never faltered. Booth fell ill, the marriage was postponed. He was taken to the Players' club, where, when the end was near, he sent for her.

She went to see him four times. The last time he could not speak. But the light of perfect understanding was in his eyes. He smiled when she kissed him and died.

Senator Taylor's Witticism.

Dr. Mary Walker, who wears trousers and a thoroughly masculine costume, including the coat and the derby hat, had just concluded before the Senate committee on pensions a few remarks regarding a bill in which she was interested.

As she went out of the committee room the late Senator "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee slid far down in his chair and remarked:

"There goes the only self-made man in history."—Popular Magazine.

Said Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.: "I see our postman got the sack."

"Do tell; what for?"

"To carry the mail in."

VILLAGE CUT-UPS.



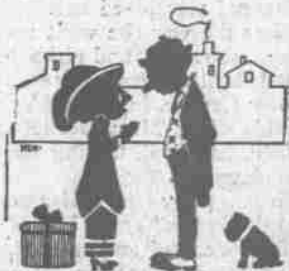
"Ezry, have ye laid in yer winter's coal yit?"

"Naw, Caleb. But our speckled hen has."

"Har-har-har, I git ye—it wuz sof' coal."

"Naw, it wuz egg coal."

MIXED.



"Don't you adore Tannhauser?"

"Dunno. Is it made in St. Louis or Milwaukee?"