

**SIMPLY A SUGGESTION.**

Laughter is better than crying.  
That's what the humorists say.  
Living is better than dying—  
Breathing the essence of May.  
For the sun is some where shining.  
O'er the brooding clouds inclining.  
And these have their silver lining.  
Gleaming through the gray.

Singing is better than sighing.  
Hark to the birds on the trees  
Thro' the green foliage flying.  
Saucily perched at their ease.  
Nestling in rigorous weather,  
Sung from the pitiless blast.  
Sailing as lithe as a feather.  
When the winter is past.

Jesting is better than croaking.  
Fun has a license to stay;  
Laugh at the mountebank joking.  
Short in his shrill and his way.  
Time pipes up a rousing measure.  
And we'll join in the dance;  
Youth and age taste goodly pleasure.  
As they caper or advance.

**A TALE OF CASAPAIS.**

JOSEPHINE BROWNE.

"We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not;  
Our sincerest laughter with  
Some pain is fraught.  
Our sweetest songs are those  
That tell of saddest thought."

Sang Mary Browne, as she ran into the house from the garden. She had a large bunch of chrysanthemums, which she had cut for the dining-room. Putting them in their accustomed place, she went into her mother's room saying, "Mother mine, I am going down to Janie's for awhile to cheer her up a bit, and to loan her Louise Anderson's 'Stories and Sketches.'"

"Very well," replied Mrs. Browne. "Be sure and return home early. Your father told me this morning that Herbert Bruce was at the Jackson's for a week. He will bring him home to dinner this evening, if he is not otherwise engaged."

Saying she would not be away very long, Mary was soon on her way to Janet Morrison's. The Brownes and Morrisons had been friends of many years. Mary and Janet had been bosom friends from babyhood. Janet was the older, Mary being one year younger. Janet had sprained her ankle badly, so she was to be housed for an unknown length of time. Mary and she had been out to the park a few days before on their wheels. On their return home Janet's bicycle and a stone unseen collided and this accident was the result. When Mary arrived at the Morrisons' she found Eleanor Jackson there. She had called on Janet to invite her to her home the following Friday evening to meet Herbert Bruce of the Globe, who, she informed her would be with them for the week only.

"And I cannot come," Janet was saying as Mary entered the room. "Oh, Mary, they both exclaimed, 'Isn't this just too dreadful for anything?' After being told the cause of all their exclamations she agreed with them, "that it was just too mean for anything."

"But what can't be cured must be endured," said Janet.

"Now girls," said Mary, "I have an idea. Herbert Bruce may dine with us tonight, and if his highness attends, I will tell him all about my invalid friend. I will get him so interested in Miss Janet Morrison that she shall see this living genius before the week ends. And who can tell the result of this accident after all. Here's a book of such interesting matter that it will make you forget for a while this unfortunate sprained ankle."

The girls spent an hour chatting as only girls can. Mary happening to look at the clock as it was striking four times, jumped up, saying, "Well, I can't be with you always, my dears. My little mother needs her daughter very soon. So, adieu, until we meet again."

Mr. Herbert Bruce, who had been so much talked about this afternoon had come down from Millwood to spend a week's vacation at the Jacksons. He was an artist employed on the Globe, the leading paper of Millwood. He was an ambitious young man, hoping in time to make a name for himself. These young ladies had seen his sketches in the paper and were very anxious to meet the young artist.

Mary's mother had been an invalid many years. Much depended on Miss Mary, as one can readily imagine. Her mother's sweet, gentle ways, made her friends. And an afternoon with Mrs. Browne was an occasion always looked forward to.

On her return home, Mary found Herbert Bruce there entertaining her mother. He was showing her some of his sketches he had made while at the "Elms," the Jacksons' home.

After introducing the young people

Mrs. Browne said, "Mary, I have been talking to Mr. Bruce about Janet and you. He has one of his own, and can sympathize with Miss Janie for he was kept in many days for the same kind of a mishap."

"Is that so," replied Mary. "O, we girls felt so badly this afternoon, Janet, of course, cannot be at Mrs. Jackson's Friday night. We think our last ride on our wheels was an unfortunate affair in many ways."

"Well it is too bad," replied Mr. Bruce. "I wanted to see Miss Morrison very much, Miss Jackson tells me she paints in oil, is quite an adept in that line. But as my stay in Casapais is limited I fear that pleasure will have to be deferred."

Mary said in reply, "Janet would be so pleased to meet you. She has noticed your sketches in the Globe. I wonder if it couldn't be arranged in some way. Of course, you must know, Mr. Bruce, that I have to see my friend Janie every day now that she is a prisoner, and if you like, we will waive ceremony and call upon her, Thursday afternoon. I want you two to meet, you have so much in common."

Mr. Bruce readily agreed to call with Miss Browne on her friend the following day.

Mr. Browne soon joined the group in his wife's room.

"My dear daughter," said he, "here is a clipping I cut from the Express and have brought it home to you."

Mary took the bit of paper and read the contents aloud, "Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Hallowell, both of whom are past 60 years of age, rode into Carthage, last Saturday evening on bicycles, having come the entire distance of over 100 miles on their wheels. They were en route to Mission Canon and Monday morning resumed their journey to that famous resort. They didn't seem to mind the prospect of being caught in the mountains in a snowstorm. The lady says she has only been riding her bicycle a few months, but that she is much stronger than she has been for years. She wore the regulation bloomer costume."

"Well! Well!" said Mrs. Browne, "Mr. and Mrs. Wood must be renewing their youth."

Mr. Bruce asked for the clipping to send to his mother, who had no use for bicycles for ladies.

After dinner, Mr. Bruce showed Mary scenes of his last work on the Globe. She was very much interested in one, particularly, five girls in bloomer costume and their wheels, which Mr. Bruce begged Mary to accept.

Thursday afternoon found Mr. Bruce and Miss Mary Brown on their way to call on her friend, Janet Morrison.

When they arrived they were gratified to find that Miss Morrison was "at home" to them. When they entered the sitting room, where Janet was cosily ensconced, what was Mary's surprise to see Janet turn pale and Mr. Bruce start forward. "Why!" she said, immediately, "what is the matter with you two? It is very evident you have met somewhere in this wide world before. Please explain one of you, if you can"

Janet was the first to come to her senses. "I have met Mr. Herbert Grey before at Marius, where we spent our summers for two years. But there was a misunderstanding, and we have not met for a year."

"Mr. Bruce stepped toward Mary, and said, "begging your pardon, Miss Browne for this little deception, I will if you will allow me, explain to you what concerns me in this affair. My father, Mr. Grey died many years ago. I do not remember him at all. A few years ago my mother met Mr. Chas. Bruce and became his wife. As Mr. Bruce has indeed been a father to me, my name is Bruce henceforth. I was more than anxious to meet Miss Morrison and explain away our misunderstanding. If I could. We were warm friends not so very long ago, but through mutual so-called friends we separated one summer at Marius, each thinking the other was to blame. So if—"

"Excuse me for a moment both of you," said Mary, quickly, "I heard your mother calling me, Janie. I will be back in ten minutes."

Mary flitted out of the room to hunt Janet's mother and explain matters to her. When she returned to the sitting room the picture that met her gaze would not appear in the Globe.

**A Vegetarian Cat.**

There is a black cat at present in the sedate seclusion of the Hampton Court cloisters which has spontaneously "sworn off" from all kinds of flesh food. Its favorite diet, uncooked scarlet runner beans, are eaten as an Italian cats macaroni. Cucumbers it likes, and carrots which are boiled, but fruit it will not touch. The Hampton Court cat seems to stand alone in a partiality for food which none of its race could hitherto be induced to look at.

Little Black Bear, a Nez Perce Indian, of Oregon, has just swapped thirty head of horses for a bicycle.

**She Believed It a Failure.**  
He—This ring, you know, is the emblem of eternity.  
She—Yes; and the diamond on top is heavenly!  
He—But the ring that comes later will have no diamond.  
She—No. I suppose the heavenly part will be over by that time.—Kate Field's Washington.

**Not the Man for the Place.**  
Mr. Slummer—I am afraid you won't do. I want a man who has a voice like mine.  
Applicant—What's the idea?  
Mr. Slummer—I've just had a telephone put in my house, and I want a man stationed at the office every night to answer when she rings him up.—Christmas Puck.

**A Boy Angel.**  
Mamma—Have you eaten that big apple already?  
Little Dick—No'm; I gave it to a poor little boy in the back street.  
"Mamma's little angel! Do you want another?"  
"No'm. I've got the toothache."—Good News.

**No Arguing with a Woman.**  
"Be proud of your sex, Miss Hawkins, if you will—but remember this, man was made first; woman was a second thought," observed de Saphead.  
"I never denied that second thoughts were best, Mr. de Saphead," said Miss G.—Truth.

**Impossible.**  
Mrs. Strongmind—If my women would only stand shoulder to shoulder they would soon win the suffrage.  
Dr. Guffy—But, madam, that is something they can't do with the present styles in sleeves!—Harper's Bazar.

**Those Pleasant Girls.**  
Dora—That reminds me. I must inquire from my fiancé to-morrow what business he is in.  
Clara—I judge, by the looks of the ring he gave you, that he must be a glazier.—Judge.

It is said that a dog in Mulhken, Mich., possesses and uses daily a full set of artificial teeth. The dog is very old, and is a family pet. When it lost its teeth recently its owner, according to the story, had the local dentist make the animal a full set of teeth and they are said to be a perfect working success.

**CLEARING HOUSE REPORT.**  
New York, May 9.—The following table, compiled by Bradstreet's, shows the total clearances at the principal cities and the percentage of increase and decrease, as compared with the corresponding week last year:

CITIES.	AMOUNT.	INC.	DEC.
New York	\$626,305,963	4.7	
Chicago	124,356,747	20.6	
Boston	121,288,747	2.9	
Philadelphia	95,726,083	3.5	
St. Louis	25,073,138	9.4	
San Francisco	19,820,367	15.9	
Baltimore	15,715,164	19.8	
Pittsburgh	17,293,158	18.6	
Cincinnati	12,351,400	4.3	
Kansas City	9,844,733	5.1	
New Orleans	8,868,740	8.5	
Buffalo	5,093,371	15.6	
Detroit	4,816,835	10.3	
Milwaukee	6,935,634	6.7	
Syracuse	5,969,490	16.2	
Louisville	9,006,113	39.5	
Minneapolis	4,638,573	29.6	
Omaha	4,063,500	29.1	
Providence	6,954,907	10.6	
Cleveland	3,045,365	23.8	
Houston	5,440,856	51.2	
St. Paul	2,837,423	8.6	
Denver	4,833,158	4.7	
Indianapolis	3,915,100	4.8	
Columbus, O.	2,488,396	1.0	
Hartford	2,488,399	7.3	
Richmond	2,338,180	6.8	
Washington	1,186,572	9.2	
SALT LAKE	2,189,069	6.8	
Dallas	1,152,713	6.1	
St. Joseph	2,152,945	3.6	
Peoria	2,426,633	1.2	
Memphis	1,041,479	20.6	
Portland, Ore.	1,786,263	11.9	
Rochester	1,698,022	7.6	
New Haven	1,398,199	14.2	
Savannah	1,752,331	12.1	
Springfield, Mass.	1,393,292	8.1	
Worcester	1,361,554	6.1	
Portland, Me.	1,301,709	6.4	
Atlanta	1,152,810	3.7	
Fort Worth	1,112,468	3.7	
St. Louis	943,296	31.2	
Des Moines	1,422,529	3.6	
Grand Rapids	1,107,773	15.6	
Seattle	491,069	9.2	
Rockville	489,821		
Lowell	957,930	35.5	
Wilmington, Del.	746,700	9.7	
Norfolk	980,288	19.1	
Baltimore	613,288	5.6	
Los Angeles	1,736,888	33.3	
Tacoma	483,506	36.7	
Seranton	643,994	18.0	
Spokane	478,947	18.9	
Jacksonville	343,156	18.3	
Lincoln	278,970	26.7	
New Bedford	607,372	20.6	
Wichita	474,291	8.4	
Birmingham	388,900	3.7	
Birmingham	325,041	2.1	
Lexington	302,360	17.0	
Binghamton	330,400	14.4	
Helena	582,111	29.6	
St. City, Mich.	308,187	7.3	
Fall River	367,369	28.8	
Akron, O.	246,300		
Springfield, O.	241,556	46.9	
Canton, O.	210,507	7.6	
Toledo	85,247	46.1	
Sioux Falls	90,221	8.4	
Fremont, Neb.	65,195	14.0	
Hastings, Neb.	299,089	38.4	
Chattanooga	184,267	10.8	
Paeo	1,035,263	3.7	
Nashville	3,989,480	17.4	
Galveston	268,450	21.1	
Kalamazoo	206,438	11.2	
Rockford	660,387	11.2	
Augusta	1,574,005		
Davenport	152,550		
Dayton	680,579		
Totals United States	1,115,083,412	0.7	
Exclusive of New York	308,877,449	8.2	

**DOMINION OF CANADA.**

CITIES.	AMOUNT.	INC.	DEC.
Montreal	\$ 10,829,531	11.9	
Toronto	7,021,901	11.2	
Halifax	1,240,508	8.8	
Hamilton	741,947	12.7	
Winnipeg	1,214,951	16.3	
Total	\$ 20,849,438	2.8	

The lord chief justice of England receives £8,000 a year, and, after fifteen years' service, is entitled to a pension of £4,500 a year.

**He Would Need It.**  
Mrs. Skinner—I'm glad to hear you say you have such a good appetite.  
Mr. Newboarder (about to take his first meal, and much pleased at the prospect)—Landladies generally fear a good appetite.  
Mrs. Skinner—I don't; when a man has a good appetite he can eat almost anything.—Puck.

**The Rival Singers.**  
Mr. Richfello—That was a neat speech Miss Soprano made at the charity concert last night, when a brute in the audience hissed her. I wonder how she could think of so many bright things all at once.  
Miss Contralto—Oh, she's made that speech hundreds of times.—N. Y. Weekly.

**What Led Up to the Fight.**  
Grinnen—You would hardly believe it, but since I began taking a swimming bath at the natatorium once a day I have run my weight down from two hundred and seven pounds to one hundred and ninety-three.  
Barrett—I can easily believe it. You use soap.—Chicago Tribune.

**How She Fooled Mamma.**  
Marie—Anybody has got to get up early in the morning to fool mamma.  
Cholly—Yes?  
Marie—Yes, but once in awhile I fool her.  
Cholly—How so?  
Marie—I sit up all night.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**Sagacity.**  
"I thought you said this horse you sold me was an intelligent, reliable animal."  
"It is."  
"Why, it tries to get over the fence every time it sees a girl in bloomers."  
"Yes. That's what shows its intelligence."—Washington Star.

**Satisfactory.**  
Saidso—I've got my will so there will be no contest.  
Herdso—How?  
Saidso—I've left the property to my heirs, but in trust for my lawyers.—N. Y. World.

**A Good Thing to Sit On.**  
We all dread, in truth, the bent-over youth Who goes by with a scorch and a swoop; Let us firmly unite and with all our might Sit down on the bicycle stoop.  
—L. A. W. Bulletin

**TRUE CANDOR.**



Miss Homeleigh—I think I shall have my portrait painted.  
Miss Patterson—Why don't you have some photographs taken? They are much cheaper. But perhaps you don't want a likeness.—Truth.

**Reflected Glory.**  
Dhimmy—Vot's der matter wid Reddy Smith? He's so stuck up he hardly speaks to anybody.  
Tommy—Why, didn't you hear? His Uncle Bill broke out of the penitentiary last night.—Puck.

**His Satisfactory Explanation.**  
"Johnny, Willie says you threw him down and jumped on him with both feet?"  
"Well, ma, I was just playin'."  
"What sort of play do you call that?"  
"Football."—Chicago Record.

**Plenty Good Enough.**  
Treetop—I want to get a few teeth pulled, if you ain't too all-fired busy.  
Dentist—Will you take gas?  
Treetop—Nope; kerosene is good enough for me.—N. Y. World.

**The Office Boy.**  
"A man called here to thrash you a few minutes ago."  
Editor—What did you say to him?  
"I told him I was sorry you weren't in."—N. Y. Journal.

**Not Prepared.**  
She—You have kept me waiting long enough; you must marry me in three months.  
He—Would you hurry me into eternity?—N. Y. Recorder.

**Killing Passion in Death.**  
Mrs. Coodove—Did you know that old Fustian, the dry goods merchant, is dying by inches?  
Mr. Coodove—Is that so? Well, he won't last long. He always gave short measure.—Puck.

**Of Course Not.**  
Foggs—I hate to contemplate what will happen when women have the franchise.  
Boggs—Don't let that worry you any; no true woman would ever vote for a woman.—N. Y. World.

**A Doubtful Compliment.**  
Mrs. Asher—How do you like our table?  
New Boarder—I was just thinking how little there was left to be desired.—N. Y. World.

**Reliable Information.**  
"I'll never be Fred's wife."  
"I knew that some time ago."  
"Why, I never told you!"  
"No; but Fred did."—Life.

**The Wheel.**  
Paris, May 12.—John S. Johnson, the well known American bicycle rider, and Tom Eck, his trainer were informed by a representative of the Associated Press of a story published in the United States to the effect that Johnson had been matched to meet Morin, the French bicyclist last Sunday and had flunked at the last moment. Both Johnson and Eck laughed at the idea that the former had flunked a meeting with Morin. They said it was never intended that the two men should meet last Sunday. Johnson's meeting with Jacquelin is fixed for May 17, (next Sunday and he feels confident that he will give a good account of himself then.) He expressed himself as being ready to meet any one in Europe. Johnson will also race in Paris, May 24 and 25.

**At It Again.**  
Wardner, Ida., May 11.—A determined attempt was made at 11:40 o'clock last night to burn down the Mammoth Bunker Hill concentrator at Wardner junction. The concentrator was fired with the aid of boxes, sacks and kerosene, and at the same moment a portion of the large flume was blown up by a charge of dynamite which shook up the buildings at Kellogg nearly a mile distant. The dynamite was used a few hundred yards above the mill. The machinery stopped and the electric lights were extinguished two minutes later.

The time selected was when most of the mill hands were at supper, one remaining saw the fire as soon as it started and promptly extinguished it. The object was to get the concentrator to burning and prevent its extinguishing by cutting off the water supply.

The Bunker Hill employs 400 men. The militia was called out and remained out all night, but no arrests have been made as yet.

**Result of Threats.**

Independence, Kan., May 10.—A serious shooting affray occurred about a half mile south of Elgin, in the territory. George Smith about 19 years old, and Sam McGee, a few years older, had had some trouble at a dance a few nights before and McGee threatened to kill Smith the next time he saw him. They both happened to come to Elgin yesterday with some cattle and in the evening met at a camp south of town. McGee was filled up on Elgin booze and he is known as an ugly man when in this condition. When he saw Smith he quickly drew his revolver and fired, the ball merely grazing Smith's shoulder. Smith began to make fun of him on account of his poor marksmanship when McGee again fired, the ball passing through Smith's liver. He lived only a few hours. McGee surrendered.

**IT WAS AWFUL.**

**A Wife Beats Her Husband to Death in Sight of Her Children.**

Spokane, Wash., May 12.—Thomas Griffin, a prominent farmer residing with his wife and two children near Oakesdale, in this county, criminally assaulted Bessie Gunn, the 14-year-old daughter of J. W. Cunn, a merchant, today. Gunn started after Griffin with a rifle to kill him. He was confronted at the door by Mrs. Griffin, who, when she learned of her husband's crime, locked the doors, and with a club beat Griffin to death in sight of their children.

**Teller Cheered.**

Pueblo, Colo., May 13.—Senator Teller's name was cheered to the echo at the republican convention for the Second Colorado district today.

**Mr. Morton's Views.**

San Francisco, May 13.—J. Sterling Morton, secretary of Agriculture, who is making his first tour of the Pacific coast, arrived in this city last night. While not inclined to discuss the coming campaign at length, he said he believed the democratic convention would endorse the financial policy of the administration. The secretary, who is traveling as the guest of his son, Paul Morton, third vice-president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad company, will remain in this city about a week.

**She is Guilty.**

Wichita, Kan., May 13.—Mrs. Irene Leonard, accused of the murder of her husband, Henry H. Leonard, was today found guilty of murder in the second degree. The fact that Leonard was killed in his own house and that the motive was to secure insurance was not only established by circumstantial evidence, but by the confession of the defendant, Marion Williams, the divorced husband of the defendant, supposed to have had a hand in the murder was released today.