

Get Out the Way.
I climbed the hill one windy day,
And passed my meditations,
And lost in various thoughts profound,
Oblivious to all around,
I heard a shout ring loud and clear
And smile in terror on my ear.
A shout that filled me with dismay,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"
I looked and saw there in my road
A double-runner with its load
Of shouting, laughing, hooting boys—
A solid freight of solid noise.
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"
A most undiplomatic bray.
A bold command without the stress
Of any courteous phrase.
I did not make a long delay
But I—well, I "got out the way."
My first thought was not one of peace,
But one of vengeance and police;
But then those boys, I thought again,
Are like all other sons of men,
All mount their sleds and shout each day,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"
We have ambitious sleds with steel,
Too swift to see, too hard to feel.
We mount them in the hope to glide
Down destiny's steep mountain side,
And lightning-swift through frosty gleams
Past these fast runners of our dreams,
And loud we shout, a raucous bray,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"
We do not turn our counters back
But warn all people off the track,
We claim an unimpeded slope
Down all the highways of our hope,
So that our double-runners glide;
Let other men find room one side;
And they can stand there in the snow
And have the fun to see us go,
And so we shout day after day,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"
And so I stood there in the snow
And watched the boys glide far below,
And swift my thoughts were thoughts of
peace—
I had no use for the police,
Do I not shout myself each day,
"Hi! Mister, there! Get out the way!"
—Sam. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

HER DOUBLE GIFT.

BY LAURA LANSFELD.
"A lady wishes to see you, sir,"
said the maid servant to Dr. Hall.
It was past 10 at night, and the physi-
cian looked up in some surprise.
"Show the lady in, please," he said,
and rose as a slim young figure glided
into the room. Her face was covered
with a veil; her garments were black.
She came forward quickly.
"You are Dr. Hall?" she said.
"Yes, I am. May I ask—"
"I will not keep you many min-
utes," she said; her manner was agi-
tated, her voice almost trembled.
"You have a patient in your care—
Mr. Devereux."
A little distantly Dr. Hall said
again—"Yes."
The girl—she was plainly no more
suddenly threw back her veil, reveal-
ing a pale, lovely face, with delicate
features.
"You want to know who I am,"
she said, "and by what right I ask
these questions. I have no right, but
I beg of your mercy that you will an-
swer me. I heard of his illness—that
you almost gave him up. Is that true?"
"Yes it is," said the doctor, gently.
"My name is Dorothy Clifford,"
said the girl. A flash swept over her
cheek as the doctor gave a little start.
"You know my name?" she faltered.
"From my patient," said Dr. Hall;
"nothing he has told me—simply the
name he has repeated unconsciously."
"Then perhaps you guess," she said
in low voice. "I am that Dorothy he
speaks of. A year ago we were lovers
—engaged. I thought I had reason to
accuse him of unfaith. We parted."
"Ah," said the doctor, "I knew
there was some cause for this break-
down besides the frightful hardships
he has been through in America. Do
you want me to let you see him?"
"No—no—I want you to tell me
if he must die—if it is true that there
is but one chance for him—if I can
give him that chance! It was all my
fault, doctor! He was true; it was
my madness that parted us. You
must let me atone—give my life for
his if need be; but he must not know
who has saved him!"
"Do you know what his chance
is?" said the doctor, gravely. "A
dangerous operation rarely practiced
—dangerous to both the persons oper-
ated upon—what we call transfusion
of blood."
"I will run the risk," said Dorothy,
with her eyes flashing. "I broke
his heart—I sent him into those hard-
ships that have shattered his health!
I will give him my health—my life!
Eric need not know."
"My poor child," said the physi-
cian, in deep pity, "he will know
nothing—he is almost unconscious—
but I have doubts about this."
The doctor slightly shook his head—
he did not think his patient was a man
likely to mend a broken life in that
easy fashion. But he heard all that
the girl had to urge and questioned her
in his turn. The girl pleaded frantically
with sobs and tears, and at last Dr.
Hall consented.

The patient himself knew nothing
about it; he lay in the lethargy that
precedes death and was only faintly
conscious at intervals. There was
very little chance that he would be
aware of Dorothy's presence in his
room. Indeed, when she entered it
she stood by his side for a full minute
without his stirring. The girl her-
self seemed scarcely to feel at all.
Before her, senseless, dying, lay the
man she had loved passionately
through all her angry mistrust and
injustice; yet never a quiver came
over her beautiful face.
She went through the painful oper-
ation without a murmur—nay, with
an exultant smile. Each drop of her
blood transfused into the veins of the
dying man was so much towards
attainment.
"Still living," was the doctor's re-
port to Dorothy the next day; and he
went back to Devereux, at whose side
he almost lived. The woman, healthy,
vigorous, recovered rapidly; the man,
who, besides anguish of soul, had en-
dured enough cold and famine to
shatter a less fine constitution, strug-
gled painfully with death, though he
did not care for life.
Then life conquered. "But after
all she has done him a cruel kindness,"
thought the physician. "What has
life to give him?"
"So we are not going to lose you
yet," he said, cheerfully, coming to
the young man's bedside one morn-
ing.
Devereux's only answer to this
promise of life was to look up in the
kind face with eyes full of pain.
"Don't you care to live?" said the
doctor, huskily.
Devereux silently turned his eyes
away. They wandered over the room
as if they sought something. An odd
feeling crept into the doctor's heart.
"What is it you want—or is it that
you miss something?" he said.
"Nothing," Devereux murmured;
but constantly the doctor detected that
searching, wistful glance. He began
to understand. The young man grew
stronger in spite of his apathy—the
physical need of life triumphed, and
each day he began to ask questions:
What had he talked about when he
was delirious? Who had been with
him—only the doctor and the nurse?
"No one else, and we don't notice
sick people's chatter," said Dr. Hall,
smiling.
"I thought there was some one
else," said Devereux, with a sigh;
"perhaps it was a dream."
"I dare say. Who did you dream
of?"
"She was here—I felt her. I don't
think it was a dream. Doctor," lift-
ing himself and looking eager, "you
don't answer me—did she come?"
"Hush!" said the doctor, soothingly.
"Yes; she was here—Dorothy
Clifford."
"I knew it! I knew it!" Devereux
whispered, trembling like a child.
"Did she come to say good-
bye?"
"Devereux," said the doctor, "I
made her promise, and I dare not
break it; I cannot answer you; but
that question to her."
"She will not come," Devereux
said hopelessly.
"She will—I know the whole story;
never mind how. I will send for
her; you shall ask her that question.
You are puzzled. Well, sleep now if
you can—I will wake you when I
bring her."
Devereux, too weak or anything but
mute wonder, obeyed. The doctor
left the house and drove rapidly to
Dorothy Clifford. She thought he had
come to give his daily report.
"He goes on slowly but well," said
Dr. Hall. "I have come to fetch you
to him."
"I!" She started back, crimson,
quivering. "Impossible! You have
not told him?"
"You must come," said the doctor,
serenely. "I have told him nothing—
somehow he has found out in part."
She went to get ready, sat silent in
the carriage, and crept upstairs be-
hind the doctor like a guilty thing, to
the sick room. Devereux was lying
back among the pillows, looking at
the two as they came into the room.
Mute, with bowed head, the woman
stood beside the man she had wronged.
She waited for him to speak.
"Dorothy!" he whispered. She
trembled.
"Put your hand in mine," he said.
"Kneel down, so that I can see you; I
have only a question to ask."
She obeyed—kneel down and put
her hand in his, bending her head
lower than before.
"You came before—days ago,"
Devereux said, in slow, half halting
tones; "when they said I was dying,
I knew you were here. Why did you
come?"
She flushed scarlet.
"To save your life," she said.

"You! you saved it?"
She turned her head aside; her dry
lips moved mechanically.
"It was your own chance. Now let
me go. You bade me come, and I
came—answer you, and I obeyed. I
have had enough of torture—let me
go."
"Hating, come to me."
The strength of a child in his clasp,
but she yielded to it helplessly. She
cried silent, passionate tears, and he
kissed them away, and hushed her
prayers for pardon.
"How can I forgive?" he whispered.
"How have given of your life to save
mine. You have atoned. Kiss me
and stay with me now and forever."
"Doctor," said Devereux, an hour
later, "I do want to live now."
"Ah! I thought you would. I kept
my promise, didn't I?"
"Yes. God bless you for all your
kindness."
"Oh, that's nothing. Now will you
try and sleep?"
"Promise you will give my bride to
me when the time comes."
"You dear, grateful fellow, with all
my heart! And so he did before long
and sent the two away together to
begin the life they had so nearly
missed.—[N. Y. Advertiser.]

Two Sorts of Men May Laugh Well.
A prominent Wall street banker and
broker, who is reputed to be worth
about ten millions, walked from his
private office the other morning into
the outer room, where was gathered a
number of his friends and customers.
He was laughing so heartily that his
cheeks were highly flushed, and the
merry peals echoed and re-echoed
through the room. Everybody turned
to look at him, and every other face
but one wore a sympathetic smile.
The single exception looked very
grave, and watched the merry broker
with intension. When the banker's
laughter had ceased he went back into
his office, and the grave man said to a
companion:
"He laughs heartily, does he not?
Yes, it is easy for him to laugh,
whereas it is very hard for many
others. There are two kinds of men
who thoroughly understand and ap-
preciate laughter, in whom this ex-
pression of merriment is spontaneous,
light-hearted, and without a tinge of
the sarcastic or bitter. One kind is
the rich, successful men who are be-
yond ordinary cares and harassments,
and have learned to enjoy the power
of wealth. They can turn from any
annoyance or grief to the contempla-
tion of their success and be happy.
The other kind includes those rare be-
ings who are poor and don't attempt
to get rich. The plantation negro is a
type of this class, and occasionally
one encounters a white man who is
imbued with the spirit of the proverb,
"As we journey through life, let us
live by the way." But I must say the
rich man's laughter sounds much more
musical in my ears. The poor man's
contains a little defiance and reckless-
ness, no matter how sincere it is. It
seems to say, "Well, what of it? I'm
poor, but who cares?" The rich man's
merriment, on the contrary, is free
from anything objectionable. It car-
ries with it an intimation of power,
and if there is a suggestion of surfeit
in it, is that an objection? Who would
not like to drink so deep from the
cup of pleasure as to make pleasure
lose its novelty? Wouldn't we all
like to try it? I think so. I only ask
that I may laugh like the rich man,
secure that my merriment today will
not be soured by reverses tomorrow."
—[New York Sun.]

No More Objections Were Made.
A laughable story is told about town
concerning A. H. Hummel, the criminal
and theatrical lawyer. Every one
knows that Mr. Hummel is not above
the average stature of man (physical
nature), and every one who has seen
him in court knows how quickly and
often he can jump up to make objec-
tions when he thinks them necessary.
It seems that he came in collision a
little while ago with ex-Judge Ditten-
hoefer, who was in an objecting mood,
and he was greatly irritated by the
latter's deliberate methods. Appeal-
ing finally to the court, he said:
"Your honor, it is not the gentle-
man's objections that I make excep-
tion to, but it takes him so long to get
up and sit down."
Mr. Dittenhoefer slowly arose and
replied as follows:
"Your honor, I possess a good deal
of savoir-faire, and it requires some
exertion for me to move. I am not
like my little friend there (pointing to
Hummel), who has only to slide out
of his chair to find himself on his
feet."
It is said that Mr. Hummel made no
more objections.—[New York Trib-
une.]

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.
LITTLE BROTHER.
Little brother did not wake
When the sun shone out today;
Did not answer when I called,
Asking him to come and play.
So I brought him all his toys,
"Nax," they said in grave surprise,
"Brother is an angel now;
He has gone to Paradise."
Then I laughed in my delight,
Tossing top and ball about;
But they went with faces hid,
And I wondered why they cried.
—J. R. Hudson, in Wife Awake.

THE MONKEY AND THE PILL.
An Indian fakir had a monkey that
he had brought up from babyhood.
The pair were fast friends, the mon-
key being a faithful attendant on his
master and as good as a watch dog.
One day the fakir made a pie for
dinner and left it to cook on a char-
coal fire while he went for a walk.
As the cooking proceeded the savory
smell was too much for the monkey.
It raised the crust and tasted the
chicken. Finding the food very tasty
it ate more and more, till nothing but
the crust remained. Then it remem-
bered its master, who would
shortly come back hungry and
ready to enjoy his meal. What was to
be done? The sharp eyes of the mon-
key detected some crumbs not far
away, so without loss of time it lay
down on the ground as if dead. By
and by a crow came along and picked
at the monkey, which seized the bird
in a twinkling, strangled it, stripped
off the feathers, placed it in pieces in
the dish, covered it over with the
crust and then contentedly awaited the
return of the fakir, to whom the whole
incident was afterwards related by a
witness of it.—[Health and Home.]

THE DISCONTENTED OWLS.
There were once three discontented
owls.
"It is so stupid to sit in the dark
and eat mice," they said.
"It must be ever so much nicer to
fly in the sun and sip honey. Let's be
humming-birds."
So one morning, bright and early,
they flapped their way into the garden
where the honeysuckles grew. They
tried to dip their bills into the lovely
blossoms, but they had not the bills of
humming-birds, and they couldn't dip.
"No honey!" they cried.
"What shall we do?"
Then one owl said: "Let's claw it
out."
So they turned around and thrust
their claws into the blossoms, fishing
for honey. And the honeysuckles
were so rich and full that what do
you think? The honey just stuck to
the owl's claws and held them fast;
and the honey was so thick that it
drew and drew until it sucked the
owls in—all but their heads.
And now if you look at the honey-
suckle vine you can see those discon-
solate owls peering out from the
petals, all of them so sorry they ever
tried to be humming-birds.—[Wide
Awake.]

AN AMUSING SPECTACLE IN BIRD LIFE.
In a special ornithological bulletin
of the United States National Museum
occurs the following account of the
dance of the prairie sharp tailed
grouse of Manitoba, quoted from the
unpublished notes of E. E. Thomp-
son:
After the disappearance of the snow
and the coming of warm weather the
chickens meet every morning at gray
dawn, in companies from six to
twenty, on some selected hillcock or
knoll, and indulge in what is called
a "dance." This performance I have
often watched and it presents the
most amusing spectacle I have yet
witnessed in bird life.
At first the birds may be seen stand-
ing in ordinary attitudes, when
suddenly one of them lowers his head,
spreads out its wings nearly horizon-
tally and its tail perpendicularly, dis-
tends its air sacs and erects its feath-
ers, then rushes across the "floor,"
taking the shortest of steps, but stamping
its feet so hard and rapidly that the
sound is like that of a kettle drum;
at the same time it utters a sort of
hubbubbing crow which seems to come
from the air sacs, beats the air with
its wings and vibrates its tail, so that
it produces a loud, rattling noise, and
thus contrives at once to make an ex-
traordinary spectacle of itself as pos-
sible.
As soon as one commences, all join
in, rattling, stamping, jumping, crow-
ing and dancing together furiously;
louder and louder the noise, faster
and faster the dance becomes, until at
last as they madly whirl about, the
birds leap over each other in their ex-
citement. After a brief spell the en-
ergy of the dancers begins to abate,
and shortly afterward they stand or
move about very quietly until they are
again started by one of their number
leading off.

QUEER BIRDS.
**An Interesting Exhibit at the
World's Fair.**
**Series of Groups Prepared by
the National Museum.**
One of the most picturesque features
of the exhibit of the National Museum
at the world's fair in Chicago will be
a series of groups of odd sorts of
birds. These have been prepared by
Dr. Robert Ridgway.
The crocodile bird, for example, is
illustrated by an actual crocodile about
eight feet long, stuffed in a life-like
manner, with its mouth wide open,
while along its back are walking two
or three birds of this curious species.
One of the latter is standing inside the
mouth of the saurian, pecking para-
sites from the reptile's tongue. This
is the kindly office which the bird per-
forms for the crocodile, at the same
time procuring food for itself and
relieving its reptilian friend of annoy-
ance. So far as naturalists are aware,
the latter never returns this kindness
with the ingratitude of gobbling its
benefactors.
Another group shows a pair of
lower birds disputing themselves
about their play house. Purely for
the sake of amusement these quaint
feathered creatures are accustomed to
build covered structures of twigs and
other materials, in and about which
they scatter every bright and pretty
object they can find, such as shells.
Furthermore, they hang garlands of
flowers in front of their play houses,
and, when these are faded, they pro-
cure fresh ones. It is even said that
they plant seeds, which sprout and
add to the decorative effect.
Not less remarkable than the lower
birds are the butcher birds—a small
shrike that is widely distributed in
this country. These birds capture
small animals of various sorts and de-
liberately impale them upon thorns,
presumably for subsequent use as
food. In parts of the west where
there are barbed-wire fences they use
the wire points instead of thorns for
impaling their victims upon. This
group shows a pair of butcher birds in
a bush, with grasshoppers, mice and a
little bird stuck on thorns here and
there.
One of the most interesting groups
exhibits a pair of woodpeckers of an
interesting species. They are engaged
in inserting acorns into holes in a
tree trunk. In summer, when food
is plentiful, these birds devote their
time to making a great number of
holes in the bark of trees. When the
acorns fall in the autumn they gather
them and put one into each of the
holes they have made. Thus they
provide themselves with a supply of
provision for the winter. Otherwise,
when snow covers the ground, they
would be likely to starve.
Other groups show a number of
prairie chickens engaged in their love-
making dance, flamingoes with their
curious nests of mud, a hollow stump
with parrots hanging inside by their
bills, which is their manner of
roosting, and wild pigeons, which are
interesting because they are threat-
ened with extinction.
One group that was prepared for
Chicago will not be sent there because
it is too horrible. It represents the
sheep-eating parrot of New Zealand
attacking a sheep. This bird was not
originally carnivorous, but is supposed
to have acquired a taste for mutton
during a very cold winter, when, for
lack of other food, it assailed the car-
casses of killed sheep. Subsequently
it took to preying upon the live ani-
mals, clinging to their wool and actu-
ally eating its way through the flesh
to the kidneys, of the fat surrounding
which it is especially fond. The poor
sheep, unable to defend itself against
its winged foe or to escape, eventually
succumbs. Fortunately, this parrot
has been nearly exterminated in New
Zealand by the sheep farmers.—[Washington Star.]

Baby Ruth's Silver Spoon.
Mrs. Mary O. Arnold of Norwich,
N. Y., received a letter from Grover
Cleveland a few days ago, in which
he wrote that Ruth was very proud of
the silver spoon that Mrs. Arnold has
sent her. That spoon has a history.
Grover's great-grandfather, the Rev.
Arona Cleveland, dwelt in Norwich
Town. His son, Deacon Cleveland,
was a silversmith at curious, ancient
and tranquil Bean Hill, a mile north
of the old town. The square, brown,
two-story house in which he lived is
still standing under tall elms, whose
branches sweep its roof, at the south-
ern edge of the village. Across the
street is a funny-looking little house,
with peaked gables. "Aldam's Tav-
ern," modeled after an English coun-
try alehouse. It was in this demure
and snug and tiny building that Dea-
con Cleveland, in the last century and
early part of this had his silversmith
shop, and wrought, in silver and gold,
trinkets for the people of Bean Hill,
Norwich Town and other neighbor-
hoods, and handsome spoons of old
and original designs.
It was in the silversmith's shop that
Deacon Cleveland, a hundred years
ago, fabricated the solid silver spoon
that Mrs. Arnold presented to little
Ruth Cleveland. "It belonged to a
set of six," said Mrs. Arnold, who is
an elderly lady, "that the Deacon had
made to order for my mother, Mrs.
Mary Jones. These spoons have been
in my family ever since, though one
after another was lost until now, I
think only three are left: two belong
to me and the third one to Miss Ruth.
I inherited them at the time of my
mother's death. It is barely possible
that some other member of our family
may have one or more spoons of that
set."
The spoons are about six inches
long, with a shallow, pointed bowl,
and on the back of the handle the
name "Cleveland" is embossed in bold,
handsome letters. Impelled by a sud-
den caprice, about a week ago, Mrs.
Arnold put her present in a box and
dispatched it to Ruth with a letter, in
which she said: "Please give my love
to Baby Ruth."

Southern Forests Disappearing.
Charles Mohr, of the United States
Forestry Bureau, writes in the En-
gineering Magazine: "The facts dis-
closed by the investigation of our
Southern pine forests, and the man-
agement of their timber resources,
cannot but lead to the conviction that
we have already entered upon an era
involving their complete extinction,
Supplanted as these resources appear,
as illustrated by figures quoted in this
paper, any doubt about their depletion
within a comparatively brief period
will be removed if, on the other hand,
these figures are considered which
relate to the ever-increasing draft on
the forests. No one is more aware of
the inevitable result of the present
treatment of these forests than those
actively engaged in reaping the har-
vest of timber, to mature which nature
required centuries of time.
There is no need to dwell here on
the calamities which would follow
the extinction of the industrial and
commercial interests connected with
the forests, upon which so many
thousands of people are dependent
for their existence, or to contemplate
the evil consequences of the destruc-
tion of the high forest, over large
areas, in affecting existing conditions
of climate and soil. These themes
have become truisms, which in our
day can escape no one taking an active
interest in affairs affecting our ma-
terial welfare. Still, with all the light
afforded by science and the teachings
of national economy, there exists a
popular disregard to matters pertain-
ing to forestry, and little heedway
has been made in the attempt, through
state action or otherwise, to secure to
posterity some of the advantages of
the forest wealth now enjoyed in this
country and considered so indispensa-
ble to our prosperity."

Signalling Through Water.
The intellectual resources of Wiza-
ard Edison show no signs of exhaus-
tion. His latest move is for a new
and rather startling system of sub-
marine signalling. He believes that
the difficulties in the way of such a
system are quite surmountable. The
principle on which the proposed in-
vention rests is the fact that water is
one of the best media for the trans-
mission of vibrations—that is the com-
munication of sound. Vessels are to
have a vibratory machine under water,
which will at once register the sig-
nal sounds from any vessel which
may be in the vicinity. The appar-
atus will be capable of detecting the
presence of a ship provided with sig-
nals at a distance of from ten to fifteen
miles. It is believed that such an in-
vention would reduce the danger of
collision at sea to a minimum, and
with the removal of this last danger,
voyages could be made as safe as human in-
genuity could make them.—[New
York Witness.]

New Use For a Linen Tuff.
"Look here," said a well-known
man-about-town yesterday, "this is a
letter from a friend who is now in
Pittsburg." The speaker produced a
soiled tuff on which a message had
been written. The cuff bore the stamp
of Pittsburg postoffice, as well as a
cancelled stamp. The message read:
"I haven't no paper at hand, but
Uncle Sam will transmit this cuff, for
which I have no further use. Liana
is of no use to a man who is dead flat
busted. Send me \$100.—[Philadel-
phia Record.]

Ocean.
I've often looked upon the foaming wave,
And listened to thy voice, Old Ocean,
And heard with keen delight thy billows
lave.
The rock-light shore in wild commotion,
To me there is a music sweeter far,
In the dull splashing of thy waters,
Than that that croaked from viol or guitar
By any of our radiant daughters.
And I have thought how powerless was
man,
And laughed whenever he sought to pinion
Thy mighty arms, for since the world be-
gan
Thou hast been master, he the minion.
At times I've seen him launch upon thy
breast,
And birdlike skim the crested billow,
But ere the Eastern sun illumined the
West
He slept upon a nameless pillow.
Of his one proud bark but a single mast
Remained to chronicle his story;
Millions shall tread in the way of the last
Before thy dripping locks are hoary.
All else may proud man in his onward
sweep
Overcome, be it sooner or later;
But thou art timeless, awake or asleep;
He may be great, but thou art greater.
—(St. George Best)

HUMOROUS.
An acquired taste—A kiss.
If you must be dogmatic, try not to
be bull-dogmatic.
"My time is not my own," said the
pocketeer, as he donned the stolen
waiver.
Every boy has an idea that if his
father had lived at the right time he
would have thrashed Goliath.
Cholly's Gallantry.—Little Willie—
My sister says you're awful soft.
Cholly—That's because I'm utterly
mashed, Willie.
It is wonderful how well the world
gets on, considering how many peo-
ple there are who do nothing toward
helping it along.
"Have you ever had fever and ague
in these flats?" Landlord—Yes, sir-ree;
There isn't a modern improvement
you can mention but we have.
A hungry tramp to get a bite
And raise a half-a-dollar,
Collected the bone of a little dog
And tied the poor dog's collar.
"I've!" exclaimed the fair syndi-
cator, "I think this article will fill a
long-felt want." "What is the title,
dear?" "How to Manage a Non-in-
law."
"Do you think, Schmidt, that your
affection for Frankel Goldstein is re-
ciprocated?" "I really can't say; I
am loving her at the present time on
credit."
"I try to love my neighbor," said
Mr. Meekins, as he gazed disconsolate-
ly out into the rain, "but it's a hard
thing for a man who pays cash for his
umbrellas to do."
"Your tickets were complimentary,
were they not?" "Well," replied the
man who had seen a painfully amu-
sant entertainment, "I thought they
were until I saw the show."
"Your friend, Mr. Barlow, isn't a
very civil man. He was positively
rude to me last night," said Maude.
"That's Henry's great fault," said
Ethel. "He has very little respect for
age."
Daisy—When I get big, like you,
unmama, I am going to marry a doc-
tor or a minister. Mamma—Why,
my dear? Daisy—Cause if I marry a
doctor I can get well for nothing, and
if I marry a minister I can be good for
nothing.
Senator Morgan's First Case.
Senator Morgan of Alabama at-
tributes his success in life to an ac-
cident. When he started out in his
native town to practice law he could
not get a case, and was on the verge
of starvation. He decided to go to
Texas and grow up with the country,
packed his trunk, locked his office
door and stepped into the street, where
he found himself face to face with a
countryman, who was looking at the
sign.
"Say, stranger," the farmer asked,
"kin you tell me if that's a feller
'bout yeres named Morgan, John
Morgan?"
"That is my name, sir," Mr. Mor-
gan replied, pausing in his flight.
"Air you in er hurry, young man?"
"I'm just off to Texas."
"Texas, eh? Can't Texas wait a
day or two? I've got er case I want
looker after an' I kinder thought you'd
do the job."
The prospect of having a case at
last was sufficient to cause the young
lawyer to turn back and hear what
the farmer had to say. It had some-
thing to do with the recovery of a
piece of land.
"I took it up and won it," said the
Senator, in recounting the incident,
"and from that day to this have never
known what it was to want a dollar."
The Paris sewers are the largest and
most complete in the world.