

THE TOSS OF A COPPER.

Story of My Experience with Two Lovers.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS, JR.

LETTER NO. 1.

ADRESSE TO HER MOTHER'S BLANCHE.

I'm quite out of patience with you. You promised to spend a fortnight with me...

Oh, that ridiculous moon, with its swollen mother-of-pearl disk...

Now as to my notion as to what a husband should be, let me say that I have no silly ideas...

LETTER NO. 2. NAME TO NAME.

Last winter you recollect meeting M. de Villelongue at our house...

LETTER NO. 3. NAME TO NAME.

Ency our surprise, dear Blanche, at this juncture to receive a letter from an aunt of mine...

HARD ARMY TRAINING

SEVERE ATHLETIC EXERCISES OF EUROPEAN SOLDIERS.

Vast Hosts that Make Europe an Armed Camp—Athletic Exercises Imposed on the Soldiers—Hard and Lacerating Labors of the Military Life.

Trained Like Pacifists. New persons in this country have just conception of the iron discipline practiced in the European armies.



I'VE JUST BEEN RE-READING DEAR AND VIRGINIA.

One of the most important parts of the military training in the Prussian army, and indeed in all the armies of Europe, is designed to develop the muscular system...

The men are taught offensive and defensive exercises with their weapons. They are taught to fence with swords and bayonets...

LETTER NO. 4. NAME TO NAME.

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LETTER NO. 5. NAME TO NAME.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quant Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

A Mixed Text. A little girl heard a sermon from the words, 'My cup runneth over, surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

What a Small Boy Could Do. A lad in Boston, rather small for his age, according to the prohibitionist, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there.



HOISTING THE TWENTY-FOOT WALL.

The Girl in the Boarding-House. 'The confidential with no one,' wrote North Amherst in the 'Girl Alone in the City.'

Sandy Brown's Owl. Some one was stealing Sandy Brown's chickens. Every morning when Sandy went out to scatter screenings...

A Boy Should Learn. To be kind to all animals. To be manly and courageous. To ride, row, shoot and swim.

A Cannibal. 'Mr. Smiley, what is a cannibal?' 'A cannibal? Why do you want to know, my boy?'

The Sealion. 'To be sure,' assented the welf, cordially, 'I am glad of the cool weather. I never could do much in a crash suit.'

In the Tomb Corridor. Warden-Sentenced! How's that? I thought that your lawyer was going to ask for more time.

Didn't Need It. 'Help! Help!' cried the man who was being robbed. 'Call yourself,' said the highwayman. 'I don't need any assistance.'

The Particular Thing. She—Was there any particular thing about the town which struck you? He—Yes; a bicycle.—Yonkers Statesman.

No Wonder. 'No wonder they call marriage the holey bonds of matrimony,' muttered Mr. Henpeck, as he gazed at his un-mended socks, etc.—Fun.

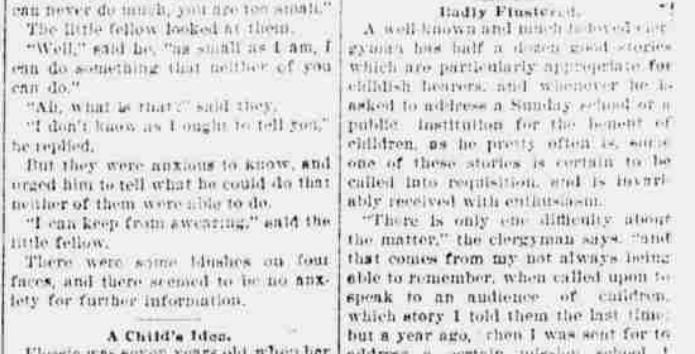
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