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THE

SWAMP SECRET.

A STORY OF THE FRONTIER.

BY ELLEN E. RENFORD.

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CHAPTER I.

CONTINUED.

"'Deacon Snyder!'" exclaimed Nannie, with a scornful lift of her pretty nose. "Of course not! It's a young man from down below. He's going to have a meeting at the schoolhouse to-night, to see about organizing the school, and he wants everybody to turn out. I hope they'll have one. Wouldn't it be nice? I never went to one, you know."

"Of course, it will be nice," said Dick, who was thinking more of prospective summer-night walks with Nannie than he was of the singing-school. "It needs something like that to make the neighborhood lively. The folks don't see half enough of each other. It'll take their mind off their work and rest them up a little."

"Yes, that's a fact," responded Nannie, looking, however, as if she hardly comprehended what Dick had been saying, on account of being busy with other thoughts. "Oh, Dick, he's just the handsomest man I ever saw! He is, Dick, for a fact!"

"It isn't always the handsomest ones that turn out to be the best ones," said Dick, hardly relishing Nannie's admiration for the singing-teacher. "He's some fellow, most likely, who's too lazy to work for a living, so he goes round teaching singing-schools."

"Well," demanded Nannie, rather sharply, "if he teaches singing-school, I'd like to know if he isn't working and earning his money just as much as you are by working on the farm? I don't see any difference. If he can earn a living without working on a farm for it, I don't see's he's to blame for it."

"No, nor I," answered Dick. "I don't blame any man for getting his living in the easiest possible way, if he does it honorably. What I meant was that, perhaps, he might be one of those shiftless, good-for-nothing fellows who go around sponging their living, as the folks say here, and swindling people out of their money by getting it under pretense of giving its value, when really what they give amounts to nothing. I've seen a great many such men. But this fellow may be all right. I can't say he isn't, of course, but it strikes me as rather strange that a singing-teacher, especially a young and handsome one, should come to such an out-of-the-way place as this to start a school. It certainly can't be expected that he'll get a school large enough to pay well, and because he can't, it looks to me as if very likely he don't amount to much."

"Well, I don't know anything about him," answered Nannie, rather stiffly. "I do know, though, that he's a real gentleman in looks and appearance."

"Oh, you've seen enough of him to find that out, have you?" queried Dick. "You must be pretty well acquainted, then. Where's he going to board?"

"I didn't ask him, though I had plenty of chance to; for," added Nannie, mischievously, watching the effect of her words on Dick, who, she knew, was eager to know how and where she had made the stranger's acquaintance, "he was at the schoolhouse and stayed nearly the whole afternoon."

Dick made no reply, but he did not look particularly pleased over the information.

"And he gave out notice in school," went on Nannie, "that there'd be a meeting to-night. The children will tell everybody, and the whole neighborhood—anyway, all the young folks—will be sure to be there. I declare it's getting real late, by the looks of the sun, and I must hurry home and help mother about the supper, for, most likely, she'll want to go, too."

Then Nannie picked up her little splint dinner-basket and trudged off up the hill, singing "Barbara Allen."

"She's rather struck with the fellow, seems to me," thought Dick, as he went back to his ploughing. "A handsome face and good clothes go a long ways in a girl's estimation of a man. They're strange things, these girls. Gee, there, Dandy, g'along!"

CHAPTER II.

DEACON SNYDER TO THE RESCUE.

Dick and Nannie walked down to the schoolhouse together, after supper, when the "chores" had all been disposed of. The road led through pleasant woods, for the greater part of the way, and there is always something to be said by a young man to the woman he loves in such a walk as theirs was, that makes truants and loiterers of those who can go fast enough on ordinary occasions. The schoolhouse was quite full when they reached it.

They entered the building to a smothered chorus of giggles and teehees from the boys and girls. Why is it that one young person invariably makes sport of another young person who is, or is supposed to be, in love? I never could satisfy myself why it was so, but that it is so is a fact. Your boon companion, your bosom friend, will laugh at you mercilessly, if he suspects that you are a victim of the tender passion.

The singing-teacher was there, seated in the chair Nannie occupied during school hours. He was quite a good-looking fellow. Dick had to admit, with a good deal of "down below" style about him. As Deacon Snyder told the neighbor on his right:

"It's plain to be seen he's come from out among folks, for it don't follow from that that he knows quite all there is about singin', by no means."

The young man's face was cast in a mold which gave him regular features, and to these were added the attractive accompaniments of a pair of bright, keen eyes and a fine beard which was carefully kept. He had an attractive smile, which showed faultless teeth, and the clothes he wore had a style about them very different from that which characterized the average Brownsville garment. You can't get much "style" into a pair of "overalls" and a "waistcoat," and these two articles of apparel, with the addition of a coarse cotton or homespun flannel shirt, constituted the garb of the young men as well as old ones in those days on the frontier. But as Dick looked at the young man's face keenly, he noticed certain lines about the mouth and eyes that he did not like the looks of. He did not pretend to be a physiognomist, however, and he might be mistaken. It was not always wise to judge a man by his face, and most men's faces told more about their owner than this one's did. To Dick it seemed as if he wore a mask, but through it he could catch, now and then, a glimpse of that which it was worn to conceal.

"He may be all right," thought Dick, "but I believe he'll bear watching."

As Nannie tip-toed to a seat among the girls—for in those days the two sexes never sat together in any kind of meeting—the singing-teacher smiled and gave her a genteel bow. This act gave Nannie a certain distinction among the other girls, and pleased her so much that she became radiant all in a moment. Dick saw the effect it had on her, and that his teeth bared together. In some way he felt that there was to be trouble between him and the singing-teacher. Other young men saw the bow and the smile which the stranger bestowed on Nannie and the look with which she responded and nudged each other, with a sly look at Dick. All of which, of course, had a tendency to make him feel as serene as a May morning.

The whole settlement—meaning by that everybody living within two or three miles of the schoolhouse—had turned out on this momentous occasion. The ages of the audience ranged from three months to seventy years.

"I presume that all who are likely to take part in the singing-school, if organized, are here," the young man said, as he rose and made a graceful, easy little bow to his audience, and walked out in front of the rude desk. Instantly deep silence reigned. The noisy whispers of the women were broken off in the middle of the sentence, and the men ceased their louder but less pervading talk. The young men turned their eyes from the girls to the speaker, and the young girls forgot all about the existence of the young men for the time.

"My name is Maxfield Wayne," he said, as he became sure of the attention of his audience. "I have been spending the summer, so far, in this State, partly for pleasure, partly for profit." Here a little smile was noticed to curl the corners of his mouth. None of his audience understood wherein there was in the words he had just spoken or the thoughts they suggested that prompted the smile, but remembered in later days, and, viewed in the light of after-events, they knew what he was thinking of when this remark was made. "I have come here partly out of curiosity to see life in the backwoods, partly because I thought I could pick up a living here for a little while as well as elsewhere." Again that peculiar smile, as if, to him, the words had a hidden meaning. "I would like to employ the time I spend among you in some profitable way. I have taught singing-school, and thought perhaps you might like to have a school here for a few weeks. I shall be glad to hear from any one on the subject.

"Deacon Snyder!" called out some one in the audience.

Instantly calls for the deacon resounded from all parts of the house.

The deacon, having been a singing-teacher of the primitive type "down East," was considered standard authority on musical matters. He rose and said in a wheezy voice that was something like the tone of an asthmatic accordion, that he had "led the singin', off'n' on', ever sence he'd been in Brownsville, an' afore, in other parts o' the kentry, an' he felt free to say that the Brownsville young people had as good voices as you'd be apt to find in any place of its size, but, like other facilities of the humin bein', they needed cultivatin'. Fer his part he was not only in favor of school, though he didn't know as it would be of much benefit to him, but, the Lord willin', he'd do what he could to help it along, for he considered singin' a means o' glorifyin' God, an' our talons hadn't ought to be left to rust an' corrupt."

Then, with a flourish of his red bandana and a blast on his Roman nose like the sound of a war-trumpet, he sat down, conscious that his remarks had preserved his reputation as a very ready and forcible offhand speaker on all public occasions.

"I motion that a couple of young men go 'round an' see how many air willin' to take hold an' learn singin' an' how much they'll give to help supporting a school," said the deacon's neighbor, after a little consultation with him.

This suggestion seemed to meet with unanimous favor, and two young men were appointed to canvass the audience for subscribers to a singing-school fund. The result was that a sufficient amount was pledged to make the school a certainty.

"Let it be understood, then," announced Mr. Wayne, "that the school will begin to-morrow evening at seven o'clock, and that there will be a session every other evening, Sunday excepted, till the completion of the term."

Nannie lingered with a group of girls near the desk where the singing-teacher stood, talking with some of the young men, and exchanging glances at him, and wishing he would come and speak to her, but he was too busily engaged, and she had to be satisfied with a smile and a bow. Dick came up and asked her if she was ready to go home, and she took his arm, and they left the schoolhouse.

She was not inclined to talk about such matters as seemed to interest Dick most, but waxed eloquent over the singing-school, and its handsome teacher. Dick, of course, did not take a great deal of interest in such conversation, but tried to put on a smiling face and not let her see how jealous he was beginning to be. Of course he failed in the attempt. Nannie had keen eyes and was a woman, and she saw that it nettled him to have to listen to her praises of Mr. Wayne, therefore she kept on talking about him, thus securing the double satisfaction of expressing her really honest admiration of the stranger and making Dick as uncomfortable as possible.

"I don't like the looks of him," Dick said, as he got ready for bed. "He looks to me like a man who's determined to have his own way, right or wrong, and rather than not have it, if he once makes up his mind to it, he'll do anything mean and underhand to carry out his plan."

CHAPTER III.

CUT OUT.

The farm adjoining Mr. Boone's on the south belonged to Mr. Porter. Mrs. Porter was Mr. Boone's sister. Mr. Porter had built near the north edge of his claim, and Mr. Boone near the southern boundary of his, so that the two houses were quite near together.

On the afternoon following the organization of the singing-school, Nannie stopped at her aunt's on her way home, with a beaming and excited face.

"You can't guess what kind of an errand I've come on," she said, sitting down in the doorway and fanning her flushed face with her sun-bonnet, utterly unmindful of poor Dick, who was plowing in the field across the road, and who had stepped close to the fence when he saw her coming.

"Wall, no, I can't say as I can, not bein' very good at guessin'," replied Mrs. Porter, drawing her old-fashioned rocking-chair up to the door. "Is it an errant for our folks?"

"It's one for you," answered Nannie. "Mr. Wayne wants to come here to board."

"For goodness' sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Porter. "What on airth 'd we do with him if we took him, I'd like to know? We don't go in for style, an' ain't us't to livin' as he'd expect to, an' then, s'posen it was all right, an' father was willin', I don't know what Samanthy'd say."

"Oh, you'd get along with him well enough," said Nannie, confidently. "I know you would. He wanted to come to our house, but I knew we couldn't make room for him. I knew you could, and I knew, too, that he couldn't find a better place; and as you had only Uncle Porter and the hired man, with Samanthy to help you with the work, I thought you could take him without putting yourself out much. I promised to see about it and let him know to-night, at singing-school."

"I don't know as I hev any partickler objections of t'other kind," said Mrs. Porter, after thinking the matter over. "What do you say, Samanthy?"

Samanthy was Mrs. Porter's cousin, and acted in the threefold capacity of hired girl, companion and household dictator. She was "smart as a steel trap an' awful capable," Mrs. Porter told her neighbors, "an' takes right hold an' goes ahead with things as well as I could. She won't to make us all stan' round," Mrs. Porter was wont to affirm, years after Samanthy had left her, "but we was us't to her ways an' didn't mind her bossin' us, she was so handy an' willin'. There wa' n't a single lazy hair in her head, an' we never had nobody work for us that began to aim her wages as Samanthy Peters did—never!"

"What do I think about what?" asked Samanthy, coming in from the back-room and leaning on her broom, prepared to listen and advise or object, as the case might be.

"The singin'-school. Mary wants to come here to board," explained Mrs. Porter. "What do you her to say about it?"

"'Tain't fer me to say anything as I know on," said Samanthy, in reply. "I s'pose there's plenty of room fer him, an' we can get along 'th the work well enough; but I'm free to say I didn't take much of a fancy to him, and wouldn't keer to hev him 'round more'n six months to a time. But mebbe we can stan' it while he's teachin', an' you can turn my bed to singin'-school on his beard, if it's any accommodation."

[To be continued.]

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Father Used to Make—Turning Night Into Day—The Literal Idiot—The Need of the Moment—One Exception—The Course of True Love, Etc., Etc.

and a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife,
"If you would but give up heading
Such a fashionable life,
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then, perhaps, you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."
And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):
"If you would but give up horses
And a score of clubs or so,
I could devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then, perhaps, you might make money
Such as father used to make."

Turning Night Into Day.

"Does your baby give you much trouble at night?"

"No. We've fooled it by having an electric light put up in front of our house."—Chicago News.

One Exception.

"Certainly no gentleman would refuse to offer a lady his seat.

"Not if it's in the New York Stock Exchange. They cost $28,000 apiece."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Exchange of Compliments.

The House—"How are you? It strikes me you are not looking very well."

The Well—"Strikes me you look a little peaked yourself."—Judge.

The Remark of a Brute.

"Here is an article headed 'From War to Wedlock,'" said Mrs. Tiff as she looked over the newspaper. "That is an alliterative title."

"Yes," added Mr. Tiff, "alliterative, but tautological."

The Course of True Love.

Bessie—"I thought Nellie Sanderson was to have been married last week."

Jessie—"So she was, but Charlie's engagement, who had been given up, is getting well again."—Harlem Life.

The Literal Idiot.

The Sentimental One—"Alas! Many a smiling face conceals an aching heart."

The Literal Idiot—"It seems to me that an aching tooth would be more likely to do it there."—Indianapolis Journal.

More Dangerous Than Scorching.

Jim—"You look awfully glum. What's the matter?"

Jack—"Been bicycling."

"Met with an accident?"

"Yes, rode a tandem with a pretty girl and got all broken up."—Detroit Free Press.

The Modern Cupid.

He—"You remember Cupid used to be pictured going about with a quiver full of arrows?"

She—"Oh, yes, I remember distinctly."

"Well, now he goes about with a bag full of golf sticks."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Palpable Evasion.

The Policeman—"What's your trade?"

The Suspect—"An ironworker."

"Is that so? I'll see what you know about it. I used to be in the trade myself."

"I—I mean in a laundry."—Indianapolis Journal.

Short Lived.

"When we were married," sobbed the young wife, "he said he loved me with a love more enduring than the everlasting granite!"

"And it didn't last?" queried the sympathizing friend.

"Last!" echoed the young wife, drying her tears. "It didn't last as long as a cedar block pavement."—Chicago Tribune.

When Men Are Different.

Young Mrs. Styles—"Men are so different after marriage!"

Miss Singleton—"So I've heard, but why do you say it now?"

Young Mrs. Styles—"Why, at my request, Charles willingly gave up going to the war; but, if you'll believe it, he shows no inclination to give up his club for my sake!"—Boston Transcript.

The Need of the Moment.

"Suppose," suggested the editor of the woman's page, "that I write an article on 'The Logic of the Heart?'"

"Won't do at all," answered the brusque man, who was hunting for something to fill up. "I'm looking for something that will take a little space."—Chicago Post.

ANCIENT FEASTS.

Much Gluttony Among the Old Greeks and Persians.

"Bright Sides of History" is a series of papers contributed by E. H. House to St. Nicholas. In the last number the author says:

Enormous feasts were spread at the Persian and other Asiatic courts, and the great Grecian conqueror of those regions was once or twice in his dazzling career more lavish than even the the successors of Cæsar. But it was not a regular habit with him, nor was reckless prodigality ever a vice of his nation. Of course, there were exceptions, and that societies devoted to luxurious living existed in Athens we know from the works of Archestratus and Athenæus, who wrote long poems to the glory of cookery. The Hellenic epicures were ingenious and often fantastic in their ideas, but were not, as a rule, guilty of gross extravagance. They were fond of such conceits as having a whole pig served, one side roasted and the other boiled, and stuffed with a great variety of delicacies, although the animal had never been cut or separated in any way. Their cooks were also skillful in preparing vegetables to taste like meat.

A certain king had an intense longing for a fish called an "aphy," at a time when he was so far away from the sea that he did not suppose his desire could possibly be gratified; but his cook made him an artificial aphy out of a turnip, and disguised it so cleverly by sauces that the monarch was completely deceived. Occasionally we hear of vicarious gluttons among the old Greeks. One of the most noted was Philoxenus, who wished he had a neck like a crane, so that his enjoyment of what he swallowed could be lengthened by several inches. This selfish fellow used to keep his throat in training by gargling it with scalding water. Then he bribed the cooks, wherever he went, to send in all the meals furiously hot; and thus he finished the best there was of each dish, before anyone else dared to touch a morsel. A fellow guest was once so offended at this that he refused to remain at the table of Philoxenus, saying that he had been invited to dine with a man, and not with an oven.

A Change of Programme.

"It would have been all right if the other fellow had stayed away," complained the young man to his friend. "You could have knocked me down with a feather when I called upon her the other evening and found that other fellow there as big as life.

"I at once made up my mind to simply ignore him and not let him know by word or sign that I was aware that he was within forty miles of the place. Would you believe it, he had the nerve to play the same game, while the girl simply laughed at both of us.

"He was a stayer, too. I made up my mind that I wouldn't leave before he did, and it was evident that he was waiting for me to go. When the clock struck twelve, and the girl sighed and yawned, we fixed up a truce with our eyes and left together.

"I was mad clean through when I called the next evening to find that fellow there ahead of me. We went through the same performance and departed at midnight.

"We kept that thing up for two weeks and the girl commenced to lose weight for want of sleep.

"Last Saturday night I reported there as usual, and hadn't been in the room more than five minutes when I discovered a sign hanging on the wall right before me. This is what I read: 'Continuous performance. Complete Change of Programme Next Week.'

"Well, I can take a hint with the best of them, so I simply fled, leaving my hated rival in the house.

"But he was out of the house in time to catch the same car that I did, so I take it that he suddenly concluded that it was best to follow my example."—Detroit Free Press.

Let the Cadets Study the Battlefields.

Special rewards to proficient cadets have never formed part of the system at West Point, and favors of that kind would probably meet with strong objection from officers unless they were combined in some way with the cadet's improvement in military knowledge. There is one suggestion which may be worth consideration in planning the greater West Point. During the last half century this country has come into possession of certain famous battlefields, the operations on which have become the subject of instruction and the theme of text-books. It would not be derogatory to the high spirit of cadet stimulus and responsibility which is guarded so jealously at the academy, if those who win most approval for soldierly conduct or aptitude for military study should be given a moderate allowance of money and sent to study, after graduation, some of the fields on which their predecessors fought. Half a dozen cadets would be rewarded yearly in a way that would be entirely professional and suitable.—Army and Navy Journal.

Cost of the Kaiser's Tour.

While the arrival of the imperial party at Venice was awaited, immense supplies of eatables, and particularly of fruit, were bought at Venice for the Hohenzollern and the German warships of the escort. These provisions were bought by a caterer who was sent specially from Germany to Venice for the purpose. The representative of an Italian newspaper has learned from the caterer that the cost of the journey as far as Constantinople will be at least 1,000,000 marks, or $270,000. On board the Hohenzollern every yard of [illegible] cost the imperial [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible]

NO SUNSET ON OUR COUNTRY.

Exclusive of Colonies This is the Largest Nation on Earth Except China.

Like the empire of Charles V., the United States is now a land on which the sun never sets. Going westward the difference in longitude between Eastport, Me., and Manila is about 185 degrees. To the dwellers on the Atlantic coast of the United States Manila is very near the antipodes. Traveling westward from the eastern verge of the country to its western boundary in the far Pacific a circuit almost half the globe is made. Except in midwinter the sun rises in Eastport before it sets in Manila. In summer, autumn and spring it is daylight along the eastern coast of the United States before it is night on the western boundary. England, France and Germany also have territory so widely diffused that the sun shines on some part of it every hour of the twenty-four, but, of course, in contiguous territory the United States is far ahead of all these.

In area, exclusive of colonies, the United States is the largest nation in the world except China. It far exceeds in superficial extent the empire of Alexander the Great or the Rome of Cæsar and Trajan. It surpasses the domain of Charlemagne or the territory of Charles V., exclusive of his colonial possessions in America, which were of indefinite extent, and which only technically belonged to Spain, for no Spaniard in Charles's time had ever seen any more than a small fragment of the region that Spain claimed in the days of Charles and of his son Philip II. It exceeds the empire of Russia in Europe. In population the United States exceeds every Christian nation of the globe if colonial possessions are counted. In the case of the United States the area and population of the colonies are comparatively trifling, for in that of the other great Christian countries which have been mentioned the area of the colonies largely surpass that of the mother country, and in the case of all of them except Germany they are exceeded by their colonies in population.

Imperial America, which comprises more than half of the inhabited portion of one continent, stretches its arms across to another hemisphere. Its possessions dot the world's greatest ocean and extend from the arctic circle down to a point close to the equator. Its colonies, from the Alaskan islands of the north to Hawaii, the Carolines and the Philippines on the southern tier, are distributed within easy sailing distance of each other. They cover all climates, from the frigid to the torrid. When our new conquests are occupied the Stars and Stripes will be as familiar a sight on the islands of the Pacific as is the union jack of England. Unlike many of the colonies of England and other nations, the United States' new possessions will all be productive, declares the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. They will add largely to the country's wealth and general resources. Settlers and capital from all parts of the world will flow into them immediately after the United States gets them into its hands. Through them the country acquires a new credit and potency, and the advantages of American civilization will be extended half-way around the globe.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Tapioca is extracted from a deadly poisonous plant.

The giant bees of India build combs ten feet in height.

London has one street seventy feet long, being the shortest street in the city.

Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.

The preparation of human hair for the market gives employment to 7000 Parisians.

There is an animal which digs its own grave; this is the humaco, a quadruped found in Santa Cruz, W. I.

In Morocco, when the Sultan marries every subject is expected to contribute a wedding present.

In Denmark, Norway and Finland good results have been obtained from the employment of women as sailors.

There exists in the hamlet of Dale Abbey, England, an archæological curiosity in the shape of a church and tavern combined.

Donkeys have just been introduced in Berlin to take the place of dogs, which have hitherto drawn the light traffic of the streets of that city.

On the cover of a prairie wagon which passed through Manhattan, Kan., the other day, was painted this notice: "Not bound for Missouri. Not busted. Not going to wife's folks. Just doing this to beat the railroads."

The otter is the fastest swimming quadruped known. In the water it exhibits an astonishing rapidity, swimming in a nearly horizontal position with the greatest ease, diving and darting along beneath the surface with a speed equal if not superior to that of many fishes.

Unoccupied Public Lands.

There still remain in some of the older States large areas of public lands that have never been taken up, but most of them are practically worthless. In Alabama there are 522,473 acres, in Arkansas, 3,696,960 acres, in Florida, 1,757,275 acres, Kansas, 1,080,884; Louisiana, 759,545; Michigan, 566,805; Minnesota, 5,720,326; Mississippi, 383,950; Missouri, 445,911, and Wisconsin, 413,799. The largest area of unoccupied public land is in Montana, where there are over 71,000,000 acres, more than four-fifths of the entire Territory. In North and South Dakota only half the land is occupied; in Oregon only one-third of it. In Utah, out of a total of 52,000,000 acres, only 3,000,000 are occupied.—Chicago Record.

THE REVERY ROUTE.

[illegible]

PUN AND POINT.

Jaynes—"Guess I don't propose to her; I know she'll refuse me." Jaynes—"There's no fear of her going to propose."

He—"I suppose I ought kiss you." She—"I suppose you ought to do any by-product of meeting meat."—Philadelphia News.

Hostess—"Did you see in the paper about 'Death for Poison Gases?' Grogan—"Yes; a horrid way to savin' soak fuel."—Indianapolis Journal.

[illegible] could at least you [illegible] your conscience." "Yes, I could have the young man." "Yes."—Life.

[illegible] News.

In China a [illegible] seen by her husband [illegible] this country [illegible] their husbands after marriage.—Chicago News.

"[illegible] said Mr. Nosed, [illegible] return the [illegible] to speak to the [illegible] about it."—Boston Ledger.

Amateur Hunter after missing a rabbit—"Well, you know, I prefer it [illegible] I can't [illegible] as well as the butcher's."—Fingerprints.

Jenkins—"What makes your nose so red, Thinkins?" Jenkins—"It glows with pride, sir, at not poking itself into other people's business."—Tit-Bits.

In Chicago "Darling, shall we spend our honeymoon at Niagara?" "Oh, George! all my acquaintances have been spoiled there. I'd go somewhere else."—Brooklyn Life.

Sue—"Don't you think a football player should make a good golf player?" Hue—"For only trouble I see is that the ball is always lost in his game."—Yonkers Statesman.

"The German language," said the shop-girl learnedly, "is as full of carrying things by storm." "Yes," assented the clerk and Lion, "the reigns and ideas."—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher—"Attention, now, boys. Straighten up. What is your hand raised for, Thomas?" Tommy Tucker—"Johnny Fitts can't straighten up, sir. He's hunchbacked."—Chicago Tribune.

Fortune Teller—"Your future husband will be tall, have dark complexion, and be very wealthy." The Caller—"Now, tell me [illegible] things [illegible] poorest [illegible]?"—Truth.

"So you want to marry son-in-law, do you?" asked the old man, with as much fierceness as he could assume. "Well," said the young man, "I don't want to, but I suppose I'll have to be if I marry your daughter."—Tit-Bits.

Weary Watkins—"Hasn't had nothin' to eat for two days—" Victim—"You told me that very same story just a week ago." "Oh! Then surely you would hesitate before 'at ain't had nothin' to eat for nine days?"—Indianapolis Journal.

We Import Nuts.

Italy, France, England, Japan, Africa and South America send tons of nuts to this country every year. They come into New York in great cargoes, large chestnuts from Italy, Japan, and France have been constituted a prosperous trade, and England ships thousands of bushels of English walnuts, filberts and hazelnuts. Africa sends the kola nuts, South America the Brazil nuts, and China and Japan some of the queerest nuts ever placed before an epicure. In recent years California and the South have entered so largely in the culture that the import trade has been seriously affected. It is contended that enough can supply the whole country with all the choice nuts required, and in the southern States all the other nuts demanded. But there are "nuts to crack" before the foreign trade can get in their [illegible] some considerable profit, and it is then that they take advantage of the condition of our markets.—New York Times.

Louie's Singe or Sing.

An old law has been singularly revived in Pittsburg. Fifteen years ago Frank Leslie Gould had a leg cut off by a car of the Southside Passenger Railway Company. He was then only six years old, but attained his majority recently, and now brings suit under an act of Assembly approved March 27, 1713, which permits a minor to bring an action for damages within six years after he becomes twenty-one years old, in his own right, and without reference to the time when the cause for the action may have occurred.

The act is not generally known to be in existence, but it is still in force, and as late as 1891 the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania decided a case in which the act was declared to be the law. Young Gould claims $25,000 damages for the loss of his leg.—Philadelphia Press.