VOLIV.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1892.

IN THE BALLROOM.

'Mid rosy banks of rarest bloom, And sweet low sounds of pleasure, Adown the silken, scented room She treads the winsome measure: And perfumed gallants proudly bend To meet her modest glances, And catch the whispered words that lend

Allurement to the dances. Her liquid rubies lightly tint e laces that enfold her. half lost within the dreamy glint Of either milk white shoulder; But, ah! the gem of her pure heart, Beneath its day of too.
Lies hidden of the sub-

in their courtly wiles, wents and graces; with bows and smiles, altere take their places, her happy thoughts she sca ect as some old etching. A winding lane of laurel tree Thro' far off woodland stretching.

She listens to her praises set, In silver chorded speech, But dreams the while of one she nucl Upon those vine-clad reaches, For, sh! the sweetest tributes heard, The most impassioned suing, Can never drown the faintest word Of this remembered wooing.

When golden streams of music fell Athwart the rythmic revel, She only hears the cat-bird's call Far down the grassy level Of distant pastures, with the glow Of star-eved daisies lighted, Wherein, a few short months ago

Her simple troth was plighted. As so her fancies dwell aloof, In blithest freedom faring, To where, 'neath some imagined rook, In love and labor sharing,

They too, shall live forevermore, Far from the gay, mad riot; And count the blissful moments o'es In calm, delicious quiet.

-- [Nelly Booth Simmons, in New Orlean Times Democrat.

REUBEN CAGGS'S THEORY.

spanking team and listening to the rolling and roaring surf.

Caggs was said to be many times a millionaire. Exactly what that term signifies, I can't explain; for my multiplication table ends long before it reaches six figures. I have never stood in the shoes of such a man, and never looked at life through his eyes.

The eight year old mut crossed the room and stood wistfully looking into I don't know what it means to be Cagg's face. He was evidently nervworried over the size of one's surplus, ous and excited; for he stood on one or to be harried because one has a leg and then on the other, moving couple of fortunes in the bank not restlessly every instant, but all the drawing a cent of interest. If I man- time fixing his gaze on Caggs. age to make both ends meet on the 1st of January, and can face the new year free of debt, having given the usual half-dollar to the elevated boy who takes me to my room at odd times of the night, and a bright sixpence to the old lady who brings me my morning and evening papers I consider myself fortunate. But to consider myself fortunate, have so much money that one can't change out of his pocket. At the count it even in his dreams, to be sight the boy fairly glowed. pointed at on the sidewalk as Jabez Croesus, Esq., who has seventeen he said. opera-well, that's the kind of life my friend Caggs led, and, on the whole, he seemed to enjoy it.

"Send He could say to the jeweler, "Send that home to my wife," and not ask the price of the article. Yes, he could; but I noticed that he always did ask the price, and always managed to get a discount. Now, I pay the asking price for everything I buy; he never does. But then he's rich, and can afford to do such things. Being poor, I don't enjoy that pre-Being poor, I don't enjoy that pre-rogative. The salesman seems these papers to pay funeral 'spense pleased to take ten per cent off for Caggs; but if I should ask the same ter, to bury Sis?" favor he would probably doom me to one hundred and fifty different kinds

Well, we sat at the table chatting.
"My dear boy," he said, "I'm sorry
I can't go down to Clover Hill as we proposed; but you see the bears are after me, and unless I have as many eyes as the spider, and keep them all wide open, these feræunturæ will get their claws on me, and then-

Here followed the most eloquent shrug of the shoulders I ever wit-I interpreted it as meaning two things; first, that the bears would find he wasn't within reach when they clawed at him, and second, that if they should happen to scratch him he had so much left that he would'nt

lose a wink of sleep. How I envied him. He was poor twenty years ago, when he and I were in the freshman class, and so was I. He had changed his mind about remaining poor; but I hadn't. I maintained my consistency, and at forty. one hadn't a sou marquee. Caggs, on the other hand, was able to hobnob with Solomon in all his glory, and could buy up all the bric-a-brac which the Queen of Sheba brought as a present to the King and store it in the at-

"Now there's my wife, Julia." he said rather petulantly, as he poured t another cup of Mocha—"there's wife, Julia. She's a most peculiar man. She runs to philauthropy, linto ecatacies over beggar, and off p los of housense about tetic of his Long Island house.

world, always has been, always will be. It's their forte to be poor; they have a genius for it. Give 'em a fiver to-day and they want another to-morrow. Give 'em a second fiver to-morrow, and they are on hand promptly the next day. If you refuse, the two fivers don't count and they just curse you because you won't keep giving. you because you won't keep giving. I have a fixed policy, never to give to any one. It works best in the long run."

The difficulty with Caggs was that he had looked at a dollar so long he couldn't see anything else. Doctors tell us that a man may think of a dis ease and catch it by thinking. Caggs thought of dellars continuously; and, as a consequence, all the other and

as a consequence, all the other and finer qualities, having no exercise, took revenge for their neglect by becoming arrested developments.

"I like to see money multiply itself," he continued. "You say, you fellows who haven't any money and don't know the joys of accumulation—you say it's sordid. Bah! There isn't one of you who wouldn't do as I do if you had the chance and the—"

"Brains," I suggested.

"Yes brains Look at the farmer.

"Yes, brains. Look at the farmer; doesn't he take pleasure in seeing things grow? Is that mean and sor-He plants one kernel of corn, and who can measure his delight when he takes four full ears from the stalk produced by that single kernel?
Well, I plant a dollar, and when the right time comes I scoop in a bushel of dollars. That's my gift; I like to do it over and over again. As for benevolence, why, it's out of my line. I'm not benevolent, and don't want to be Hard hearted? Yes if the terms to be. Hard-hearted? Yes, if the term suits you. Let the poor take care of themselves; it's none of my business to furnish the world with waffles." Just here a little mut thrust his head in at the door and shouted "Ex-

I was sitting in a cafe below Fourbenith street with my friend Reuben
the cought to have been at his country house on Long Island where he had invited me to spend a couple of weeks. He was, however, a heavy operator in stocks, and as the market was feverish, he thought it safer to keep his middle finger on the pulse of Wall street than to be driving a spenking team and listening to the solid breakfast and felt good natured.

It was dark and stuffy, with "the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril"; but we stumbled up one flight, then groped that ever offended nostril"; but we stumbled up one flight, then groped cur way round the corner and found another flight.

"Great Scott! I've a mind to take a header out of the window," growled Caggs. "I was never in such a fix in my life. We may have to fight for it. Hugh; but won't it look queer in the papers to morrow, 'Reuben Caggs. "That symbol of the Venetian Republic—the famous Lion of St. Mark of Wall street than to be driving a spenking team and listening to the solid breakfast and felt good-natured. There is nothing like a broiled steak to make a man philanthropic. If you add to the steak a cup of steaming see if I don't. I'll have him up in Elhot coffee-with cream, mind you-

"Have an Extree, Mister?"
"No; get out," was the only re-All about the big fire, Mister. " "Didn't you hear me tell you to

get out? But the little fellow was persistent, At last, and in order to get rid of him. Caggs pulled a handful of loose

"Guess you're a nob, ain't you?" Caggs looked at him, but said noth-

ing. A whole handful! Golly! Say, Mister, do you have as much as that all the time? Ain't you afraid to go round alone? If I was as rich as you, I'd hire a cop to go wid me.

Then came a curious crisis. The little fellow's eyes filled with tears and his hands trembled.

Say, Mister." " Well, haven't I paid you? "Yes, but my sister's dead to home She died las' night, an' I'm sellin ter, to bury Sis ?"

Caggs was simply dumbfounded. As for myself, I broke into a loud laugh. It was a very melodramatic scene. What a consummate actor the young rogue was. Precocious was hardly the word to cover the case. He was an infant prodigy. Caggs was getting roiled. He dipped the corner of his napkin into the finger bowland carefully wiped his lips; but I could see that he was becoming very angry.

"Bury your sister, you young scoundrel! I'd like to bury the whole lot of

Then he turned to me. "What did I tell you, Hugh? The poor prey on the rich. They won't work, and—"
." My mother works," broke in the mut, in stout defense of himself and his family. "I ain't no liar, neither. A

feller can't help his sister's dyin', can he? 'Tain't my fault cos she's dead."

He was pallid with excitement and grief. There was defiance in his eyes. too; and he stood his ground against

Caggs was puzzled. "Who told you he asked, sternly. " Nobody didn't tell me that story,

answered the boy. "It ain't no story. It's true's you live. If you don't believe it, come along. Guess when you

ly came up to Caggs' knee; but he stretched out his hand, and said: steerer, and Mamie, who lay in her

will you?"

It was a queer sight—two big men and one small boy. The boy was so delighted at his triumph that he forgot to cry "Extree!" and the two men were so embarrassed that they hardly spoke to each other.

"Pretty business this?"

shroud in the other room.

Bill insisted that we should look at "Sis" before we went. The body was on a pine board supported by two rickety chairs. There was a white, partly faded carnation in her hand. Bill had found it in the street.

What a strange scene! Cages male ed at the street.

"Pretty business, this!" said Caggs, at length, in a disgusted tone. He looked "as crestfallen as a dried pear." "I wouldn't have Julia meet me now for a thousand dollars. It would look, you know, as though I

"Good Heavens!" said Caggs;
"this is no place to live. I'd blow my
brains out within twenty-four hours. My horses are better cared for. Do you know, Hugh, I'm beginning to think we've carried this joke quite far enough. Julia telis me she comes to such places every week; but, phew! one visit is enough for me. Beside, I feel as though this little bunco-sieerer were a poodle dog driving us two stupid oxen into the slaughter-pen. I've a great mind -"Here we be, Mister."

The slender fingers were withdrawn from the big hand of Caggs, and the

boy became almost wild.

"Right up here, Mister. Look out for that stair, cos the board's busted."

It was dark and stuffy, with "the rankest compound of villainous smell

picked up dead' in this den! What in thunder did I come here for, anyhow? see if I don't. I'll have him up in Elmira for a ten-year trip, as sure as you

We reached the door of the back second story room at last. The mut burst in with a loud yell. It seemed like a signal agreed upon, and I fully expected to see half a dozen toughs, and to lose my watch and my money. My fist got into frigid condition, and, being something of an athlete, I determined to give one fellow at least a blow straight from the shoulder which would do credit to my muscle.

"Mamma! Namma! I've got 'em here they be. How could so small a boy show such viciousness? I looked at Caggs, burly fellow, and noticed that he was pale. "You haven't a weapon of any sort,

I suppose?" he whispered. "Not a thing," I replied.
"Well, we may as well prepare for some hot work."

Just then from the dingy room on the side a poor, worn-out woman came. She was startled at the sight of two grim gentlemen on her premises and turned inquiringly to the boy.
"Mamma," the youngest began,
"this man said he'd come an' help

you bury Sis. 'Pon my word he did. Didn't you, Mister?" "I beg your pardon for the intru-sion, madam,"said Caggs with great courtliness, "but—"

"Mamma, he thought I was ginooine bunco-steerer. Say, now, didn't he?" turning to me.

The woman's eyes filled with tears. was all so unexpected, and she

didn't know the meaning of it.
"Don't cry, Mamma," and the little fellow put his arms about his Frankfurt light could be seen plainly at mother's knees and looked imploringly into her face. "'Taint no cop, Mamma; he's a reg'lar stunner, he is. He's got a drayload of money in his pocket, an' he's going to give us some. An' I've got some, too. See? Here's eight cents, Mamma, an' I'll go right out ag'in an' bring in a lot more

The woman, Mrs. Carney, told her story. The like of it can be heard any day in any quarter of New York. But it was new to Caggs. Those keen eyes which coldly watched the rise and fall of the stock market were moistened as she went on.

She came from Keene, New Hampshire, she said.
"Why, that's where I was born, said my millionaire.

Then they looked at each other steadily and long. "Why! Is it possible? You are not Mollie Flanders?" he asked. "That was my name before I mar-ried James," she answered.

"And don't you know me?" She looked again, and through her tears saw that peaceful New England Satin as a trimming is better preferred

long, long ago. "I seem to remember," she bogan, but then hesitated.

"You can't have forgotten me,"

forming the world." A sip of coffee followed this remark, and as he buttered his toast he added, serenely:
"The world don't need reforming. Heigho! it's all right as it is. It's new experience for both of us, a curi-his cheeks, and a fire in his eyes, and a fire in his eyes.

forming the world." A sip of coffee followed this remark, and as he buttered his toast he added, serenely:

"The world don't need reforming. Heigho! it's all right as it is. It's made up of two classes of people; those who have made money and those who have lost it. I say with Shakespeare: 'If money go before, all ways do lie open.' There you have it just as it is. No, I don't agree with Julia. She says the poor ought to be lifted up. A pretty big contract that, don't you think so? I don't say this a good many reasons; but between you and me, it's all bosh. The higher you lift the poor up, the greater distance they fall. Poverty is the normal condition of nine-tenths of the world, always has been, always will be. It's their forte to be poor; they have a genius for it. Give 'em a fiver to-day and they want another to mortate the follows him, and they are sold and they want another to mortate up to Caggs' and caggs, as we reached the street. "I feel like a fool. Now, if Julia were here, she'd give that young scoundrel a hot broakfast, and believe every word he said; but I'm made of different stuff. don't like to be played by a boy no bigger than a loaf of bread. We'll follow him, and then I'll have him sent you and me, it's all bosh. The higher you lift the poor up, the greater distance they fall. Poverty is the normal condition of nine-tenths of the world, always has been, always will be. It's their forte to be poor; they have a genius for it. Give 'em a fiver to-day and they want another to mortate had not the world. The was a flush is that moment. There was a flush is that the Cross Roads."

I thought him really handscene at the the Gross Roads.

"Hugh, will you go with me?"

"Cettainly." I replied. It was a curious chapter in the history of city life; life and I was a curious chapter in the history of city life; life and I was a curious chapter in the history of city life. It's him end of the say and life in his cheeks, and a fire in his eyes, and I understood why Julia was dead, in love with him.

"Yes, inde steerer, and Mamie, who lay in her

What a strange scene! Caggs melted at the sight, and as for me-well, no matter. The woman on the front He had brought in a tattered motto and bried hung it on the wall. The legend was leet "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

It Caggs looked about the room, then at me now for a thousand dollars. It would look, you know, as though I had gone back on all my principles. I've a great mind to kill that youngster and throw him into somebody's back yard."

Round the corner into Thompson street we found our way, two well-dressed men, and the shabby little mut.

"Good Heavened" said Corner it?"

Caggs looked about the room, then at the face of the pale sleeper, and I saw his lips tremble. Four months before he had buried his only child, beautiful Alice. When his eyes fell on that motto, it seemed too much for him. The eyes of the many times a millionaire were filled with tears.

"My God, Hugh," he said, hoarsely; "let us get out of this. I can't stand

Then he turned to the fragile, suffering woman.

"Molly," he said, "I don't know much about these things, but"—he choked a little—"but I'm sorry for you. I shall ask my wife, Julia, to come and see you this afternoon. She will attend to the details of the funer-" His hand went into his pocket. Giving her a roll of bills, he added, "Take this for old time's sake, and when you want more, come and see

When we reached the sidewalk he "Hugh," he said, "I can't talk much to-day. You go up town, I will go down town. I've had a new experience, and I shall have to give up some

placed yesterday on its column in the Piazzetta at Venice, is made of bronze. There is a tradition among the Venetian people that its eyes are diamonds they are really white agates, faceted Its mane is most elaborately wrought and its retracted, gaping mouth and its flerce mustaches give it an Oriental aspect. The creature as it now stands belongs to many different epochs, varying from some date previous to our era down to this century. It is conjectured that it may have originally formed a part of the decoration of some Assyrian palace. St. Mark's lion it certainly was not originally, for it was made to stand level upon the ground, and had to be raised up in front to allow the Evangel to be slipped under its forpaws. Last year the granite column on which the stood was seriously of plumb, and the authorities decided on its rectification. The work was entrusted to Signor Vendrasco, who by passing a copper bar through the axis of the shaft and by balancing the whole shaft upon the rod, compelled it to return to the perpendicular. The work was at-tended with no little danger and difficulty, but within three days was entirely successful, Signor Vendrasco being able to say: "If am master of the column; she obeys me as I choose."

An Electric Marvel.

ONE of the marvels of the recent electrical exposition at Frankfurt was a sixfoot electricsearch light of 20,000 candle power. Schuckertt, the Nuremberg electrician, astonished Europe in its construction. Schuckertt is now at work on a larger light for the World's Fair at Chicago. It will be seven and one-half feet, and of at least 52,000 candle power. The Bingen on the Rhine, forty-five miles away. It is expected that the search light at the Wor.d's Fair can be seen at least sixty miles away. Electrical Engineer Sargent is making plans for a tower 300 feet high, on which the big light will be mounted. At a height of 100 feet above the ground will be two six-foot search lights, and the three will suffice to illuminate the skies for miles around Jackson park. Brilliant feats are accomplished with these search lights. Sheets of light can be projected with parallel, converging or diverging rays. When the rays are thrown out parallel a clearly defined sheet of flame seems to be suspended in the darkness. By changing the reflector the rays are brought to a locus at long distance from the central station. These lights, turned on the buildings and alternately shot into the heavens or out across the lake, will produce brilliant electrical effects

A combination of soft crepons and common cambrics or cottonnades is the latest novelty in the realm of fashion village, and recalled the bright and to velvet and moire, together with careless days of her girlhood in the narrowly striped ribbons.

At Borlin, in 1891, there were 1,084,826 anis mals also ghtered, as compared with 1,142,752

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Good Deal of Difference-A Happy Reply-That Emerald Gem-Always in Fashion-In the Nursery, me."-[Good News.

A GOOD DEAL OF DIFFERENCE.

'What is Jennie yelling about?" "She is in her room all alone with a mouse.

"Mercy on us! She was in the parlor all alone with a young man last night and I never heard her say a word."

THAT EMERALD GEM.

She—Are there any superstitions con-nected with the diamond, I wonder. He—Certainly. A great many baseball nines have mascots.-[Saturday Blade

ALWAYS IN FASHION.

"Seen the latest thing in dress?" "No; what is it?"
"A baby."

IN THE NURSERY.

"Oh, mamma, Tommy slapped me in

"Well, Helen, what did you do to Tommy to make him do that?" "Nothin'. I only put some sand in his mouth."—[Harper's Bazar.

TOO PREVIOUS.

"And you won't marry me, Kit?" "I won't.

"No use talking about it any more?" "Not a bit. It won't do any good, Hank."

The Oklahoma youth, hurt and angry, reached under his chair for his hat. "It's my own fault, I s'pose," he grumbled. "I ort to have waited till

we'd got a little better acquainted."
"Yes, that's about the size of it, Hank," assented the young woman, coldly. "When it comes to courtin' you're too much of a sooner to suit me Good evenin'."-[Chicago Tribune

EYES OF LOVE.

"Am I cross-eyed, Charley?" asked the rich girl.

"Yes, Maude; but who wouldn't be with your eyes? If my optics were as beautiful as yours, I'd be trying to look into them myself."

QUITE READY.

Ethel - Old Mrs. Matchmaker has found a husband for Miss Frostique.

Ethel—No. She simply said "Is it a man?" and when she was told that it was she said, "Let him bring a preacher along with him."-[New York Herald.

A GENTUS. "What do you do when a woman asks

you to guess her age?" "I guess my guess to myself, knock off thirty per cent., and generally come near making myself adored."-Harper's

AND HE WAS SPEECHLESS.

It was her first appearance at a base ball park. "What are you scowling at?" she in-

quired of her escort. "At that big man over there on first base,', answered the grand-stand crank. "Who is he?"

"It's Anson. He's got a glass arm. "Then why he doesn't use it for a pitcher?" she ventured timidly .- [Chicago Tribune.

PART OF THE GAME.

Harold-I am going to join our baseball nine at school.

Father-Why, what can you do? Harold (proudly)—I can yell louder than lots of the other boys.—[Harper's Young People.

A LUCKY FELLOW.

Mrs. Jinks—What do you think? A thief shot at Mrs. Bingle while she was sitting in her room, and the bulle: lodged in a ball of yarn which she was winding. Mr. Jinks-Well, well! Bingle is lucky fellow, isn't he? Mrs. Jinks-I should say he was.

Mr. Jinks-Yes, indeed; he has a wife who darns stockings. - New York Weekly.

MAKING SURE.

He (earnestly)-Are you sure, absolutely sure, that you will love me till death do us part? She (solemnly)-I am sure, absolutely sure, that I love you till death do us part. By the way, is your life in yet .- [Chicago Tribune.

GERMAN DISCIPLINE.

sured?

There was to be a grand review and inspection of troops of a German garrison. A corporal gave the following orders to the soldiers:

"Now, men, if the Majorasks you how you like your grub, you say 'Good.' If a Colonel asks you, you must reply, 'Very good.' If the General asks you, you must speak up and say, 'It couldn't pæan of joy.-[New York Press. be better.'"-[Texas Siftings.

of my new reformed gown? Mr. Dolley (surreying it critically)-There's son ething in it I like. Amy-What?

Mr. Dolley-You - Judge.

Little Jack-Grown folks don't know everything. Mother - What's the matter now

THE JOKER'S BUDGET. boys from growin', an' injured their

nervous systems an gave 'em heart disease, an' dyspepsia, an' kidney trouble, an' flabby muscles, an' weak back, an' everything?"

"Yes, I did, and it's so, too."

"Well, Jimmy McMuggs has been smekin dispersites an' along smokin' cigarettes an' cigar stumps an' ole pipes, and chewin' besides, ever since he was a baby, an' to day I remembered wot you said about tobacco makin's boys weak, an' so I sassed him—an' he licked

NO QUESTION OF VERACITY. "What did you mean by telling that

"You said you were with Grent at the battle of Bull Run. Grant was not at Bull Run at all.

"Wasn't he?" "No, he wasn't."

"Well, then, there sin't no lie out, for wasn't there either."- Texas Sift-

A HAPPY REPLY. "Are you a Swedenborgian?" he said

to the fair girl beside him "I am," she replied. "Is it true that the Swedenborgians

believe that we are all angels?" "It is. Do you find it hard to believe?" "Not when I look at you."

IN THE SPRING.

He put down a half dozen carpers. And with woe his life is replete; For he hasn't a nail to his fingers,
But numberless tacks to his feet.

—[New York Herald.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.

Bank President-What is the new stchman's name?

Cashier-Jimmy Bank President-Discharge him at once .- [Puck. PLENTY OF TIME.

The conductors on the Sunset route, in Texas, are a very bright set of men. A traveller asked one of them:

"Will I have time to get something to

eat at the next station?' "Yes, you will have time enough if you are not going any further on this train.

-[Texas Siftings. A BAD BREAK. Featherstone-I have just made the

nistake of my life. Ringway-How so? Featherstone—I was foolish enough to call on my doctor in a ailk hat and he charged me double rates.—[Judge.

TOO BAD. "I am going to change my laundress."

"Why so?"
"She's lost that dude customer of hers Maud—I suppose Miss Frostique asked lot of questions when she was told of it. whose swell shirts I used to get by mis-

A GOOD COOK.

She-Darling, please tell the grocer to send me up two quarts of nice fresh

He—You can't get sponges at the grocer's, ducky, but I'll stoppet the druggist's for them. What kind do you She-I want the kind used for making

sponge cake, and tell him they must be

NOT AT THE PRESERVES. Mother-Dear me, there's little Dick sneezing again. I'll warrant he's hunt-

ing in the pantry for jam, and has knocked oqer the pepper.

Little Bobby—No, it's all right, mamma. He's only catchin' cold.—[Good

AN ENVIABLE MORTAL. First Visitor (to museum)-Did you see that man dining on carpet tacks and nails and things? Second Visitor- Yes. How I envied

"Envied him?" "Just think how he must enjoy shad." -[New York Weekly.

HARD IN WINTER.

Kind Lady-You must have a very hard time in winter. Tramp (between mouthfuls)-Yes, in-

deed, mum. Sometimes I darsent ask fur a bite fur days, and 'most starves, mum. "What do you fear at such times?"

"I'll be axed to shovel snow, mum."-New York Weekly.

HE DOUBTED IT.

Neighbor (looking benignantly over the fence)—I am glad to see you at work in your garden so early, my boy. Industry brings its own reward.

Tommy Tucker (turning up another spadeful)-I reckon so, but I've been diggin' more'n half an hour and haven't got the blamed can half full of worms

HE WAS RIGHT THERE.

"Are you a lover of nature?" she asked, as they stood looking at the lovely and wide stretching landscape. "Yes," he replied, "nature as she ex-

hibits herself in you. Then to emphasize his declaration he threw his arm around nature's waist and kissed her lips, while the birds in the branches overhead broke into a fresh

A SCOTCHMAN one evening recently sat looking at some mice. An idea struck him. He decided to set the little thieves spinning yarn, and it was probaly a very astonished pair of mice that found themsolves a few days later working a small treadmill in a onge like those in which rats and other small nnimals are kept, but without the slightest idea that they were paying their board in this way. An ordinary mouse can twist over a hundred threads on reels every day, although to de tols he has to run ten and a half

COMPLIMENTING THE GOWN. Amv-George, dear, what do you think

THEORIES VS. COND TIONS. "Didn't you say eigarettes stopped miles."

NO. 7.