

### A Small, Sweet Way.

There's never a rose in all the world  
That makes some green spray recede;  
There's never a wind in all the sky  
That makes some bird wing feather;  
There's never a star but brings to heaven  
Some silver radiance tender;  
And never a rose, cloud or help  
To crown the sunset splendor;  
No robin but may thrill some heart  
His dawnlight gladness vouching,  
God gives us all some small, sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing.  
—[Youth's Banner.

### PLAYED AND LOST.

A slight, pale-faced girl sat silently  
toying with a piece of needlework on  
the low porch of her mother's house;  
a handsome young man lay stretched  
at her feet. On the lawn another  
young couple were engaged in a game  
of croquet. The sun's last gleam  
lighted up Grace Munsion's face with  
a halo of beauty, and Bernard Norton  
looked at her with undiminished admi-  
ration.

"There is nothing so lovely as a  
lovely woman," he said aloud.

The pale cheek of Carice Barton  
flushed as she quickly glanced at the  
speaker. It was the third time within  
the hour that he had referred to her  
cousin Grace's beauty.

"Grace is indeed lovely," she said.  
"I would give half my life to be as  
beautiful."

"And I would give half my fortune  
to have you so."

No sooner were the words uttered  
than Norton would have given much  
to recall them; but he had spoken un-  
thinkingly. Carice shrank as though  
she had been struck, arose quickly  
and went into the house.

"I am in a pretty fix now!" Nor-  
ton muttered, as he arose and walked  
across the lawn. "That was a nice  
speech for a fellow to make to the  
girl he expects to marry! And Carice  
is as proud as Lucifer—high-  
strung as she is plain, and that is  
saying a great deal, by Jove! I never  
noticed her lack of beauty so much  
before Grace came. A pity one can't  
find all things combined in one  
woman! Wonder if I ought to apolo-  
gize? Oh, well, I'm going away in  
ten days and she'll forgive and for-  
get. Absence makes the heart softer.  
And with this comforting thought he  
strode on to join Grace Munsion,  
whose companion was just taking his  
leave.

Grace was like a delicate flower  
sparkling with the dew of morning.  
She had soft blue eyes, an exquisite  
complexion and golden hair. Alto-  
gether she made a picture of rare  
beauty and it was no wonder Bernard  
Norton found pleasure in merely look-  
ing at her.

That evening Carice did not appear  
in the drawing-room, and Norton was  
free to devote himself to her lovely  
cousin. Mrs. Barton observed his  
conduct with displeasure; from the  
first she had not approved of her  
daughter's suitor, and wondered what  
attraction the careless, frivolous young  
man held for her sensible Carice.

Next morning a note was handed  
Norton. Its contents filled him with  
mingled annoyance and relief.

"When you receive this," Carice  
wrote, "I shall have gone to my aunt  
for a time. You do not love me, Ber-  
nard, and it is best for our engage-  
ment to end. Be happy in your own  
way and be very sure I shall be in  
mine."

That was all, and Bernard's self-  
esteem was seriously wounded by the  
epistle. But he consoled himself with  
the thought that he was now free to  
woo the charming Grace, and at the  
end of the month made a formal  
avowal of love to her.

"I have loved you ever since we  
met," he said. "Carice saw this and  
generously set me free." And Grace,  
who had become very much enamored  
of her handsome suitor, gave him the  
answer he craved.

Two weeks later Mrs. Barton and  
Carice were on their way to Europe,  
and Bernard was trying to submit to  
the stern decree of Grace's father.

"Yes, sir, you can marry my daugh-  
ter," Mr. Munsion had said, "if you  
love her well enough to wait three  
years. I am opposed to early mar-  
riages. No girl is fit for wedlock be-  
fore she is twenty-one, and twenty-  
five is still better."

It occurred to Bernard that he was  
likely to spend the greater part of his  
youth in the company of an "engaged  
man," and he did not improve in  
humor thereby.

Grace was an acknowledged belle  
and for a time he was pleased at her  
enemies. But there was a secret bitter-  
ness underlying his pleasure, for he  
saw little of his betrothed except  
in society's whirlpool. There would  
be no change in this state of affairs  
until their time of probation ended,  
and feeling in a false position, he con-

cluded to spend the remaining year in  
travel.

When he bade Grace good-bye he  
was struck with the fact that she  
looked much older than she did at the  
time of their engagement. Two years  
of dissipation had left their mark upon  
her delicate beauty.

"Be careful, Grace," he said. "Keep  
some of your roses for me until I  
claim you."

He said nothing of her fidelity; he  
was only afraid she might lose the  
beauty he worshipped.

Grace was sorry to lose her lover;  
she felt desolate for a whole day and  
cried herself to sleep the first night.  
But Bernard wrote her charming let-  
ters of travel and she soon forgot her  
grief. She sent him in return the  
briefest of notes, for the charming  
Grace did not excel as a correspond-  
ent. But one glance at the porce-  
lain picture he carried consoled him  
for that.

"A fellow can endure weak, insipid  
letters," he thought, "better than the  
sight of a plain face across his table  
three times a day."

Bernard lingered here and there  
until he had made his way slowly back  
to his home. He was in no haste to  
reach Chicago until a few weeks before  
the time appointed for his marriage,  
which was to take place in early au-  
tumn. One morning in July he rang  
the bell of the Munsion mansion and  
sent up his card to the ladies.

There was a step on the  
stair, the trail of a garment and a  
woman entered—a woman of medium  
height, with a beautifully rounded  
figure and a face of dazzling bril-  
liance. She approached Bernard and  
cordially extended her hand.

"I came down to make your wel-  
come a little less inhospitable, Mr.  
Norton," she said. "My aunt and  
cousin are unfortunately at a concert;  
they were not aware of your return.  
You are quite well? I do not find you  
so much changed as I expected."

He looked at the charming speaker  
in mute wonder.

"I beg pardon—I—I—," he began.  
Her face was a ripple of smiles as  
she regarded him, waiting for him to  
proceed.

"Is it possible I am so changed that  
you do not know me? Have three  
years aged Carice Barton so much?"

For the first time in his life Bernard  
Norton lost his composure. He sank  
into a chair with an ejaculation of  
wonder.

"Carice Barton!" he cried. "Why,  
it does not seem possible! When did  
you return?"

"Nearly two months ago," Miss  
Barton replied with her well-bred  
composure as she gracefully seated  
herself. "My dear mother died in  
Rome last winter; Europe was unen-  
durable after that, so I came back to  
America."

"But you are so changed!" Bernard  
murmured, after expressing regret at  
her loss.

Miss Barton smiled sadly.  
"The years change us all," she said;  
"they leave their mark."

"Oh, it is not that!" he hastened to  
say. "You look not a day older than  
when I last saw you; but—pardon  
my boldness—you are wonderfully  
improved."

"I am like my mother's people,"  
Carice answered quietly. "They all  
mature late; and the climate of Italy,  
where I remained most of the time,  
was very beneficial to me. I hope to  
return in the course of a few months."

They fell to talking of their travels  
and 12 o'clock struck before Norton  
thought they had been chatting twenty  
minutes. At that moment the hall  
door clanged and steps came towards  
them. He arose to his feet.

"Impossible!" he said, looking at  
his watch. "I cannot have been here  
an hour. Really?"

What he would have said remained  
unsaid, for Mrs. Munsion and Grace  
appeared in the doorway. His be-  
trothed was very becomingly dressed,  
but so faded that she seemed like the  
ghost of her former self. Three years  
of society had done their work. The  
cheek had lost its bloom, the nose was  
sharpened and the beautiful eyes  
lacked lustre. As she stood beside  
Carice for a moment she seemed ut-  
terly eclipsed by her once plain coun-  
sin.

The meeting of the lovers was con-  
strained, and Bernard took his depart-  
ure, promising to call the next day,  
which he did. Grace informed him  
that he must wait patiently for two  
more weeks before he could see her  
often, as she had engagements for  
every hour.

"But you and Carice can console  
each other," she said. "It will be  
pleasant to compare notes of travel."

Bernard was not slow to avail him-  
self of this opportunity, and for two  
brief, brief weeks he walked, talked,  
drove and dined with the charming  
woman whom he had once slighted.

What a blind fool he had been! It  
was Carice he loved—Carice he had  
always loved. She was the boy's  
fancy and the man's ideal. It was  
this cultured, interesting woman who  
suited him and not the faded, frivo-  
lous Grace. He grew mad with pain  
and rage as he realized his position.

He walked into the parlor one  
afternoon, where Carice was playing  
softly.

"Do not let me disturb you," he  
said, as she half rose from the piano.  
"I am in a mood to have my savage  
soul soothed by music. Are the ladies  
out?"

"I think so," answered Carice. "I  
have just returned from my walk and  
have not seen them."

She played on softly, her dark,  
dreamy eyes fixed on space. Bernard  
looked at her with a brooding pas-  
sion. Suddenly he crossed over to  
where she sat.

"Carice," he cried, "my own Carice,  
I cannot be longer silent! I love  
you—I have always loved you. Years  
ago you cast me off for a foolish whim  
and I tried to content myself by form-  
ing other ties. I know now that I  
have never forgotten you. Carice,  
take me back again!"

His voice was trembling with emo-  
tion; but she stood coldly regarding  
him and her voice was very hard as  
she said:

"Mr. Norton, I cannot excuse this  
behavior. I loved you once very  
dearly, but you made me ashamed of  
that love and I cast it out. I have for  
three years thought of you as my  
cousin's betrothed, almost her hus-  
band, and you insult both her and me  
by your conduct. I supposed you  
knew that I am to be married as soon  
as my term of mourning expires.  
Allow me to pass."

She swept by him like a queen. The  
alcove curtains parted and Grace stood  
before him.

"I have heard all," she said. "Go,  
and never let me see your face again."  
She dropped the shining solitaire  
which she had worn so long into his  
hand and pointed towards the door.

With bowed head he left her presence  
and went down the marble steps for  
the last time. He had played for each  
in turn and lost both.

### The Virtues of Saffron.

To the virtues of saffron whole vol-  
umes have been devoted, references  
to some of the more important of  
which are given in Canon Ellacombe's  
"Plant Lore and Garden Craft of  
Shakespeare," where there is a long  
article on the subject. The plant was  
chiefly used for diseases of the lungs,  
whence came its title of *Alima pol-  
monum*; for assisting the eruption of  
measles, small pox, etc., (in measles  
it is still occasionally prescribed;) as a  
cardiac and general stimulant, and as  
digestive and strengthener of the  
stomach. To his last (supposed)  
virtue its use in "meats" is due. Lyte  
says that so taken it "comforteth the  
stomach, and causeth good digestion,  
and soddens in wine it preserveth from  
drunkenness." It was also used as a  
love philtre, and it still enters largely  
into some popular receipts for "mak-  
ing up" horses.

The most extravagant notions of its  
powers were formerly held, and some  
old writers went so far as to term it  
the king of vegetables. Even so late  
as the middle of the last century it  
held a prominent place in our official  
dispensaries, but it has now come to  
be used only as a coloring and flavor-  
ing agent, being medicinally almost  
inert, its property (such as it is) being  
mildly stimulative. The medical  
council has recently had under discus-  
sion the propriety of omitting it alto-  
gether from the next edition of the  
British Pharmacopoeia as a useless and  
expensive drug.—[Notes and Queries.

### Duelling on Bicycles.

Duelling on cycles is reported to be  
a new diversion in Spain. Two mem-  
bers of the bicycle club of Granada  
recently met in a knife duel, which is  
probably the first duel ever fought on  
wheels. Accompanied by their ser-  
geants they wheeled out some distance  
on the road to Malaga, to a secluded  
spot. There posted 700 feet apart, at  
a sign they wheeled for each other,  
each directing his wheel with the left  
hand and brandishing in the right  
that terrible knife of Spain, *cañaja*.  
At the first clash Perez pierced the  
left arm of Moreno, but at the third  
encounter Moreno thrust his knife into  
Perez's right breast. In a few minutes  
the latter died of internal hemorrhage.  
—[New York Journal.

### They Would Drop.

"Why do the birds in their little  
nests agree?" asked the pretty school-  
ma'am of Freddy Faugle.  
"Cause they'd fall out if they  
didn't," Freddy replied.—[Judge.

### CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

#### THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

What do you think,  
One summer day,  
Lalage heard  
The streamlet say?  
"Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Laugh and play!"  
Lalage heard  
The streamlet say.

Over the stones,  
In shadow and sun,  
Lalage saw  
The streamlet run:  
And, running, it seemed  
To laugh and say:  
"Laugh, little Lalage,  
Laugh and play!"

And Lalage asks  
Whether Mamma knows  
If the stream sings that  
Whenever it flows;  
If all little girls  
Hear the streamlet say:  
"Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
Laugh and play!"

—[D. A. Mackellar, in Independent.

#### AN ELEPHANT'S REVENGE.

Elephants have so much sympathy  
with depraved human nature as to  
think, with Byron, "sweet is revenge."  
An anecdote of an elephant's revenge,  
translated from the French, is pub-  
lished in the Christian Union. Upon  
one of the plantations was an English  
overseer named Bennett, an exceed-  
ingly cross and disagreeable man, who  
was employed by the master because  
of his great capability in directing  
affairs. Upon the plantation was an  
elephant named Douga, that Bennett  
greatly disliked, and upon whom he  
often played mean tricks. His employ-  
er, after reprimanding him several  
times for his unkindness to the ani-  
mal, warned him that if he carried his  
tricks too far, Douga would pay  
him back with interest. Finally  
the time came when Douga's  
patience was tried beyond endurance.  
He was in the habit of receiving every  
morning from his driver a large corn  
cake covered with molasses, of which  
he was very fond. One morning, as  
this cake was being carried to him on  
a bamboo hurdle, Bennett, who was  
passing with a pot of red pigment,  
threw it upon the cake, and then  
stopped to watch and mimic the  
grinaces made by the elephant when  
he swallowed it. The result was easy  
to see. The poor animal, his mouth  
on fire, passed the day in a marsh  
trying to calm the thirst that was de-  
vouring him, and to appease the in-  
flammation produced by the fiery dose  
he had swallowed. When evening  
came, the hour when Bennett brought  
the coolies from work, the elephant  
pounced upon him, picked him up  
with his trunk and pitched him head-  
long into a large reservoir or pond of  
water which was thirty or forty feet  
deep. Bennett, who knew how to  
swim, quickly swam to the edge.  
Douga allowed him to climb up the  
bank, which he picked him up again  
as if he had been a wisp of straw,  
and threw him back in the water. This  
was repeated as many times as  
Bennett attempted to escape, until he  
was compelled to remain in the wa-  
ter, keeping his head up as well as he  
could. The affair would have ended  
with sure drowning for Bennett if  
one of the coolies from the forest  
had not come to his rescue, and  
forced Douga away. The poor ele-  
phant never forgot the injury done  
him, and rarely allowed an opportu-  
nity to escape to still further avenge  
himself upon the overseer. Some-  
times he would throw a paw full of  
sand slap in Bennett's face; again it  
would be a spout of water thrown  
over him; at another time he would  
be pitched into a cactus bush, from  
which he would get out scarcely  
alive, so scratched would he be. It  
would be impossible to correct Douga  
and make him behave. The upshot  
of the whole affair was that Ben-  
nett was obliged to leave the planta-  
tion, which was not large enough for  
him and Douga together, and his em-  
ployer valued the elephant more than  
he did his overseer.

#### An Indian's Last Hunt.

Postmaster Peacock tells us that a  
son of Indian Billy Jewel, better  
known as Billy Key West, a young  
man twenty-one years old, met his  
death in a singular manner while  
hunting last week in the India hunt-  
ing grounds in Dale County. Billy,  
who is a good hunter, went out and  
shot a large buck. Thinking him dead  
he stooped down on coming up to him  
to cut his throat. The buck in his last  
agonies made for him and drove his  
horns into the abdomen of the Indian,  
ripping him open. After three days,  
Billy not returning, a party was made  
up, and, attracted by the buzzards,  
both hunter and hunted were found  
dead together—the Indian still im-  
paled on the horns of the buck.—[Key West  
(Fla.) Equator.

### SEAWEED HARVEST.

Where French Peasants Get a  
Precious Fertilizer.

Each Year They Meet to Reap  
the Briny Reefs.

The seaweed harvest along the  
northern coast of France is an im-  
portant occasion to the agriculturists  
of that region. This precious fertiliz-  
er is protected rigidly by the govern-  
ment, and any one who is found  
guilty of gathering any of it before  
the legal permission to harvest it has  
gone forth, is liable to be severely  
fined.

The harvest lasts but one week, and  
is always proclaimed by the town-  
crier in the public squares and in  
front of the churches after the cele-  
bration of High Mass on the Sunday  
preceding the highest spring tide of  
the year, which generally occurs in  
March.

Early on the morning of the ap-  
pointed day the whole populace, from  
the peasant possessor of half an acre,  
with no other help than that of his  
own family, to the wealthy farmer  
leading his large band of hired help,  
men out armed with short, sharp  
sickles.

As soon as the receding water per-  
mits, all fall diligently to work. Soon  
every rock and ledge is shaven of its  
brown, slimy fleece and left as bare as  
the back of a shorn sheep.

Then preparations are made for an  
attack on the reefs, so numerous along  
the southern coast of the English  
Channel. Everything that will float  
is pressed into service. Huge rafts,  
roughly put together, are constructed,  
and next morning, with the current  
of the ebbing tide in their favor, are  
towed by the people in the boats eight  
or ten miles out from the coast.

Low water leaves them stranded on  
the reefs and all hands make the most  
of their time, laughing and singing as  
they work, for the seaweed harvest is  
always hailed with joy by all classes  
of the peasantry, particularly by the  
young people, who get almost as much  
fun as labor out of the expeditions to  
the reefs.

Yet the work is hard and extremely  
trying, even to the most robust con-  
stitution. The worker kneels on the  
dripping weed, grasps a handful in  
the left hand and with the sickle in  
the right, cuts it off close to the rock  
and places it in a bag. As soon as  
one has cut as much as he can carry,  
the sack is taken on the back to the  
raft, upon which it is received by men  
with pitchforks, stacked and securely  
roped.

In a little time all employed are  
wet to the skin. But they pay no at-  
tention to their discomfort and work  
gaily on until the rising tide compels  
them to desist from the work of  
harvesting, and gently lifts the stran-  
der rafts and boats on its shining sur-  
face. As soon as they are well about  
the start is made for the shore.

Towing along the heavily loaded  
rafts is tedious work, and the progress  
is slow. The wet harvesters are  
soon chilled to the bone by the keen  
east wind which prevails in this latitude  
during the month of March.

The morning ebb tide leaves the  
rafts and their spoils of seaweed high  
and dry on the smooth white beach.  
They are instantly surrounded by a  
crowd of noisy, eager people and all  
descriptions of vehicles—wheelbar-  
rows with a woman between the  
handles and a boy harnessed by a rope  
in the front; dilapidated donkey-  
carts drawn by decrepit old donkeys;  
or heavy two-wheeled wagons drawn  
by four, or often six, of the sleek  
dapple-gray horses of the country,  
harnessed in a long line one before  
the other.

All work together, hauling the weed  
to the fields already prepared to re-  
ceive it and the spring crop of barley  
and potatoes. That it may be success-  
fully used as a fertilizer, the seaweed  
must be got into the ground as soon  
as possible after it leaves its native  
element.

So much hardship is always under-  
gone during the seaweed harvest that  
its close is always marked by a large  
increase in the cases of pneumonia  
and severe bronchial disorders, which  
often terminate fatally. However,  
these facts never affect the popularity  
of the occasion. Every succeeding  
year the proclamation of the "Gae-  
mnick" is welcomed with equal en-  
thusiasm and the passenger lists of the  
crazy old boats are just as well filled  
as if there was nothing but pleasure in  
store for their merry crews.—[Youth's  
Companion.

It is claimed that the largest floating  
dock in the world is at Bermuda. It  
is 381 feet long and 123 feet wide.

### A Troublesome Model.

Not long ago I had a nonpareil or  
"painted finch," a South American  
bird, from which I was making a  
drawing. He was a bright little bird,  
but certainly was not a good model.

I caught him at work one day,  
"touching up" a drawing I had just  
finished. It happened in this way:  
I was called out from the studio to  
speak to a caller, and during my short  
absence my feathered friend—who  
seemed to be a meddlesome fellow—  
punged into the bowl of painting  
water to take a bath.

With wings and tail he vigorously  
sprayed the colored liquid all over the  
drawing, and before long had changed  
my picture—a painting of birds—to  
something more nearly resembling a  
fireworks display on the 4th of July.

When I came back to the studio he  
was putting on the finishing touches;  
but as soon as he caught sight of me he  
flew out of my reach.

I will not attempt to describe to you  
my feelings at that time; but I will  
simply say that within a few days  
after this event I presented the feath-  
ered model to a delightful old lady  
who is fond of birds and flowers.  
She thought him "a lovely bird—he  
was so cute;" but one day when the  
neat old lady had finished watering  
her window-plants, the nonpareil saw  
an opportunity to show her how  
"cute" he could be. He proceeded to  
take a bath in the muddy water and  
spatter it over the clean, white cur-  
tains.

This was a bit of fun just to his  
taste. In fact, whenever and wherever  
a chance offered he would bathe. If  
the faucet were left running he would  
get under it and almost drown him-  
self. I have seen him on a cold win-  
ter's day bathe and bathe again, until  
he was so thoroughly chilled that I  
feared he would die.

On these occasions I would take  
him in my hands and hold him by the  
beak until he was warm and dry;  
but I have always suspected that he  
had very little sympathy with my  
method of making him comfortable,  
and he plainly showed that he much  
preferred the "water cure" to this  
drying process.—[St. Nicholas.

### Necklaces of Hummies' Eyes.

Speaking of things that are not  
what they pretend to be, you may re-  
member what a talk there was a while  
ago about necklaces and other orna-  
ments composed of the eyes of Peruv-  
ian mummies. Their structure was  
like that of pearls, each one being an  
aggregation of successive enveloping  
layers; their color was from golden  
yellow to golden bronze, and they  
were found to be susceptible of a very  
beautiful polish. As a matter of fact,  
however, they are merely the crystal-  
line lenses of the eyes of large squids  
or cuttle fish. In the rainless region  
whence they were obtained, the cor-  
puses of the dead were dried in a  
sitting posture on the sandy sands  
and nitro beds, often thousands in one  
place. Being thus exposed to the pul-  
verizing, cuttle fish eyes were placed  
in the orbes sockets of the mummies  
to render their appearance more attrac-  
tive. For this purpose, each spherical  
lens was cut into two hemispheres.  
Sometimes the colors in these remark-  
able bodies are in alternate bands, like  
Mexican fire opals.—[Washington  
Star.

### A Fight Between a Crab and a Rat.

Workmen at Baltimore and Ohio  
elevator "C" saw a fight between a  
crab and a rat the other day. The rat  
went down a stringer to get a drink  
when a crab caught him by the head.  
A fierce tug followed, the rat appar-  
ently having the better of it for a  
while as he could steady himself by  
his foothold. The crab used his  
method of propulsion with energy,  
and churned the water about him.  
The rat's power of endurance finally  
gave way, and he fell overboard, but  
he still did his best to release himself.  
He struggled hard, but the crab held  
on until the rat was drowned, but was  
so exhausted by the fight that when  
the rat floated to the surface the crab  
swam away.—[Baltimore Sun.

### Pets for the Young Folks.

Children naturally take to pets, and  
if given a charge of small animals a  
taste for stock raising may be de-  
veloped at an early age. Of course  
they must be instructed how to feed  
and manage at first, and after that  
they will take pleasure in the work  
and be on the watch for improve-  
ments. A man who gives no thought  
to his children except to get work out  
of them will not be apt to keep them  
on the farm after they become of age.  
—[New York Observer.

The new German army tent is divid-  
ed into two portions, each of which  
can be converted into an overcoat in  
case of rain.

### My Saint.

My saint is a saint that few may know  
In all that she does for us sinners below,  
She is fair as faithful and faithful as fair,  
With a halo encircling her beautiful hair.

She is full of wiles and moods as an elf,  
And yet is the spirit of truth itself,  
And well for him who his burden can bear  
On the light of the halo about her hair.

Her face is a mirror where men may read  
The truth that inspires her, thought and deed,  
Her life is a life of devotion and care,  
And she has a halo about her hair.

Her care is for others and not for herself,  
And though she rocks of profit or pelf,  
Enough for her that her goal is won,  
And she knows not her halo is bright as a sun.

All things she does from the splendid love  
That comes to her here from a power above;  
And I who adore her can hardly dare  
To look at the halo about her hair.

—[W. H. Proctor, in Longman.

### HUMOROUS.

The man who knows it all has lots  
to learn.

A fat butcher should be an anomaly,  
for he is perpetually taking off flesh.

"It appears in railroad accidents  
the first and last cars are always the  
ones injured." "Why not leave them  
off the train?"

A quarter of an inch difference in  
the width of one's shoes may turn an  
open-hearted philanthropist into a  
cranky and self-centred pessimist.

Jennette—Does Miss Boardman get  
her lovely complexion from her father  
or her mother? Gladys (sweetly)—  
From her father. He's in the drug  
business.

"In heaven there is neither marry-  
ing nor giving in marriage," quoted  
Miss Wadsworth. "How heavenly!"  
exclaimed Mr. Larimer, who is a  
confirmed old bachelor.

She may have a little of this world's pelf,  
But life still pleases her brings,  
And that's where she has a day to herself  
To go out prying things.

"Mabel, this