Chatham Record.

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Chatham Record.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion - $1.00
One square, two insertions - 1.50
One square, one month - 2.50

For larger advertisements liberal contracts will be made.

HER BOY.

Where is the child that used to play
Around her while she sewed away—
Whose baby rhymes she used to hear,
Forgetting that the world was drear?

Where is the child that used to place
His cheek against her pallid face,
Who used to sing, all unaware
Of troubles she was forced to bear?

Where is the child who made her glad,
Who was the only hope she had,
For whom she toiled, for whom she prayed,
For whom her fondest plans were laid?

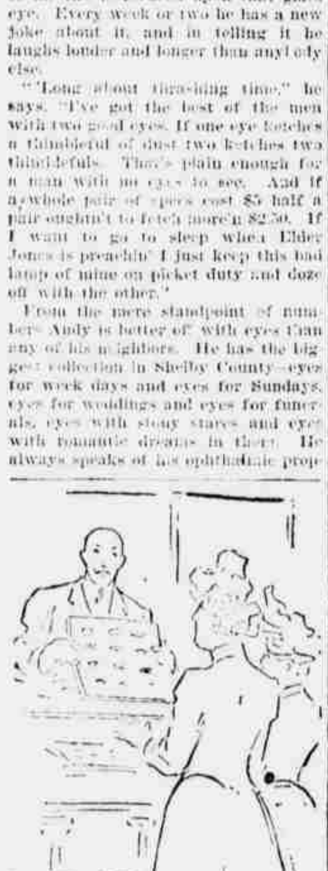
The child is gone! She sits alone—
He's claimed another as his own—
They've flown, but they'll return anon—
The mother's lips are white and drawn.

Her poor, old toil-worn fingers bleed;
She sits alone in dire need.
And thinks—ah, solemn thought and grim!
"The girl's not good enough for him."
—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

ANDY SHOWERS does not ask for anybody's sympathy because one of his eyes is gone and he wears a glass counterfeit in its place. Indeed, the chief fun of his life is focused upon that glass eye. Every week or two he has a new joke about it, and in telling it he laughs louder and longer than anybody else.

"'Long about thrashing time," he says, "I've got the best of the men with two good eyes. If one eye ketches a thimbleful of dust two ketches two thimblefuls. That's plain enough for a man with no eyes to see. And if a whole pair of specs cost $5 half a pair oughtn't to fetch more'n $2.50. If I want to go to sleep when Elder Jones is preachin' I just keep this bad lamp of mine on picket duty and doze off with the other."

From the mere standpoint of numbers Andy is better off with eyes than any of his neighbors. He has the biggest collection in Shelby County—eyes for week days and eyes for Sundays, eyes for weddings and eyes for funerals, eyes with stony stares and eyes with romantic dreams in them. He always speaks of his ophthalmic prop-



THERE WERE ALL SORTS OF TINTS.

erty in the singular, however, because he can only wear one movable eye at a time.

Early in July Andy's wife and daughter Sallie came to Chicago to visit. Of course every member of the family in the little home down in Custer township must have a souvenir from the big city. It was easy to provide for the others, but what to get for Andy—that was a hard one. Then a bright thought struck Sallie.

"Say, ma, let's get pa a new eye for Sunday," was the way she put it, her own brown ones glowing with brilliancy borrowed from the idea.

"That's just the thing, Sallie," said good Mrs. Showers, and away they went in search of an eye store and a brand-new socket filler. It was easy enough at a distance to pick out an eye that would match Andy's good one, but when Sallie and her ma looked into a case full of optics that were green, gray, brown, and all the tints between —well, there was trouble.

"I tell you, pa's eye is green, ma," declared Sallie with an emphasis showing that she considered the incident closed. "It's just like this one," holding up to the light a Nile-tinted specimen.

"It's no such thing, Sallie," returned the elder Showers. "Pa's eye's a light blue. Long before we's married the girls used to call him 'Blue Eyes,' and I don't reckon the one that's left has washed out."

The end of it all was that pa got a compromise between a blue and a green eye, and it didn't mate the other one a little bit. It was not less than four shades off color, and moreover it was so small that one could almost hear it rattle when Andy shook his head. And hereon hangs one of his stock jokes.

Andy wore his new eye to church the first Sunday after it came. When Elder Jones rose to pray Andy bowed his head as usual. That Chicago store eye saw its chance to show off before the rural worshipers. It dropped out of its nest, clattered on the pew seat ahead and then rolled to the floor and down the aisle. Bay Showers, four years old, chased after the fugitive, but before he emerged into the aisle a newly married couple came along.

"Look out, mithter," he lisped, "don't you thtep on pa'th eye."

The groom sidled to one side like a man making an end run around a snake and the bride blushed in a frightened sort of way. Ed Banes' crew of irreverent young men on the back seat tittered audibly, and a wave of nudging swept every pew as the summer breeze did the wheat field outside.

Elder Jones tried to preserve the gravity of the service by cutting short his prayer and announcing a hymn, but by some irony of circumstances he chose one that sounds like

"The consecrated cross-eyed bear."

Not long after that unfortunate church incident Andy went to have his picture taken, and of course he wore his Sunday eye. It matched the natural optic about as well as the ribbon he took home for Mrs. Showers when she was getting ready for the Jenkins girl's wedding, but when a man has his picture taken nothing but Sunday fixings will do.

"For goodness sake, pa," said Sallie, as she tried to make a seventeen collar fit a fifteen shirt, "try to look a little decent this time. The other picture is just horrid."

"Lift your chin a little and don't stare quite so much," admonished the man at the camera, who had not noticed the Showers assortment of lookers. Then, while the long-haired artist with the soiled linen was fumbling about for a plate, Andy pushed that off eye of his around so that it peered into an upper corner of the room.

"Now look about here at this card on the door and hold still for a second," and as the picture taker thrust his shaggy head underneath the dark cover, Andy leaned forward for an instant and slyly dropped the small calibre glass ball into his lap.

"There's a little too much shade on the left eye," came from the cavernous depths under the cover. "Turn your face a trifle to the right, and then we'll get you."

Andy turned it, and the empty socket loomed into the artist's view like the opening of a cyclone cellar.

"Horse on me," chuckled the man at the machine. "It's my time for the drinks, but I'll make you a dozen for half price."

"Guess that's about right for a man with only half as many eyes as he ought to have," said Andy.

One week day pa's Sunday eye was missing. He searched the clock again and again, but it was no use, the prize was gone. Mrs. Showers couldn't seen it, and Sallie couldn't imagine where it'd got to. At the dinner table the subject was taken up anew. Baby Showers lisped his innocence, but for some reason ten-year-old Willie did not join in the discussion. He made himself a mighty busy boy and kept his eyes glued to the country ham on his plate.

"Willie, you hain't seen pa's eye, have you?" asked his mother.

There was a moment of silence and Willie's lips quivered violently. He knew his time had come.

"Johnnie Silver's got it," he whimpered.

"Why, how in the world did Johnnie Silver get it?" pressed Mrs. Showers.

"He—he beat."

"Beat what?"

"Playing marbles."

The next day Johnnie Silver traded back the store eye for the biggest marble in town, and Andy Showers gave him the marble.—John Howard Todd, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Domestic Ice Machines.

Periodically the question is asked why there is nothing available in the shape of a small ice or refrigerating machine for domestic use. That such a machine is in wide demand and would meet with a ready sale is generally admitted, so that to many it seemed all the more curious, no doubt, that commercial enterprise did not long ago undertake to solve the problem. The whole question, however, may be answered by the statement that no better method of refrigeration has yet been found than the use of ammonia or a similar system, which involves the use of certain pressures and a certain number of elements in the cycle, such as compression, expansion and condensation, regardless of whether the plant is to turn out a fraction of a ton or a hundred tons. The handling of the refrigerating cycle and the safe manipulation of pressure requires skill—in fact, a skill somewhat above the average, and which cannot be expected from ordinary domestics. It, therefore, seems that the facts as they stand at present preclude the possibility of small domestic ice or refrigerating plants, and will so continue until some system may be devised differing widely from those now in use.—Cassier's Magazine.

A Judge's Daughter Opens a Barber Shop

Because she was turned down by the Barbers' Union Mary Clagett, daughter of the late Judge W. H. Clagett, of Spokane, Wash., has opened a barber shop of her own, the first one of its kind in the State. Judge Clagett was one of the best known men in the Northwest. He was once elected a Senator from Idaho, but was not seated, owing to a technicality. He represented Montana in Congress in his earlier years. After his death his daughter sought employment in barber shops as a livelihood. She had learned the trade in Chicago. The local union would not admit her, so she started alone, keeping up union prices and making no complaint. She is a bright, intelligent woman, and while her family objects to her present employment she is cheerful and determined to continue. Many of her father's old-time friends patronize her. —San Francisco Chronicle.

THE MAKING OF A HOUSEWIFE.

A Course of Training Intended For the Daughter of the House.

Perhaps the average housemother and mother of children will find it hard to realize that there is a crying need for instruction in the every-day affairs of household life, but it's is a fact, and a deplorable one.

Many a daughter of the house, busy with her school duties and friends and play, grows into womanhood and is married to the unsuspecting man without knowing how to select at market the best roast of beef or the best chicken, or the prices that should be paid for them; the permissible combinations of the vegetables, and meats and vegetables; the convenient arrangement of the kitchen and house of utensils; the comparison of different qualities of table linen and the various intricacies of economy.

It is as necessary for the well-to-do to understand economy as it is for those in very moderate circumstances; while the poor always expect some day to be in better circumstances, the wealthy often overlook the fact that in the future it is possible to be needy. Thrift in housekeeping is also a charity, for if one insists upon the proper economy in one's household, the servants of the house benefit by the restrictions if they start to keep house for themselves.

A good housekeeper, preferably one with an excellent reputation for economies, can establish a course of lessons in housekeeping which will be profitable from every point of view. Only general suggestions can be made regarding an enterprise of this kind, as a housekeeper who thus wishes to add to her income, must be guided by the community, her own home arrangements as to time, and various other personal matters to be taken into consideration in starting her classes.

A marketing class can be held as many times a week as desired; two lessons a week being usually convenient for the pupil, and perhaps only one, on Saturday, if the pupil is in school. If a Saturday class is formed, one must be careful not to interfere with the butcher and grocer on his most busy day. It is not advisable to conduct a large marketing class; three girls at once will be sufficient; and one must be on the best of terms with the tradesmen to do this advantageously. If a class of three is organized to meet twice a week, say Monday and Thursday, classes can be arranged for the other days, to meet Tuesday and Friday, and Wednesday and Saturday, the teacher being careful to vary her menu to enable each to have all the instruction in different meats, fish, poultry, vegetables, fruits and dry groceries. The rates chargeable for such instruction must vary according to the location, and also the means of the pupils. Each housekeeper will be her own best judge on this point. As the pupils advance they should arrange to do their own house marketing as practice, under the teacher's direction.

To teach the proper and most convenient arrangement of kitchen, etc., it will of course be necessary to take the pupils into one's own kitchen, and to arrange the course of lessons to suit. A housekeeper who is able to teach will be better fitted to schedule her own classes than can be done for her in this article.

Shopping classes can cover a multitude of wares, those referred to above keeping in touch with housekeeping and dealing with [illegible] linens, toweling, etc., also various small house linens, kitchen and household utensils. House furnishing is not strictly in the housekeeper's everyday realm, although a knowledge of it will grow with the other work, and this branch can also be developed on the same lines.—Everybody's Magazine.

Women Parliamentarians.

For a few years past it has been a fad, especially among women connected with clubs and other organizations, to study parliamentary law in order that they might be able to conduct their meetings in a business like manner. All over the country women [illegible] there [illegible] qualified to conduct parliamentary law classes and the [illegible] of the associations and clubs [illegible] their fees [illegible] for information with regard to routine [illegible] and general parliamentary [illegible]. The pupils in turn were [illegible] to display their newly acquired knowledge, and at the same time looked [illegible] the desire of some [illegible] of [illegible] various organizations, and [illegible] things should be conducted strictly [illegible] to business rules was put [illegible] the real object and work of the organization [illegible].

A reaction has set in, however. [illegible] [illegible] parliamentarians are now acknowledged [illegible] [illegible] in the successful [illegible] meeting and the woman who [illegible] herself to [illegible] call the attention to little [illegible] parliamentary procedure [illegible] [illegible] to understand that [illegible] not the popular [illegible]. "Most of us are too busy to spend our time quibbling [illegible] unimportant points," said an attendant at a recent convention of a [illegible] [illegible]. "We have become tired of the parliamentarians who are continually harping upon little points and losing sight of the real object that the association has

in view in their argument over details. None of us want to go back to the old days of do as you please conducting of women's meetings, but the presiding officer who displays common sense and a disposition to recognize the will of the majority is the one who is most successful in holding the attention and good will of the members. Of course the extremists among the parliamentarians will not agree with me, but they are in the minority."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Training of Boys.

A too early choice in the school period is more to be feared than delay. There is more wrong in it to the boy's future. As long as the work done is recognizably good and no dissipation of energy is cultivated, the final course may be left open for the college period at least. In my own experience a general course of study carefully selected for boys has [illegible] [illegible] added to their true "career." The [illegible] of the business [illegible] [illegible] over the college boy is, I imagine, due to the fact that the boy fails to energize at all rather than a failure on his part to energize in some one direction. Merchants ask for the habit of mind studied for work not only to work persistently in one direction, but to change its direction quickly to meet emergencies and the power of the mind comes from its exercise in many faculties and not the same. So of all trades and professions in their higher range. It is no waste of time for an embryo artist to learn the multiplication table, nor for the actor to possess himself of the rules of grammar with insight, nor for the man of science to get acquainted with the lessons of history.

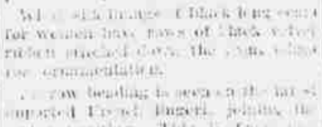
Respect for justice and reverence for what is right and true are, too, necessary aims in the home training. Intelligent discussion of all tradition as to what is right and true is, it seems to me, an important feature of home training. If gently stated and wisely explained, most tradition will justify itself or find acceptance after some consideration and amendment. It is true that discussion is often inconvenient; but when questions are seriously raised in the home circle, they should be seriously stated.—Professor Morse, in Harper's Bazar.

For the Well-Dressed Baby.

Among smart walking coats for babies of two or three years one is in a soft white corder French cloth made single-breasted, the square collar of tucked white silk and embroidery edged with Thibet goat. Another of a more familiar white material has dainty little triple capes piped with satin, the small collar and cuffs, too, of Thibet fur. With either, a white velvet hat looks extremely well, the soft brim lined with white satin, white ostrich tips being gracefully arranged in front.

An older child could wear a pretty pale blue box-cloth coat, embroidered and spotted with chenille; and for a girl from ten to fourteen a smart long coat is of pale beige-colored cloth fastening with gold and enamel buttons, the shaped flounce attached by scrolls of stitched cloth, the turnover collar and cuffs of beaver. Equally becoming is a long coat of powder-blue cloth, the little cape cut out in tabs to show an under one of satin veiled with silk netting, the cuffs to match, and bound as well as the collar with black astrachan.

Bright scarlet is so becoming to fair haired girls, and a very smart little coat and skirt of scarlet cloth is neatly strapped and stitched, the handsome turn-over collar edged with deeply tinted guipure lace, and a charming frock suitable for a girl between the ages of fourteen and seventeen is of bright scarlet zibeline flecked with white, the shaped flounce of the loose [illegible] skirt trimmed with rows of [illegible] strapping, a [illegible] collar of black and white pekin strapped with scarlet on the pouched bodice, which shows a white silk vest embroidered with black and softened with lace.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



Rather new is a fine white leather purse with plain gun metal corners.

[illegible] black long coats for women have rows of black velvet ribbon stitched down the [illegible] the ornamentation.

[illegible] beading is seen on the lat[illegible] imported French lingerie, joining the [illegible] together. This is [illegible] [illegible] with baby ribbon.

A fancy which still obtains is the [illegible] for small [illegible] and some of these have deep collars of white [illegible] [illegible] and the edge with lace.

Black and [illegible] beautiful and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] white Irish lace, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] makes as well as [illegible] these [illegible].

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

There are [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] a few knots [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. From the ends [illegible] [illegible] knots hang pendant. These are frequently diamonds [illegible] sometimes there is one diamond and one pearl.

KILLED A WHITE DEER

EXPLANATION OF A BOLD HUNTER'S TRAGIC FATE.

The Misfortunes Which Befell Thomas Bronson, Who Had Shot a "Phantom" Deer—His Desperate Fight With a Big Buck—Skeletons of Both Found Later.

The recent statement that the Smithsonian Institution offers a reward of $1000 for the skin of a white deer said to have been seen in New Jersey recalls to the memory of the old hunters of the Allegheny Mountains the fact that hunters would no more kill a white deer than a sane man would go over Niagara Falls. Aside from the fact that a white deer is regarded as an animal which all hunters are in honor bound not to kill, the belief has been almost general that the slayer of one of these deer would meet with dire misfortune, so that from time immemorial such white deer as from year to year flitted ghost-like through the thickets and woods of the Alleghenies were safe from the Indian's arrow or the white man's bullet.

There are farmers still living in Clearfield County, Penn., who to this day believe that the experience of one man proves the connection between the killing of a white deer and calamity. The man was Thomas Bronson, who with his wife and two young sons lived in the Green Woods not far from the head of Cold Stream. Bronson was a man of taciturn nature, a hardened who was regarded by other settlers as a good fellow to let alone. He was reckless and brave, but was not looked upon as a good neighbor.

Early in the fall of 1857 Bronson while hunting in the vicinity of the [illegible] raised a deer whose coat was as white as snow. He was undisturbed by what he called the timid fears of silly sportsmen. Bronson's rifle cracked, and the deer, after a few spasmodic leaps, fell to the ground with a bullet through its heart, its white skin dyed red with its blood.

Bronson dressed the deer, which was a seventy-five pound doe, and, wrapping the meat in the hide, carried it home. If he gave any thought to the fact that he had killed a white deer it was simply to reflect that the hide might bring a big price as a curiosity. He afterward remembered that a raven croaked overhead as he was passing along the woodland road in the evening, but as ravens were numerous he paid no heed.

Six weeks afterward Bronson, while searching for the den of a pack of wolves near the head of Cold Stream, fell upon a pile of rocks and broke his arm, an accident that laid him up for some weeks, during which time he was visited by old Jim Morrison, the veteran hunter of Rattlesnake Run. Jim had heard of the killing of the white deer, and he was not slow to tell Bronson that he had done a most foolish thing. After Morrison had departed Bronson got to thinking about the matter. But, although misfortune had overtaken him, he was not convinced that the death of the deer had anything to do with it. Nevertheless from that time on there was a perceptible change in his spirits. He lost his bravado and was less venturesome. He lost his nerve completely when a year later one of his sons ran away from home and left no trace and his wife died of a snake bite. Bronson became taciturn and moody, shunning such hunters as came into the Green Woods and living the life of a semi-hermit.

Three years after the killing of the "phantom" deer Bronson started out along the turkey path in the direction of Trout Run. He had not gone more than a mile when he saw a big buck cropping the grass less than 200 yards away.

He stalked the buck until he was within easy shooting distance, and then taking steady aim he fired. The deer dropped in its tracks and Bronson hastened to its side to cut its throat. He had approached within a few feet of the animal when the latter jumped to its feet and fiercely attacked him. The buck had only been wounded and as in such cases was a most dangerous antagonist. But Bronson drew his knife and fought desperately for his life. The battle continued for some time, the sharp antlers and front hoofs of the buck cutting Bronson's flesh until the blood flowed from a score of wounds, while the hunter repeatedly thrust his knife into the deer's side in the endeavor to reach the heart.

Ten days later Bronson's only remaining son, who had remained at home when his father started out hunting, appeared at the settlement and inquired for his parent. No one had seen him, however, and his disappearance was a mystery unsolved until spring. Two fishermen who were on their way to Trout Run for a fishing expedition early in April saw the skeleton of a deer lying a few yards from the path upon which they were walking. Out of curiosity they investigated, and were astonished to see some fifteen feet away the skeleton of a man. Jim Morrison proved that the human bones were those of Thomas Bronson, as he readily identified the latter's rifle and hunting knife. Morrison explained to the settlers how the tragedy had occurred, the wounded buck having killed Bronson and then dying from the wounds the hunter had inflicted upon him with gun and knife.

Utah's Industrial Progress.

Utah has more than doubled its manufacturing plants since 1890, the number increasing from 530 to 1400.

Rich Canadian Indians.

The 10,000 Indians in Ontario, Canada, own $9,840,000 worth of property, or $815 a head.

SAW A BLOODHOUND IN ACTION

Unerring Work by a Dog Valued at a Thousand Dollars.

"I had an opportunity to observe the efficiency of the bloodhound as an instrument for tracking criminals while I was at Wichita," said a Macon attorney the other day on returning from a trip over into Kansas.

"An atrocious crime had been committed out in the suburbs. The Sheriff was promptly notified and he responded immediately with his large, somber assistant. The dog was taken into the house and to the room where the crime occurred. It immediately started out with a bound, cleared the fence and dashed into the timber with the Sheriff and others following close behind. The hound ran to a stream, where it appeared to be mystified for a few minutes. It ran up and down the banks, panting and wagging its tail nervously. Suddenly it caught the trail again and dashed onward up the bank of the stream, ran around a tree, shot over a brush pile and then on a beeline for town.

"From this time on it never faltered nor seemed to be in doubt for a moment. The trail led to a mammoth grain elevator. The dog burst into a side door without hesitation and darted for the steps, dashing the surprised workmen right and left. It went clear up to the topmost floor of the elevator, circled around a few times and then darted down another way. When it reached the bottom floor it ran out on the sidewalk through the business part of town and then to the boarding district. It was blocked by a closed door at a small boarding house, but when the officers caught up with the dog they had the door opened. The hound ascended the steps at a bound and went directly to a room occupied by one of the boarders, pushed the door open with its fore feet and attacked the clothes of a man who was in bed asleep.

"The savage growls woke the man up and he yelled loudly for protection. The Sheriff entered the room just in time to seize the dog and pull him from the man's throat. By this time a large crowd had congregated at the entrance of the boarding house and was impatiently awaiting the appearance of the quarry. The Sheriff telephoned for guards before attempting to remove his man to jail. A patrol wagon came and the prisoner and dog were seated in, surrounded by policemen with drawn revolvers. When the start was made for the jail the crowd must have numbered fully 1500. They were vociferously demanding that the prisoner be immediately hung. But there was no leader and lynching was averted. During the drive the dog never for an instant took its eyes from the trembling victim. So perfect was the hound's work and so thoroughly had it terrorized the prisoner that he confessed to the crime soon after he was placed in jail.

"I was informed that the bloodhound was worth $1000, and was one of the best in the State. It was not a very prepossessing animal, but when it was in action, like a courageous soldier, it looked much better than it did when on dress parade."—Kansas City Journal.

Tides in Swiss Lakes.

Tides of the ocean as every one knows are the result of the unequal attractions of the sun and moon on the earth's surface as compared with its centre. As the proportionate difference on account of its lesser distance is greater in the case of the moon, its tide-raising influence is rather more than twice as great as that of the sun, notwithstanding the distance of the man who would not believe the moon had anything to do with it because he had seen tides when there was no moon. Visitors to the lake country may not be aware that the small inland lakes have tides which follow the moon with even more precision than the open ocean. The water in a lake "rocks" as though it were a solid mass, but slowly, the surface changing its level as the meridian of the lake alters its direction with regard to the moon. It requires, however, minute observation to detect this tide. So small is it that the difference between high and low water in a lake fifty miles broad is little more than an inch. In some of the lakes of Switzerland, besides the semi-diurnal tide, phenomena have been observed called, locally, seiches, in which the whole body of water rocks or vibrates in twenty minutes or half an hour. British lakes are probably too small for similar phenomena to be readily perceptible, but Dr. Forel, of Lausanne, has made careful study of the seiches of the Lake of Geneva, and his analyses, showing that the movements are often compound oscillations about two or more axes, are full of interest.—London Telegraph.

An Expensive Education.

It is suggested and the suggestion seems eminently reasonable, that when England gets through [illegible] in South Africa she will have the finest army in Europe. [illegible] [illegible] compared with [illegible] in 1865. It is the great drawback to the military art that a nation can't learn it thoroughly without practice and that usually, as the world is managed now, by the time any generation in any nation becomes exceptionally proficient at fighting the chance to use its skill passes and no return until its veterans are past the fighting age. Nothing but a rare combination of circumstances can enable any modern nation to recover the value of the money and the lives it has invested in the making of an efficient army. The most [illegible] that England can hope for from her 250,000 seasoned veterans is respectful treatment from her neighbors while she is nursing her wounds.—E. S. Martin in Harper's Weekly.

A level-headed man is one who always agrees with us.

Men and Luck.

[illegible] is luck means danger,
The result is quite sure to be sad.
When you're done, you wish that you hadn't;
What you've not done you'd wish that you had.
—Washington Star.

Revised.

"Educated man?"
"Well, no, but he has a good deal of uneducable sense."—New York Sun.

How He Made Himself Disagreeable.

"Why are you people so dissatisfied with your new minister?"
"Because he is so satisfied with himself."—Philadelphia Record.

Both Sides of the Transaction.

"My father is a broker," said one little girl. "What's yours?"
"He's one of the people who get broke," answered the other.—Washington Star.

A Guess.

"Who is that man who keeps saying it is always the unexpected that happens?"
"I'm not sure. Probably an attache of the weather bureau."—Washington Star.

One Thing in His Favor.

He—"Brown's is one of the shining lights in his town."
Pa—"That probably accounts for the gas bill being so small since he began coming here."—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

Lost the Bet.

"Chauncey bet a man he could walk from New York to Philadelphia."
"Did he do it?"
"No, he got half way, decided he couldn't do it and walked back again."—Judge.

Better Left Unsaid.

Hostess—"I am so sorry I have given you cream instead of milk—I forgot you did not like it."
Guest (apologetically)—"Oh, please don't mention it. I did not notice the difference."—The King.

Father's Idea of Shoes.

"Spell shoes," said the teacher.
"S-h-o-e-s," returned the little one, promptly.
"Correct," said the teacher. "Of course you know what they are?"
"My papa says," he continued, "that shoes are what drive the father of a family into bankruptcy."—Chicago Post.

Last Are the Best.

Pessimistic Poet—"Longer was [illegible] [illegible] living. It seems to be the lot of poets to be treated coldly while living and writing; and, then, when they die the world goes in raptures over them."
Cheerful Friend—"Yes, it seems to show what the world likes best to see a poet do."—Post.

In the Course of Business.

"I always stand by my friends," remarked Senator Sorghum.
"But some of your friends are very indigent."
"That's all right. In the course of business it sometimes becomes necessary for me to transform a friend into an enemy, thus obviating the necessity of standing by him any more."—Washington Star.

What He Said.

"And what did he say of my singing?" she asked. "There was pathos in it, don't you think?"
"Yes, indeed," was the reply. "He seemed to feel it, too, for he said it made him think of the plaintive appeal of a panda beneath the bars."
"How lovely of him," exclaimed the singer, for how could she know that the reference was to a pig under the gate?—Chicago Post.

Taken Literally.

Young Wife—"Jack, when are you so [illegible]?"
Sullen Husband (studying account book)—"Well, frankly, this steady outflow of money is a little more than I can stand."
Young Wife (indignantly)—"You marked that book 'Current Expenses,' didn't you? Well, I looked in the dictionary and current means 'running or moving rapidly,' and I am doing the very best I can."—Detroit Free Press.

All He Knew About It.

"Here! Here!" said the rich old widower. "What are you doing?"
"I'm pinchin' your legs to see which one is the wooden one," said little Willie.
"Pooh," the old man testily replied, "don't bother me. Run away. What do you mean by one of my legs being wooden? I haven't any wooden leg."
"Well, when Sister Fannie said the other night that she didn't want to marry you, mamma said all your money [illegible] told her not to be foolish, because you had one foot in the grave already. [illegible] that's all I know about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Of Course She Was Glad.

"So you overcame that old antipathy of yours," her husband remarked, "and called on Mrs. Bobbles?"
"Yes."
"Do you think she was glad to see you?"
"I am sure of it."
"Ahem!—you must have some reason for that belief outside of her assurances."
"I have. I had on the new dress that was made over twice, my hat was out of style, and my hair had become uncurled, while she had on a gown that could not have come from anywhere but Paris. Could she help being glad to see me?"—Leslie's Weekly.