

H. A. LONDON, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 Per Year.

Strictly in Advance.

The Chatham Record.

VOL. XXVII. PITTSBORO, CHATHAM COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 1905. NO. 32.

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.

THE SPLENDID SPUR OR THE ADVENTURES OF JACK MARVEL.

By ARTHUR T. QUILLER COUCH.

CHAPTER VII.

Captain Pottery and Captain Settle.

"Now, either I am mad or dreaming," thought I; for that the fellow had not heard our noise was to me starkly incredible. I stepped along the deck toward him; not an inch did he budge. I touched him on the shoulder.

"Sir," said I, quick and low, before he could get a word out—"sir, we are in your hands. I will be plain. To-night I have broken out of Bristol Keep, and the Colonel's men are after me. Give me up to them, and they hang me to-morrow; give my comrade up and they persecute her vilely. Now, sir, I know not which side you be, but there's our case in a nutshell."

"The man bent forward, displaying a huge, rounded face, very kindly about the eyes, and set atop of the oldest body in the world, for under a trunk extraordinarily broad and strong straddled a pair of legs that a baby would have disowned—so thin and stunted were they—and, to make it the queerer, ended in feet the most prodigious you ever saw."

"As I said, this man leaned forward, and shouted in my ear so that I fairly leaped in the air: "My name's Pottery—Bill Pottery—capt'n of the Godsend, an' you can't make me hear, not if you bust your gizzards!"

"You may think this put me in a fine quandary. "I be deaf as nails!" bawled he. "Twas horrible, for the troopers, I thought, if anywhere near, could not miss hearing him. His voice shook the very rigging."

"An' o' my crew the half ashore gettin' drunk an' the half below in a very accomplished state o' liquor, so there's no chance for 'ee to speak!" He paused a moment, then roared again:

"What a pity! 'Cos you make me very curious—that you do!" "Lacklily, at this moment, Delia had the sense to put a finger to her lip. The man wheeled round without another word, led us aft over the blocks, cordage and all manner of loose gear that encumbered the deck, to a ladder that, toward the stern, led down into darkness. Here he signed to us to follow, and descending first, threw open a door, letting out a faint stream of light in our faces. 'Twas the captain's cabin, lined with cupboards and lockers, and the light came from an oil lamp hanging over a narrow deal table. By this light Captain Billy scrutinized us for an instant; then, from one of his lockers, brought out pen, paper and ink, and set them on the table before me.

"I caught up the pen, dipped it, and began to write: "I am John Marvel, a servant of King Charles; and this night am escaped out of Bristol Castle. If you be—"

"Thus far I had written without glancing up, in fear to read the disappointment of my hopes. But now the pen was caught suddenly from my fingers, the paper torn in shreds, and there was Master Pottery shaking us both by the hand, nodding and backing, and smiling the while all over his big red face.

"But he ceased at last, and opening another of his lockers, drew forth a horn lantern, a mallet and a chisel. Not a word was spoken as he lit the lantern and passed out of the cabin, Delia and I following at his heels.

"Just outside, at the foot of the steps, he stooped, pulled up a trap in the flooring, and disclosed another ladder stretching, as it seemed, down into the bowels of the ship. This we descended carefully and found ourselves in the hold, pinching our noses between finger and thumb."

"For indeed the smell here was searching to a painful degree; for the room was narrow, and every inch of it congested by two pungent essences, the one of raw wool, the other of bilge water. With wool the place was filled; but also I noticed, not far from the ladder, several casks set on their ends; and to these the captain led us."

"They were about a dozen in all, stacked close together; and Master Pottery, rolling two apart from the rest, dragged them to another trap and tugged out the bung. A stream of fresh water gushed from each and splashed down the trap into the bilge below. Then, having drained them, he staved in their heads with a few blows of his mallet.

"His plan for us was clear. And in a very few minutes Delia and I were crouching on the timbers, each with a cask inverted over us, our noses at the bung holes and our ears listening to Master Pottery's footsteps as they clanked heavily back to deck. The rest of the casks were stacked close around us, so that even had the gloom allowed, we could see nothing at all."

"Jack!" "Delia!" "Dost feel heretical at all?" "Not one whit. There's a trickle of water running down my back to begin with."

"And my nose it itches; and oh, what a lovely smell! Say something to me, Jack."

"My dear," said I, "there is one thing I have been longing these weeks to say; but this seems an odd place for it."

"What is it?" "I pressed by lips to the bung hole, and—

"I love you," said I. There was silence for a moment, and then within Delia's cask the sound of muffled laughter.

"Delia," I urged, "I mean it, upon my oath, will marry me, sweetheart?" "Must get out of this cask first. Oh, Jack, what a dear goose thou art!" And the laughter began again.

"I was going to answer, when I heard a loud shouting overhead. 'Twas the sound of some one hailing the ship, and, thought I, "the troopers are on us!"

"They were in truth. Soon I heard the noise of feet above and a string of voices speaking one after another, louder and louder. And next Master Pottery began to speak up and drowned all speech but his own. When he ceased there was silence for some minutes, after which we heard a party descend to the cabin and the tramping of their feet on the boards above us. They remained there some while discussing, and then came footsteps down the second ladder and a twinkle of light reached me through the bung hole of my cask.

"Quick!" said a husky voice. "Overhaul the cargo here!" I heard some half dozen troopers busting about the hold and tugging out the bales of wool.

"Hi!" called Master Pottery. "An' when you've done rummaging my ship, put everything back as you found it!" "Foke about with your swords!" commanded the husky voice. "What's in those barrels, yander?"

"Water, sergeant," answer a trooper, rolling out a couple. "Nothing behind them?" "No; they're right against the side."

"Drop 'em, then! Plague on this business!" 'Tis my notion they're a mile away, and Cap'n Stubbs no better than a fool to send us back here! He's hurrying promotion, that's what he is! Hurry, there—hurry!"

Ten minutes later the searchers were gone, and we in our casks drawing long breaths of thankfulness and strong odors. And so we crouched until about midnight Captain Billy brought us down a supper of ship's biscuit, which we crept forth to eat, being sorely cramped.

"He can't hear our thanks, but gussed them."

"Now say not a word! To-morrow we sail for Plymouth Sound, thence for Brittany. Hist! We be all King's men aboard the Godsend, tho' hearing nought I say little."

"On the morrow in fact we set sail."

"'Twas necessary I should impart some notion of my errand to Captain Billy, tho' I confd' myself to hints, telling him 'twas urgent I should be put ashore somewhere on the Cornish coast, for that I carried intelligence which would not keep till we reached Plymouth, a town that besides, was held by the rebels. And he agreed readily to land me in Bude Bay, "and also thy comrade, if (as I guess) she be so minded," he added, glancing up at Delia from the paper whereon I had written my request.

"She had been silent of late, beyond her wont, avoiding (I thought) to meet my eye, but answer'd simply: "I go with Jack."

"'Twas not till the fourth afternoon (by reason of baffling head winds) that we stepped out of the Godsend's boat upon a small beach of shingle, whence, between a rift in the black cliffs wound up a road that was to lead us inland."

"We followed the road rapidly; for Delia, whom I had made sharer of the rebels' secret, agreed that no time was to be lost in reaching Bodmin, that lay a good thirty miles to the south-west. Night fell and the young moon rose, with a brisk breeze at our backs that kept us still walking without any feeling of weariness. By daybreak we spied a hill in front, topped by a stout castle, and under it a town of importance, that we gussed'd to be Launceston."

"We now drew up to consider if we should enter the town or avoid it to the west, trusting to find a breakfast in some tavern on the way. Because we knew not with certainty the temper of the country, it seem'd best to choose this second course; so we fetch'd around by certain barren meadows, and thought ourselves lucky to hit on a road that, by the size, must be the one we sought, and a tavern with a wide yard before it and a carter's van standing at the entrance, not three gunshots from the town walls."

"Now Providence hath surely led us to breakfast," said Delia, and stepp'd before me into the yard, toward the door.

"I was following her when, inside of a gate to the right of the house, I caught the gleam of steel, and turn'd aside to look.

"To my dismay there stood near a score of chargers in this second court, saddled and dripping with sweat. My first thought was to rush after Delia; but a quick surprise made me rub my eyes with wonder."

"'Twas the sight of a sorrel mare among them—a mare with one hind white stocking. In a thousand I could have told her for Molly."

"Three seconds after I was at the tavern door, and in my ears a voice sounding that stopp'd me short and told me in one instant that without God's help all was lost. 'Twas the voice of Captain Settle speaking in the taproom; and already

Delia stood, past concealment, by the open door. "And therefore, master carter, it grieves me to disappoint thee; but no man goeth this day toward Bodmin. Such be my Lord of Stamford's orders, whose servant I am, and as captain of this troop I am sent to exact them. As they displease you, his lordship is but twenty-four hours hence; you can abide him and complain. Doubtless he will hear—ten million devils!"

"I heard his shout as he caught sight of Delia. I saw his crimson face as he hurr'd out and gripp'd her. I saw, or half saw, the troopers crowding out after him. For a moment I hesitated. Then came my pretty comrade's voice, shrill above the hubbub—

"Jack—they have horses outside! Leave me—I am ta'en—and ride, dear lad—ride!"

In a flash my decision was taken, for better or worse. I dash'd out around the house, vaulted the gate, and catching at Molly's mane, leap'd into the saddle.

A dozen troopers were at the gate and two had their pistols level'd. "Surrender!" "Be hang'd if I do!"

I set my teeth and put Molly at the wall. As she rose like a bird in air the two pistols rang out together, and a burning pain seem'd to tear open my left shoulder. In a moment the mare alighted safe on the other side, flinging me forward on her neck. But I scrambled back, and with a shout that frighten'd my own ears, dug my heels into her flanks.

Half a minute more and I was on the hard road, galloping westward for dear life. So also were a score of rebel troopers. Twenty miles and more lay before me, and a bare hundred yards was my start.

CHAPTER VIII.

How Joan Saved the Day.

And now did I indeed abandon myself to despair. Few would have given a groat for my life, with that crew at my heels; and I least of all, now that my dear comrade was lost. The wound in my shoulder was bleeding sore—I could feel the warm stream welling—yet not so sore as my heart. And I pressed my knees into the saddle flap and wondered what the end would be.

Molly was going her best, but the best was near spent. The sweat was oozing, her satin coat losing the gloss, the spume fling back from her nostrils—"Soh!" I called to her; "Soh, my beauty; we ride to save an army!" The loose stones flew right and left as she reach'd out her neck, and her breath came shorter and shorter.

A mile, and another mile, we passed in this trim, and by the end of it must have spent three-quarters of an hour at the work. Glancing back, I saw the troopers scattered; far behind, but following. The heights were still a weary way ahead, but I could mark their steep sides ribb'd with boulders. Till these were passed, there was no chance to hide. I reached these at last, and then, high above, on the hillside, I heard a voice calling.

I look'd up. Below the steeper ridge of the tor a patch of land had been cleared for tillage; and here a yoke of oxen was moving leisurely before a plow (twas their tinkling bells I had heard just now); while behind followed the wildest shape, by the voice of a woman.

"She was not calling to me, but to her team; and as I put Molly at the slope, her chant rose and fell in the mournfullest singsong. "Soh-ah! Oop Comely Veal! oop, then—ooop!"

I rose in my stirrups and shouted. At this and the sound of hoofs, she stay'd the plow, and, hand on hip, looked down the slope. The oxen, softly rattling the chains on their yoke, turn'd their necks and gazed. With sunk head Molly heaved herself up the last few yards and came to a halt with a stagger. I slip'd out of the saddle and stood, with a hand on it, swaying.

"What's thy need, young man—that comest down to Tempie wif sword a'danagin'!" "The girl was a half-naked savage dress'd only in a strip of sacking that barely reach'd her knees, and a scant bodice of the same, lac'd in front with pack thread, that left her bosom and brows arm-free. Yet she appear'd no whit abash'd, but leand on the plow-tail and regarded me, easy and frank, as a man would.

"Sell me a horse," I blurted out. "Twenty guineas will I give for one within five minutes, and more if he be good! I ride on the King's errand."

"Sell thee a horse? Hire thee a bed, man, more like. Nay, then, lad—" "But I saw her no longer; only called 'Oh-oh!' twice, like a little child, and slipping my hold of the saddle, dropp'd forward on her breast."

"I was roused by the touch of a hand thrust in against my naked breast, over my heart. "Who is 'ee?" I whispered. "Joan!" answer'd a voice, and the hand with withdrawn.

"Joan—what besides?" "Joan's enough, I reckon; lucky for thee 'tis mine else. Joan of the Tor folks call me, but may yet be Joan 'o' Good Time. So hold thy peace, lad, an' cry out so little as may be."

I felt the ripping of my jacket sleeve and shirt, now clothed and stuck to the flesh. It pain'd cruelly, but I shut my teeth; and after that came the smart and delicious ache of water, as she rinsed the wound.

"Clean through the flesh, lad—in an' oh, like country dancin'. No bullet to probe her home to set. Heart up, soce! Thy mother shall kiss thee yet. What's thy name?" "Marvel, John—Jack Marvel."

"An' marvel 'is thou'r Marvel yet. Good blood there's in thee, but little enow." (To be continued.)



GOOD ROADS

The Good Roads law, as explained in an open letter to Governor Flower on its introduction in 1894, was intended as an amplification of the County Road law, under which our earnest efforts failed to procure road building, though we got as far as the adoption of the system in one county, reconsidered (Erie), and a map in another (Onondaga), and by local contribution, and therefore watchfulness, obviated that extravagance from State action which Governor Flower perhaps rightly feared.

As passed in 1898, together with the complementary statute, it afforded State cooperation (really one piece of legislation) to the counties and towns to an initiative and limited extent, and was preservative of local option, home rule and the administrative entity of the county and the town. And, doing so, it is nevertheless comprehensive and elastic to such an extent that this legislation is capable of adoption by any State almost without modification. Being so, it is also capable of extension or expansion so as to bring in federal cooperation and the national interest, without other modification than that if the same be advisable.

But, while embodying self-helpfulness, this legislation was not intended to emancipate self-reliance. It distinctly provided as to the main roads that upon completion they should be turned over to the counties and be thereafter maintained as county roads. But a further provision was added in the home rule intent—that the boards of supervisors may apportion the expense as they may be empowered by law. The county is the ideal unit for road building, area and expenditure sufficient for the best results. At a county seat rural and urban interests conjoin. Observation on two of these "State" roads in my native county, Broome, showed the percentage of vehicles owned and belonging to the city to be 62.73. I venture to say 80 per cent of vehicles on any road are in transit to and from the cities. These main roads, as I early guessed and since determined, are about 10 per cent of the total mileage. They traverse the town, to be sure, but are of interest beyond it and often a burden beyond it if properly constructed and to be maintained. To put the whole cost on the town would be to impose the burden of burlesque on it. Let us, as intended, maintain these main roads as county roads, and a flat county charge, which will entail little cost on any and be in the general interest; for the urban population of the county is as much benefited by such an arterial system as the rural districts. This will relieve the towns of any share in the construction of the main roads, save 15 per cent, and of their maintenance save their minor county taxation, and they will be better able to maintain and improve these lesser roads under the town unit and money system, with the State's cooperation as intended, to work of a permanent value, under pressure from the State and county engineers.

The basic official is the county engineer or superintendent, giving the State Engineer a representative in every county. The present divisional system is good enough for waterways, but not detailed enough for roadways, and within each county there should be these as the guiding directors of main road building, co-operative with the highway commissioners in the lesser town road building. Their first effort should be to map out the main roads, the county system, and the town road systems, and proceed thereunder as fast as able or reasonable, and mainly to be about the road, and by some analogous to railroads, divisional and sectional, but not involving such assistance. The intelligent farmer being employed, as a side issue, in sectional care, which, under expert direction, will have proper results. We should emphasize the county as we have its officials, supervisors and superintendents, as the golden mean between the too liberal and unlocal State action and the too narrow town action of New England origin, suited only to past or pioneer conditions.

The State's interest and share being properly confined to half of the first construction of the main roads and these fixed at 10 per cent, of the mileage, and the State now having met the county demand, in view of its permanent investment feature and economy in transportation and improvement in realty values, the judicious bonding scheme, not incorporated in the law at the time, not then ripe, and imperiling its passage, was passed in 1903 and should be again this year and go to the people, who shall determine thereupon whether we pay as we go, as now, and thus slowly, or by it accomplish the completion of the system within a decade and distribute the cost over fifty years, allowing increased population and wealth, largely due hereto, to share therein and which, under any rate, will more quickly liquidate the same.

It should be shown that of the \$50,000,000 only \$25,000,000 is actually the State's share; for the other, it is accommodation indorsed for the counties. Let us say we appropriate now \$1,250,000. This will pay interest, \$750,000, and at least \$500,000 a year to a sinking fund. Actually this maximum will not be reached, as we wisely expend but \$500,000 a year to avoid extravagance and swamping the road building forces, and so the sinking fund reduces.

This is all the call upon the State for main highway betterment, and its co-operation with the town being effective during this period, the next decade we may well anticipate that the State can then get out of the road building business, and the counties and towns will be more appreciative, and by then quite able to maintain these roads as they should, and also to provide themselves with any others that may be thereafter needed.—Thomas A. Collier Wright, of Rochester, N. Y., in the New York Tribune.

Linnet Singing. The Pleasure of Thousands and the Business of Scores.

In the little, swarming streets off Whitechapel Road, down through Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, linnet-singing is the pastime of thousands and the business of scores of men, who will bet themselves to a standstill over the sweet-voiced rivalries of two weavers, brown little birds caged on the wall of some public house whose reputation makes respectability timorous of intrusion. The hard-fac'd "East Ender," whose chiefest joy is a bloody "limited round go" in the prize ring of Harry Jacob's Wonderland in Whitechapel, may be seen next night in the back room of Tom Symbond's "pub," sitting in breathless silence, and behind locked doors, with a hundred of his kind, while his linnet sings a match for "pleasant song," and a stake of ten shillings a side.

There was never a more incongruous sport than this, yet despite its gambling interest, inseparable from all kinds of popular English sport, it is to rejoice that so sentimental and whimsical a pastime makes many a bright spot in the clouded life of the East End. To those who do not know, it may be well to explain that the vocal school of the linnet in the world of sport is as thoroughly systematized and as fast bound by tradition as the preparatory training for grand opera. This is an haphazard issue of betting which of two birds will sing longest, or loudest, or sweetest. Every detail of a match is fixed by unwritten law molded through many generations of referees, timekeepers, scorers and owners.

From time beyond reckoning, the linnet's singing vocabulary has been fixed and set into the two divisions known as "pleasant song" and "rough song." The first consists of a list of refrains, each of which contains more than five notes or syllables. If a match is made for "pleasant song," then the contesting birds must stick to their more complicated strains, else they are scored against. In such a match, if the linnet interjects one or more of the shorter or "rough songs," each fault is chalked against him by the score-keeper, and appears in the final totals. If the stipulation is for "rough song," then the bird may use these contracted or easier sequences of notes, and receive perfect marks. The birds which can be backed to sing only "pleasant song" are the grand opera stars of the bird stage in East London.—Ralph D. Paley, in Outing.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The kindest thing in this world is simple kindness. To bring men to righteousness, we must take righteousness to men. The robe of righteousness cannot get the worse for wear. Some women never feel religious until they get a new hat. The worst famine comes from the failure to cultivate character. The golden age is not coming in by means of the copper collection. When innocence is dependent on evidence it is innocence no longer. One never secures the essentials without slighting some non-essentials. When things are going from bad to worse, it is easy enough to foresee destruction ahead—if things go on much longer in that way. But they never do. Excess of evil causes reaction. He who walks through life with an even temper and a gentle patience—patient with himself, patient with others, patient with difficulties and crosses—has an every-day greatness beyond that in which is won in battle or chanted in cathedrals.—Orville Dewey.

When men do anything for God, the very least thing, they never know where it will end, nor what amount of work it will do for Him. Loye's secret, therefore, is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are very little ones.—F. W. Faber.

A Rural Sherlock Holmes. In a northern market town a colt had been lost, and search for it had been in vain. A group of inhabitants were discussing the mystery, and a half-witted fellow was listening to the conversation.

"I think I can find your horse," he suddenly said to Sam Jones, the man who had owned the colt.

"You? Rot! How do you think you could find him when we have had the best men in the town out looking for him?"

"Well," said Jim, "I could try, couldn't I?"

"Yes," answered the owner, "you can try, and if you find him I'll give you half a sov."

"All right," said Jim, and he walked away. To the surprise of all, he returned in less than half an hour, leading the missing horse.

"Well, well!" said Jones, as he took the animal and handed over the reward. "How in the world did you find him?"

"This way, I thought, 'Now, if I was a horse, where would I go? And so I went there, and he was on the spot.'—Waverley Magazine.



POPULAR SCIENCE

A subscription has been started for a monument to M. Bernard Renault, well known for his valuable researches into the micro-organisms of the coal measures, and especially of the bog-heads and of the canal coal of the United States.

A pike with a benign bony tumor on one of its gill-covers is among the specimens that have been submitted to the English Cancer Commission. The growth was as large as a good-sized chestnut, and the fish was much emaciated, weighing less than a pound, though eighteen and one-half inches long.

Whether matter undergoes any change of properties on being charged with electric current has been a subject of experiment. The results have been practically negative. Mr. Paul E. Heyl states that when carrying a heavy current the change in the tensile strength of iron cannot exceed half of one per cent, and the melting point of tin can hardly be changed two degrees.

It is stated in a foreign journal of science that the German Commission engaged in the investigations of tuberculosis has come to the conclusion that two distinct forms of tubercle bacilli exist, the human and the bovine. Out of fifty-six cases of human tuberculosis examined fifty showed human bacilli only, five (three being children) showed bovine bacilli, while the remaining one showed both human and bovine bacilli.

The value of evidence has been tested experimentally by Mlle Marie Borst. Her subjects were twelve males and twelve females, and within a period of six weeks these were shown five scenes from daily life, which they afterward required to describe in writing, and about which they were then interrogated orally. Statements under oath were required. The results show that accurate evidence is rare, that evidence improves by practice, that the evidence of women is more faithful and complete than that of men, but that one-twelfth of the sworn statements are incorrect.

Before the Philosophical Society of Washington, Mr. C. W. Waldner, of the Bureau of Standards, gave the results of numerous determinations by himself and Mr. G. K. Burgess of the temperature of the electric arc. A photometric method was used based on Wien's law, and the instruments were calibrated at higher temperatures than had been done heretofore, so the uncertainty from extrapolation was reduced; the results were very accordant, and gave about 3700 degrees Centigrade. An increase of seventy degrees to eighty degrees was found when the current forming the arc was raised from fifteen to thirty amperes.

Exploration of Dreams. Thoughts and Recollections Recur at Stated Intervals. Dr. Herman Swoboda, of Vienna, has recently provided us with some very interesting data in reference to dreams, data which may do a great deal in explaining many phenomena which up to the present have been looked upon as the work of mysterious agencies. This scientist believes that impressions and events are again brought into the field of consciousness after certain specified intervals, in the case of men after twenty-three days. Thoughts and recollections have a periodicity which is apparently not explained in any way by examination of the customary train of ideas. The reproduction of impressions and recollections is so regular that Dr. Swoboda has frequently succeeded in predicting the appearance of certain dreams at specific times.

He himself always has the well-known "flying dream" twenty-three days after he has been skating, and it is probable that continual use of our arms and legs in other than a normal manner, as in dancing, skating, bicycling, etc., will, after a period of twenty-three or twenty-eight days, produce the "flying dream." This form of dream is doubtless the result of the so-called muscular sense, for we possess a feeling not only of the position of our muscles, but also of the changes which these muscles undergo in movement.

However, the most remarkable part of Dr. Swoboda's work is its bearing on premonitions and the key it gives to the explanation of a large mass of the phenomena. Dr. Swoboda tells of the case of a physician who dreams that he is called upon to see a sick child. On January 3 the physician made a visit to the child under discussion, and the night of March 27 and 28 he had his dream. During his visit of January 3 he had received his impressions, which after the triple lapse of the period of twenty-eight days were again presented in the dream. At the same time the physician had his dream the mother of the child had a dream which represented the former visit of the physician. In the case of the physician the dream creating a premonition that he would be called to see the child, while with the mother there was suggested the advisability of calling in the physician.—Public Opinion.

Green chrysanthemums were exhibited the other day at a flower show in Essex, England.

Peru exported last year 8000 tons of cotton, while Brazil produces nearly 900,000 bales.

WIT and HUMOR OF THE DAY

His Costume.

There was a young man named McCall, Who went to a fancy dress ball. He thought, just for fun, He would dress like a bun, And was eat by the dog in the hall.

Called His bluff.

"I don't know a thing I wouldn't do for you." "She—'Then you will have mother come and live with us!' "He—'Thanks for reminding me. But I don't know of anything else I wouldn't do for you.'—Boston Transcript.

Hard Lines.

Ascum—"What's the matter with you this morning? You behave as if your breakfast had disagreed with you." Grump—"So it did. The carrier neglected to leave my newspaper this morning, so I had to talk to my wife through the entire meal."—Philadelphia Press.

It Usually Is.

"I see a notice in the paper of the wedding of Mrs. Nubridge." "Yes, I knew her quite well." "Do you? What was her maiden name?"

One of Them Left.

Markley—"Lend you a hundred?" Borroughs—"That's what I said, old man." Markley—"Hub! You must have lost your senses!" Borroughs—"Well, you notice I've still got the sense of touch."—Philadelphia Press.

Unaccommodating.

Mr. Cityliff (reading)—"The widow of that 'commuter' who was killed in the railroad wreck has been awarded \$80,000 damages." Mrs. Cityliff—"There—and I've been vainly trying to induce you to move to the suburbs for years—you mean thing!"—Puck.

Proof Positive.

Singleton—"They say if you pick up a hairpin from the sidewalk it is a sign that you will just get a present." Woderly—"That's so. I picked up one the other day and put it in my pocket, and when my wife discovered it later she presented me with a piece of her mind."—Chicago News.

After the Game.

Ethel—"Do you like football?" Maud—"No, I think it's perfectly horrid. Charlie Hugerly called to see me the other evening, and his arms were too lame for anything!"—Chicago News.

Cheerful Revenge. Mrs. Sly (4 a. m.)—"The boys are having a perfectly lovely time! Brother George sent them a whole cartload of horns and drums." Mr. Sly—"Yes, confound him. I beat him at billiards yesterday and he said he'd get even with me before another twenty-four hours."—Detroit Free Press.

Refused to Fall.

"I'm awfully sorry to be late to my engagement, but the horse balked and I couldn't get here." "She—"Why didn't you hitch the horse to an automobile and push it along?" "He—"I did. I hitched him to the auto first, and he refused to pull it; that's why he balked."—Detroit Free Press.

Too Expensive.

"First Promoter—"You say \$50,000,000 is about the value of your mine holdings?" "Second Promoter—"They're worth every bit of it." "First Promoter—"You ought to incorporate." "Second Promoter—"I would, but it costs \$2 to incorporate in this State."—Pittsburg Post.

Open Confession.