

Every boy is a good boy today,  
Santa Claus only comes to good ones—  
but, tomorrow.

The Wilmington Star thinks the Con-  
necticut man who was arrested for sell-  
ing tarred stones for coal must be a lineal  
descendant of the fellow who invented the  
wooden nutmeg.

No really live boy will have enjoyed  
Christmas unless he is minus his eye  
lashes and a part of his hair or is carry-  
ing at least three burned fingers tied up  
the day after Santa Claus pays his an-  
nual visit.

A special from New York last night  
contained the information that a num-  
ber of white children in that vicinity had  
quit Sunday school because negro  
scholars had been admitted. Race prej-  
udice there must be pretty strong else  
the demonstration would have at least  
been postponed until after this week.—  
Charlotte Observer.

The corporation commission is no re-  
specter of person in respect to the income  
tax. It does not believe that the con-  
stitution created judges a privileged non-  
tax paying class. It will, therefore, pro-  
ceed to list the taxes of judges just as if  
they were ordinary folks hedged in by no  
divine right or special privilege. Those  
who wish a privileged class will not ap-  
prove the action of the commission, but  
all others will say "well done."

The sum involved is small. The prin-  
ciple is one of far-reaching importance.  
The opinion of the attorney general is  
entitled to the weight only of one able  
lawyer. It has no binding effect upon  
anybody, and the judges must pay their  
income taxes like ordinary mortals, or  
they must themselves declare the law  
that taxes them is unconstitutional.—  
News Observer.

No Berlin Stumps.  
The very poor of Berlin are better  
housed than those of any large city in  
the world. In fact, there are no filthy  
stumps in the German capital, and the  
poorest people there are disposed to be  
tidy.

A Million Ones.  
A million one dollar bills packed solidly  
like leaves in a book would make a  
pile 275 feet high.

Employ the following infallible test  
of preservation: Upon the first inser-  
tion of knife or punch listen for the  
distinct sound of a small rush of air.  
If this is to be heard, the preservation  
is perfect. Turn out the contents of all  
tins immediately upon their being  
opened.

He Gets Wet.  
A British army officer when in full  
uniform is not allowed to carry an  
umbrella, no matter if the rain is fall-  
ing in torrents.

Woodcraft.  
If you are ever lost in the woods, it  
will be useful for you to know that on  
the south side of all evergreen trees the  
gum which oozes from wounds or knots  
holes will be hard and amber colored.  
On the north side the gum is softer and  
gets covered with dust.

Fruit.  
It is said that those who eat fruit  
need fewer stimulants than those who  
do not. There are many persons who  
simply cannot combine the two to-  
gether.

Cutting Cold Butter.  
Cutting butter in very cold weather  
is often a difficulty. When cutting a  
slice of butter from a large roll, first  
dip the knife into hot water, when all  
likelihood of breaking the butter will  
be avoided.

Boats in China.  
Next to coffins, the greatest use for  
lumber in China is in building boats,  
and it is safe to say that the number  
of craft runs into the millions.

Odd Way of Saying "How D' Do!"  
The people of Cairo salute you with an  
odd question. It means, "Do you perspire?" It is explained by the fact  
that they regard a dry skin as the  
symptom of a mortal malady.

French Cantinieres.  
The cantinieres form a rank which is  
peculiar to the French army. Each  
regiment has a woman attendant who  
is a sort of nurse and comforter, to the  
young soldiers especially. She is often  
married to a soldier of the regiment.

Redwood Forests.  
Three hundred and twenty million  
feet of timber are cut annually from the  
California redwood forests, yet it is  
estimated that they will last for 150  
years.

Sheep and Rain.  
In Australian regions where the an-  
nual rainfall does not exceed ten inches  
a square mile of land will support  
only eight or nine sheep. In Buenos  
Ayres, with thirty-four inches of rain,  
a square mile supports 250 sheep.

High Waves.  
The fog-bell of the Bishop Rock  
lighthouse, off the Scillys, is 145 feet  
above high water mark and weighs  
three hundredweight, yet it has twice  
been carried away by waves.

# The Novannovotococcus

By P. J. TANSEY

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THERE'S a fellow 'at can't swear  
off. He ain't got nothin' to  
swear off on—don't drink nor  
smoke nor swear nor fight nor  
nothin'. He must be a lonesome one  
today."

So Bill Evans commented to the rest  
of the gang at Johnson's corner grocery  
in Jarneville, and in no low and guard-  
ed tone either, as Percy Deery passed.  
The young man spoken of could not  
help hearing the remark, and he blushed  
deeply as he kindly bade his play-  
mates of past years good morning and  
a happy new year. He was medium  
sized, blond and boyish, with a budding  
moustache. He was attired in the height  
of fashion.

"Goin' callin'?" asked Ike Maddox,  
with a grin. The young man stopped  
politely to answer that he was.  
"Mam know it?" asked another of the  
gang.

Conscious of the intention to offend,  
young Mr. Deery blushed again to the  
roots of his hair before he answered:  
"I have no secrets from my mother,  
of course."

The corner gang roared, and Jim  
Smith, the first to recover from the  
general spasm of merriment, asked the  
greatly embarrassed Mr. Deery, honor  
bright now, if he was not going over  
to Oliver street to call on the Misses  
Wilson.

The questioned one felt as keenly as  
any honor jealous knight of old could  
have felt it that this was an outrage-  
ous trespass on forbidden ground,  
but he remembered his mother's pre-  
cepts, and he replied, scolding alike  
evasion and resentment:  
"I am going to call on Miss Mary  
Wilson."

percoated and turn his steps into a path  
across lots to make the way shorter to  
Oliver street.



"Did you look in at the store coming  
up to see if everything was all right,  
old man?" asked Dick of him as soon  
as there was a lull in the conversation.  
"I did not, sir," replied Percy, glow-  
ing red in his consciousness of the val-

giant display of authority in the ques-  
tion.

"Well, if you're passing that way in  
half an hour you might see if the fire's  
all right. Come, Mary, play me some-  
thing on the piano."

The younger man turned white. He  
began to tremble.

good wishes were said, and Mr. Wilson  
and his guests went out to the shed  
where the horse was standing attached  
to the buggy.

"Mr. Wilson," said Percy, "give me a  
match, please. I'm going to smoke my  
first cigar. I'm going to be just a little  
bit devilish. I'm going to be a man!"

"That's more like it," broke in Dick  
again.

"of this fellow's smoking in pres-  
ence of your wife and daughters, sir,"  
continued Percy, not noticing the inter-  
ruption. "If it were not for the place  
you stand in, Holloway," cried he hot-  
ly, "I'd punch your face!"

"Why, you white livered little!"  
Crack! The fist of the younger man  
caught Holloway on the jaw, and down  
he went in a heap. And down beside  
him, purple faced, fell Percy, roaring  
out as he fell:

"Darn you, anyway!"  
Both lay unconscious in the light  
snow.

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"I AM GOING TO CALL ON MISS MARY WILSON."

ing in his eyes, "your intentions may be of the best, and I thank you, but I'm going to Mr. Wilson's." And, with a little bow and a little smile, he left them and continued his walk to Oliver street, the tears now on his cheeks.



THE FIST OF THE YOUNGER MAN CAUGHT HOLLOWAY ON THE JAW.

ing up and reaching out his hand, which Mr. Wilson shook heartily.