

A Youthful Diplomat.

United States Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin has ideas of domestic discipline as well as foreign relations. Several years ago his young son, aged 6, importuned him for money, after the manner of small boys.

"What do you want to do with it?" asked the father.

"Oh, nothing," responded the boy indefinitely.

"You have plenty of spending money, and I buy you everything you need or ought to want. Unless there is some special reason, I can't let you have it. There isn't any reason, is there?"

"Not exactly, but I want it. You know how it is, papa; you were a little boy once."

This appeal failed to move the senator's heart, and a silence followed that lasted an hour or more. During this time the father read and the son thought. At length he said:

"Papa."

"Yes, my son."

"Suppose I was to meet a highwayman on a lonely street late at night."

"Yes, my son."

"And suppose he should pull out a pistol and say, 'Little boy! Your money or your life!' What could I do?"

Ten minutes later the senator's son was whistling to his chum outside his chum's window, with a new silver half dollar in his pocket.—*Philadelphia Post.*

The Woman Who Worries.

When the kettle boils over.

If baby cries.

If the fire isn't always bright.

At every speck of dust.

If there's a spot on the front steps.

If the iceman's boots are muddy.

If anything interrupts her afternoon nap.

When a dish or a glass is broken.

If the roast does not come along nicely.

Every time the heater needs attention.

If the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick maker fail her in the least particular.

If the pie crust burns ever so little.

At every mistake of the maid.

Because the gas bill's "higher this time than last."

When a huckster knocks at the back door.

If her new dress isn't a perfect fit the first time she tries it on.

If the letter she's looking for doesn't come to hand on the minute.

Yet how much happier she'd be if she met all these things with a smiling countenance!—*Philadelphia Press.*

PUNCENCIES.

He. "They say his wife drove him to drink." She. "Yes—and he lowered the record."—*Chicago News.*

She. "I understand you were stuck on that new book of mine?" He. "Yes; I bought one."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Judge. "Were you ever arrested before?" Burglar Bill. "Say, now, your 'onner, do I look like a ammychewer?"—*Tid-Bits.*

"Papa, what is broad-mindedness?" "Agreeing with headstrong people when you know they are wrong."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"Clara, when you are in the wrong

you will never acknowledge it." "Yes, I will; only I'm never in the wrong."—*Chicago Record.*

She. "I suppose you were presented at court while in London?" He. "Yes, twice; but I was acquitted both times."—*Chicago News.*

"Did the Rev. Mr. Choker give you a good sermon this morning, Mrs. Jones?" "Perfectly grand; it ought to be dramatized."—*Chicago Record.*

Visiting Curate: "Ah, my friend, you should reflect on the fact that we are here today and gone tomorrow. Convict. "You may be—I ain't."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Our Tommy told me Sunday night that he guessed he'd got the Thanksgiving tired feeling." "What did he mean by that?" "Why, he was naughty on Thanksgiving Day, and his mother took her slipper and warmed him. Then she warmed him over on Friday and Saturday."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"I am glad there are a few honest people left. Two years ago I sent a boy around the corner to buy a postal card. I have never seen the boy to this day." "You don't call that boy honest?" "Yes, sir! This morning I received a postal with this on the back: 'Dear Sir: Here is your postal. I started in business with the penny you gave me and have prospered. Thanks.'"—*Chicago News.*

Once upon a time an Arab approached his camel in much anxiety of spirit. "This, O Camel!" he said, "is the last straw! As you know, it is supposed to break your back, but I'm going to take the responsibility of feeding it to you!" Accordingly the camel partook of the straw, and presently died of indigestion, complicated with appendicitis. This fable teaches how hard it is to thwart destiny.—*Puck.*

Getting Even.

Church Usher (confidently)—That woman I just seated is Mrs. Stuckupp. She had me sent around to the back door one day when I called at her house on a business errand. Made me transact the business through a servant, too. But I've got even with her.

Friend—You have given her one of the best pews in the church.

Usher—Wait half an hour. She's right where a stained glass window will throw a red light on her nose.—*New York Weekly.*

Pinehurst Spring Water.

The following is the result of the analysis of the Pinehurst Spring Water:

RALEIGH, N. C., April 5, 1897.

Analysis No. 10,111.

DEAR SIR:—The sample of health water sent to the station for analysis in a demijohn, marked "From tube well system, Pinehurst, N. C.," contains:

Total solid matter in solution	
Grains per U. S. Gallon,	0.92
Hardness,	1.00 degree of Clark's scale
Carbonate of lime,	0.00 grains per U. S. gallon
Chlorine,	0.08 grains per U. S. gallon
Ammonia, Free,	.032 parts per million.
Ammonia, Albuminoid,	.050 " " "

Analysis of the water from Pinehurst, shows it to be a drinking water of exceptional quality. The total solid matter and chlorine is very small; and the ammonia, both free and albuminoid, is quite considerably less than is usually found in drinking waters. These facts show it to be a very valuable source for a water supply; in fact, so far as the chemical examination is concerned, we seldom find such purity.

(Signed) H. B. BATTLE.

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