

The Judgment of Nathan; Or, the Story of How He Selected the Right Woman for a Wife.

"Set right down here, Nathan," said Daniel. "I'll have to see what Joel Wickerson wants. He's always bothering around, like an aggravating fly. What's his name, Joel?" "I want a gallon of your best oil," said Joel; "that's all worth today."

for your own good. Yes, Abby could likely scrape up enough romance to be happy herself, and she'd be so perfectly proud that she had got a man, after all, that she'd pamper you up like a young lord—and that I judge is what you're looking for."

Always Attacked Trolley Men Because a Car Cut Off His Toes. Because he could not forgive trolley employes after a car had cut off three of his toes, Bruno, a splendid St. Bernard dog, belonging to Mayor Charles A. Bookwater, of Indianapolis, Ind., had to be chloroformed. His hostility to street car conductors and motormen was his only fault, but that phase of his character caused so many threats of damage suits that Mayor Bookwater decided that he could not afford to keep him.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY. An eloquent discourse entitled "KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST." The Rev. Winfield Scott Blair tells those who would receive light that they must exercise self-control and sacrifice pleasure in the work.

WHAT'S IN A NAME. In the morning he's a pirate, with a cut-throat and a gun; and he trembles at the flashing of his eyes. His name as he informs us, is an awfully-sounding one: "Lord Ferdinand Rodriguez Guy."



"So Mr. and Mrs. Jones have quarrelled? Why doesn't she make up?" "She does, dreadfully. That's why they quarrelled."

Wife (quoting)—A man's work is finished with the setting sun; a woman's work is never done. Husband (brute)—Quite right, my dear. I've often remarked the omission.—Punch.

Gaggy-Jones is very wealthy, but he says his life is full of trials. Waggy-Jones says that what makes him wealthy? "How so?" "He's a lawyer."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Blinks—What did you say to your wife when you got home late last night? Jinks—My dear, Blinks is that all? Jinks—Yes. She began talking then.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Very well, sir," said Dr. Quack, after his quarrel with the undertaker. "I'll make you sorry for this!" "What are you going to do?" asked the undertaker. "Retire from practice!"—Philadelphia Press.

Wife (who has been away)—You must have liked that breakfast food, James dear. There isn't a single box left. James—Yes, darling. It was great. (sotto-voce) to start the fire with, mornings.—Judge.

Barber—Did Weaver give you any security for the money he borrowed of you? Draper—No; he said it would be secure enough in his possession. Barber—Come to think about it, I guess it is.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you believe that?" "I do." "Husband—No." "Wife—Why not?" "Husband—Because when a man draws a blank in a lottery he can tear it up and take another chance."—Chicago Daily News.

"He's writing a novel." "I suppose he was out of his mind." "He is and he thought it would be more successful if he wrote while in that condition. It's to be of the regular popular order, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bertha—You don't mean to say you have refused Frederick? Edith—"I had to. He told me he had never done anything he was ashamed of. I never could think of marrying a shamless man, you know."—Boston Transcript.

"So old man, I want to sell you a ticket for one of our social club's private theatricals." "Not me. I haven't time to go to those things. I—Nobody asked you to go. I merely want to sell you a ticket."—Philadelphia Press.

"A public official is the servant of the people," said Senator Sorghum. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "and sometimes he's the kind of servant that carries a market basket every time she goes home from her place of employment."—Washington Star.

"See here, old man, what in thunder did you mean by advising my daughter to go abroad to study music? She's no phenomenon, and I can't afford it. You know all that." "But we're on the same flat aren't we? I know when I've had enough."—Detroit Free Press.

She—Did you send verses to the girl you were engaged to? He—Yes; that was the whole trouble. I see, she didn't like them. On the contrary, she did like them. But she discovered that another fellow wrote 'em, and she married the other fellow.—Yonkers Statesman.

Barnes—How is a pretty good sort of fellow, Sheed—Yes, but he hasn't got any tact. At the restaurant the other day he asked me if I was fond of cats, and I was eating rabbit stew at the time! The idea of asking such a question at such a time as that!—Boston Transcript.

CHRONOMETERS ON ICE. ONE OF THE REMARKABLE THINGS SEEN AT THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY.

The importance of Absolutely Correct Time on Shipboard—Tests Based on Purely Scientific Principles—Work Exceedingly Technical. One hundred ship's chronometers kept in cold storage is one of the many remarkable things to be seen at the United States naval observatory at Washington. To the layman it would appear that the authorities were apprehensive that the timepieces would be spoiled. One more experienced would reason that the process had something to do with regulating their time-keeping qualities. Neither surmise is correct.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The proportion of policemen to population is one to 397 in Paris, one to 408 in London, and one to 458 in New York. Since the use of wire fences has become so extensive, the number of cattle killed each year by lightning has greatly increased. Norway's coast line—1700 miles in a straight line—becomes 12,000 miles if followed round the fjords. In these fjords are over 150,000 islands.

DOG COULD NEVER FORGIVE.

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