

MY FORCES.

I'm no self-made man, for I clearly can trace each force that fashioned me...

only thing is, I did want to see you, Louise, leading the garden march.

ONLY A DRESS.

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

"You are too easy on your children, Emily," said Aunt Matilda, biting her lip.

"I've been sewing after May went to sleep. I've let down the tucks and loosed the gathers.

White, radiant, her mother pushed back the towny hair and kissed Louise's forehead.



Full Blood Sires.

While it is true that occasionally a grade bull impresses his breeding upon his descendants, experience has shown that it is the exception and not the rule very largely, and that the using grade sires results in multiplying the already too many common cattle.

seeking. If the barn losses might be reduced by one-half the class would, at rates obtainable, come pretty near being preferred instead of prohibited, as is the case with some companies, perhaps many, at the present time.

"Yes, I think so, Louise," her mother answered, dully.

Animal Color Schemes.

What Packers Want.

A Living From Poultry.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY THE REV. DR. R. F. ALSOP.

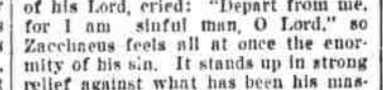
Subject: Graft, Ancient and Modern.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dr. Reese F. Alsop, rector of St. Ann's P. E. Church, preached Sunday morning on "Graft, Ancient and Modern."

First—He was in a dangerous employment. It surrounded him with temptations, his usual standard of action was low.

THE WOMAN'S FAULT.

The independence made him proud. He scolded at double-breasted coats; Men who to Fashion's dictates bowed...



FUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

The moon that tells you not a word, has either just got through with a job or is worrying about what he begins at.

Terrence—Kitty, will you grant me a request because we put in anger forever? Mate me this time Friday night? Kitty—Yes, Terrence, I will.—Puck.

Wright—You say he wrote jokes to keep the wolf from the door? Penman—Yes, but I guess the wolf didn't recognize them as jokes.—Yonkers Statesman.

Gilpy fortune teller (seriously)—Let me warn you, Somebody's going to cross your path. Motorist—Don't you think you'd better warn the other chap?—Puck.

Janies—I like Thanksgiving better'n any other holiday. Mamma—Indeed? Why Janies—Cause it never comes on a Saturday, an' e'nth'n's fella's in school out of itself.—Puck.

The Friend—At what figure would you estimate the traveling expenses of an auto tour? The Autoist—Traveling expenses? Well, that depends a good deal on the Judge.—Judge.

Janitor—We don't allow children, Mum, Lady—Why, of such is the kingdom of heaven, Janitor—Yes'm, yer see, even de Bible admits dey wunt'nt intended fer fads.—Judge.

"An' how are yer this mornin'?" "An' 'Feelin' very bad, thank you." "An' 'Dr.'—A matter?" "Oh, I had such bad dreams 'bout Cleveland Leader."—Cleveland Leader.

Deacon Jones—I have been losing lots of sleep during the past two months. Friend—Why, what's the matter? You haven't been attending church much lately.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Professor—Now, Demosthenes was a peerless orator and he had to contend with great difficulties. Freshman—That's so; he had to speak in Greek, didn't he?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Visitor—My poor man, what was the cause of your downfall? Convict—Spring housecleaning, boss. Visitor—De folks in de last house I robbed had de stair carpet up, an' they heard me on de steps.—Cleveland Leader.

Little Clarence, who is the son of a railroad man, saw a ditchdigger for the first time the other day, and remarked: "I don't see how that dog can go round in a circle very long without having a rear-end collision."—Life.

"Do you mean to say that you refuse to allow your daughter to marry my son?" exclaimed the lady from Chicago. "Why, we have royal blood in our veins!" "That's just the reason," said Steedman. "I'm afraid it might crop out."—Detroit Free Press.

Bride—I know you don't love me! Groom—Why, child, what makes you say that? "Because you're not jealous of me," Mrs. Mayme Gray's been married nearly a year, and her husband is so jealous that he's shot at her twice and tried to kill himself three times!—The Independent.

"Do you think there is any chance of reforming politics?" "I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "I haven't much faith in human nature. I am inclined to believe people frequently think politics is being reformed when it is merely being remodeled."—Washington Star.

"Something must be done to curb the arrogance of the men who own the railroads." "Oh, dunno," replied Farmer Cornedore. "If once met a man that owned a whole lot of railroad stock. Compared to some ticket agents an conductor, he was downright affable."—Washington Star.

Tom—Yes, Miss Roxley refused me. She said there were a dozen reasons why she shouldn't marry me. Dick—What were they? Tom—I don't know. I told her she didn't need to mention the other eleven. Dick—The other eleven? Tom—Yes, her first reason was that her father had lost all his money.—Philadelphia Press.

"As I was coming in just now," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "your footman used an opprobrious epithet." "My goodness," replied her hostess. "I must speak to James about that. I simply won't put up with it. Joshua says unless there's less of them used around here he'll have to gettin' 'em by the whole skin. I never seen the way they do waste things when they ain't ones that have to waste things when they ain't the ones that have to get them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dress of Crime.

"They say as how Jesse Walton's boy is up in Noo York leadin' a life of crime."

"Dew tell! For the land's sake! I wonder know! He's gone into anything he could be jailed for, or just something like life insurance!"

Each Uses Two Alarm Clocks.

How Street-Car Men Make Sure of Getting to Work in Morning.

It costs the street-car man from two to five days' pay for every alarm clock he has to get him up in time to take his run in the morning. The cars do not whether the regular car is present or oversleeping. This has led to a double precaution by the men who wield the mental levers on the front of cable and trolley cars and those who ring up the nickels. The double-alarm clock system is now in vogue with most of the men. One timepiece is set to go off a few minutes later than the first.

"I missed once in fifteen years," said a burly gripman, "and that was when my kid had been playing with the clock and the hand struck started using two of the sleep chasers after that."—Chicago News.

Aged Model An Agile Thief.

Though born in March, 1804, an artist's model, who goes by the name of Giuseppe in the Latin quarter, is still hale and hearty.

When not sitting for a picturesque mendicant, he is as quick and clever at larceny as any much younger man. He has just been discovered while secreting a silk petticoat from a counter under his gaberdine. The alarm being given, he ran like a rabbit with a blindfold astonishing in a centurion. Caught notwithstanding, he expressed pride in his green old age.

While he was being taken to the police station parcels constantly dropped from his person. These were the proceeds of the active old man's morning expedition to two or three stores.—Paris correspondence, London Telegraph.