

LET NOT LOVE GO, TOO.

Now the purple night is past. Now the moon more faintly glows. Dawn has through thy casement cast...

When old winter, creeping nigh. Sprinkles raven hair with white. Dims the brightly glancing eye.

Palaces and towers of pride. Crumble year by year away. Creeds, like robes, are laid aside.

Mustapha Ali, kadi or chief of the tribesmen of Ben Hassan—robber and gentleman—sat in his spacious tent.

"Tis well! He consents to pay the ransom for the girl. Two hundred pounds," he said aloud, when he had mastered the contents of the document.

The turbaned Moor, who had been standing like an ebony statue awaiting his chief's commands, salaamed and withdrew, returning in a minute with a pretty, vivacious English girl of 18.

The tent was ill-lighted, and, coming from the brilliant sunshine, it



"HAS HE SENT THE MONEY FOR MY RANSOM?"

was a few seconds before the girl made out the figure of the Moorish chieftain seated on some cushions, smiling blandly upon her.

"Oh! you're there, Kaid," she said, when her eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom. Then, noticing the letter he held in his hand: "Ah, I see you've some news for me. You've heard from dad? Has he sent the money for my ransom?"

"No, but it is arranged. The governor of Rabat's headman will be here at sundown with it, and then you will be free."

"What a pity," said the girl, with a sigh, sinking on to an old but gorgeous divan near Mustapha. "You seem in a terrible hurry to get rid of me."

"You prefer bondage?" The Kaid smiled. "Bismillah! Though an infidel, you are truly a woman."

"Yes, I prefer this bondage—if you can dignify my holiday here with such a name—to the real bondage my father wishes to impose on me—marriage. Marriage with a man I've never seen—just because he's a lord."

"You are not obedient to your father?" The Kaid frowned and shook his head. He did not approve of disobedience—in women. "If I were your father, I should—"

"If you were, that would put a different complexion on the matter," laughed the girl. "But you're not, Kaid, luckily—for you. Oh! I say, I suppose you thought yourself rather clever in capturing me, didn't you? Well, you weren't a bit. I got myself captured."

The chief of Ben Hassan smiled incredulously and shook his head. "What don't you believe me! It's true. Listen. The lordling was coming to Rabat on a visit to meet his prospective bride—me—you know. Well, I didn't want to see him, and I told dad so, and he said I had a row about it, and he said nasty things to me. Feeling desperate, and having heard you spoken of in Rabat as most gentlemanly, I determined to come to see you for a holiday. So, after inquiring the way, rode out to you, and here I am. But I did hope you'd keep me prisoner at least a fortnight. You're most inconsiderate. I've only been here three days, and now I'm to be sent back to Rabat, and shall have to meet that lordling after all. Can't you keep me a bit longer—till—till he's gone?"

"I fear that cannot be. I have sworn by Allah to deliver you up to-night, and—"

"Yes, yes, I know—you wouldn't mind robbing a man, or killing one for that matter, but you won't break your word. Well, I'll have to go, I suppose, but I won't marry that lordling. I'd marry a nigger sooner—or even you."

"That may not be. A true believer may not wed with an infidel, like you."

"Excuse me, you're the infidel, at least, so I've been taught to believe. But then every religion treats a rival like the pot does the kettle."

"And you are not fat enough to marry?"

"Ah! I'd forgotten. You fatten your girls for marriage as we do our turkeys for Christmas. I shall have to look elsewhere for a husband."

"I have another captive—an Englishman, who is at your disposal. If you really want a husband."

"That's very kind of you, Kaid. Do you make a practice of giving men away? If so, I've a heap of spinster friends at home who'll be glad of an introduction to you. What's the man like—old and ugly?"

"No, he is young, but a most blasphemous infidel. He called our prophet a rotten impostor. I should have killed him on the spot, only your English government makes a great fuss about such matters. Still, he shall suffer—I will marry him to you."

The girl laughed heartily at the Moor's unconscious humor. "You're really too cruel," she said. "No, I can't lend myself for such an awful chastisement. Besides, I don't want a husband, I only want an excuse for refusing the lordling. If I married your captive, he might want to follow me home. I'd like to see him, though. Where is he?"

The Kaid clapped his hands, an attendant entered, and the captive Englishman was sent for.

"Don't let him know I'm English, Kaid. Say I'm French," said the girl, arranging the mantilla she was wearing so that it partly hid her features.

"As you will," replied Mustapha, as the Englishman, his arms bound with stout cords, and struggling in the grip of three brawny Moors, was thrust roughly into the pavilion.

Half choking with suppressed rage at the treatment he received, the man strode across to where the Kaid was sitting, and, putting his face close to the Moor's, hissed out between his teeth:

"Look here, you Kafir, if there's anything of the man about you, take off these cords and I'll fight you and any two others of your gang with any weapons you like."

"That's splendid," murmured the girl. Then, speaking aloud, with a foreign accent, she added: "Oh, monsieur, you say—a bad word before me."

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle, I didn't see you. But this old rogue here would provoke a saint."

"I have found ze Kaid charming," "Have you?" Well, you must have very queer taste." Then, turning to Mustapha, he demanded: "What have I been sent for now?"

"This Frankish maid has need of a husband. Will you wed her?"

"If you agree, she will pay the ransom for your freedom," continued the wily Moor, with a leathery grin at his own astuteness.

"Eh?" exclaimed the girl sharply. "It is but £50, my daughter."

"Oh!" And she nodded acquiescence.

The rites were performed according to the ritual of the church. A slight hitch occurred when the priest asked the bride her name. She at first declined to give it, then, finding she must do so, she said 'twas Julie Francaise.

"Es? Ah, capital!" cried the Englishman. "We'll make it an international union. My name's John Bull."

The priest smiled, but made no demur. He was to be well paid, and their real names were not his concern.

"And so you're going away to try to find her?"

"No, I thought of doing that several times before I met you. Now it's all changed." He came and leaned over her chair. "Oh, Nell, it's wrong. I know, to say it, but it will out. I love you. I love you as I never dreamed I could love a woman. So madly, so passionately, so vainly, too. Forgive me, Nell, I ought not to have told you. I'll go—good-bye." He turned abruptly from her chair and moved off quickly.

"Bob! Stop a minute. I've something to tell you," she cried, rising and going to him. "I've let you fall in love with me, when I knew all the time you were married. You can't escape from her, Bob; she has your signet ring, with your crest on it. What have you to identify her by?"

"Nothing."

"Kiss me, Bob."

She was facing him now; her right hand was on his shoulder; her happy, willful face, with pursed-up lips, was offering itself to him. She held her left hand before his eyes, and he saw upon the third finger his signet ring. "Here's my right to your kisses. See!"

"Why, it's—It's my ring, and you, Oh! my darling, you are my wife!"—Frederick Jarman in M. A. P.

Wanted an Encore. Robert, the small son of Mr. Brant, has lately acquired a stepmother. Hoping to win his affection, this new parent has been very lenient with him, while his father, feeling his responsibility, has been unusually strict. The boys of the neighborhood, who had taken pains to warn Robert of the terrible character of stepmothers in general, recently waited on him in a body and the following conversation was overheard:

"How do you like your stepmother, Bob?"

"Like her! Why, fellows, I just love her. All I wish is I had a stepfather, too."—Woman's Home Companion.

He Knew. Her (reading)—And so they were married, and that was the last of their troubles.

His (sotto voce)—Last, but not least!—Cleveland Leader.

A Financier. Customer—Please, waiter, I can't remember what you sent me for, but you can give me two cents' worth of peppermint candy, 'cause she said I could keep the change.—Century

Editorials Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE BLACK HAND.

MORE systematic method in crime, a broader organization, have been revealed in the Black Hand than police authorities have ever before been ready to believe. The type of criminal who employs the Black Hand was, in spite of the terror he is enabled to create, is of a low order. His intelligence is often seemingly more bestial than human. The discipline of a large band of workers, the secrecy necessary, and, above all, the division of spoils—these call for an understanding and a singleness of purpose that the ordinary Sicilian and Calabrian rogue does not possess.

Because of the recent revelations the alarming suggestion has been made that native American criminals, confidence men and cracksmen of superior wit and resourcefulness have entered the field. This would account for the organization discovered. It would explain the apparent subservience to a leading intelligence and it would satisfy questions the police ask as to the existence of a central fund and a working arrangement common to several sections of the country. The American criminals would naturally hide themselves under aliases of Italian names, and, too, they would have all arrangements so that the foreigners and not themselves should suffer in case of discovery.

The Black Hand is probably no worse than other forms of blackmail except in so far that it causes a greater fear among its victims and a more general uneasiness among the police. The methods used in the attempt to break it up have proved of little avail. A penalty as severe as that for kidnaping might tend to crush it. It is worth trying.—Toledo Blade.

MRS. THAW'S BOOK.

MRS. THAW, the mother of Harry Thaw, has written and published a book in which she makes a bitter attack upon those whose duty it is to administer justice in the courts of New York. She makes District Attorney Jerome an especial target, declaring that he has gone outside of his jurisdiction several times to persecute her son. The public will hardly be led to take any different view of the Thaw case by the publication of this book than it already entertains. It will, however, be disposed toward charity and excuse the foolish fulmination upon the ground that it is the case of a mother fighting for her son.

Money was the greatest curse which ever fell upon the Thaw family. If the mother had taken a different course when her son was young; if she had limited the amount of his spending money, and if she had insisted that he be put to work when not in school, the later years of her life might not have been clouded with this great sorrow. Because the Thaw family was rolling in wealth, it was considered ridiculous that Harry should be other than a gentleman of leisure. There was never a more tragic illustration of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. To-day he is a switchboard that ever was put in."

He drew one hand from his pocket, and leveled a forefinger at Chester. "And, look here," he said, "you better not come round me with any of your fresh talk 'bout me callin' you 'sir,' unless you want to get pestered one in the lamp. I ain't lookin' fer no scrap, but if they's goin' to be one it ain't me they'll be carryin' out feet first when it's all over. See!"

He straightened up in a leisurely manner, strolled over to the switchboard where Chester sat and gazed calmly down upon the enraged but speechless youth.

"Now," he observed, "if you're through throwin' boksaks at yourself, an' one o' you kids'll put me wise to where you keep things in this little old joint, and who belongs to the buzzers, I'll get to work."—Chicago Daily News.

TERRAPIN AND FROG FARM.

Scheme to Raise Delicacies on Long Island for New York Market.

There is an industry out on Long Island which is yet in the very earliest stages of infancy and about which its sponsors are exceedingly reticent. It is the rearing and marketing of terrapin and frogs, strictly according to the rules and regulations laid down by the Secretary of Agriculture.

So far the names of only three men interested in the prospective terrapin and frog farm have reached the public, but there is reason to believe that a number of others are considering the ways and wherefores of lending something more material than merely their moral backing.

Cuthbert M. Leveridge, of Boston, who is reputed to be a expert in matters pertaining to the domesticating and nurturing of terrapin in the South, has succeeded in enlisting the interest of two Brooklyn dentists. They are Dr. F. C. Royce, of 65 Greene avenue, who is not at all sure that he is willing to be mentioned in connection with this undertaking, and Dr. David S. Skinner, whose home is at 75, on the same street.

Dr. Skinner would have been willing to divulge the details of the scheme, it seemed, had it not been for two circumstances. The first was that his co-workers were anxious to keep the matter to themselves for the present, as Dr. Skinner indicated by putting an index finger to his lips as a token that silence had been enjoined upon him. The other was a certain backwardness on his own account.—New York Sun.

A Fitting Deduction. "Do you know what an oath is, lit-tle girl?"

"Yes, sir; I must always tell the truth."

"If you always tell the truth, where will you go when you die?"

"Up to heaven."

"And if you tell lies?"

"To the naughty place, sir."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite."

"Let her be sworn. It is quite clear she knows a great deal more than I do."—Modern Society.

Men and women are little else but make trouble for each other, but if a ten-foot board wall—built between them, they would break it down to get through.

MURDERER AND DESERVES LIFE IMPRISONMENT.

He has escaped prison on the flimsy plea of mental unsoundness. He ought to be thankful, as had the members of his family, that he has made so good an escape from the electric chair. However, the family is turning heaven and earth in an effort to have him proven sane. It is hardly conceivable that the courts of New York will permit so great a travesty in the name of justice. Meanwhile Mrs. Thaw's book will take its place among the curiosities of American literature.—Des Moines Capital.

HARD TIMES AND MATRIMONY.

HERE is probably not more than a fraction of 1 per cent of truth in that unpleasant old proverb, "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window," but it is not to be denied that when poverty is the first to take possession, poor love has to sit on the doorstep and wait. All through the year 1908 the little girl has been shivering outside many homes where he had every expectation of spending a cozy and perfectly delightful twelvemonth. And during the year of hard times marriages fell off 20 per cent.

In Manhattan Borough alone nearly 20,000 persons are going about in single blessedness—or otherwise, as they take it—who ought, from the statistician's point of view, to have been married last year.

The statistician takes a cold-blooded view of it, merely marking it down as an interesting fact to be "footed up" with other interesting facts. He hasn't a word to say about love's young dream, and hope deferred, and all the futile tears for which those 10,000 non-existent marriages are responsible. You can't make averages of such things as a young man's disappointment and a nice girl's heartache.

The results of hard times are always, first of all, fewer diamonds imported and fewer marriages recorded. Jewels and matrimony go hand in hand, as indications of a rising or falling in the barometer of prosperity.—New York Times.

WHY CORRUPT THE CLOCKS?

ALL the advantages derived from the Cincinnati "daylight" ordinance, and similar measures proposed elsewhere, could be obtained without making hours of the town clock and all other public and private timepieces. The principal advantage sought is an increase in the number of daylight hours available for recreation.

In the summer time, when the evenings are long, it is proposed to "knock off" an hour earlier than is now the custom, and so that this should not disorganize industry by reducing the number of working hours in shops and factories it would be necessary to begin work earlier in the morning. But why should the clocks be set an hour ahead? Cannot workmen be made to acquire the habit of early rising (an excellently good habit in the hot season) without making prevaricators of our clocks?—Philadelphia Record.

HOW A RACCOON THINKS.

That animals do not reason is the uncompromising conclusion reached by E. T. Brewster in an article printed in McClure's Magazine. Incidentally, he finds that men do not often reason, and that many of the processes which they dignify by that word are not reasoning at all. Some of the experiments on which his conclusions rest are amusing as well as instructive—this one, for instance, with a raccoon.

The animal was fed from a box with an outward swinging door, which he learned to open in one second after it had been fastened by a bolt on the left side. The bolt was removed and the door closed by a lever on the right side. Imagined for a moment what a man would do; then compare this with what the coon did.

Although the bolt had been removed, the coon continued to work away at the place where it had been, trying to push something where nothing was. He rolled over and over in the violence of his efforts, until he actually stood on his head to work. Then by accident his left foot slipped off the corner of the box, and hitting the lever, released the door.

The next time he was hungry, like a wise coon, but not like a wise man, he got in front of the box, stood on his head, and pawed the corner of the box until his foot slipped again. Eight times he followed this procedure; then he discovered that, after his hind foot struck the lever, an ad- vanced push with his fore paws helped to expedite matters. At the twenty- eighth trial he discovered that standing on his head was not an essential part of the process. Nevertheless, he still persisted in putting his hind foot on the lever before pushing it down with his fore paws.

In short, the coon hit upon the proper action by pure accident. Then, being a clever little beast, he kept repeating as many of these random movements as he could remember. Being clever, he used his hand to help out his foot. Being also scatter-brained, he forgot on the twenty-eighth attempt to stand on his head.

Obviously the coon did not reason. Yet if the right man had seen him for the first time when he was making the hundredth trial, and after he had forgotten to stand on his head, and forgotten everything else except to put out one hand and push, what a story it would have made!

Chocolate. Although the "drink called chocolate" did not appear in England until 1657 its restorative properties soon became generally known. Thus, on May 24, 1661, after an evening of carousing, Pepys "worked in the morning, with my head in a sack talking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draft, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach."

If you attended a party, and didn't have a nice time, think it over; wasn't it because some one else did all the talking?

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Former Representative Amos J. Cummings, of New York, was once city editor of the Sun. One Saturday night it was announced that all the saloons were to be closed next day. Cummings called his star reporter, Murray, "Tom," he said, "go out tomorrow and find out if the saloons are selling liquor." It was Thursday when Tom again appeared at his desk. "They were," he reported.

In one of the smaller cities of New England there was an Episcopal church, which had two mission chapels, commonly known as the East End Mission and the North End Mission, from the parts of the city where they were respectively located. One day the rector gave out the notices, in his most distinguished, high-church tone, as follows: "There shall be a service at the North End Mission at 3 o'clock, and at the East End at 5. Children will be baptized at both ends."

Roger, the celebrated French tenor, on one occasion was engaged for the sum of 1,500 francs to sing at the house of a rich financier. Roger sang his first song magnificently; but no one paid him the slightest attention, and the guests talked their loudest. Presently the host thought the time had come for another song, and sent for Roger. He could not be found, and that evening was seen no more. Next day a note came from him, accompanied by the sum of 2,000 francs. The note ran thus: "I have the honor to return the 1,500 francs which I received for singing at your party; and I beg leave to add 500 francs more for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests."

A misguided woman once ventured to remonstrate with Worth, the man milliner, because he charged her \$500 for a dress. "The goods," said the lady, "could be bought for \$100, and surely the work of making up would be well paid for with \$25 more."

"Madame," replied the outraged tailor, "go to M. Constant, the painter, and say to him: 'Here is a canvas and colors, value \$1. Paint me a picture on that canvas with these paints, and I will pay you 33 1-3 cents.' What would be the answer? 'Madame, this is no payment for an artist.' No, but I say more. If you think my terms are too high, keep the dress and pay me nothing. Art does not descend to the pettiness of haggling." History does not record the lady's reply.

In the first year of his practice, Judge Royce of Vermont was called to prosecute in a justice suit, and, fresh from Chitty, filed a plea in abatement, which he duly discussed. The justice, in deciding the case, said: "The young lawyer has filed what he calls a plea in abatement; now this plaintiff seems to be a very ignorant man, and his lawyer about as ignorant as he is, and his writ doesn't seem to be a very good writ, and doesn't resemble one much more than it does a hog-yoke; but the plaintiff seems to be an honest man, and if he has a just claim against this defendant, he shall have judgment." Whereupon, Judge Royce, elated at the result, but somewhat disgusted with the remarks of the justice, arose, and, making a very profound bow, said to the court, "I much thank you, d-n you."

"Business Is Business." The immigrant from southern Europe is often a person of unpromising appearance, but he sometimes displays a surprising amount of intelligence. Not all the queer English of this letter which an alien fruit-dealer recently wrote to the New York Times can conceal its shrewd philosophy and brisk common sense.

It is twenty-seven years I live in the City of New York. I walk all day long in the dangerous streets, never get invested by electric cars nor automobile.

The only blame is mostly of the Persons are sleeping or want too much commodity mistake the streets for the sidewalk.

When you cross a busy street at first watch the automobiles—electric cars etc. Run that moment till you reach the sidewalk and everything will be all right.

Walk slow when you are in the sidewalk but run when you cross the streets.

Time is money. Business is business. Sidewalks for the pedestrians, streets for the cars, automobiles etc.

If a driver have to watch every moment child, sleeping Persons, in the streets take 1/2 day from Harlem to reach the Battery.

About children, instead to waste time to trouble automobiles etc.—why do not make a new Law? One—road garden in every tenement house, and force by Law the Landlords (or Landlady to do it and to send the children in the roof?

I am been plenty times in the roof garden of E. Broadway, corner Jefferson (Manhattan) in the hot months. The children jump, play balls, sing in that little Heaven all glad to enjoy such pleasure; nice shade all around on the top of the roof—plenty flowers all around, water for drink etc.

Patrons the roof gardens—send the children to play in it—do not sleep when you cross a street and do not be afraid of the automobiles—trucks etc.—Sidewalk for pedestrians—streets for horses, etc. Business is business. Time is money.

L. P. of Fruit Store.

IN A REVOLUTIONARY CAMP.

Letter of Gen. Greene Discussing Strategies of 1777 in a Sale.

A particularly good letter of Gen. Nathaniel Greene was sold in Philadelphia a few days ago, the New York Times says. It is addressed to Gen. Varnum, and is dated "Camp at Cross Roads, Aug. 17, 1777." It is in part:

"I readily acknowledge the propriety of your observation that delays are dangerous, and that the prime of the season is wasting while we are basking in the sunshine of Pennsylvania;

but repentance often comes too late. Could we have divined how Gen. Howe would have directed his future operations some part of your plan might have been carried into execution. The destruction of Gen. Burgoyne's army is one of the first objects upon the continent, but how to effect it is the question.

"You see, he moves with caution, notwithstanding our army files before him. It is now a month since he landed at Skaneateles, his advanced parties have advanced only about twenty or thirty miles and nothing, or next to nothing, to oppose him. Sure I am he never would have dared to penetrate an inch if he had met with a serious opposition.

"Could I persuade myself that Burgoyne would not retreat upon the northern army's being reinforced, I would run all the hazard to attempt his destruction, but I am well persuaded that he would retreat immediately to Tioconderoga, where it would be out of our power to do him any great injury.

"Our situation is not a little awkward, buried in the country out of the hearing of the enemy. His excellency (Washington) is exceedingly impatient, but it is said if Philadelphia is lost all is ruined. It is a great object, to be sure, but not of that great magnitude that it claims.

"Rest assured we shall not remain idle long. This is a curious campaign. In the spring we had the enemy about our ears every hour. The northern army could neither see nor hear of an enemy. Now they have got the enemy about their heads and we have lost ours.

"I can assure you I was no advocate of coming so hastily here, for I ever thought Gen. Howe's motions very equivocal; but the loss of Philadelphia would injure us more than our taking New York would them, and it is not certain our rapid march did not hinder the enemy from coming up the bay to the city. That they were moving about the coast for several days is very certain."

This letter brought \$195 at the Philadelphia sale.

FOXY GERMAN EMPEROR.

Has Got 18,000 Square Miles from His Friend, Abdal Hamid.

The kaiser, finding himself isolated as the result of French and British diplomacy, debarred on every hand from territorial expansion in Europe, had dreamed of a commercial empire in Asia. F. Alexander Powell says in Everybody's. But Wilhelm is the kind of a man who prefers to see things with his own eyes, and that is why, in the spring of 1897, he set out on his spectacular tour of the near east. He rode through Palestine in a theatrical uniform made for the occasion, with a great cavalcade behind him. At Jerusalem he laid the corner stone of a German church; at Haifa he addressed a great assemblage of German colonists; from Damascus he carried away with him the priceless furnishings of the palace which he occupied, loaned, for the occasion, by the neighboring pashas; at Ba'alek a peculiarly hideous tablet was placed in the Temple of Venus to mark his visit, and so he came to Stamboul, where Abdal Hamid, his friend and brother, awaited him.

Imagine, if you can, a more queerly assorted pair. The sultan, crafty, cautious, timid, patient; the kaiser, bombastic, blatant, boisterous, domineering. This meeting of the monarchs was as curious as any in modern history—the one a ruler in spite of his physical cowardice, and the shrewdest diplomat in Europe, and the other a sort of footlight king. Humble, patient and furtive, the master of Turkey listened, while the war lord thundered. Always he dilated on his great idea, the Drang nach Osten—that onswep to the east of German imperialism. This strangely mated pair, these masters of east and west, made a compact that the one would abstain from intervening in Crete and would use his influence to obtain the withdrawal of the international soldier from the island, and that the other would give him, in payment, a right-of-way for his railroad across Turkey-in-Asia. And so they arranged it between them, the bilious, sallow-faced, silent little man with his eternal cigarette, and the stoutish, aggressive, domineering Teuton who puffed intermittently at a black cigar. • • • The sultan had, indeed, bartered a kingdom for the kaiser's friendship. To the German concessionaires was given the exclusive right to cultivate the land within this railway zone—18,000 square miles in all, and every foot of it, to all intents and purposes, German soil—to work the mines and the forests within the radius; to grow wheat, tobacco and cotton; to colonize and to navigate the streams, not to mention various subsidiary rights. The concession admits moreover, of the concessionaires' utilizing all water along the route for electric purposes; and such power will eventually be used, it is planned, for lighting their towns and running their factories.

A Reflection. "To my annoyance," she said, "I found he had a lock of my hair. How he got it I can't imagine."

The older girl smiled oddly. "When you were out of the room, perhaps?" she hazarded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Village Gosling. "Is Squire Whetstone considerate of dumb animals?"

answered Si Smiling. "But he certainly speaks mighty kind of 'em when he's engineerin' a hoss trade."—Washington Star.

With the Bathing Girls. Pearl—Let us go out on the surf, my dear. I want to learn how to float.

Ruby—Oh, you are to learn how to sink. Then some handsome young man is sure to dash out and rescue you.

The Mechanic's Haunt. Said he, with despair in his look: "You carry your nose like a scholar intent on an upper-shelf book."

Said she: "It's only my collar."—Success Magazine.