THE LAST ROSES OF SUMMER

Concluding Effusions of the Funny Men Before Entering the Winter Campaign.

SOPROWS NEVER DO COME SINGLY.

Eo Reflected the Sad-Eyed Man-Ben Lemond Was Out - Merely a Presumption-What He Needed Most.

Brooklyn Life: Salvationist (stopping on the road)—Young man, are you ready to Jack-Look here, my friend, I'm entirely unarmed and hav'nt a cent about me.

Yes, It Never Would fo. New York Sun: "Send this car to the re-pair shop," ordered the inspector. "Yes, sir, What is wrong?"

"I notice that two of the windows open easily. Have them attended to."

Why He Was'nt Like Shakespeare. New York Herald: "You are not like my good friend Shakespeare," said Raleigh to his excutioner after he had inspected the instru-

ment of death.
"Why!" asked the headsman gruffly. 'You provide for no intermissions between

They Never Come Singly. Somerville Journal: "You seem to afflicted with great sorrows," remarked a sympathic stranger to the sad-eyed man. "No," responded the sad-eyed man; "my sorrows are all little ones. I have just re-ceived a telegram aunouncing twins."

Always an Eye to Business. Fliegende Blatter: Country resident (to eddler)-Get away out of here, now, or if peddler)—Get away out of here, you don't I'il whistle for my dog. Peddler-All right sir, but first won't you allow me to sell you a good whistle!

He Was Out.

He Was Out.

Sunday School Chronicle: A young Londoner went for a first visit to Scotland, and on his return boasted abundantly. He had ascended every mountain, and seen every thing of interest. A Scotchman in the company asked with something of a mysterious brogue, but very quietly. "Did you see Ben Lomond when you were there?" The boaster was rateen shock by the cuestion, but he was taken aback by the question, but he drew himself together and replied, "No, I did not, I called on him but he was out."

A Presumption.

Chicago Inter Ocean: "Dr. Pellet cured you, I understand?" "Yes."

"He's a homeopathist, I believe?" "Then you are sugar cured, I suppose!"

If.

Puck: Aunt Mary-Poor Bess, does your tooth ache yet! If it were mine, dear, I'd have it out at once.

Bess-1f it were yours? Well, Auntie, so What He Needed Most.

Washington Post: "I think," said the editor in a worried tone, "that I will drop journalism and take to astronomy."

"Well, astronomers always seem to have more space than they know what to do with."

No Cards. New York Sun: "All ze world lofes ze loafer, Mees Bullion: zairefore I have ze hope zat you vill lofe me," said the count. "Oh, I'm not particularly fond of loafers, Count," replied the young woman significant-

A Bad Faimre. Judge: Staggers-Yes, sir; marriage is a

Snooper-Ah! Staggers—Yes, sir; I was led to believe that the girl I loved was worth \$10,000. After the ceremony I found she had only \$100 in

Snooper-That is a bad failure. Just one cent on the dollar, wasn't it?

The Failed Crop.

New York Weekly: Young Lady-How nuch is this ribbon a yard! Clerk—Ten dollars, madam, and going up

Young Lady-Mercy me! I didn't suppose it would be over 50 cents. Clerk (with dignity)-That ribbon, madam

A ComfortenFrom Cerk.

Life: "Why, Bridget, did my mamma have another husband before she married my

, darlint, but he doied, yer see." "Oh, Bridget, I'm so sorry mamma lost her 'Faith an' ye'd betther be glad, Bessie. If he'd a lived he might have made ye a cruel stip-feyther!"

He Loved Her Still. Epoch: Peckley-My wife wants to have a portrait in oil of her mother, but the old

lady is dead and we have no likeness of her except this photograph. Could you make a portrait from that! Daubley-Oh, yes: I will promise to give you a speaking likeness. Peckley-That won't do. I don't want that

Not Exclusive Enough for Her. Life: Colonel Greytop-Miss Uptown, I would like to introduce an old friend of mine a soldier-one of the Balaklava Six Hun-Miss Uptown-One of the Six Hundred! O,

colonel, hadn't I better see mamma first. A Source of Gain. American Stationer: "Blobson," said the millionaire, "here are twenty begging let-

ters. Give them all a refusal." "You will note that a 2-cent stamp is inclosed in each for an answer."
"Yes, sir."

"Well, answer them all on postals."

The Flush Made Bim Flush. Jewelers' Circular: Gazley-Fledgely must be quite well off with the world's goods. Gazzum -I've never had that impression. Why do you think sof

Gazley—He showed me a handful of dia-monds last evening. Gazzum—Do you mean it! Gazley—Yes, I do; and he won the pot with

Clothier and Furnisher: Mrs. Bingo-What do you expect to give your husband for Christmas!

Mrs. Honeymoon—I told him the other day
I thought I would give him some neckties.
Mrs. Bingo—And I heard him tell my
husband afterward that he wouldn't wear

Mrs. Honeymoon—That's the worst of it.

John thinks so much of the things I give him
and is so careful of them, that I have the
hardest kind of work to get them on him.

A Wonderful Baby.

"Say 'papa,' darling," the mother cooed; It opened its big eyes blue, With wondering look the visitor viewed, And crowed and said "goo-goo.

"Say 'mamma,' darling," the mother cried "Say 'msmma,' sweet one, do,"
It tugged at the bair of its curly head
And laughed and said "goo-goo,"

"Now say 'good-by,' " and the mother smiled
With joy that was pleasant to view:
"Now say 'good-by,' and the winsome child Responded and said "goo-goo."

Then the mother embraced the little dear And kissed it again and again, As she gurgingly said, "did you ever hear A baby that talked so plain ?"

A Moderate Repast. Somerville Journal: "You may bring me," said the gentleman from the country, who had wandered into the Parker house dining

room under a misapprehension, and who had spent an apprehensive ten minutes in looking over the prices on the bill of fare, "you may bring a glass of water and a little sait. I've only got a dollar in my pocket, and I don't want to live beyond my means." No Panger of Overcrowding. New York Weekly: Clerk—Anything else, madam! I can show you some great bargains

in hammocks, put down to half price on account of the lateness of the season. They are fine goods, double strength, and will come bandy next summer, you know.

Experienced Matron—O, the ordinary kind will do for my daughter next summer. She's to be married Christmas.

Local Pride. Puck: "Where are all the prominent citizens this morning!" asked a tourist of the landlord of the Oklahoma house.

"I dunno, persizely," was the reply. "You ce, last night the boys took a hose thief out to the tree where they allus hang 'em, an and behold they found a new-comer had cut it down. The hoss thief happened to know who done it. They're after him now, the hoss thief leadin' the pursuit. He's got a heap uv local pride, even if he does steal. If they Retch the feller, they'll be apt to string him up an' turn the hoss thief loose. We air a people who like to encourage public spirit."

Pure, chaste, rich cut giass is more and more prized for use and for ornament. Dor-flinger's American cut glass stands unrivaled at home or abroad. Every piece has their trade-mark label. Enquire for it of dealer.

Dr Birney; nose and throat, Bee bldg.

CONNUBIALITIES.

The Utah spare-rib-the misfit wire. Charlie-I will die for you, my darling. Will you be my wife! Clara-Get your life insured before you die, and I guess its a go. Grindstone—Isn't it strange that Flodger has married that deaf mute! Kiljorday—No so very strange. She's his third, you know. The wife of Rev. William Howland of Passaic N. J. has obtained divorce from him

Groom-A ring around the moon is the sign f rain. Bride (sweetly) - And a ring around woman's finger is the sign of-" Groom (sadly)-Reign.

"I have a beautiful wife." "You have, inbut I never saw an ugly man married yet who didn't get the pick of the flock." Prof. Charles W. Fleming of Pittsburg was recently married to Miss Blanche Lynn in

the same room with the corpse of the bride's father. This was according to the wishes of In her suit for separation from her husband, begun in a Brooklyn court, Mrs. Annie Hall alleges as the cause that her husband grinds his teeth in his sleep, and that the

ound is ruining her nerves. Thomas Bissell and wife separated nearly twenty years ago in Michigan. The other day Mrs. Bissell went to Hannibal, Mo., where she met her husband and now they are

iving together again. Friend-You have only been married a week and here I find you in tears. Young Wife-Yes, but my husband has been run-ning for office, and I have been reading in the papers what an unmitigated scoundrel

Married persons live longer than single ones, and the tall have a better chance for long life than those of short stature. Women have more chances of long life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward.

Joseph Andersen, a printer, was to have married Bertha Cloud the other day at Leavenworth, Kan., but there was a hitch in the obtaining of the license and he fatally shot himself on the day before the wedding was to have taken place. A new local law has been enforced at Hardanger, in Noway, to the effect that no

girl shall be eligible for the marriage state until she is proficient in spinning, knitting and baking. This might dismay some of the most "eligible" of modern society. Mrs. Livermore says that her husband is epublican, while she is a prohibitionist; he

s a projectionist, while she is a free trader; be has a pew in one church, and she in an other: he has one doctor, she another; and yet they are happy and harmonious, and never dream of quarreling.

Dee Caton, a young man of Blackwater Mo., wanted to marry Miss Cora Frady and they went to Neison to have the ceremony performed. The young lady's brother-in-law seized her at the church door, carried her off and locked her up. The lover followed, col-lected his friends, seized the obstreperous brother-in-law, released the girl and while the crowd held him Caton took his sweetheart

to a justice shop where they were made one.

If, as has been estimated, the population of that of the Dominion, it will be seen that th divorce ratio is immensely greater here than there, due no doubt, to the systems of the two countries and to the higher estimate placed by our northern neighbors on the in-violability of the tie than we do. While the population of the two countries is as twelve o one, the divorces are as 2,700 to one.

In 1877 William F. Nast, who had previously married a daughter of a St. Louis banker, went to Europe, leaving his wife in New York. After a time Mrs. Nast returned to St. Louis with her three children and nourned her husband as dead. On October she was surprised to receive a letter from him dated Montreal, explaining his absence and asking reconciliation, which was granted, and the two met in Chicago the other day for the first time in thirteen years. Mr. Nast while in Europe secured control of the largest paper mill on the continent.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg

The prettiest sight in the world is a pretty woman's feet in Jersey Lily boots, and since Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup cures all sorts of colds and costs but 25 cents, all women can wear them.

The earth moves. - Evidence, you can buy first-class liniment, Salvation Oil, for

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg IMPIETIES.

Speaking of miracles, the speaker who sets the table in a roar" is no small nuts. "What shall we do to be saved?" asked the campmeeting orator, fervidly,

fust," said a prosaic man in the audience. Atlanta Constitution: Book agent to editor—Can I sell you our new book, "Thoughts on the Hereafter?"

Editor—No use for it; my desk is jam up

to the steam heater. Judging by the effect produced by wor shipping his especial art, Isaak Walton might have been the God of Lies. "I rather commend the McKinley bill,"

said the church treasurer, "I do not find nearly so many pearl buttons in the plate as

So many more babies than grown folks go to heaven that we imagine a great part of the singing done up there must be in getting them to sleep.

"No," said Mr. Whitechoker, after the revival, "this curing of sinners is, strange to say, no sinner-cure."

I had a peep in Paradise last night, And there I saw, all clad in gorgeous yellows,

The only remnant of our choir bright, The lad-the little one-who worked the bellows.

The colored pressman in a newspaper office at Houston, Ga., claims to be well posted on bible subjects. One of its precepts he ren-ders as follows: "If your prother smote you on one side of the jaw, turn the other side to be smoted, and the third blow is yourn.' "A little less noise, please," suggested the superintendent, stopping, as he passed down the aisle. "There is too much levity in this

"We are studying Leviticus," explained one of the boys. "Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess," said the clergyman to the toper. "I ain't, sir," replied the soak; "I never drink anything but beer and whisky."

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

The Egyptian Way. Now and then an officer in the Egyptian army mysteriously disappears and is heard of no more. It is some captain, major or colonel who has served a year or so without pay, and who begins to inquire when the paymaster is to arrive. That settles him at once and forever.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg

Will Take a Vacation. A Japanese author has just finished a novel on which he has been steadily at work for forty-one years, and as soon as the proofs have been corrected he pro-poses to run over to Kio-Fio for two orthree days and see his uncle and take a

THE CATNIP GARDEN.

Eugene Field in Pittsburg Bulletin: Once upon a time there lived in the beautiful city of Denvera certain gentleman of the name of Toll, and he was a judge. All over the state of Colorado and elsewhere, too, the judge was famed for his goodness and his learning. In fact, he was so good and so learned that one Christmas-eve Santa Claus came and brought him a sweet little baby son.

The judge was very proud. "I will rear this little son to be a good and great jurist," said he, "and when I am old and feeble he will be the staff and comfort of my age.'

One of the first things Judge Toll did was to hire a nurse to take care of the pretty little boy, for it so happened, sadly enough, that the baby's mother was not strong enough to carry the baby and amuse it all the time. The nurse was a kindly old lady, who had lived away down in the far east, where there were many baby girls and some baby boys. so she knew about babies and just how to take care of them.

This baby was very fond of his nurse; and he would lie in her lap and admire her antique style of architecture, or would pat her wrinkled cheeks and coo the sweetest baby music imaginable. This made Judge Toll very happy.

because she preferred society to religious "How handsome the baby is," he would say to himself, "and what a great jurist he will become! But one day the old nurse came to the

udge and said: "We must do something or the baby. The judge was vastly astonished. "You surely do not mean to tell me that the baby is sick?" he exclaimed.
"No, not exactly sick," said the old nurse, "but he needs toning up. He is fat and strong and contented, but there

is a kind of look in his eyes that tells me that he needs a tonic. "Then we will call the doctor." "There is no need of that," protested the old nurse. "The doctor would laugh at you, and say that the baby was all right. But I know just as well as I know anything that the child needs

toning up "Well, then, what shall it be?" asked Judge Toll. "Paregoric, squille, castor oil, hive syrup, belladona? "None of them," answered the old

nurse, 'for they are all drugs, and the baby doesn't need drugs. What he needs is toning up. The judge said nothing,-he did not know what to say. Of law, of politics, of mining, of literature, and of other worldly things he knew much, but o baby tonics he knew simply nothing.

"What the baby needs is catrip tea," said the old nurse. "Nothing will tone up a baby's system like catnip tea. Down in Vermont an' Maine an' Mass' chusetts they always bring up their babies on catnip tea, an' that's why their babies make such smart men an

"But I thought catnip was something cats eat," interposed the judge.
"Law me, an' so it is," said the old nurse, "but it's just as likely living for folks. Why, there's nothin' in the world that'll tone up a weak system like a bowl of strong catnip tea. I hate to see this blessed child pinin' for what'd be the

makin' of him. "I know nothing about it at all," said ludge Toll, "but if you say that the baby needs catnip, I will get some for him." Judge Toll went all over town after into every drug store, every grocery and every doctor's office, but not a

sprig of it could he find anywhere. You will have to send east for it,' he druggists said-"it doesn't grow out cried

"Then send east for it I will!" Judge Toll. And so he did. That very night he wrote to a college friend Massachusetts, informing him of his dilemma and asking him to send forthwith a goodly supply of catnip, no matter how much it cost! Well, in about three weeks' time, there

came along a large express package from the east, and when the judge opened it he found that it contained forty-nine bunches of green catnip. Oh how fresh and fragrant they were, and how their green leaves and assertive odors took one back across the arid plains and muddy rivers to the ferny wild woods of dear old Yankeeland! "The baby shall have catnip tea three

times a day now!" cried the judge. "Here's enough to last a year," said

the old nurse. "I'll tell you what we'll do-we'll plant some of those bunches in the yard, an whenever we need a few leaves for a ter we can step out and pluck them. So we will have an ever-increasin' supply. "That's a good plan," said the judge

"We will plant these healing herbs at once and they shall beautify and perfume our premises.

That afternoon Judge Toll planted the catnip herb in pretty rows in the front yard, and thereafter carefully irrigated them every morning and evening It was surprising how soon the plants took root, and in less than seven days were as flourishing in their adopted soil as they would have been on the hills of Vermont. Whenever the old nurse wanted to make a tea she stepped out into the yard and plucked few catnip leaves, steeped them in hot water, and there it was as natural a catnip tea as ever simmered on a stove or trickled down a chaby's throat. catnip bushes meanwhile thrived and shot out fresh sprigs and leaves, and their fragrance filled the air for a great

distance.

Uncle Seth Cooley, who lived on Capi tol Hill, one morning hobbled down to the toll place and leaned over the fence and gazed tenderly at the thrifty herb "Jest as nat'ral as ever," said Uncl Seth, slowly and sadly, as his nostrils dilated. "Jest as nat'ral as when Mitty an' I used to go huckleberryin' in the medder, near the plum trees, out in Pelham. Say, jedge, you wouldn't mind givin' me a bookay on 'em, would ye? I'd kind o' like to smell 'em and take 'em home to Mitty." And old Mrs. Baxter came over from Evans' Addition, and begged a 'bookay,' too. She cried softly over the coarse, green leaves, as if the sight of them awakened memories of the time when old Uncle Dan'l and she started out in life together in a little frame cottage 'at Dummerston, on the West river, just six 'miles f'm Brattleboro'." Oh, yes, the Yankee folk came from all parts of the city of Denver to see that wonderful front yard, to pluck the catnip leaves and tell marvellous stories of the cures the herb had effected. And all this time the rows of catnip kept growing and growing and growing, and the fragrance went up, and was wafted hither and thither by the

breezes. Away up on top of a very high mountain near Del Norte, there lived an old Maltese cat, the maternal ancestor of many generations of her species. She had come across the plains in a prairie schooner in 1859 with a party of emi-grants, and now she lived in the hos-pitable loft of the stable nearest the summit of an imposing peak, not far from Del Norte. One night this old Maltese cat was traversing the ridgepole of the stable, when she was brought to a sudden standstill by the breeze blowing

from the northeast. "Wee-ow-ow!" exclaimed the old Mal feline; and her eyes glittered

strangely, her tall began to expand, and "Why, gran'ma," inquired one of the younger cuts, a demure maiden tabbie of uncertain age, "why, gran'ma, what ails

"Wee-ow-ow!" replied the old Maltese cat again. "Wee-ow-ow! I smell cat-Now the other cats had heard about

catnip, but had hever seen any. The tales which the Maltese cat had told about her experiences with the favorite weed before she left her kittenhood home in Maine had been handed around among the other cats of Colorado as quaint legends. All the other cats had heard tell of the subtle glories of catnip, but none had ever beheld or even whiffed

the grateful herb,
"Where?" asked twenty young cats in chorus.

"O, I don't know," replied the old Maltese cat, "but I can smell it, and I'm going to follow up the trail until I "With these portentous words the old Maltese cat whisked her tail, gave a

wild "Wee-ow" and started on a run for Denver, 300 miles away. "Wee-ow-ow!" cried the other catsand the kittens, too-and off they started for Denver, giving the old Maltese a hot race over hill and valley, peak and plain,

mead and wold. The word was passed around, and the cry went up here and there like wildfire
—"Catnip! catnip! catnip! We're going
to get some catnip!" The tidings reached
Alamosa, and ran along the whole of the mountain range of Colorado. The excitement was intense-cats hurried from every house, cabin, barn, stable, shed and mine, and joined the vast procession. Every city, town, hamlet and camp was instantly descried by its cat population—such a yowling had never before been heard, such a seething army of cats had never been seen. The miner in his lonely hut, hearing the awful rush, sprang from his cot and cried: "The snow-slide! the snow-slid! Run for your lives!" But it was only the cats on the gallop to Denver. Oh! it was a prodigious spectale, and the old Maltese catled the

Judge Toll was dreaming pleasant dreams that night, when he was awakened therefrom by a din which threw him into a cold sweat. He crawled out of his bed, slipped anxiously into his trousers, seized his faithful shotgun, and stole softly to the window. The strange noise seemed to come from the front yard-yes, from the rows of catnip bushes

Then the judge peered out of the window, and what do you think he saw? Myriads of cats---billows of cats! Cats of every size, weight, color, sex, condition and description-black cats, white cats, Maltese cats, tortoise-shell cats, brindle cats, spotted cats, striped cats, brown cats, yellow cats, mauve cats, gamboge cats, long cats, short cats, tall cats, fat cats, lean cats, stump-tailed cats, one-eared cats, wall-eyed cats, three-legged cats, mamma cats, papa cats and kittens-oh, yes, kittens, of every kind, and without number! And they were in Judge Toll's yard, among and on rows of catnip bushes,-tront

purring, sprawling, yowling, like so many demons. "Pur-r-r," said the old, way-back Maltese cat, all the way from Del Norte-'purr-r-r! oh! isn't this levely? It's the first catnip I've had in going on twenty-five years—purr-r-r! I thank heaven that I have lived to see this grateful fruit introduced into the Rocky moun-

tain region!" And then all the other cats, there must have been a million of them, purred in chorus so loud that it sounded like an awful, lingering peal of thunder. But this was not all. Oh, no! By the bright moonlight Judge Toll could see myriads and myriads of other cats surging down from the mountain ranges, and through the valleys and over the plains-from Georgetown, Salida, Idaho, Golden, Boulder, Crested Butte, Tincup, San Juan, Pueblo, Cucharas, Buena Vista, Conejos Durango, Minitou, Leadville, Ouray, Huerfano, Kokoma, Monument, Rosita Sagauche and Trinidad-the foothills were alive with cats, the mountain peaks swarmed with cats, and cats, cats, cats swept along like a whirling torrent toward one focal point, Judge Toll's catnip

And lo! the cats were coming from other directions, too-from the arid plains of Kansas and from Deer Trail, from Monotony Water Tank and from the dreary confines of Nebraska,—the breeze blowing from the north brought the noise of vast armies of cats on their way from Laramie and Chevenne.

The cats already in the judge's front yard,—how they purred and writhed and yowled, and how the sparks of electricity shot from their furry backs as they rubbed affectionately up agains the row of catnip! It was in fact, a carnival!cat saturnalia!

The judge said to himself, "I wil shoot in among all these trespassers, and drive them away. What right have they to de vastate my beauteous exotics?" But then came the second

thought. Would it not be cruel to de prive these creatures of the long-denied pleasure they were now enjoying in the catnip bed? None of them, save the old Maltese, had ever before seen or tasted the precious herb,—they knew of it only from the legendry lore with which the old way back Maltese cat had regaled them, their fathers, their mothers, their grandmothers, their grandfathers, and

so on ad infinitum. And the more Judge Toll thought is over, the more he became satisfied that he ought, in all humanity, to let the cats stay and enjoy the catnip. last he went back to his bed and renewed

his slumber as best he could. When he got up next morning and looked into his front yard, not a cat was to be seen, nor yet a vestige of the cat-nip either. The turf was widely rent and torn up; and every leaf, twig, sprig and root of catnip had disappeared. was conjectured that the cats took it all away with them. They must have had a terrible battle over the remnants of the feast, for here and there on the despoiled turf lay eyes and ears, and bits of tails and tufts of fur-silent but eloquent evi dences of the last tragic scene of all.

The coal mining industries of Trinidae Col., are something really wonderful. The mines are what are commonly called the "side-hili mine" so frequently found in Pennsylvania and other mountain mining regions. There are three veins of coal, the upper one seven to twelve feet thick, and so easily mined that the winess at Not per ton free mined that the miners at 50c per ton fre-quently make to exceed \$100 per month. The leading operator there said that the time was likely to come when coal would be put aboard the car at Trinidad at 75 cents per ton, and leave a handsome profit to the mine operator, For full information address Trinidad Land and Improvement Co., Trinidad, Col.

A Veteran of the Black Hawk War. DUNLAP, Ia., Nov. 3.-To Editor of THE BEE: I saw a statement in THE SUNDAY BEE of Nov. 2 that Gideon L. Pace, the last survivor of the Black Hawk war, was dead. I wish to correct this as my grandfather, Louis Gay, aged 88 years, is still living in Sawan, California. He was a soldier in the

MAUDE ROBERTS.

Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg

Frequently accidents occur in the house hold which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bourses; for use in such cases Dr. J. H. Mc Lean's Volcanie Oil Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family

Black Hawk war.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg.



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