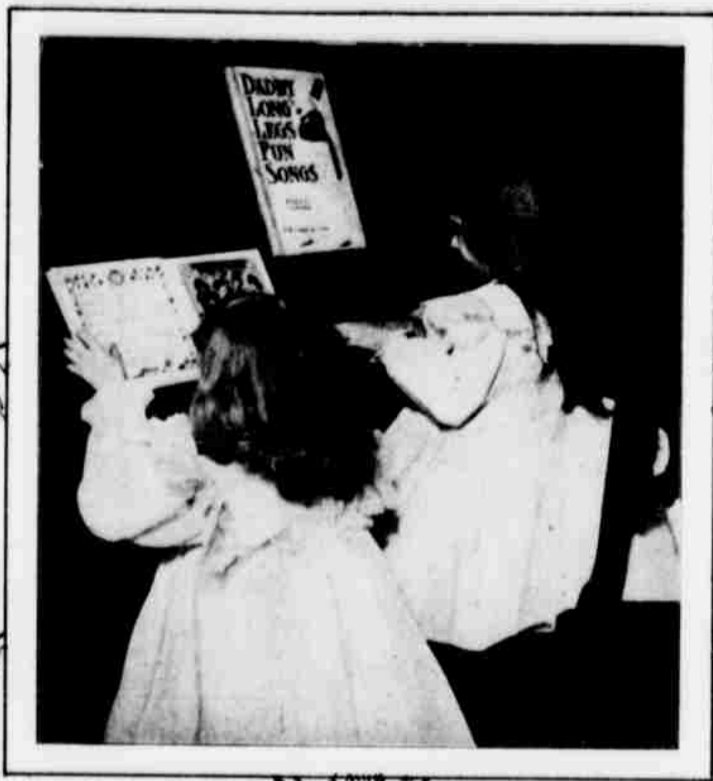


Some Snap Shots

at the Little Ones



"Preparing a Duet."



"At the Home Corner."



"Three Warm Friends."



"Just as Good as Can Be."



"Ahead of Spring."



"In Darkest America."



"Waiting for the Grass."

Good Short Stories

A Memphis gentleman who has just returned from an overland trip through Mississippi says that one day he stopped at a negro cabin to ask the way to the village for which he was bound.

In reply to this hail an old white-headed man came to the door and the following conversation took place:

"Can you tell me how to get to B—?" asked the traveler.

"Sattinly I kin, sah," replied the darky. "You follow dis here road 'till jist before you gits in sight ob de next house and den, you turns to de right and dar ain't no odder road to put you off again from dar on till you gits whar you is a-going."

One of those drummers who does a good deal of driving about the country delights in telling about an old-time boniface who runs a country hotel within a day's drive of Detroit, relates the Free Press.

"Sharp as a tack," declares the drummer.

"Always as smooth as oil until someone tries to make a run on him and then he can get back harder, faster and in fewer words than any man I ever heard talk."

"I saw a man come in there one day from the city. He is all right at home, but was feeling his oats that day and opened up on the old landlord by saying: 'Hello, grandad, get your frame into circulation. Don't set around here like a bump on a log. I want accommodation for man and beast.'

"Where's the man?" asked the old chap in a flash."

Mark Twain's daughter, Miss Clara L. Clemens, in entering upon her career as a concert singer, had a long conference with a manager, relates the Saturday evening Post. Many matters were discussed, plans made and details settled. Miss Clemens dictating her own ideas. The young singer, who had experienced considerable difficulty in obtaining parental consent to a public career, showed her earnestness by the busi-

nesslike manner in which she looked into affairs.

When matters had been fully considered and the manager was about to leave Miss Clemens said, with the large determination that small bodies not infrequently possess: "I wish it distinctly understood that my father's name is not to be mentioned at all in connection with my singing in public."

Mark Twain, who had been sitting in the room during the interview, in which, however, he had taken no part, looked up quizzically and said with a twinkle in his eyes:

"You see what it is to have a thankless child."

"We went to New Orleans by way of Hot Springs and Texas," said the girl who came home recently decked with the green and orange and purple of the carnival colors, reports the Washington Post. "Leaving Hot Springs we changed cars at a place called Malvern. The porter was polishing my boots as we came into the sta-

tion where we were to wait for the train. The name seemed familiar to me. Then I recalled Bret Harte's poem.

"Is Malvern Hill near here?" I asked.

"I can't say, madam," he answered, politely. "I ain't never heard of Malvern Hill."

"Never heard of it?" I said. "Why, there was a great battle fought there."

"Lately?" he inquired.

"No," I said, "during the civil war. Why, it was at Malvern Hill that the colored troops fought so gallantly. I should think every colored man would know about that."

"He looked up at me, seriously, almost reprovingly.

"Madam," said he, "I never inquires into trouble. I ain't never been a man of war."

There is nothing so democratic as fair-minded ignorance, observes the Philadelphia Press. It respects no more than does death. It is being told just now how a

member of a certain well-known club in Philadelphia came across a striking example of this. There had been a theological discussion in the smoking room and to sustain his argument this member called one of the library assistants, a fellow, it must be owned, but newly engaged for the place. "Is Justin Martyr in the library?" asked the casuist. "I don't know, sir," replied the attendant. "I don't think he is a member, but I'll ask the porter." This story sounds somehow as if it were not quite new, but there is another one, truly an old one, about the late Dean Burgon, which is somewhat along the same lines. He caught himself one day when talking of the nature of man as distinct from the lower orders of creation. "Man," he declared, "is a progressive being; the others are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Always and everywhere it is the same creature, and you never saw and never will see a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment!"