



1—"That growing tree is the very thing; send it up at once by a messenger boy."



2—"I'll jus' read de las' chapter of Red-eyed Pete on de way up."



3—"Curse ye," cried Pete, as he riddled de villain's body wid bullets.

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

The rich old man of 75 was going to marry the beautiful young woman of 25. It was a case of preferring to be an old man's darling to a young man's slave, so the girl said. The old man was greatly tickled when he first won the fair being's trusting affections, but after a bit he took a thinking spell, and then he chuckled to himself. At first thought he had feared to put her love to the test, because of a breach of promise suit, with a decision and a judgment against him, which he was able to satisfy to almost any amount a tender-hearted jury might award the guileless and innocent plaintiff.

He chuckled because this fear had been dispelled. For an old man he had a great head.

"My love," he said to her very tenderly, almost sadly, just after he had chuckled, "I know there is a great disparity in our years, and that my money is—"

"You dear old darling," she exclaimed, as she put her soft white hands over his mouth and shut off the further supply of remarks on that line, "dont you talk that way. You know I love you more than anybody. And what is money to a hungry heart?"

He was not very good on conundrums and gave this one up, but he had something else to say.

"You know the money makes a difference," he said doubtfully, yet hopefully.

"Only it makes life easier for you, dear," she insisted in tones that only a woman could have used.

He held out his arms to her with tears of gratitude in his eyes, and she laid her head upon his breast.

"I am so glad to hear you say that, darling," he said very softly. "You know my children have objected to my marrying, but that is all removed now, for I have made over to them all my property except so much as will suffice to keep us to in a pretty little cottage

I still own, like a pair of bees in a honeysuckle, and we can be so happy, so happy."

She disengaged herself from his throbbing bosom and stood coldly in front of him.

"Sir?" she said, in a voice that seemed to have been chipped off of the north pole.

"Ye s, darling," he went on like a boy with a new toy, "I have fixed it so that we are to have \$1,200 a year, and when I die you will have a life estate in that property and will never, no never, suffer."

The fire flashed from her eyes, but the tears put it out.

"So," she hissed between her teeth, "this is what you expect me to have as the price of my sacrifice? Never, sir, never. I wouldn't marry an old thing like you are to save my neck. Now leave the house and never let me see you again."

He was too broken in spirit to offer an appeal against this dreadful decision and he obeyed her.

Outside he chuckled that same old chuckle referred to in the beginning of this sketch. Then he heaved a deep sigh of contrition.

"What an unconscienceable old liar I am," he said. "Still how could I get out of it any other way without being sued for breach of promise and having the entire community jumping on me with both feet? I guess I'll sue for breach of promise now myself and pose as a martyr."

Then he chuckled again and went to a broker to drop \$100,000 in the slot and get eight per cent. interes'.

TWO GIRLS.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

"I noticed," said the tall, pale girl with the high forehead, "that there is much progress being made now in photographing the stars."

"Oh, yes," answered the fluffy girl. "They use them for cigarette pictures."



4—Den mountin' a trusty steed, he grabbed de bride around de waist, an'—



5—Dey were married a month later on, an'—



6—Say lady! hers your Christmas tree.