

Whether Common or Not.

Pa's Troubles.

I can't imagine what pa's done, but it's somethin' bad I s'pose; I've asked my teacher 'bout it, but she says 'at no one knows. An' pa he seems so worried, an' anxious like an' blue, He's got ma frettin' also, an' I don't know what t' do. Pa's allus been real good t' me, but 'long since early fall He's had no time t' spend with me an' ain't been home at all. I ast ma what the matter wus with pa an' she replied, "Yer pa's been nominated," an' I just set down an' cried.

Why wus pa nominated? That's what I want t' know. Jack Jones he said 'twas politics, but I know that ain't so. I bet some other feller has gone an' broke a law. An' then turned 'round just like a snitch an' swore it wus my pa. But anyhow pa's worried an' stays out late at night, An' says he's got t' do it 'cause he's fightin' f'r th' right. Ned Smith he said they'd send my pa t' legislative hall. 'Nd I just smashed him on th' jaw—you bet I made him squall.

I ain't a goin' back on pa, no matter what he's done. An' in his day o' trouble he can count upon his son. If th' legislature gits him you bet without a doubt I'll be right there t' greet him when th' keeper lets him out. An' pa an' me we'll hold our heads as high as other men, An' pa he'll show th' world that he's a honest man again. But I'm so sorry f'r my ma, it's awful tough on her— Pa's goin' t' legislature an' she don't know what it's f'r.

Vulgar Display.

"That Mrs. Neuritch is a most vulgar woman."
"What makes you think so?"
"She called on me the other day and her fingers were literally loaded down with anthracite rings."

Unemployed.

"If I could git a job at me purfession I'd go right t' work, mum."
"I'm very sorry for you, my poor man. Come right in and I'll get you something to eat. What is your profession?"
"I'm an expert trustee o' providence, mum, but de trust has t'rown me out o' business."

May Demand Tribute.

"I've just read what that man Baer said about his being a trustee of providence and it's made me so hot I—"
"Sh-h-h! Not so loud. Baer might hear you say that and make you pay him for providing you with heat this cool weather."

Too Good to be True.

Mr. Writerly stepped into the coal dealer's office, ill at ease and his heart full of dismal forebodings.
"Good morning, Mr. Writerly," said the coal dealer. "What can I do for you this morning?"
"If you please, sir," whispered Mr. Writerly, "I would like to get a couple of pounds of hard coal. I've only got twelve dollars, but I'll pay you the balance just as soon as I get a check for the last story I sent to—"
"That's all right, Writerly, old chap. Coal's only ten fifty a ton now. How

much does it take to run you through the winter—about four tons? Say four tons. I'll send it up this afternoon and you can pay me for it when you get ready. I'm always glad to help my friends and I held on to a few tons for just this—"
But just then poor Writerly woke up.

A Familiar Story.

They told us they'd keep our dinner pails full—
"Twas the same old story again. But the trusts stepped in and used up their pull—
"Twas the same old story again. Our pails have been filled with Mark Hanna hot air, Our coal bins are empty because of one Baer, And the trusts have gobbled their own and our share—
"Tis the same old story again.

Those dear little "infants" have waxed bold and strong—
"Tis the same old story again. They sneer at the right and they profit by wrong—
"Tis the same old story again. The taxpayers plead to be saved from the wreck, While the trusts deal the cards from a tariff stacked deck, And the people get nothing but jolts in the neck—
"Tis the same old story again.

The g. o. p. said these wrongs would relax—
"Twas the same old story again. But the farmers still pay the big end of the tax—
"Tis the same old story again. Monopolies still their huge coffers do swell, And they'll do it, my friends, till eternity's knell. If you don't vote the whole blooming system out of existence— And that's no idle tale, my friends.

Kismet.

There was a proud baron named Baer Who got all good folk in his haer; He loudly did prate Of his royal estate, And his victims can do naught but swaer.

Usual Excuse.

"But you promised us that you would protect our interests!" shrieked the infuriated and despoiled populace.
"True, my friends," replied Congressman Skeemer. "But I soon discovered that if I protected your interests the whole tariff would have to be revised, and that would disturb confidence."

Having accepted that sort of an excuse on divers and sundry occasions the excited mob retired to study it over.

Boygraphs.

When a boy begins rolling up his sleeves when he washes his hands it is safe to ask him what her name is.
A boy will go into a football game with bruises that would incapacitate him from sawing wood.
A house filled with a boy's noise is happier than a silent home with nothing but the memory of a boy to cherish.

There is a time in every boy's life when he dislikes being tied to his mother's apronstrings; and if he lives long enough he reaches the time when he would give all he had for the privilege.

Nothing has yet been discovered that

will effectually cure a boy's "Sunday sickness."

A boy can carry fifteen pounds of junk in his pocket without murmuring and then think he is overworked if he has to carry three bars of soap from the grocery.

A Dozen Don'ts.

Don't waste time disputing the gas meter.
Don't forget to black the heels of your shoes.
Don't trust to luck when you are able to work.
Don't growl at the children and talk caressingly to the dog.
Don't fall to keep every promise you make to your little ones.
Don't forget to mail the letter your wife gave you this morning.
Don't neglect your own business by prying into your neighbor's.
Don't exhaust your supply of good nature before you get home.
Don't grumble at fate until after you have exhausted every effort to succeed.
Don't accuse your wife of extravagance as long as your cigar bill is larger than the butcher's bill.
Don't try to make your wife believe it rests you to walk seventeen miles around a billiard table after a hard day's work.
Don't forget that advice is the cheapest thing in the world to give away and the hardest thing in the world to accept and act upon.

Brain Leaks.

Man is never too old to forget.
Envy is the mother of discontent. Idleness is the father.
The moral dyspepsia of some men is by them mistaken for sanctity.
The chief cause of matrimonial infelicity is that courtship ends at the altar.
There is considerable difference between having a big head and having the big head.
No artist has ever painted a picture so pretty as the prints of a baby's fingers on the window pane.
When a Christian has to stop and ask himself, "Is it right," he may take it for granted that it is not.
The man who is always going to do great things tomorrow usually spends today in worrying over trifles.
A man who is crooked in politics is only straight in his private business because he is afraid of the sheriff.
A great many people who can never get to church on time never fail to be in their seats when the theatre curtain goes up.

There are three days whereon man should not worry—tomorrow, because it has not yet arrived; today, because it is needed for business, and yesterday because it is gone forever.

It would be easier to believe the doctrine of transmigration of the soul were it not for the fact that we cannot understand how the souls of some men could muster up enough energy to find a new lodging.

There is no doubting the piety of a woman who will work two hours over a hot cookstove baking a fifty-cent cake to sell for a quarter at a church fair, but there is room for doubt about her business judgment.

—Will M. Maupin.

Farmer's Institutes.

The farmers' institute movement has developed enormously during the last fifteen years. Previous to that time institutes were held, but they attracted little attention, says Farmers' Review. They were mainly the result of private enterprise and their success

or failure depended entirely on local conditions or on local workers. This condition had existed for more than fifteen years. Any person judging the future by the past in the year 1885 would not have been justified in predicting the phenomenal development of the last fifteen years. When the states began officially to take hold of the matter the movement assumed force. Small sums were at first appropriated by the state legislatures for the holding of these institutes. The results were so uniformly beneficial and satisfactory that the amounts were from year to year increased. By 1891 the states were appropriating annually \$60,000 in the aggregate for this work. During the last ten years the appropriations have continued to increase with the number and scope of the institutes. The last year for which we have anything like complete reports was 1899. In that year the amount appropriated for institutes was a little more than \$140,000, more than double the sum appropriated in 1891, and the estimated expenditure of funds derived from other sources was \$30,000, making a grand total of \$170,000 spent for institutes that year. In that year over 2,000 institutes were held and were attended by over half a million farmers. The institutes were held in forty-three states and territories. During the last three years the progress has been if anything greater than at any previous time, though the exact figures are not yet collated. It is safe to say that now in this country over \$200,000 is being spent annually for farmers' institutes. —The Dairy Produce.

The Brothers.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—O, let us keep
The link that binds us, bright.
Heart leaps to heart—the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.
We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.
Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;—
Let manhood keep alive the flame
Lit up so long ago.
We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand,
Till side by side we lie.
—Charles Sprague.

Bright's Disease and Diabetes Cured

University Chemist Acting as Judge.

Irvine K. Mott, M. D., of Cincinnati, O., demonstrated before the editorial board of the Evening Post, one of the leading daily papers of Cincinnati, the power of his remedy to cure the worst forms of kidney diseases. Later a public test was instituted under the auspices of the Post, and five cases of Bright's Disease and Diabetes were selected by them and placed under Dr. Mott's care. In three months' time all were pronounced cured, the medical department of a prominent University having been chosen by the Post to make examination of the cases before and after treatment.

Any one desiring to read the details of this public test can obtain copies of the papers by writing to Dr. Mott for them.

This public demonstration gave Dr. Mott an international reputation that has brought him into correspondence with people all over the world, and several Europeans are numbered among those who have taken his treatment and been cured.

The doctor will correspond with those who are suffering with Bright's Disease, Diabetes or any kidney trouble, either in the first, intermediate or last stages, and will be pleased to give his expert opinion free to those who will send him a description of their symptoms. An essay which the Doctor has prepared about kidney troubles and describing his new method of treatment will also be mailed by him. Correspondence for this purpose should be addressed to IRVINE K. MOTT, M. D., 149 Mitchell Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

