



AS LEANS THE TWIG

By ANTHONY EUWER

MY Dad he says That Anth'ny Comstock never knew the care-free youth of me and you, but saw the world as just one big electric bat'ry thing-me-jig, on top of which where e'er you walked, you're bound to keep on gettin' shocked. The table legs he spied one day, and quickly turned the other way. It was enough—no things escaped: beds, tables, chairs were henceforth draped. No trees in winter would he dare to gaze upon with limbs all bare. One day he fibbed, asked why, "In sooth, I cannot stand the naked truth." But oh! the awful time they had was when poor little Tony lad was walkin' through the barn-yard, he saw two big roosters disagree—one bein' mauled in such a way, it left him very negligee. He hadn't thought a rooster might be such a fowl and shockin' sight. They found him fainted and the chief offender near him, bowed in grief.

The doctors came—they felt his face, and diagnosed it as a case of hyper-super-thrice-quadruple-volup-corrupto-ultra-scruple, which lest 'twas nipped 'the bud they'd fears, 'twould grow more hopeless with the years. But Dad he says that Tony done the proper thing—"And you my son, and ev'ry kid should help him hammer down the lid."

The Prince of Graustark

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on deck. Mutual attraction. Love at first sight. Both of 'em. Money no object. There you are. Leave it to me."

"Maud is not the kind of girl to take up with a stranger on board—"

"Don't glare at me like that! Love finds the way, it doesn't matter what kind of a girl she is. But listen to me, Lou: we've got to be mighty careful that Maud doesn't suspect that we're putting up a job on her. She'd balk at the gang-plank and that would be the end of it. She must not know that he is on board. Now, here's the idea," and he talked on in a strangely subdued voice for fifteen minutes, his enthusiasm mounting to such heights that she was fairly lifted to the seventh heaven he produced, and, for once in her life, she actually submitted to his bumptious argument without so much as a single protesting word.

THE down train at two-seventeen had on board a most distinguished group of passengers, according to the Pullman conductor whose skillful conniving resulted in the banishment of a few unimportant creatures who had paid for chairs in the observation coach, but who had to get out, whether or no, when Mr. Blithers loudly said it was a nuisance having everything on the shady side of the car taken "on a hot day like this."

He surreptitiously informed the conductor that there was a prince in his party, and that highly impressed official at once informed ten other passengers that they had no business in a private car and would have to move up to the car ahead—and rather quickly at that.

The Prince announced that Lieutenant Dank had secured comfortable cabins on a steamer sailing Saturday, but he did not feel at liberty to mention the name of the boat owing to his determination to avoid newspaper men, who no doubt would move heaven and earth for an interview, now that he had become a person of so much importance in the social world. Indeed, his identity was to be even more completely obscured than at any time since he landed on American soil. He thanked Mr. Blithers for his offer to commandeer the "royal suite" on the *Jupiter*, but declined, volunteering the somewhat curt remark that it was his earnest desire to keep as far away from royalty as possible on the voyage over. (A remark that Mr. Blithers couldn't quite fathom, then or afterward.)

Mrs. Blithers' retort to her husband's shocked comment on the unprinciply appearance of the young man and the woefully ordinary suit of clothes worn by the Count, was sufficiently caustic, and he was silenced—and convinced. Neither of



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Every day, in some way, let your folks enjoy one of these two delightful foods.

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Sole Makers

(549)