

HUMOR IS AN ELEMENT OF LIFE. By Justin McCarthy.



Mortal life is so full of perplexities, disappointments and reverses that it must be hard work indeed for a man who is endowed with no sense of humor to keep his spirits up through seasons of difficulty and depression, the disheartening effects of commonplace and prosale discouragements. A man who easily is disheartened does not appear to be destined by nature for the overcoming of difficulties, and nothing is a happier incentive to the maintenance of good animal spirits than the quick sense of humor which finds something to make a jest of even conditions which bring but a sinking of the heart to the less fortunately endowed mortal.

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Turn to the extraordinary career of Abraham Lincoln. Here we have a man who could apply his gift of humor to the most practical purpose of political life. He could put new heart into discouraged followers by some suddenly appropriate jest; he could throw light on some obscure problem in statesmanship by a humorous anecdote; he could reduce some opposing proposition to mere absurdity by a ludicrous comparison; he could dispose of some pretentious objection by a jocular phrase. We know how his marvelous gift of humor sustained and comforted those around him in the darkest season of what seemed to be almost hopeless gloom. The whole career of the man would have been different if he had not been endowed with this marvelous possession, and, indeed, it hardly seems possible to form any conception of Abraham Lincoln without his characteristic and priceless endowment of humor.

I am confident that the more closely and deeply the question is studied from the history of any time, and from all that we know of the lives of great men, the more clear it will become that humor may be considered one of the elements of success, along with perseverance, intelligence, clearness of purpose, readiness of resource and enduring hope.

IF LOVE BE GOING. LET HIM GO.



By Helen Oldfield. When a woman has to recall her lover to her side, let her do so by her charm and by her smiles rather than by reproaches, tears and sulks. When a man sees or fancies that another man is preferred, his self-love is hurt,

to picking a quarrel with his lady love. A jealous girl once said to the sister of her fiance at the end of a visit to his home: "You will keep him for me, won't you?" The sister answered: "If a man needs to be kept by some one else he is not worth having." Better let either man or woman go, however dear they may be, than be bound by the galling cords of a jealous love.

and nursed, which cannot stand alone, is not worth the trouble it occasions. Still less is it wise to cling to the cold corpse of a dead love. Better, far better, to bury it out of sight and forget it, if one can. And if one actually cannot forget, one can at least pretend to do so. The art of making believe is a useful one in human life, and there is much wisdom in the caustic saying that hypocrisy upon occasion is one of the greatest virtues which a woman can possess. A man generally may show his feelings without reproach, but no such license is al-

only others, but one's self; may wear a mask so well that one's features take on its shape and semblance. If this end be not accomplished, it is much to be able to hide one's hurt, to cover it from the prying eyes of one's neighbors, from the touch of one's friends whose wellmeaning pity often is beyond endurance.

The best way to forget a grief is to turn away from it, to resist the yearning to weep over it, to cherish it, and to busy one's self bravely with the work which always is within reach of one's hand, either for one's self, or, still better, for others.

WHAT DOCTORS WILL DO IN UTOPIA.

By H. G. Wells. In that extravagant world of which I dream, in which working people will live in delightful cottages and everyone will have a chance of being happy-in that impossible world all doctors will be members of one great organization for the public health, with all or most of their income guaranteed to them; I doubt If there will be any private doctors at all.

Behind the first line of my medical army will be a second line of able men constantly digesting new research for its practical needs, correcting, explaining, announcing, and in addition a force of public specialists to whom every difficulty in diagnosis will be at once referred. And there will be a properly organized system of reliefs that will allow the general practitioner and his right hand, the nurse, to come back to the refreshment of study before his knowledge and mind have got rusty.

Then in my Utopia, for every medical man who was mainly occupied in practice I would have another who was occupied in or about research. It seems incapable of imagining how enormous are the untried possibilities of research. Of course, if you will only pay a handful of men salaries at which the cook of any large hotel would turn up his nose, you cannot expect to have the master minds of the world at your service; and, save for a few independent or devoted men, therefore, it is not reasonable to suppose that such a poor little dribble of medical research as is now going on is in the hands of persons of much more than average mental equipment. How can it be?

PROOF VS. TRUTH IN LAW COURTS.

By Laurence Housman. and he feels that he is injured. If the woman is his promised wife, he has a right to The most famous question ever put by a judge protest, but if not he has no real cause for from the seat of judgment was "What is truth?" That it should have gone unanswered, if honestcomplaint, and will be wise to devote himself to the task of cutting the other man out rather than ly propounded, had been astonishing; but the silence is well explained if we read into the question a nearer and more pertinent meaning: "What have I-a judge-to do with truth?" Is such a reading far fetched? As-CA3 suredly, from that day on, it is often at the seat of judgment that the greatest pains have been taken to let the question go unanswered. "What is proof?" has For, indeed, the love which continually must be fed stood for a substitute. It is not always the same thing, Within my recollection the most thorough setback to the skill of the cross examiner has come from the man of honor, of unblemished reputation, but no memory, from the man of business, of fine ability but no principles, and from the off-scouring of humanity with no prospects and no shame. I can think now of individual and illustrative cases, and in each case the witness' defeat carried him to triumph; lack of memory, lack of principles, lack of shame, gave to each witness a self-possession from which he could never be disturbed; each was lowed a woman. Neither can any deny that it sometimes able to tell the truth as he saw it, and the wrecking happens that one may pretend so well as to deceive not efforts of cross examination were of no avail.

over her face.

completed the milking.

CAN YOU FIND THE BALANCE?

It Is a Pretty Little Problem Over Which Experts Disagree. One of my customers is a man who has jucid intervals most of the time, but has occasional paroxysms of insan-Ity, says a writer in the Business Man's

Magazine. One afternoon about two weeks ago he came into my office after everybody else had gone home. I had just finished writing up my cash book and had ruled it off and brought down the balance on the debit side.

He said he wanted to pay something on account, but that it must be entered on that day and not on the next. To humor him (as I needed the money) I agreed to scratch out my figures and lines and to enter his payment that day.

He started by asking me what balance I had on hand, and, rather than have a row with an insane man, I read the figures to him. He wrote them on a scrap of paper and divided the amount by three.

He then said that he could divide any number by three that had certain peculiarities; and he said that if any number that was exactly divisible by three should be subtracted from the quotient he had obtained by dividing my cash balance by three the remainder would also be exactly divisible by three.

For instance, \$8.70 was exactly di visible by three. So, having divided my balance by three, he subtracted \$8.70 from the quotient; and he showed me that the remainder could be di vided by three.

He then remarked that he was go ing to pay me a whole lot more than that, and so he multiplied the remainder above mentioned by itself and gave me his check for an amount equal to that product. He then took out of his pocket a check that he had received for \$406.26 and indorsed that over to me.

I now noticed that my new balance. after entering these receipts, would be exactly ten times my original balance. I started in to make my entries, and had proceeded only so far as to get the old balance and the lines erased from my cash book, when something happened. I found out afterward that the lunatic had been taken with a violer, frenzy and had suddenly struck me a terrific blow on the side of my head.

When I recovered consciousness the man had disappeared. He had taken the checks he had given me, as well as every cent from the cash drawer.

Even worse than that, he had torn up my cash book and thrown it into the open grate, where nothing remained of it but a bunch of ashes and a few charred cinders. Absolutely the only fragment that remained of it was the credit side of that last day's work, which lay on the floor near the fireplace.

This contained only a few items. The figures brought forward had been burned off, and as I had scratched out the balance (in red) and the sum (in black), I had no record of what my balance was, and I could not and I cannot remember it.

But I recollect his peculiar way: He



NATIONAL PESTS.

R several years Massachusetts has been fighting the gipsy moth and the browntail moth, prolific insects, of which the caterpillars attack fruit, shade and woodland trees, and if not checked defoliate and ultimately kill them.

These moths have been spreading into neighboring States, and threaten to cover the country. The problem has thus become a national one. Congress and State Legislatures have been informed of the danger; State and national foresters and entomologists have been studying methods of extermination.

What may be the career of these moths is suggested by the story of the Colorado beetle, the common potato bug. Fifty years ago its habitat was the then unsettled Rocky Mountain regions, where it lived on the sand-bur, Civilization brought the potato, which proved richer food, and the beetle multiplied and spread. By 1875 it had reached the Atlantic. It is significant that when the beetle tried to make a home in Europe it was promptly stamped out. What State thirty years ago would have appropriated a few thousand dollars to stamp out this bug, which has done damage to the extent of many millious.

Perhaps there was not money to spare or sufficient knowledge to wage effective war against the potato bug. But now our States are rich, and knowledge of insecticides show us the means of fighting the browntall and the glpsy.

With due recognition of the good work that has been done in Massachusetts, it remains true that the spread of these moths has been due to lack of promptness and continuity in the efforts to check them. States which have not yet been infested may be benefited by the hard experience of New England, and be ready for the pests when they first appear. Foreknowledge, to be derived from printed matter from Massachusetts and the national government, may save many a tree standing hundreds of miles from where the moths are now found .-- Youth's Companion.

THE CRAZE FOR EUROPE.

HE unprecedented prosperity of the United States is manifesting itself in the desire to visit Europe. No inclination along the luxurious lines has been or is quite so palpable. It is borne out in the growth of the traffic between our shores and Europe, which has an unexampled and unlooked for develop-

ment just as marvelous as our advancement in other directions.

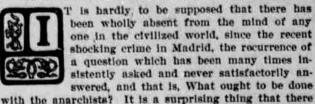
The American who visits Europe is apt to go again if his means warrant. He may be disappointed in some of his anticipations, but on the whole he is well satisfied. Some, however, aver that they could not be hired to make the trip again. "America is good enough for me!" is an expression often reiterated by this class. Few of them, however, abide by this decision. The majority, after being home a few months, begin to think the crossing of the Atlantic and the strolling around Europe not so bad after all. And soon they are engaged in selecting a steamer and getting ready for another sail across the ocean. Not two but many voyages will be placed to their credit before traveling is given up. Holding the patronage of those who are persuaded to go, the steamship companies have likewise the benefit of those whose increasing incomes permit this indulgence in first-class style and whom the United States furnishes by the tens of

COLONIAL CARELESSNESS.

size they cannot catch up with the clamor for summer transportation. One company has ordered six new steamers for next year, of immense tonnage, to see if there is such a thing possible as providing for all the Yankees seeking Europe during the pleasant months of the year. It is calculated that Americans will spend \$400,000,000

in Europe this year and this outlay can give some idea of the numbers and the wealth of our countrymen whose expenditures go a considerable way in the enrichment of hotels, restaurants, stores and places of amusements. Some will lament that this money is being circulated away from home, but in return the various countries give us sturdy tollers to aid in developing our country, thereby increasing its wealth and in turn sending their employers over the ocean to swell the multitudes thronging the inns. bazars and playhouses. It is a reciprocal arrangement and is not the impoverishing practice that some of our people imagine .- Utica Globe.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH ANARCHISTS?



has been no attempt by international agreement to crush an organization which is not only the foe of all governments, but hostile to organized society. The total number of anarchists is very small, they are known to the police and the authorities of the countries where they live. Why are they permitted to go on unmolested and mur-der one ruler after another? Within the week a Russian anarchist has delivered an address in Washington in German, in which he openly urged the killing of sovereigns by bombs; and this is the avowed doctrine of the organization. They not only proclaim the doctrine, but lose no opportunity to carry it into effect, and society sits with folded hands and lets them go on with their devilish work. A little handful of malcontents, they have , declared war on society, and are at open war with it. Why should not society declare war on them? . . . At least, every declared anarchist should be seized, con-T demned and deported to some settlement from which escape would be impossible, and where they could enjoy each other's society and be free to carry out their theories on each other. It is hard to understand the apathy that prevails among us on the subject. Are we waiting for another horror to rouse us to a sense of the duty of self-protection? Anglo-Saxons have not been wont to deal with dangers that threaten them in such fashion. Personal liberty is not to be interfered with, but no man is free to go about spreading contagion. Free speech is to be protected, but within the limits of law, and not when it inevitably leads to assassination and the overthrow of the established social order .-- Washington Post,

POLITICAL "CORRUPTION" IN ENGLAND. HE strictness with which England guards the purity of elections is strikingly illustrated in a case just reported, in which a member of Parliament has been unseated because of "corrupt practices." He is a member of (1)(1)(1) the Liberal party, which has an overwhelming majority in Parliament, and is the eldest



EATIN' ROASTIN' EARS.

Roastin' ears-you've et 'em, friend, Lots o' times, I know-Ef you ain't you've lost about Half yer life, by Joe! Roastin' ears, fresh frum the field-Golly ! ain't they great? * kin eat, oh, nine or ten, When I hit my gait.

Cut out style an' ettiket; Don't want none in mine When I'm eatin' ronstin' ears, Steamin', sweet an' fine ; Elbows on the table? Sure: Dig in with my mouth; That's the time, friend, roastin' ears Has me goin' south.

Kings can have their royal feasts, With their high-toned grub, Their fine eatin' wouldn't suit This here country dub In the summer, 'less they had, Piled up 'fore my plate, Roastin' ears fresh frum the field, Golly, ain't they great? -Denver Post.

THE MASTER OF M'LINDY.

ELL I allow a man's the mas-

"He ain't no such thing, Seth Mortan, and I'd never marry a man that thinks so."

"Trouble with you, M'lindy, you've been reading too many of those new woman books instead of keeping track of the eggs and milk. When you're married to me you'll look at things in a different way."

The red deepened in M'lindy's cheeks, the soft brown eyes changed to a fierce black-for this was the last straw. From a few loving words they had drifted upon dangerous ground which led to the battlefield.

"A woman has as much to say as a man, and if you think you're going to be my master I won't marry you. There's your ring-if you want a slave, go and find her."

With a dazed but indignant look after the flying M'lindy, Seth picked up the ring and strode angrily from the yard. M'LINDY WALKED SLOWLY DOWN THE

Five days later, M'lindy, milk pail in hand, walked slowly down the lane.

as he supposed, he decided to send "Said I'd better look after my milking-and Seth knows I always do my some word to M'lindy.

LANE.

"Hello, Jack! I thought I saw yo work-Jack, O. Jack! That boy's off again, and he knows Brindle won't let going away a while ago, but I'm glad a woman milk her. Not but what I'd you're here, for I want you to tell your do anything that Seth wanted me to Aunt M'lindy something for me. do. Come, now, Brindle, be good. I've What's the matter with you, Jack? got trouble enough. There! you near- Why don't you look around-you ain't ly kleked me, not to speak of the dent turned against me, too, are you? in the new pail. Well, I'll soon show you that no brindle cow will ever be bought a purpose for you-what, won't old."-Philadelphia Ledger.

take it? You needn't think I'm trying master of me-anyway!" Determination sat upon the brow of to bribe you, 'cause I ain't. I'll just the fair M'lindy as she hurried to the put it in your coat pocket, and don't house and up to Jack's room. There run away before I get through. Well, upon the floor were the working I don't expect you to answer. clothes of the absent boy.

"I hope M'lindy's well, Jack, and "I'll do it! I just want to know how that she don't hate ma- 'cause I'd "t feels to be a master man, anyway." rather be dead. You just tell her 1 Quickly removing her clothing, she, don't allow to be anybody's master, man for his poverty,

as hastily as possible, donned the mas- least of all hers-it's too lonesome cullne apparel. Trousers, coat, bob- like, nailed shoes, and, last of all, the large "Tell her I'm out here waiting for straw hat, which she pulled well down her, hoping she'll forget all the fool-

ish things I said the other day. "Ha, ha, ha! I look enough like Jack "And, Jack, here's the ring she threw to be his twin. I'll whistle his favoraway-give it to her, and ask her to ite, 'Good-By, M' Honey.' " let me put it on her finger again-for Brindle, hearing the old song, and she's the only one I can ever care for. seeing Jack's familiar garb, bawled a Here, take it, quick."

welcome. The apparent change of sex The music of love's voice filled worked like a charm, and M'lindy soon Milindy's heart with joy, and, entirely forgetting her strange attire, she turned Meanwhile, Seth Morton was hurrywith a glad cry and took the ring from

ing up the lane. For three days he the hand of the astounded Seth. had hung around in hopes of seeing With the ring came confusion and his sweetheart, each day venturing dismay. M'lindy started to run, but a nearer to the house. Now, seeing Jack, onir of strong arms soon clasped her to a happy heart.

"There! M'lindy, you'vo got no call o be ashamed. I know old Brindle's fallings, and any woman who can naster her is able to be her own magter-and-M'lindy, I want you to know -I'm in the same boat with old Briadle."-Waverley Magazine.

All a Lion Would Care For. "Oh, that's a mere quibble," said Valter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser. luring a discussion of football rules. It reminds me of two boys of a friend of mine whom I visited last summer. 'Here,' said their mother to the older of them one day; 'here is a banana. Divide it with your little brother, and see that he gets the lion's share.' "The younger child, a few minutes

later set up a great bawling. "''Mamma,' he shricked, 'John hasn't given me any banana." "'What's this?' said the mother, hur-

rying in. "'It's all right,' explained the older boy. 'Lions don't eat bananas.' "--Wo man's Home Companion.

Embarrassing. A Philadelphia business man tells

his story on himself: "You know in this city there are two telephone companies," he said, and in my office I have a telephone of each company. Last week I hired a new office boy, and one of his duties was to answer the telephone. The other day, when one of the bells rang, he answered the call, and then came in and told me I was wanted on the phone by my wife.

"Which one?" I inquired, quickly, thinking of the two telephones, of course.

" 'Please, sir,' stammered the boy, 'I ion't know how many you have."

Overripe. "The life of an oyster," said the seientific person, "may be fifteen years, but never more than that." "Indeed?" replied Jigsby, "Then one of the oysters I got in a stew yester-"See here, Jack, here's a knife I day must have been about 16 years

> A Public Benefactor. "Why did you name your big touring ar The Malthus?" "Because it helps to keep down the

surplus population."-Baltimore Ameri. afraid of the queen, who wouldn't flirt Can. Honesty is the excuse of many a A man should have sense, and a

woman 1

divided my old balance by three, and from the quotient so obtained he subthousands each year. During the busy months this demand has grown to such proportions that intending pastracted \$8.70. The remainder he multiplied by itself and he then gave me sengers in large numbers have had to abandon the trip rather than to make it in undesirable quarters. Though a check equal to the product, besides a check for \$406.26, and I noticed that, after I should make these entries, my new cash balance would be

just ten times my old balance. I have had two expert accountants figure at this thing, but their calculations of my original balance do not agree. There is nearly \$20 difference between them.

How Deep Is the Air?

posterity the fact that dangers to life One hundred and thirty-one miles is and limb existed before the day of the the height of the atmosphere, as measdynamite cracker and the automobile. ured by Prof. T. J. J. See, who de-Children, rambling outdoors, and grown termines the thickness of the air en. persons besides, says the author of velope by noting the difference between "Americans of 1776." would pick and the time of sunset and the complete disappearance of blue from the sky, The moment at which the blue quite easily with approximate certain- growing things.

the injured or injurer did much mortal clear, and by trigonometry may be asmischief. A man dropped from his ladder or scaffolding while repairing a house, or was scalded to death by an overturned kettle of potash or maple sap. We read of a father and three sons who were killed by suffocation. one after another, while descending into a pit without first testing for carbonic acid.

People were careless, moreover, in the use of powder and firearms when the Revolutionary era began. At Hartford the legislature voted joyfully to

> The school children, playing with the black grains, set them on fire, and during his encampment there, was sold the train led to a powder barrel, which exploded with tremendous concussion. days ago at the door of the Iron Coun-The schoolhouse was blown up, and ty courthouse. many children were killed.

A fire in Andover in 1770 burned to the ground an old house next the meetinmates perished in the flames. But "providentially," as one newspaper remarked, the church escaped unharmed. Two old maiden sisters, it seems, were in the habit of smoking their probably, the disaster. "Therefore," adds the chronicler, "it may not be

Comfort.

"Oh, John !" began Mrs. Cheerle, "I'm almost afraid to tell you." "To tell me what?" replied Cheerie. tree has been visited by the sands of "Why, the moths have made several St. Louisians, many of whom have soholes in your last summer's suit." journed in Arcadia, half a mile to the "Well, that's good news in a way, It shows there's some wool in it and I tion, and by many tourists from faraway points.

never suspected that before."-Philadelphin Press.

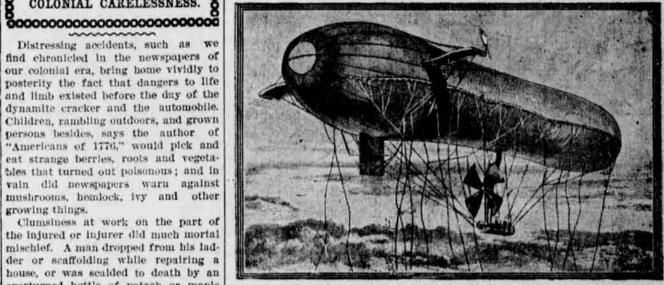
An Awful Mixture.

Assistant-"What is the nature of There never was a king, were he not the patient's malady?" Doctor-"She was the nursemaid of

two sets of twins; she went crazy trying to tell them apart."-Detroit Free more winters. Press.

son of a peer; yet these circumstances did not avail to save him from the penalty of the law. The most serious charge against him was that he had corrupted, or tried to corrupt, the voters by entertaining them at a garden party. Just suppose such "corruption" of voters were forall the lines in the traffic are building steamers of great | bidden in this country !-- New York Tribune.

THE GERMAN MOTOR-DRIVEN WAR-BALLOON.



The balloon, with which the German army authorities have been experimenting, has a long, torpedo-like envelope. It is kept rigid, not by any framework, but by two small balloons within the great enveloping sack. The inventor, Major von Perseval, claims that his balloon can be deflated and packed up very much quicker than any other existing aerostat.

GRANT OAK TO BE PRESERVED. of Ironton, was almost as large in war

time as at present. About four feet Tree Beneath Whie's Commission as from its base is a splendid spring, one Brigadier General Was Received. of those never-failing sources of pure One of Missouri's historic spots, a water supply for which the Ozark counprivate park at Ironton, eighty-eight try is noted. In 1861 this vicinity was practically an open field, though there glant oak tree under which Ulysses S. was a large log house not far away Grant stood when he received his comcontaining several rooms .- St. Louis mission as a brigadier general, and the Republic. spring from which he slaked his thirst 210.19

Precautionary Treatment.

by a Circuit Court auctioneer a few The Dutch peasant lives with canals all about him, and reaches his cottage by way of a drawbridge. Perhaps it is The tract of eight acres, known lo in the blood of the Dutch child, says a cally as Emerson Park, was knocked writer in M. A. P., not to fall into a canal. At all events, the Dutch mother never appears to anticipate such a pos-Smith was bidding in the interest of sibility.

One can imagine the average English or American mother trying to bring up a family in a house surrounded by canals. She would never have a moment's peace until the children were

in bed. But then the mere sight of a canal to the English child suggests the delights of a sudden and unexpected oak, when it stood, was to Hartford,

An Englishman inquired of a Dutch Conn. During the more than forty-four woman, "Does a Dutch child ever by years that have elapsed since Grant any chance fall into a canal?" made his headquarters at the spot the

"Yes," she replied, "cases have been known.

"Doa't you do anything for it?" continued the questioner.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "We haul them out again."

"But what I mean is," explained the Englishman, "don't you do anything to prevent their failing in? To save them from failing in again?" the center of the valley and is a regged "Yes," she answered, "we spank and towering glant, apparently capa-

thom."

When an optimist gets the worst of This tree, it is said by old residents it he makes the heat of it.

south, for the summer rest and secrea-

The Grant oak is one of the first ob

jects pointed out to the visitor in the

Areadia valley. It stands almost in

ble of withstanding the storms of many

down to Dr. W. J. Smith, of Ironton, ing-house, and its three lonely and aged for \$7,000. It is understood that Dr. an Ironton syndicate which has ac qu'red the place with the object of improving it and selling it to the United States government, if possible, for a pipes after they got into bed, whence, national park. Emerson Park is famous for its passession of the Grant oak. This troe is amiss to caution people against such to Missouri what the Washington elim is to Cambridge, Mass., or the Charter a practice."

the Stamp Act. The powder was kept miles south of St. Louis, containing the in a schoolhouse, and the militiamen. when filling their horns with it, left some spilled on the floor.

eat strange berries, roots and vegetables that turned out poisonous; and in vain did newspapers warn against changes into black can be observed mushrooms, hemlock, ivy and other ty by the naked eye when the air is Clumsiness at work on the part of

certained the distance below the horizon of the sun at the moment of change. By this means may be calculated the height of the smallest Illuminated particles of oxygen and nitrogen, which give to the sky its bluest tint by the reflection of the smallest wave lengths of the sun's light. The instant of change from blue to

black is possibly a little difficult of exact observation, but the method is not more doubtful than that based on the observation of shooting stars. The shooting star method gives a result not greatly differing from the vanishing blue method. ' The former gives the height of the atmosphere at 100 miles.

There appears to be no end to the variety of health exercises, and the latest is the most novel of them all. "Standing on one leg," asserts Stylites, "is the finest exercise in the world." He devotes a quarter of an hour by the clock to it every day, and on one misguided occasion he actually kept his balance for twenty-five minutes at stretch. "It exercises every muscle in the body," he declares, "and keeps me in tip-top condition. I should advise your readers to begin with a minute at a time. They will find it quite enough." -Tit-Bits.

He Found the Sepulcher.

"When you go to New Zealand

wish you would inquire after my great

grandfather, Jeremiah Thompson."

"Certainly," said the traveler, and

wherever he went he asked for news of

the ancestor, but without avail, accord-

ing to The Dundee Advertiser. One day

he was introduced to a fine old Maori

of advanced age. "Did you ever meet

with an Englishman named Jeremiah

Thompson?" he asked. A smile passed

over the Maori's face. "Meet him?" he

repeated. "Why, I ato him !"-- New

York Tribune.

with the cook.

the townsfolk two barrels of powder for volleys in honor of the repeal of Stand on One Leg.