BABY WITH DEEP BLUE EYES.

Baby with the deep blue eyes, Soul with outward nature linking, Looking up in mild surprise, How I wonder what you're thinking!

Life to you is but a dream : Your life-a brook's faint, primal flow-

ing: Things around that merely seem Will grow real with your growing.

Could I fathom your sweet mind-Catch the thought with feature playing: If I could one fancy bind

Ere it pass in sleepland straying.

I should know a mystery. Hidden close in God's strong keeping, Greater than the changing sea Or the blue above it sweeping. -Chicago Record.

mmmmmm

Hiram's Lucky Auction mann

mmmm

With a whoop the Caldwell children rushed out to greet their father, and Mrs. Caldwell hurried after them to head off any raids on the green bob sled.

"Get everything, father?" she called, as she peered out of the storm door.

"Got a plenty," he called back, with an attempt to heartiness that caused her to glance quickly at the sled. She had heard those half apologetic tones before and knew what they meant.

Back in the sled, covered by a blanket, was a square package. It was not the right shape for cracker boxes nor tall enough for a burrel.

She drove the children into the house and shrouding her head in an old wool fasciliator she followed out to the Larn, where Hiram was already unhitching the tired team.

She made straight for the sled and threw aside the blanket, disclosing a small soda fountain.

"What did you pay for this?" she demanded, indicating the square of stained marble with its tarnished spigots.

"Six dollars and thirty cents," he said, the red surging into his face. "The man said the metal is worth more'n that."

paint." "Then you didn't have anything left for the presents?" she asked, reproachfully. "Oh, Hiram! And after you promised."

"But, look here," he argued. "There's bound to be another store set up. Maybe they'll want a fountain and I can sell this at a big profit."

There was no use in arguing. Ever since they had been married she had tried to persuade Hiram to stop buying things at auction, but it was a passion with him, as it had been with his father before him.

He had never before made quite so ridiculous a purchase as a soda foun-



REVIVED INTEREST IN CANALS.



WAYFARERS ON OUR WATERWAYS.

Slowly but surely we are awakening to the fact that the day of our inland water ways, the old canals, is by no means all over. The fact is particularly interesting in view of the introduction of motor traction on our roads, for one would have thought that if rallways killed the canals their chances of revival were made even more remote by the motor. As a matter of fact, it is found by experience that the increased facilities of transport in point of quickness demands more auxuliary means, and thus it comes about that business men are asking, "Is the resuscitation of British canals practicable?"

Certain it is that our canals still present a very old-world look with their gorgeously-painted boats and queer crowds, for the merry mariners on our canals remain almost the only people who really wear the "pearly" type of costume formerly associated with the London coster. This picture Illustrates the more domestic scenes on board canal boats .-- London Sphere,

Mira, proudly. "I didn't have any Ernest held out for \$2 a head and very soon they had to establish a walting list. By the time the motoring season closed and there were only occasional calls for hot coffee and sandwiches, Mrs. Caldwell was glad of the rest. Long before most of the hard work had been delegated to hired girls and you'll be needing some assistance soon."

the kitchen, in which a new range cad been established, but these had been busy times for all, and even now there was enough to keep Gertrude busy, so there was a new teacher at Mink's Crossing.

real mascot."

ermons

Order .- Nature is always orderly, and this is one of the prime reasons why she is never superfluous; she has a good system, and, therefore, is always correct in her movements .- Rev. II. A. Tupper, Baptist, Brooklyn.

The Social System .- Christianity has always taught man to do nobly, patiently, herolcally his full duty to the state, to sulers, to society. We are part of a social system which has alrendy taken shape. We are in debt to it in many ways .- Rev. A. B. Kinsol-Ing, Episcopallan, Brooklyn,

Libraries.-There are said to be in the school libraries alone of the United States 12,000,000 more volumes than there are in all the libraries of Europe combined. Our people may be raw and have a certain tendency to whiskers, but they are well-informed .--Rev. Frank Crane, Methodist, Worcester, Mass.

Modern Science .-- There are a great many who fear to let their minds run out in the direction of modern science lest they come upon a stumbling block to faith. I feel sure that the largest truth of God will be amplified in the progress and learning of the day .---Bishop D. A. Goodsell, Methodist, South Norwalk, Conn.

Religion and Politics .-- You cannot tell how real a man's religion is by the way he sings hallelujah, but you can make a good guess at the truth if you know he will not vote until he is paid to do so. There is a big leakage there, and the United States suffers from it .- Rev. S. P. Cadman, Methodist, Nashville, Tenn.

Commercialism.-Commercialism is the prevailing vice of the American people. Our presidential campaigns of the past generation have been waged and won on a simple question of trade. The most successful thing for any party to do is to touch the pocket nerve of the American people.--Rev. M. C. Peters, Baptist, Philadelphia.

The Old and New .-- We cannot revive old forms of thought-the world moves on. We cannot revive old moods of feeling-life is ever new. But we may reconceive the old immutable truths which are the structural and formative force of character, and make life richer, purer and stronger,-Rev. P. S. Moxom, Congregationalist, Springfield, Mass.

Pain and Effort .- All the great souls of history have sweat blood in the performance of their work. The men who have projected mighty movements in history, the men who fought the devils of society and the men who lay the devils within themselves must gird themselves for struggles, social and personal. All progress is through pain and effort .- Rev. L. Hulley, Baptist, Baltimore, Md.

High Realities .- The search after truth is the most necessary of all the



THE PASSING OF THE LOTTERY.



AMBLING is a weed which will spring up overnight and flourish at the heels of the law's reaper, but that even the most deeprooted species can be destroyed, if time and perseverance are devoted to the task, is shown by the crushing of the so-called Hon-

duras lottery. The recent decision of the Federal court at Mobile, Ala., ends a struggle that has been waged for thirty years, and in which all the cunning and resources of unlimited wealth failed in the end to override the law.

The millions that have been filehed from the pockets of the poor to add to the wealth of the lottery men are beyond computation. For years the old Louisiana company flourished on the money squandered by those who could not afford to lose-for it is always those who have no money to risk that wager it most rashly. Then came a time when the lottery became a serious menace to the country's prosperity. Everyone bought tickets, or rather fractions of tickets, and the winners were rich and famous for a day. Of the thousands who threw away their savidgs in the vain pursuit of the goddess of chance nothing of course was heard.

At length the government was aroused and the lottery was driven from Louisiana to find a new name and nominal home in Central America. But its harvest field remained the United States. Other laws were passed, but the lottery sharks were clever and until January of this year eluded the nots spread for them. At last, however, they have been caught, their outlaw business destroyed and a drop or two taken from the ocean of their profits.

The fines of \$2\$4,000 imposed by the Southern court upon the wealthy and prominent men who pleaded guilty to the charge of operating the lottery are not the greater part of the punishment which should be their share, They are gamblers, and as such should be despised by their neighbors and fellow citizens.-Chicago Post.

THE DIMINISHING BIRTH BATE.

N the United States in 1900 the proportion of children under 5 to women of child-bearing age was only three-quarters of what it was in 1860." This significant statement was made the other day by Professor Edward A. Ross of the University of Wisconsin in a paper read before the American

Economic Association at Providence on "Western Civilization and the Birth Rate." When statistics are corroborated by common observation they have added force. The statistical statement quoted is corroborated by such observation. The average American of to-day is often heard to contrast the blg familles of his grandparents with his own family and the familles of his set.

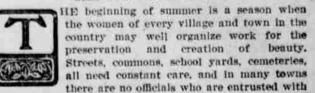
The remarkable fall which has taken place during the last half-century in the birth rate of this country has been obscured by the swelling of population through blossoms like the rose,-Youth's Companion.



immigration. Only recently has it attracted much attention. A somewhat similar fall, however, is also noticeable, in varying degrees, in many other lands. Even roomy Australia exhibits a like phenomenon. Germany and Russia are the chief exceptions to such a tendency among the leading countries of Europe. The main explanation, according to Professor Ross, of this "willful restriction of the size of the family" is the desire of parents to observe higher standards of life for themselves and for such children as they do have. In order to maintain these higher standards, under the pressure of modern life, the number to be provided for in the family is limited.

On the whole, Professor Ross regards this movement in the line of a diminishing birth rate as "salutary," in which respect he differs from President Roosevelt. The subject is obviously one of basic importance to our social and national future. It would be interesting to know what Professor Ross thinks of the fact that the diminution of the birth rate is most marked, not among wage earners, but among those best qualified by intelligence and surroundings to rear good children .- Chicago News.

THE TOWN BEAUTIFUL.



this duty. In fact, the men who work on the roads too often destroy beauty when they should protect it. Enlightened park commissioners now encourage the growth of bushes and small trees beside the highway at great expense; but in the country regions these very bushes are cut away, with a misdirected zeal for making things tidy.

Ten women banded together into an association for beautifying and cleaning the town can accomplish wonders. There is a certain village where such a committee has wrought something like a miracle. They have put the sidewalks in condition by picking off the stones, cutting side drains, and keeping the turf at the edge neatly clipped. Waste barrels have been set in different parts of the village; they are emptied twice a week, and relieve the streets of the hateful, wind-blown papers. The bill board nuisance has been abated. The women have painted in a pleasant green an old covered bridge, which had been disfigured with advertisements for twenty years. They have also set up a well-drained iron watering trough, in place of an unsanitary wooden one.

Finally, each of the ten women has cultivated an attractive flower garden in front of her own house, and taken down the fence separating it from the street. Thus at one stroke they have forced the citizens to keep cows. and hens off the streets, and built up a healthy emulation in lawns and gardens, until the whole village literally

INVENTED ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

Silvery Luster on a Pond That Set a Beadmaker Thinking.

The string of artificial pearls was very beautiful. But for the regularity of the beads any one would have thought it a rope of real pearls worth king's cansom, says the Times-Democrat. "I'll tell you," said the jeweler, as he wrapped up the deceptive necklet, "how It's quite likely that my mother-in- | mine-an unfailing source of mirth and the wonderfully perfect artificial pearl law will stay until the end of July," laughter. And it's seldom I pick up came to be invented. "A rich French beadmaker, Moise seasickness alluded to more or less dell-Jacquin-he lived in the seventeenth century-found a pond in his garden cately as the merriest kind of merry covered one morning with a lovely sil-"It's one of the stock wheezes," said very luster. Amazed, he called his garthe man with the aguilline nose. dener, who said it was nothing-some "So's the green-apple colic," said the albettes had got crushed, that was all. man in the crush hat. "That's a jocund "Albettes were little silver fishsort of experience to have, too. I don't bleaks-the Leuciscus alournus. The think a goat ever builted me, but I gardener explained that if you crushed don't think I should laugh if I saw them they always gave the water a anybody else butted. I should imagine pearly sheen like that. Jacquin put on his thinking cap. something like getting a fall on roller "For six years he worked with beads skates. I've suffered that. Do you and bleaks, wasting millions on both. think I'd laugh if I saw a man hav-But finally he achieved success. He ing his leg amputated or giggle if he learned how to extract the pearly luster from the bleaks' scales and to cover on the street with his family on a cold a glass bead with it, "What he did-and his method is "No," replied the man with the still used-was to scrape the scales aquiline nose. "But I wouldn't have from the fish, wash and rub them and cared if you had langhed. I'm only save the water. The water, decanted, sorry that she will have to leave us gave off a lustrous fluid of the thickso soon, but then my wife isn't her only ness of oil, a veritable pearl paint, a magic fluid that imparts a lovely pearly The man in the crush hat snickered. sheen to everything it is applied to. "Well, that is a pretty good joke," he "It takes 1,000 bleaks to yield an ounce of this pearl paint."

ginger ale and asked for a sandwich. This was a new demand, but there was part of a chicken left from Sunday, and presently Gertrude came in with a dainty sandwich that brought

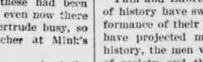
fresh praise from the visitor. "You'll have to make a new sign," he said, as he sat down the empty plate. "With home-made bread, fresh butter ind chicken that never heard of the

"It does first rate," he declared. "Had any result?" "This makes a dollar sixty," said Mira, "That's more money than I take in usually in a week." "Advertising is the secret of success," he pronounced. "Keep it up and

she had contented herself with running It was several days before that particular auto stopped in front of the weather-beaten gate. This time the driver was alone. He drank a glass of

> mortgage," laughed Gertrude, "That's paid off and there's plenty in the bank." "And to think your pa claims that the fountain was a mascot," sniffed

Mira. "That Ernest Paynter was the "He was wonderfully good," said Ger-



"We don't have to worry about the

like as you can?" TRADE GREW TO PROPORTIONS UNDREAMED

much for your suggestion."

christening present."

fresh and inviting.

smooth oval on its face.

his task.

work.

explained.

morning. He smiled appreciatively as

he saw half a dozen small tables scat-

had been mowed and the place looked

Under his direction a man he had

An auto party came up just then and

took possession of one of the tables.

brought with him began to hack at the

tered about under the trees. The grass

tain, but he never acquired anything worth while. He bought cheap for the love of buying, things so old or useless that no one else would bid.

OF.

Were it not for the little shop that Mrs. Caldwell kept in the front room for the benefit of the neighbors, the mortgage would have been foreclosed. years ago. As it was, she kept up the interest with the meagre profits of the little store and the egg and butter money.

This and some of the grocery money had gone into this ugly, useless fountain. In the fascinations for the sple all else was forgotten.

The next morning Hiram halled a passing acquaintance and together they installed the fountain behind the tiny counter that had once been part of Mc-Quiston's store before the sheriff had tree, seized the goods.

It was several weeks before Mrs. Caldwell was satisfied, but at last she had to admit that the gleaming marble, with its polished spigots, save "tone" to the place.

When the days grew warm the ice box was filled and lemon soda and homemade birch and ginger beer vere dispensed to the youngsters of the neighborhood.

Then came a day when one of the big red automobiles that went flashing down the road on the way to the falls, stopped in front of the yard, A leather clad man tramped up the gravel walk and returned to the car with three glasses of birch beer.

When he came back with the empty glasses he drained two more himself and threw down a quarter.

"You ought to have a bigger sign, he sold, as he set down his glass. "I your service. harely made out the place myself."

"I guess I will," said Mira, as she laid down fifteen cents.

"That's worth five cents a glass," he said, "You'll never make money at two cents a glass. You'd better raise your price and begin with me." He pushed the money back to her, and with a courteous doffing of his cap he was off.

Mira was slow of thought but quick of action. When the auto sped down dreamed of. A soda manufacturer cept the road on its way back to the city a huge sign decorated the fence. Mira had sacrifieed one of her scanty store of sheets, but already she had sold twenty glasses of soda at a net profit before they bought cows to supply their of eighty cents.

Her visitor of the morning drew up own increased needs. again. "My sisters enjoyed the soda so much that we want more," he said, with a smile. "I see you have the sign out."

trude, softly, as she moved the ladder beef trust, you've an article that can't over to the chandelier. be beaten. Look here," he added, "why "That's what he was," was the emdon't you start a real inn? There are

phatic response. "Gertrude, when you hundreds of autos in town. The road get married, I want you to marry a to the falls is the best hereabout and there's no chance to buy decent food. man like Ernest Paynter." "Yes, ma'am," Gertrude answered

Put in a stock of syrups and a tank dutifully. of soda. Add some Ice cream and cake -and keep everything just as home-"I made my mistake when I married Hiram," ran on Mira. "I want to see

Gertrude clapped her hands. "We'll you married right. Why, I rememdo it, mother," she cried. "Can't you ber-Her reminiscence was cut short by a see what he means? Thank you so

cry from Gertrude. Ernest entering the room had caught her on the ladder and "Look here," he said. "That old was holding her securely in his arms. stump by the gate is no use, is it?" "I didn't mean to eavesdrop," he "We're going to have it pulled when Hiram gets the time," said Mira, apolsaid, laughing as he faced Mrs. Caldogetically. "We've been meaning to do well, his arms still about the girl. "But since you and I are agreed as to the it ever since the lightning struck it." man she ought to marry, suppose we "Don't do it," her patron almost

hear what Gertrude has to sav?" shouted, "I've got a bully idea. Let Mira did not hear Gertrude's reply, me be the godfather of the place and but, as she surveyed her tear-stained I'll make a sign out of the tree for a face, she needed no verbal assurance, -Brooklyn Times. -He was back again early the next

COINS AND FACES ON THEM.

Features of Rulers Abroad, Here the Emblem of Liberty. Coins of most of the nations bear

gers in the sunset; the music of the upon them the faces of their rulers. In breeze; it is the golden sky after the the United States each coin has an emblem of Liberty. tempest.-Rev. H. M. Couden, Episcopalian, Washington. The first coins struck after the for-

mation of the federal union bore the Gertrude went off to wait on them, and by the time they had taken their deface of George Washington. Gen. Washington disapproved of the custom parture the wood carver had completed and it was dropped. It has never been revived.

The old stump, denuded of its bark, stood splintered and torn, but with a Portraits of prominent Americans appear upon postage stamps, internal "That doesn't seem to be anything." revenue stamps and paper money, but said Gertrude, as she regarded his never on coins. And it has been the custom to use no portraits of living men even on the currency and the

"It will be a work of art before I get through with it," he explained, "or my stamps. In England as soon as King Edward name isn't Ernest Paynter."

succeeded Queen Victoria the queen's "Is it? Are you really Mr. Paynter the artist?" she asked, finding that fact face gave way to that of Edward on all the coins and stamps in the British of greater interest than the sign. "Bless my heart," he exclaimed, "I empire. The accession of a new rules seemed to know you all so well that I in most monarchies means an instant change in the design of the coins, forgot you did not know my name. I But there is an exception to the rule am Ernest Paynter and very much at

of no portraits on American coins. The She extended her hand with a formal mblem of Liberty on the 1-cent colu little "Glad to meet you, Mr. Paynter," s the goddess in an American Indian headdress, but the face shows no charthat made them both laugh, and, still holding her hand, he drew her into the acteristics of the North American abo road where she could see the front of rigine.

the sign. On the panel, in raised lot-It is the face of a little girl, Sarah ters, were the words, "Good Luck Inn." Longacre Keen, upon whose head was placed the feathered ornament of a "That's the name of the place," he Sioux Indian. Her father was an engraver and he placed his daughter's The sign seemed all that was need-

head on the coin. ed, for trade grew to proportions un-Sarah Longacre Keen died in Philadelphia not long after having served a wagon out once a week with a load thirty-five years as the secretary of her of tanks for the fountain. Hiram city's branch of the Methodist Women's acoured the country for poultry and eggs, and instead of the long drive to Foreign Missionary Society. the creamery each night it was not long

Intense Compliment.

"How did that successful actress come to marry her press agent?"

Paynter was out almost every day, "He must have succeeded in convincand it was he who kept the prices at a point that sometimes worried honest ing her that he meant every word of Mira Caldwell's conscience. A dollar what he was writing for publication." "Made it with stove blacking," said for a meal seemed reasonable, but -Washington Star.

means to the ends of life. It is hard to conceive of one as having really lived in this world who has not pos sessed himself of its high realities.

Tucker, Baptist, Hanover, N. H.

Presbyterian, Charlotte, N. C.

Echo Verses.

Echo verses were sometimes used ef-

fectively for epigrams and squibs. Thus

I'd fain praise your poem. But, tell me,

When I cry out "exquisite" echo cries

And when in 1831 Paganini was

drawing crowds to the opera house at

extravagant prices the Times printed

What are they who pay three guineas

Roasting Coffee.

made, a bit of butter is added to the

In Norway, where supern coffee is

To hear a tune of Pagamini's?

Echo-Pack o' ninuies!

critic once wrote:

how is it

"quiz it?"

the following lines:

-London Graphic.

This is what the scriptures say to us in ceaseless iteration, and this is what repiled the man with the aquiline nose an alleged comic paper that I don't see men say to us who have anything to and retreating chin. Then he added:

20

"I see you have no sense of humor." say which we care to hear.--Rev. W. J. "What makes you think so?" asked jest." the man with the crush hat. The Golden Rule .- This civilization

"You never cracked a smile." makes me think sometimes that things

"I pride myself on it," said the man are tending toward the practice of the with the crush hat. "I never smile at Golden Rule. Yet how far away from any of 'em. 1 flatter myself that my it are we. If among Christ's people, nature is too sympathetic, and then I've with wealth in their hands, this rule had personal experiences that have dewas practiced; if these people would veloped the sympathetic side of me still devote their inheritance toward the admore. You get off a neat bit of repar- the shock would be extremely painful, vancement of the kingdom, as Christ tee or make any sort of humorous redid, how far we would advance along mark and you'll get the cockle-warmthe true line .- Rev. A. J. McKelway, ing, responsive laugh from me about as quick as you will from the next one, Hope .-- Every discovery has hope as but I don't see anything remarkably lost all his money and got thrown out its incentive. Behind every invention funny about that, and I'll bet you which adds to the sum of human hapdon't."

piness and every battle fought for Hb-"You're dead right there," agreed erty, there is that hope. It is the glory the man with the aqualine nose, of the individual, the nation, and the "Of course I'm right. I remember race; it is the exultant song of the once when I was a 1" I I was rambling poet, the musician, the sculptor; it is through the wood and I saw a gray the glory that paints the eastern skies ball of a thing like a Japanese lantern at dawn: the sweet farewell that linhanging to the limb of a tree. I'd never seen anything like it before, and

nobody had ever shown me one, so I naturally picked up a stick and gave it an investigating poke. The next

thing I was running at the top of my speed in a homeward direction, letting out a yell at every jump. Every now and then something like a red-hot wire jabbed into me, and by the time I got home I was about as badly stung a

kid as you ever saw in your life. Mothor false, it was couched delicately. It er didn't hold her sides and go into reminds me of the story of the footfits of laughter. She never did have man.

"A footman called his master up by bed and bathed my swellings with amtelephone and said: monia and soda and things."

"A hornet sting is pretty bad," sale your house is on fire and fast burning the man with the aquiline nose, feel- down." ingly.

" 'Oh,' cried the master, 'what a ter-"I should say it was bad. So is a rible misfortune! But my wife-is she mule's kick. I was harnessing a mule safe?

once to plow, and as I was fixing the "'Quite safe, sir. She got out among breeching he hauled off and kicked me the first.'

on the knee. It's a wonder he didn't "'And my daughters-are they all break the cap, but as it was I was right?

"'All right, sir. They're with their packed around it, and my leg is weak mother."

"There was a pause. Then; I got to hobbling around on crutches "'And what about my mother-lu-

though."

"Ever seasick?" "Never on the ocean."

the strength of home ties that I ever

Webster's Wit. Stuyvesant Fish was discussing in Most men of weight dislike the frail gilt and satin chairs which accidentally fall to their lot in a crowded drawing room. They were in use in Mr. Webster's time. At an evening reception given to some western lawyers soon after the accession of President Tyler and the dissolution of President Harrison's cabinet Mr. Stanberry, late Attorney General, was accompanied by his bashful friend, Mr. Leonard, who immediately retired to a corner and selected this gilded trifle as a resting place. In order to withdraw still farther from notice he tilted the frail structure backward. Down It went, smashed into a dozen pieces, and Leonard the embarrassed was Leonard the observed of all. Mr. Webster immediately rushed to the rescue of his unfortunate guest and raised him from the floor with the reassuring remark. "Why, my dear Mr. Leonard, you should have remembered that no cabinet work would hold together here."

It Had to Come.

Mrs. Cakebread was entertaining some ladies at a select little 5 o'clock tea, and Bobby, who had been excepback, and knowin' your regard for her tionally well behaved, was in high comfort, sir, I wasn't sure whether I feather.

"Ma," he said as cake twas being handed around, "may I have some tongue, please?"

"There isn't any tongue, Bobby." "That's funny," commented Bobby, I neard pa say there would be lots of it.'-Strand Magazine.

A man is apt to put his thinking cap on when his wife expresses a desire for a new bonnet.

Many a bad man has been cowed by. the milk of human kindness.

Baltimore American.

ashamed of be sure and see that all your neighbors are several blocks away. Cupid sometimes grafts a peach on an old shrub.

beaus while they are reasting in the covered shovel used there for that puruse. In France as well a piece of butfor the size of a walnut is put with tiree pounds of the coffee beans, and ilso a dessertspoonful of powdered sume. This brings out both flavor and

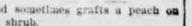
scent and, moreover, gives the slight caramel taste which will be remembered an a pleasing part of French cof-100.

Proves It. "The chief reforms urged on rall-

roads are merely changing existing ones about."

"In what way?" "Watering less stock on their capital and more on the catfle trains."-

Before doing anything you are



nearly three weeks in bed with lee at the knee joint to this day. But when everybody I knew talked as if it was law?" a screamingly fillarious experience. 1 "'That sir,' said the footman, suave-

couldn't get their point of view, ly, 'was what I wished to speak to you about, sir, particular. Your mother-in-"I don't wonder," said the other man. law is lyin' asleep in the third story

"Then don't you ever go. Stay ashore ought to disturb her or not, sir," and be happy. I went across the Atlastic once-twice, in fact, because I came back. It says a good deal for "Yes, his wife refused to vote at the election and he says all the other wom-

did. If there had been any way of tunneling under I'd have done it. Sick the whole of the time, and it's the worst sickness there is, I'm willing to bet. It wasn't very rough weather at that. I must have been the only pas senger affected to any extent. It was

any of the candidates."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Occasionally an old man likes to

better than a vaudeville show for the talk of events long sgo; "before I can rest of the passengers, that sickness of remember," he says.

Philadelphia the March panic. "That was delicately put," he said. referring to a remark that indirectly cast a blame for the panic on a certain source. "Whether your remark is true

winter night?"

daughter."

said .-- Chicago Daily News.

Subtlety of the Footman

She Was Cautious.

"Said she hadn't been introduced to

en in the club are awfully mad."

"What reason did she give?"

any sease of humor. She put me to

"'I regret to inform you, sir, that