

TRAP-DOGS OFF

"You don't come in as often as you used to," ventured the cigar dealer, fingering up the thin young man's pocket and relighting his own cigar.

"No, I don't," admitted his attenuated customer. "I don't patronize none of these cigar and tobacco dumps as much as I did. Fact is, I'm trying to quit."

The tobaccoist laughed.

"Trying to quit?" he repeated. "Say, that's a bit! Any old time you back away from your little innocent smokes I want to know about it. What's the matter with you—got heart disease or something?"

The thin young man looked pained.

"I don't see where you get any awful scream out of that," he protested. "Don't lots of fellows quit smoking every year? What's the matter with me getting into the band wagon with Lucy Page Gaston and cutting it out for a while? I found out that these cigars, I was smoking was beginning to hurt me—affected my nerves so I couldn't sleep good at night—so I says to myself, 'Chop! That's the way it is.'"

"Well, I suppose you know your own business," said the cigar dealer. "If you think cigars is bad for you, I don't blame you for cutting 'em out. But I never took any stock in that stuff about cigars affectin' anybody's heart. I think that's all bunk the doctors put when a fellow gets nervous. They've got to blame it on something and the cigars is the goat. How are you gettin' along with the quit-ting?"

"Oh, pretty fair," said the thin young man, rather doubtfully. "It come easier now than it did at first. You see, I got where I was puttin' away eight or ten of these blonde Wisconsin perfectos every day—had to have a few every evening after supper. Well, I began by cuttin' them down to one after each meal and an extra smoke just before bedtime. I found I could do that, all right."

"Sure!" said the tobaccoist. "All it takes is system and a little nerve." "I'm there with the nerve, all right," admitted the victim of the tobacco habit. "The only trouble I had was from my friends wantin' to stake me to cigars downtown when I'd meet 'em—you know how it is. I didn't want to be explainin' to everybody that I was quittin' and havin' to stand for a lot of kiddin' about it, so I fell for an extra smoke now and then."

"That pretty near brought you up to your average, didn't it?" asked the cigar man.

"No, I don't figure that it did," said the thin customer, "but I began to feel a lot better just as soon as I quit—I mean cut down on my cigars. I cut out my smoke after breakfast for a week or so, but I found that wouldn't do—things didn't agree with me. Then I quit smokin' at the noon hour and that worked all right, but I got to hittin' up two after supper again. I tell you, it's no cinch tryin' to overcome a habit like that—but I did it!"

"That's right," said the cigar man admiringly. "If they all like you, as fellows would go out of business in a hurry! How many are you smokin' a day now?"

"Of course, it's like anything else," went on the slender young man modestly. "When a fellow makes up his mind to it, if he has any sand at all, why, he can put it over. I just says to myself: 'This here smokin' thing is puttin' me to the bad and I got to go easy on it.' I'm nobody's fool, you know, takin' a chance on gettin' my heart all out of whack, or somethin' like that, for the sake of a few bum cigars; I should say not!"

The tobaccoist lighted a fresh one and offered the box to the self-sacrificing young man.

"Have one on me," he suggested.

"That is, if you haven't gone over your limit to-day. Don't let me tempt you, you know," he added. "How many a day have you got it down to now?"

The thin young man accepted the proffered cigar and coughed reflectively.

"Well," he said finally, "I just take one—two, m'nd you—after each meal and once in a while I slip up and have an extra one in the evening—like now. But not often, though," he added.

"You've got it beat, all right," commented the cigar man.—Chicago Daily News.

The Girls of Long Ago.

Where are the girls that we used to know?

The pink-frooked girls of the long ago? The little lass with the eyes of blue, and wind-tossed hair of a golden hue? Have the fates been kind to her, tell me, pray?

That maid I loved in the bygone day?

Where is the maiden that stammered so, The little lady called "pigeon-toe"? The plain little miss with the pigtail braid.

The shy little girl who was half-afraid To speak to the boy that she didn't know? Where are the sweethearts of long ago?

I can see them all in my dreams today, Jennie and Marion, Ruth and May, And I wonder often as I look back, Has the world been kind to time merry pack?

Come, tell me, dear, for I want to know, Where are the sweethearts of long ago? —Detroit Free Press.

It Didn't Work.

In the outer room of a Wall street office this sign was posted a few days ago: "Please do not whistle; we do all that ourselves." The messenger boys on service in the building evidently saw a funny side to the notice, for within an hour more than twenty of them asked: "When do you whistle?" "When does the concert begin?" "How much for a ticket?" and similar queries. The sign came down after two days, and the manager of the office has had it replaced by one bearing in aggressively bold letters simply the words, "Don't whistle."

Don't abuse your friends and expect them to consider it criticism.

FRESH EGGS.

Incomparable as a Means of Health as Well as of Sustenance.

Some people contend, says the Boston Cooking School Magazine, that an egg is an egg. So it is. But to ascertain its true value take a fresh-laid egg, weigh it first, then weigh a cold storage, or, as we say, a "store egg," and note the result. The difference in weight is an illustration of the difference in food value.

Let us take a fresh egg, and see how many different practical uses we can put it to, and first of all, in a medical way. To the white of an egg, shaken in half a glass of cold water until light and foamy, add the juice of half a lemon, fill the glass with water, sweeten to taste, and you have a delightfully refreshing drink known as and called "albumen water."

There is nothing better, although not generally known, than the white of an egg for burns. You simply separate the white and yolk, and put the white on the scald or burn. Should the burn be on the fingers, wrap each one separately, with the white of egg and old linen. The white of egg forms a coating on the burnt skin; it excludes the air, and thus stops the dreadful pain.

The white of one egg, beaten light, then mixed with the juice of half a lemon, without sugar, will relieve a cough and hoarseness.

White of egg is an excellent remedy in extreme cases of bowel trouble, especially dysentery. Beat it fairly light, with or without a little powdered sugar, always using a pinch of salt, and take it in one or two swallows. It tends to lessen inflammation by forming transient coating to the intestines, so that Mother Nature may proceed on her way to health again. This is food, as well as medicine, and even a child may be given many doses in a day.

When tired, a raw egg is most excellent, particularly when the appetite is poor. Have the egg cold; break the shell and drop gently into a small glass tumbler. When ready to take, prick the yolk with the point of a clean needle, and swallow it quickly. If you use wine, put a teaspoonful in the glass first, then the egg, and take in one mouthful. You may think this impossible at first, but it is easy enough after a few attempts. Always close the mouth as soon as the egg is in it. Throw the hard back, and it is all over. When putting up jellies, and the tumbler lids are old, cut round pieces of paper, larger than the glasses, of course, moisten these thoroughly with unbeaten white of egg, and fit over the top. The white string, and, when dry, sponge the paper with a little cold water, and you have an airtight cover, stiff as parchment. It will last for years.

In making a fruit pie, brush the lower crust with unbeaten white of egg to prevent the juice from making it soft, as is often the case.

To prepare an egg for an invalid, put it in boiling water. Set it on the back of the range for ten minutes, then open into a hot egg cup and serve immediately. Another way for those who prefer to drink their food, as is often the case during convalescence, is to beat an egg very light, put it in a pretty cup and fill the cup with beef tea, mutton broth or hot milk, seasoning to individual taste. One egg added to a bowl of stewed meat gravy or drawn butter sauce is a great improvement.

CUNNING FRENCH SWINDLER.

POSED AS A NAVAL OFFICER AND Commanded Vessel for Two Months.

The French "tribunal correctionnel" has just sentenced to twelve months imprisonment a young man 23 years old named Gabriel Boquet, who was charged with swindling.

A magistrate, M. Bonjean, gave the court an extraordinary outline of the prisoner's history, the London Westminster Gazette says. After being convicted of swindling at Cherbourg, he said, he was sent to the penal colony of Orgeville; and on leaving there he made his way in July, 1907, to Havre, where he passed as a naval lieutenant and the son of Admiral de Cuverville. By sheer "bluff" he succeeded, without apparent difficulty, in assuming command of torpedo boat 228 and in retaining it for two months. The crew were only too glad to follow under him, for he doubled their rations and remitted all punishments. He was found out—notwithstanding that he had the crest of Admiral de Cuverville embossed on his notepaper, embroidered on his clothes and even stamped inside the soles of his boots—and was sent to the lunatic asylum at Pont l'Abbe. There the magistrate, M. Bonjean, interested himself in him, procured his release from the asylum and sent him to an establishment under his own supervision in the Pas de Calais. M. Bonjean contemplated a career of usefulness for him in the navy, but Boquet had other views, and disappeared, to come into prominence again as the "secretary" of his benefactor, whose signature he forged so successfully that he obtained possession of four sums, amounting to £495—£40 of which he generously paid in agents to the bank, as he found that he had overdrawn the account—and, on a fifth occasion, on Feb. 8 last, of several thousand francs more.

With this money he installed himself in a magnificent suite of apartments in the Rue de Hambourg and began a career of extravagance, in which he provided himself with horses, carriages and a motor car, and even gave considerable sums in charity. At this time he was known as the Comte de Coligny; but the money disappeared so rapidly that at the end of a week he found himself in need of fresh supplies, and an attempt to cash a forged check for £2,400 brought about his downfall.

Evened Up.

The Dominie—I'm glad to hear you say you weren't angry with your father for punishing you for something you hadn't done.

Freddie—Oh, I got square with him all right. I did it afterward.—Puck.

A church woman's idea of being broad minded is to keep her mouth closed when she hears a member of some other denomination boast.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

CUBA'S DANGER FROM LOTTERIES.

THE country could not regard bankruptcy in Cuba more favorably than insurrection. Precisely what its lawful authority in the case is under the Platt amendment to the Cuban constitution remains to be considered, as it doubtless will be, with much care. That amendment binds the Cuban government not to "assume or contract any public debt to pay the interest upon which and to make reasonable sinking fund provision for the ultimate discharge of the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of the government, shall be inadequate." Surely in that there is implied our right to restrain Cuba from rushing into bankruptcy or from incurring embarrassing indebtedness. Whether the proceeds from a lottery are properly to be reckoned among "the ordinary revenues of the island" is also an interesting question. Certainly they are a form of revenue which the United States cannot afford to encourage. Indeed, it will be the duty of this country to seek to limit such revenue to the lowest possible figure; for the promoters of the Cuban lottery probably look for their chief patronage in the United States, and it is certain that our government will employ all legitimate means to prevent such patronage. On the whole, Cuban statesmen would do well to consider whether it would not be best to abandon the lottery scheme, to seek such legitimate and businesslike increase of revenue as may be practicable, and then to adapt their expenditures to their income.—New York Tribune.

WHAT WOMEN NEED MORE THAN VOTES.

THE address of Mrs. Ellen M. Henriotin at the Illinois Congress of Mothers contains common-sense, practical advice that should appeal to every sensible woman. The waste of money by spendthrift housewives, and this applies with even more force to the wageworker's wife than to the wife of the lawyer, doctor or merchant, is a large cause of marital misery. This waste is most prevalent in the department of provender, and there is crying need for general distribution of knowledge concerning foods and how to cook them. The tenement-house cooking class is a greater step toward social progress than almost any other sign of the times. The dangers which beset the country girl who seeks to earn her living in the metropolis Mrs. Henriotin rightly considers an imperative demand upon that section of womankind which by concerted effort can mitigate them.

A suffragette reader of the Journal takes us to task for lukewarmness on the proposition to enfranchise women. There is not one useful accomplishment which can honestly be claimed as the sole work of women in the four States in which they enjoy full privileges of

the ballot. The Journal is not opposed to suffrage for women. It believes that whenever the majority of women desire to vote, voting privileges will be accorded without delay. But as long as the demand for the ballot comes from such a very small percentage of the sex, the suffragette missionary work should be done among women, instead of interfering with public affairs. The lines of work suggested by Mrs. Henriotin far more opportunity for immediate results than the soiled and unsetting game of politics.—Chicago Journal.

A CALL FOR STATISTICS.

WE ask in all soberness, is a "revival wave" such as that which swept over Boston some months ago a good thing for the cause of religion? What are the ultimate results of a movement which, from its very nature, must appeal more to the feelings than to the reason? During the height of this tide of religious enthusiasm we are told that thousands have been converted, but, unless one took part, can he say that he ever met a revival convert? We are informed that revivals purge the communities in which they have been held—is Boston a purged city? Does that peculiar form of religious fervor have a lasting effect upon many of those who come under its influence, or is its effect but a transitory one upon the few? As Brooklyn is promised in the near future a revival upon a huge scale, these questions are timely, and if there be statistics bearing upon the ultimate results of revivals we should be grateful to anyone who can put them within our reach.—Brooklyn Life.

SEES MENACE IN LOCKS.

THE immeasurable danger which so many engineers see impending in the scheme of locks in the flight at Gatun on the Panama canal is only faintly illustrated in the disaster to one of the locks of the Soo canal. Such an accident at the top of the ladder of locks at Gatun could have no ending short of the obliteration of the Panama canal and the transformation of the isthmus. The thunderbolts of shipping, water, steel, masonry and other wreckage launched from the first lock down upon the next would sweep it away like paper. Here the awful power would be multiplied infinitely by the new forces released, and hurled along with the first great battering ram. There would be no earthly power to stop the gigantic instrument of destruction, swelling as it swept along, until it had leaped into the ocean's vast mass, after brushing the Isthmus of Panama off the map in a destruction by uncontrollable waters that has never been known since the flood of Noah's day.—New York Press.

THE KAISER A PLAIN DRESSER.

When William Doffs Gold Lace and Appears as Private Gentleman.

When the German Emperor quits his imperial palace at Potsdam, in Berlin, he clothes himself in democratic attire and goes about much the same as any gentleman in private life. Gold buttons, heavy, formidable uniforms and great eagle-topped helmets belong to the army maneuvers in Berlin and other centers of the German empire, but when the Emperor is released

from the earth on the lunar surface and scientifically prove its existence is another matter. It is interesting to find that a recent number of a French astronomical paper contains two photographs of parts of the moon illuminated by earth light. They were taken by M. Quenisset at the Juvuy observatory.

The korrigans, superstitious peasants believe, are the black dwarfs of Brittany who dwell in the sacred Druidic circles of the menhirs and count their cash in the moonshine. When mere mortals encounter them by night the korrigans force their visitors to dance with them around and around, singing monotonously the names of the days of the week from Monday to Sunday. This is the theme of the best known tradition dealing with them, the story of Lao and the korrigans.

Lord Kitchener will hand over his command in India to General Sir O'Moore Creagh early in August and at once proceed to Japan. He proposes to make a long stay in that country and will closely examine the military system and army organization in time of peace. From Japan he proposes to go to China, and he will traverse many of the battlefields of Manchuria, with the advantage of going over much of the ground with officers who took part in the Russo-Japanese war and who have been placed at his disposal by the Mikado and the Japanese government.

Women on the Bench.

Hymen Lazarus, for many years recorder of Bayonne, N. J., knew the people who came before him. When a woman appeared to accuse a husband who had beaten her he said: "If I send him to jail you'll come back here to-morrow in tears and ask me to let him out." "No," she said, "I will not. I'd like to have him punished." "How much shall I give him, then," asked Lazarus, "two months, one month, six months?" The woman, who had begun to relent, was speechless. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You come up here and take my chair, and whatever sentence you pronounce will go." The woman hesitated, but the recorder insisted. The husband was arraigned before her, and the recorder in a gruff voice ordered her to pronounce sentence. "Six months, three months, two months, a month, quick," he said, "let us have it." The woman burst into tears, she and her husband embraced, and went out of court rejoicing. "There," said Lazarus, "if you come back I'll give you six months each."

Witely Pride.

There is no telling what quaint turns witely pride and devotion may take. Sir Melville Beachcroft, says a writer in M. A. P., while waiting in a tenement house for the occupant of the first floor to admit him, chanced to overhear two women conversing on the stairs.

One remarked that her husband always wore a clean shirt every Sunday morning.

"Well, now," responded the other, "I never care about Sundays, but I always do see that 's' as a clean shirt Saturday afternoon, 'cos that's the time 's' is generally drinking, and when 's' does take 's' coat off to fight I do like to know 's' looks nice and clean."

Don't argue. That's a bigger fool trick than drinking too much ice water.

QUEER STORIES

There are now in England and France several establishments where butterflies are bred.

There are at present in the medical schools of France 7,329 French and 819 foreign students.

In some Norwegian schools cooking is taught, and not only to girls, but to

UNCLE SAM'S BUSINESS.

Its Management Would Mean Bankruptcy to Private Concerns.

The government of the United States has been conducted for more than a hundred years on financial principles which would have bankrupted a private corporation in a few months, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. There has been no public official directly responsible for adjusting expenditures to receipts or having any control over the estimates of different departments.

There is probably no other civilized government on earth—certainly no government which is truly representative—where there has been such a complete lack of supervision over the budget as in the United States. In Great Britain the function is imposed upon the chancellor of the exchequer of cutting his pattern to his cloth by comparing necessary expenditures with estimated receipts and finding means to meet a deficit if one appears. In the countries of continental Europe, even under such an absolute government as that of Russia, the duty has devolved upon the minister of finance of supervising and regulating expenditures. It is high testimony to the character of the man who has had control of federal affairs in this country that this lack of co-ordination and responsibility has not led to monstrous abuses.

Putting the government financial operations on the basis of corporation finance, it might be said that our treasury was conducted upon the principle that when income did not equal outgo there should be an assessment upon the shareholders. Practically, of course, nearly all the business of the government is conducted upon this principle. In this country only the postoffice, with some fragments of public-land sales and other minor matters, is conducted with the expectation of income. Even the postoffice runs up a deficit of nearly \$13,000,000 a year without causing comment.

Whatever our views may be as to any of these projects, it will be admitted that we should put our financial house in order. The importance of this, it would seem, should be recognized by the most enthusiastic advocate of state socialism as keenly as by his more conservative brother. There is a certain force in the suggestions of Mr. Haefeman on this point—that the government needs regulation in these matters as well as the corporation. A system which in a big railway left every head of a department to get what allowances he could, without reference to what his associates were doing or to the net earnings of the road, would soon terminate in a receivership. Yet this is practically the method upon which the government of the United States has been operated up to within a few months.

These unusual conditions, accompanied as they have been, by a steady growth in expenditures, were first brought prominently before the public by George B. Cortelyou when he was secretary of the treasury.

ANGLO-SAXON HUNTERS.

How the Tourist Abroad Often Makes Himself Objectionable.

All of us who travel, whether we mean to or not, will furnish forth impressions of Americans for foreigners, and the opinions of Frenchmen and Germans and Italians and Britons concerning us as a nation will be markedly modified because of our going hither and thither in Europe, says Charles Battell Loomis in Smith's.

"Some of us, with perfectly good intentions, will go abroad with that old-fashioned spirit of spread-eagleism—that dies so hard—in our brains. We shall feel more and more patriotic the farther away from home we find ourselves, and with a laudable desire to let enlightened foreigners—some of us all foreigners are enlightened—see what a glorious country we hail from; we shall wave American flags in their faces, and let them know at all times and in all places how very superior an American is to every other specimen of humanity.

"We shall not be the only country to send forth patriotic zealots. There will be Germans bent on proving that if it were not for Germany there would be no such thing as civilization upon the earth, and there will be Englishmen making themselves just as obnoxious to the natives as we can possibly make ourselves. The French do not feel necessary to blazon forth a patent fact. French courtesy, also, prevents a Frenchman from telling you that you are inferior to him, however much he may think so; but the Anglo-Saxon race glories in its bluntness and its love of truth, and that is why Germany and England and America furnish some of the most objectionable travelers known to Cook."

THE HUMAN HAND.

Its Relation to the True Education of the Young.

No animal or bird can endure the extremes of climate like man or is at home in so many different parts of the world. A dog, it is true, will follow man anywhere, but only when food and shelter are provided. Nor can any other creature subsist on such a variety of food as man can digest. He flourishes on roots, herbs, grubs, insects, fruits or fish, on which flesh-eating animals would starve, or he is equally pleased with animal and bird flesh on which herbivorous animals would starve. He can pick nuts with the monkey, catch fish with the otter, dig roots with the wild pig, eat ants' eggs with the ant eater and grasshoppers with the snake.

And all this is due to man's hand. Because his hand could grasp a stone or a club man rose on his hind legs and walked and talked. His hand is the most wonderful of all tools. It twists like a monkey wrench, hangs on like a grappling hook, cracks like a nutcracker, picks like tweezers, tears like forceps, grubs like a gopher.

This brings us to the first great lessons of health and common sense. Man owes all to his hand. Train the child's hand, then answer the questions that the brain, which the hand

builds, will ask, and you have true education—education at its best. Give children every kind of hand work that their play instincts call for—and their play instincts are the deepest and most useful in their nature—and then brain development will follow as naturally as the night follows day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

JAPE CHANGED CONDITIONS.

Commons Were Tamed and Squeezed Unconsciously by Nobility.

The people of Corea are among the poorest and most interesting of the Asiatic races, and have great possibilities, writes Frank G. Carpenter. As to their number, a census was taken some time ago and the count made 10,000,000. They have been an oppressed and ground down by taxation, however, that they will not give out the full number of souls in each house, and the probability is that there are many more than were counted. A fair estimate, I am told, would be 14,000,000.

Most of these people live in villages. The farmhouses are squalid bits of mud and stone with roofs of straw thatch tied on with strings, and are collected together in little villages. There are no trees or gardens about them. Every house is surrounded by a mud wall high enough to keep the men on the streets from looking in at the girls. The streets are winding alleys, where the garbage of the houses is thrown out to rot in the sun. Sometimes ditches run along the sides of the streets serving as sewers, and the houses have no sanitary arrangements whatever. The conditions are so bad that typhoid, cholera and dysentery are of frequent appearance, and smallpox is almost universal. Nearly every other face one sees is more or less pock-marked, and parents do not count their children as permanent possibilities until after they have had that disease.

There are no very large cities. Seoul has now perhaps a quarter of a million, although the census gave it only about 200,000. Pnyang has 80,000; Taiku 50,000, and after that come Chemulpo, Fusan, Gensan and Songdo. The people are divided into classes, and, formerly, the Emperor and the nobility owned most of the lands and held all the offices. They have been the cause of the country and have squeezed the others unmercifully. The nobility until now have gone about dressed in silks and fine grass cloths. They have had coolies with them to hold up their arms as they walked, and if they rode, a servant would go along on each side of the horse to see that they did not fall from the saddle.

These days did absolutely no work, and considered it a disgrace to carry a bundle. The boys who went to the modern school, established by the Emperor, took servants along with them to carry their pencils and paper, and some tramped to the school building through the rain, because they would not endure the disgrace of carrying an umbrella. This sentiment prevails somewhat to-day, although it is fast disappearing. By the coming in of the Japanese the most of the nobility have lost their fat incomes and the farmers and common people are now to have a better show.

He Gets the Criminal.

According to the Chinese method of criminal prosecution, a man is responsible for the crime he may have committed personally, but if he chooses to escape justice by running away from the place where the deed was committed, then the remaining members of his immediate family are held and punished in lieu of the real culprit. This may seem a strange way of attracting the real criminal back to the scene of his crime, but it appeals to the religious side of the man's superstitious nature. According to their religion, the man who forsakes his parents when in peril will find his soul sailing around through hells without chart or compass for all eternity. In view of this, prompt compliance with the law is very prompt, for John Chinaman does not care to take the desperate chance.

He Got None.

"What's a pun, father?" "A pun, my son, is a play upon words. There are three kinds of puns—good ones, which you laugh at; indifferent ones, which you take no notice of, and bad ones, which make you throw something at the punster."

"Can you make a pun, father?" "Of course, my son! Now, you're thinking about your supper, aren't you?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, that's supper-most in your mind at the present time. That, you see, is a play on—Here, you young rascal, what did you throw that book at me for?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Would Have to Take Hoops and All.

She went into a Fifth Avenue hair-dresser's shop to have her head shampooed. She wore her hair in a Psyche knot. The shampooer seemed to be a trifle rough, and finally, her tugs at the Psyche knot became so forceful that the woman in the chair cried out in pain. "What are you trying to do, pull my head off?" she exclaimed. "I am trying to get your Psyche knot off," replied the shampooer, "but it won't come. How did you ever get it pinned on so firmly?" The customer almost shrieked: "Come off, why, it's my own hair."—New York Tribune.

One Thing Certain.

Canvasser (to lady of the house)—Can you tell me, my dear madam, whether your husband is Liberal or Conservative?

"Oh, well," said the lady, "when he's with Liberals he's Liberal, and when he's with Conservatives he's a Conservative."

"Yes, but between ourselves, what is he at home?"

"Oh, at home! He's a perfect nuisance."—London Answers.

Persons Grate.

The Old Bulldog—They're going to chain us up on Sunday nights now.

The Young Bulldog—How's that, governor?

The Old Bulldog—The new feller that's started calling on Miss Mamie has got money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.