FUN WITH THE TYPES

Dreadful execution is done sometimes by the man behind the types. Once a newspaper man wrote an "ad" for a theater, and in it said:

From half-past eight till half-past ten
You laugh and laugh and laugh again.

The style on that paper called for expressing the hours by figures; so when the "ad" appeared it read like this:

From 8.30 to 10.30.
You laugh and laugh and laugh again.

Sometimes the proofreader fails to correct, and sometimes he doth correct too much. The sporting editor of a San Francisco newspaper had among his notes an item which said "The young salmon are beginning to run." The next morning the statement was printed on his page that "The young salmon are beginning to swim."' When the editor asked how it had happened the proofreader said cheerily:

"That's all right, Billy. You had that mixed up with your turf stuff, but I straightened it out for you."

"But why didn't you let it go as I wrote it?" persisted the editor.

"I couldn't," was the reply. "Who ever heard of a fish running?"

Once a year, when "30" is in on the Denver morning papers, and the telegraph editor, while waiting to be called out to the makeup, feels as if he wouldn't demean himself if he talked with the reporters who are holding down the mid and dog watches, the old story of Mark Twain is told. One of Mark's early assignments in Denver was to write up the opening of a new saloon, which was a noteworthy bit of news in those days in Western towns. The funniest way that Mark could think to write that story was to start it off soberly, and let the words bear silent witness to the fine quality of the drinks dispensed that night. So the article started at a walk, and soon appeared to be running away with the writer. Out of the mist of ideas shone forth strong, if not clear, one great controlling purpose, and that was to eulogize the saloonkeeper. And in this maudlin, incoherent eulogy the story ended at such a late hour that Mark sent it out to the composing room himself. He thought it was the greatest thing that ever happened, and he laughed over it till he cried—which proceeding is contrary to all humoristic precedent; but Mark was young then.

Another proof of the fact that Mark was young was shown the next morning when he eagerly scanned the paper to see his story in type. Page after page he turned to the last one, and then he went through the paper again backward. At last, down at the bottom of a column next to the reading notices he found this:

"The Alcazar saloon was opened last night with appropriate festivities."

Then Mark showed that even a humorist could have his serious moments. He rushed down to the office to find what had become of his story. The managing editor knew nothing about it; the city editor hadn't heard of it, and the foreman of the composing room hadn't seen it. As Mark was snorting about the "outrage" and hustling about the office to find where in the name of Huckleberry Finn the copy had gone to, a proofreader gave a sly nudge to Mark and whispered confidentially, "You owe me a cigar."

"Why, how's that?" asked Mark.

"I've earned it," replied the proofreader in a whisper of absolute confidence "I saved your job for you last night. Maybe you don't know how the old man here feels about such things. He's fired three men since I've been here—just that way."

"Just what way?"

"Why, just as you were last night, you know. Your stuff wouldn't do at all; it was simply terrible. I knew if the old man saw it you were gone, so I fixed it up myself."

On most provincial newspapers, as papers printed outside of New York are known, the galley boys correct the galleys. Sometimes in the best regulated offices the galley boy proves that he is not a little brother to the ox. One of these bright boys, looking over a poem that stood in the corrected galley rack, saw the line

Shall reign the Hecate of the deepest hell.

Being less familiar with the English language than he was even with Greek mythology, he wasn't certain whether cat was spelled with a final e or not. He ran to the foreman, and being told that in that office cat did not take the final e he corrected the line so that the next morning it read:

Shall reign the He cat of the deepest hell.

One morning the readers of an esteemed contemporary were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "The Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with whom the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, on the relative merits of morning and afternoon papers, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghoulish glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so, when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

Last Sunday a preacher in McKee's Rocks, Pa., took for his text "Be ye therefore steadfast," which, being interpreted in the weekly paper, meant, "Be ye there for breakfast."

It was the mistake of a makeup man that put a face powder puff between two death notices, and the telegraph editor, who stayed late that morning, saw it and had it routed out of the stereotpye plate.

It is an old story—such an old one, that about Leigh Hunt's line, that "the types" almost refuse to do their duty in telling it once again. But the joke is said to have died of old age the other day, and one can't refuse to print an obituary notice of an old and faithful friend. For Washington's birthday the editor had written a long and glowing eulogy of the late departed, and down somewhere in the middle of it the editor threw in Hunt's line:

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

He was sure that this gave to the editorial the finishing touch of poesy. He was disappointed the next morning, not to to say displeased, to find that a period had been stuck in after "name," and the article, which had begun bravely in solid "burjice," was leaded, according to his instructions, all the rest of the way.

Style is everything in a newspaper office, and some papers spell "theatre," "centre," and so on, with a final "er." That is why one of these papers a while ago announced that a celebrated French actor received a salary of "300 livers."

One of these newspapers whose special contributors range from hod carriers to the potentates of the earth had an article at Easter time on the Holy Land from a celebrated churchman. In describing the sudden turn of the road which leads from Bethany to Jerusalem the churchman hurriedly abbreviated the word Jerusalem to Jerus. Consequently, when his contribution was printed the wondering public were enlightened to know that "At the turn of the road there suddenly bursts upon the traveler a magnificent view of Jones."

In these stories told out of school one must come upon the most amazing of all errors—the jumbling together in apparent fluency of two entirely different classes of articles, such as this:

"The missionaries are accustomed to begin their work by buying heathen children and educating them. The easiest and best way of preparing them is first to wipe them dry with a clean towel, then place them in dripping pans and bake them until they are tender. Then cut them in slices and cook for several hours."

It would be a long story to tell in detail how such mix-ups happen, but that they really do happen can be doubted by no newspaper man whose knowledge of the business ever led him to explorations of the mysteries of the composing room, as well as the somewhat intricate mazes of the editorial room. A writer may mix up his own copy, or he may leave part of his story on the desk, to be picked up by another writer, and inserted inadvertently in his own copy. Late at night he may send in his own copy, or the copy reader may rush it. Or the copy cutter in the composing room—absent-minded beggar—may shuffle two stories together. Or the makeup man may lift a stickful of one story into a form, and then his attention may be distracted to something else, and the next stickful he takes may be from a story on another galley, and the unfinished parts of both stories be placed, without looking at them, in the left-over rack. A hundred complications and coincidences may ensue—a story before it reaches the form passing through so many hands that a coincidence is essential to the error. But all these mistakes are perfectly possible, incredible as they may seem to the public at large. And so this heartbreaking account of a marriage may be vouched for as an actual occurrence.

"The church was finely decorated with holly and evergreen and the altar was hidden in a wealth of flowers. Out of the recesses rose rare tropical plants, and from the ceiling hung fifteen Western veals, which at this time of year are scarce and correspondingly dear at 6 and 8¼ cents per pound. There was also an active demand for choice lambs, and farmers east of the Mississippi river can profitably turn to sheep raising and take the bride, who wore a gown of white corded silk, a creation of Worth's with pearl ornaments.

"Then came the maid of honor, the cousin of the bride, Miss Henrietta Blower of Chicago, wearing a dress of white tulle, with diamond ornaments, and she was followed by a small bunch of Montana sheep, which bleated most piteously as they were driven on board and shipped to the winter hotels in Bermuda. They will there be cut en traine and slightly decollete, and after the rest of the party had reached the rail of minister turned and said impressively: "I cannot bid more than 6¼ cents for state veals, but cablegrams from London quote refrigerated beef at a price that will enable me to pay $4.90 for a car of choice Indiana beeves, and hearing this, there was a rush for the young married couple, and the bride fell into the arms of her father, who is known to bear a striking resemblance to a Connecticut ox weighing 1,875 pounds. The market here took an upward turn and advanced 1 and 2 cents, and the guests, who numbered about 200, were served with a sumptuous dinner at the house of the bride."—New York Press.

"GRANDMITHER, THINK NOT I FORGET."

Grandmither, think not I forget, when I come back to town,
An' wander the old ways again an' tread them up an' down,
I never smell the clover bloom, nor see the swallows pass,
Without I mind how good ye were unto a little lass.
I never hear the winter rain a-pelting all night through,
Without I think and mind me of how cold it falls on you,
And if I come not often to your bed beneath the thyme,
Mayhap 'tis that I'd change wi' ye, and gie my bed for thine,
Would like to sleep in thine.

I never hear the summer winds among the roses blow,
Without I wonder why it was ye loved the lassie so.
Ye gave me cakes and lollipops and pretty toys a score,—
I never thought I should come back and ask ye now for more.
Grandmither, gie me your still, white hands, that lie upon your breast,
For mine do beat the dark all night and never find me rest;
They grope among the shadows an' they beat the cold black air,
They go seekin' in the darkness, an' they never find him there,
An' they never find him there.

Grandmither, gie me your sightless eyes, that I may never see
His own a-burnin' full o' love that must not shine for me.
Grandmither, gie me your peaceful lips, white as the kirkyard snow,
For mine be red wi' burnin' thirst, an' he must never know.
Grandmither, gie me your clay-stopped ears, that I may never hear
My lad a-singin' in the moonlight when I am sick wi' fear;
A-singin' when the moonlight over a' the land is white—
Aw God! I'll up an' go to him a-singin' in the night,
A-callin' in the night.

Grandmither, gie me your clay-cold heart that has forgot to ache,
For mine be fire within my breast and yet it cannot break.
It beats an' throbs forever for the things that must not be,—
An' can ye not let me creep in an' rest awhile by ye?
A little lass afeard o' dark slept by ye years agone—
An' she has found what night can hide 'twixt sundown an' the dawn.
So when I plant the rose an' rue above your grave for ye,
Ye'll know it's under rue an' rose that I would like to be.
That I would like to be.

—Willa Sibert Cather in April Critic.

His Ambition.

Minister—Well, Johnnie, what do you propose to make of yourself when you grow up to be a man?

Johnnie (thoughtfully)—Well, I don't know, sir, but I've been thinking lately I should like to be a dog-catcher.—Somerville Journal.

Maybury's Repentance

By W. PETT RIDGE.

"I DON'T pay much attention to what doctors say," he remarked in his importantly jovial way. He was a tall, dogmatic, well dressed man of thirty something "Point of fact, I've never had occasion to see one before, but."—

"You are fortunate, Mr. Maybury. Won't you sit down?"

"No," he replied, "I won't. One doesn't get on in life by sitting down. My motto is to keep going."

"Most of us have to pull up now and again. The human frame"—

"Look here," remarked the city man truculently, "you're not going to frighten me. Although I've had little to do with you medical men. I know there are two sets of you; the optimists and the pessimists. Some of you are too sanguine, and others are not sanguine enough, but none of you tell the precise truth."

"A medical man," said the doctor, trying to preserve his temper, "has to use discretion. A medical man who blurted out the actual truth might well be doing his patient a good deal of harm. You must allow us, my dear sir, to know our own business best."

"That's just what I shall not do!" cried Maybury with vehemence. "There's more of humbug among you doctors than—than"—

"Than on the stock exchange?"

"Than in any other profession. Those of you who are not sheer quacks"—

"Really, Mr. Maybury," said the doctor, offended, "you must allow me to say"—

"Are you a specialist in this trifling complaint that I am suffering from?"

"No," replied the doctor, shortly, "I'm not."

"Then give me," said Maybury, "a note to the man at the top of the tree, and I'll go on there in my cab like a shot."

The doctor was sorry to lose sight so quickly of an important client, but Mr. Maybury's aggressive manner had not pleased him, and even doctors, careful as they are to cloak the fact, have their sensitive moments. He scribbled a note. Mr. Maybury laid on the table an admirable fee, and taking the letter ran out to his cab.

"Two, five, two Harley-st!" he shouted.

"Right you are, sir," said the cabman. "Winder up or down?"

"Never mind the window. Put your horse along sharp."

"Gent," muttered the cabman to himself, "seems to be in a bit of a hurry."

Indeed, this was the usual manner of Arthur Maybury. When the cab stopped at one of the large houses in Harley street, which bore, like all its neighbors, a square brass plate on the open door, he went hastily through the hall, and without going into the waiting room, opened a side door. A stout, florid man was seated at the table reading the advertisements in "The British Medical Journal." Mr. Maybury banged his silk hat down on the table and shook hands.

"My name's Maybury," he said, delivering the note. "Here's my card. A meeting of directors is waiting for me at Cannon Street hotel; I can only spare five minutes. Now, just run over me, Dr. Jeyeson, as sharp as ever you can and give me a prescription."

"First give me your symptoms."

Mr. Maybury described them. A feeling of depression in the evenings; slight insomnia; absence of appetite. The florid may eyed him seriously and held his wrist for a few moments.

"I may as well assure you," went on Maybury, with a burst of frankness, "that I am to be married in a few months to a very charming girl; dare say you have seen the announcement in the papers. Miss Tearle, daughter of that Irishman who lost his money in the "—

"Mr. Maybury!" The stout, florid man came round and stood with his back to the fireplace. "I have an important announcement to make to you. Your engagement must be cancelled."

"Oh, no," said Maybury, with a gesture of protest. "That be hanged for a tale. She'd go and marry some one else, and they wouldn't have sixpence between them. I couldn't allow her to endure that fate, Dr. Jeyeson."

"I have nothing to do with the lady," he said with gravity. "I am only concerned with you. You are suffering from a rare complaint, known to us medical men as"—— Maybury did not catch the phrase. "It is my duty to tell you, sir, that," he coughed and lowered his voice, "you have but a few days to live."

Arthur Maybury half fell, half sat on the nearest chair. His face went very white; his lips moved, but no sound came.

"Serious news to tell a man, I know, but it's best that you should know the truth. What I recommend is that you should go to the Riviera at once." Maybury ejaculated something in a whisper. "Ah, it's of no use damning the Riviera. That won't help you. You get away by to-night's mail without saying a word about your condition to anybody, and take the few remaining days of your life as quietly and as calmly as you can. Be sure not to talk of it; that will only increase the excitement and 'asten the hend—I mean to say hasten the end."

"Are you—are you sure of this, Dr. Jeyeson," stammered Maybury.

"I am not in the habit of making mistakes."

"What is the time now?"

"The hour now is 2 o'clock. You have seven hours in which to make your arrangements."

"And can't you give me a prescription or anything?"

"My dear sir, pray be reasonable! Yours is no case for prescription."

There was a pause. Maybury looked stupidly at a portrait of Sir James Paget on the walls without seeing it; his adviser drummed at the mantelpiece impatiently.

"What—what is your fee, Dr. Jeyeson? Shall I give your man a check?"

"Twenty guineas, if you please. Perhaps you will leave it there on the table. Either gold or notes."

With trembling hand Mr. Maybury counted out the amount.

"Twenty-one sovereigns," he said thickly. "Rather a lot of money to pay for being told that one's not going to live a week, isn't it?"

"I'll see you to the door myself, Mr. Maybury. And, above all, don't speak of this to a soul. Make it, I beg, your own secret."

Harley street is really a very straight thoroughfare, but to Maybury, walking down unsteadily toward Cavendish square, it seemed full of odd convolutions. More than once he had to stop and grip at railings in order to recover his self-possession; passers-by stared at him curiously, and a servant girl said something so very amusing about his manner to a servant next door that the servant next door nearly slipped down the area steps. In Cavendish square he became himself. He was a man used to obstacles; his practice in overcoming them came to his aid now. First he must go somewhere and think. His club? No; there he would find men whom he knew. He found the service that he desired to His flat in Ashley Gardens? Yes. He would be alone there. Much to think about and much to do before he left Charing Cross that evening. He would, as the Harley street man advised him, keep his own company; there was no one in the world with whom he would care to share the secret. He feared that if he were to tell some men of his acquaintance they would have difficulty in repressing signs of satisfaction.

"Wish now," he said desolately, "that I had made one or two friends."

A familiar tap on the shoulder from a walking stick made him start.

"Me dear boy," said Miss Tearle's father, "what on earth d'you mean by loafing about Bond street at this hour of the day? I thought you were always up to your eyes in business. You're taking a day off, maybe?"

"Yes," he said shortly.

"I'm right, then!" exclaimed Miss Tearle's father with surprise. It was, in fact, not often that he was correct. "What wonderful perception on my part! I was telling me daughter only last night that I retained all me powers of insight. But, tell me now, is there anything going that you can recommend to me for an investment?"

"My dear Tearle," said Maybury with impatience, "don't bother me. Besides, you know very well that you have no money to invest."

"I am free to confess," acknowledged Miss Tearle's father, "that for the moment I had overlooked that fact. Is there any message for me dear Margaret? How that girl adores you, me dear Maybury!"

"Are you sure that that is so?"

"Well," said the other, hedging, "she adores you as much as can be expected under the circumstances. I'll be plain with you, Maybury. She's never quite forgotten her young cousin who died out in West Africa, and that's the truth. But, after all," he went on indulgently, "that's nothing. It will all pass off. You're a man of the world, Maybury."

"Temporarily."

"Ah!" said Miss Tearle's father. "We'll none of us live forever, unfortunately. And that reminds me. Have you such a thing as a five-pound note, me boy, about you that you could conveniently spare for twenty-four hours? I'm infinitely obliged to you."

"Tearle!"

"Sir?" said the grateful old gentleman.

"With reference to Margaret." Maybury hesitated for a moment. The march of four young women across the pavement from a brougham to a shop separated them for a few moments. "I want to ask you something. Do you think that she would be sorry if—if anything serious were to happen to me?"

"Me boy! You're not the kind of a man that anything serious happens to. You're too knowing for that."

"I want an answer to my question."

"Maybury," said Mr. Tearle, placing the note carefully in his pocketbook as though to hint that it would be disbursed with great caution, "I'll tell you the truth. Time was when she became engaged to you at my particular request, and there was no great affection on her side. But I'm speaking the honest truth when I tell you that she is now positively fond of you."

"Ah!"

"To be brutally frank," laughed the old gentleman, "let me tell you that you have some good qualities below the surface, but that it takes time to find them. For my part, I consider myself deeply indebted to you."

"I suppose you are," said Maybury. "Good-bye."

"I hate the word good-bye,' said the effusive old Irishman. "Let us borrow the phrase of our lively neighbors and say au revoir."

"Good-bye," repeated the other steadily.

It was a great relief to him when the lift had taken him up to his floor in Ashley Gardens and he was able to lock the diningroom door upon himself. The two matronly servants did not hear him arrive, and they went on in high-pitched tones with a quarrel which was not really a quarrel, but a kind of sham debate probably started to chase monotony. The elder of the two had been a servant with his parents; her voice made him think of his mother. One of Maybury's best traits, and one that he never revealed to the world, was his affection for the memory of his mother; for the first time since her death he thought of the possibility of meeting her again.

"But she was a good woman," he said.

Was it too late to make some reparation for his acts of the last few years? The clock on the mantlepiece struck the hour and reminded him there were no moments to waste. He went to the desk in the coner—there was a writing desk in every room in the flat—and unlocked the stationery stand. He opened his check book and laid it on the ledge, and for half an hour he wrote swiftly several letters. It was not possible to make amends to all the people to whom he had acted unfairly, but there were some who, by reason of their association with him, were now in distressed circumstances. To these he wrote letters which had for company a check.

"There seems," he said thoughtfully, after the half-hour's work, " a good deal to clear up."

To Margaret Tearle he wrote a long, affectionate letter, the composition of which cost him some trouble; when he had finished he thought for a moment and then tore it into many pieces, because he felt that it would give pain. He substituted a friendly little note simply announcing his departure.. Maybury had never made his will because it had always seemed an absurdly premature thing to do. Now he took a sheet of paper and thought.

The elder servant, answering the ring, appeared in the diningroom. Her master was reading over the sheet of paper which he had written out, and he did not speak to her at once.

"Didn't know you were in, sir. Letters to post, sir? I'll send them down by the lift boy at once. Would you like dinner a little earlier?"'

"Pack my bag, Martha, please. I'm going away to the south of France."

"Be away long, sir?" inquired the middle-aged servant. "'Scuse my asking."

"I don't know when I shall be back," he said, wearily. "And Martha!"

"Sir."

"Oblige me by witnessing my signature here, and call in the other maid to do the same. I have just been making my will."'

He indorsed the document "Will and Testament of Arthur Maybury," and placed it in a corner of the desk. He went again to look at himself in the mirror, and felt gratified to find himself looking sane and normal; a tinge of color had returned to his face. He took the photograph of Margaret Tearle from an expensive frame and placed it carefully in his pocket. Then he looked through the square revolving bookcase for a volume which it seemed was not there, for he had to ring and thus disturb Martha in her work of packing his portmanteau.

"A Common Prayer Book!" echoed that astonished woman. "Certainly, sir, I can lend you one."

read at the end of the collection. It occurred to him that it was a piece of careful editing to begin with the public baptism of infants, and to place the service for burial of the dead toward the end. He read the latter softly to himself, and tears came very near to his eyes now and again, for the words gave him memories. He had heard them read several times; it seemed queer that he had never till now thought of the occasion when they would be read over him.

"Your bag, sir," said Martha, bringing in the portmanteau, "and I don't think I've forgotten anything."

"Martha," he said.

"Yes, sir."

The middle-aged woman helped him with his coat.

"I am not very well, and I'm going away to—going away for the benefit of my health."

"Master Arthur! It's nothing serious, I hope?"

"I'm afraid I've been rather—rather a selfish master during the last few years. If at any time I have been harsh in speaking to you, if I have seemed to forget that you were an old servant of my dear mother's, I want to ask your pardon."

"No, no, Master Arthur," said the woman, tearful, "not that. You mustn't ask my pardon."

"I should like you to think of me," he said, "as I was when I was a boy, and—" He stopped, for there was choking in his throat. "Ring for a hansom," he said.

"I can tell, sir," said Martha quaintly, "that you are not 'alf well."

He looked around when the servant had gone and said farewell to the room. Opening his portmanteau, he found room for some letter paper and envelopes; there would be time, he hoped, out in the south of France to take further steps to right the wrongs that he had committed. For the first time he recognized the amazing change that the Harley street man's announcement had made in him; the quiet, thoughtful man, with a great affection in his heart for the world, seemed to have no relationship with the assertive, buoyant man who had left for the city that morning.

"Cab's waiting, sir," said Martha. "And here's a telegram."

"I won't trouble to open it," he remarked. "It's from my partner, I expect. I can't bother about business any more."

"It might be private, sir."

Only the thought that it might be from Margaret Tearle induced him, as he stood in the passage waiting for the lift, to open the envelope. It was not from her.

"Can I see you at your rooms now?
—"Jeyeson.'

He scribbled hurriedly a reply on the back:

"No. Am leaving Charing Cross tonight's mail. —Maybury."

"Please send that, Martha," he said. "Good-by."

"Good-by, Master Arthur," said the woman. "And I do 'ope you'll be back soon."

"Good-by."

He repeated these two words many times as the cab took him past the Abbey and up Parliament street. At Charing Cross there was time to spare, and feeling hungry he went into the hotel. Something to his suprise he found himself able to eat with admirable appetite; a small bottle of white wine added to his content. He felt half inclined to speak to the people who were eating at the next table, and to tell them that he had but six days to live in this world; to tell them that he was facing the certain thing with self-possession. One of the party commenced to brag solemnly about an attack of the toothache, and Maybury smiled at the want of proportion.

He had taken his ticket, and was at the wooden barriers leading to the Continental platform when he saw a clean-shaven, anxious old gentleman scanning the faces of the passengers. He touched the shoulder of the man who was going through in front of Maybury.

"Excuse me," he said, "is your name Maybury?"

"Comment?" said the man. "Vous dites?"

"My name is Maybury."

"Glad to have found you," declared the anxious old man. "My name is Jeyeson, of Harley street."

"I think not," said Maybury. "I saw that gentleman late this afternoon, and you are certainly not he."

"My dear sir," cried the old man sharply, "do you think I don't know who I am?"

"Apparently you do not."

"I beg your pardon," he said apologetically, "I had forgotten. Very natural consequence of a very annoying circumstance. Tell me! You called at Harley street about 4 o'clock. I found your card there. You had an interview and you paid a fee. How much did you pay?" Maybury with some interest gave the information. "He's a scoundrel!" declared the old man.

"Who?"

"My new man. I was out when you called; if you had gone into the waiting room the pageboy would have told you so. I hope he did not give you a prescription."

"He only told me," stammered Maybury, perplexed, "that I had but six days to live, and that I had bett r get away from London at once."

"Upon my word!" declared Dr. Jeyeson, "that was clever."

"But—was he wrong, then?"

"Wrong!" cried the concerned old man. "Of course he was wrong—all wrong. It has taken me ever since 5 o'clock to try to remedy the mischief that he in ten minutes managed to do to my practice. Drive back with me in my brougham."

Later the two sat in the doctor's private room in Harley street. Dr. Jeyeson, smoking a long cigar, had just concluded one of his best stories of an incident at Bart's. His guest was courteously amused but he seemed to be thinking of other matters.

"And you feel sure that I am all right, doctor?" he asked for the fourth time.

"My dear sir," said Jeyeson, emphatically, "you're as sound as a bell. Go slow; marry this charming young woman; settle down. Only thing I'm concerned about is that you will accept my apology for the shock you've had. I hope it hasn't done you any harm."

"Indeed," said Arthur Maybury, "I'm sure it has done me good!"—Sphere.

Two Kitchener Stories.

What Lord Kitchener is doing may be best summed up in two stories that are going the rounds in regard to him. It is said that he was asked the other day whether he did not propose to reorganize the transport. His reply was: "No; I am going to organize it." The other story is that he paid a surprise visit to the principal hotel in the city, the resort of all those among the officers who can, while in Cape Town, afford the luxuries of life at the Mount Nelson. He called for the visitors' book, and carefully ran his finger down the list of military guests. He subsequently inquired of each officer his reason for being at the Mount Nelson hotel and not at the front. In most cases, of course, there were excellent reasons for the presence of those gentlemen in Cape Town. In some, however, the reasons were not so good—were not, in fact, satisfactory, and in one or two cases the leave was immediately canceled and the laggard soldiers sent to their regiment.—London News.

Two Marriage Conclusions.

Not long ago a Boston clergyman received and evening call from an elderly man and woman who expressed a wish to be joined in the bonds of matrimony then and there.

"Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the man, an honest, weather-beaten person of sea-faring aspect.

"Never, and never wanted to before," was the prompt reply.

"And have you ever been married before?" the question came to the woman.

"No, sir," she replied, with equal promptitude, and with a touch of humor that appealed to the clergyman at once, she added: "I never had a chance!"

The marriage ceremony was speedily performed and the clergyman refused to take any fee, telling the bride, with a twinkle in his eye, that it had been a privilege to officiate which he would have been sorry to miss.—Youth's Companion.

Little Teasers.

Here is a little exercise in punctuation that a normal school young woman recently brought home to puzzle her father:

It is not and I said but or.

"Looks a little confused, doesn't it? Simple, though.

A few quotation marks and two commas will fix it all right. For instance: "It is not 'and,'" I said, "but 'or.'"

Here is a still simpler catch that may bother you some:

"All 0."

Not much in it, perhaps, but enough to make it troublesome.

Too hard?

And yet it's "Nothing after all."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Naval Plum.

The command of a receiving ship is pre-eminently that of a married man, and he and his family always live on board, in unique and delightful homes. There are but six receiving ships in the service—the Franklin, at Norfolk, Va.; the Independence and Pensacola, at Mare Island, Cal.; the Richmond, at League Island, Pa.; the Vermont, at the Brooklyn yard, and the Wabash, at Charleston, Mass. There is no house rent to pay; the captain is allowed two stewards by the government; so it is looked upon as one of the very few chances offered in the naval officer's career to save money.—Anna A. Rogers, in the Woman's Home Companion.

Mine Rats in Colorado.

Mountain rats in the mines in Colorado are about as big as a wharf rat, but they have a bushy tail like a squirrel and are pets of the miners. Whenever the luncheon hour comes you will see them come from their holes, or nests, or wherever they live in the intervals between meals, squat on their haunches and sit there until one of the miners shares his dinner with them. Whatever they get of the scraps of that meal they sit up and eat just as a squirrel does. The miner doesn't exist that would no tshare his meal with them.—Indianapolis News.

Short Arm Conductors.

The regular passenger was standing on the rear platform, in conversation with the street car conductor.

"Whatever became of Smith, who used to run on this line?" he asked the knight of the bell cord.

"Oh, he got fired."

"That so? What wass the matter?"

"His right arm was too short, I think."

"Ah, yes, I see. Couldn't help the ladies on and off the car."

"No, it wasn't that so much as he couldn't reach the register rope.—Memphis Scimitar.

To Outwit Manila Ants.

A Washington mill has taken an order from the United States government for 500,000 feet of cedar for use at Manila. The first government buildings were built of fir, but the white ants which infest that country, ate it with apparent relish, and with so disastrous effects to the buildings that cedar will be substituted, it being claimed that ants will not attack cedar. It is also claimed by some that hemlock is antproof. Should this fact be proved, the question of a market for hemlock has been solved.—Mississippi Valley Lumberman.

Why?

Ragged Robbins—Dis tramp-joke writer is our best friend.

Weary Walker—How's dat?

Ragged Robbins—W'y he's contineral-ly givin' us new gags ter work.

Weary Walker—Dat's so. I wonder w'y sech a gifted feller ever left de perfesh ter work.

Besides, They Never Spoke of Him.

"Why is it you never mention your ancestors?"

"Because I believe in letting bygones be bygones."—Chicago Times-Herald.