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HER LITTLE POEM.

Confiding Wife Gives Her Husband 'I had not intended to tell you, Billiger,' said the young wife of Mr McSwat, "but I

"is it possible, Lobelia," exclaimed Billiger, meredulously, "that you have been able to keep a secret at all?"

"It is And you would never guess it,

mbroidered night cap?" "You haven't been running up a bill at Spotcash & Co. w?" he inquired, with a suspi-

cious look and a cold feeling in the region "Guess again." "Been taking lessons at a cooking school?"

he asked, paling visibly.

"No. Guess again." A claminy perspiration broke out all over him and he leaned against the mantel for support as he gasped: "Lobelia, is Aunt Jubilee coming to spend

the summer with usf" The young wife laughed gleefully.
"No," she answered. "You'll have to try

again, Billiger "

"Tell me what it is," he said, with returning self command. "I feel as if I could stand any disclosure now."
"I think you're real mean, Billiger, but I will tell you. A little poem of mine is going to be published in the next Century Maga-

"Whew!" This is the time bonored way in which a long, low whistle of astonishment has always been represented in print by the most suc cessful wrestiers with the language, from the Old Masters down to H. Rider Haggard. The reader, therefore, will kindly understand that Mr Billiger McSwat gave utterance to

long, low whistle.) "In the days of our courtship, Lobelia," he continued, staring hard at the ceiling, "you never told me you wrote poetry. I didn't know you were addicted to it, or"—

"Or what?" she demanded, with some as

"Nothing-nothing!" be exclaimed, hastily. "And so you are to have a contribution in the next Century! How much is the editor to pay you for it, Lobelia?"
"I don't know. I haven't heard from him

"Then how do you know he is going to print it?"
"How do I know! Because he hasn't returned it I sent it to him nearly two weeks

"Ol You did! You inclosed stamps for re-

turn postage, of course?"
"Why, no, Billiger. I never thought of
that. Is it customary?"

"Er-not That is, not always," replied the

"Er—no! That is, not always," replied the young husband, mastering his emotion by a desperate effort. "It probably wasn't necessary in the case of your poem, Lobelia. And you have saved at least two cents!"

Mrs. McSwat was not exactly sure whether he was in carnest or not. Bhe looked at him with some suspicion, but his countenance wore that look of uncarthly gravity and innocence that may sometimes be seen on the face of a boy at school just after he had rolled a double handful of bird shot over the floor.

"Lobelia," he mid, after a pause, "you haven't spoken of this—this poem of yours that is—er—ah—going to be printed next month to anybody else besides me, have you?"

"No."

"No."

"Then don't do it, Lobella," he said. "If you can manage to hold in till the poem is printed, which" — and Billiger beld his handkerchief to his face and coughed convulbe only two weeks longer, you know it will be all the greater surprise to everybody. And when that poem is printed in the magazine, my dear, I'll make you a present of a pair of diamond carrings."

The trusting young wife pillowed her bead

on his bosom in an ecstasy of gratitude, and as Billiger McSwat smoothed her golden hair and murmured in her car soft assurances of his willingness to bankrupt himself, if necessary, in order to give her costly presents as a token of his pride and admiration—as soon as the poem appeared—he could feel himself growing meaner, and smaller, and more demicable every mount.

growing meaner, and smaller, and more despicable every moment.

O young wives! Be warned in time.

When temptations to write poetry for the magazines assail your souls do not yield. Resist them. It is a terrible thing to do anything that causes young husbands to feel themselves growing smaller than they are already!—Extract from "Frightful Warnings of History," from the French of Dennis Mulcahy.—Chicago Tribune.

A Green Lot.

A Green Let.

Among the personal effects of a fakir arrested the other day on complaint of a hotel for non-payment of board was a wheel of fortune, and while detectives were examining this with a great deal of curiosity one of them found a hidden spring which was worked by pressing a button.

"What is this for!" he innocently asked.

"To stop the wheel at any desired point." was the answer.

"But why should you desire to stop it at

"But why should you desire to stop it at any certain point?"

"Why should I! Suppose that a John Henry has laid his dollar on the figure 7. The pointer stops at that figure and he wins."

"But do you stop it there?"

"Certainly."

"To let him win?"

"Of course."

"No, of course you don't, but I do. Next time there are from four to eight John Henrys with their dollars at '7,' and the pointer stops at 8. Sorry for you, gentlemen, but if you haven't traveled it's not my fault."—Detroit Free Press.

Easily Remedied.

Jackson (colored)—Hain't yo' neber read dat in all de railroad accidents de reah cam allus de one dat am smashed up de wu'st?

Sawbones—Den why doan' dey leabe de reah ca' off de train?—Philadeiphia Press.

A Joke on the Crowd. Red Nosed Man oat a Clark street resort fre-

quented principally by actors—I want a good leading man for a new play. If I can get the right man I'll give him \$150 a week,
A general rush and chorus of "I'm your man," "Take me," "I've played with Booth,"

Red Nosed Man-Not so fast. You may not want the part. It's a tank drama, and the leading man has to stay under water ten minutes. - Chicago Herald.

A Natural Question.



Miss Belle (warningly)-Sally, they to tell me, when I was a little girl, that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me Sally (who owes her one)-Well, why didn't

you -Life. WORKING A HOG.

The Whole Town Caught the Idea When It Was Too Late.

When I entered the village, situated among the hills of New York, at 10 o'clock in the morning, all was peaceful and serene, and the pocket of every man who walked the streets had chink in it. When I left, at 4 p. m., an excited mob had possession of the main street and every other man was dead broke.

About noon a man arrived from the north in a buggy. He said he was a drover and looking for hoga. He bought half a dozen be-fore he ate dinner, and it was astonishing how closely he guessed at their live weight. He was within two pounds on four of them and only half a pound more on the others. These had been an attraction for a crowd of idlers, and the general verdict was that the drover was as sharp as a barber's razor. Soon after dinner a farmer looking boy drove a hog into town and staked him out in front of the tavern. As he wanted to sell and the drover wanted to buy, they soon came to

"Might take him on a pinch, but he's only a nubbins," said the drover as he sized the

porker up.
"Nubbins! Why, that pig goes over 200 pounds!" exclaimed the owne "Can't stuff me, boy. I've been in the

business twenty years."
"No one wants to stuff. That 'ere hog goes

"He does, ch? Wish your father had come

"He does, en' Wish your father had come in. I'd like to made a bet with him. Boy, you ought to have better judgment. That hog won't pull down 180."

"Guess you are off, too," remarked a stranger who had quietly driven up in a buggy "I've raised hogs all my life, and that boy hain't five pounds out of his guess."

"Ain't he! Raised hogs, have you! Ever

"A little." "Perhaps you'd like to bet on that hog?" Have you got \$20 as says he goes 2007"

"I have—fifty—a hundred!"
"Then let's chalk. Anybody can blow." citizens improved it. The man in the buggy was an accommodating chap, and somehow or other the farmer boy managed to fish up about a bundred dollars from the hind pocket of his overalls. The citizens stuck by drover, having abundant proofs of his judg-ment, and when every man in that town who had a loose dollar or could borrow one had made his bet the hog was driven to the scales

made his bet the bog was driven to the scales and weighed.

"Gentlemen," said the drover just before the weighing, "I was never deceived in my life. This bog won't go to 190 pounds."

"I'll take even bets that he goes over 200," replied the man in the buggy.

This bluff raked out the last nickel in the

crowd, and the hog was driven upon the scales. The record was 211 pounds. He was weighed and reweighed, but the figures

"Well, it's my first error in a hog," said the drover, and all bets were at once handed over. The farmer boy slipped out, the two men drove off in the buggy, and half an hour had elapsed before a church deacon, who had laid his ten with the drover and lost, suddenly declared that it was a put up job to skin the

"Durn my buttons if it hain't!" yelled 200 men in chorus, but it was too late. The town had been skinned, and the trio had escaped. All the mob could do was to turn loose and wreck an old vinegar factory and pass a resolution to the effect that liberty was a sham and a delusion. - New York Sun.

The Bishop and the Boy. "What are you doing here, my lad?"
"Tending swine, sir." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week, sir." "I also am a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may be, but then I suppose you have more hogs under your care." The shepherd was about retir-ing when the boy continued: "Say, can God do anything?" "Yes, my boy." "Can be make a 2-year-old colt in two minutes? make a 2-year-old cory in the with the would not wish to do that, my boy.' if he did want to, could he?" insisted the boy. "Yes, certainly, if he wished to." "What! in two minutes." "Yes, in two minutes." "Well, then, he wouldn't be 2 years old, would hef" The bishop collapsed.—Philadelphia Press.

A Mean Man. Goodfellow-Lend me a dollar, Jack. Closefellow-You had a dollar in your

pocket not twenty minutes ago
"I know, but I dropped into the Dewdrop inn to get a free lunch and met a crowd of friends there, and of course I had to treat, and it took all I had."

"Well, I don't feel like lending you any thing I can't spare it."
"Why, you had a dollar and a quarter in your pocket before you went out, and as you never pay over twenty-five cents for your lunch, you must have a dollar left. If there is anything I despise it is a mean man."-Philadelphia Record.

How She Distinguished Her Pies. An old lady who lived in a New England town baked a mince and apple pie every Saturday. But after they were baked they were as bud as the "Two Dromios"—nobody mew which was which. She was not lack ing, however, in the fertile ingenuity of her sex, and "Now," she triumphantly exclaimed,
"I don't have no more trouble, 'cause 1 just mark with my crust cutter on the mince
'T. M.' ('tis mince, and on the apple pie
M.' ('tain't mince)."—Philadelphia Press.

THE BACHELOR'S EGGS.

He Tried to Get Them Boiled Soft, but

They Came Out Stone Hard. A Scranton bachelor, who boards at one of the hotels and rooms outside, got so tired of eating stale eggs a while ago that he thought he would see if he couldn't change the programme a little. So be bought three dozen new laid eggs and took them to his lodgings, and when he went to tea that night be carried a couple of the eggs in his pocket and told the pleasant faced waiter girl to have them boiled soft. They came back as hard as rocks, and the bachelor boarder declared that no one in that kitchen knew enough to boil an egg. The handsome waiter girl said she was sorry that the cook hadn't done as she had ordered her to, and she volunteered to have two other eggs boiled soft, but the boarder told her she needn't. The next morning he took two more eggs over to the hotel and gave special directions as to how they should be boiled, and he had to swear when he

opened them, for they were as hard as base-At supper that night he took three eggs, got another girl to take his orders, and gave the same directions. Result: Three eggs as unyielding as bullets. The bachelor said he guessed it was time for him to change his boarding place, and he uttered other unpleasant remarks regarding the interior management of the culinary department of the house. But he was on hand the next morning, and he had three nice large fresh eggs in his pocket. Calling his favorite waiter girl, he said:

"Now, I want you to open these eggs, drop them in hot water and poach them very soft, and, my dear, I want you to stand by them and see that they are cooked right."

She said she would and away she went, but m a minute or so she returned looking sad, and with the three eggs in six halves on

"I am sorry, sir," she said, and her light soprano voice trembled, "but these eggs were already boiled as hard as they could be when broke them," and she placed them on the table in front of the irate bachelor.

He smelled a rat right away, and he left the table at once and started out to verify his suspicions. His investigations were finished by the middle of the forenoon, and what he found out was this: A married friend of his, who lived in the house where the bachelor had his lodgings, is a practical joker of the first order. He had taken all of the eggs to his kitchen, boiled them as hard as he could, and then placed them back in the bachelor's

"It's all right," said the bachelor to another friend, "but I'll lay for him with a trick that'll make him bate himself like Satan for a year and a half."-New York Sun.

A Smart Boy and His Grandpapa.









They Are Sensitive. "You've lost him for good this time," said the boss barber to one of his shavers as a customer went out and slammed the door be

hind him. "Yes, but I forgot." "That's no excuse. If you can't attend to business you must go."
"What is the trouble!" queried a reporter

"He didn't brush the man's head." "But his head was as bald as a bone."

"Certainly, and that's why he should have brushed it. Bald headed men are very sensitive, you must use the brush the same as if they had plenty of hair. To do so gives them an idea that you don't take particular notice

of their buldness. "And won't that man return?" "Never. He'll try some other shop next time, and will even advise his friends to keep away from here."—Detroit Free Press.

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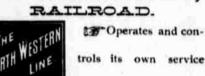
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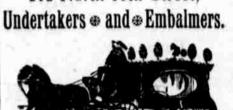
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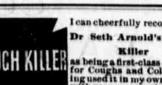
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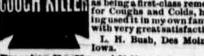


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