

DON'T.

Don't use an inch rule to measure your life;  
The horizon, the peaks in the sky,  
Are always at hand—let your living be planned  
To a scale which such objects supply.  
Don't wear yourself out in an ignoble strife;  
There are objects worth while to achieve,  
And they lie within reach of the humblest and  
teach  
A gospel the world will receive.

Don't gaze at a copper with look so intense  
Its impress is stamped on your mind;  
'Twas a miser was led by a penny who said:  
Look out for each cent that you find.  
Take care of the dollars, you'll have enough  
cents  
To keep you from poverty's door.  
Enjoy what you've got without casting your lot  
With spendthrifts or niggards galore.

Don't get in a rut—take a main-traveled road  
Worn smooth by the many who pass;  
If you travel in "tracks" you will follow the  
backs  
That ought to be turned out to grass.  
It matters but little what sort of a load  
You carry or whether it goes.  
If you journey aright the burden is light  
And you are ready for friends or for foes.  
—William S. Lord, in Chicago Record.

TWO GOOD TURNS.

BY WALTER L. SAWYER.

R. BALCOM rose early that morning, and he hurried off to the city as soon as he had some breakfast. That was not his way, and Mrs. Balcom wondered, but being a good wife, she asked no questions. Before she had fully accommodated herself to the novel event, the man-of-all-work gave her another surprise, presenting a telegram which set forth that his sister was ill and needed him. Of course Mrs. Balcom let him go. It did not occur to her that the double departure left her and the children unprotected, and if it had she would have smiled at the idea of danger. She did not know that there was a burglar in town.

Mr. Balcom did know. As he came up from the train the evening before, his neighbor Jones had stopped him to whisper that the Hartshornes house had been entered and judiciously ransacked. The Hartshornes were in Europe. The care-taker had been sojourning in that other foreign land, a drunkard's paradise, but as soon as he came out of it he discovered the robbery and hastened to ask Jones' advice, Jones, who had a nervous mother-in-law, suggested that the matter be kept as quiet as possible; and he wanted to know if Mr. Balcom—

"You did just right," Mr. Balcom interrupted, when the story had gone thus far. "These country constables would frighten every woman into hysterics, but they wouldn't catch a burglar once in a thousand times. Professional, is he?"

"So I suppose. He seems to have gone into the house and through it as if he knew his business."

"I'll back my burglar-alarm against him!" Mr. Balcom chuckled, confidently.

"How about Ben Ezra?" the neighbor asked.

"No fear of him. You see, my stable is as well protected as my house," Mr. Balcom explained. "Fact is, I'd sooner lose half there is in the house than that horse. Little of his feed, the poor fellow is. I had a veterinary out yesterday to look at him, and I can't drive him for a week. I guess I—"

"I suppose we ought to do something," Mr. Jones ventured to hint. He knew that if allowed to go on Mr. Balcom would talk about his horse until the burglar—and the listener—died a natural death.

"Oh, of course we must trip the fellow before he goes any further. Tell you what: I know a private detective who was on the Boston force for years—long enough to get acquainted with every rascal in the country. I'll bring him home with me to-morrow to look over the ground. It would be better to pay him a hundred than have the thing get out and bedevil the women."

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Jones, fervently.

So it was decided. And after the neighbors had exchanged the usual remarks on the dryness of the season and the need of rain, Mr. Balcom sauntered homeward, calm in that contentment which a managing man has a right to feel. He kissed his wife and children and then he went out and caressed his horse. With the burglar's accomplishments in mind he looked carefully to the locks and the alarms. They were perfect and in order. He went to bed in peace.

That night, however, he had a horrid dream. It seemed that Ben Ezra was stolen; that he had expended his fortune in seeking the horse; that finally, when he had sunk to a beggar outside, he found the wreck of Ben Ezra hauling a garbage cart! The dream so wrought upon Mr. Balcom that he awoke in a cold perspiration. He rushed to the stable and proved it only a dream. But it might be a warning! That superstitious fancy lingered with him through the hours of dusk and dawn, and the early glare of an August sun did not dispel it. It hurried him to Mr. Ar, as he had been told.

Looking at it in the light of his new knowledge, Mr. Balcom could see many reasons why Maple Park should attract a burglar. Its isolated and unguarded location is one; the smallness and sleepiness of the town that it fringes is another. Seekonket has only two constables and one hand fire engine—though to be sure, it has four churches—and the aristocratic residents out themselves off from all these blessings by building on the further side of Greenleaf's hill. As Maple Park holds aloof from Seekonket, so



Seekonket keeps away from Maple Park; and Mr. Balcom wondered, the longer he thought of it, that some frowsy Napoleon did not organize his army of traps and obliterate Maple Park, sure that the deed would never come to light until a wandering peddler passed that way!

Mrs. Balcom was not imaginative, and no such terrors ever oppressed her. If she had formulated her rule of life she might have said that unpleasant things were best let alone, to be disposed of in a bunch at the day of judgment. She was young enough to enjoy her money, and old enough to appreciate her health; and since her daughters had not reached a marriageable age, neither her health nor her money seemed in danger. Of course she should have been, as she was, a happy woman. She spent her day as the truly happy must—in small activities that amuse one and make one feel useful but not fatigued. So accustomed was she to a routine of quiet, that when the cook appeared excitedly before her she was slow to realize that this particular day might prove an exception.

"The stable's afire, Miss Balcom!" the cook proclaimed.  
"Is it?" the mistress absently answered. "Tell Henry to put it out, please. Oh! I remember; I allowed Henry to visit his sister." She closed her writing desk and stood considering. "Can't you throw some water on it?" she asked, presently.

"It's the roof. I s'pose it caught with a spark from one of them pesky engines—bein's 's everything's dry as tinder. Ain't nothin' to git scairt about, 'cause the wind's away from the house, what little the is. But the boss is in the stable, you recollect."

"Oh, my!" Moved beyond her wot, Mrs. Balcom swept electrically through the kitchen and out of the back door.

"Oh, my!" she repeated as she came in sight of the blaze. "Ben Ezra will be burned, won't he? What will Mr. Balcom say? What can we do?"

"D' know," was the depressing answer. "I sent Jane to the corner 'ter the firemen; but the land knows how long it will take to git 'em here."

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom asserted; but there was an accent of despair in the words, determined as the sentiment was.

"Can't break that door down! 't had that air ruyent look on—Mr. Balcom's got the key with him."

Mrs. Balcom stared straight before her like one fascinated into helplessness. The servant's conscience would not let her rest until she had kicked the door and thrown herself against it. It did not even tremble. She mopped her flushed face with her apron and, shaking her head mournfully, drew back beyond the heat of the flames that were laying bare the rafters.

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom said again. The horse's agonized whinny had broken the spell that was upon her. Her eyes filled at the sound, and she ran forward aimlessly and glanced desperately about her.

"Man! You man!" she cried, all at once. "Come here and get our horse!"

Though the stranger had seemed to spring from the ground, he showed no alacrity about coming further. He took time to survey the landscape before he climbed the fence. He looked past the woman, not at them, as though he feared a possible somewhat behind. And when he had advanced to where they stood, though he abruptly took the manner of haste and impatience, his shiny eyes still seemed to cover every point of the horizon.

"Now, then," he demanded, "where's your ax?"

"In the stable, I suppose," was Mrs. Balcom's dejected reply.

"N't it a partent lock?" the cook chimed in, tragically.

"Hey!" the stranger started and stared at them suspiciously, but the wretchedness in their faces appeared to reassure him. He turned again to scan the hill road. Then he ran up to the door.

"Huh! That thing!" the women heard him say, contemptuously.

Through the waveless atmosphere of the August noon the smoke floated lazily off and left the vision unobscured, and the spiteful snap of flames



"WHERE'S YOUR AX?"

overruled every other noise. The women looked and listened with an intentness that would have been painful had it long endured. From the bag he carried the stranger took a glittering something which he applied to the lock. Instantaneously, almost, the door swung open. Stripping off his blouse, the man passed through, and when he reappeared the horse, safely blinded, uninjured, was with him. Mrs. Balcom fluttered after as he led the trembling brute to a safer place. Events had shaken her accustomed calm. For once in her life she could not meet the occasion with graceful words.

"Oh, I don't know how to thank you!" she faltered, at length. "Mr. Balcom values Ben Ezra so! I'm sure he'll—why, here he comes! Oh, James!" she cried, as her husband—hatless, coatless and visibly perspiring—took the fence at a bound and dashed up to the group.

"Oh, James! If it hadn't been for this—this honest workingman, Ben Ezra would have been burned!"

Mr. Balcom's eye was on his favorite, but his hand went into his pocket and brought out a roll of bills.

"Thank ye, boss," the stranger said, sourly.

"Not-enough!" Mr. Balcom found breath to add: "Call to-morrow—my office—give you as much again!" The thought of another duty occurred to him at the same instant, and it made him face toward the road. "All right, Parker!" he called. "No hurry."

"All right!" The man who had just come into view moderated his pace. After the first keen, comprehensive glance in the direction of the others, he conspicuously ignored them, and looking at the stable delayed his approach. Mr. Balcom returned to the fondling of Ben Ezra. The horse's rescuer had been standing at the corner of the house. No one saw him slip around it.

"Sound as a dollar, Parker!" Mr. Balcom said a moment later. There was a suspicion of tears in his voice, and he blew his nose energetically before he trusted himself to speak again.

"Thanks to this worthy man. Why, where is he?"

Mr. Parker smiled serenely to himself as he bent to lift Ben Ezra's leg; but he said nothing.

"Guess he must 'a been in a hurry," the cook put in; "he went off 'n left his saddle. I s'pose I better lay it away, hadn't I, 'fore these 'ere firemen go to trampin' round?"

She offered the stranger's bag to Mr. Balcom, but Mr. Parker took it from his unresisting hand and coolly pulled it open. Then, while the hand engine men yelled and fell over each other preparatory to deluging the neighborhood, he drew Mr. Balcom to one side and bade him look in. "For," said he, "you won't often see a neater set of burglar's tools than this!"

Mr. Balcom seemed less horrified than he should have been; but it was evident that he was puzzled. He looked from the bag to Parker and back again, like one who wishes but half fears to speak.

"Well," he suggested, at length. "He isn't anxious to hang around Maple Park any more, is he?"

"I guess not," the detective made prompt rejoinder. "He knows me—knew me quick 'I knew him."

"Yes—well—you see—" Mr. Balcom buttonholed Parker, in his turn, and

led him still further on the crowd. "Of course—I'm responsible—I pay all the bills," he went on, with disjointed earnestness. "I—you—don't you understand, I haven't anything more for you to do here? Why, hang it all, man, he saved Ben Ezra!"

"Oh, I know how you feel," the detective answered. He spoke as though he really did. "Like a good boss myself. See? There's a train back to town in 'bout twenty minutes, ain't it?"—Leslie's Weekly.



BADE HIM LOOK IN.

THE CZARINA.

She is a Most Devoted Wife and Charming Woman as Well.

One likes to read how the czarina constantly accompanies her husband in his rides and drives. Not only does it indicate wifely devotion, but it proves an intrepidity too often denied as an attribute to woman. It is said that she thinks her presence is a defense from nihilists. Certainly she knows that a shot aimed at him might reach her; that a bomb under the carriage would not be discriminating. Yet she hopes that her presence may prevent the bomb-throwing, and she equally hopes that the bullet may reach her, if so be that she saves his life.

But one of the pleasantest things to read about her is the motherly devotion to the moral welfare of her children. In this she is an example to all mothers. She allows no governess, but employs teachers, who, coming for a few hours a day, and those days not consecutive, have not time to make a lasting impression on the moral nature of her children, as would one employed constantly.

She is very small, and the contrast between her figure and that of the czar, who is almost gigantic, is very remarkable. Her oldest boy is like her in size—a fact that somewhat troubles the Russian people, accustomed to great size in rulers. But his mother's training has developed in him a strong, resolute character, conscientious and studious and capable of standing by a conviction.—Philadelphia Times.

At the Barracks.

The colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drillroom, where he came upon a couple of soldiers, one of whom was reading a letter aloud while the other was listening, and at the same time stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the latter.

"You see, colonel, I am reading to Piton, who can't read himself, a letter from his sweetheart."

"And you, Piton?"

"Please, colonel, I am stopping up Bequillon's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to know what she writes."—La Famille.

Hunter—"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting. Now we have tramped it for three hours and found no game."

Farmer—"Just so. I calculate as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have; so I don't see what you are kicking about."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Maxwell Gray, the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," is the nom de plume of Mary Gled Tuttle. She is the daughter of a physician who lives in Newport, on the Isle of Wight, where she was born, and has been an invalid nearly all her life.

—When Theodore Parker visited Carlyle in 1848 he found the two brothers, Thomas and John, drinking hot whisky punch together. Carlyle praised the young poet Tennyson to the American, defending him from the reproach of daintiness and shouting out: "Ow, he drinks his glass of grog with the rest of us!"

—Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, has a penchant for Mexican and duchesse laces. She probably owns one of the finest assortments of these delicate embroideries in the world. Mrs. Isaac Catlin, the wife of the general, has a special charity fad. She loves to dispense clothing and food to the needy youth of Brooklyn.

—George Meredith rejoices in a profusion of hair which falls in artistic negligence round his classically-chiseled face, and he looks younger than his years, which are sixty-two. Oscar Wilde had described his style as "chaos illumined by brilliant flashes of lightning," and, save by the inner cut, no one really cares for his looks.

—Most of the droll stories attributed to Abraham Lincoln are supposed to be apocryphal, but Robert Bonner makes public a letter he received years ago from Henry Ward Beecher, in which the Plymouth pastor says concerning a visit to Lincoln: "Abraham told me three stories, two of which I forget and the other won't bear telling."

—Miss Elizabeth Bullock, who died in Salem, Mass., recently, at the age of seventy-seven, had not left her house for more than forty years. Miss Bullock was engaged to be married to a young man of Salem. Just before the marriage was to take place the young man broke the engagement and departed for the west. This was more than forty years ago. Miss Bullock declared she would never leave her home again alive, and kept her word.

—Mr. Gladstone since his retirement has received many hundreds of tributes from admirers all over the United Kingdom, and the gifts are still pouring in. He has received several dozen walking canes and umbrellas. A number of admirers clubbed together and sent him a handsome arm-chair, and many more pretentious presents have come to him. The tributes have been entirely spontaneous, no suggestion of such a thing having been made in the newspapers until their number became notable.

—Grenville S. Redmond, of San Francisco, has just taken second rank at the famous Julian academy of arts, in Paris. Redmond, who is only twenty-two years of age, is a deaf-mute, and his career has already been a remarkable one. In 1879 he became an inmate of the institution for the deaf, dumb and blind at Berkeley, Cal. He at once showed phenomenal ability as an artist, and during the last three years he has been a student at the art school in San Francisco, his expenses being borne by the Berkeley institution.

HUMOROUS.

—"The place was robbed last night." "Indeed! What was taken?" "Nearly everything. In fact, the only thing not disturbed was the watchman."—Tit-Bits.

—He (exhibiting sketch)—"It's the best thing I ever did." She (sympathetically)—"Oh, well, you mustn't let that discourage you."—Boston Home Journal.

—Harry—"Mamma, who was the inventor of the cotton-gin?" Mamma (sternly)—"I don't know, my son. Nor do I take any interest in liquor or liquor-drinking."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

—Mrs. Brown (nudging Mr. Brown, who snores with his mouth open)—"William, you'd make less noise if you'd keep your mouth shut." Mr. Brown (only half awake)—"So'd you."—Life.

—Tom—"I like your new house. What a charming vista one gets, through these parlors into the library." Kitty—"Yes; but my brother says I'll never have any luck until the portiers are up."—Life.

—Wife—"My milliner was here today to see you, and I told her you were out." Husband—"What did she say?" Wife—"She said that when she had seen you you would be out still more."—N. Y. World.

—Miss Fadley—"Are you fond of flowers, Mr. Slimeash?" Mr. Slimeash—"I don't know, really." Miss Fadley—"Dear me! Why not?" Mr. Slimeash—"I haven't noticed the price of them."—Inter-Ocean.

—His Occupation.—Senator—"Did you say your friend had a place in Washington?" Politician—"Yes." Senator—"By the day or job?" Politician—"Oh, by the job; he's a lobbyist."—Detroit Free Press.

—When the Jewish proverbial philosopher wrote: As vinegar to the teeth and smoke to the eyes is the sluggard to them that send him—he was by anticipation describing the American messenger-boy.—Chicago Interior.

—The Prince's Tutor—"And now we come to the Emperor Caligula. What does your Royal Highness know of him?" The prince is silent. Tutor—"Quite right, sir. The less said about such a monster the better."—To-day.

—Excited Lady (on the beach)—"Why isn't something done for the ship in distress? Why don't some of you—constguard (hurriedly)—"We have sent the crew a line to come ashore, mam." Excited Lady—"Good gracious! Were they waiting for a formal invitation?"—Home.

—"I am going to make a great hit with my next novel," said the golden-haired authoress, "and don't you forget it." "What's the plot?" "Oh, I don't really know, yet, but there are to be four chapters devoted to the sufferings of the hero from appendicitis."—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LILAC.  
The lilac stood close to Elizabeth's window. All purple with bloom, while the little maid spun. Her suit was long one and she was weary, And moaned that she never could get it done.  
But a wind set stirring the lilac blossoms, And a wonderful sweetness came floating in. And Elizabeth felt, though she could not have said it, That a friend had come to her, to help her spin.  
And after that she kept on at her spinning. Gay as a bird, for the world had begun To seem such a pleasant, good place for working, That she was amazed when her stint was done.

And the pale-browed little New England maiden, Outside of her lessons, had learned that day, That the sweetness around us will sweeten labor, If we will but let it have its way.  
—Mary E. Wilkins, in St. Nicholas.

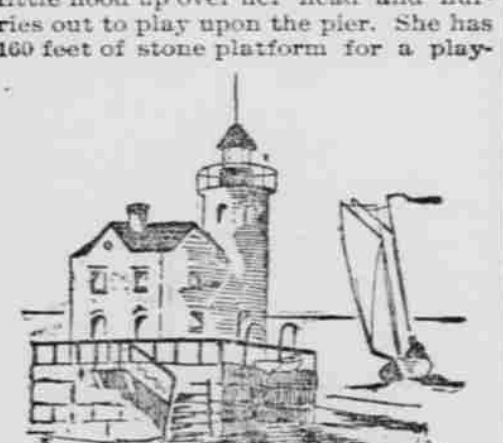
LIGHTHOUSE MAGGIE.

A Little Girl Who Lives Far Away from Other Children.  
Down in Newark bay, on the coast of the Atlantic, lives a little girl eleven years old whose entire life has been spent out at sea. Her name is Maggie Wood, and her home is the big stone lighthouse one sees when at Mariner's harbor, Staten Island, or sailing down the bay.

This girl lives away from all other children; her chief pastime is in watching the boats pass, and in hearing the sounds which come across the waves. On clear days in summer, standing out on the stone pier of the lighthouse, she can hear the children of the picnic excursions sing as they go down the bay. In winter she wraps up warmly and stands as far out as the rough winds will allow and waves her apron to the sailors on the boats who wave a reply back. Sometimes they blow their steam whistles for her, and sometimes, for they know how she loves music, they shout sea songs or blow upon a flute.

Every day Maggie's aunt and uncle, with whom she lives, see that she has her regular lessons; she has real school books which her uncle brings home on his rare visits to the city. She is not at all an unlearned child. She draws and paints a little, and her favorite work is to sketch the old stone lighthouse.

As soon as school hours are over Maggie puts on her cloak, draws its little hood up over her head and hurries out to play upon the pier. She has 100 feet of stone platform for a play-



MAGGIE AND HER HOME.

ground. She races around the lighthouse half a dozen times as fast as she can go. Then she rolls over and over with Towzer, her sea dog, and throws sticks in the water for him to swim out and get.

Towzer is a brown water spaniel, and he has the record of saving just as many lives as Maggie numbers years to her life, so that the little sea girl has a real hero for a companion and playmate.

Frequently Maggie's uncle takes her out in the lifeboat and lets her fish and play in the water. Sometimes an exciting event occurs. Maggie takes a hand in a "great rescue." A bird, sick or wounded, will hover over the water or fall in the waves, and then Maggie and her uncle row out where it is fluttering, and pick up the poor little thing, and carry it to "land" as tenderly as if it were a human being. When the bird gets well it is let go, again; and that is another exciting event.

One day last summer Maggie had a great adventure. She had gone out on the pier to set free a sea-gull which had had a broken wing. It had been shot at by some sportsman and left to die on the waves. Maggie had carried it into the lighthouse and taken care of it until its wing was strong. Then as the gull seemed unhappy, she had resolved to let it go. She freed it just as a flight of gulls swept past. In a minute it had gone, disappearing with the others. But only for a minute could the bird keep on its proud course; then it flew more slowly; gradually it sank to the surface of the waves.

Quick as thought Maggie untied the boat, and drawing long, sweeping strokes, she pulled out all alone to the spot where the bird lay in the water and brought him back again to the lighthouse. Now he has become a family pet and never flies very far away.

The hero, Towzer, is an excellent bird dog. But he has an odd trait. If Maggie's uncle shoots ducks or other birds good for food Towzer swims out and brings them in, taking care that they do not get away from him, and he is not always very gentle with them, either. But let Maggie say: "Towzer, there is a poor sick bird out there. Get him, Towzer. Careful! careful!" He will swim out and bring the wounded bird as gently to the shore as if he were the mother bird himself. He draws his lips over his teeth until they are soft as silk.

There are days when Maggie cannot see beyond the lighthouse. All day

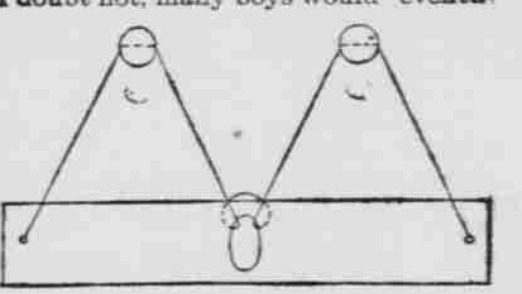
long she hears only the "Toll!" "Toll!" "Toll!" of the warning bell. She feels as if she were away off on another sphere. As she herself expressed it: "As if an 'Arabian Nights' story had come into my life and carried me in a row's egg to another planet."

In summer, when city people come over to the lighthouse, she is very happy, and when she "expects company" she helps polish the lighthouse lamp until it shines, and even takes a hand in scouring the stone pier into perfect neatness. She has a store of sea grass and curious shells and queer dried fish for visitors, and, and for pitying her, many of them envy Maggie such a peaceful, romantic home.—Addison Rymar, in St. Louis Republic.

THE BEAD PUZZLE.

So Simple in Construction That Any Child Can Make It.  
Its construction is simple, the materials not costly and the only tools required a brad-awl and pocket-knife. Its construction is the only simple thing about it—at least, I fancy this will say. I fear, too, I shall have a difficulty in making myself quite clear over the "puzzle" part.

However, I will do my best, though, I doubt not, many boys would eventu-



THE BEAD PUZZLE.

ally succeed in solving the difficulty without any explanation. I say, then, after you have made the puzzle try and solve it before you read up the explanations.

Take a piece of hard wood, an inch wide and six inches long. At half an inch from either end make a brad-awl hole. In the middle cut out a small oval hole. Procure two glass beads, which must be too large to pass through the oval hole. Take a piece of twine about eighteen inches long, double it at the middle and pass the loop through the oval hole, and then pass the two ends of the twine through the loop. Take a bead and thread it on one of the ends of the twine, and fasten that end to one of the brad-awl holes. Do the same with the other bead and end of twine, and fasten at the opposite brad-awl hole.

Your puzzle is now complete, and ought to appear like the diagram. The puzzle is to get the two beads together. This, seeing they are too large to pass through the oval hole, is not easy.

EXPLANATION.—Draw down the center loop and pass the right-hand bead through it toward the oval hole. Then take the two strings passing through the oval hole and draw them toward you. The loop will be drawn through the hole from the opposite side, but it will now be a double one. Pass the bead through to the left and let slack. The bead will now be confined by a single loop. Pass it through again to the left, and there you are. To part the beads again, reverse the order of procedure.

If you wish to make a more complicated puzzle, you have only to add to the length of the strip of wood; but, in making the holes, remember they must run alternately—beginning with a bradawl hole, then an oval hole, a bradawl hole again, and so on, finishing with a bradawl hole.

You may form as many "loops" as you like, and amuse yourself by getting all the beads on any one particular loop. Or you may astonish your friends by asking them how many beads they would like placed on any particular loop.

You retire to a secluded corner of the room, or place your hands under the table, and lot the "passage" is effected. Let your friends plainly understand the beads will not pass through the oval holes. By the way, if you use a number of beads, the twine must be continuous, without knots, and carefully looped into each oval hole.—Golden Days.

Fish Which Go Gunning.  
The jaculator fish, which is found in the lakes of Java, uses its mouth as a squirt-gun, and is a good marksman. If a stake or pole is put in the water with the end projecting three feet above the surface, and a beetle or fly is placed on top of the pole, the water will soon be swarming with funny gunners. Presently one comes to the surface, observes its prey and measures its distance. Then it screws its mouth into a very funny shape, discharges a stream of water, and knocks the fly or beetle into the water, where it is instantly devoured by the successful shooter, or some of its hungry companions.

Where He Drew the Line.  
The natural enmity to the tax-gatherer is said to be especially prevalent in a certain county of Missouri. A well-to-do German farmer came into the village of which he is accounted a resident to pay his taxes. The bill was handed to him, itemized as follows:  
State tax.....\$14.23  
County tax..... 7.13  
School tax..... 4.30

Total.....\$25.66  
The German scanned it closely for some moments, and then said stolidly: "I pays de state tax, I pays de county tax and I pays de school tax, but I pays no total tax! I got no total, and I never is had any. Dat total tax, he is one fraud!"

Disappointed.  
Mr. Staylate—You look charming to-night.  
She (yawning)—Do I? I was expecting you to say I looked tired.—Brooklyn Life.

Grounds for a Smash.  
He'd always been a man of peace, He wouldn't harm a hare; But when a duke with cigarette blew smoke into his face, you bet He smashed him, then and there.  
—Kansas City Journal.