IN THE BOUTHLAND.

Afar in the dear old Southland, Where woods and waters meet, Rease are blooming in beauty, Where birds sing soft and sweet.

Afar in the dear old Southland. She waits, my guiding star, Where the fields are white with And naught her life doth mar.

Afar in the dear old Southland, Down by the summer ses. Love's song she is singing softly, Floats over the waves to me.

MISS SPARKLES.

She had the brightest eyes and the sunniest smile to be found within the four seas. She might have her moments of depression, as we all have, and she might at times flame out into rage when things went wrong and her blood was up, but this only re-deemed her from the monotony of cheerfulness and gave her the variety that belongs to a rich nature. Of the darker, the more sullen passions, she had not a trace, and the worst that could be said of her was that she was "soon up" and "sometimes down." But in general she was "Miss Sparkles," and the name expressed all that the world loved or cared to know. She had occasion enough for the exercise of her brightness, for she was an orphan, with no greater pro-tection than might be found in a couple of fine-hearted brothers, one of whom was on a Texas ranch and the other in one of her majesty's ships as lieutenant in the Australian | conge. ceas. Either of these men would have protected her with his heart's but with all these miles beblood; tween her and them, they were not efficient Greathearts, and poor very little Miss Sparkles had practically no one but herself as her guardian and carctaker. For years she had fulfilled certain duties in the house of an old friend. She had been as the adopted daughter of the widow who loved her, trusted to her, and found her own happiness in the association which gave herself a loving compan-Ion and Miss Sparkles an affectionate home. But trouble had come between the two and an enemy had sowed tares, as enemies have the trick of doing. Anne, the old servant, who had lived with her mistress these she should. twenty years gone, had never quite liked the close association of Miss Sparkles with the mistress. She grudged the cares that were given on the one side and the protection that was granted on the other. She thought that Miss Sparkles would be a vast deal better employed getting her living in some quasi-menial way that would teach her her place, rather than living here as the daughter of the house where never a daughter was wanted. What did Missus want with a young person hanging around when she, her old Anne, was there to look after her comforts and see to her fads and fancies? And if she did want any one, why should she not have her own niece Gracie, sister Jane's eldest. as fine a girl as ever stapped? She was bigger and taller than Miss Sparkles, and quite as good a companion; and she was the eldest of seven, and it would be "the worlds" for sister Jane to find her such a good situation as this of Missus' would be. So she set herself to work to try and oust Miss Sparkles from the place and wriggle her niece Gracie into it. Heaven knows what she said, but she said something that proved quite efficient for its purpose; and for the first time in their joint lives together the kind old friend and quasi-mother began to doubt, to suspect, and find fault with her adopted daughter. The home which had once been like a soft, warm nest lined with down, became wife. now a cold, hard, prickly perch, where footing was not too secure. Miss Sparkles, who in times gone by had never been known to displease, could now scarcely please the lady. Mrs. Grahame, who in times gone by had never spoken a harsh word to her bright eyed companion, now scarce ever spoke a kind one. Poor Miss Sparkles epened those bright eyes of hers to the widest but she could not understand what was passing about regret the trust he had placed in her. her, and Mrs. Grahame did not explain-nor did her old maid Mrs. Anne, When Miss Sparkles, poor dear. all in angry tears and vivid flush of eager scorn, besought Mrs Grahame to tell her how or why or where she had offended, that lady put on her iclest look and answered primly: "You have not offended me, Maria. Have I made any complaint?"

est events generally do hang on little things, and tragedies which fill the world spring from initial circumstances so higger than a mustard sool. Among the domestic duties which Miss Sparkles had performed with such signal success was that of the care of the linen. Mrs. Grahame had a fine stock of linen, and was as proud of it as a good housekeeper should be. During the daughter-like epoch of Miss Sparkles' management no reasonable fault could have been or ever had been found with the manner in which she had fulfilled her charge. But, now, when Anne's niece Gracie came in as the successor, suddenly, cric!

crac! as the French say, the keys of the linen closet were domanded. and the care of the linen was handed over to the newcomer. "How have I deserved this?" said Miss Sparkles, flaming, as was not un-

natural. . I have done my duty. Why do you dispossess me?" "That is my affair." said Mrs. Grahame 'Surely I can do as I like with my own?" Well, the bright-eyed little girl bore this her first snub direct in favor of a rival with as much patience as she could commandwhich, truth to say, was not an overwhelming amount. She did make it rather uncomfortable for her rival, and show her temper with perhaps less discretion than honesty-less prudence than sincerity. At all events she gave the occasion that was wanted, and put herself so much in the wrong that Mrs. Grahame found the fitting for the shaft she wanted to throw, and gave Miss Sparkles her

So now, turned out from the soft, warm nest on to the bare and prickly perch, the poor little girl was cast into a space and if she fell to the ground altogether, neither Mrs. Grahame instigated by Anne, nor Anne influenced by greed and jealousy and the worst form of nepotism, cared. It was the fashion in the house to speak of Miss Sparkles as ungrateful, wildtempered, neglectful, impossible. It was the fashion to pretend that all and sundry had borne many things because of her furious passions-because of her neglect of duty; and that they were all well quit of her, an incubus as she had become. And Gracie took her place gallantly and played into her aunt's hands, as it was intended

In the neighborhood where this little story was enacted lived a wealthy man not only, but a great deal older than Miss Sparkles. He had always admired this bright, vivacious clever little girl, with her ready wit and untiring helpfulness, her good humor, general ability, keen perception and perspicacity. He had admired and loved her, and in some sort envied his neighbor, Mrs. Grahame, for the possession of such a pleasant little singing bird for whom he, too, would have been fain to find a suitable cage. But it never occurred to him to disturb existing arrangements; and he kept himself too tightly in hand to allow himself to re- Here 1, 200 elephants were in line, all that had crept upon me from behind. gret, desire, to plan. When, however, the pretty girl was dispossessed and so unfairly and so unceremoni- silver, while in the center sat the my back. The attack was so very

punishment for listening to malevo-

lence and being weak enough to be-

lieve evil reports unsubstantiated by facts or proofs - London Queen.

The Consequences.

"And now they're

He: "No; he's gone to kill the photographer."

To Represent the Deity.

Among the most extraordinary

her by her photograph."

their bridal tour?"

She:

He: 'They were married through matrimonial bureau, and he selected

A DETERMINED CLIENT.

Woman Pawned Har Goat to fiet

THE

Money for Her Lawsuis. "My first case," said a well-known Hariem lawyer to a New York Advertiser representative was a unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living up on the rocks of one of the fast-disappearing remnants of Shantytown, were fraudulently evicted." from their tumbledown cabin by a rascally landlord. The practical head of the household was the wife, and she determined to fight the matter out.

For three weeks the Murphys children, furniture and all, lived in the of that vicinity; back-yard of their former home with nothing between them and heaven but been for the most part uncultivated, a flimsy tent made of old sheets, while only the tract lying nearest town hav-Mrs. Murphy tramped around town ing been rented out to small planters.

their case for nothing. were left to nature so that when I One day she charged into my office bought it I had considerable work in and told me her story with the stereo- clearing it again. I found it overrun typed exactness that comes from fre- with wild beasts-rabbits, deer,

quent repetition. The case seemed to swamp foxes, and others of the less e a worthy one and as I wasn't over- offensive sorts, and enough wild cats. burdened with work I agreed to take panthers, and ratilesnakes to make t free of charge and reinstate the the task of clearing it a lively one. Murphys in their dilapidated home- My hands carried their guns to the

stead. She wanted to get out a free sum-boes and I, myself, put in a very good mons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary ex-several other small but necessary ex-seves. One day I had had an un-penses, but I told her it would be more usually successful day of i', and was repolite to pay these, as the total would turning home with my bag of small

polite to pay these, as the total would not amount to \$5. "Foive dollars' she cried; divil a cint have the Murphys seen since me husband losht his job wan month ago, and the lasht blissed thing thim pawa-brokers'il take they've got already." On either side of it was a dense un-dergrowth, with a line of timber be-

money she went into such a rage that hind it to the landward, and the river I apologized abjectly. Be the powers' she exclaimed, growing late too, and when presently

after pacing the floor for about ten. I heard a piercing scream behind me minutes. I forgot wan thing! Wait it sent the blood to my heart in quicker beats, for the sound was an misther, an' I'll be back in an hour. . She kept her word, and just as I" evil one under the circumstances.

was closing up shop for the day she reappeared with her hands full of sil- it was the voice of an animal I heard, ver, which she poured upon my desk. and as it was some distance off, I "Mrs. Murphy,' I queried, where jogged serenely on, dismissing it from did you get this?" I thought your last my mind, as it never occurred to me valuable had been pawned?

"Yis,' she replied, with a gleam of sbut in another minute or two I heard triumph in her gray eyes, ivery thing it again, and this time considerably excipt the goat. I took old Nanny, nearer me. It sounded again and whose milk me childer has lived upon, again, each time drawing closer, until over to the Kenneys, and they lint me "it struck me all at once that the four dollars an' ninety-sivin cints on animal might be attracted by my her. There's the money, young man, deer. I looked behind me, and saw and now, be the luv of Hivin, go in that the buck was still bleeding a

"I take pleasure in stating that Mo-into the dust of the road as I traveled. "When I purposed in the stating that Mo-

GORGEOUS PARADES. GORGEOUS PARADES. Furnished By Elephanis of Ancient Days ipated no trouble with the creature, in India

It was in the procession and pageants that elephants made the finest have time to fire upon it ere it reached appearance, says St. Nicholas, fitted with magnificent trappings, and marching slowly along, as if con-scious of their fine looks. One of the most remarkable shows was that at part of valor and given up the chase, the wedding of Vizier All in 1795. when without any warning the cat richly costumed. Of these 100 had howdahs or castles, covered with in the dust of the road, sprang upon ously treated, he reconsidered his nabob upon a very large elephant,

SLOW BY FIVE FEET. FIGHTING A WILDCAT. The Old Farmer Woold Have Been All

Richt but for His Horse. A BATTLE WON BY A SKILLFUL "Three or four years aga," said the engineer to the Detroit Free Press re-STRATEGEM.

portor. I was running a passenger train up North. Every other night at Dust Serves a Weaponless Man When 8 o'clock we were due at a certain country crossing. One night I just shaved a horse and buggy at the crossing and the man in the buggy Ther Was Nothing Etco With Which to Defand Himself -A Narrow Escape.

seemed to be more than half drunk. The Lake Charles La. correspond. On the second night I barely missed ent of the St. Louis Globo-Democrat him again, and on the third occasion stands sponsor for the following story I do balleve we knocked a spoke out told by Lou Despard, a sugar planter of his hind wheel. Next day, on the down run, he came up to the engine

"My plantation had since the war as we lay at the town about three miles from the crossing, waiting for the express to pass, and says he: " Look-a-here, ole man, you can't do it! Ye hain't smart 'nuff with yer ooking for a lawyer who would take while the acres bordering the river were left to nature, so that when I

concealed by it on the other. It was

"But a moment's thought told me

old snorter to run over me!" " 'Are you the man who crosses at Dean's at 8 o'clock every other night?" I asked.

I be. I'm the very chap. It's jest my hour fur gettin' home from here with a big drink o' whisky behind my vost."

"Well, you want to look out for yourself or you'll certainly get killed."

"Don't you worry about me! Jist crack on steam and let 'er go and never mind where I am. If my old hoss can't beat your biler on wheels I'm willin' to be histed.'

'It was no use to talk to him. He was bull-headed and conceited and the very next run he was there again. spoke to the conductor about it and I believe some of the officials sent the man word that he must stop or they'd have him arrested. He didn't stop, though. He was there on my run as regular as clock work and he always had a fling and a laugh at me. This had been going on for more than a month, when one night, as I was trying to pick up lost time, I caught him right in the center of the track."

'And that was the end of him,' observed the reporter.

'It was a queer thing " said the engineer, "The horse and buggy were that the scream had reference to me. flung clear over the fence, killing the horse instantly, while the old man went forty feet high and came down on the roof of the fourth car back. We came to a stop and found him and got him down. He had just about a minute to live. He recognized me, and signed that he wanted to speak. When I bent over him he whispered: "Did it finally, didn't ye, but do you know why? The old hoss had colic and was five feet slow!" When I perceived this I was certain

Merel/ In Case,

Bank director-I am surprised, sir, to learn that you drop into our bank every day and whisper tips to our cashier. Don't you know the information must be a great temptation to him to use the bank funds to speculate with?

Wealthy banker-Yes.

"And yet you are a heavy stock-holder in our bank." "Just so."

Then, in the name of common her velvet-shod feet making no sound sense. what's your motive?"

"Well, the fact is, I don't know

A SYMBOL OF LIBERTY.

Where the Liberty C p Uriginated and Why It Was Adopted.

I have often been asked why the "Liberty Cap" is used in American il-iustrations, when it originated and why it was adopted says a writer in the St. Louis Republic. At first I was inclined to give the subject no particalar attention and really never did give it a serious thought until good fortune put a United States cent of 1793 in my hands. In this rare piece the head of Liberty is turned to the left. She has a pole across her left shoulder, surmounted by a conical poke, which is intended for a Liberty Cap. Here indeed was an oddity, a subject for immediate investigation. Turning to my .Dictionary of Phrase and Fable' (an odd place to look, sure, for a Liberty Cap is neither a phrase nor a fable). I found the following under the head of 'Cap of Liberty." The Goddess of Liberty in the Aventine Mount, was represented as holding in her hand a cap, the symbol of freedom. In France the Jocobins wore a red cap; in England a blue cap with a white border is a symbol of liberty, and Brittania is sometimes represented as holding such a cap on the point of her spear.

Here were some pointers but no real information as to the organization of the symbol. Delving deeper into "volumes of forgotten lore," I found that the cap was a symbol of liberty and freedom in the time of the Roman Emperors. When the Romans manumitted a slave his head was adorned with a small red cloth cap. As soon as this was done he was known as a libertnus, or freedman, and his name was registered among others of the city's "tribes." In the year 263, when Saturninus invaded the capital, he hoisted a cap on the point of his spear. to indicate that all slaves who rallied around this standard should be free. When Marius incited the slaves to take up arms against Sylla, he employed the same symbol, and when Cæsar was murdered the conspirators marched forth in a boly with a cap elevated on a spear, in token of liberty.

DRUIDICAL RELICS.

The "Wroth" Mosey of Warwickshire-

Its History and Origin. History books confidently assert that the Druids have long ceased to exist in England. Doubt is thrown on this assertion by a quaint custom held in the stormy dawn of a recent morning around the remnants of a British tumulus which exists at Knightlow in Warwickshire, where the Duke of Buccleuch, as lord of the hundred, exacted payment of certain tributes which date from the misty times of our Druidical ancestors. The duke did not himself appear in the character of a Druid to collect the dues, but was represented by his agent. Payment is made by twentyeight parishes of the old Hundred of Knightlow, the tax being called "Wroth silver."

What it was instituted for nobody knows, says the London Telegraph, and nobody knows exactly why it was whether your cashier is honest or not; maintained. It only produces about nine shillings, but if any parish neglects to pay the duke has the right to exact from it a white bull with red nose and ears. The representatives of the different parishes must assemble at the tumulus march thrice around a hollow stone, saying, "The wroth money." and deposit the tribute in the cavity, from which the duke's representative gathers it up. A philologer after the school of Dean Swift's 'Greek and Latin Derived from English," might explain the meaning of the name by saying the parishes were "wroth" at having to pay it; but this etymology is at once nulified by the fact that the inhabitants of the Hundred who care to get out of bed so early, are entertained in a neighboring hostelry by His Grace at a substantial breakfast, coming to twenty times more than they pay in "wroth money." It is a curlous custom, linking the distant past with nineteenth century civilization.

AMERICAN.

"No." said Miss Sparkles vehemently; 'and I only wish you had! It would be more satisfactory to know what had displeased you than to be treated with this odd coolness-so unlike your former self."

"Am I to be taken to task for my manner?" asked Mrs. Grahamo, in re-"Do you hold that to be a very dutiful or respectful thing to do from you to me, Maria?"

And poor Miss Sparkles, baffled at each turn and every endenvor, feit there was nothing for it but silence, patience and doing her best to recover the affection she had lost-lost she could not tell how.

Some deaths are mercifully swift, and others are painfully slow and lingering. The moral follows the physioal law, and in the death of friendship are repeated the same conditions as those which surround the gradually weakening vitality of the body-or those which out the tie between breath and spirit with a stroke as sudden as a lightning flash. Ever influenced by Mrs. Anne, the old lady's love for her favorite gradually died, till at last the psychological moment came-the times were fully ripe, and Gracie might be effectually introduced. Des. tined to be the successor, there now only wanted the ccession Miss Sparkles must be dispossessed, but she

pieces of symbolism known to have been used by the oarly Asiatics was a must be put in the wrong, and in a donkey's head used as a representamanner made to cut her own throat. It was only a little thing. The larg- | tive of the delty.

own position and hers, and thought it whose howdah was covered with gold, over within himself, wondering if it would be possible—if it would be The daily pa

The daily parade of the elephants wise-if it would be right? But, of the Court of Jehanghir was a wonnothing venture, nothing win, and at derful display. The elephants were least he might sound Miss Sparkles bedecked with precious stones, chains herself, and hear what she thought about the matter. Would she? Could of gold and silver, gilt banners and flags. The first elephant, called the she? He was 35 years older than she. Lord Elephant, had the plates of his but he was hale and hearty, and at 60 head and breast set with rubies and he matched her 25 with not too bad a emeralds, and as he passed the king he grace. At all events, he loved her turned, dropped upon his knees, and and was willing to give his name and trumpeted loudly-not in loyal frame his fortune, if so be that she could of mind, exactly, but because the love him and content herself as his driver pricked him with a sharp prod us at the right time. Silly people, And when he asked her, the little however, believed that the elephant

girl, bruised and sore and desolate as was showing respect for the king. she was, unprotected, friendless, home-To-day, the elephant is still used in India in pageants, as a laborer, especless turned to him with that gratitude which, when mixed with respect and ially in the lumber districts, where it personal liking makes no ill substitute is taught to carry long timbers, and,

for love, and said, "Yes, she loved as has been said, forms a corps in the him well enough to be his good and British army; but in active warfare it faithful wife, and she would spend all is not useful only in few cases, and can never be employed so frequently her strength and energy in making him happy, so that he should never as in ancient times.

Told the Truth About IL.

And thus, as is often in life her "Yes," said the man, "yes; it was the sams old story. He was a fine-looking young fellow, ambitious trouble became her wellspring of joy. and her fall was the platform on which she found her prosperity. The to rise in his profession, the soul of marriage turned well-in all respects honor, and entirely without guile, and grandly well. Miss Sparkles, with all her brightness and her vivacity, she seemed to be gentle, winning and brought the sunshine of youth and gayety into her husband's erstwhile rofined; in short all that a woman should be. How could it have been gloomy house. Loving no one else, she loved him with her whole heart, otherwise than that he should be attracted toward her? He fought against and never knew the moment she rethis passion, but it was useless. day when they were alone he told his gretted her marriage. Nothing could e more harmonious than her life, love, and she-

"And she," broke in one of the party nothing more prosperous, nothing more perfect. It was a round of who had listened to the speaker wit pleasantness and an uninterrupted bated breath, . and she refused him. flood of sunshine; while poor Mrs. and he turned about with a groan and Grahame, between Anne and her niece, oft her forever. His life was crushed; was as grist between the upper and

Not a bit of it," said the narrator: the nether millstone-iron between the hammer and the anvil-and could she accepted him and they were no more call her very soul her own. married two or three months after-And her beautiful store of linen dwindled strangely and rapidly, and wards, and have over since lived a asppy, contented, humdrum sort of what was left went into decay and was left to ruin unrepaired. This was her dite

Celt and Saxon.

This recalled one of Sheridan's tales of an Irishman who met a Briton of the true John Buil pattern, standing with feided arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island. "Allow me to differ with ye!" ex.

claimed the Celt. "But I have said nothing sir," re

plied John Bull. "And a man may think a lie as well se publish it," persisted the pugna-

is Hibernian. clo

"Perhaps you are looking for fight?" queried the Briton. 'Allow me to compliment yez on the

ulckness of your perception." ani4 Patrick throwing down his cost, and then they pitched in -Washington Post

horse by it and rolled to the ground with the creature still clinging to me. while my gun was knocked from my hand and lay some twenty feet from me. The horse, seared out of its wits, broke into a run and was out of sight in a minute, carrying the deer with him. I was left alone to wrestle with

as I expected it would presently leap

from the undergrowth and I would

me. But it did not appear, and I heard no other scream, so I had just

begun to think that the animal had

determined discretion to be the better

when, without any warning, the cat,

nexpected that I was f

the cat, and a rather unenviable situation it was, for without a weapon and worn out with a long day's hunting. I was hardly a match for the animal, a £2.500. young one, and excited by hunger and the smell of fresh blood.

My failing on it also seemed to be construed as a declaration of war, and letting go my back, which was fear-

fully lacerated by the creature's powerful claws, it flew at my throat before I could regain my footing. I threw up my arm to guard my throat, which was exposed by my hunting shirt, and the cat fastened its teeth in the flesh just below the elbow. I struck it with my other hand with all the force I could muster under the circumstances, but the only effect of the blow was to cause the beast to sink its teeth deep-

er into my flesh, until I feared would break the bone. Yelling for help, I lay still for several minutes. but when no answering shout greated my ears I concluded that if anything was to be done I was the one that would have to do it. With a sudden erk I tried to throw the cat off my body, but this proved a signal failure, and, though the creature let go my arm. It was to make a snap at my face. I averted this by again interposing my arm, which it seized in just about the same place. I was at a loss to know what to do,

but that something had to be done was becoming more evident every moment, for I was not only in agony with that beast's needle-like teeth mumbling at my arm, but I was also growing faint from the loss of blood. Casting about for some lucky idea, for I realized that my only hope lay in strategy. my eyes fell on the dusty road, and like an inspiration came the thought that under providence saved my life. In my disengaged hand I caught up as much of the dust as it would hold and flung it into the sys nearest me. The cat gave a squall, but before it could spring up I was ready with another handful of the dust, which I threw into the other gleaming eya. Blinded and terrified by the loss of its sight, Blinded the cat leaped several feet into the air, howling with pain and clawing at itself in a vain attempt to rid its eyes. of the scalding powder. Taking advantage of the respite 1 ran for my gun, and, aiming carefully, fired upon the rolling, plunging, screaming ani-mal and killed it.

Friend of play wright-"Teil me, now, what do you consider your greatest work!" Playwright—"Gotting my plays accepted after they are written."—Boston Tran-script.

but if he isn't honest, and if he does use the bank funds to speculate with. I want him to keep on the right side of the market. See?"-Buffalo Ex-Dress.

The House of Commons.

The speaker of the house of commons draws a salary of £5,000 a year while in office, and when he retires he is raised to the peerage, and receives a pension of £4,000. The deputy speaker receives a salary of

FEMININITIES.

Without noble desires no man can lead a noble life.

Mr. Kemp Sanderford, sr., aged 83 years, and Mrs. Susannah Nobles, aged 10, lovers half a century ago, were married near Flora, Miss.

Mother, reading: "A machine has been invented that will fling a man 1,500 feet into the air." Pretty daughter: "Horrors! Don't let pa hear of it."

Chauncey Depew said in the course of his address to the Fellowship Club in Chicago, that after a man has passed 40 years of age he makes no new friends.

Employer: "I'd engage you for the place at once, only I must have a married man." Applicant: "Keep the place open for an hour, sir, and I'll easily fix that "

Golightly: 'I am sorry you and Ethel have fallen out." George: 'It is a mat-ter of no consequence, sir." 'It is to me. She hasn't had a young man in years who burned so little gas."

In the tenth century, to eat off the same plate and drink out of the same cup was considered a mark of gallantry, and of the best possible understanding between a lady and a gentleman.

Mother: "Goodness me! Is that Irene at the pisno!" Little son: "Yes, ma." "Well, go ask her what she is doing. If she is practising she can keep on until the hour is up; but if she is playing tell her to stop."

"I want you to paint us a big motto in gilt letters," she said to the sign artist. "Yes'm. What is the text?" "It is more blessed to give than to receive." "Oh, 1 see; the ladies are getting ready for an-

other church fair. Young wife: "My love, I have a de-Young whet 'Ay love I have a do lightful surprise in store for you. You cannot guess what it is!" Young hus-band, full of pleasant anticipations: "What is it, darling!" "Two invited mother to spend a week with us."

"Yes, she is so modest that she will hardly let me squeeze her hand, although I have been engaged to her over a year." 'Indeed! Who is that man with she is waltzing?" "That's a stranger to whom she was introduced this evening." Big Sister: "Dick, I wish you would go and get Mr. Nicefellow a glass of water." Mr. Nicefellow: "Yes, my boy, and here's a dime for you." Dick: "Thank you; I'll go pretty soon. Mamma said I shouldn't leave the parlor until she came back."

Auntie, visiting in the country; "What heavenly morning it is, Nina! I feel as though I should like to make someone su-premely happy to day !" Nine, catching the same feeling: "Yes, sontie, and so do Lot's go and scratch the pig's back."

Owned the Earth.

A good story is told of a distin-guished American who made a tour of Europe last summer. In Belgium he walked into a shop and called for a cigar. Several were thrown on the counter.

"How much are they worth?" he asked.

"Three for a quarter of a dollar," answered the shopkeeper. glibly.

"Why, you must take me for an American?" "Of course I do,"

"How came you to guess my nation-ality so easily?"

Because when an Englishman comes in here he asks for a cigar, pays for it without asking any questions, and walks out."

"Well?"

.Well, when one of you Americans some in here, you walk up to the counter, and call for a cigar just as if you owned the whole blessed earth." The American threw down the money, picked up the cigars, and walked out without a word .- Sat Evening Post

Twice Forty.

A teacher was drilling the children in music.

"What does it mean when you see the letter f over a bar or stave?" she asked.

"Forte "answered one of the pupils. "And what does the character menn

There was a short period of deep thoughtfulness on the part of the children, and then one of them should triumphantly:

"Eighty."-Tid-Bits.

Getting Ready.

Cubbage-1 wonder why they are paving this street?

Rubbage-They probably intend to put a sewer down as soon as the paying is done.-Epoch.