

No Longer Wild and Woolly

We are cultured to the limit in the famous Western land, Christianity upon us has a claim. And refinement in our actions always plays a winning hand—We are getting there, dead certain, inch by inch. As an ornament the pistol is completely out of date. Very rarely do we have a shutenfest. We are up with the procession and we mean to hold our own. It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

We are short of desperadoes, scarcely ever see a tough. With a yearning craze for shooting up the town. And the tenderfoot from Jersey when he tries to run a bluff. Undergoes a rather hasty calling down. We are drinking better liquor than we did in days of yore. And we go about more fashionably dressed. The advance wave of progress quenched our burning thirst for gore. It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

Not a Christian man among us wears his breeches in his boots. And the old wool shirt is but a memory now. And we look with disapproval on the tenderfoot gait. Who are sporting big sombreros on the brow. We are seen at church on Sunday ere the front begin to bite. With a holy flame alight in every breast. And we're always in our couches at the stroke of 12 at night—no longer is the wild and woolly West.

And our ladies, heaven bless 'em, are so modest, nice and sweet. You would think them truant angels from the skies. Never see them dash astraddle on their bronchos through the street. Making hosiery displays for staring eyes. Not a slangy word or sentence ever ripples from their lips. For a high old time they never go in quest. Not a gun is ever peeping from the pocket on their hips. It no longer is the wild and woolly West.

Oh, you bet your filthy lucre, we're refined to beat the band. We have culture to distribute to the birds. And the brand of fresh morality we always keep on hand. Couldn't be described in common rhyme words. In every moral attribute are strictly recherche. And that same's no pipey visionary jest. And we love the rugged country into which we've come to stay. It no longer is the wild and woolly West.



Two Worlds and Their Children.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.
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The trolley car which had been dashing along toward Chicago stopped suddenly, held upon a suburban street corner by the inevitable coal wagon with a tendency to break down. Franklin Atherton gazed idly at the earnest group of Salvation Army workers on the other side of the street. Suddenly in a momentary cessation of the ponderous drum-beats a clear, sweet, feminine voice faltered out softly:

"Ah! I have sighed to rest me. Deep in the quiet grave."
The rest of the words were surprising Salvation Army adaptations of the most characteristic type. But Franklin Atherton never heard them. With a bound he had reached the side of the singer—the girl whom he would have asked to become his wife long ago but that he feared to face poverty with her. He had not seen her for nearly two years.

"Margaret! How came you with these people?"
The girl looked at him gravely.
"When your world—the world which was mine also until my father died and left me penniless—found no time or space or attention for me I turned to the world in which men and women work instead of play. Not knowing how to work I went hungry. When I was homeless and seeking death because no other course seemed open the Salvation Army workers found me. They saved my life—and soul. Now I am trying to save others."
The going of the trolley clanged out at the moment. It seemed like a summons to another world.
"Margaret!" The words seemed drawn from him. "Leave this life, for God's sake! Come with me."



"How came you with these people?"
"As your wife, Franklin!"
The flicker of doubt and uncertainty in his eyes was so short-lived that few would have seen it. But the girl turned away as though she had outlived a dream.
"No—no," she answered. "Not now. You are not strong enough to take me just yet. But," she called

after him as he sprang aboard the trolley, "we may meet again, some time. When we do, perhaps—"
But he was gone.
Three years later Franklin Atherton had also disappeared from the world which had once known him. Excessive haste to be rich, the gambling fever, an unlucky speculation, these were the successive steps by which he had reached starvation and despair. For a man of his temperament all things seemed ended. He was heading for the river when there smote upon his jaded ear the sound of a flagellated drum, the clear note of a silver trumpet.



"What is the matter, my brother?"
pet. Then, as he listened instinctively:
"Ah! I have sighed to rest me. Deep in the quiet grave."
It was no dream. It was not the result of a fevered imagination. The voice was unmistakable, the intonation quite beyond question. His manhood left him suddenly, and he sank down upon the curbstone, sobbing. The clear, sweet voice came nearer. A gentle hand was laid upon his arm.
"What is the matter, my brother? What can we do to help you?"
Soft, hurrying footsteps followed him into the shadow, darkened sidewalk to which he hastened. Again the gentle hand was laid upon his arm.
"It's no use, Margaret. Do you suppose I'll be cad enough to let you help me, after the treatment you have received at my hand? God bless you—good-by."
The girl made no immediate answer—in words.
Turning, she beckoned to the blue-coated co-worker who had followed her from the lighter street.
"This is a very dear friend of mine. Lieutenant Caldwell," she told him, with a voice which shook a little from varied emotions, but with eyes which shone and sparkled, "and he is in trouble, in need of assistance. I know I can trust you to do all that you can for him, for my sake as well as for the sake of—the man who is going to be my husband some day."
"Margaret!"
The man was humbled as neither poverty, slight, hunger, cold, nor raggedness had been potent to humble

him. But there was no bitterness in the humility with which he kissed her fingers, there in the darkened street.
"Margaret, you are an angel, and I will be worthy of you yet. I swear it! I will be your husband some day—if the good Lord and yourself will allow it—but I'll be a man first, by God!"
And the quiet stars, looking down impressively on the flagellated drum and the throbbing hearts of the men and women around it, saw and knew, somehow, that a new soul had been born.

EGYPT AS A WINTER RESORT.

Africa More Interesting to British Tourists Than Southern Europe.
Every indication is forthcoming that the approaching season in Cairo and on the Nile will be a prosperous one, and visitors will probably exceed the record of last year, when so many English people deserted the Riviera for Egypt. All the hotels promise to be full, and the newer health resorts will not lack for patronage. There now include Helouan, within half an hour's railway ride of Cairo, which has sulphur baths, recommended for rheumatism, and several first-class hotels and pensions, while furnished villas may be hired. Assouan, which is described as the driest accessible health resort in the world, has two large hotels and an English church, and is growing in popularity year by year, rivaling Luxor, so well known to invalids and others who dare not face an English winter. At Luxor, also, hotel extensions have taken place, and no modern improvements are wanting. Assouan is the starting point for the further voyage to Wady-Hofa. Sportsmen in search of big game are making up parties for shooting buffalo, giraffe, rhinoceros, hippopotamus and elephant in the district lying between Khartoum and Fashoda. The regulations are now somewhat more stringent, owing to the increase in the number of guns. Dahabshah, steam and sailing, and modernized—for the type of craft goes back to the days of the Pharaohs—provide the most luxurious and necessarily costly means of conveyance, and the fleet available is always in keen demand for families making application a long time in advance.—London Telegraph.

Queen Alexander.

Love for children is a prominent trait of the character of the queen consort. She was passionately devoted to her own children, and she has never wholly recovered from the death of her eldest born, the Duke of Clarence. Several months after her bereavement she was walking in the lanes near her home, when she met an old woman staggering under the weight of burdens too heavy for her. The princess stopped her to speak a few words of sympathy, and learned that she performed the duties of a carrier, executing commissions between two villages. "The bundles are too heavy for me!" she lamented, bursting into tears. "I never carried them when Jack was here." "Who is Jack and where is he now?" kindly inquired the princess. "Jack's my boy, and he's dead—dead!" wildly exclaimed the old woman. With another sympathetic word Alexandra turned away, hurriedly lowering her veil to hide her emotion. She could understand the sorrow of a mother who had lost her boy. The next day there was sent to the woman a cart drawn by a stout donkey. In this cart the old carrier made her journeys in comfort for the rest of her life.

Willing to Oblige.

An Englishman at a dinner once told a tale of a tiger he had shot which measured twenty-four feet from snout to tail-tip. Everyone was astonished, but no one ventured to insinuate a doubt of the truth of the story. Presently a Scotsman told his tale. He had once caught a fish which he said he was unable to pull in alone, managing only to land it at last with the aid of six friends. "It was a skate, and it covered two acres." Silence followed this recital, during which the offended Englishman left the table. The host followed. After returning he said to the Scotsman: "Sir, you have insulted my friend. You must apologize." "I dinna insult him," said the Scot. "Yes you did, with your two-acre fish story. You must apologize." "Well, said the offender, slowly, with the air of one making a great concession, "tell him if he will take ten feet off that tiger I will see what I can do with the fish."—London Tit-Bits.

A Lesson on Lobsters.

The methods of public school instruction, as applied in New York city, do not always meet the approbation of the parents of the pupils, as was evidenced the other day when a German woman of commanding figure strode into the school, and, approaching the principal, demanded: "What is a lobster?" The principal politely explained that a lobster was a species of shellfish. "Well, how many legs has it—dis lobster?" The number of legs was stated. "Well, I work me for a hurry, and if your teacher cannot find better things than to ask my boy Jakey how many legs has it, a lobster, and make him come home to bodder his fadder mit questions, 'What it is, a lobster?' it is pad peccness."—Youth's Companion.

History of the Skunk.

The skunk first appears in history in the year 1656, when he was described in Theodor's History of Canada. He had been a long time on earth before species of fossil skunks. The skunks of the genus Choinca range over the greater part of North America and as far south as Mexico. Other skunks are found in Central and South America. —New York Sun.

Pictorial Humor

FOOTBALL THOUGHTS.



Miss Cutting—Do you play Offenbach?
Cholly Hotair—No, not often; I have played "fullback" once or twice, but I usually play "end."

JOKES FROM JUDGE.

Mrs. Waggle—I met the doctor today and told him about your malarky. He said you were to take some whisky every time you had the chills.

Waggle—All right, my dear. I'll make for the drinks.

First chorus girl—What do you suppose persuaded Sadie to marry that young brewer? He hasn't much money.

Second chorus girl—Maybe not. But, you know, one has to begin at the bottom of the ladder.

"An' did O'Brien hav a good wake?" asked Rafferty of Mulligan.
"Did he?" replied Mulligan. "Shure, an' if he'd been alive to enjoy it he'd a thought he was havin' the toime of his life."

Mrs. Wellment—Ain't you ashamed to be begging for a living?
Weary Willie—Not a bit, mum, I wuz educated fer de ministry.

Miss Vassar—Do you chew gum?
Miss Wellesley—Yes, I eschew it.

If a man has insomnia he is seldom troubled with nightmare.

If a baby is a well-spring of pleasure twins must be a deluge.



SHE LOVED FICTION.

Agent—Madam, I have here a complete history of—
Housewife—No, I don't think—
Agent—And the Memoirs of Moses comes—
Housewife—Never mind, I say, I—
Agent—Or I can let you have this beautiful story entitled "Spilby," portraying the life of a faithful domestic who dwelt for 15 days in the home of a New Jersey family, and—
Housewife (eagerly)—I'll take that; I just love fiction.

WOULDN'T SEE HIM.



He—Dedbroke is a mean chap.
She—Why?
He—The doctor told him he was losing his eyesight, so he came around and asked me for \$20 until he saw me again.

In the Sunny South.

"Why, Brother Dickey, I hardly knew you, you're looking so young and spry! What's up now?"
"Well, suh, I studyin' 'bout gittin' married er—dat's all?"
"Getting married?"
"Yes, suh, I made de 'quaintance er a young gal 'ter day, en she 'lowed dat ef I'd shave off my gray whiskers, en chop off de hair what on my head, en stop limpin' wid de rheumatism, en wear cloze what come out de sto', en smoke se-gars 'stidder pipe, en stop preachin' 'gin dancin', en secure my life in her favor fer one hundred dollars, she'd marry me. Dat how come I look so young!"

A Biased Opinion.

"I am very much inclined," said Col. Stilwell, to the belief that total abstinence ought to be encouraged."
"I am surprised to hear you say that."
"Well, it has just occurred to me that if the demand for spirituous beverages were not so large the cost might become a little more reasonable."—Washington Star.

Stopping the Music.

"Yes," said young Mrs. Torkins, "Charley used to come and serenade me for hours every night. So at last I married him." "Dear me!" rejoined Miss Cayenne, "did he sing so badly as all that?"—Washington Star.

Once Again.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going milking, sir," she said. "May I go long?" he asked of her. "Here's one calf there already, sir."

EXPECTED TO EXCHANGE IT.



Customer—I want to buy an umbrella.
Dealer—Yes, sir; something for about five dollars?
Customer—No; something about one dollar. I'm going to a party.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

Guest—What a splendid dinner! I don't often get as good a meal as this. Little Willie (son of the host)—We don't either.

The camel can go two weeks without taking a drink, but it would make some men lump themselves to abstain for two days.

Kind Lady—Why are you crying, little boy? Little Boy—Cos maw jis made a example out o' me fer my little brother's sake.

Information Wanted.

Miss Citybred—What are those queer looking animals? Farmer Hayrix—They are the cows that supply us with milk and cream. Miss Citybred—Oh are they? And where are the cows that give the beef tea?—Chicago News.

Not Sympathetic.

Seldum Fedd—Honestly, boss, I don't know where me next meal is comin' from.— Citizen (gruffly)—Neither do I! It is certainly not comin' from me!