

Loves of Jack and Jill

IT'S such a drefful pity," said little Babs, "for Auntie Jill to be so wewwy and cwy!"

"Well, she needn't cry unless she likes," observed Rex, who understood things, being 9.

Auntie Jill, who heard them from the dark corner behind the curtain, stole away to her bedroom, because she hadn't half done her crying. Then the plot began.

"Girls and ladies," protested Babs, "have to cwy sometimes 'cause they do. If daddy doesn't cut off my hair and make me grow up a man I shall cwy when I'm a lady."

"It isn't any good," objected wise Rex. "When I'm a man I shall be a hunter, and kill Indians and lions, and shan't cry for anything."

Babs shook her golden head. "I should cwy if they hurted you, Wex. Wouldn't you cwy if a big lion catched me and eated me all up?"

Rex put one arm protectingly round her, because 9 is old and big, you see. "No, Babsy. I should kill the lion; that would be ever so much better. Let's play tibby-cat's a lion, and shoot him with the popgun, shall we?" But tibby-cat bolted to the apple tree; and the rocking horse was broken, and Rex had spilt the doll, playing headsman to her "Lady Jane Grey."

"I wis' Auntie Jill would come downstairs an' play suffink," sighed Babs. "I'd rather Uncle Jack take us fishing, or play ball," said Rex. "Are you sure mamma said he wouldn't ever come here again?"

"Certain sure," assented Babs; "an' he wasn't our Uncle Jack, never any more, mamma said—trufly, Wex."

"He never was our uncle, really," explained the future hunter, "only going to be. But he was real nice, and I don't see what Auntie Jill wanted to go and change him for. It's just like women and girls!"

"I'm sure Auntie Jill wouldn't be naughty, ever," said loyal Babs, indignantly.

"Then what is she crying for?"

"I specks 'cause Uncle Jack—"

"You said he wasn't uncle any more, Babs."

"Well, 'cause Uncle—that-used-to-be Jack—"

"That isn't right, either, Babs. He's Jack—that-used-to-be-uncle."

"You're wewwy unkind, Wex," pouted his 6-year sister.

"Don't be a goose," replied Rex, loftily.

"Well, I'm sure Uncle Jack has been naughty, 'cause mamma looked drefful angwy, when she telled me about him. An' Auntie Jill is cwyin' 'cause—'cause he cwyed when you're naughty, and has to be shut in ze cupboard."

"You're a horrid little kid, Babs," said Rex, wrathfully marching away.

"No, I'm not. Don't go away, Wex, please, don't. I'm—'se so welly misable. And kind-hearted little Babs threw herself along the rug and sobbed.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Rex, after he had soothed her with two kisses, a marble, a "conqueror" and half an apple stolen out of the dining room. "We'll go and tell Uncle Jack that auntie's crying awful, and he'd better come and say he's sorry—else no one won't love him ever any more."

"Oh, Wex," cried Babs, rapturously, "wouldn't it be beautif'! An' I would wear my new hat, if you could get it down from ze cupboard, so I would be nice and 'specable. I'm sure mamma wouldn't mind if we were going to fesh Uncle Jack." So Rex tiptoed on a chair for the hat, and primed the popgun as a protection against lions and robbers, and they went round by the sweetstuff shop, because they generally went that way with Uncle Jack, and a heavy new penny was burdening Rex's pocket. Besides, everyone knows that brandy-balls are excellent nourishment for travelers if they get lost in the woods. And if they eat them before they get lost, they make sure of them, and don't "stickey" their pockets. Thanks to such prudent measures, the young explorers reached the plank across the ditch in good spirits, and were as happy as bold travelers should always be.

The plank was not a long one, but the water was so near Rex's feet when they dangled, and it was such a good opportunity to shoot fish if they should appear, that it took a good while to cross over. Then they had to go the long way round the lane, because the field was full of cows; and, as Babs said, "Cows are drefful fngs, 'cause sey might be bulls." So the autumn afternoon was turning to evening when they reached the fish pond where Uncle Jack ought to be. But no jolly uncle appeared—perhaps his mamma had put him in the cupboard because he was so naughty and made Auntie Jill cry. Rex and Babs began to feel cold and tired.

"I wis'—I wis' we had a lot of tea," lamented Babs.

"Perhaps we shall come to a camp," said Rex, consolingly. "Travelers always do. Then they will give us some buffalo cooked in a pot on three sticks over the fire, and tell us where Uncle Jack is."

So they trudged on cheerfully a little farther. But it got so dusk and the cows looked so large and wild in the fading light that they might almost be real buffaloes, which are very different from play ones, as everybody knows. Babs' shoes stuck in the mud and couldn't be found, and Rex fell in some stinging nettles, and they both got scratched scrambling through a hedge. So poor little Golden Hair sat

down on a bank and cried, and Rex stroked her head, and would have cried too if crying hadn't been out of the question for a big boy, who was nearly a man, dada said.

Just then Farmer Burton came along with his dog Rover. He found them some apples out of his pocket, and listened attentively while they explained matters. Of course, he ought to take them straight home, but—a wicked smile crossed the old man's lips—they had come out to find Uncle Jack, and perhaps it would be a good thing if they found him. He had seen him walking distractedly about in Sleepy Hollow a few minutes ago, and he knew something about lovers' quarrels. Why, when he was courting Dame Margery forty years ago they parted forever once a month! But he didn't tell the youngsters anything about this, only took up Babs on his broad shoulders and walked along so fast that Rex had to trot to keep up with him.

"Why does you laugh, Misser Burton?" inquired Babs.

"Oh, because you're such a funny little girl to go hunting buffaloes." "But it was Wex zat was goin' to shoot zem," apologized she.

"Oh, I beg his pardon," said the jovial old farmer. "Perhaps he would like to stop behind and shoot them now?"

But Rex thought they had better be getting home, as it was so late. Buffaloes, he admitted, in his private mind, were not so nice to hunt in the dark.

As they were crossing the hollow a big gentleman came striding along.

"Here's Uncle Jack!" they both exclaimed at once.

"Why, Babs—Rex!" cried he, in amazement. "Whatever—"

"Oh, they've come to look after you, Mr. Jack," said old Burton, solemnly.

"They'll tell you all about it. Perhaps you'll see 'em home as it is getting late."

So saying, he disappeared over a stile with remarkable agility for his years and size. All the way home he laughed, until Rover thought that he must be going mad, like some ill-balanced dogs in the hot weather. All that evening he chuckled to himself, until his dame confided to the hired man that the master had something on his mind for certain, and the hired man thought that "mebbe he'd had an offer for the heifer." But not for many a long day did he tell the story of the hunters.

"Well, you young pickles!" said Jack, who used to be uncle, "what the dickens are you doing here? What the deuce am I to do with you?" he added, under his breath, as he shouldered the girls.

Babs looked at Rex, and Rex looked at Babs.

"We were looking for you," said the hunter at length.

"'Cause she cwyed when Wex is naughty, an' mamma puts him—"

"Don't be such a donkey, Babs," interrupted Rex, indignantly.

"Well," said Jack, "I suppose I must take you young rascals home, anyhow."

"An' say you're sowywy," pleaded Golden Hair.

"I should, if I were you," counseled Rex, putting his hand in that of uncle—who-used-to-be, because he was a very nice uncle, and 9 isn't so old in the dark. "Men must put up with something from girls and ladies, and be kind to them," he preached, solemnly.

"That's real true. My dada says so."

Jack didn't say much, but he held them very tight, and carried Rex as well as Babs in the gloomiest part of the lane, where no one could see.

So it wasn't long before they came to the house, where everyone seemed in trouble, except tibby-cat, who was dozing unconcernedly in front of the fire. Dada, who had just come home, was starting out to look for them; Sarah, the nurse, and Jane, the housemaid, having just returned from a vain search. Cook was blinking over the kitchen fire about "them children" till she let things burn, and mamma was sobbing on the sofa in the drawing room, because she was not well enough to get up. Poor Auntie Jill was most wretched of all, because she had cried all her tears away in the afternoon and had none left for the babies.

What a shout of delight went up as they came in through the open door! Dada snatched up his boy, and mamma called eagerly for them from the drawing room, so Jack followed in with Babs half asleep in his arms. Dada and mamma looked nowhere but at the children, while Jack and Jill looked everywhere but at each other. Then Rex and Babs laughed and chattered, and began to explain matters. "We've fetched Uncle Jack," said Rex, in a matter-of-fact tone, "to see Auntie Jill. And he's going to take us fishing to-morrow afternoon, if you'll let him."

"An' he's goin' to be so welly, welly good," asserted Babs, emphatically, "zat Auntie Jill won't be sowywy and cwy, not ever any more."

Mamma looked astounded, and Auntie Jill found just one tear to come half out of each eye—for it hadn't been all Jack's fault, really you know. Jack copped a little nearer to her, and half held out one hand and half didn't.

"Don't be silly, children; you do not understand," said mamma, reproachfully.

At dada smiled one of his quiet smiles, taking one little one upon each knee and sat down on the sofa beside mamma. "I think they do," said he.

Then Jack got very near Jill, and took hold of both her hands. "My dear little Jill," said he, rather brokenly

And she put her head on his shoulder and cried, and said—but really it isn't fair to tell what she said. Anyhow, it must have been satisfactory to Rex and Babs, for those young scamps laughed with glee at the prospect of unlimited fishing, and ball, and swings, and pennies, now that Jack—that-used-to-be-uncle—that-was-to-be—was reinstated.—Chicago Times-Herald.

PHARAOH'S RATS.

Carefully Barred from Landing by Specially Detailed Officers.

As the result of an attempt to bar two innocent-looking animals, a trifle larger than full-grown rats, from this port, the entire machinery of Collector Thomas' office was set in motion yesterday, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The creatures were Egyptian ichneumons, sometimes called Pharaoh's rats. After a long consultation with his secretary, George Barton, the collector decided to refuse them admission and ordered them killed. This last order was subsequently rescinded at the pleading of their owner, the engineer of the British steamer Malbridge, on which the animals arrived from Matanzas, Cuba.

According to Collector Thomas, farmers throughout Pennsylvania may rejoice at the order, for had the ichneumons been admitted they would in time have become as great pests as the English sparrow. In Jamaica, where the animals came from, they were introduced some years ago for the purpose of exterminating vermin, but the supply of the latter having fallen pretty low, the ichneumons turned their attention to chickens, ducks and other fowl.

As they are exceedingly productive, in all probability there would have been thousands of ichneumons in the State within a year, and it was this consideration that decided Collector Thomas.

When the steamer Malbridge, with a cargo of sugar, arrived in the Delaware yesterday she was boarded by two customs officials. As they were walking along the deck they were suddenly confronted by two fierce animals about the size of a cat. They were of a gray color, except their legs, which were covered with a reddish brown hair. Inspector Brophy, who was one of the officers, said they resembled abnormally large rats.

The latter discovered a ruling by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, in which he tells of the danger of admitting these animals. It was then decided to kill them, but the engineer of the steamer pleaded for their lives, and his request was granted. In the meantime a customs officer is detailed to watch them and prevent their escape.

The ichneumon or mongoose is a habitant of Africa and Asia. It has long, weasel-like body and very short legs. In those countries it is a great help in checking the multiplication of crocodiles by eating their eggs and their young. It attacks and kills the largest and most venomous reptiles.

BEGAN AS A PRINTER'S DEVIL.

Ex-Gov. Swineford Has Struck It Rich in His Copper Mines.

It is reported that former Gov. A. P. Swineford, of Alaska, long a noted western newspaper man, has struck it rich in his copper mines on Baranoff Island. The Governor is widely acquainted in Washington, having been a frequent visitor here for many years. He was here repeatedly during his term as Governor, and has been here frequently since that time. He was one of the most efficient executives the big territory ever had, says the Washington Times.

Governor Swineford had an interesting career as a newspaper writer, and before that as a printer. He began as a devil in the printing office of the noted Gov. Samuel Medary at Columbus. While apprenticed to the Governor he lived at the Medary residence. The printing office was in a wooden building near the house. One night young Swineford, in a playful mood, lay in wait for his fellow-devil at the head of the office stairs. He was armed with a new inkroller, with which he designed to affectionately "swat" his unsuspecting colleague. He waited long and patiently. At last he heard footsteps on the stairway. As they came near the top young Swineford let drive and knocked the person to the foot of the stairs. He went down with a great clatter, and landed in a heap, badly shaken up, but not much hurt. Swineford went out of the window and slid down the wooden cave-trough. He then came around to the stairway to see his demolished rival devil. To his astonishment and horror he found Governor Medary picking himself up at the foot of the stairs. The Governor, all unsuspecting, said: "Alfred, my boy, these infernal Whigs will kill me yet!"

Governor Medary lived in strenuous political times.

How Death May Be Determined.

A means of "stingulating" death from catalepsy has been devised by Dr. Icard of Marseilles and submitted to the Academie des Sciences. He injects fluorescin, a strong coloring matter that is not poisonous, into the veins. A gramme of fluorescin will color 45,000 litres of water. If there is any circulation the body will turn grass green in two minutes, but the color passes away in a couple of hours without doing any harm.

Electro-Plated Doors.

By the use of a process invented at Bridgeport, Conn., wooden doors are being electro-plated with copper or brass.

Some women come down town so slow that they are so timid they always suggest a cat that is crossing the street.

Some people are afraid, and call it virtue.

Labor World

Rochester street, car men are organizing.

Hamilton, Ontario, striking electric workers agreed to arbitrate.

L. Wolverton, of Grimsby, Canada will ship apples as an experiment to Glasgow.

At Toronto a syndicate contemplates erecting a block of workmen's houses at cheap rents.

The Chicago Federation of Labor refused to seat the delegates from a local union of colored laborers.

Labor bodies throughout the country are subscribing to the fund for the striking Pennsylvania miners.

Toronto textile workers are going to test the alien labor law against Low ell men who have taken their places.

San Francisco is to have the special delivery letter system. Boys thirteen years old will be paid 8 cents a message.

Freight handlers in the Chicago Rock Island and Pacific freight houses at St. Joseph, Mo., won a raise of from 12 to 14 cents an hour by threatening to strike.

It is believed that the structural workers of the Pittsburgh district will not be asked to strike in aid of the Philadelphia union in its contention against the American Bridge Company.

The United Garment Workers' Convention at Cleveland decided to establish a reserve fund of \$50,000 for the organization. This will be raised by a 10 per cent per capita assessment of all members for the next five years.

Emigration Commissioner General Sargent recently held an extended conference with Commissioner Williams at New York about the alien contract labor law. This conference developed the fact that the views of the head of the immigration bureau and the commissioner at New York are in entire accord, and instructions were at once issued to the inspectors. In their determination to enforce the alien contract labor law the treasury officials have the support of President Roosevelt, who takes the ground that contract laborers must be kept out of the country, as it works an injustice to American labor to admit them, especially as the newcomers can be employed at cheap wages.

Gov. Ezra P. Savage, of Nebraska, in his Labor Day proclamation, says: "To the hand that toils society is largely indebted for its existence, welfare, and happiness. Idleness, whether in high or low stations of life, is a germ of crime. It is a fungus growth on industry. No pestilence contains so many elements of danger. Labor is a heritage. Providence decreed that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The law of industry, therefore, is immutable. To toll is an hereditary legacy whose title can not be passed. Conditions may strike uneven balances between individuals which may and do manifest their presence and influences in the form of industrial disquietude, but the most pitiable object is not the one who is required to labor incessantly, but the one whose keener solitude inclines to physical lethargy. Human architecture contemplates labor, and he that avoids labor contravenes nature's laws and does that which is intended to transform him into a social, moral and physical derelict. Honorable employment in whatever capacity contains none of the essence of disrespect. If there is one thing which more than another entitles an individual to popular respect, it is that he eschews idleness. That alone marks him with virtue in the estimation of all mankind."

A Wholesale Philanthropist.

One of the plans of modern giving offers a certain sum provided an equal amount is raised to meet it. In a recent case the amount to be raised reached a tantalizing total and halted. A friend of the institution that was to be enriched went to Andrew Carnegie and laid the facts before him. Then he drove home by all the eloquence he could command. Mr. Carnegie listened attentively. Finally the speaker paused and looked to Mr. Carnegie for the favorable word.

"My friend," said the great millionaire, dryly, "I am not in the retail business."—Philadelphia Post.

The Proper Term.

Martha, the colored washerwoman, was complaining of her husband's health to one of her patrons. The Christian Register reports the dialogue:

"He's v'ry polly, ma'am, v'ry polly. He's got dat exclamationary rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamationary is from exclaim, which means to cry out."

"Yes, miss," answered Martha, with conviction, "dat's what it is. He hollers all de time."

Easy Enough.

The New Arrival and the Experienced Maid are the dramatic personae of a brief comedy published in Life. The New Arrival was in doubt about the use of the blower on the open fireplace.

"When will it be time to take this blower off?"

"Leave it alone," replied the Experienced Maid, "it'll do be too hot for you to touch; then lift it off."

Romance: something to make people discontented.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Cook—"Please, ma'am, I want to give a week's notice."

Mistress—"Why, Jane, this is indeed a surprise. Are you not satisfied with the treatment you receive here?"

Cook—"Oh, yes, ma'am."

Mistress—"Then I suppose you have a better place in view."

Cook—"Oh, no, ma'am. I'm only going to get married."

Growing More Fiendish.

Attendant (at insane asylum)—This man seems to be innately cruel. For a time he thought he was Nero.

Visitor—What is he now?

"Oh, now he thinks he's the band on an excursion steamboat"—Life.

Reprieve.

Mr. Foxy—So you are a grass widow, eh?

Mrs. Grass—Why? Are you a grass mower?

Cause for Sorrow.

"Say, Babs, why is Willie weeping?"

"Just because the weather has been so cold during dog days that he hasn't been mad enough to bite a lot of people."

Proud of It.

Bunce Ike—Kin you write, Bill?

Bill—Dat's a funny question to ask me. Wasn't I arrested fer forgery three times.

The Trouble.

Mrs. Jones—I always think twice before I speak once, sir!

Mr. Jones (sighing)—Exactly. Maria; but you're such a quick thinker.—Puck

A Common Trait.

"All authors are alike."

"In what respect?"

"Let one of them write any kind of a volume and he imagines he's booked for immortality."

Very Nonchalant.

Bill Collector—I've been carrying this bill against you for so long that it's almost worn out.

Skinner—They certainly do make a miserable quality of paper nowadays.

A Natural Conclusion.

Tommy—Where you goin', Jimmy?

Jimmy—Sunday-school.

Tommy—Dug yer bait yet?

Wise Precaution.

New Boy (to prospective employer)—Yessir, I kin do anything about the office so long as it's not disrespectful."

An Excuse Wanted.

"Here's a story in the paper," said the sentimental typewriter, "about the death of a poor old woman who just passed away at the age of 90 without a single relative in the world. Isn't that sad?"

"Sad?" cried the bill clerk. "Why, it's almost criminal for a woman that old to die in the height of the baseball season and not have at least one grandson."—Philadelphia Press.

He Was So Baldheaded.

"Do you know why I'm starting to raise a beard?"

"I suppose you want to be able to locate your face."

Why She Hesitated.

"John, that dog annoyed me all night."

"Well, why didn't you shoot him? You have a revolver handy."

"I know, John, but it was a bulldog revolver, and he was a black-and-tan."

Strong Indeed.

Lady—Do you ever touch strong drink?

Tramp—Yes, mum, I have drank Chicago wather when de bulletins said it was "suspicious."

Easy Enough.

"I wish you would do something for my husband," said the anxious wife. "He's worrying about money."

"Don't be alarmed," answered the physician, reassuringly. "I'll relieve him of that."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Little Joke.

He had sprung so many gags at her expense that she thought it time to get even.

"Henry," she exclaimed, as she came home to dinner, "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"What was it?" he demanded, excitedly.

"Why, the alarm clock, goose."

Impressed.

Kaiser—"Was the American impressed when you told him I allowed only five minutes for dinner?"

Secretary—"Yes, he said he couldn't so why you wasted so much valuable time on something that was over in minutes at home."

By the Bad Sea.

Ida—"How funny this place is this year! There are a dozen men and only one girl."

May—"Yes, and they are all of one family."

Ida—"One family?"

May—"Yes, she promised to be a sister to all of them."

His Reward.

Cohenstein (rescued from the surf)—"Mine friend, you haf saved my life. Life Saver—'Dat's about de size o it."

Cohenstein—"Mine freind, noddin is too good for you: Eef I die before you I vill sheak apoud dis in heaven!"—Puck.

Explained.

"Did yez hear about Mrs. Mulligan's son runnin' fer office?"

"Of did not. Phwat kind av office is he runnin' fer?"

"Th' postoffice. He is a special de livery bloy."

Behind the Times.

"What is it," he asked breathlessly "a runaway horse?"

They looked at him in derision. "A runaway horse? No! a balky automobile."

Wanted to Know.

Ida—"Maude says the man she is going to marry is bold and fearless."

May—"Indeed! Is he an umpire or a book agent?"

Spilled the Arrangements.

"We'll sure have to pass a law to prevent suicides," said the Southern legislator.

"I didn't suppose suicides were especially prevalent hereabouts," remarked the Northern tourist.

"Well, sub, that was one prevalent in our town last week. A nigger hung himself jest as the boys were getting ready to lynch him."—Philadelphia Press.

Sorry.

"Money talks, you know."

"So I've heard. By the way, would you mind letting me have a dollar to converse with for a few minutes?"

Her View.

Cholly—Miss Peppery, how do you pownounce "g-o-l-f?"

Miss Peppery—I pronounce it perfectly idiotic.—Philadelphia Press.

Unsafe.

"Why didn't you tell Toughboy that he lied?"

"My telephone is out of order."—Norristown Herald.

Looks Bad for Him.

"Willie, your mamma wants to give you some cookies, but she can't find them key to the pantry."

"That's all right, pap; I can get it without a key."

"Oh! that's what I wanted to know!"

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