

JOAN

A GREAT old sweet-smelling garden, and one little maid among the flowers and bees and butterflies. All alone she was, for mother did not come out into the garden much these days. Joan stopped before a tall pink hollyhock, and spoke.

"I don't think this is such a nice summer as most," she said. "I used to say 'fink,' once—oh, years and years ago, when I was ker-wite a little baby, but say 'therink' now, 'cause I'm most grown up, you see."

Then she walked on again down the little twisted gravel path, with her hands clasped behind her, and her brows grave with thought. For so Man Daddy used to walk when he was saying a big "therink."

"But it's whole days—most years—since Man Daddy went away," she said, stopping beside a gray green bush of lavender, "and he said goodby so hasty, he squeezed me so hard that he hurt, and his eyes were angry, and I hadn't been naughty at all. Are you sorry, sweet lavender?"

She buried her face in the fragrance, then trotted on down the little path, till she came to a tall foxglove. She tilted back her yellow head and gazed up at the white and red bells with wide eyed gravity, her hands still clasped behind her back.

"One day," she said, "a lady came to see mother. It was—it was a long, big time ago, afore you were borned, pretty ladies with bow, and she tried to kiss me when she was going, but I didn't like her, you see, and I would not kiss her, and I ran in to mother, and mother was ill on the—I forgot—the bed without covers in the drawing-room, you know, and the lady was smiling ever so, and her dress was as long as a new little baby's, and that was the day Man Daddy went away."

She bowed gravely to the polite foxgloves, and trotted on.

Before a group of tall, white lilies she stopped again. She came closer, and, stretching up her arms, pulled one gently down and laid her soft cheek against the snowy petals.

For a moment the baby lip quivered. "Man Daddy loved you the bestest of all 'Queen of the Garden'—that's what he called you, you know."

Then a cry went up in the warm, sweet air. "I want Man Daddy—oh, I want him so bad!"

The little hands were unclasped only to be locked together tighter still. "For I'm most grown up, you see," whispered Baby Joan to the tall white lily, "and grown-ups don't cry, you know."

She left the lilies, and walked on in deep thought. At the end of the path her wee red sunshade was tied with a string to a nail in the wall. Such a long while it had taken to fix that sunshade "propely," but Joan eyed it proudly now.

"Are you ker-wite happy?" she said, peeping round at the clambering white and pink convolvulus behind the little parasol. "Poor muslin ladies, didn't the wind blow you dreaf'ful?"

Then she watched a little blue butterfly as she fluttered about from flower to flower, and finally sailed over the wall.

"If I was a butterfly," she said to the convolvulus, "I would soon find Man Daddy." She sighed, so that her small muslin-pleated bosom gave a big heave. "But then," with another thought, "I'd have to leave mother."

She sighed again. "Mother says, 'Don't worry, Joan,' when I ask when Man Daddy's coming home, and then she kisses me ever so, to make up."

She trotted on again with hands behind her back.

A woman looking from a window turned away in anguish from the small feminine imitation of Man Daddy.

Suddenly the chubby legs twinkled in wild haste up the garden, across the velvet lawn, out of the open gate into the road.

"I can go 'most as fast as a butterfly," said Joan, "and I'll find Man Daddy at the nice place where Fido was took when he was lost, where there were such a heaps and heaps of dogs. I know Man Daddy'll be there," with a gleeful chuckle that brought the dimples laughing to her cheek. "Mother never thought of that, I b'lieve it was the lilies what put the therink in my inside."

Along the hot, dusty road, meeting no one in this peaceful dinner hour, she trotted, her sunbonnet dragging behind and her yellow hair rivaling the glowing cornfield on either side.

In her desire to emulate the butterfly she got over the ground at a surprising pace. She put all her heart and soul into her endeavor, as she always did into everything she undertook. Life to Joan was a deep and an earnest thing. She hardly knew that her short legs were aching, or that her curls were sticking to her damp little brow. By the time the village dinner hour was over the village was left far behind by Joan's determined legs. She began to meet people, and a few asked her where she was going. Joan's beaming, moist smile and her answer, "Man Daddy—jus' there," with a gray forefinger pointing apparently to the end of the road or lane, or field, satisfied them. But presently Joan stopped to talk to a great sunflower holding its golden head at her over the smiling of a little maid. It was when she caught sight of its friendly face that she knew how her legs ached.

"The sun," she said, sitting down for a rest, "is so hot, it's making the sunflower

and gazing up at it wistfully, "I'm not really a butterfly, and—my legs hurt a little."

The sunflower nodded encouragingly. "It's a long way," said Joan. "I've run miles and miles, pretty good lady—oh, miles and miles—miles—her voice trailed off into a drowsy murmur—"miles!" she said, with a sudden jerk and sitting upright. She gazed up at the sunflower reproachfully. "I mustn't go to sleep," she said. "I've got to find Man Daddy in the big place where they took Fido when he was lost. It's jus' there," pointing down the road. "Goodby, gold lady. I must be quick, 'cause Man Daddy will be lonesome without me and mother, you see, and mother will be lonesome, too."

She started at a run, then looked back over her shoulder at the sunflower with a troubled little laugh. "My legs won't work propely," she said, and struggled on. The sun had gone behind great threatening clouds, but Joan took no heed. All her mind was centered on getting on. She took no more rest till she came suddenly upon a group of poppies growing in the grass at the wayside; by them her legs stumbled and gave way, and she sank down on to the grass. She whispered to them in a little voice that was breathless and full of tears. "I want mother and Man Daddy!" she said, and then she lay still and set all her teeth together to keep the sobs back. But presently she sat up. "Dey's coming," she gasped, her grammar growing weak in her extremity. A sudden gleam lit her face.

"Grown-up angels cry to give the flowers water," she said, as a great tear rolled down her cheek, and kneeling, she bent over the poppies and sobbed her heart out, while the tears splashed on to the flowers. But other drops came and mingled with hers—great angry drops from dark clouds overhead—drops that beat the poppies shuddering to the earth. "The angels are crying, too," murmured Joan, sleepily, and rolled over and lay still.

The angel's crying was long and vehement. It woke Joan several times, but she was dazed with weariness. Once she murmured with a smile: "It's 'most a cold bath 'stead of a teppy to-day, mother," and went to sleep again.

II.

In the dimly lit room on the white little bed Joan, tossed wearily from side to side. "You see, little blue ladies, it hurts bad in your stomach—jus' here," laying one hot little hand on her chest, "but I'm not crying, you know."

"No, my brave little darling," murmured the woman, bending over her.

"But you is, mother!" in an access of utter surprise. "I felt it on my head. I finked—therinked—grown-ups never—Oh, it—hurts, mother!" her fingers clinging around her mother's; "it hurts, you see," drawing a long, sobbing breath.

Presently she began anxiously: "That did sound like crying a bit, but, with a tremulous little laugh, "it wasn't—it wasn't, really—"

"No, no, dear—I know—try to go to sleep," and she began to sing a lullaby.

"You sing very nice, all of you," babbled the restless little voice. "I do like flower singing—you can hear the wind shaking their voices—but Man Daddy won't come! One day, it was years and years ago, little pink ladies, I ran and ran—you see, I'm not really a butterfly, but, then, when butterflies use their legs they go quite slow, and I haven't any wings, you see—"

A frock-coated figure bent over the bed now, and the woman's eyes never left his face.

"Fever high—she must be soothed."

"I want Man Daddy—you're not Man Daddy—do you know, one day, when I was ker-wite little—I cut mine finger—I cried—wasn't it funny? But Man Daddy tied it up and I laugh—'cause he said it was a dolly. Would he tie my stomach up if he was here? It hurts, you see—oh, it hurts!"

Anguished and broken came the woman's voice: "I do not know where he is."

The doctor looked grave, and presently he went.

"Darling, you are so brave and good, will you try to go to sleep, to—to be well when Daddy comes back?"

"Is he coming back, mother? Oh, it hurts!" with a sob. "It hurts so, mother."

"If you go to sleep, dear—oh, do try, Joan, do try!"

"I will shut mine eyes—tight, mother, so—"

The restless little body lay rigidly still.

"Think of the sheep, dear," said the mother, using a recipe she had found successful with Joan in a former childhood illness. "Count them as they come up to the gate and jump over it. See, there they go—one, two, three."

Presently the great eyes opened with a piteously worried look.

"Mother," they stick! They won't jump over the gate at all!"

All the woman's pride had gone.

She racked her brain for some clew of her husband's whereabouts. At last she thought she had one faint and elusive, but she would try—she would telegraph. She crept from the room while Joan lay in an uneasy dose, and wrote her telegram, and sent it off with a wild prayer in her heart.

The night—so long that Joan thought after such dose that it was a fresh weary night began again—passed; the

sun rose in a glory that flooded the room and shone pink on the weary little face lying on the crumpled pillow; and then, when the pink glory had faded and left only one bar of gold peeping through the blinds, and resting, lovingly on the yellow curls, he came, Straight to the little bedroom he came.

"You see, queen of the garden," babbled the restless little voice, "it hurts rather bad. He loved you the bestest of all; but he won't come—and I mustn't cry, you see. But it hurts!" He bent over her, her tiny hand in his.

"Joan—"

Joan's beaming smile greeted him.

"He has come, queen of the garden—Man Daddy has come!" she said, with an infinite content, and fell asleep. When she awakened the pain had "most gone."

"I knowed you would take it away, Man Daddy, but"—wistfully—"I didn't find you, did I?"

He glanced across the bed at the woman's down-bent head.

"Yes, Joan, you did. If you hadn't looked for me I should not have come." She half smiled.

"But—"

"Never mind now, little one. It is all through you I am here."

"Honest Inghin, Man Daddy?"

"Honest Inghin, Joan."

She beamed, satisfied.

"If I hadn't looked for you, you wouldn't have come. Aren't you ever so glad, mother?"

Low and earnest came the woman's answer:

"Yes, dear."

"May I go and tell the flowers now, Man Daddy?"

"Not yet, Joan."

"But you haven't tied up my stomach like a dolly—"

"Not this time. Lie still and be good, little one."

"Yes, Man Daddy. Kiss me."

He bent over her and kissed her.

"You, too, mother." Then suddenly she dimbled gleefully. "I want a jumble kiss," she said.

There was a little constrained pause.

"You haven't forgotten, Man Daddy?" in shrill tones of woe.

"No."

"Then be quick!" holding out her hands. "Come 'long, mother."

"We must humor her," murmured the mother, with downcast eyes. "It is a foolish game, but—"

The man kept his arm around her when the "game" was over.

"We must pretend well, she is so sharp," he muttered, weakly.

Joan lay and chuckled drowsily. When the long lashes rested on the baby's cheeks, the woman made a slight movement away from him; but his arm tightened.

"Suppose she wakened?" he said.

There was no sound then in the room save the ticking of his watch. Presently he spoke:

"Nora, I cannot go away again."

"Stay"—she breathed—"I do not believe that tale."

"God bless you, dear!"

Silence again. Then—

"I should have denied it, Nora."

"No—no; I was wicked to doubt you."

"I deny it now, before—"

But she stopped him with a kiss.

"Man Daddy, kiss me, too. May I go and tell the flowers in the morning? I am ker-wite well now."

"Go to sleep again, little one."

She shut her eyes obediently, then opened them with a gleeful smile.

"All the sheeps are jumping over the gate now, mother!" she cried—"every one of them!"—Quiver.

WARDS OFF THE LIGHTNING

Clothing Warranted to Protect Wearers from Electric Strokes.

Thanks to the researches of a Russian savant, man may now, like Jove, defy the lightning's stroke. He has invented a garment that is said to be a certain protection against a stroke of the electric fluid. It is light and flexible and does not in the least interfere with the movements of the wearer. The garment is made of fine gauze, of brass threads, and consists of a shirt and trousers that reach below the feet. The sleeves end in gloves that are provided with buttons for fastening. A hood covers the head, buttoning on the body part of the safety garment.

When the wearer of this garment approaches too near the current of an electric machine, instead of harming him, the current is conducted to the ground by the suit of gauze and the person inside experiences no inconvenience. The wearer of this suit can stand between the two poles of a high-tension current of electricity and the sparks will pass from one to the other across his intervening body without shocking him, the discharge going through the metallic covering.

The inventor of the lightning protector donned his gauze garment and placed himself under a conductor that had a tension of 50,000 volts. With his hands, his elbows, his arms and his head he attracted brilliant sparks, but was not the least inconvenienced. He grasped with his hands two electrodes of 1,000 volts pressure and caused to pass through the protecting garment electricity amounting to 100 amperes, a current so strong that when he withdrew his hands an electric spark two feet long shot out from the machine. At the termination of the experiment it was found that the gauze garment had not been damaged by the sparks, with the exception of small holes at the points of contact, that did not impair the protecting action of the invention.

Tunnels Dug by Ants.

The ants of South America have been known to construct a tunnel three miles in length.

VERMONT'S LAST PAINTER

Two Countrymen Track and Kill Him and Get \$12 State Bounty.

"They're people in Vermont as thought that the painters was all dead," said "Black Bear Joe" of Hen Mountain to a writer in the Boston Journal, as he sat on a barrel in the back shop of a Main street store in Burlington. "But they want, I heered one on 'em creech up at Hen Mountain in the middle o' the night this winter, an' it riz my blood up tighter'n a drum."

"I came down by Montgomery Center way 't'other day, an' there I heerd 'em on the biggest painter that I ever seen."

"Some folks call 'em panthers an' some folks call 'em painters, an' more'n all o' 'em call 'em wildcats. But the real name, I heered tell when I was down to the sportsman's show, was a mountain lion. There's the critters that let the President shoot down in Arizona, an' they is scheduled to run up as far as Canada an' down across the northern end o' New York an' over into Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont."

"Bakersfield mountain is 'bout the best place that you'd expect to find a real live panther. But they killed one her 't'other day."

"Some of the boys was out in the hills gunning an' digging spruce gum in' the like when they came upon the critter's tracks. They was big enough to be a tiger's steps an' one of the lads found where a fox had been caught and eaten. The snow was all tracked down and bloody like and the hide was torn up somewhat. Bear never tear up a hide but skin it off careful like an' roll it up on the ground."

"None of the young fellers could make out what the tracks was. But 'D' Teddy Sheldon, who is now going on to 71 years, an' I suppose has killed more than seventy bear, shook his head and said to the young uns, see he: 'That's a painter, or my name ain't Theodore. I'm 70, but I'm blessed if I don't git out the old gun an' have a try at the \$12 that its hide'll bring in bounty.'"

"He an' William H. Jewett polished up their guns an' set out. They found where a deer had been pulled down an' her throat bitten by the panther, but the deer had evidently shook the brute off an' got away. After running a long distance it fell and died. Probably the painter was too full of his earlier dinner to follow an' so he never knew that the deer died."

"They got some o' their dogs on the track of the panther, an' after a bit they chase they found the trail leading down into Cold hollow. Now, Cold hollow is a valley that no one yit ever had good luck hunting in. Calafate that they would 'a' had if they had gone there, but the name sorter gives all the Bakersfield mountain boys cold feet to bear, an' they have fought shy of it."

"The panther was lying along a log o' maple when they came up with their dogs in leash an' after letting out one or two o' his bloody screeches he went into the trees and began running along an' jumping from limb to limb an' free to tree. Every now and then he would stop an' sorter turn back to fight but the dogs troubled him. I calafate a full-sized panther will tackle a man any time, specially at night."

"At last the dogs fired him into a tree that stood all alone an' there he turned at bay. Jewett fired at him, the ball going through the shoulder muscles. The great cat fell sprawling into the snow, but immediately ran up another tree, where a bullet, fired from the rifle of Sheldon, reached his brain."

"Old as I am I'd given a year off the last end o' my life ter have shot the last painter in Vermont, for I calafate that's what it was. Ain't been none shot here for fifty years as I know on."

"When I was a boy they pulled down cattle an' children 'most every day. Sheldon an' Jewett took him to the town clerk of Montgomery Center an' collected \$12 bounty. Might jus' well close the account. Ain't no more coming in."

Back to the Farm.

After ten years as a St. Louis policeman Hugh McMahon tired of life in a great city and has gone back to the country. Like Clarence the Cop, he has been "transferred again," but this time at his own wish.

He has gone back from the force to the farm; from politics to potatoes; from courts to carrots; from station to stable; from clubs to clogs; from "plug-uglies" to plows; from "pinches" or parsnips; from mud to moccasins; from garbage to garden; from blood to blossoms.

He has gone back from writs to woses; from arrests to rest; from post-rooms to cool rooms; from sunstrokes to sunflowers and sunsets; from violence to violets; from helmets to hollyhocks; from dens to daisies; from running crooks to running brooks; from murderers to meditation; from quick hives to quiet thoughts, and from "green goods" men to the green things of Nature herself.

Who shall say that he has not chosen the better part of life? "God made the country and man made the town," and at the very best, it sometimes seems, man made a bad job of it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Center of Population.

When Henry Harr, of Columbus, Ind., goes to his barn lot and steps upon a neatly carved slab bearing the inscription "1909" he has 18,550,000 people on all four sides of him, for he is the center of population man of the whole United States.

There are some positions that seem to require men who don't know very much.

Science and Invention

The aurora borealis, as lately seen in the early afternoon by an English observer, appeared as a black arch with black streamers against a blue sky. The sun was shining brightly, and some bright white clouds were being driven rapidly in front of the aurora.

By means of a new system of printing called "galatypy," the ordinary typewriting machine can be employed for making the matrix from which printing types are cast. By special devices the difficulty of bringing the ends of the lines into vertical adjustment and of making corrections has, it is asserted, been successfully overcome.

A rise of body temperature from 98.4 degrees F.—the normal—to 107 degrees is speedily followed by death. Drs. Halliburton and Mott find that cell-globulin coagulates at the latter temperature, and they conclude that the fatal results of high fever are due to coagulation of this protoid in the cells of the nerve centers and other parts of the body.

To eye strain, usually unsuspected, Dr. George M. Gould attributes much of human misery. He finds evidence that it was indirectly responsible for the opium habit of De Quincey, caused the morbid condition and breakdowns of Carlyle, and gave Browning his headaches and vertigo. Printing books in white ink on black paper is a suggested means for lessening eye strain.

According to W. E. D. Scott, of Princeton University, there is special cruelty in the manner of killing birds in Florida for use on women's hats. The huntsmen take advantage of the devotion of the parent bird to their young by lying in wait near the nests, before the young birds are able to fly, knowing that their cries will bring back the parents again and again, in spite of the disturbance made by the slaughterers. With Flobert rides the devoted birds are picked off at a distance of only ten or twelve feet.

Reptiles and amphibians are attracted to water from such distances that Dr. F. Werner, of Vienna, supposes they must be endowed with a special sense. Sight is found to be the most acute of their ordinary senses, but alligators and crocodiles see a man not more than ten times their own length, frogs see about fifteen or twenty times their own length, fishes not more than half their own length, and snakes only one-fourth or one-eighth of their own length. Most reptiles and amphibians are totally deaf. None are entirely without taste; and the snake's tongue rapidly vibrating in the air, seems to feel objects without actually touching them.

Some fifteen years ago a Virginia gentleman purchased in Alexandria, Egypt, from a native who had found it in the wall of a building broken during a conflagration, what appeared to be a mass of corroded copper weighing twenty pounds. It was kept as a hearth ornament, until recently it was found to consist of about 500 Roman coins, struck in the days of the early Caesars. Professor Dunnington, of the University of Virginia, finds that the coins contain one part of silver to four of copper, but when dipped in acid a part of the copper disappears, leaving a silvery surface, which "wears" as a white metal. He believes the coins passed for silver. The mass had become encrusted with the double skin of malachite and of red oxide of copper, and remarkable changes had gone on within, although the lettering and the dates remained legible.

GETS ROYALTY FROM KIPLING.

Bright American Boy Suggested a Series of Stories to English Author.

Mr. Doubleday, who is one of the American publishers of the books of Rudyard Kipling, has a small son who is bound to make his mark in the business world. When in America Mr. Kipling was a frequent visitor at the Doubleday home and the small boy's admiration quickly grew to devotion. He watched with the most fervent interest every step of progress in a book of Mr. Kipling's as it went through the publishing house, and he had a moment of real ecstasy when he held in his hand the first finished volume. One day he came to his father with an eager, questioning face.

"Papa," he asked, "don't you believe Mr. Kipling is going to write any more children's stories, something like the 'Jungle Book,' you know?"

"Don't know, my son," answered Mr. Doubleday, "but I wish he would."

"I've been thinking of something," said the boy slowly, "and I've been writing a letter about it to Mr. Kipling. I think he could make great stories out of 'Where the Camel Got His Hump' and about 'What the Elephant Puts in His Trunk,' don't you?"

"Do you mind if I send him the letter?"

"Not at all. Mr. Kipling will be delighted to hear from you."

"And now, papa, I want to make a business proposition. If Mr. Kipling should write some of these stories I should like to publish them and they should sell like hot cakes, would you be willing to pay me 1 per cent royalty for thinking up new plots?"

"I shall be most happy to, my boy."

"And draw up a regular contract as you do with authors?"

"Most certainly."

"And advance me 5 cents now off

my royalties to mail a letter to Mr. Kipling?"

Mr. Doubleday gravely laid a nickel in the boy's hand.

The contract was drawn up that afternoon.

One month later came a cordial letter from the famous author to say that the suggestions were fine, exactly what he wanted, and that already he was at work on the first story.

Last Christmas Master Doubleday received his first check, the royalties of 1 per cent on the "Just So Stories." It amounted to \$300.

WOMEN OF THE ORIENT.

No Place in All the World So Good as Cairo to Study Them.

In no other city of the Orient has one so good an opportunity to study the women of the east as in Cairo. In this, the "smelting pot" of the Moslem races, Persians, Arabs, Turks and Greeks, together with a half dozen other races, dwell side by side, mixing with the native Egyptians. Women of all these races are on parade every afternoon on the Mousky or Mohammed-All street, the shopping street for the rich residents. All these women walk abroad heavily veiled, each one closely accompanied by a eunuch. In these afternoon promenades—for shopping is with them mainly an excuse for a sort of half-freedom—they show by their eyes, which are the only parts of their faces not hidden by their veils, that they would not be averse to a little flirtation, but the alert, scowling eunuch keeps them moving on. The masculine acquaintance of the Mohammedan woman of Cairo is limited to her husband and her attendant eunuch.

The promenade is their one glimpse of freedom. Otherwise they dream their lives away in vacancy. None of them can read. Education is not permitted to eastern women. They have no part, practically, in the Mohammedan religion, which is a man's faith. This ignorance and vacancy of life belongs to all classes, high and low. Their life is an animal one. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the women of the Orient are usually better and finer physical specimens than their men. They have nothing to do but cultivate their bodies.

The Copts are exceptions. They are Christians, and, while the men hem their women about to an extent unknown in the west, they are still free as eagles as compared to the Moslem women. Even among the Copts, however, there is a certain amount of polygamy.

If the life of the aristocratic woman is one of vacancy, that of the low caste woman is one of absolute slavery. They are made burden bearers from the age of 10 or 12. They, too, are fine animals.

I have often watched a group of these women sitting at rest along the river banks. There they sat, staring at nothing and doubtless thinking of the same thing. As is usual in Egypt, the flies were thick and venomous. I myself had to keep a small horse hair wisp busy warding them from my head and eyes. But there these women sat with the flies swarming over their eyes, their lips, their throats, and never so much as lifted a hand. A cow or horse would have lashed out vigorously, but they made no move.

"What is the use?"—that was their thought, if they thought of the matter at all—"They would only come back again."

High and low, rich and poor, their lot is one of legal slavery. Marriage is a purchase. The market price of girls has been falling steadily, until, in the lower classes, a girl without exceptional charms is a drug on the market. Fifty dollars, or even less, will purchase a good animal, sound in wind and limb. I was much amused by a talk which I held with a young Arab of fashion, a man of exceptional intelligence. He was about to be married. His father had just bought him a wife, whom he had seen for the first time. He was tremendously elated over the fact that she was a large, fine specimen of a woman, and was correspondingly grateful to his father for the liberality of the gift.

Farmers and Factories.

Farmers in those districts that have extensive manufacturing establishments are able to pay double as much for land as those who live in the strictly agricultural districts and then realize double the profit from the crops grown. The farmers of New England, occupying a soil originally thin, in an ungenial climate, are able to pay higher wages than the farmers of the South, although the natural fertility of the soil and its capacity for producing a great variety of crops is not half as great as it is in the South and the staples grown in the South are of world-wide demand and of paramount necessity.—Southern Farm Magazine.

A Piccadilly Rebuke.

Even pickpockets should have clean hands. One tried to remove the valuables of a Piccadilly "irreproachable" as he sauntered to his club the other morning.

The irreproachable seized the thief by the wrist, gazed at his filthy paw, and flung it from him with disgust, saying:

"For goodness sake, my good man, wash your hands before you put them in a gentleman's pocket."—London Express.

No Risk to the Dentist.

Dentist—Will you take gas?
Patient—Is there any risk.
Dentist—Not for me. You'll have to pay in advance.—Detroit Free Press.