

Not all false attachment suits are breach of promise cases.

Truth is stranger than satire. There was a genuine Mark Twain duel in Paris recently.

One can always tell what time of year it is by looking at the open-faced pumpkin pie.

Says the Memphis Scimitar, "Hooray, hooray, and likewise yip!" Yes, certainly. Boy or girl?

It is Cupid's turn to laugh at Gen. Corbin. Most of us indulged in that diversion some time before.

Mexico has a dynamite trust, but the courts down that way seem inclined to let well enough alone.

John L. Sullivan is once more on the water wagon. Nothing like keeping in accord with the campaign.

No one should jump at the conclusion that allowing the milk of human kindness to sour is going to do any good.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell says she expects to come to America "ever so often." Another farewell tour artist, apparently.

A Chicago man who makes ghosts to order doubts very much whether spirits ever materialize, but he knows that dollars do.

"Undoubtedly the Lord hates a liar," says the Boston Herald. Isn't this open to argument? He may hate the sin, but love the sinner.

One of the doctors has found a serum for the prevention of hay fever. This being the case, let the poets come on with their golden rod poems.

When a woman can get a divorce in twenty minutes, why should we bother our heads with Mr. Meredith's theories about a ten-year marriage?

It is Dr. Gunsaulus who remarks that the day of the boy orator has gone. But there is nothing in this statement to arouse any deep regret.

Philistines who have noted the athletic style of great pianists cannot be persuaded that there are usually only three or four movements to each sonata.

Jean De Reszke gets \$30 an hour for music lessons. Perhaps if Patti could do that she might forego the sweet sorrow of saying good-by to American audiences.

A Kansas judge holds that the courts offer no recourse when a dog bites a street-corner spellbinder. The services of poor dumb beasts never are properly appreciated.

These are the instructions for fitting the latest style of corsets: "Stand on the balls of your feet, stiffen your knees, and wiggle your shoulders." Wouldn't that give you a fit?

A Chicago judge has decided that hat-trimming is not art, but skilled labor. He probably arrived at this conclusion because of his inability to understand how art could come so high.

The dressmakers' edict that at least thirty yards will have to go into a dress hereafter convinces many husbands and fathers that their last year's suits will hold together one more winter.

The Columbus man who accuses his wife of throwing a big iron spoon at him and hitting him will have some difficulty in convincing twelve intelligent jurors of the truth of the latter charge.

Genius has yet before it the task of producing a pre-combusted coal that will produce neither ashes nor smoke and thus glad the heart of the hired man-less householder, and eke his neighbors.

Dressmakers have decreed that the winter woman shall be broadshouldered. Probably the better to enable her to stand the quips of the funny man who writes jocosely about the cost of women's apparel.

J. Pierpont Morgan has within a month been almost run down in his launch, almost hurt in an automobile, and almost killed in a railroad collision. No wonder he is beginning to think of retiring.

A New York poet publishes some verses of which the repeated refrain is: "Blow, wind, blow!" Those who doubt the influence of modern poets have only to watch and see how obediently the wind is doing it.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., will take his place at the head of his father's firm when "Jupiter" retires at the beginning of the coming year. And yet every little while you hear somebody say that there is no chance now for young men.

We are quite willing to believe that that telephone device invented by a man at Portland, Ore., to enable a person speaking to see the face of the person at the other end of the line already works successfully as far as the human eye can reach.

A New Haven man has been sentenced to serve five years in the penitentiary for embezzling \$75,000. The wonderful thing about his case is that the pessimists are not calling attention to the fact that he was a Sunday school superintendent.

If you contemplate going to Panama to engage in business your best plan will be to learn all about the country and the inducements it holds out for men who are not succeeding where they are. Then you will not contemplate it any more.

JEST NUTS



All Bones.
Stranger—And did the old farmer over there really starve his summer boarders?
Postmaster—Did he? Why, by the end of the season they were so thin the mosquitoes broke their bills trying to bite them.

Mean of Him.
"I'll cast my bread upon the waters," said the young wife.
"Have you no feelings for the poor fish?" chuckled the brutal husband.

Trick.
Ida—"Belle was flattered yesterday. Three young men insisted upon her taking the only seat in the car."
May—"She must have been flattered."
Ida—"But not long. She found there was tar on it."

Success.
Mr. Cutter—What do you wear when you wish to attract attention on the beach?
Miss Flutter—Oh, nothing much.

Not Yet at the Limit.
"I don't want to sell you any more liquor," said the barkeeper.
"You don't mean that I have had too much?" challenged the jag.
"No, no," replied the barkeeper for the sake of peace.
"Well, if I haven't had too much then I haven't had enough. Gimme highball."—Kansas City Independent.

His Explanation.
"Why didn't you answer when I called you up over the telephone the other day?" said the angry Billville matron.
"My dear," replied the "old man" apologetically, "there is a standing notice under the telephone not to use it when you hear thunder!"—Atlanta Constitution.

AT THE MUSICAL.



She—Miss Howler's high note is fearful.
He—Yes, but when you hear it you can console yourself with the thought that you have passed the worst.

Just Once.
The two hypochondriacs were exchanging confidences.
"Were you ever bedridden?" inquired one.
"Yes," replied the other.
"When?"
"Three years ago, during a cyclone out in Kansas. The wind blew my bed, with me on it, a distance of seven miles, before it let up!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Something Just as Good.
Justice of the Peace—Now, little girl, you are about to take oath. Do you know what an oath is?
Little Susie Slumm—Yes, yer 'onner; but maw says them ain't for wimmin-folks. But I kin say what maw said th' time she scalded 'er foot, if yer wants me to.—Baltimore American.

Pretense of Knowledge.
"I hate to see a man pretend to know more than he actually does," said the habitually severe man.
"So do I," said the unassuming friend; "so do I. But when your wife insists on having you read the war news aloud and the children are setting around listening, what are you going to do when you come to all these Japanese and Russian names?"

Little Johnny Again.
Papa—Your mother tells me you haven't been a very good boy to-day, Johnny.
Johnny—Between us, pa, I think she's a little prejudiced against me. It was only the other day she told Aunt Kate I was just like you.—Boston Transcript.

An Unexpected Turn.
"Here," said the youth, just graduated from the college, "the Book of Nature is opened wide; here the violets send message to God, and the tall pines reveal the mysteries of the forest; here—"
But the old man interrupted him:
"John," he said, "I'm glad you like 'em. Ef the Lord spares life I'll put you to haulin' logs to-morrow!"

Sitting in Sorrow.
"Who's that unhappy-looking fellow over there?"
"That's Scribbles. He writes for the funny papers."
"He doesn't look as though he had any sense of humor."
"Who said he had?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Even the So'ace of Silence.
"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence?"
"No," replied Mr. Henpeck, "I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence would be a positive pleasure to me."

Rather Insinuating.
Eva—Did Jack kiss you last night?
Ernestine—No, the chapman was in the parlor.
Eva—But she was playing the piano all evening.
Ernestine—Yes, but she persisted in playing, "I've Got My Eyes on You."

Nothing to Do.
"Well," said the old doctor, "you've got your diploma now."
"Yes," replied the young one, "I worked very hard for it and now I'd like to go away for a vacation, but I have to start right in and practice."
"Well, that will give you a long and much-needed rest."

Not Reassuring.
Doctor—No better, eh? Well, you must not worry or get nervous, you know. Four years ago I had the same complaint as yours, and you see I'm perfectly well now.
Patient—Yes, but you didn't have the same doctor.

Real Thing.
"Are the members of your dramatic club very enthusiastic?"
"Are they? Why, when we presented 'Hamlet' in the next village last week, half the company walked all the way home on the railroad track just to give it a professional flavor."—Puck.

PUZZLED HIM.



Then They Quarreled.
He—When we get to the hotel we must do something to give the impression that we are not a bridal couple.
She—I'll scold you all the time.
"Oh, that won't do. They might think you were my mother."

Where the Conflict Rages.
"You weren't always such an early riser."
"No," answered Mr. Bliggins. "But out where I live now you've got to get up early to wake other people with the lawn mower instead of being disturbed yourself."

Perfectly Satisfied.
"Every man I've told that I had rheumatism has offered me a cure. Except Jepson."
"What did Jepson say?"
"I told him I had it and he said he was glad to hear it."

The Woman of It.
Husband—"What! You don't mean to say you are going shopping in all this rain."
Wife—"Of course I am. I've saved up \$4 for a rainy day, and this is the first opportunity I've had to spend it."

Her Egotism.
"I dearly love the good, the beautiful and the true," remarked the poetical young man.
"Well," rejoined the practical maid, "if that's the case, it's up to you to interview paper."

Love's Young Dream.
Nellie (calling to her sister)—I'm going to make some lemonade, Jennie. Where is the squeezer?
Jennie (absently)—The squeezer! Oh, he hasn't arrived yet, but I'm expecting him any minute.

Provoking.
"Why are you pouting, Ethel?"
"Jack said I was beautiful. I told him he must have been shortsighted."
"What did he say?"
"Why, the horrid thing said perhaps he was."

Crushed.
He (after the show)—"I guess the curtain must have fallen too hard on the first act."
She—"Why, what do you mean?"
He—"That might account for the play being so flat."

Literally.
Gunner—"Yes, the doctors put Harker to sleep and operated on him."
Guy—"I guess he was pretty sore when he woke up."
Gunner—"Yes, he was all cut up about it."

Partly Her Fault.
Fan—So she's engaged to Mr. Polk. I wonder how he came to propose?
Nan—I don't believe he did come to do it, but she was determined not to let him go until he did.—Stray Stories.

Didn't Need to Say.
"Is Bangum in town?"
"No."
"Why did he leave?"
"He didn't stop to say, but his accounts are short."

Ultra-Fashionable.
"And are they really so rich?"
"Well, they can afford the three C's."
"What three C's?"
"Chaufeur, connoisseur and chef."

Uncle Jed Too Grasping

It had long been almost a proverb in the village that Jedediah Perkins "didn't know a chance when he saw one." The public discussion of this falling had often come to Uncle Jed's ears, and had sounded loudly in them. Worst of all, he had to admit that he was, in the language of his neighbors, "easy." He paid the most for what he bought and got the least for what he sold of any man within a dozen miles.

But Uncle Jed saw a chance at last. A railway run close to his house, and in the middle of winter during a tremendous snow storm, a passenger train was stalled in the cut through his south pasture, and was unable to go forward or back.

After it had been there about half a day Uncle Jed saw his chance. There were a hundred or two passengers, eager to buy food. He had a large store of ham and bacon. He would have Aunt Sarah make it up into sandwiches, and they would clear a small fortune.

"So that's what we done," said Uncle Jed, telling of it afterward. "We made up every bit of ham in the house into sandwiches and I took 'em down there and offered 'em for sale for a quarter apiece.

"Now I calculated a man's hungry them folks would be willing to pay a quarter for a good big home-made sandwich, but they held back. They was plenty would pay a dime. I could 'a' sold out twice over at a dime each—but I only sold five at a quarter."

"I'll wait till they get hungrier," s's I. I went outside and set on a snow pile and watched them fellers shoveling out that train. Seemed to me they wa'n't like to git the train out before next summer so I didn't hurry about going aboard again with them sandwiches. Jes' as I made up my mind it was time, though, along in front come one of them rotatin' whirligig plows they sent up from the other way, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson' away went the train behind it through the cut it made.

"Well, sir, as I sat watchin' that train hadn't gone more'n two hundred yards before I see I had made a great mistake not to sell them sandwiches for ten cents. I see it plain as could be. An' I'm seeing it yet, for Aunt Sarah an' me has been livin' on ham sandwiches for three weeks, and they ain't half used up."—Youth's Companion.

Court Waited for Scrap

"The practice of law in the country may not be so lucrative as in the big city, but it is vastly more amusing," said a lawyer of prominence up in Senator Platt's home town, Owego. "One experience rewarded me for all the trouble I had in getting to the scene of the trial.

"The case was going along smoothly and I was examining an important witness, when from the rear of the crowded court room this remark was interjected in a loud voice:
"That man's a liar!"

"I hesitated a moment, expecting the judge, a bluff court jurist, to take some action. He said nothing, so I continued to question the man on the stand.

"Presently came another outburst from the voice in the crowd. It was to the effect that the witness had no truth in his make-up and his story was an offense against justice. Still the court said not a word.

"Feeling that it was up to me to do something, I asked the judge to have the person who dared to interrupt the proceedings committed for contempt. The judge leaned over to me and whispered:

"I'd do it, counsellor, but I don't know how to draw the papers."
"The court may have been weak on law, but he was strong on human nature. He pondered a moment and then turned to the witness, who was a big chap.
"Do you know who it was that called you a liar?" he asked.
"I do, your honor," said the witness.
"Can you lick him?" the court queried.
"That's what I can."
"Then you go and do it," ordered his honor. "This court is adjourned for fifteen minutes until this little matter of court etiquette is adjusted."
"The witness left the chair, singled out a pugacious looking but undersized man in the crowd, grabbed him by the collar and yanked him out into the sunlight. In five minutes the witness was back, slightly ruffled in his appearance, but smiling broadly. He resumed his place on the stand, the judge rapped for order, and the trial of the case went on.
"There were no more interruptions."

Ode to Disappointment

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
To tell how soft but firm thy terraces
The restless and the bad,
But I recline
Beneath thy urine,
And round my brow resign'd, thy peaceful
Cypress twine.

Though fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Heeds with faint eye the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile and say, "My all was
Not laid here!"

Come, Disappointment, come!
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou seest wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
And point to scenes of bliss that never,
never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And the night sweats along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him
in the dust.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft but firm thy terraces
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's shade;
Her praise resounds no more when man
lived in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away,
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When 'tis forsaken tomb the form be-
loved is laid.

Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With cautious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this
throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Said mountains, I own thy sway,
A votary said in early day,
I bend my knee to thee,
From sun to sun
My race will run;
I only bow, and say, My God, Thy will
be done!
—Henry Kirke White.

Educator's Heart Is Kind

Anecdotes about President Eliot of Harvard abound this summer because of the attention to his personality called out by the fact that this year sees the completion of fifty years' educational service by him at Harvard.

In Cambridge scores of stories circulate which illustrate his almost impulsive generosity. It is well known that on one occasion a student, sick with contagious disease and shunned by those about him, was taken into the president's own house.

A raw freshman from a country village in Connecticut, on the evening of his first day in Cambridge, found himself in need of a Latin grammar to prepare for the next day's examination. Quite without friends at the university, he told his need to the first man he met, and was blinded to the stranger's house.

There a long search unearthed a Latin grammar, but it proved to be of too old an edition to serve the present need. By this time the stranger's perplexity and anxiety to get the book

exceeded the student's own, and, after some thought, he sent the young man off with a note to a friend in a neighboring street who might be likely to have the right edition.

It was weeks before the student learned that the chance stranger who had given an hour of his time and an even more precious measure of his sympathy to a lonely and troubled student was the president of the university. In a university that numbers over 4,000 the opportunity for personal touch between student and president is small; but there are scores of stories of the enlistment of the president's personal interest in some student's behalf.

There was a young man who desired to study botany, but had failed to satisfy some technical preliminary requirement. The committee which stood between the student and his wish have a vivid recollection of the warmth of manner and the emphatic gesture of the president as he declared: "If that young man wants to study botany he shall study it."—Outlook.

Spread of English Tongue

The need of a universal language is agitated from time to time, but so far there seems to have been nothing accomplished. When the effort was made to introduce Volapuk we learned two things, that the need of such a language was great and also that no artificial language would fill the need. Dr. Schroer, a German professor, says that attempts to introduce any artificial language are hopeless as well as unnecessary, for there is already a universal language, and it is English. A language without historical developments, literature or linguistic relations would not be studied by any considerable number of people, and hence could never become universal. Dr. Schroer goes on to say in favor of English that it has great claim to

being universal because of its spread over the whole earth, the ease with which it is learned, and because it has reached a position so far in advance of all others that neither natural nor artificial means can deprive it of its assured position as the future means of international intercourse. Some facts concerning our language seem to bear out Dr. Schroer's opinions. English is spoken by the most powerful and richest nation of Europe and by the greater part of the people of North America, South Africa, Australia, India and the Sandwich Islands. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the number of English speaking people has grown from 25,000,000 to 125,000,000, and there is no prospect of any check to its ever increasing triumph.

Better Late Than Never.
"I believe you run an advertising column for 'personals,'" said the solemn man.
"Yes," replied the clerk.
"I want you to insert this advertise-

ment: 'Will young woman who accepted seat of tall, thin man in cross-town car yesterday morning please pardon him for neglecting to thank her.' Sign it 'Absent-Minded Brute.'"—Catholic Standard and Times.

EYESIGHT OF LIONS

CAPTIVITY INJURES VISION OF THE KING OF BEASTS.

Series of Experiments Conducted by German Oculist Demonstrates the Fact—Not Intended by Nature to Be Confined in Small Space.

An eminent German oculist has been inquiring into the eyesight of menagerie lions, a laborious task, and one demanding both patience and ingenuity.

It is obvious that you cannot very well invite a lion who looks as if he would like to have your blood, to try on spectacles graduated to different sights, or a snarling lioness to read a series of words in various type on the opposite wall. At least, you might ask them, and politely, but—

What the intrepid oculist did was, with the aid of a mirror, to project luminous rays into the eyes of the patient, rays sufficiently powerful to enable him to see whether the creature's cornea was convex or concave, and then to estimate the curvature in terms of seeing capacity. The results arrived at were, of course, necessarily only relative, but still sufficiently accurate to allow of the particulars being tabulated and reduced to statistics.

In conducting his investigations the oculist frankly acknowledges that he found discretion to be the better part of valor. He did indeed enter his patients' cages, but, notwithstanding the protective presence of the beasts' keeper, he kept at a respectful distance of a good yard and a half out of reach of teeth and claws. The lions were not "good" patients; they objected to having electric rays thrust into their retinas, and regarded the intruder with no cordial mien.

The results of the inquiry are somewhat curious. Seven-out of every ten menagerie lions were found to be shortsighted, and this is exactly the same proportion as among German students. In Germany this is ascribed to overstrain of the eyes in the use of books, a result which can surprise no one who has had to wrestle with the crabbled black-letter Gothic type still in use in Germany, and with the still more horrible German handwriting. Similar overstrain of the eyes has produced similar results among these unhappy lions. The king of beasts, child of the boundless wilds, accustomed to range a vast horizon with the eyes which nature has given him, that, "roaring after his prey, he may seek his meat," has had his horizon narrowed down to the bars of a pitiful cage; he is taught to jump through a hoop, to dance on a tight rope, to sit upon stools, and it is only with pain and difficulty and after long training that his eagle-glance grows able to focus these paly things beneath his nose. The strain on his eyes ultimately renders him shortsighted. Poor King Lion!—Montreal Herald.

It Is Inconsistent.
When a recent downpour was doing its worst to the down town crowd a man caused consternation in a department store by asking for a woman's rain cloak.
"Do you mean a mackintosh—a rain coat," asked the clerk.
"I mean what I said," returned the man, stubbornly.
"I think we have what you want," said the clerk, "but we never call them rain cloaks."
"Why don't you?" asked the man. "That is what you ought to say. Everything else worn by women has a feminine name, then why not these—yes, sir, I will say it—these waterproof cloaks? Why aren't you consistent? You call a long garment made of cloth a cloak, but when it happens to be made of rubber it takes on masculine tributes and becomes a rain coat. Why?"

"That is one too many for me," replied the clerk. "All I know is that we'd be considered crazy if we should advertise a special sale of rain 'cloaks.'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Avoid the Mountains.

"You never saw a cat bathing in the sea. You never saw a tramp in a mountainous country. Each spectacle is of equal rarity."

The speaker, a geologist, smiled.
"I know what I am talking about," he said. "In quest of geological truths I have traveled the country over many times, and I have yet to find a tramp among the mountains. Tramps avoid mountains as they avoid soap."

"Hence New Hampshire, Vermont, and the other mountainous states are singularly free from petty thieving and from all such troubles as hobos cause. And hence, in those states, it is never necessary to lock the doors or the windows."
"Tramps avoid mountainous districts because the walking is all uphill there and because the farms are few and far between. A fertile and flat country with the roads good and the farms close together suits the tramp."

Strathcona Buys Islands.
Lord Strathcona has purchased the islands of Colonsay and Ormsay from the executors of the late Sir John McNeil, V. C. For the last 200 years these islands have been in the possession of the McNeil family. They belong to the inner Hebrides group, and are together about twelve miles in length.

Auctioneers' Congress.
An auctioneers' congress was held in Cardiff, Wales. The president in his annual address spoke of the sore need of doing something to check municipal expenditures, which, he contended was seriously affecting the real estate market.

Consumption of Beer.
The average amount of beer consumed in 1900 by each inhabitant was 370 quarts in Munich, 232 at Lille, 160 in Berlin, 145 in Vienna, 48 in Budapest, 28 in Moscow, 11 in Paris.

Order for Krupp Guns.
Roumania has ordered from Krupp 300 quick-firing field guns. They will cost \$5,600,000.