



"SHAKESPEARE OF THE SLUMS"

Old Sam Starsandstripes Explains Matters About Decoration Day.

Like Belisarius of Ancient Rome He Reviews the Heroic Memories of the Patriotic Dead Who Nobly Fought and Died That the Nation Might Live.

"Shoulders His Crutch and Shows How Fields Were Won."

"You see, my boy, I lag behind, I'm growing very old. Just let me lean upon your arm, and hear an old man scold. Old Father Time has thinned my thatch and left it grizzly gray. But all the same I'll meet the boys on Decoration Day!"

"They call me a 'Back Number' now, I guess I've lost my grip. My old-time friends avoid me, as the rats desert a ship. I am a good 'Old Has Been' and I haven't far to go. But lend an ear and you shall hear how Hogan trimmed the foe."

"Have patience with an old recruit, bear with me for awhile. And spare me all your shallow slang, and drop that plying smile. Sometimes I prattle like a fool; I know not what I say. That's when I hear those rumbering drums on Decoration Day."

"This old gaffer's kinder slouchy and he's somewhat out of place. You youngsters make the running now and set too swift a pace. But in these piping times of Peace, you front no frenzied foe. Just hark ye to the old man's tale of forty years ago!"

"Slow up a bit, don't walk so fast; you still have lots of time. I like to hear the children's songs, you beltry's aerial chime; I like to see 'Sam Starsandstripes' stalk by in soldierly way. You see, they yield the old man place on Decoration Day."

"I like to see those striplings pass with supple, panther stride. Ah! youth has all the right to walk with careless, haughty pride. I like to see some pure-eyed girl strew flowers upon the dead. It seems to me it does 'em good and soothes their coffin bed."

"Pull up a bit, for don't you see, my starboard leg is lame. 'Twas punctured by a boy in grey—confounded his deadly aim! The Southern soldiers fought us well, though vanquished in the fray. Stanch Robert Lee and Stonewall kept us many a month at bay."

And when we clashed and grappled we shook the grassy plain. Our cannon forged the thunderbolt that brought the gory rain. The silvery sabre's sanguine sweep that bared the flashing steel. The neighing steeds, the headlong charge that made the foeman reel."

I took the field with Mulligan, the first to reach the front. We heard the coughing of the guns, the cannon's ugly grunt. On the green fields of Virginia, the Rangers laid him low. "Oh, save the flag and let me be and charge again the foe!"

I like to see Old Glory bare her beauty to the breeze; Facing in pride the lordly sun and trailing o'er the trees, I like to see you little lass strew flowers o'er each tomb. And dewy roses sigh their soul in rich and rare perfume."

The dead sleep sound beneath the turf, they have no grief or pain. They've reached the harbor port at last, through life's tempestuous strain. Across Fate's surging sea they've sailed, like pilgrims gaunt and gray. They've fought the fight, and kept the faith and conquered in the fray."

Of Mulligan's Brigade, my son, I guess I am the last. The sole leaf on an Irish oak, scorched by the wintry blast. The Irish soldiers fought full well, for they were built to stay. Their fierce delight was stubborn fight, the rapture of the fray."

'Neath alien skies our heroes sleep near Rappahannock's rear. Under the dark and bloody ground, their soldier bivouac o'er. And some lie snug in Calvary in sweet and dreamless rest. Like tired children who at night still seek the mother nest."

And pretty girls are strewing flowers upon each soldier's grave. The tribute blushing Beauty pays—that heroes only crave. Rosemary for remembrance, and rue for fond regret. Our heroes live in memory and we will not forget."

Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.

In Perfect Brotherhood.

That millions of men of every degree of life and station should for forty years be bound together by the common bond of brotherhood is not only worthy of admiration, but also of imitation by the members of this republic.

Charity, or love, is the greatest thing in the world, and love is the key to every department of life, the foundation of patriotic teaching, the safety of the country, the home and the individual.

Loyalty to their comrades, their organization, their country, and their God has been fittingly illustrated in the lives of these boys in blue.

This trinity of principles, if copied by our eighty millions of citizens, would make us the greatest nation on earth.

Graves of the Unknown Dead.

Nearly 300,000 of those who wore the blue are buried in national cemeteries, and almost half of these are counted among the unknown dead. In 1880 there were graves of 158,302

known Union soldiers, and 142,868 graves of unknown Union soldiers in seventy-nine different national cemeteries. It was at the cemetery on the field of Gettysburg, on Nov. 19, 1863, where 3,560 Union soldiers were buried, that Lincoln delivered that address of only 266 words, in utterance brief, but in power mighty, and as a classic immortal.

First in Patriotic Duty.

The G. A. R. has been in existence forty years. During that time it has been ever active for patriotic duty. It has caused the flag to be hoisted over every school house in this broad land. It has caused a day to be set apart to decorate the graves of our dead soldiers, and the citizens of all classes have followed the example of the G. A. R. and now decorate the graves of the loved ones as never before. Memorial day services are full of patriotic speeches and the singing of patriotic songs, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the people of all ages taking part in the exercises, never to be forgotten.

THE MODERN FARMER.

How He Lives, as Compared With Fifty Years Ago.



The farming life of today, as contrasted with that of fifty years ago, is a paradise of comfort and convenience. The lonely lighthouse, remote from market and devoid of advantages that a half cycle of time has made possible, would scarcely appeal to the present day farmer.

The twentieth-century soil tiller has practically all the modern comforts. His mail is delivered daily. He has telephonic connection with the buying and selling world, affording the best opportunities for marketing to advantage. His home is of recent architecture, constructed of wood, brick or stone, and well furnished. He has modern plumbing and modern heating, and with the advent of acetylene gas, he has modern lighting. At night his home is as attractively illuminated as that of his city brother, for it is a suggestive fact that "acetylene for country homes" has so appealed to the farmer, that of the 80,000 users of acetylene gas in the United States, the farmer is one of the largest of all classes. Ever seeking the best, he has not hesitated in availing himself of this new light.

The continued growth and progress of this great country, ever a cause of wonderment, has no greater exemplification than evolution on the farm. Already the farmer is becoming the most envied of men—the freest, the healthiest, the happiest!

Being dissatisfied with your job is a poor way to show that your pay ought to be raised.—Chicago Record-Herald.

RAILROADS AND PROGRESS.

In his testimony before the senate committee on interstate commerce at Washington on May 4, Prof. Hugo H. Meyer of the Chicago university, an expert on railroad management, made this statement:

"Let us look at what might have happened if we had heeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania (in the '70's, when grain from the west began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard), and acted upon the doctrine which the interstate commerce commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway, for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi river who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway a year, we should not have today east of the Mississippi a steel and iron producing center, which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, because we could not have built up a steel and iron industry if there had been no market for its product."

We could not have in New England a great boot and shoe industry; we could not have in New England a great cotton mill industry; we could not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversified kinds, because those industries would have no market among the farmers west of the Mississippi river."

And while the progress of this country, while the development of the agricultural west of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippi river, that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant incidentally the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen, those things were not foreseen in the '70's. The statesmen and the public men of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the west was going to play in the industrial development of the east. And you may read the decisions of the interstate commerce commission from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The continued inability to see the question in this large way."

The interstate commerce commission never can see anything more than that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or that some man who has a flour mill with a production of fifty barrels a day is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm values in this place means the building up of farm values in that place, and that that shifting of values is a necessary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And if we shall give to the interstate commerce commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have our rates regulated on the statesmanlike basis on which they have been regulated in the past by the railway men, who really have been great statesmen, who really have been great builders of empires, who have had an imagination that rivals the imagination of the greatest poet and of the greatest inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rival the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a boy of civil servants, bureaucrats, who are besetting sin the world over is that they never can grasp a situation in a large way and with the grasp of the statesman; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small evil, that that evil is relatively small, and that it cannot be corrected except by the creation of evils and abuses which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

A woman's tongue is a silver thread; a man's strong right arm.

Wounded Lion Killed Him

The Indian mail to hand brings us vivid and pathetic details of the death of Major Carnegie during the lion-shooting exploit in the Gir forest district. The major, of course, was the political officer of the viceroy, says the London Pall Mall Gazette, and the expedition had been arranged by Lord Lamington on the site of the lion hunt prepared for Lord Curzon five years ago, but never fulfilled. It is believed there are sixty or seventy lions in the Gir, and the major, having spent the last couple of years in the vicinity, knew the Junagadh better than any one.

On March 9 a tracker arrived who had been attacked by a lion while riding into camp, and while he dropped his weapons and escaped it was only by abandoning his pony and seeing the animal carried off.

The "shoot" was divided into three parties with the major in the second, and it entered the jungle to a depth of about ten miles. The major and his two friends, Mr. du Boulay and Capt. Foljambe, selected a tree, each ranging along a nullah, and the two latter fired at a fine lion, wounding him high in the right shoulder. The major also hit a lioness. The natives also fired their old-fashioned guns, and it was thought safe to descend the trees for

a consultation and search for the wounded quarry.

The lioness appeared and ran for a shikari, but the major fired and dropped her head. Then there was a pause for drinks, and the party commenced to follow the lion's trail down the nullah for a mile or so. Now and then the men ascended trees to keep a lookout, and at last the party came into a clearing with waist-high grass instead of trees.

Suddenly there was a roar and the lion dashed out, making straight for the major, who fired one shot, just grazing the beast. Simultaneously there was a struggling cloud of dust, in which the natives say they saw the lion beat the major down with a blow of his paw. Capt. Foljambe fired, Mr. du Boulay ran up and fired point-blank at the lion's heart, a native fired into his hind quarters, while others clubbed it with a rifle-butt and swords. The major was found to be dead. He must have died instantaneously. The body was carried on a charpoy by torchlight and conveyed back to Rajkot by special train, and the shock caused by the news throughout the Junagadh district was intensely felt.

It is added that the lion measured 11 feet from tip to tail. The others shot were two lions rather less, and a lioness (the major's) of 9 feet.

Defects of the Japanese

An English merchant resident for many years in China recently visited Japan. He makes the following interesting comparison between the natives of the two countries: "As a nation I cannot think that the Japanese have the permanent staying qualities of the Chinese. They are physically inferior, and have the misfortune to inhabit a country of active volcanoes and frequent earthquakes, whose terrors destroy or threaten. Yeddo was wrecked and 100,000 people killed by an earthquake in 1855, and you must remember the devastation of the one in 1891. The average is 500 shocks, great and small, every year. There have been two eruptions and several shocks since I've been here and the peerless mountain, Fujiyama, sometimes gives threatening signs and may suddenly spread wide-cast ruin. This dread of earthquakes has restricted the architecture and household arrangements of the whole country."

"Chinese are employed by the foreign banks, merchants and hotels here for most responsible positions, compradors, godown keepers and head

servants. The general testimony is that Japanese are untruthworthy for such positions and that native merchants have not much commercial honor. Moral responsibility appears to rest too lightly upon all of his class, which may be partly caused by the facilities afforded by the numerous temples for the remission of sins. A coin thrown into a box, a bell rung, a devout attitude and a short formal prayer quickly brings the sinner into favor again with his gods.

"Making allowance for the small stature of these people, their children, especially the thousands of school-boys I've seen, appear puny and weak and they are tame and girlish in their sports. The small size and frequent hollow chests of the men detract from their appearance as soldiers and police; physique and disposition will always prevent the Japs from realizing our ideal of a soldier—a man of good size by our standards, well developed, erect, smart and brisk. The troops I saw marching and drilling lacked these soldierly qualities, moved in a slouching way, their arms and equipments appearing too heavy for them."

Life Viewed by Pessimist

Man is born into the world. He is at once attacked by nettle rash, croup, measles and the whooping cough. He has the colic before his first teeth are cut and when he is swindled we say he is getting his eye teeth out.

If he escapes the scarlet fever and the mumps, he finds directly in his way the scarlet rash and the seven-year itch. If he is not carried off in a hearse before he is too large for short pants he still stands a show of cutler, or of one of his toes, being kicked by a mule or getting shot with a target rifle in the hands of a boy that "didn't know it was loaded."

He gets his feet wet, runs at the nose and is scolded by his parents for going in swimming on Sunday. He goes to the circus, rides on the merry-go-round and hits the dignified old gentleman in the back of the head with a snowball before he is well in his teens.

He now reaches the stage where he gathers watermelons in the light of the moon, eats green apples and lays out of nights. The fuzzi begins to

grow on his upper lip and he blushes when he sees a girl, until his hair scorches. He next develops into a "smart Alec," and his parents are undecided whether to shoot him for smoking cigarettes or turn him over to an asylum manager as a confirmed lunatic. Man is subject to typhoid fever, pneumonia, spinal meningitis, smallpox and his own intemperance. He is beset by disease, indebtedness and breach of promise suits until it is a wonder that any of us are able to score three score and ten. If he escapes a famine, pestilence and war, he does his best to shorten his days by keeping his boiler overloaded with inferior booze. He is subject to sick headache, lumbago and inflammatory rheumatism until he cries aloud that his last stage is worse than his first. He wears false hair, false teeth and goes to jail for getting money under false pretenses.

Yet when he has finally run the gauntlet and passes off the stage of action, the heavy Ananias for the country paper says: "It is well."—Nevada Post.

The Slaughter at Baku

One of the editors of a newspaper published in Baku, Transcaucasia, on the shores of the Caspian sea, wrote the following description of the massacres that took place in that city in February: "From the windows of our office we overlook the feverish movements of the crowd to the accompaniment of deafening discharges of firearms. Wreaths of light smoke issue from the windows of the Tartar hotel, and shot after shot whizzes into the crowd. On the opposite pavement an Armenian is running for his life. He falls, gets up, and runs on again. More shots from the hotel. We hold our breath and keep our eyes fixed on the scene! A picket of Cossacks are standing fifty paces away. A posse of soldiers approaches. We expect to see them surround the hotel from which the shots proceed. But no; they march away, while the Cossacks remain where they were."

"What is that movement in the distance? Men running. On they come, all Tartars, brandishing berdars, revolvers and swords. They pass close

to the pickets of Cossacks, who never stir. They fire on every unarmed Armenian they can see, shouting 'hurrah'—so they pass out of sight. Close on these come a crowd of their fellow countrymen armed to the teeth. They approach the Cossacks, enter into friendly conversation with them and then follow in the footsteps of the first band. More reports and more victims rolling over in sight of the Cossacks. We wonder where we are. Is this our Russia?"

Hundreds of people lost their lives in that massacre and these victims were Armenians and among the leading citizens of the town. The Armenians are at the head of Baku's commercial interests and these are considerable. The city has a population of 112,000, having increased sevenfold in the last forty years. Baku is a railway center, a great port on the Caspian sea, and its petroleum industries are among the greatest in the world. The petroleum output was more than 9,000,000 tons in 1899. Baku's history goes far back into the eighth century and maybe beyond.

On the Snow-bound Train

The sun that brief December day rose in the old familiar way; but not so brilliant were its beams, as some sweet summer sunrise seems. A silence fell along the streets, and the blizzard came in sheets—a storm that gave us real pain—and I was on the eastbound train. Another morn broke cold and clear, and many a soul was racked with fear, and many a drummer paled and said, "we're up against it, on the dead," for snowdrifts clustered mountain high, seeming to touch the leaden sky, and still the wind as fiercely howled as when at first the blizzard growled; small wonder that we were appalled, because we knew the train was stalled.

A man who traveled selling soap remarked, "I guess there ain't no hope for no one getting through to-day—this is an awful storm, but say, it ain't no marker to a blow that we was in two years ago;" and then exclaimed the man that sold enlarged pictures, "Gee, it's cold!" Long hours rolled by, and then—oh, John! a dining car was coupled on—a blessed dining car, I swear, it seemed like an oasis there. And all that morn and afternoon I gave instructions to the cook. Alas for him who never sees a dining car in times like these, who in the smoker snores away, waking up now and then to pray that there will be no more delay; who has not learned in cafe cars, the truth to emigrants unknown; that tables are as good as bars—that is—as good to let alone.—"Travel."

BLOT ON STATE'S GOOD NAME

Unsanitary Condition in Prisons and Slum Districts a Crime.

Since the attention of the Chicago authorities was so forcibly called to the conditions present in the penitentiary other states have been investigating.

The rapid growth of tuberculosis among prisoners in the Joliet, Ill., penitentiary, attended by a marked increase in the prison death rate, has aroused the officials to action. An investigation and reform is to be instituted by the State Board of Health.

The members of this board do not deny that under the present conditions all efforts to combat the disease are hopeless. Better general sanitary conditions must be established or it will be impossible to prevent the spread of tuberculosis to all the present prisoners and to all who may be so unfortunate as to be sentenced later.

This is another instance of the state forcing its citizens to live under conditions which mean almost sure death. It is surprising in this day of enlightenment that the state should allow its citizens to live, voluntarily, in unsanitary homes. Yet it does. The residents of the slum and tenement districts are dying from faulty sanitation and bad hygiene. But more—the state forces some others to spend from one to ten years in a dark cell from which they so often come, stricken by the great "white plague"—wrecks of their former selves and a continual expense to the community.

With the message of "prevention and cure" of consumption in every paper let the state not forget its prisoners who must silently suffer whatever fate is decreed for them.

"Fashion" Notes.

Don't wear thin-soled shoes at any season of the year. One may take cold from chilling of the feet as the result of wearing thin-soled shoes in walking over a cold pavement, even when the pavement is perfectly dry.

Don't adjust the clothing to suit the season of the year only, but adapt it to the weather conditions of each particular day.

Don't wear high-heeled shoes, nor pointed shoes, nor narrow-soled shoes, nor tight shoes, nor low shoes. Don't wear slippers, except in the house. Shoes must have broad, reasonably thick soles, plenty of room for the toes, low heels. Rubber heels are a great comfort.

Don't support the clothing by bands tight about the waist.

Don't constrict the limbs by means of elastic bands to support the stockings. Support all clothing from the shoulders, not by bands, but by a properly constructed waist free from bones, on the "union" plan.

Changed Its Mind.

As mamma was preparing her boy for breakfast she said: "How many cakes can Eugene eat for his breakfast this morning?"

"I can eat four, Mamma." Seated at the table, his appetite seemed to have materially diminished, for he ate only one of the cakes. "Mamma thought you were going to eat four cakes this morning. What is the matter?"

"Well," said the five-year-old, "my stomach changed its mind."

It occurs to us that the wise man's stomach often "changes its mind," as in this case, so too often that much-abused organ is so pressed upon as to be convinced against its will, though of the same opinion still, and yielding to the demands of an abnormal appetite, finds itself wishing the real man had been master over the lust of the flesh.

A Centennial Celebration.

The people of Fayette, Ohio, recently showed their appreciation of the favor conferred on them in having in their community a fine old lady who has rounded out the full measure of her hundred years. The centennial of Mrs. Amelia DuBois was celebrated by hundreds of people who met to do her honor. The public schools were closed, that the children might join in "the celebration. In charge of their teachers, they marched to the home of Mr. and Mrs. DuBois and escorted them to the opera house, where an interesting program, in which many prominent people of the neighborhood took part, was carried out.

One pleasing feature was the presentation by the children of a quantity of flowers the money for which had been collected among themselves. The interest shown in the occasion by the people of Fayette and surrounding towns is evidence of the high esteem in which this remarkable old lady is held. Every faculty of her mind is alert and responsive, and her brown eyes still retain their attractive sparkle. She is an accomplished needlewoman, and still spends much time in preparing dainty gifts for her friends. Mr. DuBois, to whom Mrs.

Had Something Left.

"I was buying apples in Pennsylvania," said the commission man, "and one day I got around to inspect a lot which an old farmer had been writing to me about. He had them in his barn and a cold snap had come on and frozen every apple as hard as a stone. I found him almost in tears about it, and while I could not buy his frozen apples, I did think to chirk him up a bit. In this I succeeded after a time and, wiping away the last of his tears, he observed:

"Yes, as you say, it might have been fur, fur worse."

"Of course it might. For instance—"

"For instance, my daughter Sally might have been stolen away from me."

"Yes, Sally might have been called hence."

"But while the apples has friz, Sally is still left to me and she's got a suit for breach of promise agin a feller and is bound to get a verdict of \$5,000 and lend me half of it, and I just reckon I ought to shet up and be thankful to Providence that I hadn't a busted man!"

DuBois was married sixty-one years ago, is no less remarkable than his wife. The unusually healthy and active old age of this fine couple is a testimony to the value of their simple, natural, peaceful life of activity. Commenting upon this, the Fayette Review says:

"One's relation to the ALL are so simple that it is not necessary for anyone to transgress. Instinct, that mysterious principle that protects and preserves all creatures, would protect us if we did not bury it under an avalanche of artificialities. Our falling away from nature is what kills. Our getting back to it will revivify, and this principle of 'sticking to' nature is what one sees so distinctly in these grand old people."

To Prolong Life.

The British Medical Journal recently devoted eight pages to a discussion of the best means for the prolongation of life. The greater part of this space was occupied by a lecture recently delivered by Sir Herman Weber, D. D., F. R. C. P., before the Royal College of Physicians of London, and the main points of his advice were as follows:

Moderation in eating, drinking and physical indulgence.

Pure air out of the house and within.

The keeping of every organ of the body as far as possible in constant working order.

Regular exercise every day in all weathers; supplemented in many cases by breathing movements, and by walking and climbing tours.

Going to bed early and rising early, restricting the time of sleep to six or seven hours. (We question the wisdom of this teaching. Most people require eight hours' sleep; some, more.)

Daily baths or ablutions according to individual conditions, cold or warm, or warm followed by cold.

Regular work and mental occupation.

Cultivation of placidity, cheerfulness and hopefulness of mind.

Employment of the great power of the mind in controlling passions and nervous fear.

Strengthening the will in carrying out whatever is useful, and in checking the craving for stimulants, anodynes and other injurious agencies.

Hot-house Plants.

The following abstract from the Cincinnati Lancet-Clinic in regard to one of the worst evils of modern child life is very timely:

"Refinement in matters of social life proceeds hand in hand with refinement in other lines as civilization advances. From the standpoint of the physician and of the anthropologist, it is a question whether the physical side of mankind is improving or degenerating.

The method of bringing up children, especially in the families of the well-to-do, is too often a serious menace to the child's health and development. Too much indoor life, too much supervision, too little freedom of motion and will is undoubtedly the cause of the many weaklings seen in the families of the wealthy. Such children have the characteristics of hot-house plants.

The remedy is, of course, to do away with the surplus care and attention bestowed on the child, to let the child do more for itself, have more freedom, more fresh air, more play with other children. Foods and medicines are only temporary helps for child weakness.

Nature is its own best doctor, and in the end can take care of "hot-house children" if fond parents will only give her the chance.

A Wholesome Medicine.

"A wholesome medicine is Cheer. And Hope a tonic strong; He conquers all who conquer fear, And shall his days prolong."

"A happy heart, a cheerful lip, Contagious health bestow. As honey-bees their sweetness sip From fragrant flowers that blow."

"Let cheerful thoughts prevail among The sons of men away. And sighs shall change to Love's sweet song, And night to golden day."

Rejected Candidates.

It is reported that at a recent examination of candidates for admission to the Naval academy at Annapolis only eleven out of twenty-five were found sufficiently sound physically to be admitted. The whole twenty-five passed the mental examination, but fourteen of them were unable to present the necessary physical requirements. This fact is a fair index of the rate at which the physical decadence of the American people is progressing. Insanity, idiocy and epilepsy are all increasing at a very rapid rate—three hundred per cent within the past fifty years.

Willing to Economize.

Little Willie, the attractive child of the washerwoman who has been letter days, was taken to dinner by a kindly disposed patron of his mother. He had the feast of his life, ordering almost everything on the bill of fare and was finishing when he announced that he wanted more. Rescued from appeal to Willie, and after several peremptory "Whys?" from him, his hostess gave an excuse which she thought he could understand. "It costs too much," she said. "Oh, well, then," said Willie in a loud and cheerful voice which penetrated the room, "let's have some more ice water. That doesn't cost anything, does it?"—New York Press.

On the Mississippi.

On a trip of one of the upper Mississippi river packets a young lady asked the pilot several questions about the boat, channel and shores. "I suppose you know every rock, reef, bar and obstruction in this river?" she asked. "Yes," he replied. Just then the packet ran on a sand bar. "There's one now!" he exclaimed.