

## Whether Common or Not.

### Ol' Man Armstead's Violin

It ain't no use t' talk t' me  
'Bout Paderoosky an' his class,  
For when it comes t' classic art  
I've got to let it by me pass.  
My ears wa'n't trained for them fugees  
That make up such a dreadful din,  
But I kin listen by th' hour  
T' ol' man Armstead's violin.

Once't on a time I went to hear  
Th' famous Thomas orkestray.  
Th' players only sawed and blowed,  
An' nary tune I heard 'em play.  
Good music? Well, perhaps it wuz  
T' them that like them screechy  
things;  
But give me music as it comes  
From ol' man Armstead's fiddle  
strings.

Sonats an' great symphonees  
May suit th' edikated taste,  
But on such yowlin' as that is  
I've got no time to sinful waste.  
Th' music that I love th' best  
Is them ol' tunes that's locked within  
Th' strings stretched tight across th'  
bridge  
Of ol' man Armstead's violin.

An' when my life o' toil is done  
An' I am summoned up on high,  
I want some music soft an' sweet  
T' bear me up'ards to th' sky.  
I want, when Peter swings th' gate  
T' let this weary toiler in,  
T' be a keepin' joyful step  
T' ol' man Armstead's violin.

### Cleaning More Every Day.

"Is it true," we asked of Senator  
Smooth, "that politics is a dirty busi-  
ness?"

"No, it is not true," replied the sena-  
tor, flicking the ash from his cigar  
and gazing idly at the ticker tape. "I  
have cleaned up a whole lot since I  
went into politics."

### Our Beautiful Language.

There was a young lady named Beau-  
champ  
Who knew things and longed for to  
teauchamp.  
But she held them so high  
That those who passed bigh  
Realized that they never could  
reauchamp.

### As It Usually Is.

"What are you reading, Sluggerly?"  
queried Mr. Prim as he dropped into  
the vacant seat by his acquaintance  
and felt for his street car fare.

"I'm just reading the account of the  
fight between Reffries and Jhulin, the  
heavyweight prize fighters of the  
world. Say, it was a great mill. In  
the first round Reffries led off with  
his right and Jhulin countered with  
the left, swatting Reffries on the neck  
and getting a stiff punch on the nose  
in return that brought the claret in a  
stream. Then Jhulin tried a left hook,  
but got a biff that—"

"Great goodness, Sluggerly; how  
can you read such stuff? How can

you read accounts of where men stand  
up and engage in a brutalizing sport  
that results in blood and bodily in-  
jury and has a demoralizing effect  
upon the minds of our young men? I  
am surprised at you. I would not al-  
low newspapers to print such bloody  
stuff if I had power to stop it. I think  
it is a blot upon the twentieth cen-  
tury."

"Well, I confess it is not just the  
proper reading for our boys and girls,  
Prim. But it is interesting. How-  
ever, I will try to pass up that sort of  
thing hereafter. I never thought of it  
in that light before."

"That's right, Sluggerly. By the  
way, let me see your paper a minute.  
I want to see the news from the Phil-  
ippines. Whoop! I see we killed off  
about a hundred of the savages yes-  
terday. Bully! Say, here's a good  
one. Among the killed is the principal  
of the Bamabalog schools, who was  
educated in France and supposed to be  
friendly to us. The old barbarian. I  
hope we'll drive the last one of the  
heathens into the sea. By George, this  
is good news! A priest who tried to  
rally the natives was filled so full of  
holes his hide wouldn't hold shucks.  
That's the way to treat those heathens.  
They need a little of our Christian  
civilization. I'd kill every last one of  
them if I had my way about it. They've  
got no right to live after refusing to  
accept our benevolent rule. I bet this  
news will have the effect of raising  
the value of my shares in the Philip-  
pine Exploitation and Development  
company at least 10 per cent. Thanks,  
old man. I must get a paper and read  
the whole account. That's the best  
news I've read for a month. Killed  
over a hundred of the beggars, eh?  
Bully for that!"

When Mr. Prim left the car his face  
was wreathed in smiles, while Mr.  
Sluggerly gazed out of the window  
with a thoughtful air and whistled  
softly.

### Interrupted Dreams.

Just when my dream of wealth and  
fame

Seems coming true, it pains my soul  
To have my wife awaken me  
And say it's time to get some coal.

### Great Opportunity.

"It don't seem to me true that An-  
drew Carnegie is trying to do the most  
possible good with his money."

"How strange! Why do you say  
that?"

"Well, if I wanted to do the most  
good with a lot of money I would de-  
vote most of it to hiring stoves put up  
for husbands and fathers. It would  
result in a much better moral atmos-  
phere around the house for a day or  
two every fall."

### His Preference.

Of course she insisted that she was  
all out of practice, that she had no  
music and that she could not play from

memory, but finally she sat down at  
the piano and began. And of course  
once beginning she didn't know when  
to stop. But he stood by her, as in  
duty bound to do, until his knees  
wobbled. Still she played on.

"What was that last piece you  
played?" he asked.

"That was Mendelssohn's 'Songs  
Without Words.' Do you not think it  
soulfully beautiful?"

"Yes, it was very fine. Now if  
Mendelssohn ever wrote any music  
without notes I wish you'd tear off a  
few bars of it."

He escaped uninjured, but the shock  
caused him to forget her papa's street  
number.

### Good Paving Material.

"I see by the paper that Mr. Rocke-  
feller says riches do not bring happi-  
ness."

"Perhaps he is right, but it strikes  
me that riches would make a mighty  
good paving material for the road  
that leads to happiness."

### Words.

"What do you think of the election  
returns?"

The defeated candidate looked up  
from the floor and replied:

"My friend, I am more deeply inter-  
ested in the election remains than in  
the election returns."

Then there dawned upon us a realiz-  
ing sense of the splendid resources of  
our vocabulary.

### Brain Leaks.

The loudest prayer does not always  
reach heaven first.

Going To Do is forever asking fav-  
ors of Have Done.

Two may make a home, but it takes  
three or more to make a Home.

The trouble with many men is that  
they think with their stomachs.

Some men are so afraid of stubbing  
their toes that they never look up.

The man who is looking for trouble  
does not need the services of an  
oculist.

If men only voted as they thought it  
would not take so long to count the  
ballots.

It is better to be born lucky than  
rich, but it is better to be born plucky  
than either lucky or rich.

It does not always take two to make  
a bargain. The lender usually attends  
to that in financial transactions.

Jordan is a hard road for some peo-  
ple because they have never learned to  
stop dragging their feet when they  
walk.

The trouble with some men is that  
they spend more time trying to make  
excuses for not doing right than they  
do trying to do right.

We know a woman whose idea of  
heaven is that it is a place where  
there are no dishes to wash or grum-  
bling husbands to endure.

It is often the case that the man who  
is loudest in declaring woman's place  
is in the home makes the declaration  
while fronting up to a saloon bar,  
spending his week's wage for red  
liquor.

### Paragraphic Punches.

Chicago Tribune: People at the ends  
of the earth will meet some very agree-  
able American naval gentlemen this  
winter. They testified in Admiral  
Schley's favor.

Denver News: It is proposed to hang  
the Filipinos who talk "agin the gov-  
ernment." Why adopt such mild  
measures? Why not stick their heads  
on poles to adorn the city gates?

Washington Post: Mrs. Taylor, who  
went over Niagara Falls with a barrel,  
is going to lecture. The gentlemen  
who get into the United States senate  
in the same manner are more reticent.

Peoria Herald-Transcript: The Amer-  
ican consumer will in all probability  
continue to pay this toll to the trusts  
until a democratic congress and a  
democratic president remove the bur-  
den.

St. Paul Globe: It may be to the  
gain of the human family that Britan-  
nia shall rule and that the Boers shall  
be annihilated. But the London jingoes  
have certainly done a deal to prove the  
reverse of the proposition.

New York World: Of course there  
is no war in the Philippines—there  
hasn't been any, and it has been ended  
again and again—but they are hang-  
ing people there for giving aid and  
comfort to the "insurgents."

Omaha World-Herald: The Porto  
Rican delegation has called on the  
president and told him that Porto Rico  
wants a tariff of 5 per cent put on all  
coffee from other countries than Porto  
Rico. The Porto Ricans seem to be  
learning very quickly from that little  
15 per cent of the Dingley rate tariff.

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