

Whether Common or Not.

T'dore's Soliloquy.

To send, or not to send—that is the question.
Whether it is best to put off the junket
That I have all framed up for Edward
Seven,
Or tell the common scrubs to get
them hence,
Or by opposing end them—aber nit—
But
Will they do it, or do me, and by their
votes
Confound me? But Edward Rex; he
bids us come,
And wear court dress—that is a con-
summation
Devoutly to be wished. To bow, kow-
tow,
In knickers, too:—Aye, that's the
stuff;
But in that royal splurge defeat may
come
When we line up in nineteen hundred
four,
And call a halt. That's where I fear
Calamity may swat me in the neck;
For who would stand the snub of
honest votes,
The people's wrath that he who has
opprest
Gets all my love and all of Hay's de-
lays;
Poor strenuous me, I'm in a fix;
I want to treat his Highness right,
But fear me folks will my quietus
make,
With clouds of votes upon election
day.
I grunt and sweat beneath the stren-
uous life,
And have a fear I'll be done up for
fair,
And seat up Salt Creek—from whose
bourne
No Anglomaniac returns—Poor me,
I have a host of other ills to bear,
But this one, Whitelaw, takes the
cake;
I'm skeered—I'm up a blawsted stump,
And e'en my boasted hue of resolu-
tion
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of
thought;
And enterprises of great pith and
moment,
With this regard, their currents turn
awry
And make me hesitate.

*With proper apologies to—but
Shakespeare and Bacon can settle that
between themselves.

Specific.

"What is your profession?"
"I'm a doctor."
"Yale, Harvard or horse?"

One Chance Left.

An esteemed Washington contempo-
rary asks that The Commoner provide
it with a blue print of the jokes in this
department.

There's a better plan than that. Let
the aforesaid esteemed contemporary
try brains.

Always Succeeds.

Host—"What's the matter with our
guests? They don't seem to be able
to get started in conversation."
Hostess—"I guess I'll have to ask
Miss Screecher to sing. That always
starts plenty of conversation."

Almost Exposed.

Miss Mattie Ney—"I love to stand
upon the rear platform of a train and
watch the track spinning out behind
us. The ties are so regular they look
like a pattern in a tiled floor, and—"
Mr. Hamlet De Rante—"But the ties
are not placed with regularity; they
are so uneven that one can not step—

er, that is, I mean—did you notice the
heavenly sunset this afternoon, Miss
Ney?"

Inconsistent.

"I would I were a bird," she sang
In accents blithe and gay.
And then got mad because a friend
Said she looked like a jay.

Hoch.

"Hoch!" thundered the multitude of
pedestrians as the carriage drove by.
The occupant of the carriage was
about to stand and doff his hat when a
fellow traveler explained:
"Sir, you are mistaken. The people
are merely suffering from bad colds in-
cident to the changeable weather of
an American spring."

Uncle Ponder.

"I hev noticed," remarked Uncle
Ponder, calling the corner grocery
club to order and pinching the tail off
of a dried mackrel, "that there is con-
siderable discussion of this asset cur-
rency proposition. Now, I've been in-
vestigatin' this thing an' I've diskiv-
ered that the fellers at hev allus been
skeered to death f'r fear Uncle Sam
would issue more greenbacks than he
is able to take keer of, is backin' up
this asset currency scheme and never
sweatin' a hair to make sure that the
banks ain't a-goin' to issue more cer-
tificates than they can take keer of."

Rupert Fritz's Loss.

New York, March 14.—Rupert Fritz,
a chef, who served the luncheon at
Shooter's island for the 2,000 people
who witnessed the launching of Em-
peror William's yacht, Meteor, has as-
signed. Fritz says he borrowed a large
amount of silverware from friends for
use at the luncheon. In the rush for
souvenirs nearly all the silverware
disappeared before Fritz and his as-
sistants were aware of the raid. Find-
ing it impossible to make good his
losses, Fritz decided upon an assign-
ment.—Associated Press Dispatch.
They lunched on Shooter's island
And met Prince Henry there;
And then, as if with one accord,
Stole Fritz's silverware.
They walked about in proud array
While bands played merry tunes.
And then, while Fritz's head was
turned,
Swiped knives and forks and spoons.

They "hoched" for Kaiser William
And breathed the salty air—
And also filled their pockets
With Fritz's silverware.
They felt so gay and happy
To meet his royal nibs
They fell on Fritz's borrowed stuff
And lugged it off in dribs.

While shouts of "Hoch, der Kaiser!"
Arose from many a throat,
Poor Fritz gazed on the table—
Then "hocked" his overcoat.
'Twas out on Shooter's island
They gave the Prince the lunch,
Then fell on Fritz's silverware
And swiped the blooming bunch.

In 1909.

"I regret more than I can tell, Mr.
McSwillinger," said the beautiful Miss
O'Shaughimore, "that I can not see
your wife. Truly I do regret to
state—"

"Enough!" hissed Ernest Mont-
morency D'Coursey McSwillinger.
"Enough! Your wireless telegraph
towers are crossed, Miss O'Shaugh-
more. I am not the British war office!"
So saying he grabbed his hat and
hurried away into the gathering dark-
ness.

Brain Leaks.

Some men mistake pewity for piety.
A sign of the times: "Fashionable
Spring Millinery."

A true democrat's democracy is like
Caesar's wife's virtue.

Some men starve on hope when they
might get fat on hustle.

Some people take off their religion
with their Sunday clothes.

Too many men mistake official com-
missions for licenses to steal.

A man never begins to learn until
he has forgotten most of what he only
thought he knew.

There's something to be said on both
sides of a question, and usually the
most is said on the wrong side.

What this country needs is fewer
democrats for regularity's sake and
more democrats for conscience sake.

Some men would trade the richest
painting that hangs in their homes
for the print of a baby's hand upon
their walls.

The minister who does not hit some-
body in every sermon has missed his
vocation, or is well acquainted with
the contributing members.

Demetrius the image-maker organ-
ized the first trust, and ever since his
time trust magnates have been using
his hypocritical style of argument.

The administration insists that the
money question is settled save only in
some respects where the banks and
money-changers have not got just
what they want.

Washington is rightly named "The
City of Magnificent Distances." The
congressmen are so far away from the
people that some of them cannot see
across the distance.

By way of New York we learn that
the only way to prove a right to a
place in society is to show that one's
ancestors traded glass beads to the
Indians for beaver pelts and 'possum
fur.

The man who loves to be robbed has
no use for a burglar alarm. That's
why it is idle to reason with a man
who cheerfully votes for a high tar-
iff tax upon what he buys and
imagines that he is getting rich by the
process.

—Will M. Maupin.

A Remarkable Endorsement of the Un-
equalled Qualities of the Cornish Piano

by
The HON. HORACE N. ALLEN,
United States Minister to Korea.

Mr. Allen, who represents the United
States at Seoul, Korea, purchased a
Cornish piano in 1894. After an ocean
voyage of some 15,000 miles and usage
for nearly eight years, subjected to
the extreme heat and dampness of
the Korean climate, writes as fol-
lows:

Legation of the United States of
America, Seoul, Korea.—Sirs: I wish
to inform you of the satisfaction I
have had from the Cornish piano you
sent me in 1894. It was a wise selec-
tion for this climate. It has stood the
severe rainy seasons most remarkably.
For four years my two boys practiced
two hours daily upon it and for two
years it has had a pianola attached to
it and has had to do steady service.
During all this time it has only been
tuned once owing to the absence of
piano tuners. A tuning would not
hurt it now and yet it is not partic-
ularly out of tune. This record seems
to surprise everyone, and I consider it
worthy of mentioning it to you.
(Signed) HORACE N. ALLEN,
U. S. Minister.

Korea, which is a semi-independent
kingdom in the far east, was the bone
of contention in the China-Japanese
war; it is nominally under the con-
trol of the emperor of Japan, but Eng-
land and Russia have important inter-
ests and maintain free trading ports;
it is about 15,000 miles away from the
United States and the climate is such
that if a piano will stand seven years
of its extremes of heat and dampness,
it will stand anything.

I Will Cure You of Rheumatism

No pay until you know it.

After 2,000 experiments, I have
learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not
to turn bony joints into flesh again;
that is impossible. But I can cure the
disease always, at any state, and for-
ever.

I ask for no money. Simply write
me a postal and I will send you an
order on your nearest druggist for six
bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure,
for every druggist keeps it. Use it for
a month, and if it does what I claim
pay your druggist \$5.50 for it. If it
doesn't I will pay him myself.

I have no samples. Any medicine
that can affect Rheumatism with but
a few doses must be drugged to the
verge of danger. I use no such drugs.
It is folly to take them. You must get
the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the
most difficult, obstinate cases. No
matter how impossible this seems to
you, I know it and I take the risk. I
have cured tens of thousands of cases
in this way, and my records show that
39 out of 40 who get those six bottles
pay, and pay gladly. I have learned
that people in general are honest with
a physician who cures them. That is
all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a
penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or
letter. Let me send you an order for
the medicine. Take it for a month,
for it won't harm you anyway. If it
cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely
to you. I will mail you a book that
tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop,
Box 515, Racine, Wis.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often
cured by one or two bottles. At all
druggists.

Gratifying Cowardly Spite.

The howling Jingo who yells with
a whole skin for the humiliation of
the Boers has not a thought to spare
for his countrymen in South Africa,
who are kept there all these months
in order that he may gratify his cow-
ardly spite.—London Daily News.

The Right Way.

The right way for the American
Publishers' association to attack the
paper trust is to begin with a demand
for reduction of the high duties on
woolen clothing, tinplate, glassware
and other articles of necessity.—Phila-
delphia Record.

A Healthy Infant.

The country uses yearly 2,635,000
tons of sugar. Cuba sells us 700,000
tons; about 150,000 tons are made from
home-grown beets. Yet the "infant
beet industry," a brat whose bawl is
in inverse ratio to its size and comeli-
ness, has so terrorized the republicans
in congress that the speaker was
obliged to beg for an adjournment of
the conference last night in order to
prevent a rejection of the president's
plea for "a living chance" for Cuba.—
New York World.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box, 25c.

\$3.98 buys our BREECH LOADING, AUTOMATIC SHELL
EJECTING SHOTGUN. The Long Range Win-
ner, one of the strongest shooting and best made 12-
gauge shotguns made,
equal to guns others
sell at \$7.00 to \$10.00.



SEND US \$3.98 and we will send this gun to you
with the understanding if it is
not the most wonderful gun bargain you ever heard of, you
can return it to us at our expense and we will return your \$3.98.
\$14.95 buys our HAMMERLESS DOUBLE BARREL BAR
LOCK PISTOL GRIP SHOTGUN, the genuine
COLTON, equal to guns others sell at \$25.00 to
\$30.00. Write for FREE GUN CATALOGUE. Address:
SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.