

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

A Gloomy Outlook.

I have no yearnings now for fame, for gold or jewels rare;
For houses, lands, or stocks, or bonds, I never pause to yearn.
I want no autos swift and strong, no raiment fine to wear—
I only want a little bit of anthracite to burn.
The stove that cost me fifty plunks is standing cold and lone,
Its wide capacious maw now fills my very soul with gloom
And as I gaze thereon today I can but sigh and moan,
For in the price of anthracite I surely read my doom.

When winter's cold drew nigh to me just one short year ago
A large self-feeding stove I bought on the installment plan;
And ev'ry night I sat me down beside its ruddy glow
To rest and read and smoke and be a well contented man.
Alas, alack! The barons cinch me now and do it "right,"
And though 'tis only summer yet I realize thus soon
That I must haste to get that big self-feeder out of sight,
And get a stove, a little stove, and feed it with a spoon.

A Little Fable.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE APT RETORT AND SUBSEQUENT DISCOMFITURE VISITED UPON A PEOPLE WHO HAVE ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME.

Once upon a time a lot of Manipulators secured Control of a very necessary product and began the work of Squeezing. The Manipulators divided into two Squads, one of which howled loudly for Protection to American Labor and thus worked the people, while the other Squad imported ignorant pauper labor and thus worked the mines.

Whenever the miners aroused themselves to the point of asking for Living Wages the Manipulators gave them the Merry Ha Ha and imported some more labor.

Finally the wage workers organized and made a strong demand for wage enough to keep Body and Soul in the same tenement.

"We will not stand for the Raise," said the Manipulators.

Thereupon the wage workers laid down their tools and rested, while the Manipulators donned their Glad Rags and Haughty Looks and went to the Seashore.

When the time came for the people to lay in their supply of Anthracite, lo, the price had been Hoisted with a Derrick and the people murmured.

Finally a delegation of Consumers went to the Manipulators and asked them to Arbitrate with their help.

"We have nothing to arbitrate," said the Manipulators, resuming their work of steering their Steam Yachts.

"But you owe something to your wage workers."

"Not at all."

"Then you owe something to the public."

The reply to this was such as to necessitate the use of large and copious dashes.

"But what are you going to do about it?" queried the people.

Then arose a chief among the Manipulators and replied:

ipulators and replied:

"Leave that to us. You must have faith in the Christian manhood of the gentlemen into whose care and keeping Providence has placed this and other great natural industries. They will administer it rightfully."

"But, where do we come in?" queried the puzzled people.

"Ah, that is not for us to consider," replied the chief among the Manipulators. "You must rest content in the knowledge that it is Manifest Destiny."

Not knowing any better the people returned home and shivered in the breezes until winter came, when they cheerfully paid tribute to the Manipulators for the 'Steenth time.

Moral: There is always a Chief Manipulator ready to explain, but those who believe him should be Bored for the Simples.

Great Joy.

"J. Pierpont Morgan has untold wealth, but there is one thing his money cannot buy?"

"I'd like to know what it is."

"Well, did you ever experience the joy of finding a fat piece of pitch pine kindling about the middle of winter when everything was covered with snow? Morgan hasn't enough money to buy that sort of feeling."

Parvens.

"Those Richquiques are the most vulgar people I ever saw; always trying to show off their wealth."

"What have they been doing now?"

"They have actually had a ton of anthracite delivered at their house and piled up on the front porch."

More Spelling.

There was a young miss in Wahoo
Who chanced to be feeling quite bloo,
But her lover called round
With sweetmeats a pound,
And the supply she quickly went throo.

No Joque.

She bought a most beautiful toque,
And also a handsome seal cloque.
And her husband felt ill
When he settled the bill,
And loudly exclaimed "Holy smoque!"

Repartee.

Cholly Boigh—"Miss Gotrox, will you be mine, ah?"
Miss Gotrox—"If I would I'd be a flat."

Also.

They also serve who only stand and wait,
And they who only stand must pay the freight.

Justified.

"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with making a violent assault on this man. What have you to say?"

"Your honor, this man has done me many grievous wrongs. First he poisoned my dog. Then he kicked my boy. Then he shot three of my prize chickens. Then he called me vile

names. But still I submitted and made not a protest."

"Your meekness is commendable, but why did you assault him?"

"Your honor, after submitting to all these indignities he still persisted. He let his cow run across my lawn after a heavy rain, and I did not protest. He bought his little boy a drum and a horn, and still I said nothing. But the other day he walked down the alley by my coal house and picked up seven lumps of hard coal, and then I pitched into—"

"Enough! The assault was provoked. You are discharged and the complaining witness held on the charge of provoking the assault."

A Dozen Don'ts.

Don't try to hang out more than you wash.

Don't be afraid of wasting time attending to small details.

Don't form judgment until you have studied both sides of the case.

Don't growl at the children and then wonder why they prefer the streets.

Don't complain of failure until you have tried your hardest for success.

Don't keep all your piety for Sunday use.

Don't encourage gossipers by listening to them.

Don't be ashamed to admit that there are a few things you do not know.

Don't take a cigar from between your teeth to berate your son for smoking.

Don't claim that politics is dirty business until you have exhausted every effort to purify it.

Don't kick about the poor quality of your local paper until you have paid your delinquent subscription.

Don't slouch around the house and then wonder why your wife never looks like she did before you married her.

Brain Leaks.

If the Bible is a fable life is a lottery without a prize.

To some men home is merely a place of four walls and a well filled table.

The mid-week prayer meeting usually shows the real strength of a church.

Don't be like a trolley car, dependent on some one else for your motive power.

Don't judge a man's goodness by the way he treats his dog; notice how he treats his children.

When men cannot think of any other excuse for their wrong-doings they fall back on "destiny."

Some men marry to get a house-keeper and then complain because they did not get a sweetheart.

We never hear a boy call his father the "old man" without feeling a desire to give him what he needs.

Some men spend half a day looking for the shortest way to do a piece of work that could be done in an hour.

If the accumulation of money marks success in life the world has erred in its judgment of the success achieved by its best men.

The worst we can wish the coal mine owners is that they go visiting

How long will it take the man to fill the sack if he does not stop the leak? To attempt to nourish the body when the

stomach is diseased is like trying to fill the sack with the hole in it. When the stomach and other digestive and nutritive organs are diseased, there is a constant loss of nutrition.

Enough is eaten but the body loses flesh,—plain proof that the food eaten is largely wasted because it is not digested and assimilated.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It stops the leaks by which nutrition is lost, and enables the building up of the body by the nutrition derived from food. The gain in weight proves the cure.

"Three years ago I was taken sick with what the doctor called nervousness and indigestion," writes Mrs. Warren E. Parker, of Orange Street, Nantucket, Mass. "He gave me medicine for the trouble, but I could not eat even a little toast or oatmeal without suffering severely. In a few months I began to have distressing pains right in the pit of my stomach. I called the doctor again and he said I had catarrh of stomach; gave me medicine but it did not do any good. I lost 28 pounds in three months. I then commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicines and soon began to feel better. I have taken six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' two of 'Favorite Prescription' and six vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. I have gained ten pounds. Can eat everything."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation.

next winter and be compelled to sleep in one of those old-fashioned "spare bedrooms."

It is better to think a moment before saying it than to spend weary hours trying to frame explanations for having said it.

Young man, when a girl begins to tell you that you would better save your money instead of buying her candy and taking her buggy riding, it's time for you to either propose or sheer off.

—Will M. Maupin.

Morgan's Little Joke.

One morning several weeks after the coal strike began Russell Sage and J. Pierpont Morgan were riding down to business on an elevated train. The conversation naturally turned to the coal strike, chances of the output, prices coal would bring, etc.

Mr. Sage was telling of their good luck in procuring a lot at a moderate cost per ton. Mr. Morgan bantered him about the quality, claiming he did not get the real article at the price mentioned.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Sage, "that coal is all right; the real article. I know it, for each piece is stamped 'Lehigh.'"

"That's a good one," answered the arbiter of finance; "but I'm thinking, Uncle Russell," as he slapped the sage of Lawrence Beach good-naturedly on the shoulder; "I'm thinking that the next lot you or anyone else will get, instead of being stamped 'Lehigh,' the chances are that it will be stamped 'D— high.'"—New York Times.

