

Pictorial Humor

ON ITS NATIVE HEATH.



Mrs. Smith—Wouldn't it be terrible if we should have war with Germany?
Mr. Smith—Oh! I don't know. I'd like to go over there and get a taste of real, old-time wiener wurst.

Sympathetic.

A son who went west and entered politics was at last elected to congress. He was naturally greatly elated and, wishing his parents to share his good fortune, he sent the following telegram to his father, who was an honest old farmer back east:

"Have been elected to congress. Your son."
"John."
A few hours later John got the following reply from his father:
"We all feel sorry for you. Advise us how we can help you."
"Your Father."

Appreciation.

Clerk—Mr. Snipper was in while you were out; he said he'd call again tomorrow.

Proprietor—Very kind of him.
Clerk—But he wanted to collect a bill.
Proprietor—Very kind to say when he would call.

Unification.

"Sectional lines are vanishing. Soon there will be no North, no South, no East, no West."

"Yes; I suppose it's only a question of time until they get up a corporation big enough to own the whole country."
—Puck.

THE REASON.



Wise—A college education pays in the end.
Wrong—How so?
Wise—Well, my son has signed to pitch for \$2,000 next season.

POOR TOMMIE.



Mother—What are you doing with the cruet stand, Willie?
Willie—Playin' barber, and I'm givin' Tommie a shampoo.

In the Wrong Department.

In the millinery show room of one of the large department stores in Philadelphia a customer inquired of a saleswoman what they charged to clean feathers.

"Ten cents apiece," was the answer.
"Oh, I could never pay that price!" gasped the lady.

"How many have you? If you have a sufficient number we might make a reduction in the price."

"Why, I couldn't count them, for I have two beds full."
Needless to say she was in the wrong department.

Making Them Fit.

Mrs. Borden—I notice you got a new suit of clothes to-day.

The Boarder—Yes; but they're too loose.

Mrs. Borden—Well, you can send them back and get that altered.

The Boarder—I've got a better scheme. I'm going to look up a good boarding house.

Quits.

"He proposed to her as a joke."
"Yes?"

"Well, she accepted him. He does not regard himself as a humorist any more."

Gets the Benefit.

"Dey ain't no two ways about it, Mistah Jackson," said Charcoal Eph, as he passed the group, "w'en er woman marries er man fo' bettah or fo' worse, she mouty soon fin' out she gettin' de benefit ob de alternative."

Hues in the Family.

"Your meter doesn't work," said the man as he estimated a bill.
"That misfortune seems to run in my family," remarked the householder.
"My son-in-law is in the same fix."

He Knew Better.

"But two," protested the young man "can live as cheaply as one."

The old man looked at him pityingly.
"Before a young man marries," he said, "he ought to have a little experience."

"In what way?"

"He ought to bring up a family of girls, and then he would gain an approximate idea of how each individual woman adds to one's expense account."

The Mark of Genius.

Ascum—What's that boy of yours doing now?

Poppers—He's got a job in the bank and he's going to be president of that bank some day.

Ascum—Bright, eh?
Poppers—Well, sir, he can sign his name so nobody on earth can make it out.

A Modern Tantalus.

"What's de matter wif Mistuh 'Rastus Pinkly?" inquired one of the belles of the parlor social.

"He's a heap o' trouble," answered the other. "Did you eber hyuh 'bout de 'gemman in de school book dat was stahvin' wif victuals in sight?"

"Yassindeed."

"Well, dat's de position Mistuh 'Rastus is in. He's been 'p'inted janitor to a poultry show."

Pleasant Country Neighbors.

Mrs. Waldo (of Boston)—I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm.

Penelope (dubiously)—Is there any society in the neighborhood?

Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of the Hoists and Guernseys. I presume they are pleasant people.

Slightly Mixed.

Prof. von Schroller, the representative from Austria at the recent English congress of tuberculosis, stimulated the interest of the members in the proceedings by saying:

"The work done by this learned assembly has exceeded my most sanguine expectations."

HIS PREFERENCE.



Miss Lippincott—Mistah Johnsing, does yo' play de game of ping pong?
Mistah Johnsing—No; I devotes all my spare time to craps.

Fatality.

"When I began business," said the plutocrat, wearily, "I made a vow that whenever I earned an even million I would quit."

"Why, you've done that, many times over, long ago," said the other man, "yet you are still accumulating."

"That's the curse of it. Whenever I think I've made the even million I find on figuring it up it's either a little more or a little less, and I've got to renew the struggle."

And he sighed heavily.

Maturing Early.

Holden—Tedmore seems to be quite a bright fellow.

Grant—I should think so! He is about as smart a chap as you'll find in a day's travel. Why, he's had the appendicitis, and he isn't 22 yet!

Had Him There.

"New Year's gif, Ma'ge-William!"

"Why didn't you come around on Christmas?"

"I did come, suh; but you wuz so full, you didn't know what day it wuz."

At Swords' Points;

OR,
A SOLDIER OF THE RHINE.

By ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE

CHAPTER XVIII.

Led Out To Fight.

It was doubly humiliating for Rhinelander to find that he had, through the fortunes of war, become the prisoner of the man he hated. Hoffman was madly infatuated with the countess, who was in Metz, and he had learned, as lovers have a faculty for doing, that while the dashing adventuress pretended to care for him, she secretly adored Rhinelander.

This combination of circumstances aroused the most evil passions in Conrad's nature, and he simply glared his hatred as he thus looked in Paul's face.

"Ah! we meet again," he said, and in the heated passion applied an epithet that came illy from the lips of one whose parent had brought the shame upon Rhinelander's family.

Paul promptly knocked him down. He would have done so had he known that the next instant ten sword bayonets would pierce his heart.

No such thing occurred, however. There were men standing there ready to cry "bravo" on account of the manly blow—men who had no sympathy with one who could insult a prisoner of war; men who might have mutilated and refused to obey if ordered to cut him down.

But strange as it might appear, that blow, instead of making a madman out of Conrad, seemed to knock a little common sense into his head.

When he arose he simply gave orders to have the prisoner taken to a dungeon under the fortress where he had fought so valiantly.

As Paul passed him Conrad hissed in his ear:

"The hour is close at hand—I do not forget what I vowed in Heidelberg. This world is too small for both of us."

"My sentiments exactly—make it soon," was the characteristic reply Paul gave.

Rhinelander had been in the dungeon about an hour when he was summoned from his cell to the presence of the commander.

His conductors led him to a small enclosed space beneath the ramparts, and here he found Hoffman, with two French officers, awaiting him.

It was to be a duel.

Paul was not astonished—he had made up his mind not to let anything, however serious, take away his cool disdain, his calm confidence, that in an affair of honor like the one in which he was about to engage is the most valuable armor with which a man may be clothed.

Few words were wasted between the principals.

Hate showed in Hoffman's eyes, and the American's calm smile made his blood fairly boil.

Paul was given his choice of the two swords, and divesting himself of his superfluous garments, he took his place upon the blood-stained turf ready to give the Alsatian all the satisfaction his fiery nature demanded.

How Conrad caught a Tartar. Few men would fancy being dragged from a dungeon to have a sword clapped in their hands and be compelled to face an experienced duelist with murder in his heart.

Yet Rhinelander accepted the opportunity to oblige Hoffman with an eagerness that the other could not fail to observe.

Perhaps a more remarkable engagement did not occur during the brief though sanguinary war between the neighboring nations.

It seemed as though the two swordsmen were ably matched.

Minutes crept by and as yet neither of them appeared to have gained a material advantage.

This could not last.

Undoubtedly the man who obtained his "second wind" in advance of the other would have the game in his hands.

That was where Paul's previous experience upon the plains, breaking bronchos, chasing wild cattle and enduring the privations of a cowboy existence, served him well.

And when he felt this change stealing over him he experienced a peculiar, almost savage satisfaction, knowing the power would speedily be in his hand to complete the business.

Paul might at another time have been merciful and spared his antagonist, but he knew full well that to do so now only meant disaster to him in the near future.

Hoffman, alive and well, would be a thorn in his flesh, whereas the same fellow disabled meant temporary peace at last.

He decided not to kill him, and even when under such a tremendous strain proved his title to the name of a chivalrous opponent, since it was a privileged few men in the heat of battle would forego.

Suddenly Paul made a savage feint and the next instant the point of his sword protruded from back of Conrad's right shoulder.

It was the end.

The duelist could no longer wield his trenchant blade, though he made a gallant effort to do so; believing he had received a mortal wound he let fall his dishonored sword, uttered a sound half-way between a snarl and a groan and fell at full length in exactly the same spot marked by the blood of the drumhead court's last victim.

Paul leaned on his sword and sought to recover his breath. Victory had come to him again, as though determined that the wrongs of the bitter past should be amply avenged.

Already they were bending over the fallen man to ascertain how seriously he had been hurt, and one of the soldiers called for the doctor.

With that two forms advanced from the shadows and approached—one a medical man, whom Paul, to his surprise, recognized as Sir Noel Travers, and the other a woman, in the garb of a Red Cross nurse.

As he stood there, unnoticed, recovering his breath, he found his attention fastened upon the nurse, whose face he had not as yet seen, but whose figure and movements aroused a sudden suspicion.

Could it be possible—and within the walls of Metz, she whose heart beat for the cause of her people—and yet, startling though the thought might be, his suspicion rapidly crystallized into a positive assurance which one glimpse of her face soon verified.

He leaned against the wall with folded arms.

The blood dropped from the fingers of his left hand, but he knew it not; knew nothing, in fact, but that his infernal luck still pursued him and that the fates had decreed he should slash down her cousin directly under her eyes.

CHAPTER XIX.

Never to his dying day would Paul forget the strange admixture of emotions that well-nigh overwhelmed him as, leaning against the cold wall of the courtyard, he saw approaching him the being whom he loved to distraction, and yet whom he feared was separated from him forever by the cruel decrees of fate.

Hildegarde looked intently in his face as she came up.

"How strange that we should meet here, Herr Paul!" she said with a faint smile.

"It is remarkable, and I consider myself fortunate indeed. Tell me, is he much hurt?" designating with a nod the spot where Conrad lay, and pretending not to see her outstretched hand, since he could not very well accept it, considering the condition of his digits.

"Through the shoulder, mynheer; but the doctor tells us with good nursing he will come through," she replied, appearing somewhat shocked at his evident disinclination to meet her friendly advances. "But you are wounded, mynheer."

"Who said so?" he asked, as if annoyed.

"They told me over there. It is necessary for the doctor to remain yet awhile, so he sent me to you."

"Ah! it is next to nothing."

"Still I insist on seeing it."

He could no longer refuse.

One of the men brought water, and having bathed the stricken member she stopped the flow of blood according to the latest methods known to the medical fraternity.

"Was this fight of your seeking, mynheer?"

"I assure you, no—it was forced upon me. I was brought up from my prison cell to meet him and give him the satisfaction he has long craved."

At this moment one of the soldiers came up, carrying the doctor's bag, and quickly followed by the Englishman.

How eagerly he pounced upon Paul's good right hand and squeezed it most heartily!

"Hoch, hoch, hoch, the American!" he said, in imitation of the hoarse cries that had signaled Paul's triumph on that former occasion when he met Conrad in the Hirschgasse inn and won the everlasting regard of the students by defeating the hero of fifty duels.

"Glad to see you, doctor!" said Paul. "And I'm delighted. You make me feel proud of my cousins across the big pond. By Jove! but you soaked it to him hard! An inch lower down and the air would have whistled through his lung on this chill October morning. But, my dear boy, I must insist on your putting on your coat to avoid taking cold. Ah! my good nurse has done her work well, I see. She is a treasure!"

"You are right, Sir Noel," echoed the wounded man, enjoying the look of embarrassment that made her face turn as red as a pony.

"Then you have met her before, Rhinelander?" as Hildegarde moved toward the other groups.

"What's the use of denying it, Sir Noel—I love that girl with all my heart and soul. She is the sweetest being on earth to me; the dearest in ten thousand; the one altogether loveliest!"

"That's the way to talk, and I'm inclined to believe it's all right, too," said the doctor encouragingly.

"Perhaps it will come out all right, Sir Noel. I hope so, at least. And now I wonder what they will do with me—am I to go back to my dungeon?"

"I shall see to that—you are wounded and should be in the hospital. I can fix it so you may walk the streets of Metz. The end is almost at hand, at any rate, for surrender is in the air. Come with me."

So the singular event was over.

Perhaps the like had never been known before in the annals of warfare.

Paul endeavored to survey it in a calm manner, devoid of passion, and was of the opinion that he had come

out of the affair with something to his credit.

There was a grim satisfaction in the reflection that, even as on their first encounter, he had emerged from the engagement with honor.

Sir Noel was as good as his word. He had some magical influence at headquarters.

As a result Rhinelander found himself given the freedom of the city in return for his simple promise that he would neither run away nor attempt to communicate with the German forces investing Metz.

Paul was keenly interested in all he saw. But he was seeking a face—had and there he looked, wherever crowd roamed, endeavoring to locate the one who was in his mind.

If only Karl were present—Karl who was with the besieging host, winning golden opinions from his superior officers by his bravery and discretion.

And then Paul had what was possibly one of the most severe shocks of his life.

He heard his name softly pronounced, and, with Karl in his mind, it seemed to him as though a spirit of the air must have spoken, so familiar were the tones. Paul could not refrain from turning his head and glancing around.

Of course he saw only French uniforms, peasants in woolen smocks and wooden sabots, townspeople who gathered in groups and solemnly discussed the consequences to their business when the Germans controlled the city, but never a sign of the rosy-cheeked young soldier of the Fatherland, in his sombre uniform, so strangely at variance with the gay plumage of the Garde Mobile, the national troops and the ferocious zouaves and franc-tireurs.

And as he looked Paul became conscious that one of the latter who lounged nearby had coughed as if to attract his attention, at the same time looking straight in his direction.

Then it was he received the shock as though from a strong galvanic battery.

For it was Karl!

What could it mean?

The air of mystery surrounding Karl; the quick movement by means of which he expressed silence by pressing a finger upon his lips—these things aroused Paul's curiosity to fever pitch.

Ah! he had guessed the truth.

Karl—a spy!

The circumstances were positively convincing, and yet Paul found difficulty in believing his eyes.

Meanwhile Karl had come closer, so that he might speak in a low tone without being noticed.

"Where can I see you alone, my friend?" he asked.

Paul's mind was quick to act.

"Yonder are two benches back to back. I shall drop down on one and later you can do the same on the other. Then we can converse without appearing to do so, and keep an eye out at the same time for danger. Do you comprehend?"

"Perfectly."

Presently they were thus seated, Paul apparently reading a local paper, while the seeming franc-tireur dozed in the bright sunlight.

A thousand pairs of eyes might fall upon them loitering there without a suspicion arising that they were in direct communication.

"You are surprised?" asked Karl.

"Bewildered, you mean," replied the other.

"Still, some one had to come. Our reports have been so meagre and contradictory that the general was determined to learn the truth about the starvation said to exist among the enemy."

There was that in Karl's earnest tones to warn his friend that he had something of importance to communicate, something that concerned Paul's mission to Europe during these troublous times.

(To be continued.)

Time to Stop.

Under the machinery of the law, as at present administered, a lawyer has great advantages over a witness. Recognition of this fact is probably the reason why people always enjoy seeing a witness get the better of his examiner.

There was lately heard a case in which the plaintiff had testified that his financial position had always been good.

The opposing counsel took him in hand for cross-examination, and undertook to break down his testimony upon this point.

"Have you ever been bankrupt?" asked the lawyer.

"I have not," was the answer.

"Now, be careful; did you ever stop payment?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought we should get at it finally. When did that happen?"

"After I had paid all I owed."

Old Time London.

The population of the city of London in the year 1580 has been estimated at 123,000 souls. In that year John Lyly was the most fashionable author, and Sir Philip Sidney was the darling of the court. Edmund Spenser had just leaped to his immediate and lasting popularity, and Shakespeare was courting Anne Hathaway in the green lanes of Warwickshire, not a line of his dramas so much as thought of. It was not until twenty-five years later, when King James had come to the throne, that the city came to number 200,000. London was then, as now, the center of the English-speaking world, but that world was smaller in population than our single states of Pennsylvania or New York, and interests, political, social and literary were concentrated in the metropolis to a degree far beyond the present, even in England.—Professor Felix E. Schelling in Lippincott's Magazine.