"To loosen the chain of everyday existence, to leave the beaten path of strenuesity, to stray for a time among the wild flowers, is tonic to every man-

soul and body!" droned Whitcomb, stretched full length upon the shore. "And the ideal vacation is right here at Weichselbaum's," broke in Spriggs, his feet in a hammock and his body recumbent on the sod. "The man who spends his vacation 'seeing things' has not rested. There is nothing to see here, only the lake, the cottages, the lazy inhabitants and Weichselbaum, who is always sleepy. They do say Welchselbaum lies comatose all winter that he may remain awake in summer to call early fishermen!"

"When I return to Chicago," interrupted Wilkinson, "I am afraid I will not wake up! In my mind's dreaming I will be out on the lake while the waves 'swish, swish,' against the boat prow, lapping in remonstrating voice against an intrusion on their morning antics. While the fog dwells above the lake I toss my first frog into the water! The sun is slyly peeping over the horizon. The dew is wet upon the verdured shore. Along the weeds I cast and reel. 'B-r-r-!' out goes the reel! 'Click-click-click!' back it comes. There is the quick jerk, the pulsation in the water, the moment of waiting when the line is running free. And then the climax!"

"Hear! Hear!" from Whitcomb.

"How much does he weigh?" queried Spriggs. The others grinned and the bittern screamed afresh.

"But that is not all," continued Wilkinson, ignoring the sallies. "The sun comes up apace, painting rainbows on the glinting waters, the crests in red and gold and auriole, the troughs in shades of blue. From the farm homes about the lake pastoral grunts and cock-a-doodle-dos are emanating. Away in the distance an early whistle blows, calling the brawn of the countryside to the threshing bee. The boarders are stirring for a fish breakfast. From the dock comes the shrill cry:

'Where do you hook frogs, pa?' and then a woman's voice:

"'How do I know, Reginald, when I have a bite? Oh! oh! I have one now! Oh, dear, no; it's only a weed!"

"Did you hear how Dr. Hewett caught a whale yesterday?" queried Spriggs. "Well, you know when Nature fashioned dog she added a caudal appendage, intending the canine should wag the tail rather than the tail the dog! Well, with mudturtles it is different!

You see, in this instance the mudturtle wagged the doctor. It was 4 o'clock yesterday morning. The moisture was laden with wetness and the doctor was anchored where the 'big fish grow.' While the killdees piped their shrill refrain and the sun and sky were blending a panorama of beauty. Dr. Hewett hooked a turtle. As the steel pole bent downward into the lake the medicine man cried:

"Stop the boat! I've hooked a whale!" "It was a royal battle, which was scarce begun when the vicious snapper was dragged alongside. The doctor was then in the same predicament as the man who had hold of the gentleman bovine's ropy tail. He couldn't let go, and the turtle wouldn't! After an hour's work Hewett staked out his

game-and the second chapter opens at 10 this morning!" I note some new rules have gone into force," crooned Appleby from a bunch of red clover blossoms. "Children must not speak out loud during the day; those who eat three meals per diem must go easy; no one is allowed to swim in the lake for fear of poisoning the fishes; keep off the railroad track while the cars are passing, and children must not hug the little pigs

because it spoils their dispositions!" "Wilson is in disgrace with the ladies," emanated from the tall clover. "He was rowing Miss Bings and Miss Bangs about the lake yesterday. Miss Bings said:

"Isn't it strange there are no lilies in the lake?"

"'Well, I like that,' interjected Miss Bangs, 'with two in the boat!"

"'Tiger lilies at that,' growled Wilson-and the end is not yet!" "Wags tried to break the fish record Sunday." added Appleby, smoking vigorously. "He caught (puff, puff) an Oswego bass (puff) of great promise and declared (puff, puff) the fish would beat the six pound four-ounce denizen of the lake caught by Johnstone of Walkerside a fortnight ago. To make sure (puff) he filled the fin's gullet full of sinkers. If he hadn't run out of sinkers (puff, puff, puff) he would have won at the scales. As it was, the sinkers were short by two ounces! Wasn't (puff) that (puff, puff) exasperat-

ing! (PUFF!)" 'I got up early yesterday morning," offered Wilkinson, "and this is what I

"I saw the morning with its purple brow stand tiptoe on the horizon and shoot sunbeams at the departing night, and then reach up and gather the stars and hide them in her bosom, and bend down and tickle the slumbering world with straws of light until it awoke with laughter and song A thousand bugles called from the rosy fire of the east heralded her coming; a thousand smiling meadows kissed her garments as she passed and ten thousand laughing gardens unfurled their flowery flags at her. The heart of the deep forest throbbed a tribute of bird song, and the bright water rippled a melody of welcome. Youth and love radiant with joy came hand in hand, tripping and dancing in her shining train, and I wished that the heaven of morning might last forever."

"That isn't the experience Spriggs had the second evening after his arrival!" hinted Whitcomb, laughing. (Groans from Spriggs.) "He was about eaten up by flies in his room the first night and rode four miles on the railroad bleycle to get two sheets of fly paper. These he placed upon the two chairs in his room. Retiring late, he forgot about the tanglefoot and sat down in one of the chairs! He got up rather suddenly and proceeded to pull himself loose. As the paper had adhered at an untoward portion of his body, he took off his trousers to facilitate matters. While cleaning them he thoughtlessly sat down on the other chair and-

Just then the breakfast bell relieved Spriggs-and the spinning ceased.

MI DUCKEN

The man who tempts fate will sooner or later feel her javelin. There was Achilles, for instance. Every schoolboy remembers reading how Achilles' mother, holding him by the heel, dipped him into the River Styx to make him invulnerable to wounds. At the siege of Troy Achilles, not content with victory and the dragging of Hector thrice around the walls, successfully fought the amazon Penthesilea and Memnon. "Rubbing it in," as it were, he drove back the Trojans and while tempting fate about the Sczan gate, was stricken with an arrow in the vulnerable heel by which his mother held him when vulcanizing him in the Styx. Of course, he died. Not knowing when he had enough, fate reprimanded him with death!

Cæsar tempted fate until he grew weary waiting for the death he knew must come unnaturally. "Better," he said, "to die at once than live in perpetual dread of treason!"

Anthony tempted fate and killed himself!

William the Conqueror tempted fate and on his death bed wept because he had spilled rivers of blood. History teems with stories of men who, unsatisfied with adequate glories,

are responsible for their untimely ends.

The reason so many of us are compelled to make ourselves ridiculous at a French restaurant is because away back (but don't sit down-and pardon the grammatical license) some fate tempters decided to build a heaven-reaching structure now known as the Tower of Babel! Because of the linguistic arrangement sent upon the builders as punishment, we get a finger-bowl now

when we want a steak and pate de foie gras when our pocketbook orders a toothpick. Because Eve tempted fate we have divorce courts and a good old jolly in place of the Garden of Eden and a fountain of perpetual contentment. Any man who tempts fate is a lobster. Some men never see a snake but

they want to step on its tail. When you meet fate coming up the road don't expect her to have a smallpox sign for a headlight, but make a wide and devious detour like a messenger boy in a hurry.

No doubt Achilles and Cæsar and William and Eve and the rest thought they could throw the harpoon into fate in an embroglio, but history records nothing of this sort. Don't try to take fate by the nape of the neck as you would a crab, for,

like the crustacean, fate has a way of crawfishing that often results in a pair of sprung pinchers and much woe! Be kind to fate. Treat her not unlike the world. You know what Lytton

says about abraiding the mundane sphere. Butt it and you get a headache. "But 'twill fawn at your feet if you throw it a bone!"

Therefore, be good to fate. Don't tempt her. Let good enough alone, You aren't the whole soap works, anyhow!

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The county board decided to build a new jail. That body resolved, therefore, to utilize the material of the old structure in the construction of the one soon to be in evolution. It was further resolved to continue the confinement of the prisoners in the old jail until the modern one was constructed.

This is not particularly fresh, this story, but it is brought to mind by an editor who calls the attention of his unpaid subscribers to the fact that he has ceased sending them his paper. This is almost as bad as the reporter who says the officers are "pursuing the bandit Tracy who fired shots with bloodhounds." The question naturally arises, "What caliber are the dogs?"

MI DWG BIE

The demand for gutta-percha is sixty times that of the supply. Italian proverb: He is not a thoroughly wise man who can not play the feel on occasions.

HEAD of GREAT HARVESTER TRUST



D. C., and was graduated from Prince in that of the Commercial club.

Cyrus Hali McCormick, the presi- ton in 1879. Since that time he has dent of the newly organized Interna- been connected with the McCormick tional Harvesters' company, is the son Harvesting Machine company, of of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, the which he has been president since inventor of the famous reaping ma- 1884. He is one of Chicago's most chine which bears his name. Mr. influential business men, and has been McCormick was born in Washington, prominent in club life, particularly

PHOTOGRAPH LED TO MARRIAGE | EPITAPH ON MEXICAN TOMB

Romance in Life of Miss Anna Cassin, Neatly Worded Eulogy Over Grave of Now Mrs. McClure.

Mrs. Archibald T. McClure, who was Miss Anna Augtin Cassin, is now American aristocracy. It was the



Mrs. McClure.

photograph of Miss Cassin, published in a magazine, that attracted the attention of Mr. McClure, who retraced his steps half way across the continent to secure an introduction, which latterly resulted in marriage.

Magnificent Eeastern Potentates. The Indian princes at the coronation of King Edward were encircled with ropes of pearls, one or two of them had pearls attached to their ears, and diamonds, rubies and other priceless gems hung in clusters

about them. Of the Indian princes the most noticeable was the Maharajah of Gwallor, in a turban encrusted with jewels. His wrist was covered with a bracelet of diamonds, and on his back hung a shield blazing with jewels-a magnificent example of an eastern potentate clad in the splendor of

the splendid east. Ras Makonnen, the Abyssinian envoy, was another guest whose costume was of a character most striking. It included the curious-looking, crown shaped headdress, formed from a lion's mane, which is only displayed upon high state occasions. Under his flowing robe he showed a superb breastplate of velvet interworked with gold, and behind him an interpreter carried his gold shield and his immense sword, too sweeping and scimitar-like to be worn in a crowded room. -London Mail.

A Free Criticism.

Some time ago Sir Charles Wyndham presented London's Green Room club with a chair that had been the property of David Garrick. It happened to be at the time when Wyndham was acting the part of Garrick in the play of that name at the Criterion theater, and had settled down for a long run. At luncheon one afternoon soon after the presentation, Wyndham was discovered sitting in the Garrick chair in an attitude distinctly belonging to the period of periwigs and knee breeches. By his side stood a famous critic and a famous

"Ah, Wyndham," remarked the critic, admiringly, "you grow more and more like Garrick every day." "And less and less like him every night," growled the poet.

Notorious Outlaw.

Mexicans are fond of epitaphs, they rejoice in eulogies, they like to honor in Newport, the summer home of our their dead. Their attachment for relatives is great, and monuments and flower-strewn graves show that the departed are not forgotten. The deceased may have left a bad record. and his friends may be anxious that his conduct should be forgotten; still this does not debar him from a neatly worded eulogy.

Just outside the cemetery at Vera Cruz there stands a fine monument which marks the resting place of a notorious outlaw, whose cruelty and violence made his name a constant menace to all peace and order. His wife, in spite of harsh treatment, was his faithful servant to the last, and after his death thought that she should show her respect for his mem-

She could not speak of his nobility and worth, and so, after much consideration, she caused the following

"Juan Fernandez has passed to his reward; he was an unerring shot and knew no fear; owing to circumstances over which he had no control his talents were perverted from their proper course, but the world should be grateful for his life, as his examp e stands as a timely warning to the rising generation."

New Silk from South Africa. Gold and silver silk is coming from South Africa, says an English publication. The fibres are spun by two remarkable spiders of Rhodesia, and an experimenter has found that the creatures may be reared in captivity and that the silk can be utilized. Both fliaments have a brilliant metallic luster and are very fine and strong, the fineness of the golden silk being about that of the silkworm's thread, but the strength being much greater. A thread of steel of the same size, in fact, has only two-thirds the strength of this spider's thread.

Eldest Son of James McMillan Talked of for Senator.

There are rumors that Gov. Bliss of Michigan will appoint W. C. Me-Millan to the seat made vacant by the the cold. death of Senator McMillan. W. C. McMillan is the late set ator's eldest



W. C. McMillan.

son, and manager of his large commercial interests. He has for several years attended to a great dea! of his father's work as head of the Republican state organization. It is said he has a good chance of being elected by itself. the legislature next January.

GOOD SHORT STORIES

Impressive Sermon Spoiled by Cats Not long ago Rev. Page Milburn, a popular clergyman of Betimore, had embarrassing experience while delivering a sermon on the income day. an embarrassing experience while delivering a sermon on the if

It was a peaceful summer night, warm enough to have at the windows open, but not sufficiently hot to cause a fluttering of fans. The reverened gentleman was preaching upon the last solemn moment of judgment day and presenting a graphic word picture of the majestic and triumphal coming of the judgment angel. Extending his arms he began majestically: "Hark! What is that sound that bursts upon my ear?" The infuriated and appalling yowl of felines in mortal combat on a neighboring fence rent the air.

There was a general titter from the younger folk in the congregation. Thinking to stem the current of amazement by reproof, the clergyman continued in impressive tones: "Let not our minds be diverted. I say again: What is that solemn sound that bursts upon my ear?" An ear-splitting series of spittings and yowls came in instant rejoinder from the combatants upon the fence. It was too much for speaker and audience.

"Will the congregation join in the closing hymn?" said the discomfitted preacher. And with a speedy benediction the service came to an abrupt

THE WILLIAM

Was the Bees' Own Lookout

The fact that an Irish story, though trite, is always pat, was illustrated yesterday when District Attorney Reeves told this anecdote:

Some people object to releasing prisoners on a floater because of the fact that the renegades are turned loose upon other communities. That reminds me of the Irishman who, after reaching America, was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the ould sod he grew especially reseate and said:

"Whoy, th' baze in that counthry is twice as big as in this. Indade, they're bigger than that. They're as big as th' shape ye have in this coun-

"Bees as big as sheep!" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind

of hives do they have to keep them in?" "No bigger than th' ones in this counthry," was the reply.

"Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked. "Well," replied the Irishman, "thot's their own dom lookout."-Los Angeles Herald.

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The Only "Good House."

A good story is told of Richard Mansfield's second visit to a certain town in the interior of Ohio. The exigencles of the route made it necessary that the actor should appear on successive evenings in three one-night stands in that state. When he reached the town in question he remembered it as a place where he had appeared to a very small audience two season's earlier. When 8 o'clock came he appeared on the stage, dressed for his role, and peeped through the hole in the curtain to size up the gathering. Evidently he was not pleased, for he returned to his dressing room with a scrowl on his face. Ten minutes later he reappeared, told the stage manager to get ready to 'ring up." and took another look through the peep-hole.

"Forty-six persons-forty-six." he angrily muttered. "I counted 'em." Then he found himself face to face with the janitor of the theater, who was on the stage in the hope of picking up a tip or two by helping the actors dress. "Forty-six people," repeated Mansfield. "Say!—did you ever have a good

house in this town?" "Oh, yes, sir," said the janitor, confidently; but it burned down about seven years ago."

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Suggestion in the Proper Spirit

The son of a wealthy distiller was, upon his marriage, promoted by his father to the position of managing director, and was handed over one of the father's residences, known as "Distillery House," a handsome mansion standing in beautiful grounds, situate about half a mile from the firm's extensive works.

Some months afterwards the son, being in the neighboring town, stepped into the club for lunch, and, meeting a friend there, invited him to join in the repast. During the progress of the meal the young director remarked to

his guest: "We have been thinking of changing the name of our residence; it scarcely sounds well, my wife's letters to be addressed from Distillery House.

inscription to be engraved upon the Could you suggest a suitable name?" The friend laid down his knife and fork, thought for a moment, and then said:

"I think I have hit upon it. What do you say to calling it 'Alcho-Hall'?"

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A Sordid Consideration

A worthy Celt some years ago kept a small grocery in the Point Breeze neighborhood. He went out to work as a day laborer, leaving his careful and thrifty wife to operate the store. As was the custom in the neighborhood. nearly all the customers were given credit from week to week, payment being made on the payday of the gas house, the oil works, and other Point Breeze enterprises. The wife fell ill, and was nearing her end; and the devoted husband was at her bedside. She opened her eyes wearily and said:

"Don't forgit. Tim, darlint, that Mrs. Moran owes four-ninety and Mrs. Noonan five-three."

"God bliss you!" replied the husband. "Your mind is sinsible to the last!" 👗 After a time she spoke again. "An', Tim, don't forgit there's eight dollars owing Mr. Lafferty."

"Arrah, nivir moind, Kate!" he hastily replied. "This bez not th' toime fur yez to be worritin' yez head wid thoughts av sinful money!"—Philadelphia Times.

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One of Bret Harte's Stories

The late Bret Harte told a tale of a young lady who arrived late one MAY SUCCEED HIS FATHER night on a visit to a friend. She awoke in the darkness to find a white figure at the foot of the bed. While she watched, the counterpane was suddenly whisked off, and the apparition vanished. After an anxious, not to say chilly, night, the visitor went down with little appetite for breakfast. At the table she was introduced to a gentleman, a very old friend of the family. who had, she learned, also been sleeping in the house. He complained of

"I hope you will excuse me," he said to the hostess; "but I found it so cold during the night that, knowing the room next to mine was unoccupied, I took the liberty of going in and carrying off some of the bedclothes to supplement my own.

The room, as is obvious, was not unoccupied; but he never learned the

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Got the Additional Allowance

A certain officer of the British army in India, having his battery divided into half-batteries, which were garrisoned over forty miles apart, by road, applied that he might have an allowance granted him for an extra charger, it being his duty to frequently visit both portions. The War Office ruled that this allowance was inadmissible, saying: "Measured by the Ordnance map, as the crow flies, the distance is found to be only thirty-three miles and a half." For a time the officer was nonplussed, but an idea struck him, and he

seized his pen and wrote: "There would appear to be some misunderstanding regarding my appliation. I am asking for an allowance for an additional charger, not as additional crow. I do not ride a crow; I ride a horse!" He got it.

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What Adam Was Doing

It was midnight. Suddenly in the Adam residence there a cry, then a series of howls, and one of the neighbors, passing by, heard the head of the house use language that was calculated to loose the thunderbolts of heaven on the whole neighborhood. She stopped, ran up to the door, and, pressing the button, listened eagerly at the speaking tube. "What in the world is your husband doing?" she asked, as the dulcet voice of Eve inquired her errand.

"Oh." replied Eve, "he is merely raising Cain. It requires strong language to raise a child like that."

And thus an expression was coined which promises to outlast history