

A PAYMASTER'S RIDE

(Original.)

In the autumn of 1863 I was ordered as a paymaster in the United States army to take \$100,000 from Cincinnati to the Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga.

I reached Nashville safely and deposited the safe containing the money in the bank. In the evening it was taken out through the back door, sent to a train of freight cars standing in the yard of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad and stowed away under the coal in the locomotive's tender.

When we pulled out of the Nashville station, the locomotive headlight showed several men standing together beside the track watching our departure.

A week's rain had ceased and left a clear sky, a bright moonlight night, so that we could see almost as well as in daytime.

When we were now on a straight track and could see the switch light at the little station at the foot of the grade and the moonlight gleaming on the rails straight as a pair of arrows for miles beyond.

"What's that standing on the track near the top of the grade?" I asked.

"How far to the switch?" I asked.

"Will we reach it in time?" "Dunno."

"What's that standing on the track near the top of the grade?" I asked.

"Great heaven! What does it mean—a train behind, another in front?"

"Some one's bound to smash us up. There's no engine on either train. They've caught us in this scooped out country and give us the choice of being crushed from behind or in front."

"Whoever's done this job has been smart enough to lock the switch so that no crowbar will open it. We're done for."

"Not unless they have left one end unlocked, which they haven't."

"Tim reversed his engine as he spoke and whistled down brakes. We came to a stop within a quarter of a mile of the bottom. The train coming in front dashed past the station and began to rise, soon losing its speed, and when within a hundred feet of us we stopped it with a log we had put across the track. Then we boarded and took possession of it."

"You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend.

"Yes," he sighed, "but she's not declared any dividend yet."

THOMAS DEANE ELLIS.

A Bachelor's Cost of Living.

If the average bachelor, with a millionaire's income, not the fellow who goes in for extravagant fads, but the man who maintains good social position and who entertains liberally, were to balance up his personal account for the year, it might contain these charges without comparative extravagance:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Cost. Items include House or apartment, Valet, Clubs, Restaurant and entertaining, Clothing, Automobiles, Chartered yacht, Cards, Bad loans, Horsecar, coach, groom, etc.

These are the more or less fixed items of expense, and any one who has ever attempted to keep a personal account knows that when you have put down the necessary expenses you may add almost as much for the thousand and one things that may be grouped conveniently under the head of "incidental expenses."

Turn round, and, with your back to the table, ask somebody to throw the dice. Then tell the person who threw them to double the number of the spots on the die on the left, and keep the number to himself.

Then ask him to multiply the number of spots on the third die and give you the aggregate sum. From the amount subtract mentally 250, and the remainder will show in the three figures the number of spots on each of the three dice.

Why the Audience Laughed. At a public entertainment recently a conjurer had an experience which was highly comical, though quite disastrous from a professional point of view.

The Tumbleweed. The tumbleweed is a curious plant, indigenous to the western prairies. It grows in all directions from a central stem, making a large flat head, close to the ground.

Jack Tar as a Critic. At an auction art sale the other day a marine view was about to be knocked down at a handsome figure when a bluff sailor, who had happened to wander in, exclaimed earnestly:

She Was Surprised. Mrs. Neighbors—What's that awful racket in the next room?

No One Made a Motion. "Kin any one make a motion?" asked one of the audience.

A Mean Defense. Magistrate—It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife.

A Comparison. "How'd ye like the lecturer at the town hall last night, Si?"

A Little Close. "You married a rich wife, didn't you?" asked Jones of his friend.

On a Shelf. "Mamma," asked little three-year-old Margie, "do people go to heaven when they die?"

A Business Man's Tribute. "You admire that musician?" "Very much," answered Mr. Cumrox.

Not Worried by Them. Mamma—Johnny, when you told me that that Sever boy threw stones at you you did not tell me that it was after you had thrown stones at him.

One of the Intelligent. "Have you any scruples," inquired the prosecuting attorney, "against inflicting the death penalty in a case of willful murder?"

After the Sunshine. "What became of that Sunshine club which Daisy started?"

CRUSHING A BORE.

The Authority on Natural History That Sydney Smith Quoted.

Sydney Smith jokes have a delicate flavor of age, but an anecdote in "Memories of Half a Century" has not been told so often as some of the classic tales.

"Mr. Archdeacon," said he, "have you seen the pamphlet written by my friend, Professor Dickenson, on the remarkable size of the eye in a common house fly?"

"I can assure you it is a most interesting pamphlet, setting forth particulars hitherto unobserved as to the unusual size of that eye."

"I deny the fact!" said a voice from the other end of the table. All smiled save the bore.

"You deny the fact, sir?" said he. "May I ask on what authority you condemn the investigations of my most learned friend?"

The guests roared, and during the rest of the dinner nothing further was heard on the subject of natural history.

THE COOKBOOK.

Peeled, chopped tomato sprinkled over lettuce, the whole covered with French dressing, makes a Russian salad.

To steam potatoes peel them and when very clean put them in a colander over boiling water. Cover tightly with a lid and leave them until done.

A Queer Marriage Custom. In the Loo Choo islands there are some curious marriage customs.

A New Profession. Young Mr. Inswim was hurrying blindly along the street toward a chemist's with a bottle in his hand when young De Trop hailed him.

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A Phenomenal Artist. "He is the only true musical phenomenon I ever saw or heard."

A Chance For Him. "I am afraid," said the high browed bard, "that my poetry will never attract public attention."

Diverse Appetites. "I wonder why donkeys eat thistles?" said the man who is always finding something peculiar in life.

An Envidable Position. Biggs—I met a man yesterday who makes his living by buying millinery.

Not Dissuaded by Compliments. Husband—Your hair is your crowning glory, my dear.

A Business Man's Tribute. "You admire that musician?" "Very much," answered Mr. Cumrox.

Genus unexercited is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

Three Great Navigators.

To review the work of Columbus without referring to that of Vesputius and Magellan would leave the story of new sea and world discovery disconnected and incomplete.

By this Journey Vesputius demonstrated with a considerable degree of certainty that the strait, which had for some years been looked for, leading to the elusive unknown sea that bounded the eastern coast of Asia, was not to be found through the new lands of the west north of 54 degrees south at all events.

Lacemaking by Hand. Making lace by hand is a well developed art in Paraguay. It was taught the natives 200 years ago by the missionaries and has been transmitted from generation to generation till it is now quite general throughout the republic.

Brave Men. Persians in general are not supposed to be the bravest people in the world, but even in Persia the inhabitants of Kashan, a mercantile city, are notorious for their lack of a warlike spirit.

FILTHY MECCA. The Holy City is the Dirtiest Spot in All Islam.

Mecca, the holy city of the faith, is called by many names. Some call it "the Mother of Purity," "the Citadel of Arabs," "the Holy Mosque."

Counterbalanced. Mr. Brown—Darling, your butcher gives you short weight for your money.

His Chance. Wickens—I don't know what is the matter with me. My memory is getting so treacherous that I cannot trust it from one week to the next.

After the Sunshine. "What became of that Sunshine club which Daisy started?"

Unconventional. "You spoke of Globber as being 'queer.' Is he mentally unbalanced?"

What He Realized. Judge—You do not seem to realize the enormity of the charge against you.

Free to You. If you are not well and want to know the truth about your trouble, send for my free booklets and self examination blanks.

Applause. Applause is the tonic of success. When a fellow makes a hit, let him know it in a good, round, royal way.

To Make an Impression. Mr. Fargone—My dear friend, I am in despair. That girl's heart is as hard as steel. I can make no impression on it!

Exchange. Genius unexercited is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks.

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was Not Served For Breakfast.

It is within the memory of many people that the custom of schoolteachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts.

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, and five sausages, which in cooking shrunk to the size of pipestems.

A few days afterward, on my return from school, my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked. "Gone to market," said they.

"Mark! What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to—about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?" "He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."

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SECRETS

At the Price of Suffering.

Woman on her way to semi-invalidism caused by pregnancy suffers much pain. Ignorance prompts her to suffer alone in silence and remain in the dark as to the true cause—motherhood.

Mother's Friend takes the doctor's place and she has no cause for an interview. She is her own doctor, and her modesty is protected.

Mother's Friend

is a liniment for external use only. It would indeed be shameful if the sacrifice of modesty were necessary to the successful issue of healthy children.

JEWES IN PALESTINE. Zangwill Says Its Restoration Would Fulfill Christ's Mission.

Appropos of the British agitation for the purchase of the Holy Land by the Christians of the world, Israel Zangwill, the well known novelist of the Ghetto, writes as follows, according to a special cablegram from London to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"If Christians would buy Palestine and turn it over to the Jews, then this latest crusade would atone for all the others, which were invariably accompanied by a massacre of the Jews.

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