

## EFFORT.

enough to tune the lyre,  
it for harmonies to come,  
it not celestial fire  
human hearts are cold and numb.

enough to calmly wait  
thickening dew should on us fall,  
it long for what is great  
it pursuing what is small.

enough with tears of woe  
for all the world's distress,  
it that from inaction flow  
nor other lives, will bless.

enough the love to take  
their hearts on ours outpour;  
it only kept awake  
ing something from its store.

enough with drooping wing  
itless feet to walk this earth;  
it can blessing bring  
rown the soul with sovereign  
rth.

## YING SQUADRON.

another cigar, lieutenant," I  
singing the box across the table  
him.  
Thank you," he replied; "but  
ur permission, I'll fill my pipe  
ur bowl. Indeed, when I came  
ur room it was only for a little  
—ran out myself—cigars all  
and here it is already 12 o'clock.  
How time flies when one gets  
singing. But, to continue—  
when my good friend Lieuten-  
ant takes possession of me and  
n at 11 p. m., I do not always  
it my duty to listen to him.  
been such a frequent visitor of  
house, and then, he is one of  
individuals who so lose them-  
selves in their own narrations that they  
get they have an audience. So,  
he lieutenant said: "Now, to  
e." I sank deeper into my big  
gazed absently into the fire,  
is talking warfare of the future,  
need I for that, who possessed  
stocks that would go down nor  
objects that would go up. My  
closed wearily; how I wished  
ld go. Then he made a statu-  
e absurd that I laughed.  
ok place on July 16, 1896. I  
th say.

"I'm forty-six," I corrected.  
see here," said the naval man.  
"How old do you think I am—  
shaw! I was 30 then. It was  
nd please don't contradict me.  
fifty years hence it all hap-

pen will have it so, all well." I

the date is settled and you  
thly understand the cause of the  
Great Britain claimed the at-  
rie covering of the earth to a  
of 10,000 feet, basing the claim  
fact that as far back as 1830 an  
thabout had disappeared from  
t that height—was never seen.  
Such a claim as this, had it been  
ven by two great nations, would  
id's supply of breath. We claim-  
o altitude of 1,000 over the Uni-  
tes, but she would not recognize  
ad refused to arbitrate. "The  
was war—terrible war."

ok my pipe from between my  
and fixed a cold eye on the  
r.  
lieutenant Swash," I said in a low  
stinct tone, "you have explained  
use of the war five times. I  
swallowed your dates and may  
e to gulp down your facts, but I  
at you desist from repetition."  
It, well, if you'll have it so, I'll  
ad. Having the cause straight-  
r mind, you will remember that  
July 16, 1896, that the night oc-

There were three battle ships  
fleet: Admiral Wad's flag ship,  
yellow, carrying fifteen tons of  
ite and two machine guns; the  
ing, Captain Blower, ten tons of  
ite and two six-inch rifles; the  
r, Captain Wind, eleven tons of  
ite and one pneumatic gun, used  
rowing explosives at the enemy  
e she got above us. We were  
ed by two small torpedo boats  
e swift unarmored cruiser Kala-  
n, which we expected to be of lit-  
rvice, since a bullet could have  
ned her and sent her to earth  
r. We lay about 500 miles east  
w York for four days, awaiting  
proach of the enemy's flying  
ron. It was 10 o'clock on the  
ng of July 16 when we sighted  
about 200 miles away, running  
d us at a rapid rate. They must  
seen us at about the same time,  
ey sheered off a little toward the  
and began to rise.

Admiral Wad, at whose side I was  
ing on the quarter deck of the  
ow, at once understood their  
uver. In modern warfare it's the  
y who gets above the other and  
dynamite on him that wins in-  
bly. We were then at an alti-  
d of about 8,000 feet and did not lose  
ine getting higher. I can see the  
old admiral now as he stood at  
switch board coolly puffing his  
as if he was at his club down in  
York. There was not a tremor  
able in his long thin finger as he  
ed the button marked "up." Then  
egan to ascend.

Two other battle ships followed,  
as we arose we cleared for action.  
Kalamazoo and the torpedo boats  
left behind, as it was not deemed  
sable to expose their frail struc-  
e to the enemy's fire.

Confess, as I stood beside my brave  
er and felt our ship mounting  
er and higher and shooting on to-  
d the enemy at a speed of ninety  
an hour; watched the crew of ten  
coolly placing dynamite bombs in  
most convenient places; saw the  
e great steel balloons of our en-  
e squadron glistening in the sun-  
as they shot toward us, I felt that

strange inward sensation that here-  
tofore I believed could only be caused  
by a Welsh rabbit at 2 a. m."

"You must drink a good deal of ale  
with your Welsh rabbits, lieutenant,"  
I ventured, mildly.  
"I'm a total abstainer, sir," he re-  
plied, quietly. "And never did I have  
more cause to be thankful for it than  
on that day. I was in full possession  
of my mental faculties; otherwise I  
would never have been able to have  
lived through those awful two hours.  
And the crew, too—I never saw a braver  
set of fellows in my life; not a moist  
eye or a trembling lip among them."

"The enemy had two first-class bat-  
tle ships and two second-class. They  
advanced in a line parallel to ours. Ad-  
miral Wad signaled Commodore Blower  
to engage the two second-class ships on  
the left, to Wind to take the right, leav-  
ing us the flag ship in the center. This  
vessel, I saw through my glasses, was  
a little larger, but of almost the same  
construction as the Swallow. There  
was a great cylindrical balloon of steel,  
fully 800 feet in length, with the car  
swung beneath it; an armored turret  
fore and aft, protecting her guns; at  
her stern a great propeller fan and two  
huge rudders for steering. I saw her  
crew running to and fro getting in  
readiness for the conflict; her com-  
mander with a little knot of officers  
about him standing forward, eagerly  
scanning our fleet. Higher and higher  
we rose, the air rapidly getting more  
and more rare and our breathing be-  
coming more and more rapid. I looked  
down at the sea, which was glimmering  
15,000 feet below us in the sunlight; I  
turned my eyes at the great cylinder  
overhead; shot holes in two of its air-  
tight compartments—and what a fall!  
But there were other things to think of.

"Admiral," I gasped, "if we go much  
higher we shall die for want of air."  
"Mr. Swash," replied the grand old  
sail, "but before I'm afraid always—re-  
member that, sir, I'm afraid the ship  
will not carry much higher. We'll get  
over them, don't you think, Captain  
Howitzer?"

"Howitzer gazed anxiously at the  
enemy, who were now within fifteen  
miles, and replied:  
"Close call, sir."  
"Then to the men:

"Stand ready to drop a ton of dynamite  
on them if we go over them!"  
"As he spoke there was a puff on the  
enemy's flag ship, and a solid shot came  
singing half a mile below us. Old Wad  
laughed, and ordered the bow gun to  
return the fire when we were within  
five miles. Our shells passed over  
them. We had then reached as high  
an altitude as it was possible for the  
ships to float, and then we reduced  
speed. They approached to within two  
miles and stopped and began to circle  
about us, evidently intending to sub-  
ject our balloons to a cross fire. Higher  
than we they could not go, and the dis-  
covery of this fact brought jeers and  
cheers from our crew.

"For some fifteen minutes there was  
terrible suspense. Each vessel circled  
warily around its chosen opponent,  
banging away with its machine guns  
in vain endeavor to puncture the en-  
emy's balloon. But the distance was  
too great and the movements of the  
vessels too quick for any successful  
gun work. Suddenly Howitzer seized  
my arm and pointed toward the Light-  
ning. Her crew had just thrown over-  
board her whole cabin, her two guns  
and a great quantity of dynamite  
bombs.

"For a moment we were speechless  
with astonishment. Were they going  
to take to flight? Admiral Wad seized  
a flag to signal Commander Blower,  
but he just go as far as d-a-m when he  
stopped. Slowly the great vessel was  
mounting in the air. A cry of dismay  
was heard from the hostile ship with  
which she was engaged. In five min-  
utes she was 400 feet above them. The  
British crew madly threw overboard all  
the weight they carried—guns, bombs  
and everything—but they were too late;  
the Lightning was above them; then a  
black object shot down on them; a  
deafening roar followed, with a rush  
of wind that hurled the Swallow a mile  
out of her course. And when we looked  
toward the Lightning she was alone,  
but slowly sinking toward the sea, for  
the concussion had torn off the end of  
her balloon cylinder. We could see her  
crew at the rail cheering wildly.

"Admiral Wad at once ordered that  
we pursue the same tactics; everything  
went by the board, guns, and all am-  
munition but five bombs. We loosened  
some rivets in the floor and let the  
cabin fall; then we, too, began to rise.  
But the British admiral was not to be  
outwitted, for he had been busy at ex-  
actly the same work, and when we  
found ourselves 1,000 feet higher he  
lay a mile away at the same altitude.

"Admiral Wad swore. Our guns  
were gone, and we could have lain  
there for eternity and not harm each  
other, unless we closed. For a long  
time he paced the deck in silence. At  
length he called the men together, and  
in a neat, touching speech asked for  
one volunteer for a forlorn hope.

"All that can be done," he said, "is  
to ram the enemy. One man and my-  
self can handle the ship, and it would  
be useless for you to stop on board sim-  
ply to lose your lives."

"Every man volunteered; every man  
offered to stay in their commander's  
place. He chose me for his companion,  
since I alone of all the crew was un-  
married, and he positively refused to  
accept a substitute. He would go down  
with the old ship, he said.

"The scene that followed was most  
touching. The men wrung the brave  
old man's hand in a last parting. One  
by one they took their parachutes,  
swung over the side and went sailing  
away into the blue.

"The last man was gone and old Wad  
turned toward me and embraced me.  
Between his emotion and the extreme  
rarefaction of the air he could not  
speak. This show of feeling lasted but

a minute, for we were brought to our  
senses by a great cheer from the en-  
emy's crew. They believed the ship de-  
serted and were heading down toward  
us. Instantly the admiral straightened  
up and firmly pushed the button, turn-  
ing the full force of the electric current  
into the propelling motors. The great  
ship swung around and with terrific  
speed sailed at the enemy. The en-  
emy tried to swing their ship out of the  
course, but in vain. In a minute we  
struck them. A crash like a thousand  
peals of thunder, a flash like the ex-  
plosion of a dynamite factory and all  
was still. And when I looked again  
there was nothing but blue, the endless  
blue of infinite space. The Hawk and  
her two opponents had been wrecked.  
I suppose by the awful concussion."

Lieutenant Swash had finished his  
narration and for a long time puffed  
silently at his pipe. I, for my part,  
was rapt in silent wonder at the man.  
I knew Swash well, but such assurance  
as this I had not believed him capable  
of. After all, he was one of those per-  
sons who lie so habitually that, com-  
ing from them, a story of their own  
death was not surprising. Suddenly I  
was thrown violently from my chair  
to the floor, and when I recovered my  
senses I was bound fast in a blanket,  
and, looking up, saw the naval man  
bending excitedly over me.

"Here you've been sleeping all this  
time," he began, "and instead of hear-  
ing about my last cruise, got your feet  
into the fire. A pretty kettle of fish!  
Charred your slippers and trousers in  
fine style."

"Lieutenant Swash," said I, rising to  
my feet, "I wish my dream had been  
true."

"Why?"  
"Because you'd have been blown to  
pieces when the Swallow struck."—  
New York Evening Sun.

## Four Trees with One Trunk.

Four miles from Pineville, McDonald  
County, on the grounds of J. L. Parish,  
is a freak of nature so curious that if I  
had not seen it with my own eyes, says  
a contributor to an exchange, I could  
scarcely have believed it possible. On  
the bank of the Elk river rises a large  
tree that towers high above the nei-  
ghoring trees. At the ground a solid  
buttressed trunk appears from eight  
to ten feet in diameter. A little higher  
than a man's head this trunk divides  
into four lesser trunks, the two smaller  
of which are in themselves fair-sized  
trees, while the other two are far above  
the average size. Here comes in the  
queer part of the story. Of these di-  
vergent trunks the two large ones are  
respectively an elm and a sycamore,  
while the two smaller ones are an oak  
the common trunk each three in leaf,  
and a sycamore. Above the union of  
branch and bark is normal to its type.  
The trunk itself seems a homogeneous  
whole. I would not presume to say  
that close examination would not show  
in the bark from different sections of  
the trunk those peculiarities that dis-  
tinguish the bark of one tree from that  
of the other, but certainly these charac-  
teristics do not appear on cursory ex-  
amination, nor are there lines of jointure  
visible where the four trunks co-  
alesce.

I doubt if anyone can point to a  
stranger growth than this—two sycam-  
ores, an oak and an elm, all growing  
from one common trunk. This  
meeting together of four youthful tree  
trunks as they thickened with age is  
occasionally seen, but this is an un-  
usually fine illustration. Each tree  
must, however, form its own bark—that  
is to say, no one of them has been  
wholly enveloped by another. Hence  
a careful investigation ought to dis-  
close a slight line where the invading  
bark of each original tree meets.—  
Boonville Democrat.

## Prepared for Emergencies.

A clergyman, well known for his love  
of "horseflesh," was driving through a  
country village the other day, breaking  
in a new horse, when he overtook a  
doctor of his acquaintance on foot.

"Jump in, doctor," he cried, pulling  
up. "I've got a horse here that it is a  
perfect treat to sit behind."

"The doctor jumped in, and the par-  
son drove off.

"The horse was "a treat" in the sense  
of speed and skittishness, and pre-  
sently stood stock-still, and shot both  
hind legs underneath the trap, splitting  
it to pieces and throwing out both the  
occupants.

"The doctor jumped to his feet, feeling  
himself all over to see if he was in-  
jured. The man of cloth also got upon  
his feet.

"Look here!" exclaimed the doctor,  
"what on earth do you mean by invit-  
ing me to ride behind a horse like  
that?"

"Well, you see," gasped the jovial  
cleric, "luckily there are no bones  
broken; but when breaking in a beggar  
like this, I like to have a doctor with  
me!"

Charles Lamb Wrote for Antiquity.

Once and again, it would seem, a man  
is born into the world belated. Strayed  
out of a past age, he comes among us  
like an alien, lives removed and singu-  
lar, and dies a stranger. There was a  
touch of this strangeness in Charles  
Lamb. Much as he was loved and be-  
friended, he was not much understood;  
for he drew at a distance, affected a  
"self-pleasing quaintness" in his  
style, took no pains to hit the taste of  
his day, wandered at sweet liberty in  
an age which could scarcely have bred  
such another. "Hang the age!" he  
cried. "I will write for antiquity."

And he did. He wrote as if it were  
still Shakespeare's day; made the au-  
thors of that spacious time his con-  
stant companions and study; and de-  
liberately became himself "the last of  
the Elizabethans." When a new book  
came out, he said, he always read an  
old one.—Century.

A horse that is cared for by a woman  
looks ragged, but is terribly fat.

## SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

### HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World  
Over—Sayings That Are Cheerful to the  
Old or Young—Funny Selections That  
Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

It Was Awful.  
He knelt at her feet, while she re-  
garded him coldly.

"This, then, is the last?" he asked,  
despairingly.  
"Yes."

"Well, I will do the best I can," he  
said, "but it is going to be a tough job  
to fit a 5 D foot with a shoe made on a  
3 AA."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Died from a Natural Cause.  
Insurance Superintendent (suspect-  
ly)—How did your husband die so soon  
after getting insured for a large  
amount?  
Widow—He worked himself to death  
trying to pay the premiums.—Weekly  
Telegraph.

Narrow Escape.  
"I wouldn't go through that again for  
a good deal," said the pugilist, with a  
shudder.  
"What was it? A railway accident?"  
"Worse. I was matched for a fight  
and the managers on both sides came  
pretty near forgetting to notify the au-  
thorities in time for them to prevent it  
coming off!"—Washington Star.

Evident.  
"What makes you think he is  
flighty?"  
"He has a scheme for navigating the  
air."



Always a Big Boy.  
It makes no difference how little a  
boy is. When his mother scolds him  
she always says: "You ought to be  
ashamed of yourself—a big boy like  
you!"—Exchange.

Helpful at Poker.  
Col. Stacker Chipper—I think this  
Roentgen apparatus might help me put  
inside in my business—  
Col. Checker Blue—In what way, sub?  
"Say it enables ye t' see right through  
a man's hand."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Origin of an Expression.  
Yeast—I believe in battle the musi-  
cians always go to the rear!  
Crimsonbeak—Yes, and that is the  
reason so many would-be soldiers think  
they would be willing to face the mu-  
sic.—Yonkers Statesman.

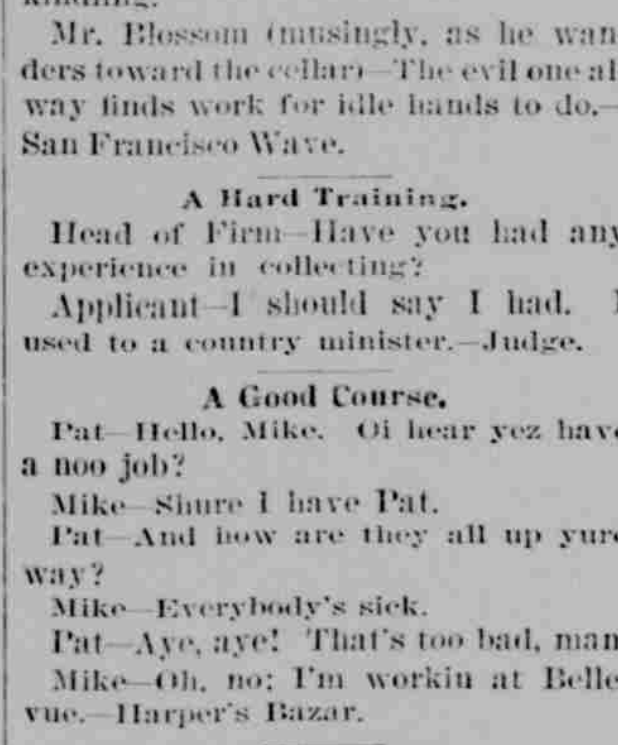
Poor Thing!  
"There will be one advantage about  
the horseless carriage," said Maud  
Ethel. "It won't mistake the sound of  
a kiss for a chirrup to go faster and  
compel the young man to grab the  
reins with both hands."—Cincinnati  
Enquirer.

The Evil One.  
Mrs. Blossom—Joe I wish you would  
bring up a settle of coal and some  
kindling.  
Mr. Blossom (musingly, as he wanders  
toward the cellar)—The evil one al-  
ways finds work for idle hands to do.—  
San Francisco Wave.

A Hard Training.  
Head of Firm—Have you had any  
experience in collecting?  
Applicant—I should say I had. I  
used to a country minister.—Judge.

A Good Course.  
Pat—Hello, Mike. Ol hear yez have  
a new job?  
Mike—Shure I have Pat.  
Pat—And how are they all up yure  
way?  
Mike—Everybody's sick.  
Pat—Aye, aye! That's too bad, man.  
Mike—Oh, no; I'm workin at Belle-  
vue.—Harper's Bazar.

Needed It.  
"My good man, I never sent for you  
to tune our piano!"  
"No, madam; it was the people next  
door."



Saved a Great Deal of Labor.  
The Vicar (to sexton)—Why don't you  
see that the seats in the church are  
dusted now and then, Tombs?  
Tombs (the sexton)—I do, sir; the  
congregation does it every Sunday  
morning, sir.—Answer.



Practical Demonstration.  
"Do you say 'armful' or 'armsful'?"  
she asked, looking up from the book  
they were reading together.  
"I should say 'armful,'" he replied,  
and his practical application settled all  
rhetorical difficulties.—Detroit Free  
Press.

A Man of Promise.  
Neighbor—Young Smithers is doin'  
fine in New York City, I hear. He was  
a mighty promising young man—  
Miss Elders (tartly)—Yes, and if he  
don't be back here pretty soon making  
some of them good he'll have a law-  
suit on his hands!—New York Herald.

True.  
Mr. Boodles—You began life as a  
bare-footed boy, I understand?  
New Clerk—Yes, sir, I was born with-  
out shoes.

Commendable Versatility.  
An editor received the other day a  
curious application for help. The writer  
said: "I am sorry you do not like my  
romance, for I feel that I have the  
secret fire in my veins. If, however,  
you cannot accept my book or my  
poetry will you give me a berth as a  
heavy goods porter?"—London Book-  
man.

When He's Gone.  
"Ho-hum!" sighed Cummin Weele. "I  
wish these wheels in electricity would  
hurry up their work!"  
Truck Ryder—W't idee ye got now,  
Cummin?  
"Then we kin start out huntin' a job  
o' tendin' horses."—Cleveland Post.

Baxter Street Arithmetic.  
Fond Father—How many do two and  
two make?  
Hopeful Son—Six.  
F. F.—You ignorant little beggar!  
Don't you know that two and two  
make four?  
H. S.—Oh, yes! I knew that, but I  
thought you'd beat me down a bit.—  
Exchange.

Not So in Finance.  
Binkerton—Oil and water will not  
mix.  
Pilgrimage—Oh, pshaw! The directors  
of the Standard Oil Company know  
better than that.—Truth.

A Cold Inspiration.  
"Scrawler, the poet, is spending the  
month of March at the sea shore, writ-  
ing a summer poem for a July maga-  
zine."

Cautious.  
Wool—Toots died as he lived, I sup-  
pose?  
Van Felt—He took off his shoes be-  
fore he climbed the golden stair.—Ex-  
change.

It Seems Too Bad.  
Miss Provincial—You say that this is  
a loan exhibit of portraits?  
Gothamite—Yes.  
Miss Provincial—Doesn't it seem aw-  
ful that wealthy people are obliged to  
raise money on their family portraits  
like this?—Exchange.

For Want of Thought.  
She—He whistled as he went for want  
of thought. Of course it was a boy.  
You wouldn't find a girl whistling for  
want of thought.  
He—No, she wouldn't whistle; she'd  
talk.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Necessarily Cheap.  
"What did you buy this piece of mu-  
sic for?" asked Mr. Darley, crossly, as  
he took up a sheet from the piano.  
"I bought it for a song," replied Mrs.  
Darley, sweetly.—Detroit Free Press.

Just Like a Club.  
Mrs. Gotham—Maria, do you think it  
right that a married woman like you  
should receive steady company from so  
many men?  
Mrs. Porsion (of Chicago)—Oh, they  
are all on my waiting list, you know.—  
Exchange.

A Martyr.  
Northern—What time do you get up,  
Colonel?  
Col. De Kanter—Five in summer, 6  
in winter.  
Northern—Do you find early rising  
agrees with you?  
Col. De Kanter—No-o, but the bar-  
don't ask me when they shall open.—  
Exchange.

Too Late.  
"Call again," she said, as he took her  
hand at parting.  
"Thank you, I will," he replied, "but  
not to-night."  
"You couldn't call again to-night,"  
she said sweetly.  
And then for the first time he had an  
idea that it was after 12.—Exchange.

Of Course She Did.  
Admirer—Do you believe in the di-  
vine mission, Miss Sweet?  
Miss Sweet—Yes; I'm engaged to  
marry a minister.—St. Paul Dispatch.

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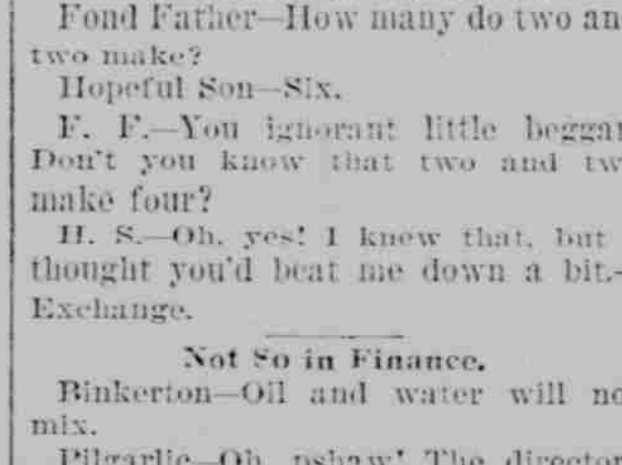
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Pilgrimage—Oh, pshaw! The directors  
of the Standard Oil Company know  
better than that.—Truth.

A Cold Inspiration.  
"Scrawler, the poet, is spending the  
month of March at the sea shore, writ-  
ing a summer poem for a July maga-  
zine."



Cautious.  
Wool—Toots died as he lived, I sup-  
pose?  
Van Felt—He took off his shoes be-  
fore he climbed the golden stair.—Ex-  
change.

It Seems Too Bad.  
Miss Provincial—You say that this is  
a loan exhibit of portraits?  
Gothamite—Yes.  
Miss Provincial—Doesn't it seem aw-  
ful that wealthy people are obliged to  
raise money on their family portraits  
like this?—Exchange.

For Want of Thought.  
She—He whistled as he went for want  
of thought. Of course it was a boy.  
You wouldn't find a girl whistling for  
want of thought.  
He—No, she wouldn't whistle; she'd  
talk.—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Necessarily Cheap.  
"What did you buy this piece of mu-  
sic for?" asked Mr. Darley, crossly, as  
he took up a sheet from the piano.  
"I bought it for a song," replied Mrs.  
Darley, sweetly.—Detroit Free Press.

Just Like a Club.  
Mrs. Gotham—Maria, do you think it  
right that a married woman like you  
should receive steady company from so  
many men?  
Mrs. Porsion (of Chicago)—Oh, they  
are all on my waiting list, you know.—  
Exchange.

A Martyr.  
Northern—What time do you get up,  
Colonel?  
Col. De Kanter—Five in summer, 6  
in winter.  
Northern—Do you find early rising  
agrees with you?  
Col. De Kanter—No-o, but the bar-  
don't ask me when they shall open.—  
Exchange.

Too Late.  
"Call again," she said, as he took her  
hand at parting.  
"Thank you, I will," he replied, "but  
not to-night."  
"You couldn't call again to-night,"  
she said sweetly.  
And then for the first time he had an  
idea that it was after 12.—Exchange.

Of Course She Did.  
Admirer—Do you believe in the di-  
vine mission, Miss Sweet?  
Miss Sweet—Yes; I'm engaged to  
marry a minister.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Practical Demonstration.  
"Do you say 'armful' or 'armsful'?"  
she asked, looking up from the book  
they were reading together.  
"I should say 'armful,'" he replied,  
and his practical application settled all  
rhetorical difficulties.—Detroit Free  
Press.

A Man of Promise.  
Neighbor—Young Smithers is doin'  
fine in New York City, I hear. He was  
a mighty promising young man—  
Miss Elders (tartly)—Yes, and if he  
don't be back here pretty soon making  
some of them good he'll have a law-  
suit on his hands!—New York Herald.

True.  
Mr. Boodles—You began life as a  
bare-footed boy, I understand?  
New Clerk—Yes, sir, I was born with-  
out shoes.

Commendable Versatility.  
An editor received the other day a  
curious application for help. The writer  
said: "I am sorry you do not like my  
romance, for I feel that I have the  
secret fire in my veins. If, however,  
you cannot accept my book or my  
poetry will you give me a berth as a  
heavy goods porter?"—London Book-  
man.

When He's Gone.  
"Ho-hum!" sighed Cummin Weele. "I  
wish these wheels in electricity would  
hurry up their work!"  
Truck Ryder—W't idee ye got now,  
Cummin?  
"Then we kin start out huntin' a job  
o' tendin' horses."—Cleveland Post.

Baxter Street Arithmetic.  
Fond Father—How many do two and  
two make?  
Hopeful Son—Six.  
F. F.—You ignorant little beggar!  
Don't you know that two and two  
make four?  
H. S.—Oh, yes! I knew that, but I  
thought you'd beat me down a bit.—  
Exchange.