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Boy's Overcoats in All Wool Covert Cloth, sizes 7 to 13, was $3.75 now	$2.49	Ladies' Golf Capes, strictly All Wool, was $4 50 now	$2.98
Boys' Blue All Wool Kersey Overcoats, sizes 8 to 13, was $3 now	$1.98	Ladies' Coats, strictly All Wool light colors and black was $6.00 now	$4.25
Youths' All Wool Kersey Ulsters sizes 14 to 19, was $4.00 now	$2.49	Children's Coats, All Wool, in Blue, Garnet and Gray, was $2.25 now	$1.49
Men's Black Suits, was $3.50 now	$2.25	150 pair Men's Shoes, was $1.25, $1.50 $1 75 and $2 00 now	.98
Men's Suits, mixed colors, was $3.75 now	$2.49	200 Ladies' Shoes, Lace and Button, was $1.25, $150 and $1 75 now	.89
Men's All Wool Suits mixed color, was $5.00 now	$3.49	100 pairs Children's Shoes, Russet and Black, was 75c, $1 00, $1.25 now	.69
Youths' Suits mixed color and black, was $4.00 now	$2.50	Men's Leather Boots, was $1.50 now	.98
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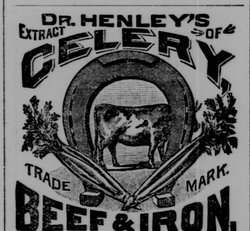

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THE COST OF A SONG.

Over and over and over the songs of our life are sung,
The same today as in ages gray when first the lute was strung.
The same today as in ages gray the singer's highest art
Is to sing of man and the soul of man from the depths of the human heart.

To sing the song that lingers in his heart from that far day
When men were brave and women fair and life was in its May
Is the singer's part of gladness when he gives his soul to men
In a song that lives because sweet pain has changed his earlier plan.

The husk, the harvest and the bin and all life's spreading plain
To the singer must be singing if he man's soul would gain.
Man in his soul unsatisfied strives for what cannot be;
He grasps at a star and holds in his hand a drop from the sounding sea.

Over and over and over, since the towers of time were old;
Over and over and over, since the cloud gave the sun its gold,
Over and over and over, since the lines of our lives began,
Has man gone out from the marching host to sing of the soul of man.

The singer who rang of the pyramid's prime has gone the ways of men,
But the sun and moon and human heart are just the same as then.
The heart of man is a restless sea of varied star and clime,
And only when its depths are stirred comes song on the shores of time.

Over and over and over, since wrong had realm and state;
Over and over and over, since the shades on the living wait;
Over and over and over, singing of sun in the rain,
The chosen of God are bringing the voice of song from pain.

—James Riley in Yonkers Statesman.

THE ROOKIES.

A TALE OF WAR.

"Holy gorillas!" exclaimed the major, looking askance at the file of rookies who had just halted in a ragged line before him. "Is this what I left my stool for? I was tired of that stool, too, but I didn't know what was before me. No, I didn't know!"

The major glanced down the file again and sized them up. First came a pale faced boy in store clothes and a celluloid collar. Beside him stood the huge hulk of a longshoreman, next the nervous, wiry frame of a cow puncher, next a fat boy who for all the world might have just stepped out from between the covers of some musty copy of "Pickwick Papers," next a youth with a handsome pair of black eyes and fine frank face, next a lank fellow of twenty odd years with the look and the lean of a mountaineer, next—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the major. "An Indian, if I'm alive! And this is what I'm up against. For heaven's sake, scargeant, take 'em away. Anywhere—yes, to the barracks or to the devil, if you wish; but the next time you bring 'em out have 'em in khaki or I'll go mad."

The sergeant saluted and dragged the batch across the green to what the major had called the barracks. These were six rows of milk white tents perched upon the crest of the greenest of hills, and that day they were silhouetted against the bluest of blue skies and a deeper blue sea.

The major stood for a time gazing despondently after the batch, but when he caught sight of the blue sea and sky his face brightened, and with a spring in his steps and a song on his lips he climbed to the hilltop to one side of the camp, sat down on a bowlder and gazed seaward. The sun warmed the major's back, the beauty that spread before him warmed his heart, and soon he stretched out upon the ground with a small stone as a pillow and went to sleep. By and by, how long does not matter, he was awakened by voices and beheld before him the rookies sitting in solemn conclave a little way down the hill. The pale faced boy was speaking.

"He ain't much for looks."

"G'wan," interrupted the longshoreman. "Did ye moind thim harrums o' hisn an the snap in thim goggles? Did ye moind 'em? I ask ye. Well, ye kin look out for 'im ef—ef, moind ye, phwat Oi'm tellin ye—we gits into onny fightin."

The cowpuncher opinioned of the major words too dreadful to print. They were so unusual that even the longshoreman, he of the picturesque verbiage, was shocked into swallowing his quid without a gasp and dropping his pipe.

It was the fat boy's turn, but he only snored. Then the black eyed youth spoke up.

"Tom," he said to the cowpuncher, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "we wouldn't mind your cursing if we could only understand what you said. Won't you say it over again?"

The longshoreman aroused at that, and, stretching his long arm, he grasped the cow puncher by the collar and asked:

"Was it that little major ye was cussin in that way? Ef it was, jest ye swallow it. Moind ye, darlin, it's Mike O'Hoolihan o' the Red Shtar loine phwats a-talkin to ye, moind."

Then Mike dropped the cowpuncher, who fumbled around his hip pocket for a moment and then lay still.

The black eyed youth grasped Mike's hand, and the talk passed to the mountaineer.

"Be he a revenoo man?" he asked. "I've shot at a many a one of 'em, but never met 'em face to face."

The cowpuncher looked gratefully at the mountaineer, and that time his hand lay upon his hip pocket meditatively.

"Rifle?" he asked.

"Yep," said the mountaineer.

A moment of silence, and the Indian glanced from one to the other, grunted and rolled over to sleep, with his head resting upon the upturned stomach of the fat boy. This act sent the major into a fit of laughter. He could not get up if he would, so he began to roll down the hill as he had done many a time in his boyhood, and presently he landed against the guy ropes of his own tent in "officers' row." The next time that the major looked upon the file of rookies it was with keen interest.

Now, between the major and this file of rookies came a captain, two lieutenants, the usual complement of sergeants and a corporal or two. Of all these none is of any account in this yarn except the first sergeant, because he trained the rookies and made them what they were when they and the major came to a perfect understanding. In the meantime the captain had bit the dust at the stroke of a Mauser bullet, one of the lieutenants had died of fever, and the other one had disappeared. As for the other fellows, no sergeant but a first sergeant is any good for a year, and a corporal—he's good for nothing at all.

This sergeant was named Grimes. How old he was no one but he knew. He was a soldier, though, every inch of him, and when the scratch came it was he who played lieutenant to the major. That came about because when the battalion deployed on the morning of that memorable day in the jungle on the banks of Hell river Grimes' company took the center of line. It was then that the sergeant and the major had a tiff.

"Major," said Grimes, "git out o' the way o' fire when them regulations say as ye must. In there where ye be ye'll be kilt."

"I will not, Grimes," said the major. "Did I get behind when we chased Geronimo?"

The sergeant gave a sardonic grin.

"That ye did not, major, God bless ye, but ye've got to this time." With that Grimes encircled the major's waist with his arms and made to bear him to the rear, while the company lay smothering in the pampas, burning inside with desire to be up and at the run behind the sickly yellow flag that flopped beyond the hill.

"Kittle hill, they calls it, eh?" said Mike, the longshoreman, to the black eyed youth.

"Hisht, phwat's that?"

This time it was the major speaking.

"You knew I'd do it, Grimes," he said, "but you wouldn't heed."

"By the 40 articles, it's your right," said Grimes, spitting out a discarded tooth, "but ye are behind me line."

And he was, but the best Grimes could do could not make the major lie down. The line lay between Hell river and the hill, a thousand miles or more from the hill where we left them awhile ago, with the rookies on one side snoring in the summer sun and the major rolling down the other side threatening at every turn to burst his waistband with the laughter he was holding in. They were in another clime, too, under a sun that burned like a scourge. Mosquitoes? No, they were Mauser bullets, clipping at the tops of the pampas grasses, scattering the delicate blossoms on the heads of the file. Behind them were other files, some of them wading Hell river knee deep in mud and shoulder deep in water. But that didn't save them, for the fellows behind the yellow flag on the hilltop had got the range, and almost every minute some one of them went down to settle there in a slimy grave. Some cried out, others only groaned. Some were silent and just sank, arms, haversacks and all, to join the roll of the "missing after the fight."

But not one of the file in the front looked like a rookie. The fat boy was nearly as fat as ever, and his little pig eyes gleamed savagely as he strove to get two fat fingers inside his trigger guard at once. Now and then one of them swore. It was always the cowpuncher first, until he laid down his gun and crawled to the rear. A Mauser took him in the skull. One kick, and he lay still.

The lank rookie shuddered, and, impelled by an impulse he did not understand, he rose to bring the cowpuncher back.

Zing, zing, zing, zing, zing!

"Listen to them!" sang out the black eyed boy. Down went the lank boy, his brains spilling into his hat. Then there were five of them.

Where all the rest of the company was only they and maybe their officers knew. The pampas hid everything. They might have charged. History says they did, but there is a dispute on a point of precedence in the matter. Some say that the seven rookies and the major and Grimes were left behind, but the major said no, and what were left of the lot agree with him.

It was the mountaineer's turn to go. It seemed, after the others had quit the light. He saw those two lying side by side, and his nervous force left him. But he was no coward. He did not shriek, as he might have done and of ten had doubtless. He got a good grip on his Krag, staggered up until his great length raised him even above the tops of the pampas. Then he doubled up like a jackknife, clapped his hand to his throat and rolled over, with his head next to the Indian's ribs.

"God!" said Mike and glanced down the file. There were beside him the Indian, the fat boy and Steve, with his black eyes flashing. They said nothing more, but lay listening to the major and Grimes, who were at it again.

"Now, with Geronimo," Grimes was saying, "we didn't have to wait for no orders. We got 'em first them days, eh, major? It's heads we wants. It'll come, major, an afore long they'll be after makin major generals an sich out'n sergeants. Sergeants, I tell ye! Be ye listenin to me?"

Just then came a tremendous shouting to the left. The big guns began to boom, and overhead the remnant of the major's file saw the shells sail and burst. One of them exploded directly overhead, and the fat boy yelled.

"Keep it up, young un!" cried Grimes. "It'll do ye good."

The major began to get excited, and Grimes, watching him eagerly, whispered to the file:

"Git yer knees under ye, boys. If ye fail us, it'll be worse'n a settin up ye'll get when the day's over." They got their knees under them, those four, and lay ready to spring. Grimes could not keep his superior down, try as he would, and when a hoarse shout sounded near them and a white haired old man, alone and on foot, broke through the grass before them, the major shouted, "Charge!" and disappeared.

Up they all went, but they fired never a shot until the slope of the hill brought them up, when, if they had looked back, they would have seen Hell river winding its sinuous way amid the tangle, bearing on its muddy surface a straying and melancholy fleet of empty campaign hats, sole signs of those who had worn them. But there was no such thing as stopping until they were entangled in the barbed wire guard, half way up, where they stood in the line supremely helpless, but supremely heroes. Not one had a knife save his bayonet. But there flopped the yellow flag, looking green now, in the rising mist of the smokeless powder. How it mocked them only they can know. They clubbed their rifles and beat the tangled wires down. Then they ran, tumbling, choking and crying, until the new turned clods on the earthworks beneath the flag met their eyes. The major flung up his arms, and the five—the sergeant had picked up the mountaineer's rifle—dropped down and fired. One volley rang out, then another, another and yet two more, and they paused to load again.

A bugle called the charge, and, still cramming the cartridges home, the little band rushed on. Another bugle call, and Grimes yelled:

At 'em, at 'em, at 'em, er we'll get left!"

Then they were where the mist and the smell of the fight held them complete. One more rod, and their feet would be on dead earth. Grimes waved his rifle over his head, and the four rookies formed a phalanx. In a time of peace Grimes would have laughed at the show they made. Funny? Granted, but funny as grief is when a man's laugh grates and makes your blood run cold.

Then they marked time to the rhythmical swing of Grimes' rifle, with the bullets cutting the air between their very elbows.

"Charge!" cried the major, and Grimes' rifle bumped his forehead in a salute. And the phalanx charged evenly, step by step, stride by stride, until the major gave a yell that had been Geronimo's and their feet were upon the yellow clods.

"Fire!" yelled Grimes. Five volleys blazed forth, and in a twinkle there was not a yellow face to be seen before them, for the trench was empty.

There had been six of them at that supreme moment, and some hours later there were only four, but then the sun had gone down, and in the faroff sky over the water the first lone star of the Southern Cross burned like a watch lantern against the blue black sky.

All about them the campfires burned, and over the hill and valleys hummed the sounds of thousands of men resting on their arms. The four had dug two graves just outside the breastworks between the trench and Hell river, and in them they laid with reverent hands the bodies of the two heroes—the fat boy and the Indian. Then they covered them over with the yellow earth and left them where they had fallen just outside the works at the moment of victory.

"What a death to die!" said Steve to the major, and in reply, while Mike Grimes and Steve stood with uncovered heads, the major lifted his face to the stars and uttered Geronimo's yell.

Then they lay down to sleep.

Her Compliment.

"Talk about your corduroy roads," said a young actress who played here recently, "just let me tell you about the jolt the chambermaid dealt me the other morning. She has been letting me overdraw my towel account right along, so I felt that I was due to show my appreciation, and I gave her a pass to the show. She had a seat just to leeward of the orchestra leader, and I copped her out for my bullseye the minute I came on. I don't want to give myself a curtain call, but I do get them going the minute I cut in in that part, and there's something doing the whole time I am on the stage. I worked overtime last night showing that chambermaid the real thing. I was it. I was the whole programme, with footnotes. I made the hit of my life. This morning I met her in the hall.

"'Did you enjoy the performance last night?' I asked, giving her the cue to hand me out a few well chosen testimonials.

"'Oh, yes,' said she. 'I thought it was lovely.'

"'Did you?' I asked, getting ready to bow my thanks.

"'My, yes!' she went on. 'I liked it ever so much. The scenery was just perfectly grand.'"—Washington Post.

Armour and McAllister.

"P. D. Armour," said a man who knew him well, "crossed the ocean once on the steamer with Ward McAllister, on the steamer with Ward McAllister, was the leader of the fashionable set in New York society, and when he returned there was perhaps more fuss made over him than over Mr. Armour. I met Mr. Armour at the Fifth Avenue hotel soon after he got off the boat, and after asking him about his health I inquired if he had met Ward McAllister.

"'McAllister? McAllister?' said Mr. Armour, trying to recall the name. 'Oh, yes, I guess there was a fellow by the name of McAllister introduced to me coming over. Yes, I do remember him, now that you speak of it. He was quite a decent fellow—quite a decent fellow,' said Mr. Armour.

"When I repeated the remark to a fashionable man in this city—one of those fellows trying to break his way into the Four Hundred—he was indignant that McAllister had been so lightly esteemed by Mr. Armour. I told him that if he should ever happen to inspect the Armour establishments and look over the pay rolls with the names of 15,000 or 20,000 men he would perhaps realize why Ward McAllister, the leader of New York's Four Hundred, failed to impress the hard headed Chicagoan."—New York Tribune.

The Needle Cure.

Sir James Grant, an English physician, attributes some forms of muscular rheumatism to the presence of electricity stored in the tissues. He avers that for some years he has treated cases of this kind by inserting fine steel needles into the muscles and that, the electricity being drawn off, relief comes almost instantly. The Chinese have an elaborate system of treatment known as acupuncture which utilizes this idea; only they use the needles for any and every thing. Contrary to the natural supposition, the treatment does not produce much pain, the sensation being mostly confined to a pricking feeling when the skin is punctured. It is asserted that the Chinese will drive their hairlike needles into almost any part of the body without injury and that the lungs and even the heart can be probed in this way.

MORE FENCERS THAN EVER.

A Great Variety of Goods Made Here or Imported For Their Use.

"Fencing goods," said a dealer in such articles, "are imported, some from France, but the greater part from Germany. The foil, made with a blade 32 inches in length for beginners, regulation length being 34, is made in very great variety as to details and manner of finish, including foils designed especially for women's use. There are two familiar standard kinds of guards for the foil—the figure 8 guard and the bell guard. These mountings are of iron, of steel and of brass, some polished and some nickel plated, sometimes engraved and gilded, the open guards being faced with leather of one kind or another, including elkskin.

"The foil handles are produced in great variety, not only as to shape, but as to the materials used in them. They are covered with leather of various kinds, including sharkskin. Some are covered with velvet, some with plush and some with wire. The handles are corded or wire wound, those of the costlier foils with silver or with gold wire. As to the shapes of the handles, they are many. Teachers of the various schools of fencing might prefer one this shape and another that, and individual fencers have their preferences, and, of course, men want handles suited to their hands.

"The foil blades are made in lighter and in heavier weights in various grades and in great variety as to finish, some polished and some blued, and blades are etched and engraved and gilded. Foils are sold not only for use in fencing, but for decorative purposes. Some of the finest and most handsomely finished foils, variously ornamented, are put to such uses, and such foils are bought for presentation. Foils are, of course, produced at a great variety of prices. They are sold in pairs.

"Then there are sold rapiers and fencing swords in a variety of styles. There are sold wooden broadswords for beginners in sword exercise, and there are also sold, for fencing practice and for exercise, single sticks, or fencing sticks, these being of wood, somewhat shorter and lighter and also cheaper than foils and having basket hilts.

"While the foils and rapiers and swords are imported, almost all of the other fencing goods are made in this country. There are various kinds of fencing masks, including masks for foils, masks for stick and sword practice and masks for sword and rapier practice, these being severally adapted to their special uses and made, besides, each in some variety as to details of construction and manner of finish. Then there are, of course, fencing gloves for men and for women, for use with the foils and for sword and rapier fencing. Then there are plastrons, made for the protection of the chest while fencing, these being of chamois skin, padded and quilted, and there are made plastrons for women, these being of plush and padded and quilted and made to fit.

"There is a fencing vest and jacket for foil fencing made of chamois skin, padded and quilted, and there are for foil fencing jackets made of heavy linen. There are for sword or rapier exercise fencing jackets made of heavy duck and padded and quilted, and there are fencing belts and fencing slippers.

"There are more fencers in this country now than ever before, including more women fencers than ever, and the number of fencers is all the time growing. Fencing is of course largely confined to cities and towns, but there are fencers all over the country. We sell fencing goods from New York to San Francisco and from St. Paul to New Orleans."—New York Sun.

Animals That Weep.

"He cried like a calf," is a remark sometimes heard. It is no disgrace for a calf to cry, and he sheds tears in quantities when his emotions justify them. It is even easier for him to cry than for many other animals, because his lachrymal apparatus is perfect and very productive.

A scientific writer writing in La Nature says that the ruminants are the animals which weep most readily. Hunters have long known that a deer at bay cries profusely. The tears will roll down the nose of a bear when he feels that his last hour is approaching. The big, tender eyes of the giraffe fill with tears as he looks at the hunter who has wounded him.

Dogs weep very easily. The dog has tears both in his eyes and voice when his beloved master goes away and leaves him tied up at home. Some varieties of monkeys seem to be particularly addicted to crying, and not a few aquatic mammals also find it easy to weep when the occasion requires it. Seals in particular are often seen to cry.

Elephants weep profusely when wounded or when they see that escape from their enemies is impossible. The animals here mentioned are the chief ones that are known to weep, but there is no doubt that many others also display similar emotion.

An Amused Foe.

The proprietor of a small store in New York owns a black kitten that cultivates a habit of squatting on its haunches like a bear or kangaroo and then sparring with its forepaws as if it had taken lessons from a pugilist. The Telegram tells how the kitten conquered a big dog.

A gentleman took into the store an enormous black dog, half Newfoundland, half collie, fat, good natured and intelligent. The tiny kitten, instead of bolting at once for shelter, retreated a few paces, sat erect on its hind legs and put its "fists" in an attitude of defiance.

The contrast in size between the two was intensely amusing. It reminded one of Jack the Giant Killer preparing to demolish a giant.

Slowly and without a sign of excitability the huge dog walked as far as his chain would allow him and gazed intently at the kitten and its odd posture. Then, as the comicality of the situation struck him, he turned his head and shoulders around to the spectators, and if animal ever laughed in the world that dog assuredly did so then and there. He neither barked nor growled, but indulged in a low chuckle, while mouth and eyes beamed with merriment.

ADAMS' MIDNIGHT JUDGES.

The Story of an Estrangement of a President and His Successor.

The story of the quarrel between John Adams and Thomas Jefferson is very interesting, and in answer to an inquiry I would say that it was an attempt on the part of Mr. Adams to appoint a number of his friends in different sections of the country to life positions upon the bench just as his presidential term was ending and Mr. Jefferson's beginning.

A few moments before the expiration of the Sixth congress in 1801 an act was passed creating a number of new districts and circuit courts. Mr. Adams selected the judges from among his friends and political supporters and had their commissions prepared before he approved the law. At that time it was the practice for congress to adjourn at midnight on the 3d of March, and the term of the president expired at the same moment. Mr. Jefferson, being aware of the intentions of Mr. Adams, gave his watch to Levi Lincoln, who had been selected for his cabinet, and told him to take possession of the office of secretary of state as the hands pointed to midnight. Mr. Lincoln obeyed instructions and interrupted Chief Justice Marshall, who was acting as secretary of state, in the act of attesting the commissions of the new judges with the great seal of state. A few had been completed, but the greater part lacked the seal. Mr. Lincoln entered Judge Marshall's office without warning and said:

"I have been ordered by President Jefferson to take possession of this department and its papers."

"Mr. Jefferson has not yet qualified as president," exclaimed the astonished chief justice.

"Nevertheless he considers himself an executor or trustee and instructs me to take charge of the archives of this department until he is duly qualified."

"But it is not yet 12 o'clock," said Judge Marshall, taking out his watch.

"This is the president's watch and rules the hour," said Mr. Lincoln.

Judge Marshall carried away the commissions that were completed, and the men who received them were afterward known as "Adams' midnight judges."

Mr. Jefferson considered this an infringement of his prerogatives and an invasion of his authority as president, and for many years he and Mr. Adams were bitterly hostile, although he continued to correspond with Mrs. Adams in a friendly manner. On the other hand, Mr. Adams was offended with Mr. Jefferson because of the removal of his son, John Quincy Adams, who was registrar of bankruptcy at Boston. Mr. Jefferson afterward explained that he was not aware that the young Adams who held the office was a son of the ex-president or he would not have removed him. A reconciliation was brought about by Dr. Benjamin Rush, for which Mr. Jefferson was prepared by a sympathetic letter from Mrs. Adams at the time of the death of his daughter, Mrs. Epps.

The letter of Dr. Rush to Mr. Adams urging the reconciliation is one of the most eloquent appeals that can be imagined. He says:

"Fellow laborers in erecting the fabric of American liberty and independence, fellow sufferers in the calumnies and falsehoods of party rage, fellow heirs of the gratitude and affection of posterity and fellow passengers in the same stage which must soon convey both into the presence of the Judge with whom forgiveness and the love of your enemies is the condition of your acceptance, embrace—embrace each other, bedew your letters of reconciliation with tears of affection and joy."

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams resumed their correspondence and friendly relations until their death, which occurred on the same day, but some of Mr. Jefferson's partisans refused to approve the reconciliation.—Chicago Record.

One Way of Finding It.

A farmer was working in his hayfield when a neighbor came up and engaged in a chat which developed into a dispute about something or other.

"It's like looking for a needle in a haycock," said the first farmer.

"And that's easy enough," said the neighbor.

"Easy, is it?" retorted the other. "I bet you five shillings you won't find a needle I'll hide in that there haycock in an hour."

"Done with you for five bob!" cried his neighbor.

The first farmer thereupon hid a needle in the haycock and called "Time!"

His neighbor drew a match from his pocket, set fire to the haycock and rushed off at top speed to his own house. Back he came presently and found the haycock reduced to a heap of ashes. Flourishing a huge horseshoe magnet he plunged it into the ashes and in a minute withdrew it with the needle clinging to it.

"The result of scientifick eddication!" he said proudly to the first farmer, who was gazing ruefully at the ashes of his haycock. "If you'd 'a' bin eddicated scientifickally up to date like me, you'd be richer by five bob and the haycock."—London Answers.

A Sudden Thing.

It is generally the easiest thing in the world to drive a horse without spirit, but there is one recorded instance where a coach driver in a remote English rural district covered himself with glory for doing so.

One afternoon he and his coach and four came rattling up to the hotel door like an avalanche. As the coach stopped one of the horses dropped dead.

"That was a very sudden death," remarked a bystander.

"That sudden!" coolly responded the driver. "That 'oss died at the top of the hill two miles back, sir, but I wasn't goin to let him down till I got to the regular stoppin place."—Pearson's Weekly.

The Aggravating Trolley.

"This snaillike pace," growled the first trolley car passenger, "is enough to roil a saint."

"Yes, these cars are peculiar," replied the philosophic man. "When you're in a car, it simply crawls, but when you're trying to catch it it flies along at top speed."—Philadelphia Press.