THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

VOL. XXIII. QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1905. NO. 8.

Civilization is said to have reduced the life of the horse, and at twenty-six the domestic animal is as old as though he had lived thirty years in a free state.

We wish the national purity congress would get after the rascals who spoil our pumpkin pies by selling the baker ground and colored horseradish for ginger.

Isn't it funny that it is always men "who lead exemplary lives" that turn out to be embezzlers? Men who lead the other kind of a life are generally too busy to embezzle.

A European scientist says man's first ancestor was a tree. There's nothing new in that. Darwin asserted that men descended from monkeys, and any fool knows that monkeys descend from trees.

A young man in New York has just achieved the feat of writing 2002 words in thirty minutes on the typewriter, says the Boston Globe, but probably not many of them were as long as "incomprehensibility."

A man with eight children got three cheers from the President. We're glad to get the proportion. That would require out about twenty-four singles and triplets for three times three and offer the New York Commercial

[illegible] appears to be the most il- [illegible] country in Europe. The last [illegible] shows that in the population [illegible] about 6,000,000 nearly 4,000,000 can neither read nor write, and that only a little over 1,000,000 have any education at all.

One of the most important international treaties ever signed was that between twelve European countries for the doing away of the white slave traffic, the treaty going into effect July 18. It was agreed that each country establish bureaus for collection of information and to exchange information.

Here's a conflict of emotions. The president of the Association of Audubon Societies declares that one of the most important things for the association to consider is the legislation against cats. Between affection for the birds and affection for newborn kittens, what is any warm-hearted young woman to do? asks the Boston Transcript.

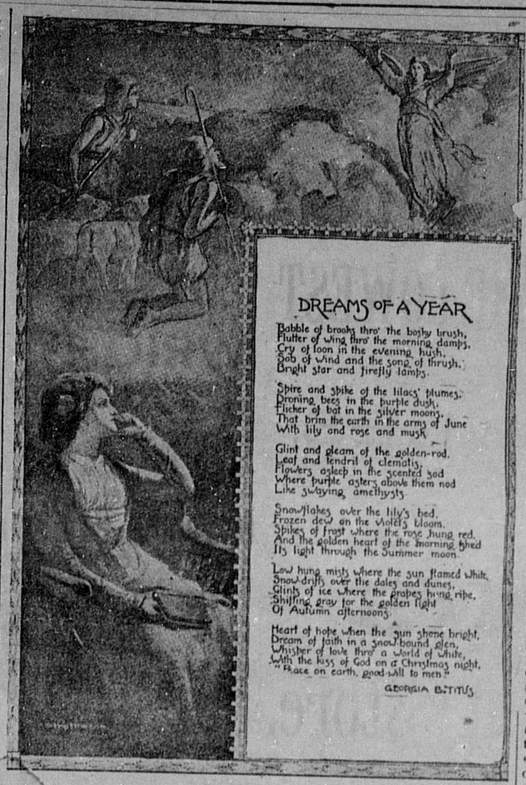
The most remarkable agricultural movement of our times is said to be that "the world is eating up its sheep." In Germany the flocks have decreased over sixty per cent. since 1873, and this is only an extreme instance of what is going on elsewhere. The increasing price of beef is given as one reason of the eating up of the sheep; the dread of tuberculosis is another.

It is one of the most [illegible] things in the world for a girl [illegible] if beautiful. People are jea[illegible] women she has "cut out" a[illegible] has ignored—both unknown [illegible] haps—say odious things of her [illegible] to her. The pleasure of ordinary social intercourse is marred for her by the other women's inevitable distrust. The man her best friend loves will probably fall in love with poor Clorinda, who doesn't care tuppence for him.

Dr. Washington Gladden was attacking certain unfortunate tendencies of modern finance. "A modern financier of this type," he said, humorously, "was robbed in New York's Broadway the other day. A little urchin in ragged rags slipped up behind him and snatched his handkerchief from his pocket. Some one grabbed the boy—caught him red-handed. A crowd collected. A man said: 'I will run for the police.' But the financier fixed a not unkindly look upon the trembling little culprit: 'Oh, let him alone,' he said. 'I began business in a small way myself.'"

"It is a great mistake to conclude that it is a law of nature that recent animals are all small and insignificant as compared with their representatives of the past," says a scientist. "That is simply not true. Recent horses are bigger than extinct ones, and much bigger than the three-toed and four-toed ancestors of horses. Recent elephants are as big as any that have existed, and much bigger than their mammoth ancestors. There never has been any creature of any kind—mammal, reptile, bird or fish—in any geological period we know of so big as some of the existing whales."

[illegible] influence which surrounds children at night should be most carefully looked after, that they be healthful, contains the Seattle Times. The portion of time given by children to sleep is very important, for the body continues to grow during this time. Impure air exerts a greater influence upon children than upon grown people, and a lack of perfect ventilation in the sleeping room will often account for a peevish child in the morning. As far as possible children should be allowed to have separate beds, and on no account should a child ever occupy a bed with an aged person. If this be followed the child will be the [illegible] way of vitality.



DREAMS OF A YEAR

Babble of brooks thro' the bushy brush,
Flutter of wing thro' the morning damps,
Cry of loon in the evening hush,
Sob of wind and the song of thrush,
Bright star and firefly lamps.

Spire and spike of the lilacs' plumes,
Droning bees in the purple dusk,
Flicker of bat in the silver moons,
That brim the earth in the arms of June
With lily and rose and musk.

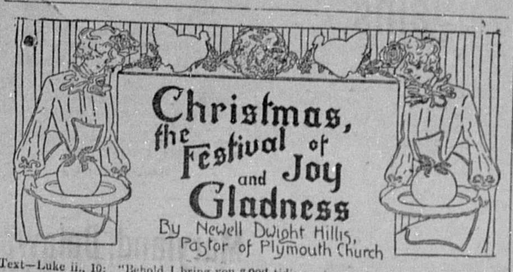
Glint and gleam of the golden-rod,
Leaf and tendril of clematis,
Flowers asleep in the scented sod
Where purple asters above them nod
Like swaying amethysts.

Snowflakes over the lily's bed,
Frozen dew on the violet's bloom,
Spikes of frost where the rose hung red,
And the golden heart of the morning shed
Its light through the Summer moon.

Low hung mists where the sun flamed white,
Snow-drifts over the dales and dunes,
Slivers of ice where the grapes hung ripe,
Shifting gray for the golden light
Of Autumn afternoons.

Heart of hope when the sun shone bright,
Dream of faith in a snow-bound glen,
Whisper of love thro' a world of white,
With the kiss of God on a Christmas night,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

GEORGIA BTITUS



Text—Luke ii., 10: "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy." Gloria in Excelsis.

ONCE more the hallowed, gracious Christmas time is upon the earth. At last the long year of toil over tools and arts and industries is all but ended. The Christmas festival, dedicated to happiness and good-will, has fully come. This morning the whole city has wakened to quadrupled joy. The very atmosphere of our earth is rosy, stained with the rich colors of the heart. All windows are bright with holly and evergreen. Parents have discovered that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Youth overflows with animal spirits. Suddenly the aged have shed their years and become young again. Before the light had fully dawned the carols had begun to be heard in the churches. And every passing hour will behold larger multitudes thronging to these temples of the soul. All feel that no flowers are sweet enough, no songs bright enough, no gifts rich enough for the Christmas Day. For once all strife and enmity have disappeared from the market place. To-day all swords are sheathed. This morning misers have become generous, pessimists have become optimists, while generous natures glow and effulge like the sun. Verily, Christmas lies like a bar of sunshine across the face of our dark earth.

Christmas Children's Day.

To-day, if some visitant from a celestial realm were to draw near to our earth for the first time, to go away again when darkness falls, the angel would carry with him the conviction that there is one sunny planet among the host of worlds where all childhood is rich and happy, knowing no care or sorrow. And it is literally true that this era of happiness for children is distinctly traceable to the Christmas event and the Christmas spirit. All children do well to celebrate the Manger Child, because it was Jesus who discovered childhood. When rulers and titled men questioned Him, Jesus placed a child in the midst of them and said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Socrates sneered at the grief of a mother weeping for her babe. If Plato suggested that every village should select a distant hilltop and build a pen for the exposure of unwelcome children; if Aristotle urged laws making the drowning of sick and weakly children compulsory on their parents; if Seneca said, "We slay the worn-out ox and horse, and it is not wrath, but reason, that separates weak children from strong;" if Cicero rebuked his friend for grief because he missed the dead babe, then every lover of childhood must rise up to speak for that Christ who took a child in His arms, whose love brooded over the child as the stars looked down upon the little town of Bethlehem, and who sent through the ages this word, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Jesus said, "Take heed that ye offend not one of My little children" and "Their angels do always behold the face of My Father," and hope dawned for childhood. From that hour Jesus' disciples began to make life happy for children.

They founded homes for the exposed children who had been left to starve.

They founded schools for orphaned children who had been cast off by poor parents.

They founded asylums for girl babes left in the market place by parents to whom they were unwelcome.

They purchased suffering children from their slave masters.

For children schools began to be founded, books written and colleges established.

For children the wheels of industry turned around.

For children the walls became beautiful with pictures, and shelves were filled with books.

For childhood homes became happy, music became high and sweet.

Gallery and library took on new grace and richness.

All institutions are tested by their power to serve childhood and strengthen youth.

To-day all institutions are beginning to imitate the wise men from the East, who brought to the Divine Child their gold and aromatic spices, their frankincense and treasure.

Christ's estimate of the value of childhood has conquered the world. His thought of childhood is the very heart and genius of Christian civilization.

Christmas and the Golden Age.

Because Christmas stands for the child, as the father of the man, and for the cradle, as the one point where futurity is vulnerable, it will yet usher in the Golden Age. To produce an ideal world we need only one thing—a Christmas that lasts all the year. When the sun rises it throws its beams of sunshine forward a half hour in advance of the orb of fire. When the sun sets the light lingers long in the clouds. And the Golden Age means that the approaching Christmas will cast its generous beams forward toward July, and that when the Christmas Day has passed its peace and good-will will linger to lend light to those months that end with June. To-day parents give gifts to their children, the prosperous help the poor, the happy stretch out friendly hands toward the widow and the fatherless—the Christmas spirit has transformed selfishness into service. This morning, without changing a single law, economic or political, lo! the Golden Age is come. It seems that to produce an ideal world, without sorrow or strife or sin, it is only necessary that the beams that stream from this bright day should encircle our cold earth, not in robes of frosty selfishness, but with the sweet blossom of the heart.

Little wonder that in the far-off forest and valley and plain, in the frozen North and in the sunny South, in the innumerable homes of this great Republic, all people, young and old alike, through gifts and song and good-will, celebrate this greatest day and the greatest event that has ever befallen our earth. The civilization that advances and rolls forward like a golden flood represents a spirit that set forth from Bethlehem. Universal happiness and wisdom and peace will come to our earth when the Christmas comes to stay all the year.—New York World.

The Santa Claus Letter.

We smiled when little Willie wrote
His note to Santa Claus,
And yet we didn't have the heart
To bid the youngster pause.
For have we not in silence kept
The hopes that we have prized
Without the chance that Willie's have
Of being realized?

Let him who in his day-dreams builds
No castle in the air,
Who never hopes the morn will dawn
With gifts surpassing fair,
Who never made the best of less
Than what he fain would ask—
Let him make bold to stay the child
In his fond, trustful task.

The Japanese Santa Claus.

This has been called the era of children, so much are the little ones thought of nowadays and so completely have the old, harsh unkind ways died out. Yet the Japanese long ago showed us the way. In a country where all the grown-up people laugh and the babies are treated with wonderful tenderness, they worship a god, "the God that plays with little children in the sky." The image of the god stands by the river at Nikko, and into his lap the passers-by pour little white pebbles, in case the god should forget to gather them and the children have nothing to play with.

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

The Ancient Predecessor of the Turkey.

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary.
And I pray you, my masters, be merry"

EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS

Santa Claus—"Ha! Ha! Here's the usual list of urgent necessities, I suppose. Let's see (reading), 'Dear Santy—De inclosed stockin' is [illegible]. Me little brudder Jimmy ain't got any ter hang up er odderwise, but would like a stockin'-full, too, so please use [illegible] ter measure it wit' an' den dump his on de floor an' oblige yours trooly, Swipsey Dugan.'"—Puck.

Pluck and Adventure.

THROUGH AFRICAN SWAMPS.

IN Harper's Magazine, Henry W. Nevinson, who is now in the interior of Africa investigating the slave-trade for the magazine, tells of a trip through the deadly swamp country after leaving the coast:

"Hearing that only a few miles away there was real solid ground where strange beasts roamed," says Mr. Nevinson, "I determined to cut a path through the forest in that direction. Engaging two powerful savages armed with 'matchets,' or short heavy swords, I took the plunge from a wharf which had been built with piles beside a river. At the first step I was up to my kness in black sludge, the smell of which had been accumulating since the glacial period. Perhaps the swamps are forming the coal-beds of a remote future; but in that case I am glad that I did not live in Newcastle in the remote past. As in a coronation ode, there seemed no limit to the depths of sinking. One's only chance was to strike a submerged trunk not yet rotten enough to count as mud. Sometimes it was possible to cling to the stems of branches of standing trees, and swing over the slime without sinking deep. It was possible, but unpleasant; for stems and branches and twigs and fibres were generally covered with every variety of spine and spike and hook.

"In a quarter of an hour we were as much cut off from the world as on the central ocean. The air was dark with shadow, though the tree-tops gleamed with sunshine far above our heads. Not a whisper of a breeze nor a smell of fresh air could reach us. We were stifled with the smell. The sweat poured from us in the intolerable heat. Around us, out of the black mire, rose the vast tree trunks, already rotting as they grew, and between the trunks was woven a thick curtain of spiky plants and of the long suckers by which the trees drew up an extra supply of water—very unnecessarily, one would have thought.

"Through this undergrowth the natives, themselves often up to the middle in slime, slowly hacked away. They are always very patient of a white man's insanity. Now and then we came to a little clearing where some big tree had fallen, rotten from bark to core. Or we came to a 'creek'—one of the innumerable little watercourses which intersect the forest and are the favorite haunt of the mudfish, whose eyes are prominent like a frog's, and whose side fins have almost developed into legs, so that with the help of their tails, they can run over the slime like lizards on the sand. But for them and the crocodiles and the innumerable hosts of ants and slugs, the lower depths of the mangrove swamp contains few living things. Parrots and monkeys inhabit the upper world where the sunlight reaches, and sometimes the deadly stillness is broken by the cry of a hawk that has the flight of an owl and fishes the creeks in the evening. Otherwise there is nothing but decay and stench and creatures of the ooze."

CURIOUS FRIENDSHIPS.

Children and snakes appear to get on well together in Australia. A writer in Chambers' Magazine, who lives in Sydney, says he has never heard in the bush of a snake biting a child nor do the children show any fear of snakes. The bigger the snake the greater the joy in getting near it, and the stronger the desire to play with it. The snake's bright eyes and sinuous motion probably charm. And snakes, even the most vicious, respect the confidence.

At Koondrook, a little settlement in Victoria, a woman heard her child, eighteen months old, laughing as if she was having great fun. The child was supposed to be asleep in bed. The mother went to the room and found the child scrambling over the bed after something she could not see. That happened several times. Once, however, the mother went in suddenly and heard something drop off the bed. Looking hurriedly under the bed she distinctly saw a large snake, that turned upon her with evident intention to fight. When the husband came home he pulled up the boards of the floor but there was no sign of the snake. Next day, however, snake and child were discovered lying together on the floor, the child asleep and the snake apparently so.

That night the husband tried a plan. He placed a candle on the floor, alongside the child, and asked his wife to play a slow air on the harmonium. Movements of the snake could be heard; but the rustle was all he vouchsafed. Next night the child was similarly posted, and the mother tried the effect of working her sewing machine. The sound was too tempting. The snake wriggled to the child with alacrity, and was promptly despatched by the father. It was a tiger-snake nearly five feet in length, and when killed was fondled by the child as an old acquaintance.

A WARNING SHOT.

One of the strange incidents of the war, especially during a state of siege, is the friendly relations which exist between enemies when off duty. At one moment the soldiers of the opposing armies will be chatting sociably and exchanging favors, the next—shooting each other down as deadly foes. A little incident told by Mr. Ripley in his "Story of Company F," gives a glimpse of a genial interlude in the grim Civil War.

During the siege of Petersburg, it was the custom of the opposing pickets to grant temporary truces for the purpose of preparing food. Half an hour perhaps, would be agreed upon, and its limit would be scrupulously observed when "time" was called. Then every man would hurry under cover.

On one [illegible] a Confederate was slow to r[illegible] He, to all [illegible] he was in plain sight of a sentinel less bloodthirsty than some. This man thought it only fair to give him farther warning.

"I say, Johnny," he shouted, "time's up! Git into your hole!"

"All right," replied Johnny, still blowing his coffee.

"Just hold that cup still a minute and I'll show you whether it's all right or not!" shouted the sharpshooter.

The Confederate began to suspect that he was in fact visible, and he held his cup still for an instant as he looked up and around. This afforded the desired opportunity for the sharpshooter. With a well-sent bullet he knocked the cup clean out of the owner's hand. With sudden agility the surprised Confederate made haste to disappear, amid the jeers and laughter of both lines of pickets.

UNACKNOWLEDGED PRINCESS.

The life of Elizabeth Patterson, grandmother of Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte, the new Secretary of the Navy, was as full of romance as any novel. Brilliant as was its beginning, its halo of riches and royalty soon faded in the shadow of the clouds of disappointment and desertion. The love story of Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the great emperor, and his marriage to the belle of Baltimore are well known. Napoleon's rejection of his brother's bride and the separation of a husband and wife are matters of history. Through a long life Madame Bonaparte bore her troubles unflinchingly and was ever a woman of courage.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte was a young man who seldom denied himself anything which took his fancy. This characteristic was well displayed in the accounts which his brother was continually called upon to settle. One of these bills was for a magnificent shaving set valued at twenty thousand francs. Prince Jerome was only fifteen at the time he bought it, and showed not the sign of a beard. Napoleon indulged his brother in all his extravagances until it came to his marriage. Against that he absolutely set his face.

But the beautiful bride was undaunted, and urged her husband to take her to France. The prince put off the evil day as long as possible. At last he yielded against his better judgment, and the young couple sailed from Philadelphia. A terrific gale sent the vessel on to a sand-bank, and the lives of its passengers were in danger.

Madame Bonaparte showed no fear. She clambered on to the sloping deck and began to give orders to lower a boat. The captain was dumfounded.

"Pray, are you commanding this ship?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Madame Bonaparte, "if necessary."

"How do you propose reaching the boat?" asked the captain.

"You are to throw me in."

The captain meekly obeyed the determined young woman's orders. But in lowering her into the boat, his strength failed and she fell into the water. Her heavy silk pelisse weighed her down, but the sailors managed to pull her into the boat. Even her sudden plunge did not confuse her. "Where is Prince Jerome?" was her first question, and then she continued her orders. The boat made its way to shore, and soon the young couple found shelter in a farmhouse, and made merry over their adventure.

As a sea trip the second voyage was more successful, although, as Prince Jerome wrote to his father-in-law in English, "Elizabeth is very seasick, but you know as well as anybody that seasickness never has killed anybody."

The voyage was over all too soon, however, for with it ended Madame Bonaparte's happiness. Napoleon annulled the marriage. Jerome became King of Westphalia and married a princess of Wurttemberg.

GIANT WHALE TOWS STEAMER.

The whaling steamer Orion, which Captain Balcom and his associates are operating in connection with their modern station at Sechart, on the west coast of Victoria, British Columbia, figured in an exciting adventure last week, the outcome of which was for two hours in doubt, while a monster "sulphur bottom" whale, seventy-nine feet in length, towed the steamer seaward at better than fifteen knot speed.

The whale had been harpooned in the ordinary manner, but was not killed, as usual, the bomb attached to the harpoon failing to explode at the critical instant. As the monster was only wounded and enraged there was nothing else to do but pay out line and play the big fish until it should become exhausted. For two hours the whale traveled seaward, towing the steamer. It kept under water the greater part of the time, coming up at quarter hour intervals to blow; and so hard did it pull that the blades of the harpoon loosened in its flesh.

The whale's pace grew steadily less, however, until it finally became very weak. The high speed at which it had traveled and the heavy drag of the steamer told, and the effect of the tow was intensified by reversing the ship's engines. Finally one of the ship's boats crept up on the whale and four hand lances were buried in its vitals.

The Riskiest Work.

There are many theories as to the most dangerous calling, but statistics go far to prove that the caretakers of elephants have the most risky work. Good elephant-minders command good pay, and they deserve to, as they live in a state of constant watchfulness, realizing the treacherous nature of the brutes.

Elephants are the most treacherous, moody and changeable animals in a menagerie, and are reckoned far more dangerous than lions, tigers or bears. Trainers state that the elephant's brain works much like that of a human being. The moods and tempers of the big brutes change suddenly. The weather, or a bruised foot, may turn one at any moment into a peevish brute, and the great danger is when an elephant is just turning into a rogue.

Female elephants are more apt to become roguish than the males, and are more violent when in their sour [illegible] These animals form strong [illegible] men, and [illegible] hatred that [illegible] opportunity [illegible]

HOW OTTO WON

A Football Story With an Unhappy Ending.

"Every time I read of a football game," said George Mong, of the Coates House, "it reminds me of the days when I used to play the game back in Canal Dover, O. One year we had a team there that we thought could not be beaten. It was really a very strong eleven for a country town. After we had defeated all the small town teams in the vicinity of Canal Dover we decided we'd like to try bigger game; so we secured a contest with a Cleveland high school eleven which had quite a reputation. The Cleveland boys arrived in Canal Dover on Friday night to play us on Saturday. On Saturday morning, much to our dismay, we learned that one of our best men was ill. We wanted to beat that high school team the worst kind, and the illness of our man was a blow to us. Strange as it may seem, we didn't have a substitute good enough to play in this game. We had a couple, but they weren't strong enough. I was captain of the team, and I was up a stump. Sandy Walker, our quarterback, came to me just before noon on Saturday with a bright idea.

"'Say, Pie,' he said (they used to call me Pieface then), 'I'll tell you what to do. Let's get Otto Klein, the butcher boy, to play with us.'

"He doesn't know a single thing about the game,' I replied.

"'What of it? He weighs 200 pounds, and is strong as a bull. We can show him enough in half an hour. He'll play for $5,' argued Sandy.

"It was the only way out. We saw Klein and he agreed to play. I showed him a few of the tricks and taught him the signals. 'Just keep them from reaching that goal of ours,' I said.

"'All right,' said Otto. I decided to play him at fullback. The game started with Otto away back in the rear playing full. We didn't give him the ball in the first half and not a Cleveland man got away from our line, so we hadn't anything to do but to push the bunch now and then. The half ended 0 to 0. In the second half it was the same story until the last five minutes of the play. Then, through a trick, a Cleveland player got by us with the ball and started for the goal.

"'Otto,' I yelled. 'Don't let him reach that goal! Now, do your work.'

"Otto heard me. He did the work, all right, but not in the way we wanted it done. Turning, he raced madly to the goal and jerked up the slender posts. Then, taking hold of the cross piece, he ran away from the field with all his might. The Cleveland man simply crossed the line and scored a touchdown. Otto came back proud and smiling.

"'I dit it, didn't I, Pieface,' he yelled to me. 'He nefer did gid to dot goal, dit he?'

"The game ended with a score of 5 to 0 in Cleveland's favor. I lit out at the sound of the final whistle and took a short vacation on my uncle's farm. Everybody was looking for me to tell me what a 'fad' I had in Otto and I was too modest to listen to their praise."—Kansas City Times.

WISE WORDS.

Do good deeds with effect, not for effect.

What is morally wrong cannot be commercially right.

Never retort an angry word. It is the second word that makes the quarrel.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever the opportunity offers.

You can not tell the depth of a man's wisdom by the intensity of his silence.

The curse of the impure heart is that it can only see the things of the night.

When a man is long on cowardice he is sure to try to pass it off as conscience.

You may safely judge a boy's progress at school by the interest his father takes in the schools.

Individual suffering appeals to some men who are unmoved by the thought of millions in distress.

There is as yet no culture, no method of progress known to men, that is so rich and complete as that which is ministered by a truly great friendship.—Phillips Brooks.

Alaska's Charms.

"When I tell my friends that in Alaska during the months of June, July and August we have almost continual sunlight, and that it never gets dark in the summer months, they invariably ask when we sleep," said F. A. Cross, a merchant from Council, Alaska, at the Imperial Hotel recently. "Well, we sleep whenever we have the opportunity. Very few of us have a regular time of going to bed and arising except the miners, who work in shifts and have to be more methodical.

"In the winter there is practically nothing doing, and the few people who stay there can sleep all they desire. But when spring opens up business flourishes. Every one has to work all he possibly can, because the summer is very short and a great deal has to be accomplished to make up for the stagnation during the winter months.

"We have wonderful summers at Council, as it never gets very warm or cold. Several times though I have seen the thermometer register ninety degrees. The verdure and the brush grow with a rapidity that is astonishing in the warm months. Plants grow so rapidly that we can raise berries and the hardier vegetables before frost sets in."—Portland Oregonian.

How He Knew.

In a Kansas City, Kan., court recently a negro on the witness stand was being questioned about a sick horse by a lawyer.

"What was the matter with the horse?" asked the lawyer.

"He was ailin'," replied the witness.

"Yes, I know," said the questioner, "but what was the matter?"

"He wah jes' ailin'."

"But what was wrong? With what disease was he suffering?"

"Jes' ailin'," persisted the negro. The lawyer was quiet a moment. Then he had a bright idea. He would try to get at the horse's symptoms.

"Well, how do you know he was ailing?"

"'Cause he died," replied the witness.—Kansas City Times.

Tomfoolery

THE LAUGH THAT WINS.

That he laughs best who laugheth last,
I do not quite believe.
The chap has never been surpassed
Who laugheth in his sleeve.
—Philadelphia Record.

MARITAL MANEUVRES.

Eben—"A husband's place is to command."

Flo—"And a wife's to countermand."

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Well, doctor, your treatise is ready to go to press. What are you going to do about an appendix?"

"Cut it out."—Houston Post.

INFORMATION DESIRED.

"Will you remember me when I am far away?" he asked the summer girl.

"I don't know," she answered. "How far are you going?"

RECONSTRUCTED.

First Spirit—"Why are you taking your harp to pieces?"

Second Spirit—"I want to pull some wires on earth, to get in the Hall of Fame."

THE RENDEZVOUS.

Knicker—"Do you think that family life is dying out?"

Millionaire—"Not at all; with appendicitis, automobiles and football we meet at the hospital."

HIS DILEMMA.

Dyer—"Higbee is in a fix."

Ryer—"What's the trouble?"

Dyer—"He doesn't know whether to go through the bankruptcy court or sell his auto."—Brooklyn Life.

WILL HE SURVIVE?

"Well, my son at college has finally agreed not to try for the football team."

"I suppose you feel greatly relieved?"

"Only partially. He joins a fraternity organization next week."

THERE ARE OTHERS.

"I don't believe in impressing on boys the idea that they may be President some day."

"Why not?"

"It's liable to spoil 'em in later life."

REASONABLE REQUEST.

"Sure, I am wearing the trousers you were kind enough to give me, sir, an' it's another favor I'd be after asking you."

"What is that?"

"A good, square meal to fill 'em out!"—London Telegraph.

ON HIM.

Ethyl (to Gladys, who has witnessed a game of football for the first time)—"Was Reggie on the eleven?"

Gladys—"Well, dear, from where I sat it looked as though the eleven were on him."—Lippincott's Magazine.

NATURE AT FAULT.

Farmer Giddap—"It don't seem tew me as how nature works right."

Farmer Golang—"What's wrong now, Peleg?"

Farmer Giddap—"Up in the mountains where the air is tew rarefied fer bug life it's tew rocky ter farm."

THE BRIGHT FUTURE.

Mr. T.—"I think I shall give up my business, my dear. I might as well have some enjoyment out of my money."

Mrs. T.—"Oh! not yet, Samuel. But when one of us dies I intend to give up housekeeping and see a little of the world."—Illustrated Bits.

FEARED TO SHOW IGNORANCE.

"Yes," said the beginner at golf, telling his troubles, "the caddy was so sarcastic and impertinent I felt like cracking him over the head."

"Well, why didn't you?" asked his friend.

"I would have done it, but, you see, I didn't know which would be the proper club to use for that purpose."—Philadelphia Press.

THE SUSPENSE THAT KILLS.

"There doesn't appear to be much lawlessness about your town," said the tenderfoot.

"No," replied Cactus Cal; "we won't stand fur it 'round here."

"Ah! I suppose when any bad character drifts into your town you immediately expel him."

"Well—er—most frequent we suspend 'em."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sky of Florence.

A correspondent writes to protest that the arcades and shops which form the atrociously vulgar centre of the most beautiful city in the world are not the worst of it. You can turn down other streets and avoid the very heart of Florence, but you cannot avoid her sky. Every week day morning the Palazzo Vecchio may be seen against a squalid sky of ochre and brown produced by factory chimneys that burn the worst coal in Europe, and are allowed to dull and deaden the celestial scenery of Italy [illegible] smirch the [illegible] in You[illegible]