WHEN POLLY WAS MY SWEETHEART.

When Polly was my sweetheart
The days went dancing by
As lightly as her laughter,
Her mocking, or her sigh;
She brought the sunshine with her,
A dawn of new delight,
And left me when we parted
To dream of her all night.

When Polly was my sweetheart
I knew no sordid care;
What gold could keep its lustre
Beside her glinting hair?
And who was I, to envy
The proudest of the land,
That felt but lately on me
The touch of her dear hand!

When Polly was my sweetheart
And vowed she loved me true,
I had not guessed the lurking
Of guile in eyes so blue;
Or that a cheek can offer
The same delicious rose
To greet a wooer's coming,
And speed him when he goes.

When Polly was my sweetheart—
Oh, idle time and blind!
Its memories blow backward
With every April wind
Until, if I could suffer
The joy and pain of yore,
I should not mind her making
A fool of me once more.

—M. E. W., in Life.

BEHIND A CLOSED DOOR.

By W. J. LAMPTON.

COLONEL HARRY Ford was the president of a big bank in a Western State and the colonel and I were at the chronicling of this tale in New York, whither we had gone as chance traveling companions on a train from the West. It was on Sunday morning, and as we took it easy in the handsome apartments he was occupying, a messenger boy brought him a telegram. The message was from his wife, and the boy being a bright-eyed youngster, the cheerful colonel chatted with him pleasantly a moment and gave him a quarter as he departed.

"Doesn't that make telegraphing come pretty high?" I inquired, with the true Yankee spirit of thrift.

"I used to be one myself," he said in explanation, "and now whenever I see a bright-eyed kid like that I warm up to him and give him something, though not always a quarter. Being Sunday, and the telegram being from my wife, I do a bit better than usual and part with all of 25 cents."

"Do you really mean that you were once a messenger boy?" I asked in great surprise, as I looked over the elegant man of the world, every inch a gentleman born, who sat in the big chair by the window gracefully poising a cigar on his thumb and finger.

"Really and truly," he laughed, "and if you can stand a reminiscence this morning, I'll tell you the story of my life. Journalists," and he bowed over the arm of the chair, "I believe, are always on the lookout for interesting facts in history and fiction, aren't they?"

I hastened to assure him that they were, and after making me swear that I would keep awake at whatever sacrifice, he began.

"When I was a youngster of ten," he said, "I was a messenger boy earning the luxurious salary of three dollars a week, all of which I gallantly turned over to my mother, who was a banker's daughter, though she had been turned out of her father's house because she had not married to suit him and her stepmother. Indeed, she had gone farther and married the man who had suited her, and after that, while her heart was never empty, she and her husband and only son were often so, and life was not quite as rosy as it might have been. We were brave people, though, and with my three dollars a week we managed somehow to get along. I improved after a year or two, and incidentally picked up telegraphy, so that when I was fifteen I got a place at a small country station in Missouri and took my mother there to live with me on my salary of forty dollars a month, my father having died a year before.

"At sixteen my mother died, leaving me alone in the world, and at my mother's funeral my grandfather relented sufficiently to propose that he educate me, which proposal I accepted and agreed to take a good business education. By the time I was twenty-one I had been graduated, and my grandfather gave me a position in a bank he owned in a very pleasant interior town, where I showed such aptitude that the old gentleman entirely forgave me for having been the son of his disobedient daughter and told me to go ahead and I should be a partner some day.

"The next most natural thing in the world to do was to fall in love, and I did it for all there was in my throbbing heart, and on the evening of the day I was promoted to the cashiership of the bank I asked Kate Vernon to be my wife. I did it advisedly, too, for my grandfather had told me when I married he would give me an eighth interest in the bank. Miss Vernon wasn't the most beautiful girl the eye of man ever rested on, and even I was forced to confess that there was too much pug in her nose for classic beauty, but she was the brightest young woman in the county, and the cheeriest, and I was heels over head in love with her, which made up for all discrepancies.

"During all the time of my experience in the bank I had kept up my interest in telegraphy, and after Kate and I had settled upon our future relationship, I had connected her house with my room at the bank, and whenever I had the chance I called her up and talked love to her between meals by electricity. I don't know how much of that kind of talk we indulged in, but I do know that Kate became almost an expert telegraph operator, and could easily have made her living at it had there been such a necessity.

"One of the other customs of that charming time of love in the foreground was a drive that Kate and I took two or three times a week in a trap she owned, leaving the bank just after closing time, 4 o'clock, and driving for a couple of hours, to end at her house, where I took supper with her. On the days when she would telegraph down that she was coming, I would lock up the money and valuable papers in the inside safe and leave the outer doors of the big vault open, so the last man out of the bank could put the books away and lock them up against fire. The man who did this nearly always was an old fellow, partly deaf, and a janitor rather than a clerk. One day, when I had shut up the inside safe and gone out to join Kate in her trap at the door, she sent me back to wait until she went up town to see a friend about a church supper they were interested in. Old Jock, as we called him, was not at his desk when I came back, though I had said good-bye to him as I went out, nor was there anyone in the bank, and as I sat a moment at my own desk I noticed a paper that that had been left there by mistake. I got up at once to put it where it belonged in the safe, and as I went into the vault I did not observe that all the books had been put away, though I could hear old Jock, in the little room back, telling his boy about sweeping out.

"The paper belonged in a pigeonhole far back in the vault and high up, so that I was compelled to go up a stepladder we kept there, and about the time I had got myself hid away in the shadow the big outer door swung to and I could hear old Jock turn the combination out of joint. I yelled out, but it was too late, even if the old man's ears had been sharp, and I found myself in the disagreeable predicament of being shut up in my own safe and no visible means of escape. At first it struck me as ludicrous; then it became serious, and in a few moments I had gone to thinking as those people think who are confronted with tremendous moments in their lives. I soon decided that my only hope of getting out was through Miss Vernon, who, when she returned, would naturally inquire for me and in this way old Jock would in time discover that he had shut me up in the vault. How long it would be until Miss Vernon returned, or what chance of the old man still being there when she came now began to demand discussion in my brain, and for a minute or two I stood still in the thick darkness and listened to my heart beating. Then I remembered that we always kept a hammer in a pigeonhole near the door, and groping around I found it and at once began to pound on the door. Immediately a response came, but, of course, I did not know who was giving it, though evidently the boy, as the old man could scarcely have heard. This gave me hope, at once, and I set up a regular tattoo on the door with my hammer, to all of which came the responses from the outside. But it was not getting out of my prison, and confinement was becoming irksome.

"For the first time now I heard faintly the sound of human voices calling to me, but it were as if they were miles away, and I could not distinguish whose they were, though I thought I knew Kate's. I answered back, but the place was so thick and heavy that my voice frightened me, and I used the hammer instead of calling. Up to this time I had not thoroughly realized what my entombment meant, but now it came upon me that the only man in town except myself who knew the combination had gone away for a vacation to the seashore, and that with the door air-tight, or practically so, I could not live a very great while in the vault. Certainly not long enough to hear from either the clerk on vacation or from the people from whom we had bought the safe in St. Louis. Indeed, if I stood it for two hours, I felt I would be doing well, for my pounding had filled the little air I had with dust, and it was nearly suffocating me. The pounding from the outside increased the dust, too, and while I could prevent myself from doing it, and did stop, the very fact of my stopping made those on the outside pound harder as if to encourage me, when, as they thought, I was losing hope.

"This thought came to me with a shock so great that I almost collapsed. I caught at the sides of the vault in the inky darkness and for a minute I became deathly sick. Following this came almost a frenzy to yell and howl and claw at the door and scratch at my face and tear at my hair. I had heard of people doing that way and going mad when lost in caves and such places, and I felt it coming on me in that dreadful hole. To add to the horrors of my situation, the air was growing rapidly worse and I could not stand up in the vault without a feeling of the most profound nausea. It was the nausea of despair, if anybody has ever analyzed just what that is. At intervals, notwithstanding the harm of it, I would grope around for the hammer and pound on the door, only to choke more and to hear the muffled thuds or the responses from the outside.

"Two feet from light and air and love and life and utterly shut off from them all. It was horrible to think of, and I am sure a thousand times worse than if I had been entombed in a mine ten thousand feet deep or had been buried in the sands of a desert a hundred miles from water and green trees. Slowly I felt my strength going, and at last I could not so much as respond, even at long intervals, to the knocking on the outside, and I sank to the floor with my head against the cold steel wall between the light of the world and the darkness of death. As I lay there panting I heard the dull thud of the beating on the outside, and it soon came as a beating of time, or rather eternity; a measure of music to soothe me to sleep, and I sank into semi-consciousness and seemed to be dreaming.

"You know, they say that when a man is dying under unnatural or violent circumstances all his past life comes back to him, even in minute detail. It did not quite appear to me that all my life was passing in review before me in my dungeon, but it did seem as if the youth of my life had come back to me, and I thought I was once again in that little telegraph station on the Missouri River catching the clickity-click-click of the instrument on my table, and which always seemed to me as important as a ship's deck is to an admiral. I seemed to be hearing the 'calls' of operators all along the line, but I gave no response, and then the scene changed, as it does so suddenly and unaccountably in dreams, and I was at my instrument in the bank listening with all a lover's eagerness for the first call of Kate Vernon's over the wire I had put up for her.

"It was very faint and far off, and I think I must have smiled as I bent my ear closer to the instrument to catch the sound, having in mind my sweetheart at the other end of the wire essaying her first attempt in handling the lightning. For a moment it was vague enough, with its modest little clickety-click-click, but all at once it seemed to say something to me. I could not distinguish at first, but presently it took form and I could catch the 'call' I had taught her. It was the letter K, repeated over and over again, just as all operators do when they want some other operator who is not at his desk to respond promptly. Then it was the clickety-click-click of the letters that formed my name, and I smiled to think that as a child learning to talk says 'mamma' first, so Kate was saying first in this new language of the wires that she was learning the name of her teacher.

"But there was something more than a dream in the sensations I was experiencing. I could feel that it was something more than a dream. I knew that some sound must be shaping my dream for me, and without knowing what I was doing and with an odd feeling of the very peculiar key we had put on our instruments I took up the hammer and sounded my 'call' to Kate, in response to what I was hearing. Instantly the 'call' was repeated and my name followed. Now I seemed to throw off the nightmare, and I roused myself. Striking with the hammer on the door I called to Kate by name, and then distinct enough, though muffled, I heard the clickety-click-click on the outer door, and Kate was telling me in the mysterious manual of Morse, a message of courage and hope.

"And what a wonderful strength is hope. Now that I had established communication with the outside world, I took great courage immediately, though I did not understand just what or how I was going to do to be saved, for I confess that I was not very clear headed at this time. I thought only of telegraphing to St. Louis for the combination, and had actually signaled to Kate to do so at once, and I would try to keep up until word was received, when to my indignation, she laughed at me over the wires, that is the door plate, and told me to telegraph right then and there to her what the combination was and she would do the rest.

"How plain and simple that was, and I had never thought of it. Neither had I thought of telegraphing to her from my prison, and it was only because she was a woman that she ever thought of sending word through that dull door to me with a hammer. She has since told me that some men never will learn anything unless it is hammered into them, and I never say a word. Anyway, when three minutes after I had told her what the combination was, the door opened and I fell forward into the fresh air of the world of sunshine. Kate caught me in her arms, and it was her voice I heard faintly and far off as I had heard the clickety-click-click of her tapping that led me back to life and light and love once more."

"And you lived happily ever after?" I inquired, after so long a silence that I was surprised at myself.

"My boy," said the banker, earnestly, "she has saved my life a hundred times since that, and I wouldn't trade her for all the other women in the world. And when she sees this story in print," he added laughing, "I'll need to have my life saved again, but she won't do it, I'll bet a horse and harness."

"She must draw the line somewhere," said I.—Washington Star.

"On the whole," said the aged weather prophet, "I have found that the safest course is to predict bad weather." "H[illegible]" asked the neophyte. "Bec[illegible]ple are much [illegible]dy [illegible] if the pre[illegible]to."—Puck.

DELICATE MAINSPRINGS.

QUICK TO FEEL THE EFFECTS OF HEAT AND COLD.

So Sensitive That They Will Succumb Just as Easily to Freezing or Sunstroke as Will a Man—Costs $15 to Put a Mainspring in Fine Swiss Watches.

"Mainsprings are very much like people," remarked a New York watchmaker recently to a writer for the Star. "They are as susceptible to extremes of heat and cold as human beings. When the thermometer is hovering around the freezing point or dancing away up in the nineties the sensitive little mainspring will succumb just as easily to freezing or sunstroke as man.

"During the hot weather of the past month I have received over four hundred watches which required new mainsprings, and other jewelers have had as many or more timepieces which needed similar repairs. You see, this uncertain piece of mechanism is supposed to be adjusted to meet the various degrees of temperature, but when the changes are great and come suddenly there is nothing that can prevent them from snapping. Many are made in Switzerland of the very finest quality of steel, absolutely flawless. Very often the watchmaker can detect a bad spring before putting it in a watch either by its color or the softness of its spring. These have been too tightly tempered in making, and instead of being subjected merely to a red heat the fire has been brought to white heat, thus weakening the strength of the metal.

"The finest watches that are handled by reliable dealers in the United States are put through a 'cooking and freezing' process before they are sold, for the purpose of testing their reliability in all temperatures. The watch is first placed in a little metal box, which is made air tight. Then a strong gas flame is turned on the under surface of the box, and is kept there for one or two hours, so that the watch is so hot at the end of that time that it could not be touched with the bare hands.

From this it is immediately taken and put into another metallic box, which is buried in a vessel containing ice. There the costly watch is allowed to freeze for an equal length of time, when its treatment ceases, and the examination is made. If during this excessive test the watch has ticked merrily on without deviating a fractional part of a second, it is put back in the case and marked 'guaranteed for two years.' The mainspring is the first piece of mechanism that succumbs to the test. If it survives nothing need be feared.

"Mainsprings are, however, about the only part of a watch that a jeweler cannot successfully diagnose. They can guarantee any of the numberless little wheels or pivots or balances that go to make up the anatomy of the watch, but the mainspring has as yet baffled the most skillful makers of watches of all countries. It is not so much the severe extremes of the weather that prove fatal to the spring as it is the process of changing from heat to cold, or vice versa.

"Many people who have been the possessors of new watches but a short time often come to me much annoyed, declaring that they have paid a large price for their timepieces, and the mainspring has broken after only a week's use.

"'That is nothing,' I tell them. 'We jewelers have them snap in our cases before the watch has even been shown for sale.' Others imagine that they might have wound their watches too tight, but this does not harm it. It is rather the jerky, hurried winding that will eventually tell on the temper of the metal. Besides, every good stem-winder has a stop placed in the stem that prevents the winding of a watch too tight.

"The cost of a new mainspring is small. It is the putting them in, the labor expended, that costs. It costs from $12 to $15 to put a mainspring in the finest Swiss watch, while in a cheap American make it costs only from fifty cents to $1.

"A gentleman purchased a $250 watch from me about a year ago and shortly after he left New York on a tour around the world. He returned about three weeks ago, brought his watch back to me and paid me this compliment: 'Here's a watch,' said he, 'that I paid you $250 for a year ago, and while I was traveling around it lost three minutes. You guaranteed it and I want you to make it good.' The watch was placed in my window with this card beside it:

"'This watch lost only three minutes in a year in a tour around the world. Price, $275.'"

"Did you sell it?"

"Yes, within two days."—Washington Star.

Letter Travels Thirteen Years.

Nations nowadays pride themselves on the promptness of their mail service, but a bit of evidence of an accident to the contrary was exhibited in the News office yesterday. It is a letter mailed in San Antonio on August 9, 1884, to Francisca Gonzales, Jimenes, Mexico. It never reached Gonzales, and only came back to the branch office in Galveston on Monday. It had been gone thirteen years. The town of Jimenes is in the State of Tamaulipas, of which the capital is Victoria. Had the author of the letter put the name of the State on the envelope it is probable that this tale would not have been told.—Galveston (Texas) News.

Where the Best Cycle Roads Are.

John Frazer, an Englishman, now cycling in the Far West, says there are not three consecutive miles of road in England so good for wheeling as the 1200 miles stretch of road from Lahore to Calcutta. He declares the Indian Grand Trunk roads to be the finest in the world.

A CURE FOR BALKY HORSES.

Electricity Has Been Put to a New and Novel Use.

Electricity has been put to a new and so far successful use, that of conquering a balky or lazy horse. In one case a very high-spirited and valuable animal, but extremely vicious and balky, was cured in one hour with the aid of a three-volt dry battery, says the Pittsburg Dispatch.

The officials of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society were notified some time ago that Thomas Rodgers, of Avalon, was using the dry battery on his horse, which was as bad as a valuable high-bred horse could be. Superintendent Thomas M. Porter investigated the case, and Friday he gave Rodgers a hearing before Justice William Griscom, of the place. Rodgers said his horse was worth $1000 to him if he could be cured of balking and one or two other vicious habits. He had offered $500 to any one who could manage the animal, and at last consulted Dr. T. C. McNeil, the city veterinary. The doctor advised Rodgers to try electricity, and he bought a three-volt storage battery, and by means of three wires connected each side of the bit and the crouper with the battery. The horse was hitched to a road cart, and at first refused to move, standing with all four feet in a braced position.

Mr. Rodgers then had the wires connected to the battery, which was placed in the cart, and at the first push of the button the horse jumped, snorted and then moved off. Each day for a week he went through the same lesson and is now the pride road horse of Avalon and never balks, bites or kicks.

That was the testimony brought out at the hearing, and as the veterinary and 'Squire thought three volts was not a sufficient shock to hurt the animal, Rodgers was discharged.

Superintendent Porter had a similar case some months ago. He found that one of the rich suburban residenters was using the fluid battery on a lazy horse in cultivating his summer garden. After several unsuccessful attempts to catch the gardener using the horse, he was at last rewarded one bright, sunny morning by catching the gardener weeding the potato patch with the horse hitched to a harrow, and, after introducing himself and informing the man why he visited him, he was shown the contrivance.

Strapped to the backband was a small fluid battery with wires running from it to the martingale and crouper. A sponge was fastened to the wire at each place and kept moist by the heat of the horse's body. When the animal got tired it would stop, and, by pressing two buttons together, the circuit was formed and the horse would move on for several hours. Porter tested the full strength of the battery on himself, and found that the sensation did not go above his elbows and that the voltage was only a traction over two. He said he thought it was better and more humane to use a small amount of electricity on a horse than to whip it, and was satisfied it was not a case of cruelty. He has written to several of the best known horse doctors in the United States, asking their opinions on the subject, and is waiting for their replies with a good deal of interest.

War Caused by One Word.

In 1654 a Polish nobleman became obnoxious to the laws of his country by reason of a crime, according to London Answers. He fled to Sweden, whereupon John Cassimir, King of Poland, wrote to Charles Gustavus, King of Sweden, demanding the extradition of the criminal. The King of Sweden, on reading the dispatch, noticed that his own name and titles were followed by two etceteras, while the name of the King of Poland was followed by three. The missing etcetera so enraged the King of Sweden that he at once declared war against Poland. This was carried on with great bitterness until 1660, when a peace was signed at Oliva, near Dantzig.

A contemporary writer, Kochowsky, poured out his lamentations on the war in these terms: "How dear has this etcetera been to us! With how many lives have these two potentates paid for these missing eight letters! With what streams of blood has the failure of a few drops of ink been avenged!" In Article 3 of the treaty it was explicitly laid down that the custom of shortening titles by "etcetera" should hold good, but for the future each of the two parties should give the other three etceteras.

Cost of Trolley Power.

A table taken from the annual reports of the railroad commissioners of New York and Massachusetts for nearly all of the street railway properties shows the cost of the electric power required to run a car one mile under average conditions of load, etc. The table gives the number of cars owned, the car mileage per year and the cost of the electric power per mile and per passenger. Of the nineteen companies operating less than 250,000 car miles four are obtaining power at a cost of less than two cents per car, six between two and three cents, five between three and four cents, one between four and five cents, and three at more than five cents; of the five companies operating over 5,000,000 car miles per year one obtains the power for less than one cent per car mile, three between two and one cents, and one between two and three cents; other similar figures are also given between these limits. The Brooklyn Heights Company has the cheapest power, 0.86 per car mile, followed by the Binghamton with 0.94; the cost of power for Massachusetts roads includes repairs and depreciation of the station plant, which is not the case of the New York roads.—Street Railway Journal.

THE POET'S DEMON.

Whenever I sit down to write,
Perched on my table, near the light,
There stands a little Demon bold,
With wrinkled brow, bent form and old,
Who chills my fancies at his sight.

I fain would sing of "Dawn," or "Love,"
A flower's fragrance, or the glove
My lady wore last night, when she
And I were dancing merrily.
The Demon frowns my lines above.

I plan a lovely paragraph,
In which "fair knights and ladies quaft
The nectar of the gods;"—but pause,
For in the middle of my clause
I hear the Demon's mocking laugh.

On "Summer Winds" I fain would soar,
"Spring," "Autumn," "Winter," I'd implore,
But, mimicking my "Songs of Birds,"
The Demon whistles forth these words:
"That's all been said, long, long before!"

—M. A. B. Evans, in Puck.

PITH AND POINT.

"You are my ideal; won't you be my wife?" "I prefer to remain your ideal."—Harlem Life.

Trivvet—"Miss Cahokia has become a new woman." Dicer—"She isn't as old as that, is she?"—Judge.

Scribbler—"Does your wife laugh at your jokes in the paper?" Punster—"Yes, but only on pay day."—Pick-Me-Up.

Walker—"The 'Milky Way' always reminds me of an amateur theatrical company." Rialto—"Why?" Walker—"Because it is all stars."—Truth.

Grigson—"What clergyman was it that solemnized your marriage?" Flippard—"It wasn't a clergyman at all. It was Mrs. F.'s mother."—Boston Transcript.

Enamored Youth—"May I hope to find a place in your heart?" Ladylove (fin-de-siecle)—"If you hurry up. There are only a few locations left."—Modes and Fabrics.

Mrs. Primpas—"And did the horrid pirates threaten to make you walk the plank?" Primpas—"No. They courteously asked us to adopt their platform."—Pittsburg News.

"All things come to him who waits. Who wrote that?" "Oh, some fellow who tried and failed to sneak out of a restaurant without giving a tip, I suppose."—Cleveland Leader.

"I can't, for the life of me, understand why all these men want to go to the North Pole," said Mr. Beach on the hotel piazza the other day; "there can't be any summer girls up there."

Jack—"I rather like this habit of the women adopting men's style of dress." Tom—"Nonsense." Jack—"Not a bit. My sister and I are the same size."—Philadelphia North American.

The Count—"Ah, Mees Jones, how beautiful you are!" Miss Jones—"You forget, Count, that beauty is but skin deep." The Count—"Mon Dieu! what a tick skeen you must have!"—Truth.

"It is true," said Stormington Barnes, "that no man can hope to succeed in a profession without a great deal of study. I expect to put in this entire season studying." "A new play?" "No, economy."—Washington Star.

Tommy—"Paw, teacher wants us to give a definition of a patriot." Mr. Figg—"Well, a patriot is a man who does something for his country, or does his country for something, I am not just sure which."—Indianapolis Journal.

Watts—"Oh, come, now! You can't make me believe that it is fifteen minutes' walk from your front door to the gate." Figg—"Well, I know it takes Laura and her young man that long when he starts home."—Indianapolis Journal.

"But I thought your husband was such an active man." "Active! If it weren't for me I don't believe he'd get up in time to go to bed." "Ah, well, that's better than some husbands, you know, who scarcely go to bed in time to get up."—Harper's Bazar.

Third Rail Traction.

About a month ago a child fell on the New Haven line, near Hartford, its foot catching in the outer rail, and the body resting on the third rail, thus forming the connection, and resulting in dreadful electrical burns, although she was, according to the latest reports, considered beyond danger of death.

This is the story that has led to very free condemnations in the newspapers of third-rail electrical traction—a system that is in other respects approved by engineers and railroad managers. Its efficiency and economy have been tested, and in some localities its use is very desirable. Its continued use, together with resultant improvements, might revolutionize transportation; but whether the new system sent the locomotive to the scrap pile or not, it would be useful in many suburban localities.

And there is no reason why the distressing accident to the little girl in Connecticut should bar out third-rail traction. The "track" is not a highway, either for teams or for pedestrians. Foot travelers there are trespassers, and in England they would be subjected to fines. So they should be here. The rule of exclusion from the track should be respected. Enforce the rule, and the third-rail becomes as harmless as the other rails now are. The track workmen understand the third-rail. Those who do not, particularly the little folks, should be taught that "keep off the track" is a command that is to be obeyed in all the fullness of its meaning. Track-walking by trespassers has long been abolished elsewhere, and it should be in this country.—Atlanta Journal.

Government Pays Itself Tariff.

By the provisions of the recent tariff law, the United States will have to pay to itself $500,000 duty on stone imported from Canada for the Buffalo breakwater. The Collector at Buffalo has informed Washington that he must assess duty on the stone, and has refused to admit it until duty is paid.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Waiting For the Wagon—The Interesting Kind—The Sting of It—Taking no Chances—Getting in Line—And Then Not Locally—Social Graces, Etc., Etc.

Her eyes were filled with glad delight; her face was bathed in smiles,
Whose scintillations could be seen for six or seven miles;
Anon a merry little sigh from out her lips would ooze,
And thrills of joy would shake her up from Pysche knot to shoes.
At sound of every vehicle she'd to the window fly,
Then sigh with disappointment if 'twould rattle swiftly by.
Then seek her seat and wait again for the express to come—
Her dad had promised her a wheel if she'd swear off on gum.

—Denver Post.

Getting in Line.

"What does Biller mean by riding around every day in an ice wagon?"

"He's in training for the new gold region."

The Interesting Kind.

Tom Barry—"Can you keep a secret?"

Perdita—"Yes, if it is worth repeating."—Truth.

Taking no Chances.

Mrs. Benham—"Why don't you get in earlier nights?"

Benham—"Not much; a man was found dead in bed the other day."

The Reason.

She—"Woman's mind is cleaner than that of man."

He—"Certainly. She changes it oftener."—Indianapolis Journal.

Qualified Denial.

Morgan—"Do you believe a woman will lie about her age?"

Shetland—"About it? Oh, dear, no; nowhere near it!"—Boston Transcript.

Social Graces.

"What a favorite that homely young Mulligan is with you girls!"

"Yes; he knows how to fan us so our frizzes won't stand on end."—Chicago Record.

A Goal for the Traveler.

"Never marry a woman unless she will follow you round the world."

"If I had money to go round the world I wouldn't marry until I got back."—Chicago Record.

And Then Not Locally.

Bobby (admiring the India ink tattooing on Dickey's arm)—"Did it hurt much?"

Dickey—"Not till my mother saw it."—Boston Transcript.

Bobby's Pleasant Day.

"Well, Bobby, have you had a pleasant day?"

"Yes'm; me and Jack took our three pups an' went over t' play with Billy Perkins's four cats."—Detroit Free Press.

Unfortunate Simile.

"You must make allowances, of course, for Joskin's manners; he's a rough diamond, you know."

"The roughness I admit, but I'm afraid the diamond is only paste after all."—Judy.

The Sting of It.

"Poor Jones met a painful end yesterday."

"Dear, dear! What was it—heart disease?"

"Oh, no. It was the end of a wasp."—Pick-Me-Up.

Displayed Her Courage.

"Madge has more courage than any girl I know."

"How does she show it?"

"She sticks the stamp on the envelope before she writes the address."—Odds and Ends.

Out of Place.

"That new cook from the country that the Blueberries have been boasting about, insisted on sitting on the porch last night when they had company."

"Didn't she feel out of place?"

"She did afterward."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Precautions.

Wallace—"I didn't know you rode a wheel."

Ferry—"I don't."

"Then what are you wearing knickerbockers and a sweater for?"

"To keep the fool bicycle riders from running over me. They think I'm one of 'em."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Practical.

Mr. and Mrs. Billus had quarreled.

"This thing has become unendurable, Maria!" announced Mr. Billus. "If I can't live in peace in my own family I can live somewhere else. I am going to Alaska!"

"Will you buy a return ticket, John?" asked Mrs. Billus, in a clear, metallic voice.

"I don't see that it makes any difference to you whether I do or not."

"But it does. If you buy a return ticket and anything happens to you, the money will be wasted. Don't do it, John. Put the money in a life insurance policy. Think what it might do for me and the children."

The upshot of the matter was that John didn't go.—Chicago Tribune.

The Place for Him.

He was suffering from a severe shock occasioned by a stroke of lightning.

"Your vocal organs are badly paralyzed, but you will learn to speak in time," said the hospital surgeon, as he looked up from a rigid examination of the stranger's injuries. "The very best thing for you to do is to go where you can hear a great deal of talking."

The patient motioned for a writing pad and when it was handed to him he wrote in a firm, clear hand:

"I am a married man."

The surgeon looked at the pad and

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