

# The Queenstown News.

JOHN M. AKER, Editor.

VOL. XV.

QUEENSTOWN, MARYLAND, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1897.

Price Two Cents.

NO. 16.

The men who design warships have experienced a slight dash of the return of prosperity.

Before the great freeze in Florida the annual orange crop was from \$5,000,000 to 10,000,000 boxes. The estimate for this season is 70,000 boxes.

The highest pilot charges made anywhere in the world are levied at San Francisco, Cal., where the harbor and its approaches are so simple and safe that the Government has not been obliged to expend \$100,000 on them in many years.

Japan having made a treaty with Germany by which German trade marks and patents will be recognized in Japan, Great Britain proposes to obtain the same privileges for British subjects, under the most favored nation clause.

On her run down the coast from New York to Norfolk the torpedo boat Farragut maintained her record as the fastest vessel in the world. She made the run at an average of twenty-two knots (about twenty-seven miles) an hour, despite bad weather.

At a trial in Louisville, Ky., involving a great deal of racy testimony the judge had the courtroom cleared of all spectators, and stated that this procedure would be followed in all cases in which the idly curious should seek to feed on vulgarities.

The old project of a railroad from the City of Mexico south into South America is up again for talk. The distance from the City of Mexico to the South American frontier is 1700 miles. Over 400 miles of this road is in operation, and 800 miles more are under construction. The remaining 500 miles make the trouble, and seem likely to make it for some time to come.

It is an extraordinary instance of the irony of fate," says the London Globe, "that Lord Roberts' son has lost the sight of one eye at the age of 10. For years past Lord Roberts has exerted himself to diminish the grave dangers of polo playing; indeed he has issued an order that players should cease to wear caps, but should protect their heads—and their necks—by helmets. In spite of everything, however, the list of killed and wounded officers is so considerable as to give the game a bad name among the authorities."

No wonder that prairie land in Kansas is cheap, when a Kansas farmer claims that a hen is more valuable than an acre of his land. He establishes his proposition by showing that the acre of land produces twenty bushels of corn worth only \$2, while the hen in a season will lay ten dozen eggs, worth \$1.50. As the hen requires little care and less feed, it is plain that she is the best revenue producer. Imagine a California farmer content with an income of \$2 an acre from wheat ranch or fruit farm, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle.

Dr. George F. Shrady, one of the foremost physicians in this country, was recently asked what was the best form of exercise, and he replied that walking was superior to other bicycling or horseback riding, as it was the most natural form in which one can get air and sunshine. Dr. Shrady declared that few people are hurt by overwork; the great majority are injured by worry, which is more exhausting than any work, and by failure to care for their bodies. The thousands who injure their health by undue exercise in gymnastic and other sports will probably call Dr. Shrady an old fogy, because he praises so simple a form of exercise as walking, but much of the world's best work has been done by men who made a habit of walking and who kept a clear brain in a sound body by this means.

One of the pleasantest features of the inauguration of President McKinley, says the New York Journal, was the public interest taken in his aged mother. Her picture appeared in all the papers that undertake to illustrate the events of the day, and very remarkable that picture was of an American mother—showing, as it did, in its venerable and rugged face most of the characteristics which have made her son eminent. Still more remarkable is the fact that the picture should turn aside in a political heyday merely to take an interest in the unknown woman who had the least to do with the formal festivities and the most to do with the formation of the President's character. Nothing could be finer. It is the first time that the mother has been recognized by the nation, with a deep, silent respect, that she could not have won if she had bent her life on the platform or made a more personal appeal.

## BETTER THAN GOLD OR FAME.

Better than genius when applied  
To work that aids the wrong  
Is conscience linked to common sense  
In effort clean and strong.

Better than good by cheating won  
Is honest labor's pay;  
Nobler than one enriched by fraud  
Is he who toils each day.

Better than deeds by sin inspired,  
Though they succeed impart,  
Is one kind act that friendship gives  
To some poor aching heart.

Better than fame by sacrifice  
Of manhood's honor won,  
Is honest reputation gained  
By manly actions done.

Better than vice, though it be clad  
In purple rich and rare,  
Is virtue, though a homespun dress,  
Thus doctored for to wear.

Better than palace where sweet love  
Has never held its reign  
Is home where true affection dwells,  
Though it be of a poor plain.

—Caleb Dunn.

## "SAREY."

BY CHARLES S. REID.



It was a dark night that settled down over the mountains of Upper South Carolina. The sky was heavy with black clouds, and the low mutterings of thunder which seemed to issue from the ravines and gorges, and the zigzag flashes of lightning which darted away from the hill tops, all foretold the coming storm.

Down over the rocks and among the shrubs a young mountaineer was making his way. He seemed to know his ground, and moved onward with unhesitating step until he reached a point overlooking a deep, wild gorge, where, far down through the darkness, shone the faint glow of light. The young woodsman stopped a moment, and muttered:

"Ho! there already. 'Pears to me that fire makes too much light, though. Wonder what Bob's a gwine to say when he gets to the place below. When he came within the glow of the light, he entered the doorway of a log house built up from the ground. In one end of the place was a large fire, and on it was a large copper kettle with a cap and stem. A fire was burning under the kettle, and near the furnace, seated upon a rough bench, was a young man with light reddish hair, sandy moustache, and his trousers were stained down into his breeches, and by his side on the bench lay a large, wide-brimmed white hat, the brim turned up in front and pinned to the crown with a large thorn. In a belt about his waist were two shining revolvers. The young man who entered the place was dressed and accented very much like the young man on the bench, and in his face was a blood resemblance, for they were cousins—Bob and Alf."

Alf entered through the doorway of the cabin and crossed the earthen floor to the furnace, where he stirred and replenished the fire. The place was a blockade distillery owned by the two cousins, and operated by the assistance of Tom Drake, who worked on a profit sharing basis. Along one side of the shanty was a high platform on which rested two large vats. These were the mash tubs, and entering through the end of the house was a little trough which supplied the cool water barrel, in which the "worm" was coiled, with the waters of a bright little stream near by.

"When Alf had 'chucked' the fire, he sat down by the other man on the bench. After a little pause, Bob asked:

"Where is Tom?"

"What d'ye reckon?" answered Alf.

"About Tom? Durned!"

"Well, you oughtn't to think it, Bob; but he's jined the revenuers."

"You don't mean to tell!"

"Yes, but I do, though. He went down to Walthalla to-day to take the oath, and he's promised to gin us all away."

After a long pause, during which Bob sat with his chin in his hands, he spoke:

"Alf, I never 'spected it, I never did."

"No more did I; but hit's a fact, for Sarey told me no more'n a hour ago."

"Sarey told you herself?"

"Yes, and she's powerful cut up about it."

"We've worked together right here, Tom and me, for sige on to seven year, and never had airy shootin' or cuttin' scraps atween us—not airy one. Alf, I don't hardly believe it."

Bob shook his head slowly and dropped his chin into his hands again.

"Well, you oughtn't to think it, Alf; but he's jined the revenuers."

"You don't mean to tell!"

"Yes, but I do, though. He went down to Walthalla to-day to take the oath, and he's promised to gin us all away."

After a long pause, during which Bob sat with his chin in his hands, he spoke:

"Alf, I never 'spected it, I never did."

"No more did I; but hit's a fact, for Sarey told me no more'n a hour ago."

"Sarey told you herself?"

"Yes, and she's powerful cut up about it."

"We've worked together right here, Tom and me, for sige on to seven year, and never had airy shootin' or cuttin' scraps atween us—not airy one. Alf, I don't hardly believe it."

Bob shook his head slowly and dropped his chin into his hands again.

"Well, you oughtn't to think it, Alf; but he's jined the revenuers."

"You don't mean to tell!"

"Yes, but I do, though. He went down to Walthalla to-day to take the oath, and he's promised to gin us all away."

After tapped one of the revolvers in his belt significantly. "I loved Sarey, and Tom—well, I'd loto do it, Alf; but it's him or me; that ain't no other way, as I can see."

Bob arose and "chucked" the fire under the kettle, then walked around to the side of the furnace, where a little white stream of spirits was pouring from the end of the protruding "worm" into a long keg.

"How is it?" asked Alf.

"Good enough; that mash will turn out all right," said Bob, retreating and seating himself on the bench, where he again dropped his chin into his hands, and lapsed into silence.

The rain began to pour down from the clouds, and the sound of the patter of the big drops. The thunder and lightning ceased, and the bluest darkness reigned without. But the weird shadows which danced around the walls of the distillery, and the old acquaintances of the two men inside, who took no notice of their grotesque pantomime.

Finally the rain ceased, but the other blackness still reigned without, for the clouds hung low down over the cliffs and the tree tops. For more than half an hour neither of the men had spoken. Alf had made a discovery, and had been thinking about it. Bob was in love with Sarey Maullin, and Alf loved her himself. It seemed that all three of the partners loved the same girl. But Alf and Bob had seen that Sarey preferred Tom Drake, and both had secretly resolved not to come between them, each one ignorant of the fact that the other was making the same sacrifice. Now hope had sprung up in Alf's bosom since Sarey had told him of Tom's treachery. Now he had discovered that Bob loved her. He resolved to keep the secret of his own love, for Bob's sake, and again the hope passed from his heart.

When the rain ceased, the two men arose; and while one of them dragged the fire from under the furnace, the other removed the cap from the still, and the clouds began to pour in the bangle of the keg that held the product of distillation.

"Bob, I guess we better more the still to a safer place this very night," suggested Alf.

"Sarey a move, Alf! This still has been here nigh on to seven year, and here she's agwine to stay."

"All right, if you say so; I'm not the man to step off and leave you."

"Alf, you can tote the keg down to the lural poplar tree you know, and I'll stay here till the tools of wood kinder straighten things up afore I go. I'll meet you at the barnn poplar tree daybreak in the mornin'."

Alf shouldered the heavy pine keg, and, passing through the doorway, was soon lost to view in the darkness. Bob again seated himself on the bench, with his chin in his hands, and gave himself up to melancholy reflections.

Alf had been gone some time, and the embers that had been raked from the furnace gave out only a faint glow to light the interior of the still house, when a dark form appeared in the doorway. Bob heard the step, and instantly sprang to his feet with a revolver in his hand, but as suddenly he dropped the weapon and stood back when he recognized the visitor.

"You, Sarey?" he exclaimed. "What brings you here at this time of night?"

"I'm come to ginyon warnin', Bob," said the girl, as she threw a light shawl from round her head and advanced across the earthen floor. The smooth, round cheeks were glowing from the exertion of her walk, her eyes shone brightly in the dim light, and her long, black hair hung in charming disorder about her pretty shoulders.

"Warnin' for what?" asked Bob.

"Warnin' agin Tom Drake. Has Alf been here to-night?"

"Yes; he's been gone about a half hour."

"And didn't he tell you about Tom?"

"Yes; but, Sarey, somehow I couldn't more'n half believe it."

"But hit's so, Bob; he told me so himself, and he's gwine to gin you and Alf first. I couldn't stop tonight for thinking about it, so I jist got up and come over here to beg you and Alf to move your still somewhere else this very night."

"But I can't do it, Sarey; she's been here a long whet, and here she's agwine to stay."

"Oh, Bob, jist to think of Tom a turbin' agin' all you uns, and I been a thinkin' of him as a fellow who would stick by a body forever; and now he's gone and upso'ed it all. I told him I never would speak to him no more."

Sarey caught up her apron, pressed it to her face, and began to cry. Bob looked at her, and choking back a great lump from his throat, turned away a step or two, then came back and laid his big brown hand gently on the girl's arm.

"Don't, Sarey, don't!" he said, "for Tom ain't with no tears of yours."

He led her to the bench, where she sat down, and in a few moments had dried her eyes.

"Sarey," continued Bob, after a pause, "Tom ain't with nary 'nother thought of yours, and I wouldn't waste 'em on 'im. There's a plenty on us 'em yet that's a sight better 'n Tom."

"I know it; I only wish I'd a knowed it sooner."

"Sarey, won't you answer me one question? Bence I think a power of you, and I want to know."

"Of course I'll answer any question you ask, Bob; but you've allers been so good to me, jist like a brother."

"Well, Sarey, tell me which one of the boys you liked the best arter Tom."

"Why, I allers did like Alf jist as well as Tom, but Alf never 'peared to like me, and Tom did."

Again Bob swallowed a great lump that had gathered in his throat.

"Alf is a good feller; he'd never go back on us," he managed to say as he arose from the bench, and began to put things to rights about the distillery. His task completed, he turned to Sarey, who stood in the doorway.

"I'll walk home with you," he said.

Bob threw some water on the dying embers of the fire, then led the way through the dark, wet woods, followed closely by Sarey, neither of them speaking a word until they came to the highway, about a mile distant. They did not have far to go after they had reached the road.

In less than four hours every moonshiner throughout the mountain district knew that Tom Drake had turned traitor and joined the revenue force against his old comrades. During the whole of the second night after that, the walls of the distillery were at work moving their stills to safer retreats, only one remaining at its old stand—the one that belonged to the Rankin boys.

It was more than a week after the night on which Sarey had turned traitor, when Bob and Alf Rankin were riding along down the road towards the home of Sarey. Neither of them had uttered a word for some time, each making without turning his eyes from a direction straight ahead of him.

"Alf, you air the man," said Bob.

"I'm the man?"

"Yes, you air the man for Sarey."

"What do you mean, Bob?"

"I mean that Sarey loves you better 'n any 'nother man on the ridge."

"You don't say? How'd you find out?"

"After you left the still house that night, Sarey was there."

"She was?"

"Yes, and she was a cryin' about the disgraceful doin' of Tom; and—"

"Alf, I axed her jist what warn't airy 'nother feller she liked jist as well 'n me?"

"Well, she told me 'fowed she loved any feller you jist as well, but you never seemed to like her. Now I've told you, Alf, and I want to know if you love her."

"Alf, she never said that she loved me, but I stood back for her, and after what you said 't other night, I was gwine to stand back for you."

Again that sensation, as of the heart rising into the throat came to Bob, and the two men rode on in silence.

The sun was swiftly dropping towards the crests of the western hills when Bob and Alf stopped in front of old Jerry Maullin's long, double cabin. Sarey was sitting in the open hall-way, shelling beans; but she arose and, shaking without turning her eyes from a direction straight ahead of her.

"Birds differ very much in the heights to which they fly," said a scientist. "The condor, the largest of vultures, and all flying birds, has been observed soaring over twenty-nine thousand feet, or about five miles and a half above the level of the sea."

Various papers—mostly articles are made out of some deer from Queen Victoria is said to have been shot in the French colony of New Caledonia a pet similar to that of the rabbits in Australia and the moose in America. The deer have multiplied with great rapidity, and are invading the plantations, causing great loss to the farmers.

Petroleum is extensively used in Russia as a local application for the cure of gout, rheumatism, eczema and other chronic skin diseases. The city of Elizabethopolis conducts an establishment called "Saphir," on the site of a watering place, where 500 to 600 patients are annually treated. Gratifying results are claimed.

A Remarkable Mexican. Alejandro Ruiz, a Mexican antiquarian and traveler, whose collection of antique curios, paintings and carvings fills a private museum at his home in Puebla, Mexico, at the age of seventy is learning the English language as a means of occupying his time. He has traveled in almost all parts of the world, collecting whatever of interest was old. He has been an intimate friend of President Diaz since long before the time of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy of Mexico, and the President visits his home whenever he travels through Puebla.

Her Bones Brittle as Chalk. Mrs. Mae Wilcox, of Bainbridge, Penn., has a peculiar disease. Her bones have become as brittle as chalk, and she is compelled to wear a plaster cast. Recently she was carefully placed in a carriage for a drive, when a slight jolt of the wagon caused the fracture of her left hip. Her condition puzzles the physicians of that section of the State.—New York Press.

Device to Dry the Hair. To dry the hair quickly a new device has a cylinder, with teeth projecting from its side, in the interior of which is a flame of fire fed by a reservoir in the handle, from which a weak trans into the cylinder, thus producing sufficient heat to dry the hair as it passes over the drier.—Rau's Horn.

"Well, keep it, then; I guess I can watch you."

At this moment Alf and Sarey came around the house, Alf bringing a large jug in his hand. The young man's quick eye took in the situation of the two men in the road, and in the twinkling of an eye his revolver flashed to a dead level with the informer's breast.

"Hold on a minute, Alf!" shouted Bob. "I'm fairly hot, and I guess I'd better go with him."

Alf quickly looked into the eyes of his cousin, and the two men seemed to understand each other.

"Don't the cider over here, Sarey, and I'll drink you a farewell for a while," said Bob, smiling.

Sarey passed the cider in silence, never once looking at Tom, who took the gourd offered him by Tom and drank.

"Now I'm ready. Good-by, Alf! Good-by, Sarey!" said Bob, as he mounted his horse. Tom mounted, and the two men, captive and captor, rode away in the soft light of the lingering sunset. When they reached the turn in the road Bob looked back and lifted his broad-brimmed hat to Alf and Sarey, who were standing side by side gazing after him. Then they faded from view, and the two horsemen rode on in silence, they were approaching the brook at the foot of the hill, when Bob spoke:

"Tom, I never would take no mean advantage of a feller; so I'll tell you now, hit's your or me. Full your gun!"

In less than two minutes they were a level in the gathering light, and four shots passed with what seemed like two simultaneous reports.

Alf heard them, and, weapon in hand, sprang down the road, closely followed by Sarey. A riderless horse swept by them at the turn of the hill; and when they reached the study level near the brook they found two lifeless forms lying close together in the narrow road.

Bob Rankin and Tom Drake had settled the question of honor between themselves, and had settled the question of love for Alf and Sarey.—The Paritan.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A wild elephant has a keen sense of smell. At a distance of 1000 yards it can scent an enemy.

Compared with other large European cities, London is easily at the head for the magnitude of its electrical supply.

Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that wood covered with tin resists fire better than an iron door.

While Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was visiting Bachevala, after the formal opening of the Iron Gates of the Danube Canal, he bestowed on Queen Elizabeth of Romania (Carmen Sylva) the order of merit for science and art.

The remarkable peculiarity of the new black rays, or "actinic rays," reported by Professor E. Friedrich, of Erling, Prussia, is that photographs by them of the living hand show the bones, while only the flesh is seen if the hand is dead.

Birds differ very much in the heights to which they fly. The condor, the largest of vultures, and all flying birds, has been observed soaring over twenty-nine thousand feet, or about five miles and a half above the level of the sea.

Various papers—mostly articles are made out of some deer from Queen Victoria is said to have been shot in the French colony of New Caledonia a pet similar to that of the rabbits in Australia and the moose in America. The deer have multiplied with great rapidity, and are invading the plantations, causing great loss to the farmers.

Petroleum is extensively used in Russia as a local application for the cure of gout, rheumatism, eczema and other chronic skin diseases. The city of Elizabethopolis conducts an establishment called "Saphir," on the site of a watering place, where 500 to 600 patients are annually treated. Gratifying results are claimed.

A Remarkable Mexican. Alejandro Ruiz, a Mexican antiquarian and traveler, whose collection of antique curios, paintings and carvings fills a private museum at his home in Puebla, Mexico, at the age of seventy is learning the English language as a means of occupying his time. He has traveled in almost all parts of the world, collecting whatever of interest was old. He has been an intimate friend of President Diaz since long before the time of his elevation to the Chief Magistracy of Mexico, and the President visits his home whenever he travels through Puebla.

Her Bones Brittle as Chalk. Mrs. Mae Wilcox, of Bainbridge, Penn., has a peculiar disease. Her bones have become as brittle as chalk, and she is compelled to wear a plaster cast. Recently she was carefully placed in a carriage for a drive, when a slight jolt of the wagon caused the fracture of her left hip. Her condition puzzles the physicians of that section of the State.—New York Press.

Device to Dry the Hair. To dry the hair quickly a new device has a cylinder, with teeth projecting from its side, in the interior of which is a flame of fire fed by a reservoir in the handle, from which a weak trans into the cylinder, thus producing sufficient heat to dry the hair as it passes over the drier.—Rau's Horn.

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Spring Signs—A Crack at Himself—No Doubt of It—Inferred His Bad Aim—His Conclusion, Etc., Etc.

The sun is climb'n' higher  
An' the twilight's lingerin' late;  
Now the poet strikes the lyre  
An' the har diges for bait!  
—Atlanta Constitution.

NO DOUBT OF IT.  
Irate Papa (as the clock strikes 2)—  
"Ain't Mary's fellow gone yet?"  
Mamma—"I judge by the length of his stay that he is, badly."—Omaha World-Herald.

A CRACK AT HIMSELF.  
Mr. Elwell—"It's strange, but true, nevertheless, that the biggest fools always marry the prettiest girls."  
Mrs. Elwell—"Oh, now, go on, you flatterer."—Dublin World.

A MEDDLING NOSE.  
"You've got a very peculiar nose,"  
"Well, that's none of your business, is it?"  
"No, but you seem fond of putting it in other people's."—Truth.

HIS CONCLUSION.  
Friend—"Can't get what you paid for the place? I thought you bought it for a song."  
Suburbanite—"I thought so, too, but perhaps music has gone up since."

EXCITED.  
"Why does everyone watch a newly married couple?"  
"Single people watch them because they expect to see some love-making, and married people because they expect to see a quarrel."

HOW IT HAPPENED.  
"Did you ever enjoy the beauties of a sunrise—the glories of awakening day?" asked the energetic man.  
"Yes—after a fashion."  
"When was that?"  
"I dream about them once."

INHERITED HIS BAD AIM.  
"His aim in life seems to be a poor one."  
"Yes; he inherits that from his mother. I once saw her throw a stone at a dog in the street and hit her husband in the back yard."—Belfast News.

ON WHAT IT DEPENDS.  
Wife (in millinery store)—"See here, James, which hat is the most becoming to me,—this one at fifteen dollars, or that one at twenty-five dollars?"  
Husband—"Wait till I look in my pocketbook."

A DE MINT.  
Mrs. Portker, having spent the whole afternoon looking at pictures without buying one—"My dear Mr. Gaver, I wonder, now, if there is anything rarer than our artists about our pictures?"  
Poor Artist—"Our efforts to sell them, madame."

A MORNINGS CALL.  
Mrs. Gabb—"I'm nearly tired to death; was at Mrs. Nabb's party last night."  
Mrs. Gabb—"I didn't go; in fact, did not get an invitation. Were there many there?"  
"Oh, no! It was very select."  
New York Weekly.

A SIGN OF PROSPERITY.  
"We'll tackle Higgin's house to-night," said the managing director of the Burgling Syndicate to his first assistant.  
"I didn't suppose he had anything worth stealing," replied the latter.  
"He must have. He bought a burglar alarm to-day."—Life.

A CHANCE TO MINE.  
"It shall be my ambition, father," said the young man who had finished his education, "to keep the family name free from stain."  
"All right," said the old man. "Tell Mike to give you the whitening and ammonia and then you go out and polish up the sign."—Indianapolis Journal.

UNEXPECTED.  
"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" said the waiter to the diner who did not believe in tips.  
"If I have you may keep it for your honesty."  
"Thank you, sir. You left this pocketbook on your chair. It probably slipped from your pocket."  
Philadelphia Press.

SHE SHOWED THAT SHE LIKED HIM.  
"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?"  
"Yes. She stood up for you at dinner."  
"Stood up for me! I was anybody saying anything against me?"  
"No; nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but she got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."  
Comic Cuts.

Art and Letters in France.  
There are in France 2150 women authors and journalists and about 700 women artists. The provinces contribute most of the writers—about two-thirds—while Paris is represented in the same proportion among the artists. Among the writers 1090 are novelists, 200 are poets, 150 educational writers, and the rest of various kinds. The artists comprise 107 sculptors, and the others are painters, ranging over all branches of the pictorial art.

## WHERE IS WISDOM?

They say that he is wisest who can always listen best:  
Who thinks in silence, and so leaves the talking for the rest.

This may be so; but there are fools who pass as wise to-day,  
Because they sit and listen and have nothing much to say.

But stay! Is that man, after all, not passing wise who knows  
Enough to hide the ignorance that talking would expose?  
—Cleveland Leader.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.  
Percita—"I wish I were a man."  
Penelope—"Yes, with all your money you'd be quite a catch then, wouldn't you?"—Truth.

"What is pronunciation, Uncle Jim?" "It is something you hunt up in a dictionary one day and forget the next."—Chicago Record.

Editor (to comic paragraphist)—  
"Your jokes lack originality." Comic Paragraphist (irritably)—"So does your criticism."—Tid Bits.

Do you think that Wiggins is really your friend? Going—"I suppose so; he's always giving me disagreeable advice."—Truth.

Bacon—"I see the editor has come out for athletics." Egbert—"That's strange! He told me he was going in for them."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cynthia—"Do you think Frank will love me when I am old, Mand?" Mand—"Well, there's one thing, dear—'you'll soon know."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Is the sail the only thing that gives a ship?" asked the green passenger. "No," said the mate. "The riggers."—Indianapolis Journal.

Kind Lady—"What would you like to eat, my poor man?" Tired Traction—"Soup, if you have it. It doesn't need chewin'."—Up-to-Date.

Physician—"You have only a few minutes to live. Have you any last wish?" Patient—"I wish I had engaged another doctor."—Yale Record.

With the first pull the bell ropes parted. The sexton was in despair. Then a happy thought struck him, and he wrung his hands.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Customer—"Confound you! You have cut my check." The Barber—"By Jove, so I have! I was wondering what had taken the edge off my razor."—Standard.

Riggs—"Hallo, old man!" Briggs—"Excuse me, sir; you have the advantage of me." "Yes, I guess I have. We were engaged to the same girl, but you married her."

Friendly Criticism.—Artist—"This is one of those peculiar pictures that one has to be far off to appreciate." She—"And 'way off to paint, I imagine."—Harper's Bazar.

Ted—"How did that English nobleman manage to borrow his money from Charlie?" Neighbor—"On being introduced he asked him if he wasn't born on the other side."—Judge.

Often and Often—"Ah, my poor man," said the benevolent old lady, "I suppose you are often pinched by your old manager, are you not?" "Yes; and by the cops."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"It's a shame," cried the young wife, "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going right home to papa!" "If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, "I'll handle the cooking for his hat, 'till you get with you."—Yonkers Statesman.

Waiter (to cook)—"Steak for me! Got don't want it raw, nor he don't want it burnt black." Cook (angrily)—"Is that what he said?" Waiter—"No; not exactly. I asked him how he wanted it, and he said 'me-um.'"—Sparto Moments.

Mamma—"I don't see why you call Daisy Martin selfish. I think she is a very nice little girl." Ethel—"Oh, mamma, but she is selfish! She's always at the head of the class, and she won't let any of the rest of us get ahead of her."—Harper's Bazar.

"What do you mean, sir," roared the irate father, "by bringing your trunk to my house and ordering a room?" "I'm adopted as one of the family," coolly answered the young man. "Your daughter said she would be a sister to me."—Detroit Free Press.

Customer—"I don't see how anybody can handle a big stock of glass like this without doing a lot of breaking." Persuasive Salesman—"They can't, mamma. Two firms broke all the pieces trying to handle this lot. That's why we can sell it so cheap."—Chicago Tribune.

He—"I suppose your thoughts were all on your new bonnet during the sermon this morning?" She—"No, indeed, they were not." "I don't believe you can repeat anything that was said during the service." "Yes, I can, too. I heard a lady behind me say, 'Isn't it stunning?'"

"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house. "What's wrong with it, mamma?" "It's dreadfully thin, and there's no cream on it." "After you have lived in the town a while, mamma," said the milkman, encouragingly, "you'll get over them rural ideas of your'n."—Tid Bits.

"Theoretically," remarked the man who had lived in flats for years, "there are always two sides to every thing. Practically, however, after you get above the fourth story, the inside doesn't amount to much." He spoke somewhat lightly, as knowing the potency of an advertisement of piquety and insouciance to lighten the sternest sorrows.—Detroit Free Press.