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SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
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Post-Office Bulletin.

Mails Close.

6:30 a m; D & C R R for Points North.
8:07 a m; Q A R R for Points West.
9:45 a m; Q A R R for Points East.
11:45 a m; Steamer for River Points.
1:00 p m; Stage for Preston.
1:30 p m, D & C R R for Points North.
6:45 p m; Q A R R for Points West.
6:45 p m. Q A R R for Points East.

Mails Arrive.

8:35 a m; Q A R R, from Points East.
10:15 a m; Q A R R, from Points West.
11:00 a m; Stage, from Preston.
11:30 a m; Steamer, from River Points.
12:00 m; D & C R R, from Points North.
7:10 p m; Q A R R, from Points East.
7:70 p m; Q A R R, from Points West.
8:00 p m; D & C R R, from Points North.

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Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Frederick Stump and William R. Martin, Associates. Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

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Treasurer and Clerk to the Commissioners—Charles H. Whitby.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John A. Sigler, Chief Judge; J. B. Orrell and A. R. Wright, Associates.

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School Examiner and Secretary—M. Bates Stephens.

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Denton Directory.

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M. E. Church —Rev. J. S. Wickline, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Prayer service every Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Sabbath School at 2.00 o'clock p. m.

M. P. Church.— Rev. J. M. Dickey, Pastor. Preaching Services every Sunday at 3.00 p. m., Christian Endeavor service at 7:30. Prayer service every Tuesday evening at 8:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

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Hillsboro Directory.

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M E Church.—Rev T A H O'Brien, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 10:30 a m and 7:30 p m. Prayer services, Queen Anne every Tuesday at 7.30 p m, Hillsboro every Wednesday at 7:30. Sunday School every Sunday at 9 a m.

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

SINGERS AND PLAYERS OF THE WORLD'S STAGE.

A VERY clever writer in the October Scribner tells us the really highly moral and above reproach stage productions of to-day in New York are to be found at the vaudeville theaters; tells how the word "devil" was too profane for the ears of the manager under whom he served, and that a girl in a page's costume was so offensive to the manager's sense of delicacy she was ordered to wear petticoats in future appearances. All this is very refreshing, and particularly so when the author proceeds to inform us that though vaudeville shows were conceived with the notion of catering to women, the majority of those who attend are men. What does all this point to? Is the degeneracy of the age due to women, and is it the saving grace of the men that keeps us from total collapse? Of course, all this is fooling, not meant to be taken seriously, but—who goes to the doubtful plays, which sex swells the audience there? I believe the article by the vaudeville man will set us all to thinking.

This extoller of the vaudeville theater, who, if he plays as well as he writes, must be a "head liner" himself, tells us interesting gossip about the audiences of these "all-the-day-and-till-10:30" houses. He affirms that some people come at 9:30 a. m. and remain until 10:30 p. m.; that human beings exist who can calmly sit through three performances of one-act plays, the contortioning, the monologue artist—the whole, awful, unbroken stream of funniness—but this is hard to believe. And he tells of a crowd that does not seem to have the dinner habit, people who occupy the seats from 5:30 to 8. Verily, the vaudeville has a strong hold on the American public.

Henry Miller and his company, in "The Only Way," are to play at the Garden theater until Richard Mansfield's annual engagement begins. "The Only Way" has been a great success at the Herald Square theater.

Mr. Francis Wilson, with "Cyrano de Bergerac" in its present form of comic opera, is meeting with the hearty welcome which it is his wont to receive, and the congratulations of many for the present success of what promised to be a failure.

"The Ghetto," judging from the size of the audience, will continue at the Broadway for some time. It is thought the awakened interest in the Jews, caused by the Dreyfus case, may partially account for the large attendance at "The Ghetto" performances.

Leo Ditrichstein's drama, "The Song of the Sword," succeeds "The King's Musketeer" at Daly's.

Miss Annie Russell is finding "Miss Hobbes" so successful that she will not be seen until November in the play Sydney Grundy has written for her.

On the first night of the production of "Peter Stuyvesant, Governor of New Amsterdam," the audience found the later acts dull, the interest of the play decrease. Mr. William H. Crane, who plays the title role, looks the character to perfection, and portrays the doughty, irascible Dutchman in a studied and skillful manner, but gives a comedian's tone to the rendition, and little suggestion of the real force which history shows the old governor to have possessed. The scenery is effective, the costumes historically correct, the company a superior one, the actors generally make the most of their parts, but the play, considered in regard to its adaptability for the boards, is not up to the level of setting and impersonators. Whether the distinguished authors will be guided by public opinion to the extent of making alterations, or whether altering be possible, time will tell. We fear we must wait longer for the great American drama.

"A Stranger in a Strange Land," the new farce at the Manhattan, has met with about an equal amount of praise and derision. It deals with that very threadbare subject, the Englishman's ignorance of the geography of the United States, and the wonder is that the authors, two young gentlemen who act in vaudeville, did not choose a more modern theme. Bits of the farce are very bright, and Cyril Scott is enough in himself to carry through a much duller piece.

Haddon Chambers, the author of "The Tyranny of Tears," has been engaged to write next season's play for John Drew. The "Tyranny of Tears" has just finished a most successful month at the Empire.

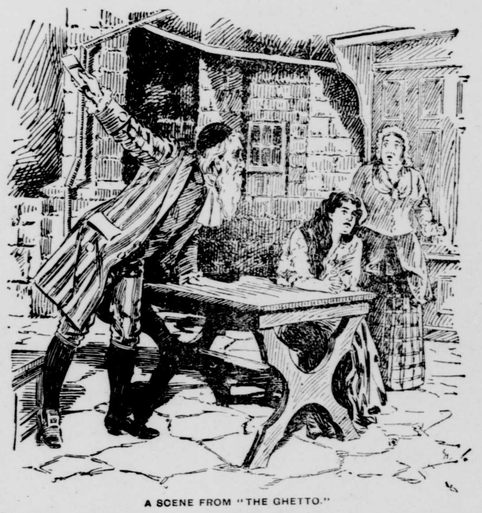
"My Innocent Boy," at the Garrick Theater, is one of the funniest farces that have been given in New York for a long time. In the cast are Otis Harlan and Florence Wickes.

Joseph Jefferson comes rightfully by his talents, for four generations of Jeffersons have been actors. The first Joseph Jefferson, grandfather of our Rip Van Winkle, was long associated with the Chestnut theater in Philadelphia; his father and Rip's great grandfather, Thomas Jefferson, was commedian of Garrick's company.

Charles Wyndham, the London actor-manager, in a speech made recently at the opening of the Royal Duchess theater at Balham, spoke of the coming change in the theatrical world, the tendency away from "centralization in the hands of the few to diffusion in the hands of the many." He said it was a sign of the times—the growth of the spirit of decentralization—this building so many new theaters away from the center. Mr. Wyndham is a man of wide experience, of keen judgment and broad knowledge, and his words on this matter are full of significance. It may be, in our own day, we shall see not the opinion of one center for a standard, but the consensus of opinions of many centers.

"Hearts Are Trumps," a deep-dyed melodrama that has caused much talk in London, will be produced here under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. The story is neither pretty nor pleasant, but it is highly sensational and up-to-date, and there is a "real avalanche" on the stage.

Of all the lurid, crude, wild products of imagination, commend us to "Hearts Are Trumps." Was it opium or mince pie that evolved such a hodge-podge of cold-blooded, revengeful men warring on defenseless women, false friends, suspicious relatives, a woman speculator, a secret marriage, ostracised women, murder to obtain a life insurance? And then the remarkable way in which the long-concealed husband proves to be brother to the wife's enemy; in which the avalanche kills the man who wanted the insurance money instead of killing the heroine; in which the good are rewarded and the evil confounded! We are told that the beef-eaters have produced the best literature of the world, but we sometimes find the beef-eaters can stand a heavier dose of melodrama than their American brothers We wonder how the play will fare when it is transplanted.



A SCENE FROM "THE GHETTO."

Mr. Nat Goodwin has not yet fully recovered from the effects of an operation, but is to sail for home some time this month. Mr. Goodwin expects to fill his American contracts.

Ibsen's new play is nearly completed It will be presented simultaneously in Copenhagen and Berlin.

After an absence of three years Mme. Calve is back in America again, and expresses herself as well pleased with the fact. The prima donna weighs 30 pounds less than when she was here before, the sacrifice of the avoirdupois, so says the lady herself being made that she may the more appropriately fill the role of Juliette. Calve will appear in the humorous opera "Les Dragon des Villaers," in Massanet's "Herodiade," and will sing Juliette in Gounod's opera.

At the American theater the Castle Square opera company have begun their third season with an English text of "Der Meistersinger." Wagner's "Der Meistersinger" in English is a novelty, but not a great success.

Alice Neilson, in "The Singing Girl," will soon appear at the Casino.

MAX OWEN.

An American Liar.

The average American citizen takes a keen delight in helping a foreigner get muddled up in ideas concerning the United States. Returning to this country on a steamer recently an American found himself besieged by a young Englishman, who was determined to find out as much as possible about the new world before the steamer landed. He had been warned to keep a sharp outlook for hostile Indians, who sneaked about the streets looking for a chance to pounce upon and kill unsuspecting foreigners, and then make their escape by running around the corner and posing quietly before a cigar store until the crowd rushes on. He then asked about crocodiles, and if they could be found in large numbers. The unsophisticated Britisher was solemnly assured that they were not so numerous in the Hudson river as they were some time ago and that the most of them are found at Niagara falls, where the water falls 175 feet. It is a very interesting sight, he was told, to stand on the high rocks above and watch the powerful [illegible] swim up over the falls.—Chicago Evening News.

The Flower of the Air

By Katherine Tynan.

THEY had been little goat-herds together on a Sicilian hillside, Guiseppe and Maddalena. There, where the magic of Theocritus yet lingers, the brown children are as beautiful as Graces among the olive groves and vineyards. Maddalena, dancing with her ragged skirt held high, and her brown bare feet twinkling in the grass where the cicala sings, might have made a living part of an idyll. It was always Maddalena who danced, and Beppo who sat on the scorched hillside piping her music, his brown eyes mysterious with dreams.

They were both orphans and perhaps the loneliness was a link to draw them closer together. For such there was the stick if the goats strayed, or they forgot to be home by sundown. Maddalena had her own share of beatings, yet she would have borne them doubly, trebly, if Beppo could only have gone free, for Beppo was fragile and gentle, and the stick that only enraged her and made her obstinate, had, on the contrary, made Beppo ill for days.

Yet, if Maddalena had not kept her wits about her, they would have been in trouble much oftener than they were. It was Beppo who would forget on the warm hillside the sickness of his last beating, and the chill of his empty stomach, making tunes for Maddalena to dance to, while the goats invaded the vineyards, or the dews and night found them yet far afield.

It was good while the summer lasted, and the children could forget the beatings in the comfort of the sun on their half-clad bodies. But harder when it was winter, sharp and bright, and there were more children, real children of the house, than the house could hold, and Beppo's starvation and nakedness told upon him, so that he coughed and grew hollow-eyed, while Maddalena was only exhilarated by the clear air and the unwinking sunlight.

Maddalena was always the little mother, ready with compassion and comfort for her Beppo, when they wanderd apart from the other children, who looked at them askance, because they were orphans, and had to bear the blame and the blows.

She was very much stronger than the boy, and their positions were quite reversed, she bearing the heavy burdens and taking the rough roads; he accepting this state of things, as though he were the girl and she the boy. No one but Maddalena knew as the boy himself did the aches and the weariness that made him lean on his friend as a sick child on the bosom of its mother.

But there was neither sickness nor chill in the air the day Antonio came that way.

It was a brilliant day, and the joy of the world had got into Beppo's fluting and Maddalena's dancing. The little, lean, golden-brown girl in her ragged frock of brown and orange and scarlet, was gay as a humming bird. Lightly as one she poised and floated and swayed over the burnt grasses, and danced faster and faster as Beppo, with eyes of rapture, made wilder music.

Suddenly the pipe fell from his lips and the dancer came to earth.

"Brava, bravissima!" from the lips of a stranger, had sufficed to break the spell.

The newcomer was a bearded, dark fellow of middle age, with a wide mouth, and a smile of extreme enjoyment that fell on the children with a suffusing friendliness. He was extravagantly dressed, with a profusion of bright colors and a hat hung with ribbons. The children thought him very fine and gazed at him open mouthed.

"I am sorry," he said, making a bow to Maddalena, "to have interrupted the signorina's delicious performance. See here"—he took from his breeches pocket a handful of small coins and scattered them—"'tis a tribute to beauty and genius; but gold it should be, gold and gems, if Antonio Romano could but follow the promptings of his heart."

He seated himself on the grass by Beppo, with the manner of one coming critically to the theater.

"Dance now, my beauty," said he; "dance again and let me delight myself with your grace! And you, Sig. First Violin, will you not tune up again?"

By degrees he won the confidence of the shy children, and Maddalena danced for him untiringly, and afterwards went through the acrobatic performances copied from what she had seen at a traveling circus.

"Ah!" he cried, and again "Ah!" with deep breaths of satisfaction. And at last, having applauded vigorously, he begged them to lead him to their mothers in the cottage below.

"Ah!" said Maddalena, "I have no mother, nor has Beppo. None cares for us, except the Mother of God. So we love each other and make pets of the goats."

She started suddenly, and springing up, looked distractedly about the hill side.

"They have wandered again," she cried, "and to-night there will be beatings and no supper for thee, Beppo, and for me. Alas! it is my fault, and it is only last night that she beat thee, and starved thee, caro."

She ran to Beppo and caught his head to her breast as might a mother, quite unheeding the presence of the gay stranger, who was the cause of their transgression.

But Antonio Romano swore an oath which the recording angel might well blot out.

"Per Bacco!" he cried. "Who is she, this monster that beats and starves motherless babes? And thou, Flower of the Air, dost thou also go hungry as well as thy flute-player?"

Maddalena nodded energetically.

A smile broke over the stranger's expressive face.

"Come away, my children," he said, "and let the goats wander home unguided at evening. Come; we have room for both in the great caravan below there. We go to Palermo, where the signorina shall dance in the square and the signor shall pipe to her."

He spread his hands out above their heads.

"Come, little ones," he said, "my good wife shall feed and clothe you. If Papa Antonio is ever harsh or cruel with you, may the little one he g[illegible] to Heaven [illegible] him!"

He took a hand of each, and the children, fascinated, went away with him.

Antonio led his two goat-herds to where by the door of the biggest caravan a buxom, kind-faced woman, with long earrings, cooked something savory over a little stove.

"See, my beloved, what I have brought thee," he said. "These are two little orphans, rescued from hunger and the whip, to be thine own instead of the angel we have lost."

"They have no mother?" she asked, already opening her arms.

"Nor father, my beautiful. They are the little children of the good God, and now they are ours."

A little later the white oxen were once more put in the yoke. The whips cracked, the great caravan lumbered heavily, and Beppo and Maddalena sat snugly within Antonio's wheeled house. lest any should see and recognize them and held each other's hands, and looked in each other's eyes, full of delight and wonder at their adventure, and fearing nothing so long as they were together

Antonio was as good as his word. No father and mother could have been more tender to the little waifs than he and Teresita.

There was no hue and cry upon their track. Who cared for them, poor little human crickets, when the goats came home alone at evening. At first, the stick stood ready to the stout peasant hands to punish them when they should come. But presently it was realized that they would not come; and none grieved, since Beppo was a weakling and Maddalena passionate and obstinate.

The years passed very happily, journeying up and down the strange countries, with Antonio and Teresita and their troupe of mummers. Madalena brought prosperity of a kind to Antonio. She was no ordinary dancing-girl, no common acrobat. The strength and suppleness which had made Antonio call her "Flower of the Air" retained her name, and everywhere the caravans halted, drew crowds to see her dance on the tight-rope and disport herself at giddy heights as secure and graceful as any bird.

But, as the snows and the storms drove the circus into winter quarters, so the snows of age in time fell on Antonio. They had all earned for the day and saved nothing; and the time came when the troupe melted and broke up and Antonio and Teresita were left all but alone with their children.

It was then that the English impresario saw the performance of the "Flower of the Air," and offered her an engagement at a salary that nigh took her breath away.

Maddalena danced with joy.

"Now it is my turn," she said, "and you will go back to Sicily, little father and mother, and own a little vineyard, and keep a roof for Beppo and me to return to one day."

"Beppo will go with thee, child?" said Antonio. "It is well. Are you not brother and sister? And Teresita and I will be happier knowing he is near thee in the wicked world."

All these years, Beppo, sickly and dreamy, had been little use in the Romano troupe. Not that he was ever allowed to feel that his Sicilian piping was thin as the cicala's song to those who liked the blare of brazen instruments.

"He brought love for him when he came," said Teresita, to whom the children stood in place of the baby she had lost; and both she and Antonio were proud of the tall, handsome, delicate lad, who had the look of a signor and not of a son of peasants.

"Why, father and mother mine," said Maddalena, in response to Antonio's speech, "we have a much better plan than that; a much better plan."

She blushed and dimpled all over like a brown pool in sunlight.

"We are to marry, Beppo and I See you, we have always loved each other. Before you came to love us, we had only each other and the Madonna and the angels. And it is better that I should be Signora than Signorina in the world we go to."

So it was settled, and the little lovers of old became husband and wife and went away with the English impresario, while Antonio and Teresita went sadly back to Sicily and became proprietors, selling the caravans, and turning the white oxen to the plow.

They looked long for the children to come to them, but they did not come, although the fond and faithful letters and the money came regularly.

"A little longer," wrote Maddalena "and we will come and will stay, and I shall forget that I was the 'Flower of the Air,' and shall be glad to remember that I am only a little withered flower on a Sicilian hillside."

The performances at the Variety drew many of the class which likes to see its fellow-creatures throw dice with death.

The most daring and most graceful of the performances was that of Signora Romano, the "Flower of the Air," with her dance at a giddy height and her wonderful flight through space.

Two men watched her from a private box as she curtsied to the audience. She was unspeakably brilliant in her doublet of gold tissue and hose of yellow satin.

"What a charming creature!" said one.

"Yes," said the other, and then lifted his hat. "Ave, flor Martyrum!" he added, gravely.

"Why, Hilton," said the other, "what words in such a place!"

"I say it every time I see her," said the other. "Look, man, and you will say it, too. Don't you see the martyr in her eyes?"

"You are sentimental, Hilton."

"No, it is only that you are dull, Dalvell. One day—she will be less strong than usual, or she will be distracted—the least little wrench during her somersault, and she will break her back. I have come here day after day to see it. She knows that it will happen in all probability. She is prepared for death every time she steps on that stage. It is a race between her and death."

"I hope you are not right, Hilton. If you are the legislature should put down such performances."

"It will eventually, when some great awakening comes to our country people. Just look at their faces. Those women there have the very expression of the Roman dames when they turned up the thumb. What do you suppose brings them except the chance of seeing yonder little human flower smashed to pieces?"

"[illegible] you, Hilton?"

"I come for the same purpose, but for another reason. Do you see the handsome fellow in the wings who gloats over the signora's beauty?"

"A lover?"

"Yes, and a husband. It is for his sake the child runs a race with death every day. It is for his sake I am here."

"Tell me more."

"The man is dying on his feet. Any great shock would kill him; but, on the other hand, a life of well-being might prolong his indefinitely. This is the signora's first lucrative engagement. Every time she performs brings her one step nearer to safety for them both. She has promised me that she will take him back to Sicily after her time here terminates. There are a couple of old people there who depend on her also."

"How much you know about her, Hilton!"

"She called me in to see him. He has been spitting blood."

"Does he know her danger?"

"He sees the performance is dangerous, but he is used to it, and he has unbounded confidence in her strength and dexterity. They keep themselves from thinking too much by planning the life in Sicily when her peril is over—all the years are provided for. They do not ask much, poor children! They have all the Italian's frugality. I pray the thing may end well. But now—ah! there she goes, like a golden butterfly."

"I feel a hound to be here," said Dalvell. "No, I shall not see her leap. It is playing with flesh and blood. And, good God, there are children here as well as women!"

"Watch the husband's face, then," replied the doctor. "He is rapturously in love with her, and yet their happiness is so quiet. They were children together."

Dalvell looked at the man in the wings. Unseen by the rest of the house, he was kissing his hand to the woman in the flies. His slender figure leaned forward a little; his eager eyes were full of light.

It must have been the moment of the leap. Dalvell heard the low sigh of suspense of the people about him. He still watched the husband.

Suddenly—he could not tell how it happened, it was in a flash of time—the man in the wings staggered and lurched forward. He had the impulse to rush to his aid. But there rang through the hall the most terrible cry, and then everyone rose up; there was a hoarse shout, a pressing forward, a swaying, a breaking out of many voices, and the mass of people was rushing confusedly in one direction.

"Come with me," said Hilton. "What I feared has happened. I'm afraid I can hardly do much for her. It is damnable she should have been allowed to kill herself. But that poor lad!"

"I don't think he will know," said Dalvell, in a hushed voice, looking towards the huddled-up figure in the wings. "At least, he did not see her fall. Thank God for that!"

The "Flower of the Air" had been carried behind the scenes.

Dr. Hilton hurried there, made a hasty examination.

"Her back is broken," he said; "she will not live very long. She is smashed to pieces."

"Come with me," said Dalvell. "I think they have not found him, but her husband is lying in the wings."

"He saw her fall?"

"No. I am afraid she saw him. It must have been that that caused the accident."

"Ah! I saw her poor little face. Then she came . . . crash!"

Beppo was carried to the dressing-room. There was nothing to be done for him. He had died quite suddenly.

"Angina pectoris, no doubt," said Dr. Hilton. "Perhaps, poor lad, he realized suddenly that she was in deadly peril. Perhaps not. Anyhow, he has gone before her."

In the broken little figure of the "Flower of the Air" life stirred. The eyes, that seemed the only things uninjured, opened, and fixed themselves after a minute on Dr. Hilton's face.

"Beppo?" she cried, with difficulty "I saw him fall."

The doctor held something to her lips.

"Be brave, my child. You are dying; but he has gone before you."

"Ah! he need not know. It will be better than Sicily . . . and there are none sick there. The money is for the old people . . . you will find it . . Dr. Hilton . . . at my lodgings."

The voice died off in sing-song.

"I am so glad . . . "—she panted again—"that he . . . has gone first . . . I could not have left . . . him."

"Come, Dalvell," said Dr. Hilton. "We can do no more. She will not speak again."—London Sketch.

HEARD IN ART STUDIOS.

Appreciation.—Mauve—"This is not my best work. I only painted it to keep the wolf from the door." His Friend—"Hang it out. It will be a success."—Harper's Bazar.

Wig—"This fellow D'Auber tells me that he only paints pictures for amusement." Wag—"Well, he certainly attains his end; his pictures are a laughing stock."—Philadelphia Record.

Tommy (showing drawings to a visitor)—"These are my worst drawings, Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith—"Indeed, Tommy! And where are your other ones?" Tommy—"Oh, I haven't drawed them yet!"—N. Y. Truth.

"How are you getting on in your clay modeling, Kitty?" "Oh—just lovely! I'm devoted to it." "This is a fine head; who is it?" "Goodness, don't ask me; isn't he sweet? It is either Martin Luther or Benjamin Franklin."—Detroit Free Press.

Bystander (to hungry-looking artist who is gazing into a bakery window)—"Why are you spending so much time looking at that pastry?" Artist—"Studying the composition for my masterpiece, 'The Starving Poet's Dream.' Did you think I was hungry?"—Cleveland Leader.

"No, my dear, we have suffered enough from those homemade paintings by your aunt. I positively object to your hanging that daub." "But, George, it is so beautifully framed." "That was all well enough some time ago, but frames are so ridiculously cheap now that it's no object."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Difference.

Squire Peavy—Your nephew plays the fiddle, don't he?

Uncle Ezra—Nope; he jest fiddles.—N. Y. Journal.

Causes of Hysteria.

Most people do not sufficiently understand that hysteria is a symptom and not a disease. Among the many predisposing causes which might be named are chronic dyspepsia, neuralgia, anemia, depressing surroundings and a great mental anxiety and worry. Sometimes hysteria is due to ennui, and it is a well-accepted fact that it is an affection which chiefly attacks the upper middle classes. Poor people have no time to indulge in the luxury of a display of the emotions. When the cause can be ascertained, the general treatment must be directed toward its removal. Daily exercise in the open air, the morning sponge bath and a good quinine and iron tonic are valuable aids toward a cure. A change of air and scene will also sometimes work marvels, and in all cases the patient's mind should be kept interested and amused. —Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

When He Broke His Rule.

"I never turn my back to danger," said the young man who was endeavoring to impress the girl with a sense of his fearlessness.

A moment later her father kicked him down the front steps.

"George," she called after him as he ran, "George!"

"What?" he cried, seeing that the old gentleman had gone back into the house.

"How about never turning your back to danger?" she asked.

But the wind moaning through the trees in the front yard brought the only answer she received.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Utilizing It.

Mrs. McGorry—Oi'll be afther burnin' this owld letther from Mrs. Shannihan, tellin' about the clock fallin' aph the shilf on her little Patsy's hid an' nearly crackin' the skull av him. Shure, ut's six mont's owld, an' Oi'll niver want to rade ut again.

McGorry—Don't burn ut; give ut to me. Me Uncle Dinnis, out in Chicagy, will be ixpictin' a letther from me soon, an' Oi'll sind him thot wan—ut will save me the throuble av wroitin' another.—Puck.

Humpback Fish for Negroes.

One would need to be very hungry for me to eat a humpbacked salmon after seeing it raw. These fish are at times quite numerous in Puget sound and occasionally large hauls are made in seines or traps. They cannot be sold for anything fresh, but it is said that quantities of them are sometimes canned and sold away down south for the benefit of the colored population, by whom they are held in as much esteem as the "calico salmon."—Portland Oregonian.

One of Life's Changes.

Manager—Fire that new typesetter! Foreman—What has he done?

"Made a terrible blunder in that hotel menu card."

"How?"

"Mistook a P for an N. Made it read 'Poodle Soup' instead of 'Noodle Soup.' Fire him, I say!"—Chicago Evening News.

Probable Cause for the Failure.

Mrs. Newlywed—I was going to have some sponge cake as a surprise for you, dear, but I confess it was a failure.

Mr. Newlywed—What was the matter?

"I don't know for sure, but I think the druggist sent me the wrong kind of sponges."—Philadelphia Record.

Sad.

"I'm saddest when I sing," she shrieked—
"I'm saddest when I sing!"
And with her vengeful hands she made the old piano ring.
And when she paused these words came from a horrid neighbor man:
"You're not the only biscuit of the sad sort in the pan!"
—Denver Post.

CONSULTATION OF THE FUTURE.



Dr. Skinnem—Have you made a careful X-ray examination of the patient?

Assistant—I have; here is the chart. It shows in all 72 cents in change distributed in various pockets. Also a key and a meal ticket.

Dr. Skinnem—Um, I see. Tell him we don't care to treat him.—N. Y. World.

The Curse of the Pigeon.

If a man wishes to keep pigeons and confines them in wire-covered yards, they will pay, but to have a lot of pigeons flying over the whole neighborhood is a curse to every farmer and poultryman, as they not only eat food that other persons than the owner of the pigeons must pay for, but they bring and carry disease from one flock to another, says an exchange. Cholera, roup and lice are spread by pigeons. Every community should rebel against the man who turns a flock of pigeons loose to fly where they desire. Owls, hawks and minks are blessings compared with pigeons where poultry is kept.

His Guidance.

Madge—Why did the minister refuse to preach against the modern bathing dress?

Marjorie—Because the Bible says: "Despise not the day of small things."—Town Topics.

It Might Be Worse.

Kelly (growing pathetic)—Pity a poor, unfortunate man, Kelliher, thot's got to go home to his woife!

Kelliher—Brace up, Kelly! Brace up! Ye should be thankful ye are not the sultan!—Puck.

Undesirable.

"Do you suppose the time will ever come when women will serve on the jury?"

"I hope not. There are too many disagreements now."—Detroit Free Press.

A Man's Dollars.

A man may not have a dollar he can call his own and yet have a good many thousand that he calls his wife's.—Chicago Daily News.

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