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A Single Beauty. Art Palace, water front. The Steamer "Whale Back" at Full Speed.

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Egyptian Bazaar.

Javanese Bride and Groom.—Only couple married on Midway Plaisance.

Statue "Plenty."

Obelisk and Colonnade.

A Woman from Nazareth.

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THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.,

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Send me the Two Parts in Leather and Gold for 75 cents.

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER AND MOSES

White Pharaoh's daughter
Went down to the water
Where there was young Moses a-swimming
around.
With his basket all handy,
And a stick of sweet canary
To keep him from crying until he was found.

Seize her a maiden:
"Bring here the young bayethen,
Four trotters be making the fair violence,
If the water doth wet him,
Or the alligator gets him,
It's no crocodile's train you'll be shedding,
I ween."

He who from his swimmin'
He was brought to the wimmin,
Faith it shows how the bairney's a prima
chief joy.
A mate now I'm makin',
Just as sure as I'm makin',
Bejeweled says she, 'tis the broth of a boy,
Jack Haven's University Courier.

I SMELL SMOKE.

Mr. Snodle is an inveterate smoker and has a most reprehensible habit of smoking in bed, but Mrs. Snodle, though she allows him to smoke anywhere else, very properly forbids him to indulge in such a dangerous practice. However, as Mrs. Snodle is a remarkably sound sleeper Mr. Snodle frequently enjoys to a few stolen whiffs.

One night when in bed Mr. Snodle had an irresistible desire for a pipe, which he vainly endeavored to combat. His wife was fast asleep, so he cautiously stretched out his hand for his pipe, which lay on a little table by the bedside. Then with equal caution he filled it, lighted up, and was puffing away with intense relish when Mrs. Snodle turned over and gave two or three snorts.

"I believe she's going to wake up," thought Mr. Snodle, and hastily took his pipe from his mouth and placed it on the table.

Mrs. Snodle gave a few more snorts and woke up. Then she gave a series of sniffs, and Mr. Snodle trembled, for the room was pregnant with tobacco smoke.

"John, are you smoking?" asked his wife sternly.

"Certainly not, my dear. Whatever makes you think so?" he innocently inquired.

"Because I can smell tobacco," she replied. "Phew, how strong it is! Don't you smell it, John?"

"Can't say I do, Martha. I've got a bit of a cold."

"Open your eyes, man, and then you will," snapped Mrs. Snodle.

"I don't smell with my eyes," giggled Mr. Snodle.

"What I mean is wake up properly and sniff hard. Now, can't you smell it?"

"Well—er—I think there is a faint odor of tobacco," admitted the culprit.

"Think—faint odor? Why, the place reeks with it! I tell you what it is, John, there's somebody smoking in the house," declared his wife.

"Do you think Jane indulges in a pipe on the sly?" suggested Mr. Snodle.

"Nonsense!"

"Well, my dear, the only other living thing in the house is the cat, and I never heard of cats smoking."

"Don't talk rubbish, John. It's a serious matter. It's my firm belief there's a burglar smoking in the house." And Mr. Snodle shivered.

"Ah, very likely," replied Mr. Snodle, thankful for his lucky escape and preparing to go to sleep again.

"John, are you going to sleep and let the house be ransacked?" asked his wife indignantly.

"Certainly not, my dear."

"Then why don't you go down stairs and catch the burglar?"

Mr. Snodle very reluctantly got out of the warm bed into the cold air, sleepily lit a candle and moved toward the door.

"Aren't you going to take some weapon of defense?" asked his wife.

"Do you want to be killed? I never saw such a man!"

Mr. Snodle rather sulky seized the poker and muttered that if he found a burglar he'd make it smoking hot for him.

He had got half way down stairs and was thinking of anything but burglars when he suddenly saw a man dart out of the dining room and bolt down the kitchen stairs. Mr. Snodle's first impulse was instant flight, for he was an arrant coward, but he was so astounded and petrified with fear that he was utterly unable to either move or speak. He simply stood still, holding the candle nearly upside down, with his mouth wide open. Then he heard the back door bang and knew that the burglar was gone, so thought it was about time for action and to earn a little cheap glory.

So he roared out: "You villains! I'll murder you! I'll scalp you as clean as a whistle!" and rushed down stairs. He had never before felt so heroic in his life. He bounded into the dining room and fought fiercely with the furniture, especially the fender, as he could bang into that without injuring it much until he was quite exhausted.

"John, come up stairs!" screamed Mrs. Snodle. "You'll be killed!"

"It's all right, Martha," shouted back Mr. Snodle.

"Have you got the rascals safely bound then?"

"No, they've got away. But I've nearly killed 'em!"

"Thank heaven! Come up stairs and let me dress your wounds, dear," said Mrs. Snodle solicitously.

Mr. Snodle, after securing the back door, which the servant had omitted to lock, and undoing the bundle of plate that the burglar had left behind in his hurry to escape, went up stairs.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Snodle on beholding him, "then you're not dead?"

"No, dear," he said, mopping his brow. "But it was a terrible fight."

"I'm sure it was. I never heard such an awful row. Did they take anything?"

"Only their hook," grinned Mr. Snodle. "I was just in time to prevent 'em carrying off the best part of our plate. It was all tied up ready. That

idiot of a Jane forgot to lock the back door. I'll give it to her in the morning!"

"The silly girl! How many burglars were there, John?"

"Two. One great fellow over 6 feet, and another bigger, if anything, but I caught one a crack on the head that must have pretty well smashed it, and I'm sure I've broken the other one's leg," declared the mendacious Mr. Snodle.

"Then I wonder he could run away," remarked his wife.

"He doesn't run with his arms, Martha."

"No, but you said you'd broken his leg, John."

"Oh, I meant arm."

"I suppose the place is covered with blood?" queried Mrs. Snodle.

"No, they took that away with 'em—I mean they ran away so quickly that I don't think it had time to drop."

"I'm glad of that. I hope you haven't got any internal injuries, John?" asked Mrs. Snodle anxiously.

"Well, dear," he laughed. "I have a strange empty feeling about the stomach, but I dare say a little whisky and water will put that all right."

"John," exclaimed his wife, gazing at him admiringly. "I never felt so proud of you as I do at this moment. Fancy you tackling two great burglars and putting them to flight without getting a scratch yourself! I always thought you were rather a coward. Forgive me, darling, for having thought so for now I know you are the bravest of the brave!"

"I don't know about that, Martha, but I think I have my share of courage," said Mr. Snodle modestly.

"You're a perfect hero," exclaimed Mrs. Snodle enthusiasm. "Would you not like a pipe dear?" You haven't had a single cigarette since I came, and I'm sure you deserve one after your terrible exertions. As you know, John, I never object to your smoking anywhere, except in bed. That I will not allow."

"Quite right, Martha. There's no telling what such a practice might lead to," remarked Mr. Snodle thoughtfully, lighting his pipe.

"Fancy, John," said Mrs. Snodle, fancying the burglars smoking. "What impudence they've got! How ever, if I hadn't smelled the smoke, we shouldn't have discovered the burglars. So we may say our property was saved by a pipe, may we not?"

"We may indeed, Martha," replied Mr. Snodle, and he meant it.—London Tit-Bits.

Gold Digging.

Perhaps it was not an old "forty-niner" who gave the following description, but it was a man who knew the work in question. Like most enthusiasts, however, he underrates the trial and disappointment involved:

It's the prettiest work I ever did. It's the fascination of it, when you've struck pretty rich and see your gold right in front of you, when you're piling it up every half hour of the day, with a nugget now and again as big as a bullet to cheer you.

And then when the evening comes, and you count it up and find it's hundred odd dollars just picked out of the earth that day—well, there's nothing like it!

Then when you don't strike it you always think you're going to next day, and it's just as exciting hearing other men tell in the evening what they've pulled out as it is counting over your own. Why, I've been three or four months at a time without making a dollar, and without a cent in my pocket, but, give whittaker, the excitement of it don't give a man time to think how hard he is.—Youth's Companion.

A Creed of Love.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweethearts, speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear such a person to be stricken ill or even compass his death. After having procured a few hairs, a nail paring or something from the person of the intended victim, they make a little image of him in flour, and in this stick the relic. Then it suffices to prick the head, tongue, or limbs of the effigy to cause acute pain to be felt by the original in the same portion of his body. Of course, one must recite certain potent charms the while. In them lies the secret of success. I am not aware that this mode of bewitching a person, so well known in the western world in ancient and medieval times, obtains to any great extent in Asia. Personally I have never met it elsewhere.—W. Woodville Rockhill in Centurion.

Like unto Like.

An officer and a lawyer talking of a disastrous battle, the former was lamenting the number of brave soldiers who fell on the occasion, when the lawyer observed that "those who live by the sword must expect to die by the sword."

"By a similar rule," answered the officer, "those who live by the law must expect to die by the law."—New York Ledger.

Colorado has 8,000,000 acres under artificial irrigation. The farm products exceed \$12,000,000 a year. There are 1,500,000 cattle, 2,000,000 sheep. The cattle cover 40,000 square miles. The supplies of marble, granite and other building stone are inexhaustible.

In testing the lifting power of growing plants and vegetables—an experiment made under the auspices of the United States department of agriculture—it was found that common pumpkins could lift a weight of 2½ tons.

Philadelphia has some long streets—

Second street, 15 miles; Germantown and Ridge avenue, 10 miles; Broad street, 9½ miles; Frankford avenue, 8 miles; Fifth street, 6½ miles; Market street, 6 miles.

A man's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds.

The poet writes of the music of the woodland depths, but he omitted to say it is the pine tree that gives the pitch.—Lowell Courier.

The mortar and pestle still in use in most parts of Asia and all over Africa is the prototype of the modern flour mill.

The syrinx, or bundle of reed pipes, is the prototype of the bagpipe.

THE LILAC.

The lilac stands close to Elizabeth's window.