



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Cure for 'Cure'

At 10 years of age I had the first attack of Epilepsy, after trying 8 of the best doctors I grew weary and gave up all hopes, when a friend gave me a bottle of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic. Although I had not the least faith in it, I thought "Well, I'll try it" and I am sure now that it did not kill but it is a quick cure, for, after using it only 1 month it was a great deal better and after using it 3 months I am well. A. Vidmar.
Worth His Weight in Gold.
Woolster, O., June 28.
I was completely worn out with nervous exhaustion, tried all sorts of doctors and medicines without any benefit, but the effect of Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic was marvellous, it restored my health. The Tonic is worth its weight in gold.
54 W. North St.
MRS. F. Dwyer.
Certified by G. J. Krieger, Druggist.
A valuable booklet on Nervous Exhaustion, and a sample bottle of Tonic, free on request. For particulars also see the enclosed letter.
This remedy has been prepared by Reverend E. Koenig, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1874, and is now made in his laboratory.
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
40 S. Franklin Street.
Sold by Druggists at 50¢ per bottle. 6-2222
Large Size, \$1.75. 6-Bottles for \$5.
For Sale at 125 North Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y.

A. O. H. Secretaries.

ATTENTION!
We supply all the Divisions in this vicinity with our Blanks, Books, Tickets, Invitations, Badges, and in fact everything in the printing line, and why? Because first of all they are neatly printed, low in price and are delivered promptly.
Can we not supply you?
Please examine the following list, all of which are kept on hand ready for quick shipment.
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All kinds of Society printing. Estimate furnished. Samples sent on application. Send for Order Blank.
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A VERY QUEER WILL.

A Rich Farmer Devises His Property in Terms, Plain Language.
The will of Samuel Edwards, a wealthy farmer, late of Newtown, O., offered for probate recently, is probably as unique a document as ever went upon the records of the county.
The testator begins as follows: "I want to make another will. The one I made last June don't suit me. I'd been sick and was sort of worried. I feel first rate now, and I know just what I want, therefore I, the said Samuel Edwards, do make public and declare this to be my last will, revoking hereby any and all former will or wills whatsoever by me made. First, I'll begin with the boys again. Tim has his share already, the 100 acres which I deeded him last spring. I want the other boys to have the home farm of about 880 acres." And so he proceeds in a general, circumstantial way to give it to them in proper proportion.
All the other items of the will are equally informal and are given with a refreshing disregard of the stiff solemnity which has always clothed the supposed last earthly wishes of the testator from the time wills and testaments were first written, and yet it tells plainly his wishes without a cloud of legal phraseology.
The testator has always been noted for a frank eccentricity in the community in which he lived and died highly respected. The Edwards family, with the Turpins and a few others, were pioneer settlers of the Miami valley and have always been large landholders and wealthy and influential citizens. The Edwards estate is estimated at \$100,000.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Gold Cure For an Indian.

Ab Loh Noe, a young and bright looking Cherokee Indian, is being treated for the liquor habit at the White Plains (N. Y.) Institute. He is the first Indian who has ever taken the gold cure, and the physicians say they will do something that has never been done before—that is, take away from a red man the love of liquor.
The young fellow was one of the students at the Indian school in South Carolina, and friends, sorry to see him wasting his life, induced him to go to White Plains.
The treatment has already had very good results, and the young Indian will be discharged as cured very shortly, and then will return to South Carolina to assist the members of his tribe.—Exchange.

Druggist monks of a monastery in... who have heretofore... to them from... in Ireland, have... an abbot and... the Rev. Father Albert.

DIOCESAN NEWS.

What Our Friends in the Surrounding Parishes are Doing.

From Our Special Correspondents.
(Continued from 7th page.)
Auburn.

On last week Thursday, Auburn Council No. 207, Knights of Columbus, conferred first degree on 16 and second degree on 26 candidates. The officers of the local council were assisted by Grand Knight James J. Whalen and Charles M. Barnes of Rochester, Grand Knight Sheehan, and Deputy Grand Knight Danaher, of Elmira. Robert Clark of Baltimore and E. F. McDonald, J. G. Geogary, Joseph Christian and Jeremiah J. Sullivan of Syracuse.

John G. Kottler, the popular tenor, has left for Portsmouth, Ohio, where he has accepted a position in a large shoe manufacturing firm. Mr. Kottler came here six years ago from Ulaca, and has since made many friends who will be sorry to part with him but nevertheless, will wish him success.

John J. Donoghue has returned from Holy Cross College for the summer vacation. John Sullivan, of Danville, is visiting friends in town.

Miss May DeVetle of Ithaca is the guest of her friend, Miss Margaret Purdy, of Division street.

Miss Anna Byrne of Lansing street, spent Sunday with Seneca Falls friends.
Miss Julia A. Engert, of the A. A. H. S. orchestra has returned from a few days' visit in Rochester.

The Holy Family school closed Friday of last week with appropriate exercises at which Rev. J. J. Hickey and Key, J. A. Malesy presided. In the eight grade Rev. Father Hickey presented beautiful volumes by the best authors for scholarship, deportment, or for pupils being present every day. After the prizes had been distributed the pastor, Rev. J. J. Hickey, addressed the pupils at the conclusion of which he gave his blessing. In the evening the members of the eighth grade were invited to a delightful ice cream lunch given by Mrs. Boyle. The pupils were joined by their beloved pastor and assistant pastors. A pleasing entertainment followed consisting of choice solos, both vocal and instrumental, together with selected recitations. Vocal solos were rendered by the priests. The solos were all good and pleased highly. The pupils who were bidding adieu to Holy Family school will always look back with the greatest joy to the closing scene in their dear old class room.

A class of 88 children received their first Holy Communion at the Holy Family church Sunday morning. Rev. J. J. Hickey celebrated the mass and afterwards gave instructions to the children. The latter were handsomely given, the altar was banked with white and pink roses and looked unusually beautiful. Later in the day the children were enrolled in the scapular.

Rev. P. A. Neville spent Monday in Syracuse.
Miss Ella Hickey, of Franklin street, returned from New York city Friday last, where she has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edward Doyle for the past two weeks.

The annual picnic and Field Day of St. Mary's School will be held at the Auburn Driving Park on Monday, July 5th. Committees have been actively engaged for some weeks past perfecting arrangements and inducing a wide-spread interest in the event. So far, indications point to a successful termination of their efforts. A bicycle parade will be one of the features. A base ball game between the Emmets and St. Mary's Temperance Union will be another drawing card. But, perhaps, the whole interest will be centered in the first annual Diamond race meet of the Cayuga County Cycling Club, which will be held in connection with the day's events.

Notice was received here during the week that one of our popular young priests had been transferred to Elmira. Rev. A. Malesy, who for some time past has acted as assistant pastor at the Holy Family church, proved to be the gentleman, and although his many friends in Auburn were pained to learn of his departure, nevertheless they were pleased to hear that the reverend gentleman had been so favorably considered for promotion to more important duties. The place of Father Malesy will be filled by Rev. Father Wall who was but recently ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid at Rochester, Genesee.

Mrs. Curran of Avon, visiting her sister, Miss Mary J. Higgins, on Monday.
Miss Margaret O. Dwyer has accepted a position as teacher in the school at Sidney, Delaware county, N. Y.

Miss Mellicent Green is visiting Miss Nellie Connon, at Skaneateles.
Born, on Tuesday morning, to Lawrence Leonard and wife, a boy.

The Genesee base ball team report this week for duty.
The band concert on Saturday evening was enjoyed by a large concourse of people.
The following notice will be read with interest: The Catholic people of Leicester have, with the permission of the Bishop of the diocese, purchased the old unused Baptist Church in the village of Moscow, will remodel it and plant in it as a Catholic Church. The question of having a Catholic Church at Moscow has long been under consideration, and now that it is an assured fact, the people of Leicester are happy. Over \$500 was raised the other evening. John McMahon and James Brophy were elected trustees. One priest will supply the churches of Fowlerville, Piffard and Moscow. The price paid for the church, together with an acre of ground, was \$1,300. The Rev. Father Day, of St. Patrick's Church, Mt. Morris, headed the subscription list with a gift of \$25.
Seneca Falls.

Miss Kate Murphy, of St. Louis, Mo., is spending her vacation at her home, on Washington street.

Miss Theresa Farroe is visiting her brother, Rev. Father Farron, in Rochester.
Miss Ella Desmond, of Cleveland, Ohio, formerly of this place, is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Patrick Roe, of Willard, attended the Commencement exercises at Myndersee Academy last Thursday evening.

Miss Anna Mae Murray has returned to her home, at Northville, after a pleasant visit at the home of John Mackin, on Bayard street.

The Father Hecker Literary Circle gave a reception in honor of the return of their pastor, Rev. Father O'Connor, at the home of Mrs. J. C. Ryan, on Swaby street, on Friday evening.

Miss Maggie McGuire left Monday for Albany, where she will make her future home.

Miss Anna Murphy has returned to Willard, after a pleasant visit with Seneca Falls friends.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Young Hobart and His Kite Stories of Stewart L. Woodford, Colonel Hepburn and the Cyclist.

[Special Correspondence.]
Young Master Hobart, the only son of the vice president and Mrs. Hobart, is a really little fellow, who makes friends without trying. He is as well known about the senate side of the capitol as his distinguished father, and he has a delightful knack of being electric. The queer instruments in the marble room have a perfect fascination for him, and he can read them at a glance and explain all about them in scientific terms. He hovers around them as though bewitched, according to a Post writer, and he and Mr. J. H. Jones, the obliging weather bureau man of the senate side, are fast friends. If you want to win Mr. Jones, just express an interest in his weather bureau apparatus. Young Master Hobart has been very much interested in the big kite experiments at Fort Myer and has pled Mr. Jones with questions till he knows almost as much about it theoretically as Mr. Jones does. Like all boys, he is fond of kite flying, and he said he would give a good deal to have a kite just like the Fort Myer one all for himself.

Miss Nora La Fleur has returned to Albany after a pleasant visit at her home. She was one of the graduates of Myndersee Academy of the class of '97.
Palmyra.

Mr. Patrick Burns, of Pennsylvania, who has been the guest of Owen Burns and family during the past week, has returned home.
Mr. James Doyle, of Lyons, spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. J. C. Coates and niece, Miss Mamie Brick, are spending the week in Scranton, Pa.
Mrs. John Toole, of Iowa, is the guest of her mother Mrs. Michael Gannon, ad Geneva.

On Wednesday, June 23, occurred the sad death of Edward Davenport at his late home on William street. He was a native of the County Mayo, Ireland, and one of Geneva's most respected citizens. His funeral was held Friday morning from St. Francis de Sale's church from where a large concourse of sorrowing friends followed the remains to St. Patrick's cemetery where he was laid to rest by the side of his loving wife which departed this life just a few short months ago. May their souls rest in peace. Amen.

East Bloomfield.
The Rosary Society of St. Bridget's Parish was more fully organized last Sunday when about fifty ladies joined. They will meet the first Sunday of each month.

There will be singing of the Vesper psalms and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock through the summer.
Michael Brennan, of Victor spent Sunday in town.

Miss Lucy McCarthy who has been on the sick list for some time was at church Sunday much to the surprise of her many friends.

Miss B. Martin who has been ill with the quincy has recovered.
Mrs. John Monahan and son left last week for Rochester, where she expects to stay.

A great amount of good was done here last week by the rain, as everything was badly in need of it.

Miss Lizzie O'Neill is on her vacation from Canandaigua Union School.

Miss Salmon, a former teacher in the Union school is in town visiting friends.

OUR AGENT.

Mr. A. Herman, our traveling agent, will call on subscribers in Auburn, Fleming, Owego, New Hope, Ensworth, Merrifield, Scipio, Sherwood, Venice, Poplar Ridge, Ledward, King's Ferry, Five Corners, Groton, Ithaca and Trumansburg.

Catarth Cannot be Cured.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarth. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c.

AGENTS WANTED.

If you do not see any news from your parish in THE JOURNAL write us. We desire an agent and correspondent in every parish in the diocese.

VERY GENEROUS HORSE.

Shared Its Oats With a Less Fortunate Equine Near By.
The horse is generally rated as one of the most intelligent of animals, and a pretty incident that was witnessed by a number of persons the other day shows that generosity also enters into his character.

Two fine looking horses attached to single buggies were hitched at the curb opposite the Chestnut street entrance to the Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired. The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

This horse was contentedly munching his oats when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been in horse language an invitation to the other fellow to help himself. Evidently he accepted it as such, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as his hitching strap would permit, but the strap was not long enough and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The other horse noticed and seemed to appreciate the difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose, until the other horse was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose rub of salutation, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.—St. Louis Republic.

Ripans Tabules: one gives relief. Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Frank James and His Bitter Past-A Tale of Cream and Confidence.

In his hopefulness of future fame, the one time train robber and general outlaw, sometimes thinks there is a future for him in politics. He has two ambitions. One is that he may someday be made a police commissioner in St. Louis and the other that he may be chief of police. One day he was standing in a theater lobby talking with some of his friends about the appointment of a new chief of police.
"How would I do for that place?" he asked with a smile. No one knew exactly what to answer. There was an embarrassing pause, and then the old outlaw drew himself up and let that hard glint into his eyes. "For 20 years," he said, "I defied them all to catch me, and I guess I could do a little catching myself if I tried."
Still there are other times when James seems to realize the forbidding handicap under which he labors. The newspapers of St. Louis are continually referring to him as the ex-bandit and extra-train robber, and it angers him terribly. "Why can't they let me alone?" he cried one day after reading one of these references. "For 12 years I've been trying to do the right thing. I've been working as hard and as honestly as any man alive to earn an honest living, and they won't let me alone. They won't give me a chance. But I'll tell you this"—and as he uttered the words he took off his hat and raised his right hand—"before God, I never did an act in my life that I was ashamed of, and I never stole a cent. They tried to hang me on perjured testimony, but they couldn't do it."—Boston Herald.

A Diamond Kite.

As the weather bureau kite is nine feet long it would be rather an unwieldy toy, but Mr. Jones set an expert at work on a kite of such dimensions as would be satisfactory for a boy to fly, and the completed work has been presented to Master Hobart. It is a Pouter diamond kite, made exactly like the weather bureau kite, only smaller. It is a queer looking thing, and old Ben Franklin would have a spell of nervous prostration over the posterity of the crude affair he used to provoke Jupiter Pluvius into sending rain down his wet kite string. But this is an up-to-date kite of the most approved scientific pattern, and Master Hobart is the envy of all when he goes out on the White lot to test his fine new toy.

Stories of Minister Woodford.

Many stories of Stewart L. Woodford, the new minister to Spain, are afloat. Some of them go to show that the president's choice is a pretty determined sort of fellow and knows how to act in an emergency. The "Chisholm murder" in Kemper county, Miss., many years ago, was vigorously prosecuted by the federal government, and Woodford was sent there to assist. The first time he entered the courtroom he passed down an aisle lined on both sides with friends of the man charged with the murder, and nearly every man carried a shotgun or a rifle. Woodford did not even change countenance. Putting down his law books, he turned and faced the crowd. "Personally," he said, "I have no objection to the extensive display of firearms which I see here today. I have often gazed into the barrels of guns of much larger caliber. However, if this case is to be tried with shotguns it might be as well to have an understanding in advance."
The sternness of his face and the calmness of his words created a wonderful effect. Although numerous threats had been made against "the Yankee lawyer," he was not molested in any way during the entire time of the trial.

Colonel Hepburn and the Cyclist.

Colonel Pete Hepburn, whose gallantry is of the old school order, such as women like to be the recipients of, but about concluded that the bicycle girl needs some coaching in what is dupestridians. He was wondering across the street the other evening, dodging bicycles in front of him, never dreaming of an unwelcome attack in the rear, when something struck him amidships 1,000 horse power and threw him about 20 feet over the pavement, nearly dislocating his neck. When he gathered his scattered senses and glanced around, he saw a young lady picking herself out of her bicycle, and before he had regained the use of his tongue he had created a sensation and mounted her silent steed and stolen off into the night. Colonel Hepburn now contemplates a steel cage armor or loading himself with dynamite when he takes his walks abroad.
Corcoran Art Gallery Open Sundays.
"The success of the Sunday afternoon opening of the Corcoran Art gallery has done more," said a member of the committee on public buildings and grounds of the senate, "to hasten the Sunday opening movement along than the years that the question has been agitated, and I am convinced that the next sundry civil appropriation bill will have in it a clause providing for the opening of the National museum on Sunday afternoons at least, even if the longer step of having it open the entire day is not adopted. The opposition to the Sunday opening has almost entirely died out, for the success of the Corcoran Art gallery has clearly demonstrated that the thing is practicable and desirable, and sensible people are willing that there shall be a trial. A year will prove whether the public wants the National museum open on Sunday or not. The movement has been necessarily slow, but it has been sure, and I think the National museum will be the best place to make the experiment."
Letter Writing Colored Folks.
"Taking the number of colored people in this city in comparison with the number of others," remarked an official of the city postoffice, "the former write and receive more letters in proportion to the others than is generally supposed. It is wonderful how colored people enjoy writing and receiving letters, and many of them seldom allow a day to pass without writing a letter. By this, of course, I mean those who are educated enough to write letters. Those who cannot read or write get and send many letters and manage in various ways to have their letters written and read for them. They will not use a postal card under any circumstances. They have an idea that the letter carries read all postal cards that go through their hands."—Cass, Somerset.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

Frank James and His Bitter Past-A Tale of Cream and Confidence.

Frank James and His Bitter Past-A Tale of Cream and Confidence.
How She Picked Winners.

Last summer a young woman from Kansas City while visiting friends in Chicago placed a small bet on a race at Roby, picked the three winners in their order and pocketed \$8,000 in cash.
That night she was busily explaining to a group of friends in a Dearborn avenue house what she would do with her new found wealth, when I asked her how she gained such a remarkable knowledge of the turf.
"Why, bless you," she said in surprise, "I don't know anything about such things."
"Then how did you happen to pick three winners out of a big field?" I asked.
"Well," she said earnestly, "it was very easy. I bought a daily paper which contained a list of the entries at Roby. Then I turned the paper over and struck a halpint through it. The first name I hit I set down for first place, the second one for second place and the third for third place."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Tale of Cream and Confidence.

An account of the troubles of a New Yorker who was once a millionaire recalls a story that was told about him two years ago, when he was, after a very harassing legal experience, sent to a hospital to be treated for nervous prostration. He is a man of very agreeable personality, and he rarely fails to become friendly with anybody with whom he may be thrown in contact. The doctors of the hospital grew to like him, and he was popular with everybody he met there. It was when the time came for him to leave that he expressed a desire to show his appreciation of the kindness that he had enjoyed, and as he wanted to do something which the patients as well as the doctors and nurses might enjoy it was a little difficult to decide just what form the demonstration should take. It was finally concluded that the plan suggested first by the convalescing patient was about the most feasible, and permission was given to buy ice cream enough for everybody in the place, including patients who were well enough to eat it. The evening before his departure came, and with it the ice cream. Great was the gratitude of the recipients of this kindness, and when the patient left he was more popular than ever. But to this day the confectioner still makes occasional and hopeless trips to the hospital and laments with as much delicacy as the situation demands the fatal mistake he made in delivering the ice cream on the order of a man who had shown far greater capacity for making debts than for paying them.—New York Sun.

Senator Chandler as Schoolmaster.

Senator Chandler as a schoolmaster was one of the interesting spectacles afforded in the senate not long since.
Senator Jones of Arkansas had stated that when a duty was placed on raw materials a compensatory duty must of necessity be placed on the manufactured article. With this as a text Mr. Chandler arose and called on Senator Berry of Arkansas to state whether he believed in the same doctrine. Mr. Berry arose and said that he did not believe in taxation at all. "It is robbery," said he, "and none the less robbery because it is under the form of law."
"Very good," said Mr. Chandler. "And now will the senator from Georgia, Mr. Bacon, kindly tell us what he thinks?"
Mr. Bacon obediently arose amid much laughter and announced that he could not agree with Mr. Jones' proposition. Mr. Chandler turned to Senator Tillman. "Will the senator from South Carolina," he said as the laughter increased, "stand up and let us know what his opinion is?"
Mr. Tillman, with a smile upon his face, stood up. He had a different view, believing that if there was to be wholesale robbery, as he termed it, he had a right to participate in what he could get. His speech was so long, however, that Mr. Chandler disappeared before it was concluded, and the interrogations, which might have extended to all the Democrats in the chamber, came to an end.—Washington Post.

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

A Shursbury man who had been drinking too much liquor for his own good was induced to sign the pledge the other day. His wife was delighted. She took the document and said:
"You must let me have it. I will keep it for you."
So the paper was confined to her custody. On the next day the man was drinking as freely as before.
"How is this?" asked a friend. "You signed the pledge yesterday, and now you are guzzling liquor again."
"It's all right," replied the pledge signer in unsteady tones. "I don't have to keep that pledge. My wife says she'll keep it for me. That's the kind of a wife to have, old fellow. Let's take a drink."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Palmy Days.

Jack—Where's your Bill now?
Jill—Out west.
"What about?"
"Raising palms."
"Doing what?"
"Raising palms—making the tenderfeet throw up their hands."—Yonkers Statesman.

Wanted an Easy Game.

Lazy Lawrence—Would ye have a billiard table in yer house if ye was rich?
Stationary Sam—Nope. Not unless it was on wheels, if I had a man to roll it around so I could play without walking.—New York Journal.

Used Adversely.

"Several times during the delivery of his commencement day oration he paused and took a drink of water. He was very dry."
"You mean he was very thirsty."
"Yes, he was thirsty too."—Chicago Tribune.

Sufficient Reason.

"I understood their engagement had been broken."
"Yes, she says she was deceived. He had only 6 century runs to his credit instead of 16, and as she had 14 herself he was clearly out of her class."—Chicago Post.

Always at Hand.

Visitor (at dime museum)—What do you do when you feel the need of exercise?
Living Skeleton—I take a walk around the fat woman.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Its First Experience.

"It is a beautiful one of the first water," said the applicant for a loan.
"Oh, I don't know," answered the pawnbroker. "It looks like it had been soaked before."—New York Journal.

Hand In Hand.

Financier—The first thing civilization teaches the savage is outward cleanliness.
Cynic—And the next is inward cleanliness.—Yellow Kid Magazine.

Something on Her Mind.

"Queen Victoria always looks so solemn."
"You'd look solemn, too, if you had had the Prince of Wales for a son all these years."—Chicago Record.

The Sarcasm Girl.

He—ab—have always had a horror of premature burial—being buried too soon, you know.
She—(Oh, phshaw! Such a thing is impossible.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Voice of Experience.

"He" sobbed the verdant bride, "does not love me any more."
"You are lucky," said the seasoned matron, "if he does not love you any less."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Absentminded Senator.

Washington Hostess—Will you take sugar, senator?
Senator Sorghum—Yes, say a thousand thanks—or abem—two lumps, please.—New York Journal.

Like Papa's.

A 6-year-old was seated in a barber's chair. "Well, my little man, how would you like your hair cut?"
"Oh, like papa's, with a little round hole at the top."—Tit-Bits.

Not Valuable.

"You didn't buy any of the graduating class photographs?"
"No, I should think not. My gown cost \$75, and they stuck me in the back row."—Chicago Record.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"De gre't difficulty 'bout agin on politics," said Uncle Eben, "is dat de better you does it de madder yob's liable to make some ob yob bes' friends."—Washington Star.

He Was a Bird.

Aid (charging furiously up)—General, the enemy has captured our left wing. What shall we do?
The commander—Fly with the other.—Truth.

Hard to Go Against.

"Well, are you winning anything out at the track?"
"Now, ye couldn't beat dem racers wit' a tapped wire."—Chicago Journal.

In Chicago.

She—I always preferred June weddings.
He—Yes. How many have you had?
—Yonkers Statesman.

The Summer Girl.

She read with kindling interest that each one chanced to shoot. That making notches on his gun. Struck her as "awful cute."
So very, very good it seemed. This summer girl plan. That new sha, too, comes victims by. Was notches on her—dan.
—E. E. Croel in Truth.