

MANILA BAY

(With the proper apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

In the sweet of northern springtime,
far away across the sea,
Sits a Yankee girl a waitin' an' she
waits for word o' me—
Me a-fightin' o' the Spaniards down in
old Manila bay.

With our nearest cable station some
six hundred miles away.
Here in old Manila Bay,
Where the Spanish squadron lay,
Down in Davy Jones's locker they're
a-lyin', sir, to-day.

Down in old Manila bay,
Oughter seen us fight that day,
When we sunk the Spanish war-
ships 'long about the first o' May.

But she won't be long a waitin' for her
boy, what's gone to war;
We'll be startin' out ter home soon,
though it seems almighty far.
When there's loving tears a waitin',
lips a waitin' to be kissed—
When a man's away a fightin' guess he
knows when he is missed.

Way from home across the seas,
Take me back, sir, if you please.
Set me down in old New England,
'neath the dear old shady trees.
Down in old Manila bay,
Oughter seen us fight that day,
When we licked the Spanish sailors
'long about Manila bay.

I am gittin' sick o' fightin'; sinkin'
ships is such a snap,
An' the forts they have down this way
only needs a gentle rap,
An' I'm comin' back, my sweetheart,
comin' home to love an' you.
Per the war was all but settled down
in old Manila's blue.

Down in old Manila bay,
Oh, it's weary miles away,
Where the Stars and Stripes are
wavin' over old Manila bay.

Down in old Manila bay,
Oughter seen us fight that day,
When we sunk the Spanish squad-
ron down in old Manila bay.

—Detroit Tribune.

THE PROMISE

"No rent again this month? This is
the third time it has happened within
the half year. I'll go there myself and
get the money, or I'll know the reason
why!"

Mr. Matthew Deane was in particu-
larly bad humor this raw December
morning. Everything had gone wrong.
Stocks had fallen when they ought to
have risen—his clerk had tipped over
the inkstand on his special and pecu-
liar heap of paper—the fire obstinately
refused to burn in the grate—in short,
nothing went right, and Mr. Deane was
consequently and correspondingly
cross.

"Jenkins!"

"Yes, sir."

"Go to the Widow Clarkson's, and
tell her I shall be there in half an
hour, and expect confidently—mind,
Jenkins, confidently—to receive that
rent money. Or else I shall feel myself
obliged to resort to extreme measures.
You understand, Jenkins?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then don't stand there starin' like
an idiot," snarled Mr. Deane, in a sud-
den burst of irritation; and Jenkins
disappeared like a shot.

Just half an hour afterwards, Mr.
Matthew Deane brushed the brown
hair just sprinkled with gray away
from his square yet not unkindly brow;
putting on his fur-lined overcoat he
walked forth into the chilly winter
air fully determined, figuratively, to
annihilate the defaulting Widow Clark-
son.

It was a dwarfish little red brick
house which appeared originally to
have aspired to two-storyhood, but
cramped by circumstances had settled
down into a story and a half; but the
windows shone like Brazilian pebbles,
and the doorsteps were worn by much
acquiring. Neither of these circum-
stances, however, did Mr. Deane re-
mark as he pulled the glittering brass
door knob, and strode into Mrs. Clark-
son's neat parlor.

There was a small fire—very small,
as if every lump of anthracite was
hoarded, in the stove, and at a table
with writing implements before her,
sat a young lady whom Mr. Deane at
once recognized as Mrs. Clarkson's
niece, Miss Olive Mellen. She was not
disagreeable to look upon, though you
would never have thought of classing
her among the beauties, with shining
black hair, blue long-lashed eyes, and
a very pretty mouth, white teeth like
rice kernels, so white were they.

Miss Mellen rose with a polite nod,
which was grimly reciprocated by Mr.
Deane.

"I have called to see your aunt, Miss
Mellen."

"I know it, sir, but as I am aware of
her timid temperament, I sent her
away. I prefer to deal with you my-
self."

Mr. Deane started—the cool audacity
of this damsel in gray, with scarlet rib-
bons in her hair, rather astonished
him.

"I suppose the money is ready?"

"No, sir, it is not."

"Then, Miss Olive, pardon me, I must
speak plainly. I shall send an officer
here this afternoon to put a valuation
on the furniture and—"

"You will do nothing of the kind,
sir."

Olive's cheek had reddened and her
eyes flashed portentously. Mr. Deane
turned toward the door, but ere he
knew what she was doing Olive had
walked quietly across the room, locked
the door, and taken out the key—then
she resumed her seat.

"What does this mean?" ejaculated
the astonished "prisoner of war."

"It means, sir, that you will now be
obliged to reconsider the question,"
said Olive.

"Oblige?"

"Yes—you will hardly jump out of
the window, and there is no other
method of egress unless you choose to
go up the chimney. Now, then, Mr.
Deane, will you tell me if you—a Chris-
tian man in the nineteenth century—
intend to sell a poor widow's furniture
because she is not able to pay you
rent? Listen, sir!"

Mr. Deane had opened his mouth to
remonstrate, but Olive enforced her
words with a very emphatic little
stamp of the foot, and he was, as if
stricken dumb.

"You are what the world calls a rich
man, Mr. Deane. You own rows of
houses, piles of bank stock, railroad
shares, bonds and mortgages—why
then this afternoon.

knows what? My aunt has nothing
I suppose her by copying. Now, if the
case be carried into a court of law, my
poor ailing aunt will be a sufferer—
you would emerge unscathed and profit-
ing. You are not a bad man, Mr.
Deane; you have a great many noble
qualities, and I like you for them."

She paused an instant, and looked in-
tently and gravely at Mr. Deane. The
color rose to his cheek—it was not dis-
agreeable to be told by a pretty young
girl that she liked him, on any terms,
yet she had indulged in pretty plain
speaking.

"I have heard," she went on, "of
your doing kind actions when you were
in the humor of it. You can do them,
and you shall in this instance. You
are across this morning, you know you
are. I wish, no excuse; you are selfish
and irritable and overbearing! If I
were your mother, and you a little boy,
I should certainly put you in a corner
until you promised to be good."

Mr. Deane smiled, although he was
settling angry. Olive went on with the
utmost composure.

"But as it is, I shall only keep you
here a prisoner until you have behaved,
and given me your word not to annoy
my aunt again for rent, until she is
able to pay you. Then, and not until
then, will you receive your money. Do
you promise? yes or no?"

"I certainly shall agree to no such
terms," said Mr. Deane, fairly.

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

Miss Mellen deposited the key in the
pocket of her gray dress, and sat
down to her copying. Had she been a
man, Mr. Deane would probably have
knocked her down—as it was, she wore
an invisible armor of power in the
very fact that she was a fragile, slight
woman, and she knew it.

"Miss Olive," he said, sternly, "let
us terminate this mummery. Unlock
that door!"

"Mr. Deane, I will not."

"I shall shout and alarm the neigh-
borhood, then, or call a policeman."

"Very well, Mr. Deane, do so, if you
please."

She dipped her pen in the ink and be-
gan on a fresh page. Matthew sat
down puzzled and discomfited and
watched the long-lashed eyes and faintly
tinted cheek of his keeper. She was
very pretty—what a pity she was so
obstinate.

"Miss Olive!"

"Sir?"

"The clock has just struck twelve."

"I heard it."

"I should like to go out to get some
lunch."

"I am sorry that that luxury is out
of your power."

"But I'm confounded hungry."

"Are you?"

"And I'm not going to stand this
sort of thing any longer."

"No?"

How provokingly nonchalant she
was. Mr. Deane eyed the pocket of the
gray dress greedily, and walked up and
down the room pettishly.

"I have an appointment at one."

"Indeed! what a pity you will be
unable to keep it."

He took another turn across the
room. Olive looked up with a smile.

"Well, are you ready to promise?"

"Hang it, yes; what else can I do?"

"You promise?"

"I do, because I can't help myself."

Olive drew the key from her pocket,
with softened eyes.

"You have made me very happy, Mr.
Deane. I dare say you think me un-
womanly and unfeminine, but indeed
you do not know to what extremities
we are driven by poverty. Good morn-
ing, sir."

Mr. Deane sallied forth with a cur-
ious complication of thoughts and emo-
tions struggling through his brain, in
which gray dresses, long-lashed blue
eyes, and scarlet ribbons played a
prominent part.

"Did you get the money, sir?" asked
the clerk, when he walked into the of-
fice.

"Mind your business, sir," was the
tart response.

"I pity her husband," thought Mr.
Deane as he turned the papers over on
his desk. "How she will henpeck him.
By the way, I wonder who her hus-
band will be?"

The next day he called at the Widow
Clarkson's to assure Miss Mellen that
he had no idea of breaking his promise,
and the next but one after that, he
came to tell the young lady she need
entertain no doubt of his integrity.
And the next week he dropped in on
them with no particular errand to serve
as an excuse.

"When shall we be married, Olive?"
Next month, dearest? Do not let us
put it off later."

"I have no wishes but yours, Mat-
thew."

Really, Miss Olive Mellen, to hear
that sweet tone, one would suppose you
had never locked me up here, and
tyrannized over me as a jailer."

Olive burst into a merry laugh.

"You dear old Matthew, I give you
warning beforehand that I mean to
have my own way in everything. Do
you wish to recede from your bargain?
It is not too late yet."

No, Matthew Deane didn't; he had a
vague idea that it would be very
pleasant to be henpecked by Olive!

Had Enough War.

An aged colored veteran was depre-
cating another war recently. "I don't
want ter see no mo'," he said. "I had
enough or do las' one."

"In the war, were you?"

"All throo it, suh; follered Gin'rul
Lee."

"You did?"

"Yes, suh; I was right 'long side er
him all de time."

"At the surrender, too?"

"On de spot, suh."

"Do you recollect what passed be-
tween Lee and Grant?"

"Ever' thing, suh! Gin'rul wuz stand-
in' heah—"

"Yes?"

"En Gin'rul Grant wuz standin' yon-
der—"

"Go on."

"En I passed betwixt 'em, runnin'
lak de devil befo' day!"

"Here," said the listener. "Take
this money and go and get you a dram.
The drinks are on me."—Atlanta Con-
stitution.

Kitchen Queen.

Jeweler (excited)—What became of
those diamond earrings while I was
out? They're worth \$400!

His Wife—The cook saw them, dear
it's her day out, you know, and she
she'd leave if I didn't let her wear
them this afternoon.

POPE BASHES

"Hello, old man, you look sad. Has
your wife left you for the summer?"
"No, she sprained her ankle, and can't
go."—Cleveland Leader.

"Stimpson didn't cut his grass as
often as he did last summer." "No.
Both his next door neighbors have gone
away and left their lawn mowers lock-
ed up."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Farmer's Wife—I hope you are not
afraid of work. Tramp (uneasily)—I
ain't exactly afraid, mum, but I always
feel fidgety when there's anything like
that about.—Tit-Bits.

Young Calow—Is Miss Stuyvesant
at home? Servant—No, sir. Young
Calow—Why, she came in only a mo-
ment ago; I saw her. Servant—Yes,
sir, and she saw you.—Tit-Bits.

Hospital Physician (with a view to
diagnosis)—What do you drink? New
Patient (cheering up at the proposal)—
Oh, sir—thank you, sir—whatever you
—I leave that to you, sir.—Tit-Bits.

Cashier at Bank—You'll have to
bring some one to identify you before
we can cash this check. Got any
friends in the town? Stranger—No.
I'm the dog license man.—Comic Out.

"Popper," asked the young woman,
"why is it you have never done any-
thing to make you famous?" "Never
thought of it," said the old man.
"What had I better do—bolt the lock-
et or take seven bottles of patent med-
icine?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Flowers Fields—Is there any demand
for farm laborers between here and
Squedunk? Farmer Jones—Now; I
reckon th' farmers hev hired all th'
help they need by this time. Flowers
Fields (shaking his partner)—Wake up,
Weary! We've struck de right road at
last.—Judge.

"These cool nights are great," said
Mr. Wallace to his visitor. "Fellow
can sleep to beat the band." "Yes,"
interjected Mrs. Wallace, "and when
he settled down to his favorite trom-
bone effects in snoring, an ordinary
band would find itself pretty closely
crowded."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Chaffee—I'm afraid there's
something the matter with Johnnie.
Mr. Chaffee—What makes you think so?
Mrs. Chaffee—He sits in a corner all
day, and doesn't say anything to any-
body. Bither he is going to be a great
poet, or he is going to have the mas-
sies. I can't decide which it is.—
Texas Sifter.

"Will you kindly remove your hat?"
he said. "Certainly not," said she. "I
thought that maybe you would," he
said; "the price tag shows," said he.
"And a beautiful hat like that," he said,
"seems awfully cheap at \$3." But she
only said—though her face grew red—
"You cannot playtag with me."—Cleve-
land Plaindealer.

Fish With a Jag.

"Did you ever see drunken fish?" in-
quired a Sonoma County wine grower.
No one would confess that he had
seen intoxicated fish, and the silence
indicated a predisposition to incredul-
ity.

"Well, you ought to see them on
any ranch."

"I suppose you are going to tell us
about a drunken catfish staggering
down through the orchard and catch-
ing a bird?" suggested one.

"Do you think I am a liar?" demand-
ed the farmer, indignantly; but he was
left in ignorance as to the belief of his
hearers. "My winery is right on the
bank of a little creek. This time of
the year the water stands in pools, and
every pool is full of trout, suckers, and
pike. All of the waste from the winery
is thrown into the creek, and that is
enough to discolor the water; but the
other day a big vat of sour claret burst
and nearly all of it ran down into the
hole of water just below the winery.
In half an hour the pool was crowded
with fish floating belly up. I thought
they were dead, and pulled a big pike
out, but he wiggled and flopped around
just like an old drunk trying to get up
without anything to hold to. One by
one they disappeared as they sobered
up, and when the water cleared two
days afterward there wasn't a dead fish
in the pool. They had just been
jagged."—San Francisco Post.

A Realistic Dream.



Broques—I dreamed one night dat I
dwelt in marble halls, an'—
Snoques—An' what?
Broques—I woke up an' found meself
in jail.

Completely Frightened.

The passenger in the tweed clothes
got up to get a drink, and when he got
back he found his seat occupied by the
man in the \$7.88 suit who had been
sitting on the wood box.

"I'd like to have my seat, please,"
said the tweed man.

"Your seat?" repeated \$7.88. "Where
did you get a reserved seat? Where
are you from, anyway?"

"New York," answered tweed, im-
pressively.

"New York? New York? Huh! I'm
from Canton, Ohio."

And the train rolled on with the
New York man sitting on the wood
box.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Was Not a Monopolist.

Bosh—"Here you are, giving your
money to the saloon-keepers again.
Think what you might have bought
with it!"

Booze—"Think w'at I have bought
wid it! Here I've ben a millionair
twice fer one dollar. Dye think I wan
the earth?"—Up to Date.

Better Than Learning.

"If Miss Gay devoted as much time
to mental culture as she does to dress,
she would be a very learned woman."

"Yes, but she wouldn't have the sat-
isfaction of making other women gress
with envy."—Brooklyn Life.

HOEVER NO ONE KNOWS

Two women with a bar of broken
candy and another of peanuts between
them sat in a Detroit street car the
other day. One of them had just had a
"wonderful experience" and was relat-
ing it to her companion in a voice loud
enough to be heard by every one in the
car. A reporter sat opposite, and this
is what he heard:

"I don't care how much mud folks
want to sling at fortune tellers and
clairvoyants. I know that some of 'em
are genuine. I've just come from one,
and the things she told me fairly took
my breath away."

"Do tell me about it."

"An' mind you, she never laid eyes
on me until to-day, an' she told me
things no livin' human being could of
told her."

"What did she tell you?"

"Well, first she went off into a trance,
and she looked and groaned so awful
I was scared at first, but she told me
to be calm. Then she said, 'You are
married, aren't you?' Now, how'd she
know I was married? But, of course,
I told her I was. Then she says, 'You
have children, haven't you?' Now,
how did she know that?"

"It was wonderful."

"I should say so. Then she up an' says,
'Your husband is a laboring man, isn't he?' Now, how'd she know he
wasn't a clerk or a doctor or maybe a
bank president? I told her Jim was a
laboring man, an' she says, 'He does
not know that you have come here to-
day, and he didn't know a thing about
it, but how'd he know that?'"

"Sure enough."

"Then she says, 'You have an enemy,
a tall, dark-eyed woman, and I know
exactly whom she meant. And, she
says, 'Your husband is a man who
would rather be away from home than
to home. Now, how did she know that
about Jim? For he is always on the
go somewhere. B'longs to six lodges,
an' all that, an' I jaw him good for
that. But how did she know but he
was a regular home granny?'"

"That's so."

"Then she says, 'You are fond of go-
ing to the theatre and reading novels,
and I am. You give me a bag o' candy
an' a good, excitin' novel an' let me go
to see a real stirrin' drammy like the
'Two Orphans,' an' I am happy, but
how did she know that? Then she
told me to beware of a small, blue-eyed
woman, an' I know exactly whom she
meant. She said I'd be married twice,
and my next husband would be rollin'
in wealth an' I'd drive my own carriage
it was just wonderful the things
she told me."

"I should say so."

"I'll admit that I've been taken in
once or twice by these clairvoyants,
but I didn't begrudge this one a penny
of the \$4 I paid her, for she was genu-
ine. But Jim'd make an awful fuss if
he knew I'd spent \$4 that way, and I
wouldn't dare tell 'im 'bout my second
husband. He ain't what you might call
one o' the jealous kind, but I don't
think he'd like it. It was a wonderful
experience."—Detroit Free Press.

Knew 'It' at It.

A consequential young man called at
the marriage license office yesterday,
gave the necessary information and
was given a pink certificate directed to
the treasury department.

"Now," said Clerk Danforth, "you
take this to the fee department of the
treasurer's office, down stairs, to the
other end of the main corridor, pay \$2
and get your receipt. Then—"

"Thanks. I guess I can attend to
the rest of the affair myself, sir."

Danforth only smiled. Last night
at 10 o'clock there was a ring at his
door. He threw on enough clothes
to make himself presentable and hur-
ried down. At the door he found the
young man who had called for the li-
cense.

"What kind of a confounded blunder
did you make?" he demanded. "I asked
for a license and got this," and he
waved the treasurer's receipt for \$2.

"That is only the receipt for your
money. If you had brought that back
to me, I would have issued the license,"
said Danforth.

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I tried to, but you knew it all and
wouldn't let me."

"Well, I want a license. The guests
are all at the house, waiting, and the
minister won't marry us till I get a li-
cense."

"All right, let them wait. Come to
the city hall to-morrow during office
hours and I'll issue a license. Good
night!" And the young man who knew
all about it was shut out in the cold
last night.—San Francisco Post.

He Wanted a Suitable Costume.

"It was your sign that reassured me,"
he said to the clerk in the store where
they sell men's clothing of all kinds. "I
have passed a dozen 'gents' furnishing
stores' to get to you."

"I'm glad that we are so favorably
considered."

"It was your announcement that wot
me. You call yourself 'an adviser in
gentlemen's apparel,' and what I want
now more than anything else is ad-
vice."

"We can show you what is absolute-
ly correct in every department of your
attire."

"That isn't what I want. It is a mat-
ter of moral courage. Do you think
that in this climate, where the weather
changes so often and so much, a man
would be justified in disregarding the
comment of the untutored mob and
dressing himself in such a way as it
implys respectability?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "Res-
pectability is the first requisite of con-
rect attire."

"All right. That relieves my mind
and I'll get right down to business as
a purchaser. Gimme a straw hat and
a furlined overcoat."—Washington
Star.

The Last Straw.

"The breakers were much larger than
usual when you took your bath yester-
day," remarked the hotel clerk, affably.
"I don't care if they were," replied
the sad-eyed man who was paying his
bill. "I didn't order 'em that way, and
I'll serve notice right here that if you
put that in, along with the rest of the
extras I'll take the case to the Supreme
Court of the United States before I'll
pay a cent of it."—Exchange.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE



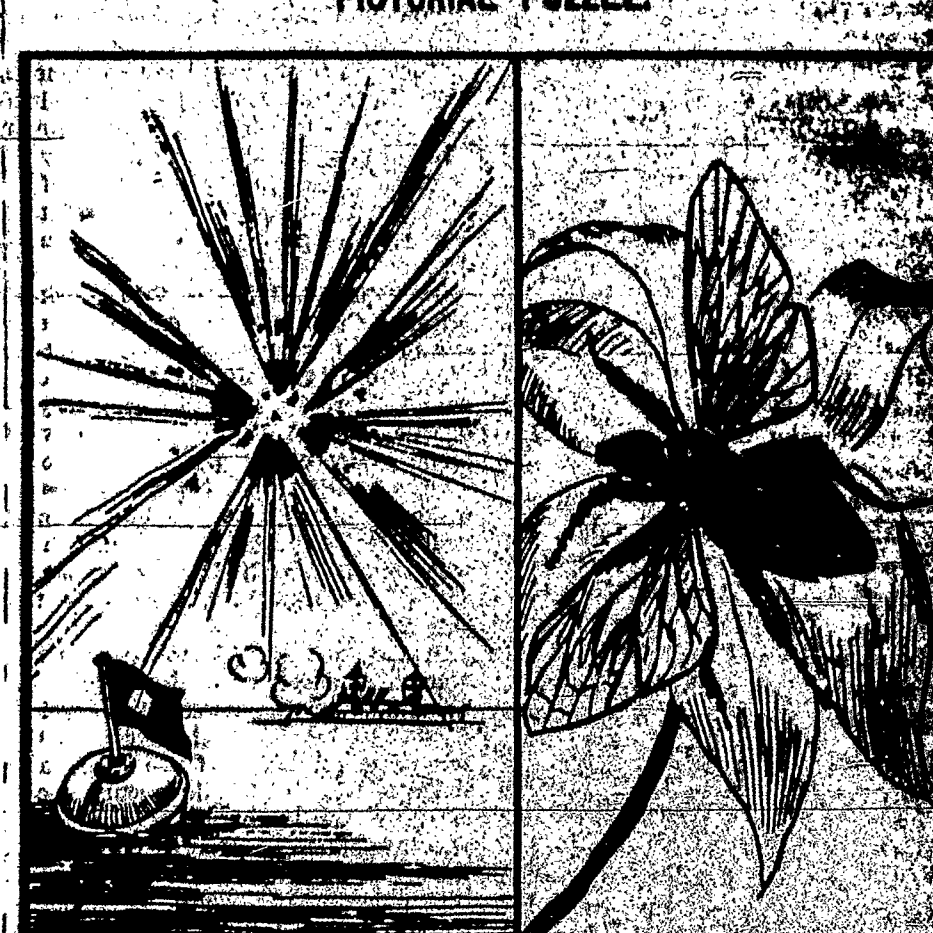
FIND A FISH AND A RAILROAD

PICTORIAL PUZZLE



FIND TWO HIDDEN FACES

PICTORIAL PUZZLE



WHAT CONFEDERATE GENERAL IS REPRESENTED

PICTORIAL PUZZLE



WHAT CONFEDERATE GENERAL IS REPRESENTED