

SECRET OF THE STATUE

An old, faded, fame-garlanded... A mysterious statue once had place...

"But why these wings upon his lovely feet?"... "Dunno," the gray-eyed master...

CLARA'S CONVERSION

"It is your own fault, Clara," said Walter May... "Of course it is," cried out Clara...

Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young girl, just out of the hothouse atmosphere...

"Clara," he had said to his young wife, while the golden circle of the honeymoon...

"I shouldn't like it all," said Clara... "and mamma says no young bride should ever settle down among her husband's relations..."

Mrs. May frowned a little, but Mrs. Clara had a pretty positive way of her own...

Clara had been extravagant. There was no sort of doubt about that. She had given "recherche" little parties...

"There is but one thing left for you Clara," said Walter, sadly... "And that—"

"Is to go back to the old farm. I have no longer a home to offer you, but you will be sure of a warm welcome from my father and mother..."

"Go to my husband's relations?" she sobbed. "Oh, Walter, I cannot!"

"You will have to," he said, doggedly, "or else starve..."

So Mrs. May packed up her trunk and obeyed. And all the way to Hazel-crope farm she cried behind her veil...

"Hazel-crope Farm! Mr. Noah May's Here's th' 'ouse, ma'am..."

"My poor dear!" said old Mrs. May, wretchedly... "You are as welcome as the sunshine, daughter..."

And Clara was established in the easy chair in front of a great fire of logs, and tea was brought in...

There was not a word of reproach—a questioning look, not a side-long glance—all welcome, and tenderness...

"Trembling violently with fear the young man reeled from her side..."

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes," she chuckled...

THE BLUFF WORKED.

Stuffed the Conductor and Left Him a Counterfeit Bill.

"Here," growled the flashy passenger to the conductor on a Grand River trolley car...

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah May, putting her head...

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said Clara hanging down her head...

"Don't fret, my dear, don't fret," said the old gentleman...

"My dear," said old Mr. May, "I'd do much more than that to buy the color back to your cheeks..."

"Oh, cried she, 'how good you all are! And I had an idea that a father and mother-in-law were such terrible personages!"

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May, smiling...

"When Saturday night arrived, Walter May came out to the old farmhouse dejected and sad at heart..."

"But to his infinite amazement and relief Clara greeted him on the doorstep with radiant smiles..."

"Tell me, dear," she said, "have you got a new situation?"

"I thought, my dear," said Walter, "that you didn't like the idea of living with your husband's relations..."

"Clara looked lovingly up into her mother-in-law's sweet old face, while she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's kindly hands..."

"So am I," said Walter.

The Eiffel Tower Twisted.

The daily movement of the Eiffel Tower, due to expansion and contraction, has been studied by Colonel Bassot...

Colonel Laussedat, director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers, being appealed to for confirmation of Colonel Bassot's statements...

The lesson was from the prodigal son and the teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

There was one to whom the preparation of the feast brought no joy; no whom the prodigal's return brought no pleasure...

There was a breathing silence, followed by a vigorous cracking of thumbs, and then from a dozen sympathetic little geniuses came the chorus:

Joe Tushon, traveling passenger agent of the Warshaw, has returned from a trip through the State...

Two hundred and sixty trains pass in and out of the Union station every day...

Taking the daily average of 26,000 passengers as the basis of this calculation, 780,000 travelers pass through Union station in a month...

Worse Than Chills.

Trembling violently with fear the young man reeled from her side...

MIXED THOSE ANSWERS UP

How a French Soldier Replied to the Questions of Frederick the Great.

When a French soldier appeared in the guards of Frederick the Great of Prussia it was the habit of the king to ask him the three following questions:

"How old are you? How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?"

It once happened that a young French soldier who had served in his own country expressed a wish to join the Prussian army...

"You are crying for Ikey? Ikey—Mein grandfather didn't—Household Words."

"Respect for the pulpit," said the pessimistic boarder...

"Doctor, what do you regard as the surest hereditary trait—that is, what peculiarity is most likely to be inherited?"

"What did that man want?" asked the druggist...

It is related of Judge Hawkins, who at the age of eighty is still on the English bench...

One story of Charles A. Dana is worth repeating. The incident occurred while Dana was managing editor of the Tribune...

Two Literary Anecdotes.

A writer in Bookman vouches for these anecdotes as strictly true, and locates the first of them in New England, and the second in the West.

The scene of the second occurrence is in a thriving city of the West, where a Southern literature of distinction had just delivered a long and critical lecture on Matthew Arnold...

Unexpected Reply.

The late Mr. Justin Denman once tried a case in an agricultural parish, which mainly turned upon the recollections of the oldest inhabitants.

A Curiosity Indeed.

There was a great crowd outside the Bowers museum, and a long stream of all sorts and conditions of men and women filtered through the turnstiles...

Presently a reporter happened along and senting a possible story, he joined the line and paid for an admission.

Pushing his way through the surging crowd, he presently beheld on the platform the figure of a tall red-haired man in the uniform of a policeman.

Farmer Hayrick (dressed)ly—Wotcher watter git a divorce fer, Mandy? Hain't I allus treated yer right?

Often the Case.

Missus—How dare you address me, sir! You've evidently made a mistake in the person.

Secretary—Stayer, the murderer, ash for a reprieve of thirty days.

Secretary—He wants to finish Vestale Walkenstick's continued story 'The Sinner,' in the Nickel Out Magazine, and it ends next month.

ATTEMPTS TO BE FUNNY

The Poker—Wouldn't the coal-box? The Shovel—No; but the stove-wood.

"I don't believe his ancestors came over on the Mayflower," "Oh, I wouldn't wonder—the stock seems to have had plenty of time to run out."

"You have put too many r's in the word 'very,'" said the tutor. "What of it?" retorted the pampered scion of a newly rich house...

Teacher (stating problem)—If your grandfather had lived eighty years and saved fifty dollars each year, and invested the money at six per cent...

Crimespeak—Here's one strange thing I've noticed. Yeast—And what's that? "Why, a boy is christened with water and afterwards takes to wine, while a ship is christened with wine and afterwards takes to water."

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Saved by His Wit.

A strict rule promulgated by every successive commandant at the navy yard prohibits smoking on Mare Island under the most stringent penalties.

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TOO PREVIOUS.

It Was Rather "Set on Getting Spliced After Figuring It Out.

"Wotcher bin doin, Si?" asked old man, stuffing his quid with sters judicial air.

"I've bin a-thinkin'," "Purty bad, Si, purty bad."

"Who's ther gal?" "Don't know yit! But yistiddy I got ter thinkin, and when I figgered out that I had two dollars an six bits saved up in my jeans, six shoats fer ther pen an' two acres o' ground, I sez ter myself, 'Si I thinkit, git married.'"

"Nuthin' won't stop yer, then, Si?" asked the old man.

"Plum sot, fer shure."

"Do yer grasp ther pecoliar situation a married man's in, an' the necessary perkistes?"

"Yep, an' ain't a bit afeared. I kin keep ther whip ban' all right enuff."

"What's ther matter with me now?" "Don't bleeve yer big an' strong 'nuff ter live peaceable with any o' ther gits yer full grown?"

"Kin't bleeve it till I see it, son? Gutter show me."

"Go in an' tell yer mammy she's got hair like a mildewed carro, an' a face like a turkey egg."

"Afeared, air ye, an' yit yer want'er git spliced?"

"Naw, I hain't afeared," muttered Si hotly, and he slouched into the house, letting down his gaiters and tying them around his waist...

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