

SECRET OF THE STATUE

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

"But why these wings upon his lovely feet?"... "The sculptor: 'This is Opportunity...'"

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 boarding school...

"Clara," he had said to his young wife, while the golden circle of the honeymoon was yet overshadowing their lives...

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

Clara had a pretty positive way of her own, and he remonstrated no further... "But at the year's end Walter May had lost his situation..."

"There is but one thing left for you Clara," said Walter, sadly... "Is to go back to the old farm..."

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

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 the 'house, ma'am'..."

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

dared to tell Walter about," she said with tears in her eyes.

"What is that, my dear?" said the old gentleman... "My dressmaker's bill," said Clara...

"Don't fret, my dear," don't fret," said the old gentleman... "I'll settle the bill and there shall be an end of the matter..."

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May, smiling... "but you are wiser now, and you will not be afraid of us any longer..."

"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..."

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

"The Eiffel Tower Twisted..."

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

"Largest in the World..."

"Among the monster railway stations of the world that of St. Louis is the largest..."

"Worse Than Chills..."

"Trembling violently with fear she thought she would faint..."

"It's fearful to tremble like that..."

THE BLUFF WORKED.

Rattled the Conductor and Left Him a Counterfeit Bill.

"Here," growled the flashy passenger to the conductor on a Grand River Avenue car according to the Detroit Free Press...

"Don't you worry about my investments and don't you get gay with me. I own a pretty nice bunch of stock with the company and I'll have you on the carpet if you give me any of your stock..."

"An Effective Rebuke..."

"I witnessed a most amusing scene in the street cars the other day," said one East End lady to another...

"Everybody else did, however. By the time the car reached Oakland there was a wet place as large as one foot square at the front of the car..."

"The wreck of the Central train at Garrettsville has brought to light many stories of other wrecks and many interesting incidents..."

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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..."

"Twenty-one years," answered the young man...

"How long have you been in my service?"

"I was the first time," was ever treated as a madman at the head of my army," replied Krederick, greatly puzzled.

"The Frenchman, whose stock of German was now used up, stood quiet Presently the king spoke to him again whereupon the soldier blurted out in French that he did not understand a single word of German..."

"Two Literary Anecdotes..."

"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 to a fashionable audience..."

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

"Unexpected Reply..."

"Mrs. Johnson—Did you get a turkey last year?"

"The Prevailing Fashion..."

"Often the Case..."

"Secretary—Stayer, the murderer, ask for a reprieve of thirty days. Governor—Why?"

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...

"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..."

"Respect for the pulpit," said the pessimistic boarder, "is rapidly diminishing..."

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

"It is related of Judge Hawkins, who at the age of eighty is still on the English bench, that on one occasion when he was about to pass sentence on a convicted felon the prisoner rose and said 'May the Almighty strike me dead if I don't speak the truth, I am innocent of this crime...' Judge Hawkins said nothing for about a minute, when, after glancing at the clock, he fluminated in his most impressive tones: 'Since the Almighty has not thought fit to intervene, I will now proceed to pass sentence.'

"One story of Charles A. Dana is worth repeating. The incident occurred while Dana was managing editor of the Tribune. Joseph Howard was officiating as war correspondent. A great battle had been fought, and Howard was telegraphing a description of it. He began with an exordium, 'To God be all the glory! Mine eyes have seen the work of the Lord, and the cause of the righteous has triumphed,' with more of the same sort, followed by the words 'The army of the Potomac is triumphant. We have won a great victory. A day or two afterwards he received a letter something like the following: 'Hereafter, in sending your reports, please specify the number of the hymn, and save telegraph expenses. (Charles A. Dana.)'

"Congressman W. L. Terry, of Arkansas tells the following story about the tariff to his constituents down in the woods: 'Why, sir, whenever I hear one of these benevolent looking Republican politicians talking about getting better wages into the pockets of the workmen, by putting more money into the pockets of the manufacturers, thereby making him the trustee of the laborer, I am reminded of what took place between the old farmer and his big son, John. He called John to and said to him: 'My son, I have made my will, and as it may perhaps make you a better boy to know the good part I have done by you, I will tell you its provisions. I have given you my property of every kind and appointed your Uncle Jim to wind it up for you. To which the boy replied: 'Your intentions, dad, are good, but I have my doubts of Uncle Jim, and if it is all the same to you I wish you would just change that thing around—give the property to Uncle Jim and appoint me the executor to wind it up for him.'"

"A Curiosity Indeed..."

"There was a great crowd outside the Bowery museum, and a long stream of all sorts and conditions of men and women filtered through the turnstiles as fast as the perspiring cashiers could gather in the dimes."

"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."

"What can it mean?" the reporter asked himself. But at that moment the strident voice of the museum's orator filled surrounding space: "Behold the marvel of the age! I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen to introduce to your attention ex-Roundsman Thomas Mulcahy!"

"Here Mr Mulcahy bowed with great dignity—the only policeman in the world who was ever known to hit a mad dog at the first shot."

"Swift in War..."

TOO PREVIOUS.

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

"Watchin' bin doin. Si?" asked the old man, stifting his quid with sters judicial air.

"I've bin a-thinkin'." "Purty bad, Si, purty bad." "An' I've bin a-thinkin' this yere way: I'm a-goin' ter git spliced."

"Spliced?" he gasped. "Spliced? What on arrth, Si?" "Don't choke yerself, dad! I've made up my mind, an' figgered it all out."

"Who's ter 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 in ter pen an' two acres o' ground, I sez ter myself, 'Si! Thinkitt, git married.'"

"Nuthin' won't stop yer, then, Si?" asked the old man. "None, nuthin'." "Plum sot on girtin' spliced, an' yer."

"Plum sot, fer shore?" "Do yer grasp ter pecoliar situation a married man's in, an' the necessary perquisites?"

"Yep, an' ain't a bit afeared. I kin keep ther whip ban' all right enuff." "I don't think yer ready yit fer splicin' in, Si," urged the old man. "I mos sholy doo! Kin't yer wait till yer gits yer full growth?"

"What's ther matter with me now?" "Don't bleeve yer big an' strong 'nuff ter live peaceable with any o' thes girts roan' yere."

"I jes' am, then," said Si. "Kin't bleeve it till I see it, son? Gorter show me."

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

"I hain't no bone ter pick with ma'am." "Afeard, air ye, an' yit yer want'er git spliced?"

"Naw, I hain't afeard," muttered Si hotly, and he slouched into the house, letting down his gaiters and tying them around his waist. The old man turned over to get some sun on his back and waited. The sound of voices floated out to him as he took a fresh chew, and in less than a minute there was a dull, heavy crash.

"Hope Si'll go'n't ther roof some," he murmured, gently curving a knot on his head. The first crash was followed by five or six others. Then there came a tearing, grinding sound, as of some heavy body dragging along the floor. After that came a clumping, a pouncing, a beating, and when it was all over a torn and battered object shot out of the door and struck out wildly for the full timber. It was Si. His father found him in the underbrush a few hours later, putting berries on all afflicted parts.

"Si! sot on girtin' spliced, Si?" he asked. "Changin' my mind, dad," said Si. "Reckon I'll wait till I git my full growth." New York Journal.

Saved by His Wit...

Vertical text on the right margin, including names and fragments of articles.