How Uncle Billy Was Jilted

By ESTELLE MARSH

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"Uncle Billy, why is it that all your colored friends marry and you remain a bachelor?"

"Don' wan' to git married," replied Uncle Billy, with a grunt.

"I fancy you must have been jilted."

"I been fooled."

"If it isn't a subject too near your heart to speak of, I would like to hear about it."

"Near ma heart! Mo' likely near dat spot in ma head wha' de fernoligists say de mad is It war dis way: Mandy war a likely gal, an' I was gittin' to dat age whar a man gits tired o' cake walks an' breakdowns an' all dat, an I t'ink it time fo' me to settle down I'd been po'ter on a sleeper cyar fo nigh on to fifteen yea's, an' de tips war might' big. Sometimes dey war so big I thought I'd rudder be de po'ter dan de president. I tuk all de tips I got 'cept wha' I paid de railroad fo' de privilege ob wo'kin' fo' 'em, an' I tied it up in a red hanchicuff an' put it in de chimbly.

"I warn't wo'kin' fo' de railroad any mo'. I war thinkin' 'bout goin' inter bizness. While I war waitin' fo' somepin' to turn up I reckoned it war might' lonesome libin' all alone in ma house by myself, an' I got to thinkin' ob Mandy. Mandy she war twenty, an' I war purt' night fifty. But I reckoned dis way. De sayin' is, 'Yo' mought as well hang fo' a sheep as a lamb,' but I 'spected in matermoney fo' de man hits 'mought as well hang fo' a lamb as a tough ole sheep.' So I tole Mandy ef she marry me she don't hab to wo'k no mo', 'cause I got 'nuff fo' bofe ob us.

"Mandy say she was willin', but I tuk notice she didn't say it lak her heart was sot on it But ma heart was sot on it, an' I offen tuk notice dat when an ole man's heart air sot on marryin' a young woman dar hain't no use to argyfy with him De gal might' good to de ole man till she got him tied hand an' foot; den she pick up de poker an' knock he brains out. After dat she got all he money, an' dat war wha' she was atter.

"I was bigger fool dan dat man, but I come out in de end better'n he. De Lawd saved me. Somebody tole me dat Mandy war keepin' company wid Mose Tucker when I axed her to marry me. I axed Mandy ef dat war so. Mandy say: 'Mose Tucker no 'count. I lub yo' better'n all de worl'.' Den I say to dat nigger wha' tole me dat 'Wha' yo' say Mandy lub Mose Tucker fo'? Mandy lub me better'n all de worl'.' An' he say, 'No fool lak an ole fool.' But dat didn' count wid me nohow.

"Mandy an' me war gwine ter be married on de fou'f ob June, when de roses war bloomin'. De day befo' de fou'f I war walkin' 'long de street when I kick a wire hangin' from a telegraph pole. It must 'a' been a live wire, kase it tuk all de life out ob me. Anyway I didn't know nuttin' twill all ob a sudden I woke up in a coffin. I war lyin' in ma house, in de libin' room, wha' had been got ready fo' to bring ma bride de nex' day. De lamp war burnin' low, an dere wan't nobody in de room.

"'Wha' dey gwine leab me all alone fo'?' war de first t'ing I t'ink ob. 'Ef I'm daid I air entitled to de respec' ob a regular co'pse. Ef I hain't daid wha' I doin' in a coffin? Dat's wha' I lak to know.'

"An' den I hearn some low talkin' in de udder room. I listen, an' I hearn Mandy's voice.

"'Mose,' she said, 'I wonder wha' de ole man kep' he money.'

"'Mebbe he put it in de bank.'

"'Don' belieb it. I t'ink he kep' it heah. I'm gwine to look.'

"I keep still an' dey go huntin' 'bout in de bureau drawers, in de closet, everywha', twill Mose he looked in de chimbly. Out he pull de hanchicuff wid all ma sabins in it. He an' Mandy dey emptied all de tips I'd got fo' fifteen yea's on a table an' war lookin' at it all wid de greed in dere eyes. Den dey began to count it. While dey war countin' it I sot up in de coffin. Purt' soon Mandy she turn roun', and she see me settin' up lookin' right at her. She gib a shriek an' tumble down on de floo'. Den Mose he turn, an' he see me sottin', an' he backs outen de room, he eyes sot on me all de while he war backin' an' a-bulgin' out ob de head.

"I war might' glad. I jes' dived out ob dat coffin 's if I was jumpin' out ob a boat. An' I run atter dat nigga', an I catched him, an' I made he eyes a big sight 'n dey war befo' when he war lookin' at me sottin' up in de coffin.

"Atter I finished punchin' Mose I went bak to find Mandy. Dere wan't no Mandy dere, an' dere wan't none ob my tips what I'd been fifteen yea's collectin' nuther.

"When I see Mandy agin she try mak' b'lieve she war might' sorry. I axed her wha' my money all gone to. She say she hain't seen no money. Den I tell her I sor her an' Mose countin' it an' I went atter Mose an' gib him a-lammin' an' went back an' she an' de money war bof missin'. Mandy she cried an' said I had a bad dream when I war comin' to maself.

"I had Mandy tookin' befo' de judge, an' when he heered ma accursation he said, says he:

"'Yo' been puttin' up a job. Yo' better go back to heaben, whar dey don' lay up no treasures.'

"If dat war wha' yo' call jiltin,' den I reckon I war jilted might' bad."

THE STATELY STORK.

His Immense Power on the Wing and His Lack of Voice.

In Holland the nests of storks are generally on the summit of a tall post, put up on purpose for them, on which is fixed an old cart wheel. Says an English writer: "A Dutch gentleman of my acquaintance has one such post in his grounds within sight of his library window, but he improves on the cart wheel by having an iron framework for the reception of the nest. The first year it was put up, toward the end of June, a solitary young stork used to come daily and inspect this framework. I saw him there myself one day, standing in the empty receptacle exactly like a would be benedict inspecting an empty house, contemplating the view and wondering if the drains are all right. The verdict was apparently favorable, for next season saw the nest occupied by the newly wedded pair. Their power of wing is very fine, and on hot days I have watched them ascending spiral circles, hardly moving their broad, black wings, till they have looked no bigger than flies. After the young are hatched they appear to be suspicious of one another and unwilling to leave the nest unguarded."

Storks have no voice. The only noise they make is "klappering" (snapping their great red mandibles rapidly and loudly). Thus they greet one another, generally by throwing back the head until the upper mandible rests on the back, but occasionally "klappering" is performed with the head and bill in the natural position.

GREENWICH MERIDIAN.

Its Relation to Standard Time In This Country.

Standard time is the time in common use regulating the ordinary affairs of life It is derived from the sun. Leaving out of account small irregularities of the solar motion that are of no consequence for our present purpose, when that celestial body is on the meridian of any place we call the time of that place noon, or 12 o'clock It follows that when it is noon at any given place it is similarly noon at all other places having the same meridian As the sun rises in the east and sets in the west, it is evident that when it is crossing the meridian of any place it must have already passed that of places to the eastward and not yet reached that of places to the westward In other words, when it is noon in the given place it is forenoon in places to the westward and afternoon in places to the eastward.

Now, 15 degrees of longitude correspond exactly to one hour of time difference, and therefore the local times of the several standard meridians differ from Greenwich by an even number of hours In the United States the standard time meridians are those whose longitudes are west of Greenwich 60, 75, 90, 105 and 120 degrees The time of these meridians is respectively four, five, six, seven and eight hours earlier than Greenwich time because the sun in traveling across the sky from east to west passes the Greenwich meridian before it reaches the American meridians.—New York American.

Laugh and Grow Fat.

"Laugh and grow fat" is an old saying, and there is more than a little truth in it, asserts a doctor "The convulsive movements which we call laughter exert a very real effect upon the bodily framework. They cause the arteries to dilate, so that they carry more blood to the tissues of the body and the heart to beat more rapidly, so that the flow of the blood through the vessels is hastened. In other words, laughter promotes the very best conditions for an increase of the vital processes. The tissues take up more nutritive material and the waste products are more promptly removed. A good laugh sends an increased flow of blood to the brain. This immediately causes that instrument of thought to work better, with the result that gloomy forebodings are sent packing."

The Origin of the Mastiff.

Mastiff is a term applied to a very large and powerful species of the canine family, and there is considerable conflict of opinion regarding the origin of the word. Some claim that it is derived from the Italian mastino or the French mastin, both of which signify large limbed. This word, they say, was gradually corrupted into masty, a Lincolnshire expression meaning very large, muscular or big, until it gradually assumed its present form. Others again say its true origin is the old German masten, to fatten, because the mastiff is a large dog and so needs better fed than any other.—London Field.

A Good Scheme.

"It's a shame," commented the friend of the restaurant proprietor.

"What's a shame?" asked the restaurant proprietor.

"Why, that you have to give that pretty waitress all the tough steaks for the patrons at her tables."

"Oh, I pay her extra for that. You see, she is so pretty not one man would kick if the steaks were so tough they pulled his teeth out."—Chicago News.

The Eternal Feminine.

"Myrtle has gone upon the vaudeville stage and has made an instant big hit because of her daring."

"What is her act?"

"She sings in a cage of mice."—Lippincott's.

Adversity is the first path to truth.—Byron.

Kidnaped

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

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Job Wilkins was altogether too tender hearted for a sheriff. He lived in a town not far from the Canadian border with his wife and children and only accepted the position because no one else would take it. Besides having nothing but the house he lived in, he needed the pitiful salary attached to the office.

One night a citizen of the place was waylaid, sandbagged and robbed A man named Fletcher was suspected and arrested Fletcher's wife went to Mrs. Wilkins with a pitiful story of her husband's innocence and persuaded her to beg the sheriff to let Fletcher off When Wilkins came home he found Mrs. Fletcher at his house She told so straight a story and begged so hard that Wilkins, since he had no power to let his prisoner go free, agreed to furnish bail for his appearance in court. Wilkins signed a bail bond for $4,000, and Fletcher was released from jail

Fletcher disappeared. It was evident that it was his purpose to jump his bail, and to pay the bond would take all Wilkins had—his home. He heard of Fletcher's flight a few days after it occurred, and, setting a watch on Mrs Fletcher, she and her husband were traced to a Canadian village a dozen miles beyond the border

Something must be done to save what little Wilkins possessed. Besides, the sheriff was very wroth at having been tricked He thought over the different ways by which the criminal might be brought back and determined that he would try to kidnap him This he preferred to using the process of extradition, which he considered hopeless

Wilkins interested a friend of his named Parker, who agreed to help him Unfortunately for their plan the village where Fletcher lived was the headquarters of a troop of mounted police To go into a town right under the noses of these men, capture a man protected by British law and carry him twelve miles was a risky undertaking

At nightfall the two men, having hired the fastest team they could find, crossed the St Lawrence river by ferry They agreed to pay the ferryman a good sum to be on the Canadian bank at the time of their return and be ready to push off at a moment's notice They hired another team at a village midway between the river and their point of attack. This team was to be ready and waiting for them in the road on their return.

Wilkins and Parker drove into the town where Fletcher lived soon after bedtime Fletcher's house had been located and pulling up before the door Wilkins alighted and knocked Presently Fletcher in nightclothes opened the door Wilkins cowed him at the point of a pistol, then threw his strong arms around him and literally carried him, kicking and struggling, to the wagon. With ropes ready they bound their prisoner and were driving off when Fletcher's wife appeared at a window, screaming loud enough to wake the whole village As they dashed through the streets sashes were thrown up and people put out their heads to see what was the matter, lights appeared, there were cries of "Stop 'em" and presently a church bell began to sound an alarm that roused the police force

By this time they had reached the outskirts of the village and were clattering southward along the turnpike. Wilkins kept looking backward, but could see no followers until they had covered a mile Then the sound of horses' hoofs on the stones told him that the mounted police had started on their pursuit Down came the whip on the horses' haunches, and they nearly doubled their pace.

For five miles it was a steady chase. Their team was a good one, and the police were mounted on indifferent horses. Nevertheless the latter had gained a little at every milestone. When they drew near the village where they expected to find their relay team their pace was considerably diminished. Looking ahead, there stood the team ready beside the road. Their pursuers were not a quarter of a mile away. Pulling up beside the relay, they hustled their prisoner from one team to the other and were off before their pursuers came up.

The sergeant of police, seeing that the kidnapers had secured fresh horses, sent several of his best mounts to make a dash for them. Wilkins' horses, though fresh, had a load to pull, and this made an even race. Bullets began to whistle past them, but they galloped on, their pursuers maintaining their distance behind them. Then a bullet pierced one of the horses. This looked as though the game was up, but the animal seemed goaded to gallop the faster.

Finally from a rise in the ground the kidnapers could see the dim outlines of the river. It was an incline straight down to the ferryboat, which they could see on the near shore. The horses had been obliged to walk up the rise, which had brought their pursuers dangerously near them. Now Wilkins pushed them down the incline in spite of the danger of their stumbling and falling, the sound horse now dragging the wounded one. Pulling up beside the ferryboat, they hurried their man into it, the ferryman pushed off, and the police appeared on the top of the rise an eighth of a mile away.

When the court met to try Fletcher he was on hand.

OLD LONDON INNS.

Some That Are Famous Because of a Special Dish.

Though various restaurants in New York, Washington, New Orleans or San Francisco are famous for certain dishes, yet this is generally the result of accident rather than design that one article upon the menu should be pre-eminently successful and popular. The day is past when this one dish could make the reputation of the place.

In London, however, this is not the case, though it must be confessed that there are not now as many inns as formerly which have become famous by reason of the popularity of one dish. In times gone by every London inn of any pretensions at all had its special dish whereon it prided itself and to partake of which patrons traveled many miles.

Eel pies were once the great feature of breakfast served at the old Sluice House, near Finsburg park. The necessary quantity of fish was regularly dredged up from the stream which ran under the windows of the inn. The pies are still to be had, but the eels are procured from a nearby fish market.

Simpson's, in the Strand, is noted for its fish dinners. This place was once immensely popular, and even today there is a certain following who swear by its repasts. For a certain sum the guest eats as much of a variety of fish as he cares to.

Another inn boasts of a special dish in the shape of Southdown mutton. This is wheeled up to the table in order that each individual may select the particular cut to which he is partial. The mutton is kept warm by means of water heated by a lamp.

THE RIVER NILE.

Egypt Would Be a Wilderness but For This Wonderful Stream.

The Nile is probably the most wonderful river in the world. It has made Egypt possible by turning an arid wilderness into the richest land in the world It has provided at the same time an admirable commercial highway and made easy the transportation of building materials. The ancient Egyptians were thus enabled to utilize the granite of Assuan for the splendid structures of the hundred gated Thebes and of Memphis and even for those on Tanis, on the Mediterranean coast.

At a time when the people of the British isles were clad in skins of wild beasts and offered human sacrifices upon the stone altars of the Druids Egypt was the center of a rich and refined civilization. Most of the development of Egypt was due to the Nile, which not only watered and fertilized the soil annually, but was and is one of the best natural highways in the world.

From the beginning of winter to the end of spring—that is, while the Nile is navigable—the north wind blows steadily up the stream with sufficient force to drive sailing boats against the current at a fair pace, while, on the other hand, the current is strong enough to carry a boat without sails down against the wind except when it blows a gale. That is why the ancient Egyptians did not need steam power nor electric motors for the immense commerce that covered the Nile nor for barges carrying building materials for hundreds of miles.—New York Herald.

The Uses of Rubber.

It is probable that no other commodity ever came into such varied use within so short a period as india rubber First employed practically for footwear and other waterproof apparel, rubber has come to be employed in electrical insulation, hose pipes for the conveyance of water, steam, air and so on; pneumatic and other tires for all sorts of wheeled vehicles, balloons and the planes of aerial machines, innumeral articles for the comfort of invalids, household conveniences and what not. Thus far rubber has never come into use to an important extent for any given purpose to which it is not still devoted. In other words, its advantages are so marked in many uses that when once introduced no substitute can be found for it.—Cassier's Magazine.

Odd Hair Styles.

Some of the New Hebrides people do their hair up in a bunch on the top of the head and stain it yellow, while the inhabitants of the Ombai islands pass it all through a tube so as to make a kind of plume. The Marquesas chief's favorite method is to shave all the head except two patches, one over each temple, where he cultivates two horns of hair. No doubt this is to render him more a thing of terror to his enemies than admiration to his friends. His reason for shaving the rest of the head is to allow more space for tattooing, as if all the available skin of the body were not enough.

Explained.

"Our air mattresses," said the dealer, "are all filled in the months of April and May. That accounts for their remarkable resilient qualities."

"Is the air of those months better than others?"

"They are the spring months, you know."—Exchange.

Justice.

The only way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice is by showing them in pretty plain terms the consequence of injustice.—Sydney Smith.

Progress is the activity of today and the assurance of tomorrow.—Emerson.

An Inventive Yankee

A Story of the Days of Pirates

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

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More than a hundred years ago young Captain Herbert Chandler sailed his ship, the Wasp, into a cove on the shores of the island of Jamaica, cast anchor and sent boats ashore with casks for water. While waiting their return two vessels appeared out on the sea, the one a clumsy brigantine, the other a low cut, rakish craft with enormous sails. Chandler brought his glass to bear on the two ships and was not long in determining that one was a merchantman, the other a Spanish picaroon, and the picaroon was chasing the merchantman. The former flew no flag, but the captain knew only too well that she was a pirate and if the wind held would overtake the merchantman.

This was at a time when piracy had been almost entirely swept from the West Indies, and few merchant ships had means of opposing the villains Chandler could see no evidence of guns aboard the brigantine, and he had but one little barker on his own ship. He had no women aboard, but judged from the size and build of the merchantman that she might have passengers.

But the wind was very light, and what there was was dying down. The sun was near the western horizon, and it had no sooner set than the last traces of a breeze set with it. The two vessels, now about three miles apart, stood still, their sails flapping as the swells rolled under them. Chandler began to take thought how he might save both his own and the other ship from the pirate He had some small arms aboard, but no guns except the one mentioned, while, though the portholes in the picaroon were masked he knew that she must be well armed with cannon His small arms would be of no use against her

Chandler ran over in his mind what he had aboard that he might use in fight and remembered that he was carrying among other things for blasting purposes in the Mexican mines a fulminating powder used in those days. But what use could be made of this against the cannon balls of the pirate?

Chandler was a Yankee, and the Yankees even at that remote period were famed for their shrewdness and inventive genius He formed a plan to attack the picaroon with fulminating powder Noting the positions of the ships with his compass, he waited till midnight then putting a crew in each of two boats he weighed anchor and ordered them to tow the Wasp out to sea, his object being to get between the two vessels Neither ship displayed a light, but a faint glimmer of cabin lights was perceptible on the pirate Chandler stopped when he thought he might be in the proper position He did not cast anchor for the sound would betray him and he was not ready to let the pirate know of his proximity

When the first faint dawn came Chandler saw that the Wasp, the pirate and the merchantman occupied the three angles of a triangle He was pleased to see that he was nearer the pirate than the merchantman, for if the former attacked the latter before attacking the Wasp Chandler could afford no assistance His plan did not admit of this All three ships had their sails hoisted ready to take advantage of the slightest breeze. As soon as there was sufficient light the pirate displayed the skull and crossbones from her peak and sent a shot before the bow of the Wasp. Chandler, understanding this as a demand for surrender returned from his popgun a shot no bigger than a boy's rubber ball. He did this that the pirate might attack him with his ship instead of sending boats to take possession without a fight.

With the rising of the sun a ripple was seen coming on the water, and a breeze came with it. It caught the picaroon first, and she approached the Wasp, running out her guns as she did so, but nearing her prey it was plain that there was no armament aboard, and she ran them in again.

The critical moment had come. Chandler stood on the quarterdeck awaiting his enemy, occasionally casting a glance at a man partially concealed aloft on that end of the gaff swung from the mainmast. The breeze had reached the Wasp and filled her sails, enabling the helmsman to keep the vessel before it with some headway. When the bowsprit of the picaroon came within a cable's length of the Wasp, Chandler gave an order to lower the sails. The pirate lapped the Wasp and was making ready to grapple and board when a signal was given that turned the tables. Chandler raised his hand. Men concealed under the bulwarks pulled on a line fastened to the end of the gaff, swinging it over the side next the picaroon. The man above, carrying a demijohn, nimbly crawled out on it, gaining a position nearly over the pirate, now not twenty feet from the Wasp. Giving the demijohn a swing, he tossed it on the pirate's deck.

There was an explosion that blew the little pirate so far apart that the water, rushing into the gaps in her sides, sunk her within two minutes leaving her men floating in the water They were mercilessly picked off by the sailors on the Wasp.

The conquering ship was badly injured, but all damages were paid for by the owners of the merchantman, loaded with a valuable cargo and a number of passengers, including women and children.

BLIND OBEDIENCE.

Did as the Judge Told Him and Was Well Paid For It.

A gentleman had a head gardener who never thought of having a holiday or missing a day from work and so somewhat surprised his employer by asking him if he could have "nixt Friday off."

His request was immediately granted, but on the Saturday he did not show up, and a week went past, and then a fortnight, and still no sign of Mike. The gentleman reluctantly employed another man in Mike's place.

About three months afterward he was surprised on going into the grounds to find Mike at work just as if nothing had happened.

"Where have you been, Michael?" he asked.

"Well, sorr, it's loike this: You remimber the day you let me off? I had to appear at the coort as a witness. When I gets there I sees the ould gint with the wig on 'is 'ed and 'is specs on the tip of 'is nose.

"'Michael Dooley,' ses 'e.

"'Yis, sorr,' ses I.

"'Go into that box,' says 'e.

"'Right, sorr,' ses I.

"'Swear,' ses 'e.

"I did as 'e told me, though I don't use bad language as a rule.

"'Three months for contimpt of coort,' ses 'e.

"And they've only just let me out, sorr."—Pearson's.

ACCUSED AS A WITCH.

Tried For "Conversing With the Devil in the Form of a Cat."

Jane Wenham was indicted at the Hertfordshire assizes on March 4, 1712, for "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," under the provisions of the act of 1604, repealed in 1736. Her prosecutors wished to have her also indicted for practicing witchcraft to the harm of Ann Thorn, a servant girl sixteen years old, but this was not allowed, although evidence was produced at the trial to show what injury had been done the victim by means of crooked pins and by placing cakes and cats' hairs in Ann Thorn's pillow and how the prisoner had caused the death of some cattle simply by walking through a turnip field.

The jury brought her in "guilty," and Mr Justice Powell passed sentence of death, but took steps to quash the verdict. Wenham's prosecutors published an account of the case, but their arguments were pulverized by scientific men. Jane Wenham herself was liberated and taken under the protection of Colonel Plummer, who gave her a cottage, and we are told by Dr. Hutchinson that in 1720 the whole country was fully convinced of her innocence.—London Spectator.

Do You Know This Flower?

Among the guests at a summer hotel in Vermont was a scientist from Boston, noted for his botanical researches, and a woman desirous of impressing him with her stores of general knowledge, also she affected a deep interest in all matters pertaining to botany.

"I suppose," said the woman one day, "that you find almost all the mountain flowers around here?"

"I find a great many," said the scientist.

"There's one species of flower," she continued, "of which I've read as always being on the hills, and I've always wanted to see it. Perhaps you can pick me some."

"And what is this flower, madam?"

"The 'purple gloaming,' you know. I should dearly love to possess some!"—Minneapolis Journal.

Watch Your Shoulders.

When standing before a looking glass notice if your shoulders are the same height. Generally the right is higher than the left. The reason for this unevenness lies in the way one sits. You get into a comfortable chair at your desk, and at once you rest your right elbow on the arm of your chair or your desk, thus throwing one shoulder higher than the other. This is especially the case where one writes a great deal. When you notice that one shoulder is higher than the other the thing to do is to change your way of sitting at your desk. Two simple exercises will be beneficial. The arm of the lower shoulder should be extended upward, the hand grasping a dumbbell. That of the higher shoulder should be lowered and made to support a heavy weight.

The Life of Seeds.

Oats, corn, [illegible] seeds were exposed [illegible] days to a temperature of [illegible] degrees below zero. Afterward when placed in suitable surroundings nearly all of the fennel, oat and corn seeds and many of the others germinated. It is concluded that the protoplasm, or the principle of life, in a resting seed is in a state of inaction not comparable to that of a smoldering fire, but rather like that of a chemical mixture which is capable of forming a combination whenever the required conditions of temperature and illumination are present.

She Was Born Yesterday.

She—Last night was the first time I ever heard you talk in your sleep, and you kept saying, "Four kings," and once in awhile, "Full house." He—Well, you see, I was down to the club last night playing checkers with a crack player and there was a full house watching us.

A Blasher.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but any editor will tell you that it isn't a marker to the blue pencil.—Philadelphia Record.

ROCHESTER