

Jim Trevor's Transformation

A Story For Memorial Day

By ARCHIBALD DECKER

I must put a flag on Jim Trevor's grave...

No, I got taken in by the Johnnies...

When he got away, which he did by burrowing under a wall...

The couple came sauntering along, the man talking for all he was worth...

Jim felt very sick at this, considering that so far as clothes, dirt, vermin and general appearance went...

The girl sat where she was, poking the dirt with her parasol, evidently feeling sort of stirred up over the matter...

When she came to herself she found Jim on his knees before her, looking like a scarecrow...

You ought not to be so shocked at me, you told the gentleman that before you'd marry a Confederate...

Well, Jim was treated fine, sleeping in a downy bed and given the best there was in the house to eat...

No, though she was really a Union girl, she was really a Confederate...

TIPPING IS ANCIENT.

In Shakespeare's Time It Used to Be Called Vallegiving.

The word tip is comparatively modern origin, as it used to be vails, a shortened form of vails or profits.

The practice probably continued to grow after Shakespeare's time, for late in the eighteenth century a philanthropist and reformer of the period published a tract against indiscriminate almsgiving...

ANTS HAVE FIVE NOSES.

The Sense of Smell is Very Important to These Insects.

In their antennae, or feelers, ants have five noses, each of which has its own duties to perform.

One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest or that of an enemy...

If an ant be deprived of a certain nose, it will live peacefully with enemies, but if it retains its fifth nose it will fight the alien to the death.

Placid Hindu Servants. Hindoo servants are the most imperturbable people in the world.

Kept a Watch on His Man. Sir Edward Harland was the founder of the great Belfast firm of shipbuilders.

Glassy. "I suppose," said the man in the yellow coat, trying to be chummy.

The Limit. "Miss Fry is the most inquisitive sort of girl. There is nothing doing but she manages to have her finger in it."

Tambo—They tell me that the Stock Exchange is a most temperate place.

The Woman Who Talked to Herself

By MARTIN B. ERLICH

It was a bright moonlight night—the 19th of April, 1871. I was walking along the street of the city in which I lived and heard a town clock strike with its deep tones the hour of 10.

This is a double anniversary for me," I said to myself. What I meant was this: Ten years before, on the 10th of April, 1861, I had been with the troops cutting their way through Baltimore to the relief of the national capital...

There is a third reason why I have remembered that 19th of April, 1871. While passing before a dwelling a woman came out, uttering imprecations on some one she was so wrought up by what she was thinking about that she did not appear to see me.

"Poor dear little Bob, sick and hungry and nothing to give him to eat but dry bread when he needs dentures: 'I'd like to kill!'"

She turned into a baker shop and asked for a loaf of bread, offering 4 cents instead of the full price, which was 5.

When she came out I spoke to her, told her that I had overheard her talking to herself and what she had said.

As she thanked me the moon shone down full on her face showing it to me distinctly. It was a face not to be forgotten—not beautiful, but sad.

A few months later the public became interested in the trial of a woman accused of having murdered her husband. I read some accounts of the trial, and certain features of it seemed familiar to me.

I had not been mistaken. The prisoner's face was the same that I had last seen on the street in the moonlight, though the sadness of it had given place to a sort of stuper.

I entered the courtroom. I heard him say that he had proved that the woman had threatened to kill her husband, that he had received some money and was going to return with it to his wife.

"What is a den?" "A den, my son, is a place where wild beasts make their homes."

"Did you husband ever try his hand at sustained fiction?" "Did he? For at least ten years he's been trying to make me believe he likes my cooking."

"What he won't tell." "Does your husband tell you every thing?" "Yes, everything except how much pocket money he spends himself every week."

FREEDOM OF LONDON.

It Carries With It the Right to Keep Pigs in St. James' Parish.

Many towns in Great Britain enjoy special and peculiar privileges. When some years ago, parliament deprived the Cinque Ports of their ancient privileges, Brightlinges, a Cinque Port "limb" or "appendage," was in some way overlooked.

In at least one manor, that of the Earl of Carnarvon, the inhabitants may cheerfully disregard the enactments of the ground game act, passed twenty years ago.

The freedom of the city of London carries with it, nominally, at any rate the right to keep pigs in the parish of St. James, Piccadilly.

HE HAD TO HURRY.

On the Dead Rush Because He Had No Time to Spare.

In Chicago there is a man whom his friends know as Inahurry Jones. One morning about 10 o'clock a man with southern blood in his veins saw Jones whose energy he had often admired tearing down State street as if propelled by the winds of heaven.

Jones rushed into the Palmer House, rushed up to the cigar stand, grabbed a cigar, yelled back, "Puteronyacount," without stopping to sort the words, and dashed out, with the south erner panting hard behind.

The southerner took the next car up and entered Jones' office timidly, certain that he was about to come upon a conference of at least four of the most important men in Chicago's financial world.

The Doomed Shepherd Dog. The shepherd's dog that kills a sheep is doomed. The penalty is death.

Bears One Crop and Dies. The sage palm tree bears but one crop of fruit. Its load of nuts is its first and final effort in the way of fruit bearing.

Still Life. They were looking at the canvases on exhibition in the artist's studio.

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THE DEACON'S STORY

By M. QUAD

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Snyder, the grocer in the village of Hampton, had a room back of his store in which certain old fellows used to gather on an evening and play checkers or tell yarn.

"How Silas come purty nigh losing his scalp puts me in mind of something," observed the deacon to the great surprise of all in the room.

"Dave, it's dangerous," says I. "William, I know it," he replies.

"What?" asked every man in chorus. The deacon had opened his lips to reply when there was a great shouting from the street, and all the men in the room ran out.

"Well, there was Dave Benson up a chestnut tree, and there was me standing on the ground. Dave was a good climber, but there was my feelings that something was going to happen.

"Let's see I think Dave had been married about seven years then. It may have been eight, and it may have been only six.

"Deacon, will you tell us at once what happened?" interrupted Henry Clay Smith, one of the trio.

"No, no, no! But, you see, it's three years since you started in on this story."

"I didn't know anybody was pressed for time. At least I hadn't, and I'll save the rest for some other day."

One day a summons came to the two survivors that Deacon Strathers lay dying of fever and wanted to see them before the end came.

"Cause of the Row. Mrs. Popley—For goodness' sake, what's the matter with Willie? Mr. Popley (from the bathroom)—Oh, he waits the earth. Mrs. Popley—Wants the earth? Mr. Popley—Yes; at least that portion of it that I'm trying to wash off his hands and face."

Sidesteped. "You can't sit up with my daughter after 11 o'clock."

Very Much Married. Waitress—Have another glass, sir? Husband (to his wife)—Will I have another glass, Friedrike? Shall I let her know—Shall he have another, waitress?—Friedrike Blaker.

Humility With Exposed Many a gentleman to a hermit, but never raised one to fame.—Shenstone.

DEATH BY PRESSING.

One of the Horrible Modes of Torture in the Middle Ages.

One of the judicial penalties in the middle ages was death by pressing. Strictly speaking, this manner of death was not a penalty, but an avoidance of penalty.

In the older accounts of the Salem witchcraft it is said that Giles Corey in 1692 was pressed to death, but that whole episode is involved in obscurities.—New York Sun.

SNAKES ARE STUPID.

The Reptiles May Be Tamed, but They Cannot Be Trained.

One cannot train or teach snakes to do anything whatever. Their brain power is so limited that the matter is how they have ever managed to survive in the great competition, especially when one finds that they are still on the "ascending curve" of evolution.

After that the most that a skillful exhibitor can do with them is to adapt himself and his actions to their movements, which by familiarity he can pretty nearly anticipate, so that these may appear purposive and intelligent.

Men's Evening Clothes. Many severe things have been said of the inartistic qualities of man's dress in modern times, so that it comes with a pleasing surprise to hear a word spoken in its defense by no less an authority than Antonio de la Gandara, the portrait painter.

The Old Tableboard. Perhaps no great difference exists between any mode of the olden times and that of today than can be seen in the manner of serving the meals of the family.

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