

Getting into politics is a good deal harder than being kicked out. The great secret about a girl's falling in love is for a man to come along.

In an electric fountain small enough for use as a table decoration that a Boston man has invented the falling water turns a wheel which changes the colors of the lights which illuminate it.

A good listener may never become a good talker that way, but there is a chance for him to learn to be a thinker.

A woman always plans to have two weeks in the spring free from other duties so she can buy her Easter bonnet.

A man with a face of brass expects you to take it for a pair of wings.

It's so easy to make a thousand promises that it's hard to keep one. A girl has such an imagination she can expect to have curly hair any minute.

It's harder to do right than wrong, but it wouldn't make any difference to most people if it wasn't.

If the average man owned a bank somebody could come along and trade an old spavined horse off on him for it.

Because a girl likes to be all tied up in ribbons a man needn't think there isn't dynamite in the package.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Every family is a debating society, only without parliamentary rules.

A girl could kiss a man in the dark without realizing it if he was the right one.

The more excuses a man has for not having come home the more thankful he will be for a single good one.

When a woman sees her son's name get into the newspapers she knows it won't be very long before he is President.

A man has to be a grandfather before he can realize that he doesn't know anything like as much as he thought he knew when he was a grandson.

The more promises a man can make the fewer he can keep.

The reason a woman ought to have more rights is she has all there are already.

Heaps of trouble always coming to people just because they think they're too smart for it.

A man who knows baseball is perfectly willing to let anybody else try to know the Constitution.

When a smart man is trying to get your money away from you he can make you think he is trying to give you his till what he is after happens.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Even expert judgment has to guess right once in a while.

Living is an art, and that is why everybody tries it without mastering it.

Let us be grateful to Adam our benefactor. He cut us out of the "bleeding" of idleness and won for us the "curse" of labor.

When people do not respect us we are sharply rebuffed, yet we do down in his private heart no man must respect himself.

Nature makes the locust with an appetite for crops; man would have made him with an appetite for sand.

Truth is stronger than fiction, but it is because fiction is obliged to stick to possibilities; Truth isn't.

"Behold, the fool saith, 'Put not all these eggs in the one basket,' which is but a manner of saying, 'Invest your money and your attention.' But the wise man saith, 'Put all your eggs in the one basket and watch the basket.'"

Can't we trace their inhumanities in their children's faces?

Ambition is the only yeast that will make a man rise.

A friend in need is always wanting a borrow.

A woman would be ashamed to admit she had cold feet if they were in a tub of ice.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

The only kind of lying man can stand is his own.

Money coming your direction is a snail; going away from you a snail too.

A man's wife has only to be peaceable enough to make him crave for earthquakes and wars.

A nice thing about a fat wife must be how she wouldn't need to fight for all the covers on cold nights.

The reason a girl can get broken-hearted because her parents won't let her marry a man is she'd rather he broke it.

Lots of people are good for lack of the chance not to be.

A woman would rather be loved than honored, and a man enriched.

The fun of trading horses is that if you get cheated so did the other fellow.

Everybody would like to be good if there was any cheerful company to keep it in.

A man would rather go to the dentist than go shopping with his wife, and she would rather go shopping with him than listen to his ideas on politics.

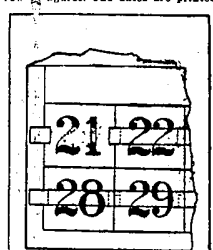
The man who never forgets to call his wife sweetheart in public often does in private.

You can whale, maul, mangle into a child, but he has to be coaxed into manners.

NOVEL CALENDAR.

Strips Over Each Date Are Detached Daily, Indicating Current Date.

A custom common with probably everybody in using calendars is to cross out with a pen or pencil each date of the month as it goes. There is then small chance of mistaking the date. A Philadelphia man suggests a much better and neater method of checking off the dates in a calendar. He has patented an illustration of which is shown here. In this calendar there is a series of transverse paper strips extending to the center of each row of figures. The dates are printed on the strips.



ed partly upon the sheet and partly upon the strips, the latter being secured to the sheets only between the dates, and detachable under the figures. When the strip is removed the top left bottom portions of the date still remain visible. Each day the strip covering the corresponding date is removed. The user is thus able to tell at a glance the date of the month. Also if he desires to refer to the dates of days already passed, he can readily determine them from the partially broken figures.

TO SHOW PHOTOGRAPHS

Album is Equipped with Magnifying Glass and Mirror.

A compact and interesting device for home entertainment has been invented by a New York man. It consists of a photograph holder, which is at the same time an exhibitor, the whole being designed in the form of an album. The album is set on a stand, back down, and is divided into three compartments. The two side compartments for holding photographs and an electric battery, and the center division having a mirror set in the back and a lens in the front, with space between for inserting the view.

This latter section is movable and can be adjusted to any position desired, the magnifying glass in the front enlarging the views and bringing out all the detail. An electric light, supplied from the battery in the storage compartment, illumines the exhibition chamber and enhances the general effect of the picture. For evenings at home this device can be made both instructive and entertaining with a collection of historic views.

Squab Courtship.

The squab farm is an interesting place. Belgian homers are the best breeders. The parents like to be picked by all the flocks. They pair young. The male selects his partner, and his wooing is not easy. At first he is pecked at angrily. He is a persistent fellow though, and will not be repulsed. The object of his attention tries to escape by flight. He pursues relentlessly; when she flies he flies after her; when she runs he runs after her, when she roosts he roosts beside her. This keeps up on the average for two days, then Miss Pigeon relents, evidently deciding it would be hard hearted to deny so ardent a lover. The parents fly down to a stable married life. They average five pairs of squabs a year. Eggs are hatched in eighteen days, and four weeks later the squabs go to market. The squabs are killed at the end of the four weeks being fully feathered pigeons.

What's in a Man.

"All the constituents of a 150-pound man are contained in 1,200 eggs," said the chemist.

"There is enough gas in a man," he believed.

"On a full gasometer of 3,540 cubic feet. There is enough fat to make four balls. There is enough fat to make 75 candles and a large cake of soap. There is enough phosphorus to make 8,054 boxes of matches."

There is enough hydrogen in him to fill a balloon and carry him up to the clouds. The remaining constituents of a man are salt, oil, sugar and a dash of water.

No, wonder the Psalmist said: "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

A Defeated Conqueror

People said I was the luckiest fellow living, and I quite indured their opinion, for I had not only entered the lottery, but I had won. My prize, my left eye, my left eye, but I had also won the hand and heart of Ada Miller, the prettiest and most charming young lady in the whole county.

People said her father was immensely rich and that she would come in for a handsome fortune at his death, but what cared I about that? For had I not sufficient for my own use? I had not loved her with the whole strength of a pure and disinterested love?

I cannot begin to describe her to you, for the task is quite beyond me. Surely it is to say she was loved by all who knew her and loved by not a few. The latter circumstance ceased to disturb me when once I became her accepted lover, though before that time it occasioned me a great deal of anxiety, and caused me to spend many a restless night.

Of one lover in particular I had been jealous, for to my excited and fear-laden imagination he seemed to possess everything that a young lady could desire. He was tall, broad-shouldered, handsome, with a pleasing manner and faultless dress, and in addition to all this, he was endowed with more than an average share of this world's goods.

He was made in love with Ada, but conducted his wooing in a way which with not even his closest rival could find fault. Kind, considerate and gentlemanly, never obtruding his presence unnecessarily, he yet managed to pay her considerable attention, and many an anxious time did I spend, fearing that his superior attractions would put me in the shade.

But, however, decided otherwise, for when I summoned up courage to put my fortune to the test, Ada shyly accepted me, and informed me in a most engaging manner that she had never loved anyone else. You may be sure that I was in ecstasies, and scarcely knew for the next few months whether I walked upon air or upon solid ground.

My engagement was to last a year, at the end of that time our marriage was to take place. The time had almost elapsed, and nothing had occurred to mar the harmony of the scene, when, quite unexpectedly, something happened which filled me with the deepest horror, and which caused me to shudder even now as I recall it. It has happened to do with my rival, Horace Rishston, whose existence for the time I had almost forgotten.

He had received the news of our engagement with apparently calm and quiet manner, and his subsequent behavior had not led us to regard him as being more than ordinarily affected by it, but in the event I am about to describe, I was enabled to see how deep and magic the effect upon him really was.

The revelation came in this wise: It was but two days to our wedding, and I had occasion to go on a little business connected with it to a neighboring town, a place some four miles distant from my home. Having accomplished my errand, and finding that a considerable time still waited for me to return, I resolved to walk back, so striking out, I soon left the town behind me.

I had gone somewhere about two miles when I noticed the moon suddenly covered over, and I was left in comparative darkness. As I knew the way, however, I thought nothing of it, but trudged cheerfully along, thinking of the time I should have to spend at home. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, the ground gave way from under my feet and I felt myself falling headlong down, down into the depths of the earth. How I felt, I know not at the time; I learned afterward that it was about thirty feet—

I had expected instant death when I reached the bottom, and without a moment's pause I had been fast to one of the stakes of the fence.

I watched him wonderingly with a dazed mind, when all in a moment, before I could think or speak, he reeled, fell over, and tumbled headlong into the pit from whence he had drawn me, carrying the rope with him.

"He's gone!" I shrieked, and springing to my feet for the dumbness left me for a moment—I rushed to the mouth of the shaft crying frantically, "Horace! Horace!"

But no answer came to my cries. A loud splash succeeded his fall, then all was still and silent, as the grave. I looked around for help, but no help was near, and overcome with weakness, fatigue and horror, I fell senseless to the ground.

When I came to I found myself in the same position, and knowing that it was extremely improbable that any one would pass that way, I put forth all my strength, and dragged myself with great difficulty in the direction of home. When I had gone a mile or so I entered upon a more frequent road, and soon fell in with those who rendered me all the assistance I required.

My story caused a great sensation, as you may be sure, and for a time was the one object of interest in the place. As I looked upon me as one given back from the dead, and rejoiced over me accordingly. Her joy would have been complete had it not been for the unfortunate death of Horace Rishston, for that naturally cast a gloom over us all.

Of course, his death was put down to accident, and much regret expressed at the painful occurrence, but I, who had seen the whole thing, knew it was no accident, though, rightly or wrongly, I kept this knowledge to myself.

Every year we say a visit to his grave, and as we go we use the same old words, "We think you're a good fellow, and with regret, of a rival's love."—Household Words.

days, and even weeks might elapse before anyone passed that way.

I struck out frantically round the pit to seek again for some means of escape, but my search was as fruitless as before.

I snatched hold of me. I thought of Ada, of our approaching marriage of the preparations which had been made, and the plans which had been formed. And now it was all over. I must think no more of entering again the bright region above and sharing in the joys that awaited me there. I was doomed to die—a die lonely, horrible death, and to lie in a watery grave. As I held on to my feeble support, and thought of all this, my limbs reeled within me, and I feared that my reason must give way.

Death instead of marriage! What a contrast! Just when I ought to be leading my bride to the altar and stepping across the portal of married life, to let go my hold here and fall into the cold, relentless arms of death! And what of Ada then? Surely I would sorrow and grieve and be desolately lonely.

But Horace! Rishston! What of him? Might they not become man and wife? No, the thought was terrifying, and drove me in a fit of frenzy to shout again with all my might. But it was all in vain, for I could not hear. How the night passed I cannot tell, neither do I know how the morning hours dragged on, for I was numb with cold and faint with hunger and fatigue. I only know that after what seemed to me to be ages, I awoke, drew near, and a voice called out from above:

"Are you there, Fred?"

My heart leaped into my mouth, and for a moment I was unable to utter a sound. At last I murmured, in a faint voice:

"In Heaven's name, get me out! I'm dying."

"Can you hold on another minute?" the voice asked.

"I can hold on till I faint if I wish to this state. (Can you slip a loop round your body, or shall I come down to you?)"

"Send the rope down. I'll manage to pass it round," I shouted eagerly.

In another minute it was dangling before my eyes, and was soon passed under my arm; after which I gave up the struggle to draw it up, and as I reached, and at last emerged into the light and freedom of the upper air.

It was Horace Rishston who had saved me, and if ever my heart went out to a rival it was then.

"I cannot sufficiently thank you," I began.

"Give me no thanks," he interrupted harshly. "Thank Heaven instead. Heaven and hades have been fighting over you, and hades has won. But you little know how near you have been to death."

I looked up in wonderment at him, for his words were unintelligible to me. He took no notice of my look, but continued:

"I guessed where you were, call it instinct or what you will. No one else did. They will seek everywhere but here. But I knew you were here, and—well the Devil tempted me, may be, fought with me. Don't you know why? You love Ada Miller, do you not? Then so do I. Yes, with a love which gives me no rest night or day, a love which makes it impossible for me to live without her. You have won her hand, but don't you think I envy you? Don't you think I even hate you a little? And when I guessed you were here, don't you see the Devil tempted me to leave you here and to say nothing whatever about it? But Ada has chosen you, the love you win, and she is happy. But for my happiness in this life is over."

He turned away to unloosen the rope which he had fast to one of the stakes of the fence.

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FATHER TRIES TO REVIVE BODY

Strange Scene in Illinois Cemetery When Man Prays Many Minutes Over Coffin.

Rock Island, Ill.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed at Riverside Cemetery, this county, when John Baptiste, a Canadian, disinterred the body of his daughter, eight months after her death, and sought to restore her to life. As he gave no appearance of being insane, the authorities ordered the exhumation of the corpse. Baptiste was dared over the coffin of success.

The daughter was Miss Axel Price of Blaine, Tower county, N. D. She died last April after an illness with typhoid fever. The father, who is 65 years old, became imbued with the idea that he could bring her back to life. He explained that he was inspired by the belief that by touching her form and gazing upon her intensely she would breathe again and be fully restored to her normal being.

He was required to obtain the permission of the dead woman's husband. This was granted. Price writing from Blaine:

"If you succeed, let me know and I'll come on immediately."

Baptiste at first planned to try his experimental publicity and let all who wished to see him perform. This was objectionable to the cemetery officers, however, and it was decided to conduct the test in private. An undertaker had several friends accompanied him to the grave.

After the coffin was opened Baptiste stepped forward and glanced at the body. He was shocked at what he saw and staggered back. His hands pressed his eyes. Nerving himself, he returned to the body and gazed intently at it fifteen minutes, his lips moving in prayer. At the end of that period he asked all to withdraw and leave him alone with his dead. All complied and waited in the cemetery office until he returned. With his eyes streaming, he murmured:

"It's no use, friends; the pressure is too great."

Baptiste then returned to the city and made preparations to return to Canada. The body was reinterred.

The cemetery authorities say that Baptiste is a strong believer in cases of suspended animation, and became obsessed with the belief that his daughter was a victim of this condition. He declared that he could never feel satisfied in his mind that she was dead until he had been given an opportunity to restore her.

LAND FAKIRS IN MOVIE SHOWS.

Distribute Prize 'Lots and Collect \$9.25 From Lucky (?) Winners.

Chester, Pa.—More than twenty residents of this city are trying to find out whether they have made a profitable land investment in Centre county, or have been made the victims of a sharper.

Several days ago a man declaring himself to be a real estate operator called on a moving picture operator and bargained with him to show a real estate advertisement on the screen and take his pay in land.

The advertiser offered to give to each purchaser of an acre of land one acre free. When the show was over the real estate operator announced that cards would be distributed among the spectators in the picture house, and each would have an opportunity to draw an acre of land free. Later it developed that twenty or more persons had been the "lucky winners" and the next day they lucky ones were called upon and informed of their good fortune. The cost of the deed and other court charges would amount to \$9.25, the agent informed them.

The name of Samuel B. Pennington, a former chief of police at Chester, who is now in the real estate business, was given as an evidence that the scheme was straight.

Pennington disclaims knowledge of the Centre county land project, and now those who paid over their \$9.25 are hunting the land agent, but he has not been here, so far as can be learned.

"GASOLINE TO BE CHEAPER.

Predicted That New Process Will Revolutionize Business.

Findlay, O.—A revolution in the oil refining business is predicted by H. G. James, a well known oil authority, who bases his prediction on the probable results of a new process by which the Standard Oil interests purpose to increase the amount of gasoline obtainable from crude oil.

The process involves an entirely new method of making gasoline, since it opens the way for breaking up the hydrocarbons of petroleum into whatever combinations are needed, and condensing them under compression. Already the application of the new process has been installed in the big plant of the Standard Oil of Wisconsin, Ind., at a cost of \$150,000 and also in the plant of the same company in Alton, Ill.

The new process will reduce the percentage of fuel oil. It is understood that more spirit will appear in the Kansas market in a few weeks, and will sell for about four cents less per gallon than the present price of gasoline.

Poker—A Soliloquy.

To play, or not to play, that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the game to suffer

The slings and arrows of a risky hand

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles

And throw in my cards; to swank, to bluff

Some more, and by that bluff to take

The goodly pool, that better hands

Are held to—is a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To straddle, to raise,

To see, perchance to win. Ay, there's the rub.

For in that game of cards what hands

may come

When we have shuffled off the second pack

Without a cut; there's the respect

That makes calamity of a good hand. For who would bear the flush and

straight of others,

The oppressor's three aces, the proud

man's full house,

The pangs of fours, the straight flush, the

inspiration of others, and the

spurs

That five aces (with the joker) make

When he himself is his quietus take

By throwing in his cards? Who would

draw to a pair

To groan and swear under a bad hand,

But that the hope of something after-

ward—

The hope that from whose board

The silvery flood returns, puzzles the

will

And makes us rather bear the cards

we have

Than draw five others that we know

not of

Thus conscience does make cowards

of us all.

And hands of great and strong ex-

crement

With this regard, their cards all turn

away

And lose the name of Poker.

—New York Telegraph.

THE CHRONIC PLAQUE.

Rodrick—So that chronic plaque

used to follow you from town to town

and borrow money? Couldn't you get

rid of him?

Van Albert (wearily)—No, he came

to me one day and said he guessed he

had harassed me enough and if I

would only give him a gun he would

use it at once. In desperation I handed

him my new pearl-handled revolver.

Rodrick—And he used it?

Van Albert—You bet he did. He

pawed it for \$8 and then offered to

sell me the ticket for eight more.

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY.

The story of the dying