WIPED OUT THE GANG

THE BATTLE THAT EXTERMINATED THE EXELBY OUTLAWS.

A Close Quarters Fight With Guns That Won For Captain Bartlett, Who Was In the Thick of the Fray, the Sioux Name of "Wounded Knee."

"How we wiped the famous Exelby gang of outlaws out of existence has never been told except in official government reports," said Captain Charles E. Bartlett, who used to be a government scout and deputy United States marshal at Deadwood, to a group of friends.

"The gang had struck terror to every Indian on the reservation who had any property and to every ranchman in Dakota. I was at that time, in 1881, in charge of the Pine Ridge and Rosebud agencies. I had been placed there because of my familiarity with the Sioux country. Only a short time after I arrived I was ordered to exterminate the Exelbys at any cost.

"Affairs reached a crisis when the gang got away with 50 of the ponies belonging to a friendly chief who had been hunting just east of the Black Hills in company with a party of his friends. A severe winter was just coming on, and the Indians felt that they had little protection from lawlessness if the troops of Uncle Sam could not stop such bold thefts as driving away all their horses.

"The theft was speedily traced to the Exelby gang. Their stronghold was soon after located on the Little Missouri. We notified the sheriffs at Miles City, Mon., and they caught one of the gang. Four of the ponies were found grazing around his cabin door. A special deputy was sent to bring the prisoner to Deadwood, but before he left Miles City he received word that the rest of the Exelbys were lying in wait for him and meant to rescue the prisoner if they killed all the deputies in the country.

"Ryan telegraphed for a posse to meet him near Stone's ranch at the crossing of the Little Missouri. I took the Williams brothers, Jack O'Hara, Al Raymond, Doc Babcock and, in a blinding snowstorm, headed the next morning for Stone's ranch. Not often in the history of fights on the frontier has so well known a set of scouts been gathered as rode on that campaign.

"The snow was a foot deep, and we were so cold that before we had finished the 60 mile ride the blood on our spurs was frozen. In fact, we were obliged to use our spurs cruelly to reach there at all.

"We arrived at the ranch about 10 o'clock at night and told old man Stone to care for our horses. He told us all we dared hope to find out about the Exelbys. At Shuster's, as the old man called it, there were three habitations, forming a triangle, each about 200 yards from the other. First came Stone's ranch, then the saloon and third the cabin where Shuster lived. Stone had told us that Exelby and five of his men had arrived at the saloon in the middle of the day and had been drinking and carousing ever since. This accounted for their being off their guard.

"We decided to wait till the next morning. About 9 o'clock we saw six of them start with their packs and animals for the road. They put their pack mules ahead as they approached the crossing which bridged the river a quarter of a mile distant. We trapped them in a ravine back of Stone's ranch, calling a halt as soon as we thought that we had them dead to rights. Exelby yelled out something about a warmer climate, but we had no intention of taking his advice and leaving where we were. We were seven to six, anyway, and when he snapped back his retort to our call to halt we opened fire.

"We had hardly pulled a trigger when the bullets began to whistle around us from the other side of the gully, and we woke to the fact that Billy the Kid, who had staid behind in the saloon to fix his saddle, had arrived just in time to join in the exchange of shots. His first bullet killed Jack O'Hara, one of the most famous scouts who ever crossed the plains. The second tore through Jack Williams' shoulder and the third shattered my right knee.

"On the other side Exelby was killed. Tilly, another noted desperado, crawled with a shattered arm and broken ankle to Shuster's and begged for mercy. When I was hit I fell, but managed to crawl to the top of the ravine and put an extra hole in Campbell's nose. It generally took years to rid the frontier of two such outlaws as these, and I felt that we were working fast. As Campbell fell from the saddle his spur left a deep cut in the leather, which I often show with interest. I have the saddle, the belt and his side arms. The battle was turning in our favor, and after another volley we saw that not another live outlaw was visible. Even the Kid had given up his rear attack and had disappeared. We ran across him alone a few weeks later, and Fred Williams had no scruples about ending his life.

"Doc Babcock bandaged my knee, and we rigged a sled with which we managed to carry Jack O'Hara's body back to Spearfish. Tuttle, one of the worst characters of Exelby's gang, we found only slightly wounded. We took him to Spearfish also, but his lifeless body was found frozen stiff the next morning hanging from a tree. My wound was not painful, and I rode my horse as far as Spearfish. There the doctor said I would have to have my leg amputated. I objected and still have two legs, if one is a little weak."

From the date of the battle with the Exelbys Captain Bartlett was known as "Wounded Knee" among the Sioux.

They All Came Back.

"Half a dozen of us fellows," said the struggling young author, "held a competition in short story writing. My story won the prize."

"Conceded to be the best, eh?"

"Well, we sent them all to the same magazine, and the editor kept mine longer than any of the others."

Boston Common Incident.

Mr. Goodbody—Ah, little man! Want to see the wheels go round?

Waldo Beanes—Thank you, sir, but I'm perfectly familiar with the mechanism of the modern chronometer.

Nelson was 39 when he won the victory of the Nile. Wellington was only 40 when he opened the Peninsular war. Cromwell was 46 when he won at Naseby.

HIS NEW SILK HAT.

A Joke That Made the Sporty Man Hot and Cold by Turns.

The young man who prides himself upon his swell and dapper appearance had just bought a new silk hat, and it had been sent to the office from the hat store. It arrived while he was at luncheon, and one of the boys receipted for it and after the messenger was gone hauled out the prize for general inspection. It was certainly a beauty, but a man who cannot afford to wear a silk hat never can see any sense in any other person wearing one. Therefore the gang got up a little plot to have joy with the sporty purchaser.

The new hat was stowed away in the clothes closet, and the office boy was sent to the county Democracy headquarters to borrow the worst old plug that could be found in the rooms, one that had been through all the parades for years and had been kicked from pillar to post. The boy got it all right, and it was carefully stowed in the hatbox and placed on the swell youth's desk. He came bustling in soon afterward and jumped toward the package.

"Oh, my new hat came, did it?" he asked, beginning to unwrap the package. "Well, say, you fellows can 'kid' a silk hat all you want, but here's one that's a"—

He got that far before he opened the box and took out the ancient plug, which looked like a vain regret. Then he made some remarks which are unfit for publication.

"I'll show 'em!" he shouted, while the crowd kept up the roar of laughter to indecent limits. "I'll let 'em know who they're playing jokes on!" And he jammed the old hat back into the box preparatory to going back to the hat store with it. It was time to make the switch again, and one of the boys called him into the private office a moment on something very imperative, while another shifted the hats and put the new one back in the box.

Returning from the momentary conference, the indignant young man tied up the hatbox and stamped away to the hat store.

"What do you mean," he demanded, slamming the box down and nervously pulling at the string, "by sending me an old wreck of a hat like this?" And he pulled out the shining new tile he had bought a few hours before.

What the salesman said and thought and what the young man said and realized are not necessary to the story. It ought to end right there.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Even When a Little Boy His Genius Was Extraordinary.

I last night [Nov. 15, 1777] supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. He was reading a poem to his mother when I went in. I made him read on. It was the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. "There's the mast gone," says he. "Crash it goes. They will all perish." After his agitation he turns to me. "That is too melancholy," says he. "I had better read you something more amusing."

I preferred a little chat and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gave me. Wonderful indeed one of his observations was how strange it was that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything! "That must be the poet's fancy," said he, but when he was told he was created perfect by God himself he instantly yielded. When he was taken to bed last night he told his aunt he liked that lady. "What lady?" says she. "Why, Mrs. Cockburne, for I think she's a virtuoso like myself." "Dear Walter," says aunt, "what is a virtuoso?" "Don't ye know? Why, it's one who wishes and will know everything."

Now, sir, you will think this a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now before I tell you. Why, 12 or 14? No such thing. He is not quite 6 years old. He has a lame leg, for which he was a year in Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick.—"Letters and Memoirs of Her Own Life," by Mrs. Alison Rutherford or Cockburne.

Live on the Installment Plan.

"One of the curious business customs here," says a City of Mexico correspondent of the Boston Herald, "is that of paying for things on the 'abono,' or installment, plan. The great shops carry tens of thousands of accounts, which are always being added to by fresh charges and as continually being decreased by the payment of the monthly 'abonos.' From your cradle to your coffin you can, if you have any sort of credit, go through life on the installment plan. This is a city full of government employees, like Washington, and they live, move and have their being on the installment principle. They pay their rent or board monthly and hand in a certain amount to their tailor, shoemaker, haberdasher, jeweler, etc. If they are married men, their wives call around to the dry goods shops monthly and make a payment. It is a custom so universal that women of the highest social rank have passbooks at the big dry goods shops and send their installments in every 30 days."

Stationery and Fuel.

Benjamin Harrison, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was fond of the good things of this life and a high liver. While a member of the First congress, which met in Philadelphia, on one occasion he was joined by a friend as he left the congressional hall. Wishing to ask his friend to join him in a bumper, he took him to a certain place and called for two glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished to congressmen.

"What is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?"

"Molasses and water, which they have charged to stationery," was the reply.

"Very well," said Harrison, "give me brandy and water, and charge it as fuel."

The Present.

He was gazing with dreamy eyes into the far on ahead.

"Ah, my darling," he murmured, "what matters it that sorrow and trouble must of necessity be lurking in the unknown future? While I am with you I think of naught but the present—the beautiful, superb present."

"So do I, dearest," she replied. "But you'll take me when you buy it, won't you? Men have such queer tastes in rings."

A PEARL FROM A KING.

The Bunko Game That Was Played by a Fiji Monarch.

The King—You Merican, you, you?

I—yes, your majesty, I am glad to say that I am an American citizen.

"Ya, balajaa ku Fiji?" (How do you like Fiji?)

"Yes, your majesty, I am most pleased with this beautiful island. Like the other islands of the south sea, it is an earthly paradise."

"You ketch him bacoco?" (tobacco.)

"Yes, your majesty (deferentially), I have plenty of tobacco—some fine old Virginia leaf. Maybe your majesty would like some?"

"You give me bacoco, I give you my pearl."

A pearl from a king! The deal was closed. Immediately I dispatch a man to the hut where my trunk reposed and told him to bring me all the tobacco he could find. But surely there was not sufficient for a king's pearl, a priceless jewel! I tried to demur—to change his majesty's mind—but he would not have it otherwise. Presently the man returned with three large boxes of long cut and a bunch of Manila cigars which I had bought for moth extermination. The lot would have brought about $4 in the Fiji market, and I reluctantly passed it over to his majesty, who took it with that cry of delight that comes only from the breast of the man who has found gold after years of poverty. Then he muttered some unintelligible words in the Fiji dialect and from the deep confines of his coat brought forth a thin ball of cotton. He unrolled it with a particular caution and picked up the pearl—white, dainty, supreme. He held it between his thumb and forefinger for a moment of admiration and then, with uncovered head, placed it in my outstretched hand.

I shall never forget how, many months later, when I landed in London, I went to the purser and got my cherished pearl from his strong box. I was going to have it mounted as a pin. I shall never, never forget how the jeweler listened to my story, clapped a magnifying glass to his eye, looked at it closer and closer and closer, and then said in a tone that pierced my heart:

"My boy, this isn't a pearl. It's a fish's eye!"—Robert Mackay in Success.

THE "PIGTAIL" IN CHINA.

Certain Sects Believe It Is Essential to Salvation.

Every one knows how sacred a cue or "pigtail" is to John Chinaman. To lose his cue is almost as bad as to lose life itself. Should a Chinaman return to China without his cue he would become an object of scorn and derision.

Dress, like other things, undergoes its change in China, but the style of the pigtail has remained the same for centuries and is handed down from parent to child without fear of change.

For many years prior to 1644 the native emperors of the Chinese dynasty compelled their subjects to wear long hair over the whole head and to twist it into a tuft or coil. The first emperor of the Mantchoo dynasty, who ascended the throne in 1644, determined to make the consul of Manchuria the token of the submission of the Chinese of the entire country to his authority.

Shortly after his accession to the throne he ordered his subjects to shave all the hair from their heads except on the crown and to allow the hair on that particular part to grow long and dress it according to the traditional custom of Manchuria.

This proclamation was received with universal disapproval, except in Manchuria. But it had to be obeyed. Finally the custom prevailed throughout the length and breadth of China, and the style then adopted as a duty is worn now by choice. "So much a long communion tends to make us what we are."

As a reward for punctuality and obedience those who were first to conform with the new capillary rule were awarded a tael of silver. In such reverence has the pigtail come to be held that certain sects believe that they cannot be saved without the aid of the pigtail. They believe that after death Confucius will lift them by their pigtails into the regions of celestial bliss. Consequently no pigtail, no salvation. Is it any wonder, then, that John Chinaman sticks to his cue? It is the Jacob's ladder by which he will make his ascent into heaven.

She Understood.

When they came on the car the other day, everybody wondered what made the small girl look so queer. A nice looking man was leading her by the hand, and she would have been nice looking, too, of it hadn't been for her bonnet. It was the strangest bonnet seen in many a day. A deep and full ruffle fell into the child's eyes, while a stiff, shelflike projection stretched out over her neck. She was uncomfortable, and the man was oblivious. After awhile a plump and comfortable mother of two could endure it no longer. She leaned across the car and said something to the man, who began to smile. He untied the bonnet and put it on the other side up. The ruffle developed into a little cape and the shelf into a poke bonnet, and the transformation was complete.

"You see, her mother wasn't around, and I"— he began.

"Of course you did," smiled back the mother of two.

She Made It; She Knew.

An old colored mammy over in Fairfax county brought me a bottle of blackberry brandy last fall. Two whiffs of it, I venture to say, would make one want to tell the story of one's life, but mammy assured me the liquor was harmless.

"'Deed I know what's in it, chile; I does," she said. "It ain't safe to drink none of this yere store brandy. They's alcohol in it, and alcohol's certainly poison. You needn't be skeered of this stuff I done brought you, honey, for they's nothing in it but jes' pure juice. They's not a drop of alcohol in it. I made it myse'f, and I knows."

Both Drove.

First Boy—Your folks ain't as rich as ours. My father and mother go driving every day.

Second Boy—My father drives every day too.

First Boy—I don't believe it. What does he drive?

Second Boy—Nails.—London Fun.

There is no canning industry among the Chinese. All of their sauces and compotes are preserved in earthenware jars or in old wine and beer bottles.

On the 110 square miles of London's area 1,000 tons of soot settle yearly.

BILL OF THE PLAY.

James A. Herne will take "Shore Acres" to London next summer.

A West African gold mine has yielded $75,000 for Mrs. James Brown Potter.

Frank Bangs is shortly to celebrate his fiftieth year of stage life by a family reunion.

Eugene Presbrey has disposed of a play of rural life, called "New England Folks," for next season.

The Earl of Yarmouth is to star in "The Councilor's Wife," a play that has been used by Henry Miller.

Mme. Bernhardt is the only actress speaking a foreign language who ever made money for her managers in this country.

Eleanora Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, is having Mrs. Fiske's version of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" translated into Italian.

Joseph Jefferson's fortune has mainly been accumulated from a version of "Rip Van Winkle" for which he paid $500 to Dion Boucicault.

It is said that Sothern has denounced as ungentlemanly the conduct of a Chicago professor of literature who spoke of his Hamlet as resembling the work of a "vaudeville contortionist."

W. H. West takes credit for giving the first minstrel performance of the twentieth century. The performance took place shortly after 12 o'clock on Jan. 1 at the Auditorium in Philadelphia.

Gerhart Hauptmann's latest play, "Michael Kramer," was produced recently at the Deutsches theater, Berlin. It was a failure. It is a somber story, and the great feature is a funeral oration.

Eleanor Robson, who has scored a hit in "Arizona," and who is to be put into support of Mrs. Le Moyne in the latter's forthcoming tour in a repertory of Browning plays, is the daughter of Madge Carr Cook.

GLEANINGS.

France has 22 organ manufactories.

Tibet is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined and has a population of 6,000,000.

In Bohemia 63 nobles own the bulk of the country. None of their estates are less than 12,000 acres.

According to recent statistics, there is one man in about 500 in the United States who receives a college training.

The Nile is noted for the variety of its fish. An expedition sent by the British museum brought home 2,200 specimens.

Eighteen states and one territory now have valued policy laws—that is, laws requiring fire insurance companies to pay the face of the policy, no matter what may be the actual value of the property burned.

The lowest bidder for the contract of furnishing seeds for congressional distribution during the fiscal year 1902 received by the agricultural department was the New York Market Garden association at $160,155.

A man charged at a London police court the other day with being drunk and disorderly pleaded in his defense that his real intention when he bought the whisky was to poison himself in the pleasantest possible manner.

The daily population of the Equitable building in New York is 3,100, and the mail averages about 18,000 pieces a day. Every 45 minutes mail wagons run over from the postoffice and carry back with them 75 pounds of outgoing mail.

PEN, CHISEL AND BRUSH.

The death is announced at the age of 83 of Mr. Herminfard, the world famous historian of the reformation, his book on this subject having been translated into every civilized language.

The parents of Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, were both slaves in the antebellum days. The father escaped to Canada, and during the war of the rebellion he fought with the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts infantry.

Charles L. Hutchinson, the president of the Chicago Art institute, was the first American to secure a Rossetti picture. This was the great preraphaelite's "Beata Beatrix," which Mr. Hutchinson has virtually given to the art institute.

Frank Simmons, the American sculptor, long resident in Rome, has returned to New York for a visit. He says that he doubts whether the American public is not well enough supplied with free libraries and adds that, therefore, we should give more thought to the establishment of free art galleries.

THE PEDAGOGUE.

Frederic Harrison, the English philosopher and critic, has accepted an invitation from President Gilman of Johns Hopkins university to deliver a lecture at that place during his coming visit to this country.

Professor Edward A. Ross, formerly of Stanford university, has been engaged by the Nebraska university. Professor Ross is to begin work in February at a salary of $2,000 a year. This creates a new position for him, as the university already has a professor of political economy.

A new institution called the School or College of Esthetics and also the Academy of the Beautiful, has been founded in Paris by a young literary man, M. de Bouhelier. His object is to unite on a common ground poets, painters, sculptors, musicians and all who are interested in the beautiful in art.

THE BUDDING CENTURY.

Another thing the new century ought to bring out is a fireproof hay bale.—Boston Herald.

The new century has opened with terrific gales at sea, violent inland storms, severe earthquake shocks and 40 legislatures in session.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The new century may mean all right, but it would have created a better impression if it had not upholstered its beginning so lavishly with smallpox and grip.

LAW POINTS.

A lawyer is not a necessity in making a will; witnesses are, however.

Where a principal ratifies an unauthorized act of his agent he can afterward avoid the effect of such ratification by showing that he was not acquainted with all the facts of the transaction where he was in possession of the means of learning them.

ANGLES AND JESTS.

When the Price Is Paid.

A big indemnity is what
John Chinaman must pay.
The price assures that he will not
Forget the proper way
Which he in future years should walk.
His tendencies so rash
The nations now propose to balk
By gathering in his cash.

And who will pay this mighty price?
The empress? Not at all.
She'll have her rice and garments nice
Whatever may befall.
Some Chinaman must feel the touch
Of fierce privation's fang,
But we are certain of this much:
It won't be Li Hung Chang.

It won't be any mandarin
Who life's enjoyment lacks
When the authorities begin
To clamor for the tax.
But, oh, ye coolies, sore dismayed,
Ye sad and suffering elves,
When that indemnity is paid,
Prepare to hump yourselves!

A Foolish Young Man.

Mother—Why, dear, what's the matter?

Daughter—Geo-George asked me if he could—ki-iss me.

"Well, my dear, George is a very nice young man, and we all know that he is very much in love with you."

"Ye-y-e-s, but when he went and—and asked me of course I had to be indignant and say 'n-o.' Boo, hoo, hoo!"

He Was One.

Snappy—That's what jars me.

Sappey—What's that?

Snappy—Oh, some people are never satisfied to take things as they are, but always want to know the why and wherefore.

Sappey—That's so. I wonder why it is?

A Social Blunder.

They said that he was comme il faut,
The proper caper and the cheese,
Because he always dressed just so,
His trousers bagged not at the knees.
He never could feel quite at ease
If he'd not donned the proper dress;
He feared the censure of the squeeze
And suffered deep and dire distress.
It would have thrown him in a swoon
If he had been compelled to wear
A morning coat for afternoon;
For fitness he was always there.
He'd suits that suited everything,
For shooting, tennis, golf and boating,
For winter, summer, fall and spring,
Ashore or in his yacht a-floating.
But still his record was not clean;
His 'scutcheon bore an ugly stain.
One certain morning he was seen
Out walking in a driving rain.

The Strenuous Weed.

Jones—You don't mean to say you have already got away with all the cigars your wife gave you for Christmas?

Smith—That's what. I used my bicycle pump about getting the smoke through them and in that way worked them off quite readily and without tiring myself much.

Called Down.

Mrs. Jason—What is that you are tryin to sing, fer the land's sake?

Mr. Jason—"The Lighthouse by the Sea."

Mrs. Jason—Well, if you expect me to git the washin ever done, you'd better be thinkin of the woodhouse by the saw.

Moth and the Flame.

[Revised version.]

The candle glows and sputters,
Its death flame gleaming white;
The moth wings near,
With naught of fear
For her dainty pinions white.

Alas, the moth veers nearer,
The while she softly sings,
Then plumps into
The flame and through,
For she has asbestus wings.

For Use In the Future.

Mrs. Henpeck—If you marry Dick, you need never expect me to come to see you.

Daughter—Just say that into the graphophone, won't you, please?

Mrs. Henpeck—What for?

Daughter—I want to give it to Dick as a wedding present.

Same Ring.

Tess—Jack proposed last night, and I accepted him.

Jess—Did you, dear? By the way, don't attempt to cut glass with that diamond, as I did, or you'll make another nick in the stone.

The Catastrophe.

Fidgety Bridget E. Anna MacSwidget-y
Went for a row with her beau named Will,
Loon-i-ly, moon-i-ly,
Not to say spoon-i-ly.
On the great river he rowed her until,
Mus-si-ly, fus-si-ly,
Freeing his muscle, he
Splashed her and acted so clumsily that
Fidgety Bridget E. Anna MacSwidget-y
Fell in the water and spoiled her new hat.
—James O'Dea in "Daddy Long Legs Fun Songs."

Takes Meals Whole.

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor's biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the zoological gardens.

"Not the least, ma'am," cried the keeper. "He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."—Tit-Bits.

Journalism Is Terribly Exacting.

"No," said the society reporter, "it is not so hard to get descriptions of the costumes. The hard part is to write the descriptions so that each lady will consider herself the best dressed woman present."

Perfect.

If you would be perfect,
Dear sisters and brothers,
Just follow the counsel
You give unto others.

A Great Scheme.

"Dobbs made a lot of money this season."

"How?"

"He got out road maps for all the floors in our big department stores."

A Practical Girl.

He—Your life shall be filled with sunshine.

She—Yes, but how about lamplight? Can you undertake to keep the oil can filled?

Got Him This Time.

Madge painted me a calendar,
Oh, she's a girl of arts!
For all the decorations are
Just hearts and hearts and hearts.
—Chicago Record.

Ups and Downs.

"Really your face is very familiar, sir, but you seem to have the advantage of me in names."

And she looked at the distinguished stranger with a puzzled air.

"I fancied," he said, "that you would know me. My name is Bangs, and four years ago I had the honor to be your coachman."

The face of the lady blazed.

"Sir!" she fairly snarled.

"But a remarkably lucky series of stock investments," he went on, "has enabled me to become your next door neighbor."

The lady's face softened.

"So pleased to renew our acquaintance, Mr. Bangs," she smilingly said.

Looking Backward.

"By George," said the big man with the heavy, dark mustache, who had just got back from Australia, "how time flies. Just think! I used to be the smart kid who tried to scare you out when you came to see my sister. What a little runt I was in those days."

"Yes," wearily replied the one he addressed, "you were a little runt, indeed. If you had only been big and strong like you are now!"

Out of His Line.

Crawfoot—Say, if yeou air so all fired good at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when yeou hear the first roll.

Calculator—I can't do that, sir.

Crawfoot—Yeou kain't?

Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

A Disillusion.

He was a youth of callow age;
His love for ladies of the stage
Had this to savor it:
His heart sang to a happy rhyme,
That with an actress for a time
He'd been a favorite.

Though she was thirty years or more,
And he'd but rounded out a score,
His introspection
Decided him that he had won
A place he could depend upon
In her affection.

Alas, said she, in artless way:
"I've a boy's part in the new play;
And, since I knew you,
I've carefully been watching you
And studying all you say and do.
You don't mind, do you?"
—Exchange.

Foresight.

She—Is that friend of yours whom you are expecting a tall man?

He—About 6 feet 2 inches. Why do you ask?

She—Because in that case I shall have to dust the ornaments on the top shelf.—Exchange.

Things Will Go Wrong.

"The organist didn't see the bride and groom come in."

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing, only they had to march down the aisle to a two step waltz."

The Bachelor's Idea.

Mr. Newpop—You haven't seen our baby yet. He's only 3 months old, but I tell you he's bright.

Jack Bachelier—That so? Can he—er—sit up on his hind legs and beg?

A Literary Lass.

She got a cut glass inkstand
And a cute pearl handled pen
And some dainty tinted paper;
You have seen it now and then.
She thought she'd write a poem about
The "whither and the whence,"
A work to make the Rubaiyat
Resemble "thirty cents."

And so within the crystal font
Her jeweled pen she dipped,
But inspiration from her grasp,
Alack, had somehow slipped.
But soon undaunted, o'er the page
She bent with studious glee;
She straightway wrote to all her friends
And asked them to a tea.

Impervious.

She—There isn't one man in a million who would be so mean to his wife and children as you are!

He—Now, that's what I admire in you, dear. You have such a head for figures!—Life.

Plenty of Hot Air.

"I cannot live on wind," bitterly spake the tragedian.

"But I always serve it to you nice and hot, don't I?" retorted the manager, with spirit.

Paradoxical.

Towne—Isn't it strange that a man of loose habits frequently gets tight.

Browne—Yes, and that a man who is close seldom gets tight.

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