

RESIDENT ADMITS SUICIDE.

PHILA., Aug. 23.—Unable to discharge obligations because of the many loans made to him by his president, now dead, George H. Earle, Jr., of the Trust Co. of Philadelphia, which, under the will of the late Earle, Jr., considered one of the best of the financial institutions in the city, Earle, Jr., died suddenly in his country home in Mear, near Philadelphia, Pa., on the morning of August 22. Earle, Jr., was president of the Trust Co. of Philadelphia, and was one of the best of the financial institutions in the city. Earle, Jr., died suddenly in his country home in Mear, near Philadelphia, Pa., on the morning of August 22. Earle, Jr., was president of the Trust Co. of Philadelphia, and was one of the best of the financial institutions in the city.

CONTINUOUS PERFORMERS

BOWSER STILL INVESTIGATING.

HE STUDIES THE WAYS OF NATURE AND POSTS HIMSELF. Mr. Bowser's general demeanor was paternal as he came home to dinner and hung his hat on its accustomed peg. Mrs. Bowser was assured that she could not guess. He treated her with a kindly consideration all through the meal, and it was not until his finish that he said: "Mrs. Bowser, we have a family cat. You have no doubt seen her lie down many times. How do you like her?" "About a million, I think," she replied. "Then you must have noticed her turn around in a circle two or three times previous to lying down?" "Yes."

TRAMP TALKS.

THE STORY THAT WAS TOLD TO THE SCHOOL-MA'AM. "One Saturday afternoon," said the Tourist, as he settled himself down for a talk, "after I had made twelve miles on the broad highway, I came along to a farmhouse where a couple of women were sitting on the front veranda with their sewing. I was thirsty, and turned in and asked for permission to get a drink of water at the pump. The water was good, and as I was about to leave the yard the older woman of the two, who proved to be the farmer's wife, motioned to me to advance to the veranda, and said: "Are you going without asking for anything to eat?" "Thanks, but I never eat except when I am hungry," I replied. "I thought tramps were always hungry?" "Perhaps they are. I seldom meet with one, and never hold any confidential conversation with a tramp. I should have offered to you some food."

THE BOY BEHIND THE ROCK.

M. QUAD. A hollow eyed, gaunt faced woman of sixty, her hair thin and gray, her hands large and bony and her neck hardly more than skin and muscle, lay on a bed of straw in a shabby old cabin among the hills of Tennessee. She had been slowly dying for a year past, and she realized it. She would have died months before but for her will power. She was determined not to die until a certain event occurred. Day and night she fought off the grim monster and battled like a savage animal driven to bay. Death was only a few hours away from her on this day, but she was fighting yet. By and by a boy of fourteen entered. He had a rifle under his arm and a string of squirrels for his shoulder. He was long haired and unkempt and underized for his age, but there was a glint in his eye and a look around his mouth that told of courage and determination. "Danny, I was waitin' for you-un," said the mother as the boy unburdened himself and stood looking at her without a sign of emotion in his face. "Huh?" "You are fourteen years old today. It is the day we have been waitin' for. Danny, do you know what your pop did on his fourteenth birthday?" "Killed a man."

THE ASS AND HIS MASTER.

One day the Ass heard his master telling the wife that he had heard the roar of a Lion in the forest, and that he should pass an anxious night on that account. This gave the long-eared animal his cue, and when the lights in the cabin had been put out he emerged from his stable and began to gallop around and roar. All was silent in the house for a few minutes, and the Ass was chuckling to himself when the master awoke with a club, and pursuing the impostor, he gave him many a whack and thump. "By what right do you do this?" finally protested the Ass. "You heard a Lion roar this afternoon. You were looking for him to appear to-night. You heard me roaring and moving about, and yet you come forth and club me." Moral—"My friend, an explanation is due you," replied the master. "There is such a thing as the roar of a Lion, and there is such a thing as the bray of an Ass. Nature has given most of us the acumen to detect the difference between them—hence some more club for you."

THE LOBSTER AND THE SAGE.

One day as the Lobster was sunning himself on the sands and thinking what a hit he would have made in grand opera had things been a little different, the Sage came along, smoking his pipe and trying to figure out why all the green watermelons in the country came to New York and Brooklyn and were allowed to sell for one thousand people a year. "Stop a minute, O Sage," called the Lobster. "I don't want to make no trouble in this world, but the green watermelon is am the more dissatisfied I grow." "What's the matter with being a lobster?" asked the wise man. "Scientists have declared that I have no brains." "That's no slur. Scientists have no claws, for that matter." "The gull can sing, but I cannot." "And many a Gull has been shot for his singing, while you are still a live." "But whales and dolphins are painted in pictures and put into verse, while the Lobster never gets a show. Longfellow wrote hundreds of lines about Evangeline, but not a one about the Lobster. Do you find the Lobster mentioned in Shakespeare, or Milton, or Byron?" "N-o-o, I can't say I do," slowly replied the Sage. "You see in the papers every day," continued the Lobster, "that Mr. John Green is about to depart from Colorado, or that Mrs. James de Forest has arrived on a visit to Mrs. Some One Else, but do you ever see a paragraph about the Lobster? Does he ever arrive and depart? Does he ever lose his purse or meet with an auto accident? Never in this world." "And what's the point you wish to make?" asked the sage. "Why? I want to be turned into a man and give my ambition a chance to boost me to the top." "Well, that's easily done," said the Sage as he waved his hand and passed on. The Lobster felt a sort of earthquake working within him, and next he knew he was sitting with other men of his ilk around a Summer hotel and trying to tell a bigger lie than any one else. He will be found there this season. His biggest lies about sharks, but he will lie from weakish up to whales with praiseworthy fervor. Moral—"It's an open question, however, whether the Sage hadn't better left him a Lobster." (Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas.)

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

WITH APOLOGIES TO AESOP AND OTHERS. THE PULLET AND THE FOX. One day it so happened that a fine fat Pullet who had separated from the rest of the flock found herself face to face with the Fox. Reynard had been observing her for some time and his mouth was watering over her plumage, and wishing to draw her farther away before eating her, he smiled benignly and said: "My dear Miss Pullet, I have been silently admiring you for some time past. Of all the Pullets in the flock you take the cake." "But I don't see the cake," answered the Pullet, as she looked around in a puzzled way. "I was speaking metaphorically, you know. I meant that you were the prize package." "But what is a prize package?" "Well, then, let me say that you are the only people on the beach." "Pebble? Beach?" "See here, Miss Pullet," grinned the fox, "you have perhaps heard of the high bush and low bush huckleberries?" "I think I have." "If there are high bush and low bush huckleberries, why not high vine and low vine cucumbers?" "That's so—why not?" answered the Pullet.

DAM AT AMHERST.

Mitchell and Sutherland started for Work. N. S., Aug. 23.—Tenders dam for the Amherst were opened and considered meeting of the town evening. The tender of Sutherland was accepted, the tender being \$38,700. West tender was J. M. St. Stephen, alone \$44,000. Tenders were Wm. Cooney and Son, St. John, R. P. Puigwash and varied in to \$55,000. The work will be at once begun. It is considered at a meeting of Mitchell and Sutherland and R. H. and D. H. Gostville. EFF AT HER TOILET. Eff, with three maid-servants, French, and one Irish French poodle, were at the Kaiser Wilhelm II. chon and he knocked down by the cork. Why it? Did you ever give the matter a thought? "Several thoughts, Mr. Bowser. The fly finds a greater variety of food in the house. You don't find 'em in an empty house." "Well spoken, but not the facts. A fly, Mrs. Bowser, is an insect of sentiment. He is not generally so taken, and that's where people make their mistake. While he appreciates the company of other flies, he appreciates that of human beings more. If barred from human beings he takes to the horse or cow. His sole object in entering a house is to be near the cook or members of the family. Every time he is repulsed his feelings are hurt. I don't say you are guilty of murder every time you kill a fly, but I do contend that if people appreciate the situation of affairs there would be less fly killing. Take it and remember it, that the fly would keep far from you if he wasn't lonely and did not wish for human society." "And it's the same with the mosquito, I suppose," she queried. "Exactly. I am glad to see your interest increasing." "But if the mosquito is seeking human sympathy why did you jump out of bed the other night and do all that swearing? Why did you bat at pillows? Why didn't you hang out the sign of 'Human Sympathy Found Here?'" "Don't run things into the ground, Mrs. Bowser. If the mosquito takes a bite or two while looking for human sympathy it can't be blamed for it. I have no recollection of any such incident."

THE DARKENING SKY WAS LIGHTED BY AN AWFUL FLASH.

Sam. It would make me happy up in heaven to hear it. Sam would be the last of 'em, and you'd be left to cove over the old woman and the gals. You-un will trot right along now, won't you, Danny? "You-un will go down the road to the big rock and hide in the laurel on top and shoot from there. He'll be a fair mark as he comes back with the sp'n man. You-un hasn't got to shake and shiver when you draw a bead on him, are you, Danny? You-un never killed a man yet, and shiver and make a clean miss of it or only wound him?" "I've shot 'em," answered Danny, in indignant protest. "You men ain't no mo' to skeer you than 'em. You-un will aim true, and you-un will leave 'em-unhar he falls and come to tell me. Danny, I'm dependin' on you. I've just been fightin' of death to see this day." "I'm shore to get 'em-un," said the boy, as he touched one of the dead squirrels on the floor with his bare toes and pushed the body along a few inches. "Of co'se you will—of co'se. Bound to do it. The Huylers have killed your grandfater's pop and your brother John, and you-un hasn't no mo' to stand that. It's time to be goin', and mebbe you-un would like to kiss 'em before you go." The boy hesitated and looked down on the floor, and with the big toe of his right foot he drew a circle in the dirt. After a long minute he looked up at the girl and said a long kiss on her pale forehead. She smiled faintly and said: "I can't remember when before. Mebbe it's sorter foolish, but I'm feelin' like the Rock of Blood. You-un, brother John, and you-un hasn't no mo' to stand that. It's time to be goin', and mebbe you-un would like to kiss 'em before you go." The boy hesitated and looked down on the floor, and with the big toe of his right foot he drew a circle in the dirt. After a long minute he looked up at the girl and said a long kiss on her pale forehead. She smiled faintly and said: "I can't remember when before. Mebbe it's sorter foolish, but I'm feelin' like the Rock of Blood. 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