

In Lighter vein.

Cheekin Pie.

De yuther gals kin shake dey feet en
dance de 'jenny reel,
En you kin ash a mile away de tappin'
of dey heel;
Dey twist dey haid en peek about; dey
giggle en dey sigh;
But little Jullanny—she kin mek a
cheekin pie.
De widder Susan Tucker fix de fines'
possum roas',
En bake a sweet potater dat'd happify
a gos';
Her shottin' bread 'ud mek a heathen
idol bat its eye;
But little Jullanny—she can mek a
cheekin pie.

She shake de ole tin sifter en de flour
fly 'round;
En speckle up her ap'on en her blue en
sauce 'round;
She sprinkle peppah in de po' en stir
it wid a spoon,
En La, my lan', de smell des mek me
crazy es a loon.

Dough Julie ain't no bigger den a pint
o' home-made soap,
She scoot aroun' es lively es a prairie-
dog kin lops;
She gether up de rollin'-pin, en don't
she mek it fly
A-rollin' out de kiver of a good ole
cheekin pie!

She's brisk es bottled ginger-pop, en
bright es calico;
I've figured out I'd be a fool ef I 'ud
let 'er go;
I've got a daisy bran-new double cabin
in my eye,
Whar her en me is gwine ter live—on
love en cheekin pie.

Had to Time Them.

Two American tourists on their way
to Abbotsford were in doubt about the
road to take and the time it would
occupy to get there. Hailing a lad who
happened to be passing they put the
necessary questions. The native re-
plied by showing the route, but did not
know how long it would take to get
there. The tourists resumed their
journey, but had scarcely gone a hun-
dred yards when a shout from the boy
made them turn.

"It will take you an hour," called
the boy at the pitch of his voice.
"Then why the deuce didn't you tell
us that before?" returned one of the
Americans.

"I couldn't tell ye afore I knew hoo
fast ye could walk."

"Shoving Queer" in Church.

Vestrymen in a number of New
York churches are complaining of the
quantity of counterfeit coins found in
the collection boxes nowadays. Time
was when a piece of bad money in the
contribution box was a curiosity. Per-
sons who were unfortunate enough to
get stuck with spurious coins took
good care not to pass them off on the
church. Whether they are less con-
scientious now or less able to detect the
character of the change they handle is
a question.

Churchmen hesitate to suspect the
congregation of saving up counterfeit
dimes, quarters and half dollars for the
collection plate as the easiest way of
discharging their church duties and at
the same time getting rid of bad mon-
ey, but with all their charitable in-
tentions there are those counterfeit
coins to be explained away somehow.

The Patch as a Guide.

A New Englander recently had oc-
casion to engage a gardener. One
morning two applicants appeared—one
a decidedly decent looking man, and
the other of much less prepossessing
appearance and manner.

After very little hesitation the man
of the house chose the latter appli-
cant.

A friend who was present evinced
surprise at the selection, asking:

"Has that man ever worked for you
before?"

"No," replied the other; "in fact, I
never saw either of them until today."
"Then why did you choose the short-
er man? The other had a much better
face."

"Face!" exclaimed the proprietor of
the place in disgust. "Let me tell you
that, when you pick up a gardener, you
want to go by his overalls. If they're
patched on the knees you want him. If
the patch is on the seat of his trou-
sers, you don't."

A Nature Fake.

"The late U. S. Senator Morgan," said
a resident of Selma, "was a keen na-
ture, student, and nature faking was as
abhorrent to him as to the greatest
personages in the land."

"I once saw Senator Morgan throw
down a magazine with a sneer.
"Another nature fake!" he exclaim-
ed. "Why, these things are as absurd
as—as absurd as—"

"And then he laughed and said that
it reminded him of an address that an

absent-minded missionary once made.
"In China, dear friends," said the
missionary, "human life is regarded as
of but slight value. Indeed, if a wealthy
Chinaman is condemned to death, he
can easily hire another to die for him;
and I believe many poor fellows get
their living by acting as substitutes."

Tea or Coffee.

Rear Admiral Lonknecker, retired,
remarked recently on the subject of
discontent among soldiers and sailors,
said:

"Men are often discontented without
reason, but oftener they have good
ground for their grumbling, and it is
because their officers are stupid or lazy
that conditions do not improve."

I remember once visiting a pompous,
handsome, stupid army officer.
"During my visit a private approach-
ed the officer with a full cup and saucer
in his hand."

"Well, Binks, my man," said the of-
ficer, in a condescending tone.
"Captain," said the private, saluting.
"I'll ask ye to taste this here. I won't
make no complaint. I'll just ask ye to
taste this sloop, and if ye don't say,
by—"

"That will do, Binks," the captain
interrupted in his dignified way, for
Binks was getting very angry; and he
took the cup from the man, bent for-
ward stiffly, and swallowed a couple of
mouthfuls of the liquid.

"Then he looked at the private
calmly."

"This is not bad," he said. "I can't
taste anything wrong with this, Binks.
By the way, what is it? Tea or cof-
fee?"

Papa's Good Standing.

"I've got a wonderful boy," said the
father of five. "My oldest, I mean. He
came to me the other night with a sub-
ject for composition. He asked me off
hand to write it for him. I put down



Manitoba Island, Lake Manitoba.

my paper and wrote it. I flattered my-
self that I did rather well with that
composition, it having been some time
since I had occasion to write one, but I
hardly expected the encomium I got
from him. The next day at dinner
time he came rushing home, hurried
up to me and slapped me on the back.
"Hurrah for you, Pop!" he cried.
"You are all right. You stand third in
the class."

Fell into Bad Company.

A canny Scot was brought before a
London magistrate on the charge of
being drunk and disorderly. "What
have you to say for yourself, sir?" de-
manded the magistrate. "You look
like a respectable man and ought to be
ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I cam' up
in bad company fra Glasgow," humbly
replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the
startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are
bad company?" thundered the magis-
trate. "I think they are the best of
company for such as you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered
the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had
a bottle of whusky an' I had to drink
it all myself!"

A Dream.

Wishing to learn what his nephew
would say, Uncle Charles asked little
Fred, "What would you do if you stood
at the root of a tree with your foot on
the head of a real live rattlesnake, a
tiger was crouching on a branch above
ready to spring, and you saw a wild
Indian running at you with uplifted
tomahawk?"

"I should wake right up," was the
unexpected reply.

Federation.

Papa—Which do you love better, Net-
tie, your mamma or me?

Little Nettie—Mamma.

Papa—But only yesterday you said
you loved me better.

Little Nettie—Yes; but I've decided
it was best for us women to stick to-
gether.

A Bargain.

He—Miss Hunt, I love you, but now
I dare not dream of calling you mine.
Yesterday I was worth ten thousand
dollars, but today, by a turn of For-
tune's wheel, I have but a few paltry
hundreds to call my own. I would not
ask you to accept me in my reduced
state. Farewell forever.

She (eagerly)—Good gracious! Re-
duced from \$10,000 to \$100! What a
bargain! Of course, I'll take you. You
might have known I couldn't resist.

Was in Practice.

Doctor—Do you eat well, my little
man?

Little Man—Gee! I ought to; I've
been practicing since I was two days
old.

Given an Inside View.

"That's a woman who would adorn
any home." "Charming and cultivated,
eh?" "Not particularly. She's a
house-decorator."

No, Indeed.

"I do dislike that Mrs. Borem," ob-
served Mrs. de Fishy. She's so vol-
uble."

"Yes, indeed," agreed Mrs. de Spicy.
"I never could stand fat people."

Five Loaves and Two Sardines.

Upon her return from Sunday school,
Marcella, aged eight, was asked by her
father what the lesson was for the
day. She said: "Why, Jesus fed a
whole crowd of people with only five
loaves of bread and two little sar-
dines."

Grandma looked up and smiled—and
Marcella's face reddened—then she
said:

"Well, teacher said they were about
so long," measuring with her fingers,
"and I never saw any fishes that size
except sardines."

Making it Worse.

"But why should I keep books?"

"Well, you would know just where
you stood the end of the month."

"But, my dear fellow, why rub it in?"

Many Practical Uses.

One of the settlement workers asked
a lad in Pittsburgh what fire escapes
were intended for.

"To sleep on," promptly replied the
lad.

"Anything else?"

"Sure. Dey's good to ripen tomatoes
on, to dry clothes, to drop cats off, to
shoot beans down at de guys passing
on de street, to swear at de cop from,
and—"

But the settlement worker had fled
with uplifted hands.

Anecdotal.

A youth left instructions at a jew-
eler's shop for the inscription of an
engagement ring he had just bought.
He wanted it inscribed "From Bertie
to Maud." As he left, he turned back,
and added, as an afterthought, "I
shouldn't—ah—cut 'Maud' too deep,
don't you know."

A woman once told Lord Palmerston
that her maid, who had been with her
in the Isle of Wight, objected to going
thither again because the climate was
not "embracing" enough. "What am I
to do with such a woman?" she asked.
"You had better take her to the Isle
of Man next time," said Lord Palmer-
ston.

A clergyman was visiting an old man
who had recently lost his wife, a great
talker, and was sympathizing with
him. "My poor old man," he said, "I
feel so sorry for you, you must be very
lonely." After a few minutes the old
man looked up and said, "Yes, maister,
yes, 'tis lonesome;" then with great
emphasis, "but 'tis quiet."

A Winnipeg public school teacher
was trying to give her pupils a definite
idea of a volcano. With red chalk she
drew on the blackboard fiery flames is-
suing from a mountain top. When the
drawing was done, she turned to the
class before her, and said: "Can any
of you tell me what that looks like?"
"It looks like hell, ma'am," replied one
of the youngsters, with startling
promptness.

A tramp, walking down a city street
one day, saw a little boy stoop and
pick up something. "You have made a
find, my lad," he said. "Yes, sir," said
the boy; "I have found a silver ring."
"I thought so," said the tramp; "it's
the one I just dropped. Now, ain't it
lucky I had my name cut in it?" "What
is your name?" said the boy, suspi-
ciously. "Sterling, lad," "Take it,
then. 'It's yours," said the boy, hand-
ing over the ring.

Of late years the "mixed" system
has been introduced, and many of the
schools have been organized as "sen-
ior" or "junior" mixed. An inspector
recently met on the school stairs a
little nondescript in a pinafore, and
asked: "Come, what are you doing
here? Are you in the boys or the
girls?" "No, sir," said the little one,
"I'm a junior mixed!"

W. S. Gilbert, the dramatist and wit,
was lunching at a country club when
he found himself surrounded by six or
seven clergymen who had been on a
motor tour of the country thereabout.
Pretty soon the author of the "Mikado"
was drawn into conversation. When his
identity was known, one of the clergymen
asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in
such grave and reverend company."
"Like a lion in a den of Daniels," was
the reply.

In England, elementary schools are
organized for "girls" or for "infants."
One of the "Scotsman's" editors had
entered a train at Prince's street Sta-
tion, Edinburgh, one Friday, when a
smart newsboy immediately called out
to him, "Scotsman, sir?" "How
much?" asked the editor, jokingly.
"A penny, sir," replied the boy. "Oh,"
was the reply. "I don't want to-day's
"Scotsman"; but if you could give me
tomorrow's I would give you a sov-
ereign for it." "Here you are, sir,"
shouted the youngster, handing him
the "Weekly Scotsman," which bore
the date of the following day.

As a rule bridge players take them-
selves so seriously that the game is
seldom enlivened with even a suspicion
of humor. Occasionally, however, one
hears a really good joke at the bridge
table. At a certain "mixed" card club
in London four ladies sat down to a
rubber. Two of them were friends
who had not met for years. "How many
children have you now, Alice?" asked
one of the players of her friend. "Six
above and four below," was the reply.
"Oh," chimed in a third player, "you
have nothing to complain of. I'm
ch.cane."

Moved by the Spirit.

"Who's there?" shouted the occupant
of a hotel bedroom, as he heard a noise
in the corner of his room.

There was no answer, and the queer
noise stopped.

"Anybody there?"

No answer.

"It must have been a spirit," he said
to himself. "I must be a medium. I
will try." (Aloud) "If there is a
spirit in the room it will signify the
same by saying aye—no, that's not
what I mean. If there is a spirit in
the room it will please rap three
times."

Three very distinct raps were given
in the direction of the bureau.

"Is it the spirit of my sister?"

No answer.

"Is it the spirit of my mother-in-
law?"

Three very distinct raps.

"Are you happy?"

Nine raps.

"Do you want anything?"

A succession of very loud raps.

"Will you give me any communica-
tion if I get up?"

No answer.

"Shall I hear from you tomorrow?"

Raps are very loud in the direction
of the door.

"Shall I ever see you?"

He waited long for his answer, but
none came, and he turned over and fell
asleep.

Next morning he found the "spirit"
of his mother-in-law had carried off
his watch and purse, his trousers, and
his rain-coat.

His Experience.

Knicker—Have you never heard the
call of the wild?

Bocker—No, I always take my shoes
off and try to get in as quietly as pos-
sible.

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is quickly stopped by Dr. Shoop's
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harmless and safe, that Dr. Shoop
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babies. The wholesome green leaves
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