

A VERY SILLY GIRL

BY MATTIE D. BRITTS.

Jessie Newell sat on top of the kitchen table, peeling some rosy 'tune apples, to make dumplings for dinner. Of course it wasn't a very proper position for a young lady; but, then, Jessie was very good and very sweet and very innocent, but she wasn't "proper," and all Aunt Jimma's precise lecturing couldn't make her so. Besides, she was a trifle out of humor with Aunt Jim just now, and delighted to do something which would shock that good lady's dignity.

Then she went in to her dumplings, and was soon up to her plump elbows in flour. Miss Jimma did not hurry the gray pony too much, but it did not take her long to drive straight to the telegraph office when she reached the village, a mile away; and she sent two messages, which cost her the better part of a five-dollar bill, and made the telegraph boy behind the desk stare at her.

Miss Jim saw his look, and said, sharply: "Young man, it's none of your business what I send. If you gabble about my messages, I'll see that you lose your situation; in a hurry, too!" "Oh, yes, ma'am! No, ma'am! To be sure, ma'am!" replied the youth, somewhat incoherently. And Miss Jim marched out of the office and straight home. If she had any other errands, she must have forgotten all about them. But Jessie didn't know it, you see.

The next day Jessie kept house, and Miss Jim took the early train for the city. She did have some business to transact in town, but she also met two people, and had a consultation with them, which would have set Jessie furious if she had known it. But Miss Jim did not mention the circumstance when she got home, and Jessie was not a whit the wiser.

Aunt Jim was a wise woman, though, and kept her own counsel; albeit, she had not in the least given up her plans for the future of her obstinate little niece. Not the least objection did she make when Jessie came down all dressed for her short journey, and asked if she could have Old Gray to drive to the station.

"I'll drive you over myself," said Aunt Jim. "Bring down your telescope while I hitch up the pony." And so, a little later, Aunt Jim saw Jessie's sweet face and roguish eyes peeping out of the car window, while she stood on the platform to see the train start. But Jessie did not hear the good lady, when she got into the buggy to drive home, remark to herself:

Gastronomical Arithmetic. Teacher—Suppose, Johnnie, your mother cuts a pound of meat into eight parts, what will each part be? Johnnie Chaffie—One-eighth of a pound.

Correct. Now, suppose she cuts each eighth in two, what will each part be then? "One-sixteenth of a pound." "Just so. Now, suppose she cuts each sixteenth in six pieces, what will each piece be?" "Hash!"—Texas Sifter.

Her Disappointment. "I was very much disappointed today," said Mrs. Northside when her husband came home from the office. "What about?" "It was a fine afternoon and I thought I'd return Mrs. Tawk's call."

"And she was out, was she? That was too bad." "No; she was in."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

FEMINE LOGIC.



She (in front of shop window)—Look, Paul, that bonnet costs only \$25. It will be real extravagance if you don't buy it for me.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Very Far Fetched. There was a lull in the very earnest conversation of the whist game, when one of the players said: "Whist is a game imported from India, isn't it?"

"How did you get that idea?" "From the rubbers. India rubber, you know."—Town Topics.

Not the Old Times. Things ain't what they used to be, you kin say jes' what you like, since Cupid put on bloomers. And bestride a safety bike. —Bay City Chat.

Thoroughly Posted. Cigar Dealer—Yes, I want a boy here. Have you had any experience? Youthful Applicant—Lots.

"Suppose I should mix up the price marks in these boxes, could you tell the good cigars from the bad ones?" "Easy 'nough." "How?" "The wust cigars is in the boxes wot's got the purtiest pictures."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Supercilious Waiter. A Dallas gentleman went into a restaurant, and the waiter, while serving him, looked down on him very contemptuously. After standing it for some time, the gentleman said: "Waiter, you needn't put on so much style to me. Perhaps some of these days you may be a guest yourself."—Texas Sifter.

Of Service to Her. "Mrs. Brown's bloomers seem to be of no use to her." "On the contrary, they are of great advantage." "In what way?" "Every time her husband gets cross or ugly she threatens to wear them, and you ought to see how quickly he quiets down."—Chicago Post.

Politely Put. "There is one thing," said a bright woman who has been visiting Washington, "that I shall say in favor of the United States senators. They are real gentlemen." "And what, in your estimation, goes principally to make up a real gentleman?" "Oh, that question was settled long ago. It's the art of doing nothing gracefully."—Washington Star.

Her Idea of It. Rev. Mr. Thankful—I suppose you know, my dear friend, the difference between patience and long suffering? Miss Leftover—Oh, yes. When a woman has a husband whose life is heavily insured and has to wait a long time for him to die—that requires patience. But when a woman has to wait years and years before she gets a husband at all—that is long suffering.—N. Y. World.

A Popular Route. That "the way of the transgressor is hard," doesn't strike us as strange any more; for nowadays it is traveled so much. It should be as hard as a floor. —L. A. W. Bulletin.



CHICAGO CHRONICLE. THEATER HATS MUST COME OFF. How It Will Be Under Ohio's New Law.

What is known as the Foedick high hat law, which prohibits obstructing the view of persons in the theaters, halls or opera houses where theatrical performances are given, has become operative in the state of Ohio, and the theatrical managers are in a quandary as to the course they will pursue. If they ignore it they will render themselves liable to heavy penalties; if they attempt to enforce it they will doubtless offend many of their best patrons and invite serious losses.

Pleasant Reminiscences. Hostetter McGinnis—Why, Gus, what's the matter with you? Have you had a fight? Your face is all scratched up. Gus De Smith—O, it's nothing to speak of. I've just had a little chat with an old flame of mine.—Texas Siftings.

Saved by His Tact. "Never speak to me again, sir. I will teach you to tell others that the mere sight of my face would make a man climb over a wall." "I—er—I meant, of course, if the man was on the other side of the wall." (Reconciliation naturally follows.)—Titbits.

She Was Breaking the Ice. Mother—Well, my dear, I see you are engaged to Mr. Bashful at last. Daughter—No; he hasn't proposed yet. "What? Not engaged? I saw you hugging and kissing him last night." "Y—e—s, I was trying to encourage him a little."—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Interested. He—Do you know what became of that paper? There was an article I wanted to read on the need of new coal-stations. She—Coal-stations, John? Will they make coal any cheaper?—Brooklyn Life.

Always in a Hole. Collector—I'm afraid I can't collect that bill, doctor. Grimes is in a hole most of the time. Doctor—I thought he had plenty of work? Collector—So he has, but he's a grave digger, you know.—N. Y. World.

Trouble in the Pantry. "You're not worth your salt," said the mustard, turning up its nose at the butter. "I don't see any occasion for you to get hot about it," retorted the butter, in a strong voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Practical Philosophy. He took things very easily.—A philosopher, you see? But then it was his business. For a pick-pocket was he. —Town Topics.



"If I can't come home to supper, dear, I'll send you a note by a messenger." "Don't trouble yourself. I have already discovered the note in the pocket of your overcoat."—Wiener-Mode.

An Opinion Indorsed. "A great many people are too quick to act on an assumption," observed the philosopher. "Yes," replied the theatrical manager; "on an assumption that they know how to act."—Washington Star.

Curious Cargoes. Liverpool receives some curious cargoes at times—cargoes of turtles and other live and dead animals, casks of leeches, shiplads of bones from battlefields, of human mummies from the Egyptian tombs, and of dead cats from the cat cemeteries in the same country.

The cargoes of dead cats from Egypt are sold chiefly as fertilizers. One cargo which came over in 1899 consisted of the remains of nearly 200,000 cats, found in a mummified state in a cat-cemetery, and supposed to have lain there 4,000 years. They were sold by auction, and realized \$5 17s. 6d. per ton. A few perfect specimens brought good sums as curiosities, but the bulk went for manure.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Westminster Abbey Masonry. There is a singular feature in the early mason work of Westminster abbey, as when removing or repairing any of the more ancient stone work of the abbey it is always found that the large stones are set or leveled with oyster shells. The shells are very flat, and thick, measuring four and a half inches in diameter, and retain the small shell incrustations on the outside. As the story of the abbey's foundation points to its association with fisherman, the oyster shells were probably used for special religious reasons.—Chicago Chronicle.

Thomas Byrnes, New York's ex-chief of police, is about to establish himself on Wall street as a private detective.

Down to the year 1890 Krupp had delivered to European nations over 10,000 cannon.

That Tired Feel-

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

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