

LIKE A BUTTERFLY NET.

Better Contrivance Used by the Filipino When He Sets Out to Capture a Mess of Fish.

KING ALFONSO'S LINEAGE.

Unites in His Veins the Blood of Two Famous Royal Families of Europe.

THOUGHT HE MIGHT Y.

Conversion, of Course, Was All Right, But Father Wanted to Get Field Plowed.

GREAT FEAT OF RUNNER.

Covered Six Hundred Miles in Five Days Over the Roughest Kind of Country.

HARM IN STERILIZED MILK.

Process Is Said to Destroy the Bone-Building Part of the Product—Pasteurization Better.

HARD TASK FOR RASTUS.

Small Wonder He Had Found It Difficult to Join This Particular Church.

FEE WORTH WAITING FOR.

Thousands Instead of Hundreds Paid David B. Henderson by His Grateful Clients.

A ZAKOPANE HOUSE.

They Were Well Built, as Is Proven by Examples in the Center of Europe.

GARDENING IN THE WEST.

Conditions of Prairie Agriculture Which the Average Easterner Hardly Understands.

KAFFIR WOMAN WAS BRAVE.

Armed Only with Her, She Forced Lions to Drop Human Prey It Was Carrying Off.

WANTED TO KNOW SECRET.

Tippler Evidently Convinced Minister Was Concealing Information of Much Value.

LIFE AND DEATH ALIKE.

Young Man at Least Thought There Was Mighty Little Difference in That Quiet Town.

Perfectly Normal. A visitor at an insane asylum was shown over the establishment by one of the inmates, who was so intelligent that it was almost impossible to believe he could be out of his head.

Good Excuse. Being a thoughtful wife, she is naturally concerned for her husband's health, and when she sees him eating heartily of pie she reminds him: "Now, dear, you know very well that if you eat so much pie you will have another attack of indigestion. I cannot see why you insist upon eating it when you know it keeps you constantly suffering."

The Power of Flattery. "Really, Jane," said Mrs. Simpkins to her maid, who was not contented with an overwhirl of desire to work hard, "you are the laziest girl I ever knew! You can't even do what I've told you. I don't think you have any redeeming quality. You must leave on the first of next month."

He Had Done His Share. He was ten years old and had come to the dentist to get one of the last of his "milk teeth" extracted. It was not a difficult job and the little fellow never whimpered. Instead, he said to the dentist, when the operation was over: "Well, we made a good job of that, didn't we?"

Reason Enough. Benevolent Old Gentleman treats one small boy from the pumpkin patch of two others. "What are you thinking about boy?"

GOING TO PLANT LOSTERS

A Vermont Farmer Who Thought His Lead Just About Right for It. "I was up in northern Vermont about the first of May," said the Boston insurance agent, "and one day I had a farmer drive me across the country between two towns. In our conversation he told me that he had 40 acres of land, but owing to its sterility he could hardly make a living in a joking way, and supposing he would take it as a joke, I asked:

"Why don't you plant the whole thing to goldfish?"

"Yes, I might," he mused, but I think I have got a better thing something that will pay big after two or three years."

"And what is that?"

"There was a feller up here from Cape Cod the other day and he told me that it was just the place to grow lusters, and he's going to send me up half a dozen to begin with next fall."

"Did he give you any statistics about them?"

Indian Discipline.

"As an evidence of Indian discipline over their children the entertainment they gave here a few days ago showed that reverence for their chiefs could hold even the youngsters in line. A number of traveling men on the front seats scattered nickels on the stage, and the little fellows who were ranged in a line on the back of the stage in front of their mothers scrambled for money. But no matter how many coins were thrown while the old chiefs were making their talk, for a move was made by the panpanses until the talk was finished; then there was a general scramble until the money was all collected.

Needed to Be Reminded. A celebrated belle whose attractions invited such marked attentions from scores of men that the prefix of "Mrs." seemed a dead letter, was "re-civilizing" with another fashionable woman. While chatting she inadvertently drew out her handkerchief, and observing a knot in the corner of it, stopped, hesitated, and said: "I've a knot in the corner of my handkerchief. I must have put it there to remind me of something." Said the hostess: "Probably to remind you that you are married."

Spare Not the Rod. An editor with those old-fashioned notions sent out a reporter to interview 30 successful business men and found out that all of them were boys had been governed strictly and frequently thrashed. He also interviewed 30 letters to learn that 27 of them had been "mamma's darling" and the other three had been reared by their grandmothers. The moral of this would seem to be that father should wash his "kid" into the woodshed at once, and thrash him severely.

Getting It Right. "Which is proper," asked little Robert, "the reddest headed or the red headedest?" "It doesn't make any difference if she's old and homely," replied the child's father, "but if she's young and pretty 'riches unburnt' is the way to say it."

A Good Guess. "What would you do if you received \$500,000.00?" "I can't say for certain, but I'd probably out all my old friends, become suspicious of everybody, keep to my room 362 days a year, and never know another happy moment."

Her Time All-Taken.

The average woman thinks the sun and stars would cease to shine sooner than that she could interfere with the regular routine of household duties. A Sabetha woman was recently informed by her physician that she would have to have an operation performed. She said she didn't see how she could that Monday was washing day, Tuesday ironing day, Wednesday the missionary society met, Thursday was the day to clean up, Friday to bake, Saturday to give the children their baths and mend. If he could get it in Sunday after dinner and before evening service perhaps she would try it.—Sabetha Herald.

Curing a Pampered Pet.

A very clever veterinary had a system all his own. When he received an overtired dog he would consign him to a disused brick oven with a crust of bread, an onion and an old boot. When the dog began to gnaw the bread, the anxious mistress was informed that her darling was "doing nicely." When it commenced operations on the onion, word was sent that the pet was "decidedly better," but when the animal tackled the boot, his lady was gratified to hear that her precious pet was "ready to be removed."

Origin of "Grass" Widow.

"She is a grass widow," said the professor, nodding in the direction of a woman with yellow hair. "A 'grass widow' O, professor, I didn't think you would use slang." "Grass widow is not slang," said the professor, stoutly. "It is, on the contrary, a very ancient and correct expression. It comes from the French 'grace'—it was originally written 'grace' widow. Its meaning is 'widow by courtesy.' There is nothing slangy or disrespectful in the term 'grace widow.' A widow may call herself that with propriety."—N. Y. Press.

Yacht of Popular Build.

Miss Lakewood—"What a lovely new yacht Mr. McKosh has!" is it a center-board boat? Miss Cleveland—"No—no—from what they tell me, I think it's a sideboard boat."

One Pious Editor Out West.

Editors should not disturb the editor on Sunday. Editors need a chance to pray. Simply can't get on with out praying.—Plymouth (Ore.) Review.

Education and Ability.

Prof. Felix Adler, founder of the Society of Ethical Culture, and formerly a member of the Cornell faculty, not long ago was speaking of a position in an educational institution. It was vacant, and the professor was to select an incumbent. "I am not quite sure," he said, "whether to see a man of education from New England or a man of ability from Chicago."

To Fight Forest Fires.

Lumbermen in western Montana have organized to fight forest fires, said George McGregor, of Butte. In past years there never was cooperation on the part of the big timbermen, with the result that a small fire that by concerted effort might have been extinguished, gained such headway as to destroy millions upon millions of feet of valuable timber. The plan is to raise a fund of \$5,000 with which to buy chemicals, which will be stationed at all lumber camps and near-by towns, so that in case of a fire volunteers may have the means to extinguish it before it gains great headway.

His Lucky Number.

Sr. Lawrence Alma-Tadema, the distinguished painter, is a strong believer in the luckiness of numbers. His lucky number is 17. His wife was 17 when he first met her, the number of the house to which he took her when they were married was 17, his present house bears the same number, and the first shade was put to the work of rebuilding it on August 17, 1888. It was November 17, that he and his family first took up their residence there.

The Blessing of Poverty.

The social reformer, after ordering a salad, addressed the shabby individual at the bar. "Ah, my friend," he said, "are you not aware that strong drink hithers like a serpent and stingsh like an adder?" The other held up his glass to the light. "This don't, friend," he said, "This is only cheap, watered stuff I can't afford to buy the kind you refer to."

Anxious to Know the Limit.

The Father (to boy back from college): "Well, son, how much money do you owe?" The Son: "Well, er, dad, how much have you got?"—Harper's Bazar.