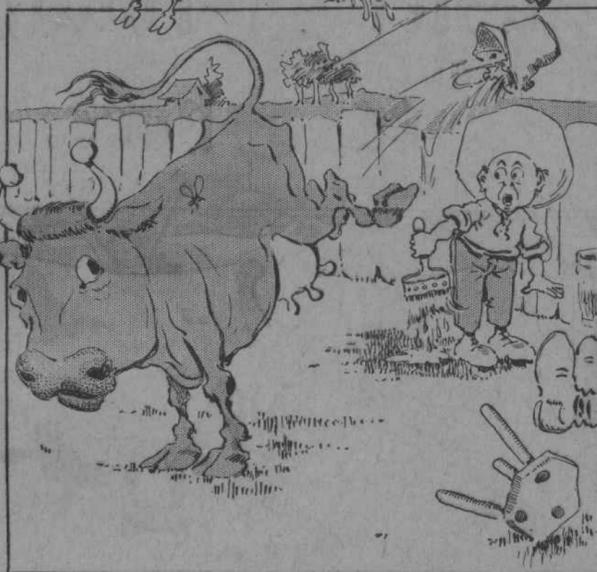


How Young Bill Stumps Saved the Day



"I'm glad them new boarders likes milk; it's cheap and fillin'."



"Gol darn the luck! I'll lose them boarders now."



"Say, pop, what's the matter with the whitewash? Them city folks won't know the difference."



"By gosh, Bill, you'll be in Congress some day!"



"Drink all ye want, folks, there's plenty more where that come from."

His Chicken Trap. AS WE JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE LET US SMILE BY THE WAY

By V. A. Hermann.

It was the old, old suburban story of chickens and flowers. Elverson was never altogether contented with life unless he was laboriously stooping over delicate vines and future pansies, while the suburbanite next door could be heard any fine day rubbing his hands and gloating over the arrival of a new brood of fancy Cochins or Plymouths. But, alas! as every one knows, poultry culture and horticulture are hobbies that should be indulged in as far apart from one another as possible. When suburban citizens defy this rule (and they often do) something always happens, and it happens in this case.

One balmy morning Mrs. Elverson heard her husband prancing wildly around the yard and indulging in divers expressions more or less sulphurous.

"What is the trouble, dear?" she called, anxiously, from the window of her boudoir. "Trouble!" snapped Elverson, glaring daggers at the new board fence that separated the two yards. "Why, trouble is no name for it. Here I've spent weeks laboring on this flower bed, and just as everything was coming along beautifully those blasted-blasted chickens from next door have been over here and made the plot look like a rubbish pile. It is enough to drive a man crazy."

"Why don't you put the law on them, Edward?"

"The law is too slow. I'll put bullets in them; that's what I'll do, Maria."

But on second thought Elverson decided that there were too many technicalities of the law in regard to using firearms.

"No," he remarked at dinner. "I'll not shoot those fowls, because they might fly back to die, and then that crank next door would swear I shot them in his yard. Besides, this is too near the city limits to discharge a gun."

"Then, how are you going to stop them from making daily excursions over here and destroying the flowers in the other end of the yard?" queried his interested better half.

"Oh, I'll trap them."

"Trap them?"

"Yes, Maria. I'll catch them in the act of scratching up the beds. Then their owner can say nothing."

"Are you going to use a bear trap, Edward?"

"Look here, I don't wish to be ridiculed. You would let them confounded chickens take up the yard and never say a word in protest. However, although you may lack spunk, you were sensible enough to marry a man who has enough for both. This afternoon I shall go down town, and when I return you will find out that the head of this house is a genius."

Dreading an argument, Mrs. Elverson did not respond, but proceeded to busy herself with the dishes.

"I never heard of a chicken trap," she mused, glancing toward the next yard, where a tall Shanghai rooster was crowing his defiance.

That evening Elverson came up the white walk with some mysterious yellow sheets tucked under his arm. He did not enter the cottage, but hastened to his cherished flower beds, where he proceeded to spread the sheets carefully over the loam. Mrs. Elverson came out and watched him curiously.

"What in the world is that, Edward?" she asked, in mystified tones.

"Fly paper," he whispered.

"Fly paper? What is it for?"

"To trap those confounded chickens."

"Why, that is absurd. You can't trap chickens with fly paper; they would pull it all over the yard."

"That is just what I want. While they are struggling around trying to dislodge the tormenting paper I'll sneak up and bag them. Then the owner can say nothing and we'll have chicken dinners for several days. Do you understand?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, that is just like a woman. However, it is not necessary for you to understand anything. Just leave it all to me. Nothing will disturb these sheets to-night and when those marauders fly over at dawn they will never return. Call me early to see the fun."

But Elverson was called earlier than he



THIS WORLD AS THE ANT SEES IT.

"Ah me, what a weary journey I have before me! To the right a raging sea, to the left a huge cliff hundreds of inches high and before me a living mountain of flesh!"

expected. Somewhere between midnight and the hour following he was awakened by extraordinary sounds from the yard. There were blood chilling walls, followed by a crashing of glass.

"Great heavens, Maria!" he gasped. "W-what is it?"

"B-b-urglars!" breathed Mrs. Elverson, covering her head with a pillow.

Just then there came a series of crashes that sounded like a cyclone in a "crystal maze." Then heavy objects were heard falling in the kitchen, followed by more of those awful walls.

"I'll go down," said Elverson grimly. "I'll go down if it's old Satan himself."

"Do b-be careful, Edward," pleaded his wife, as she followed him timidly to the door.

The din had now ceased, and, with revolver and flickering candle, Elverson cautiously descended to the kitchen. Opening the door, he peered in.

"Oh, this beats old Harry!" he exclaimed, his eyes dilating with astonishment. In one corner was the house cat, swathed in sticky plasters and exhausted from her struggles. All over the floor were strewn the remnants of dishes, pickle jars, goblets, cups and every conceivable object of a well furnished kitchen. Two panes were missing from the window. Elverson fell into a chair and gasped helplessly.

"Oh, you ignoramus!" sobbed Mrs. Elverson, who had appeared on the scene of destruction. "Just look at the ruin. So you would catch chickens with fly paper, would you? Oh, that I ever married such a numskull! Just look at all my pickles and preserves! And my poor Tom! I know he will never get that horrid stuff out of his fur. Oh, this is too much!"

And the poor woman rested her head on the table and sobbed as though her heart would break. As for Elverson, he just stared around stupidly until his eyes rested on the distressed feline. Then he smiled. He could not help it. There was jelly in Tom's ears and red jam in his whiskers. His tail was neatly parcelled in a roll of fly paper.

"Ha! ha!" roared Elverson, unable to restrain his mirth. "That cat! Did any one ever see such a ridiculous sight? Ha! ha!"

"Edward Elverson!"

It was his wife's voice. She seemed to rise six feet and her voice sounded like a megaphone. Elverson felt himself growing smaller, started to stammer something, and then retreated up the stairway. A few hours later the chickens made their morning raid on the flower beds, but no one disturbed them. Up stairs Elverson was wondering how he could get out of the house without meeting Mrs. Elverson.



RHETORICAL

A Figure of Speech.

Doing of Daniel.

By William J. Lampton.

It was a balmy October afternoon on the banks of the yellow Yadkin in the glorious State of North Carolina. A year or two ago, years ago the Governor of North Carolina had said to the Governor of South Carolina: "It's a powerful long time between drinks, ain't it?" and the Governor of South Carolina said modestly that he thought it was.

Beneath the umbrageous boughs of the great fir and turpentine trees that fringed the shores of the silent river rippling downward to the sea, sat a willow, young man, attired in a suit of homespun and deer hide, with a cap on his fair, white brow made of coonskin, from the back of which depended a gayly striped tail.

Suddenly Daniel Boone—for it was none other than he who was to become famed in song and story as the promoter and boomer of the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky, as well as to be her first colonel, who is the hero of this tale—came down out of the clouds and put his ear to the ground.

"It is only the ceaseless tramp of millions hiking toward the Blue Grass," he said, smiling to himself, and relapsing again into his dreamy attitude. He sat thus enthralled by the stillly silence of the quiet scene for some several minutes, when his quick ear, attuned to every rustle sound, heard a thrashing in the thicket, and his keen eye caught the gleam of a wink through the woods.

With Daniel Boone to think was to shoot—how closely have his fellow Kentuckians followed in his footsteps!—and on the instant he up with his trusty rifle and bangs away. With the long, strong stride of the hunter he hurried on to the woods, where he expected to find the target at which he had shot.

But he found nothing, and it had no bullet hole in it so far as he could see.

"Cec. ta%&fa\$?a!" Boone exclaimed with emphasis.

But we shall not translate it. We know what he said, and we cannot repeat it, because the lapse of even so many years has not purified it to the point of publication. Daniel was a daisy when it came to language with burrs on it.

Enraged at his ill luck, he continued his stride, making rapid progress along the thickest trail taken by the game which he had missed, but he could not come up with it.

At last, after a toilsome struggle, he emerged upon a cleared spot overlooking the Yadkin, and at its further edge he beheld the log cabin of a settler.

Knowing full well the generous hospitality of the noblemen of the woods, he approached the cabin and asked for food, shelter and such other modern conveniences as might be

afforded without having telegraphed in advance that he was coming.

The denizens of the lodge in the wilderness were quite glad to receive the handsome young stranger, and they at once threw the house open to him. He observed presently that something had disturbed the even tenor of the family, but he had lived at home long enough to know that such things were no business of strangers, and he did not seek to get at the bottom of the mystery.

However, the family did not belong to the fashionable set of Yadkinville, and had not acquired the power of entirely concealing their feelings, so that it was not long until the old lady blurted it right out and said that Susan, her granddaughter, and Johnnie, Susan's little brother, had been out in the woods looking for the cows and that somebody, an Indian or a bad white man, had shot at them and then chased them home.

"Almost as bad as them mashers in New York," sighed the old lady, "and we come off down here so's to be free to go around without a bodysguard."

But the handsome young stranger did not hear this comment. On the contrary, he was profoundly agitated. He clutched at his throat and gasped several times in rapid succession.

"Land sakes!" cried grandma, jumping toward him; "what ever is the matter with you? You act just like a chicken with the pips."

"It is nothing," replied Boone, suppressing his emotions with a herculean effort.

"Well," said the old lady, resuming her knitting, "if nothing acts on you like that, I hope you won't have something."

"But he will have something," said the host of the cabin entering at the moment.

"Taint the best red liquor," he went on hospitably, holding the jug in his arms as he would a baby, "but it is as good moonshine as ever was still'd in these mountains, and—"

"Say no more, kind friend," interrupted Boone. "Welcome gives color to the whitest liquor. Pour me out a gourdful."

After they had quaffed the mountain dew sipper was announced and Boone for the first time saw Susan, who was yet flushed with the excitement of the chase.

His emotions almost overcame him as he gazed upon the vision of loveliness before him, and he thought of her narrow escape. She was not yet eighteen, with all the lissome grace of a girl and the rapturous figure of a woman, and there was that in her wondrous eyes which made the young man tremble.

During supper he put sugar on his potatoes, salt in his coffee, butter on his watermelon, and did several other blunders and outdrew pas too numerous to notice, although grandma did occasionally exclaim, "Land sakes!"

But the divinity that doth hedge a guest prevented her asking him what in thunder was the matter.

As soon as the frugal repast was over and Susan had cleaned up the things and washed the dishes, young Boone asked her to take a little stroll with him down by the yellow Yadkin's tawny tide, and Susan was nothing loath.

"Susan," said Boone after they had billed and cooed a spell in the lustrous limpidity of Luna's lambent light, "if it were not for one thing I would go to the ends of the earth to wreak my vengeance upon the man who shot at you and chased you home."

"And little brother, too," she whispered with sisterly unselfishness.

"Well, yes, if you say so," admitted the young man hesitatingly, for Johnnie had been in evidence a number of times since Mr. Boone's arrival.

She laughed softly, but didn't dwell on the Johnnie subject.

"And what is that thing?" she inquired eagerly.

"I was the man."

She shuddered and shrank from him.

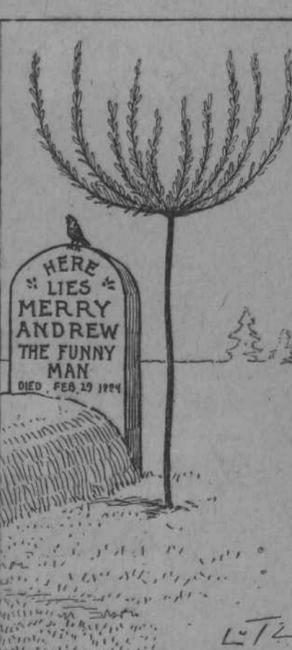
"You?" she cried, horrified.

"But I thought you were a deer, Susan," he hastened to explain, with his whole heart in his eyes, as he looked for the blow to fall. Over the girl's face came a smile, radiant, roguish, ravishing.

"And don't you think I am now, Dan?" she murmured softly in the amethystine shades of the purple October night.

But let us draw the curtain upon this tender scene, meant only for the angels and the stars.

Susan had hit the target plumb in the centre and Daniel went down in a lump.



IT SIMPLY COULD NOT WEEP. The Result of Planting a Weeping Willow at the Grave of a Great Humorist.

A Gourmet of the Gone by Time

Nebuchadnezzar the King permitted himself to laugh heartily.

"These wise gazabos!"

He treated himself to another helping of grass—

"Think they've got me backed off the boards, and that I'm the dumbest brother of the ox that ever came out of the orchard, but—"

He sprinkled a little salt and pepper on the dandelion tops and ate them with great gusto—

"A few thousand years hence they'll get next to the fact that I was onto my job."

And he proceeded with the salad course.

W. W. A.

His Reply.

Teacher—What is a stepson, Willie?

Willie (a stepson)—The one that gets stepped on, ma'am.

Circulation.

Benham—The doctor charged me five dollars for telling me about my circulation.

Mrs. Benham—I call that blood money.

Incineration.

Hewitt—Is that fire insurance company in good financial shape?

Jewett—Oh, yes; it has money to burn.