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MODERN FABLES, - BY GEORGE ADE.

EUGENE WHO WALKED THE LENGTH OF THE COUNTER BEFORE MAKING HIS SELECTION.

Once there was a boy named Eugene. About the time that he shook the Sailor Collar and began to wear Galluses instead of buttoning them to the Waist, he had his first Attack.

He went off his Feed and moaned in his Sleep. His Mother, not suspecting that the Divine Passion could find room to operate in a 90 powder, thought he had Cholera Infantum. She began to shoot the Pain-Killer into him, but it failed to touch the Spot.

Little Eugene had gone Mushy on the Lady who taught his Sunday School Class.

She was doing her 35th Lap and had a Husband who led the Choir, but these Trifles did not bother the Kid. He had it all cribbed up to kill the Husband in a Duel and carry Loved One off to a lonely Island where they could live Crusoe Fashion. He used to seed Teacher on the occasional Card showing a couple of fat Pigeons nestling under a mess of Spinach and also a little Couplet to the Effect that as sure as the Vine grows round the Stump she was his little Sugar Lump. He picked her Currants for her and wouldn't take Money for it and he loafed around the Kitchen when she was making her Apple Butter until at last she sent him Home with a little Note to his Maw, advising her to put him in heavier Flannels and make him drink Sassafras Tea each Night.

Eugene pined away for a couple of Days and then transferred his Pollywog Affections to an Old Maid who stood at the General Delivery Window at the Postoffice. He wrote for seed Catalogues and Terms to Agents so as to have an Excuse to speak to Angel. She up and married the Station Agent. Eugene had to go away and forget his Sorrow in Base Ball and Pull-Away.

In due time he went to a Fresh-Water College and here he began to yearn for another Kind. It happened that he went out Botanizing with a slender Co-Ed who wore Nose-Glasses and had an intellect that made a Noise like a Dynamo. Frequently they did their Algebra together and he wrote Notes to her in Latin telling her that she was All Right.

Along about this time his Idea of Paradise come down to Earth was to own a snug little Library and sit in it every Evening reading aloud to a tall-browed Helpmeet. He wrote several Essays on Women and sprung them on the Pythagorean Literary Society. He said that every Maverick who was cowtrailing around the Sand-Lots of this dreary Life had an Affinity concealed somewhere in the Brush and the Game was to hunt her up and then stick to her like Spalding's Glac. He allowed that the real Girlie Charms did not depend upon Frizzes and Make-Up. Eugene was strong for the Beauty of Soul which would wear for Years and look just as well on one Side as on the Other.

When he graduated he was keen to do the library act with the cogitative Co-Ed. Upon searching himself he found that his Assets consisted of a hand-worked Diploma, a few Dance Programs and a Badge of Oota Bazoota Frat. He decided to cut out the Private Reading Circle until he could see his Way clear to get enough to pay for the License.

Having settled in the City, he gave a busy Imitation of a Bright Young Fellow who was trying to side-step the Potter's Field. At the Boarding House where he coaled there was a Head Waitress who carried a Remarkable Shape for one who had to be on her feet all day. She had never been beyond the Third Grade in the Grammar School, but when they had Chicken she always slipped Gene the Second Joint, and she had his Paper propped up for him when he came to Breakfast. He gave her several long Rides on the Cars, and there might have been something doing if Eugene had not had his Salary whooped. He moved into a first-class, pruneless Family Hotel, and got into the Habit of carrying Money in his Clothes. In the meantime the Co-Ed was of in Minnesota somewhere teaching school.

Around the Hotel there were all Kinds, and Eugene, who was now 30 and had mislaid his Diploma, found that he no longer had an uncomfortable Desire to buckle up with those who wore Specs and could tear the lining out of Synthetic Philosophy.

When he ambled around after Dinner he had his Port Eye out for a larksome Looloo who would pin Flowers on him and tease him to take her to a Lively Show. He began to buy Flowers for all who were under 22. He framed his Dresser with Carbon Photos of Mazies and Lillians and Madges. One of the upper Drawers smelled like the front part of a Drug Store, and was filled with Square Envelopes addressed in the scraggly, dislocated Writing that looks like a Profile Drawing of the Sierra Nevadas.

Eugene was now too Busy to think of Matrimony. He had eight or nine on his Books at one time, and the main Joy of His Life was to burn up his income in such a way

that it would give a fleeing Hour of Happiness to a dimpled Bub weighing anywhere from 85 to 115 Pounds.

The Library which he had planned in the Cloisters of Learning consisted of a Date-Book and a Volume telling how to cook Things in a Chafing-Dish.

Bye-and-bye it came out that Eugene had a thin Spot on top of his Head. The little Snips who hopped out of the Nursery into Sassafras every Fall started in to call him Papa and Nunky. He began to count the Years, and decided that he was due to take the High Jump.

But he did not choose any Lady who taught in the Sunday School. Neither did he swing on any Old Maid at the General Delivery. His Heart did not hone and hanker for any Female Emerson or any stately and superior Head Waitress. Even the Society Queen who had been worked out for a couple of Seasons did not appeal to Eugene. He put his Tag on a blonde Canary seventeen Years of Age, who spelled Sure with an H and had from seven to nine Thoughts every 24 Hours. But she was very easy to Look at. And the only call that he made on her Intellect was to please regard him as The Works.

MORAL: The only Cinch Method of avoiding Misplays is to wait until one knows his Mind.

The September Lippincott's Magazine.

Ellen Olney Kirk's new novel is published entire in the September number of LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE, issuing August 21. It is a comedy particularly suited to lazy early-autumn days when readers want sauce piquante served as well with literary food as with every-day meals. The story is American, with a heroine "exquisite beyond all women!" Having at stake a fortune, she carries out an original scheme to marry the man she loves. Humor is paramount, and the plot stimulates, while that still charming human sentiment is evident which characterized Mrs. Kirk's earlier success, "The Story of Margaret Kent."

Besides the complete novel LIPPINCOTT'S has a fine showing of short stories: Josiah Flynt contributes "The 'Won't Go Home,'" which is a rattling good tale of a steam calliope and a party of speculators in the far Orient. Iva Brevoort Robert's name in the list leads one to expect something extraordinarily good, remembering that she is the author of "The Lifting of a Finger." Her present story, "The Fifth Wheel," fully justifies this hope. The Hidden Man," by Karl Edwin Harriman, is a first-rate story of a Western tramp, treated with vigor. The extreme pathos of Jennette Lee's story is offset by a happy ending.

At Ninety-Four.

The insuring of one's life is one of those things which one is most apt to put off. There are few, however, who postpone what ought to be the inevitable until so late a period in life as did the tough old smack owner of Grimsby. When he presented himself at the insurance office he was naturally asked his age. His reply was "94." "Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the company. "Why not?" he demanded. "Why, you are 94 years of age." "What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at 94 than at any other age."—Business Illustrated.

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Type.

All night the sky was draped in darkness thick;
From rumbling clouds imprisoned lightnings swept;
Into the printer's stick,
With energetic click,
The ranks of type into battalions crept,
Which formed brigades while dreaming labor slept;
And ere dawn's crimson pennons were unfurled,
The night-formed columns charged the waking world.
—Ironquill.

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British Army Coming Home

LONDON, Aug. 26.—Eighty thousand men of the British army have left South Africa for their homes since June 6, embarkments having begun five days after the declaration of peace on the first of that month. Arrangements have been made for the return of 37,000 more before Sept. 17, the sailings of this batch having begun on Aug. 2.

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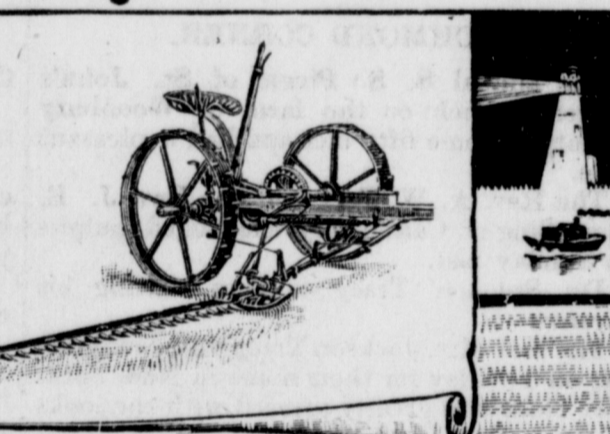
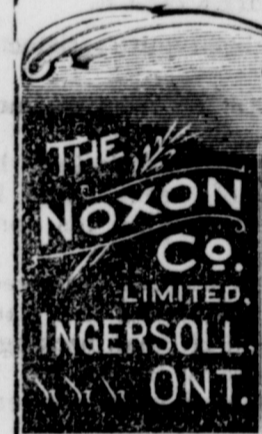
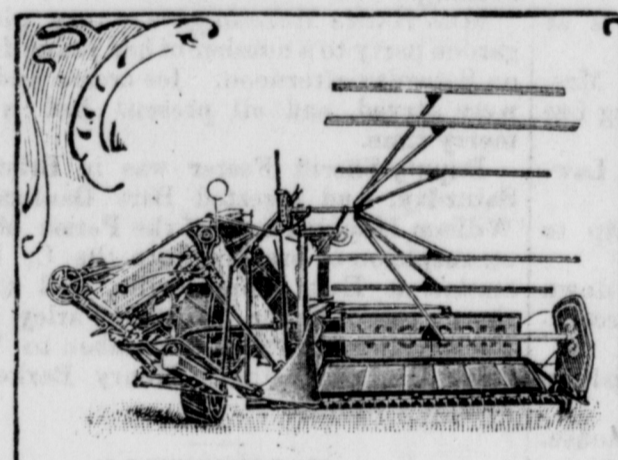
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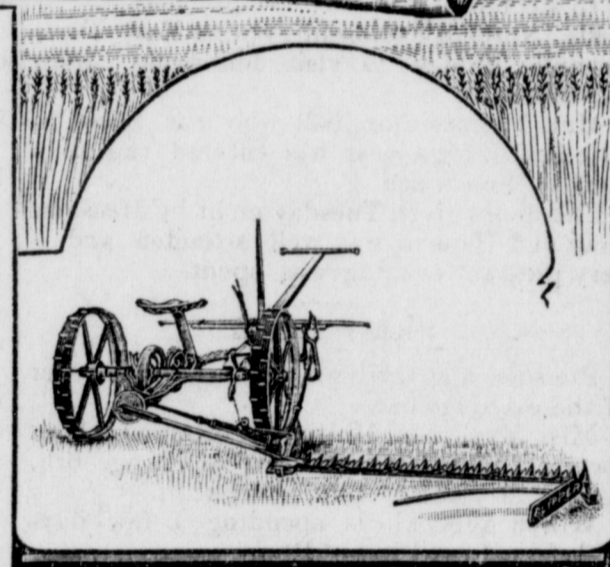
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