



A PHOTOGRAPHER'S RUSE.
 Erick Extraordinary as Practiced in Berlin.



When Fox, the court photographer, finds that a customer hasn't a pleasant expression he has an appropriate picture

thrown on a screen by a magic lantern. And the sinner always looks pleasant.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

It Was a Good Remedy.
 He sat alone near the steam heater in the Grand Pacific and he looked as if he had not a friend in the world, says the Chicago Post.

It was easy to see that his name was not on the register. He was a roundabout loafer. There are many like him. But this particular chairwarmer seemed to have soured on humanity. His morose visage would have turned sweet cream into clabber milk.

Near him in another chair was a fat, good natured chairboaster, who seemed as jolly as Mark Tapley himself. He noticed the gloom laden features of his neighbor and sought to comfort him. "This weather makes one feel sort of blue," ventured the good natured man. "Does it?" snapped he of the rufous countenance.

"Very bad weather for the grip. Got the grip?"
 "Naw."
 "Thought you had, you look so down-hearted. Anyone dead?"
 "Naw."
 "Thought mebbe there was. I lost my mother in law last fall, and I wait so bad about it I had to go out behind the woodshed, where my wife couldn't see me, to laugh—to cry, I mean. Had financial reverses?"

"Naw."
 "Didn't know. My brother in law loaned me \$5 once and he didn't seem to quite ever get over it. Not been crossed in love?"
 "Naw."
 "Can't tell. It acts that way sometimes. Once me and Samantha had a tiff and it affected me so I had to lie abed for three days, right in the middle of the harvest, too. Well what might be the matter that you look so bad? What are you thinking so deeply about?"

With a meaning scowl—"I am thinking up some good way to kill off d—d fools."
 "Ever try suicide?" said the good natured man, and the sour faced man kicked over the chair as he fled.

Why It Is.
 She—I wonder why leap year has an extra day in it?
 He—Oh, I suppose it is to give the girls that much more chance.

So He Was.
 "I thought you advertised that you were selling out at cost," growled the customer, throwing down the required 25 cents for a small package of note paper.
 "Yes, sir," replied the stationer briskly. "That's right. We referred to our postage stamps. Want any?"—Chicago Tribune.

His Picture.
 Willie (while Mr. Hankinson is waiting for Miss Irene to come down)—Sis has got your picture.
 Mr. Hankinson (his heart beating wildly)—Where did she get it, Willie?
 "Found it in a newspaper. I heard her tell why it looked just like you. But it didn't have your name under it."
 "What was the name under it, Willie?"
 "I think the name was 'Before Taking,' or something of that kind. Got any caramels, Mr. Hankinson?"—Chicago Tribune.

He—I understood all along the old gentleman was going to furnish the house. She—So he will. Pa'll furnish the house, but you'll have to furnish the furniture.—Upholsterer.

Taught by Experience.—"Are any of the colors discernible to the touch?" asked the school teacher. "I have often felt blue," replied the boy at the head of the class.—Brooklyn Life.

The Pasha's Daughter.
 A visit to the harem considerably altered my preconceived opinions of Turkish life. The pasha's daughter, a bright, pretty little woman, took me in charge, and after asking me a number of questions concerning my own way of living, kindly answered those I asked in return.

A Turkish "effendi," she said, rarely married more than one wife. He was not esteemed socially when he did so. But polygamy was allowed. It could not be gained that the sultan had several wives, but they did not count. Only one counted. Not Turkish ladies were not so shut up as one supposed. They went out driving and shopping when they pleased. It was very amusing to spend a day at the bazars. It was true wives in Turkey could not go out driving and walking with their husbands, or even be seen in their company. It was against Turkish etiquette; it would be "shocking," in fact. Nor did they ever share a husband's meals, nor show themselves in the part of the house he inhabited, nor ever, by any chance, see or encounter any one of his friends, nor any gentleman whatsoever, nor go to the theater, nor spend the evening, nor travel. It was against the law for a Turkish woman to leave the country; it would not be allowed. Still, these trifling exceptions apart, Turkish ladies had plenty of liberty. They could visit each other and shop when they chose. Their husbands were obliged to provide for them entirely, and to satisfy all their caprices. They could not be asked to do a hand's turn for themselves—not even to nurse their own babies. In short, I think the pasha's daughter was of opinion that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds, signifying as a matter of course the Ottoman world alone.

Literary Truths.
 Count Tolstoi says that there are three things needed to make an acceptable writer: he must have something to say, he must know how to say it, and he must have sincerity. To write simply to suit the popular taste is of course insincere. For the benefit of young writers we quote a few condensed statements of literary truths: One's first business in writing is to say what one has to say. An epithet is an addition; but an addition may be an incumbrance. Most people seem to think the coat makes the gentleman; almost all fancy the diction makes the poet. Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket is full prevents it from keeping so. Perhaps it is when the imagination flies the lowest, that we see the hues of her plumage. The best training for style is speech; not monologues, or lectures—but conversation, whence the French, and women generally, derive the graces of their style; and the agnostic oratory of the bar, the senate, and the forum, which make people speak home, and to the point. The pulpit, too, would be a like discipline, if they who mount it would oftener think as much of the persons they are preaching to as of the preacher.

Rapidity of Speech.
 "Have you any idea how many words a person talks a minute?" said a stenographer. "There is so much individual difference," he went on, "that it is difficult to strike an average. But I should say that from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy-five words per minute would be a fair average. A person who speaks three hundred words a minute is talking very rapidly indeed. To give you some idea of the fearful rate of speed represented by three hundred words in sixty seconds, figure out how many columns of an ordinary newspaper would be needed to report an hour's talk with such a voluble speaker. You will find that such a talker, were the speech given in full, could fill from ten to twelve columns, solid type. On an average women talk much faster than men. Many women talk three hundred words per minute, ten hours per day, every day of their lives, and never seem to weary. But there is little to commend in fast talking. If a person has anything worth saying, there is certainly time enough to say it well.

Ten men can be arranged to march in single file 3,628,000 ways.

A Proper Request.—"Now, Willie," said mamma, "I want you to keep very quiet. I don't want you to say a word all through dinner." "Ve'y well, mamma," returned Willie. "Only I fink you ought to help by givin' my mouf plenty of fings to eat, so's to keep it busy."

He Kept Still.—Mother—How did your face get that strained, agonized look in your photographs? Did the light hurt your eyes? Small Son—No, ma'am. The man told me to try to keep still, an' I did Street & Smith's Good News.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what we can do well, and do it well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

Slander, like mud, dries and falls off.

Another Legend Contradicted.
 Legends are the joy of poets, while the joy of historians is to destroy legends. If Schuller could return to the world, he would be disconsolate on learning that the history of William Tell is now only a fable; and he would experience still deeper dejection on discovering that no one believes in his Don Carlos. History has proven that such a character never existed, and the true Don Carlos resembled him as a raven resembles a swan.

Schiller's Don Carlos is not the historical character, but who shall dare say that his drama is wholly false? He knew how to embody in representative characters all the ideas which possessed the consciences of men in the time of Philip II, and from act to act, from scene to scene, in his great drama he found words with which to paint an age and a country. The documentary historian attaches too much value to minute exactness as to facts, and, occupied entirely with details, the great general truth sometimes escapes him. This fact serves as a revenge for the poet.—Chautauquan.

A Harvard Student's Remedy for Insomnia.
 I can't get to sleep. I try everything. I count up to a hundred and look at one spot on the ceiling and say my prayers forward and then backward, and then I think of sheep going over a fence, but it isn't any use.

Then as I'm tossing around I think I hear some one saying: "George, get up: it's half-past 7."
 "All right; in a minute."
 "George, get up, or you'll be late."
 "Oh, no; I won't be late. Just a few minutes longer."
 "George, you've got to be at the office at 8. You'd better hustle."
 "Oh, all right. Right away. So comfortable here—can't—m-m-m—pret' soon—m-m-m—honor-honor-honor." [Blessed sleep.]—Harvard Lampoon.

Cruelly Deceived.
 Little Johnnie R., who in his city home had heard frequent references to our bucolic brother as the "honest, horny handed farmer," showed an unaccountable desire, on visiting the country, to see a "son of the soil"; and when the family was met at that depot by Deacon Smith and chariot, the child glanced eagerly at his hands, and then, in a tone of disappointment, whispered:
 "Papa, he is not a farmer, is he?"
 "Yes, my son."
 "But—but, papa, where are the horns on his hands?"

The Coming Suitor.
 Stranger—I have come, sir, to marry your daughter.
 Millionaire—Eh? Wha—
 Stranger—A million or two will be necessary to make us comfortable, and of course you will give it. Shall I leave my satchel here while I go to present myself to your daughter?
 Millionaire (bewildered)—Have your credentials in your satchel?
 Stranger—No, nothing but dynamite.—New York Weekly.

Satisfactory.
 Peck (the grocer)—So you want a job in the store, do you?
 Freddy Gazzam—Yes, sir.
 "Do you know anything about arithmetic?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "How much would 10 pounds of sugar come to at four and a half cents a pound?"
 "50 cents, sir."
 "I think you'll do."

Birds of a Feather.
 The teacher had been giving a class of youngsters some ideas of adages and how to make them and to test her training she put a few questions.
 "What is an idle brain?" was one.
 "The devil's workshop," was the prompt response.
 Then there were several more till this one came:
 "Birds of a feather do what?"
 "Lay eggs," piped a small boy before anybody else had a chance to speak.

John Remembered It.
 Johnny—What is the difference, pa, between patience and stubbornness and tenacity?
 His pa (who is very wealthy and knows)—The first is praised, the second is blamed and the third advertises in the newspapers and does business.—Boston Post.

Forethought.
 Wife—Here is a little bill for a dress I ordered the other day.
 Husband—What! Why you told me you wouldn't need any more dresses for a month.
 Wife—I told you that just after I had ordered this one.—Cloak Review.

Death and the Doctor.
 A curious compliment to a dead man was uttered by the Marchioness of —, who, when told that the celebrated physician Bordeu had been found dead in his bed, exclaimed: "Ah! death was so afraid of him that he did not dare attack him except when he was asleep."—Argonaut.

Not on the Bench.
 "You say this man had been drinking," said his honor. "Drinking what?"
 "Whisky, I suppose," answered Officer McGobb.
 "You suppose? Don't you know whisky? Aren't you a judge?"
 "No, y'r Anner. Only a policeman."
 His honor looked carefully at his minion a moment and then called the next case.—Indianapolis Journal.

Always Delicate.
 I love all the delicate ways that she has; Her hands and her delicate smile. She's a delicate nose and a delicate pose. And a dreamy and delicate style. Her delicate voice is a musical treat As rhythmic as fountains that splash; But she's at her best, in my delicate pest, In her delicate teasing for cash. —New York Herald.

A Truthful Girl.
 Cora — What! you going to marry Fred Hippie? Madge—Yes, Cora—Why, not long ago you said you would marry him if he were the last man in the world. Madge—Well, I've kept my word. He isn't.—Judge.

Who Is He?
 Mrs. Herdso—Who is this boy Motion that we read so much about?
 Mrs. Saidso—What do you read about him?
 Mrs. Herdso—He seems to be always being adopted.—New York Herald.

That Was His Lay.
 "Can you beat a carpet?" said the lady of the house to the tramp who asked for something to eat.
 "Don't know, num," he replied frankly, "I never tried. But I guess mebbe I can, fer I've beat most everything else in this town."
 Louise, two years old, heard a stone explode in the kitchen range. She asked her mother what it was. "Oh, nothing but a popping in the stove!" Louise looked thoughtful a moment and then she said, "Auntie, I believe the stove sneezed."



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