

HER MISTAKE.

The Way It Was Explained to Her by
the Clumsy Man.

Owing to the fact that the car lurched suddenly as he was passing along the aisle Bronson was deprived of his balance, with the result that in attempting to save himself from falling he clutched one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat. Moreover, she knocked her beautiful hat away and with great difficulty avoided stepping on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lap-post or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support. You ought to ride in a cattle train. You have no right to crowd in where you can hear other people to pieces with your big, awkward hands. You pitiful clown! You ought to be thrown out into the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of refined people."

"Excuse me, madam," Bronson managed to say, "you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" the lady demanded, her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CLERMONT.
First Passage by Steamboat From

New York to Albany.
In August, 1808—the exact day is a matter of dispute—the steamboat Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 150 miles, was covered in thirty-two hours, a record hailed as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Clermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country, he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to it. Previously boats had been held free two hours at the request of passengers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—*Anaconda Standard*.

Cleared His Doubts.

A well-known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

Home, Sweet Home.
The old man sat on the park seat, rivers of tears flooding his clothes. A sympathetic passerby, noting the high

"Yes, sir," said the sorrowful old fellow. "I've jest 'ad bad news from 'ome. The 'ouse that 'as sheltered me for years is to be torn down, and I 'aven't a penny to my name to stop it. Everybody will be turned out, and

"Poor soul!" said the sympathetic passerby, bestowing a penny on the sad old man. "That isn't much, but you are welcome to it. And where is

"Up at the joll, sir," replied the old man. "It seems very hard. I've lived there five and twenty years."—*London Opinion.*

How to Make a Cup of Cocoa.
Take a tablespoonful of cocon and put it in a tin cup. Add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one table spoonful of boiling water. Mix.

so that there will not be any lumps of cocoa. Pour a little less than one half pint of milk into a saucepan and cook it, stirring all the time, until it is scalded—that is, until a skin

forms on it and it begins to bubble a little. Stir the cocoa mixture into this and cook until it boils up.—De lineator.

Businesslike.
The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not businesslike. Stern Parent—Certainly; he's only after you for your money. Beloved One—

Not a Matter of Chance.
The Viceroy Is It True, General?

your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy—There ain't no chance about it, ~~and~~ they all cheats!—London Opinion.

Where there is much pretence much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater