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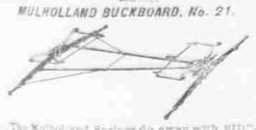

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THE ELF CHILD.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house
to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an'
brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an'
dust the hearth and sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread,
an' earn her board and keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper
things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' have
the mostest fun,
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 't Annie tells
about,
An' the gobble uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

One't they was a little boy wouldn't say his
pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away
up stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his
daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn'd the kivers down, he
wasn't ther at all!
An' they searched him in the rafter-room,
an' cutty holo an' press,
An' they seeked him in the chimney flue,
an' everywhere, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his
pants an' round about—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh
an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her brood
an' kin,
An' one't when they was "company," an'
ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said
she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an'
turn't to run an' hide,
There was two great big black things
standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin'
fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the
blaze is blue,
An' the inmpwink splutters, and the wind
goes woo-woo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the
moon is gray,
An' the lightnin' bugs in dew is all
squelched away—
You better mind your parents, an' yer
teachers fond and dear,
An' cherish them 'at love you, an' dry the
orphant's tear,
An' he'p the poor an' needy ones 'at
clust'r all about,
Er the gobble-uns'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

—[Daily Telegraph, New York.

NEVADA'S VAST CAVERN.

Greatest National Wonder of That State.

At the foot of Jeff Davis Peak in Snake Valley, Nev., is the entrance to a wonderful cavern, which has only recently been explored to any distance. It is described by a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle:

"The entrance, or first room, was found to be a large apartment, reached by descending a twenty-five foot ladder, and was called the dressing room. Its dimensions are 42 by 20 feet.

"By passing through a crevice in the rocky side of the room just large enough to admit one person at a time, a ledge is reached, from which by a second ladder a descent is made to a long and lofty apartment, forty feet long and as many in height, which has been called the Room of the Ancient Gods.

"To the sight, as one enters this spacious hall, lies a large block of gray limestone, of a peculiarly chalk-like appearance, to which has been given the name of the old Lady's Coffin.

"Opposite the entrance rises a towering stalagmite, which, extending from the floor to the ceiling, reaches a depending stalactite and forms a massive pillar that seems to support the immense vault. On all sides are superb columns, monuments and other objects.

"The way out of the Room of the Ancient Gods lies through a tunnel two feet in width, which runs in a southerly direction for 30 feet.

"At its farther end the tunnel widens into what has been called the Music Gallery. Here stands a long row of frosted stalactites of a pale yellow color, and about fifteen feet in height, which, when set vibrating by the rubbing of any rough object across them, give forth a sweet tone.

"The Music Gallery ends at a rocky barrier about ten feet high, which, being mounted by means of a ladder, gives the visitor access to a long, narrow hallway, which has been called the Needle's Eye. This seems to be only a passage over a rock, for at its end another ladder is found necessary for a descent of ten feet.

"At the foot of this ladder is found the Round Room, a large, irregularly shaped apartment, handsomely ornamented with stalactites of a lovely orange color. A large boulder of a pale yellow lies in the chamber and resembles a rhinoceros in shape.

"Once more a ladder is called into requisition for an upward climb, and then a network of chambers and corridors is reached, all decorated with stalactites and stalagmites of a variety of colors and of an infinity of shapes.

"In one room, for instance, which has been called the Furniture Room, are hour-glasses, tables, chairs, desks and pulpits, almost perfect in shape.

"Another gallery contains folds of stalactites like shawls hanging from the walls.

"One peculiar fact about the cave is that the farther one penetrates the whiter and more beautiful grows the lime-work.

"Stalactites of a transparent whiteness and looking exactly like sails, hang from the sides and ceilings. Table-like projections, covered with limestone formations of an oval tint mingled with others of a snowy whiteness, are noticeable for their remarkable beauty and resemblance to bunches of half-ripened grapes.

"On all sides is an intricacy of caverns, corridors and chambers, branching off into the obscure depths of the mountain, while huge masses of stalactitic formation loom up far above the visitor's head, looking in the dusky light like gray and white spectres."

Massage an Old Remedy.

Massage, the art of curing diseases by rubbing, kneading and stroking, is said to have been known to the Chinese 300 years before the Christian era, while the ancient Persians, Greeks and Romans pursued similar methods.

REFORMING STREET LOAFERS.

A Good Work Done in Washington Described by an Eye-Witness.

"Don't see 'em on that corner now days. Looks sort of lonesome," said a big policeman, as he stood on the corner near the Washington circle.

"What is it? asked a Star reporter.

"Why, the gang," he replied. "This used to be the worst place in the world, right off there a little bit," he added, pointing down toward the river.

"Down that way's Foggy Bottom, and the fellows from down that way used to gather on the corners and loaf at nights. There was men and boys and fellows of all ages and manners, who didn't have nothing to do after dark but to loaf and concoct mischief and make work for the police. 'Twas a bad sort of place, but you see now they ain't there.

"Well, that's Mr. Barker. He done it—he and some other gentlemen, navy men and men connected with the observatory down there. You know Mr. Barker; he's the pastor of St. Paul's Church. That club's done it."

Following the officer's direction, the reporter found his way up a short flight of stairs to a big room in the second story of the building. The room was brilliantly lighted. There was a pool table in the middle of the room, and a lot of small tables, covered with papers and periodicals, were standing around.

Thirty or forty youths and men were assembled playing pool, reading at the tables, playing checkers or chess, or in some other way amusing themselves according to their wont.

They were mostly of that class of men who are thrown upon their own resources early in life, and have to make the best living they can in the best way they know how; men or youths, as the case may be, whose work is generally over at sundown, and who are in the habit of going on the streets for their evening entertainment. Some of them were newsboys, some messengers, and others were men of various humble employments.

In a room in the story above were probably sixty or seventy-five boys not yet old enough to be classed with the men below, their ages running from 12 to 18.

The reporter found the Rev. Mr. Barker, who explained the purpose of the club.

It is, he says, to take men and boys off the streets and give them a place where they may find harmless and helpful amusement of evenings. The idea is that the want of something to do and some good place to spend evenings has led many young men and boys astray, and the club is to prevent loafing on the streets.

It was organized Nov. 3 by some gentlemen residing near Washington circle, most of them members of St. Paul's Church, but there is no religious feature to the club.

It was opened as a free club on the 16th of November, with twenty-two members. They had then rented a house on Twenty-fifth street, but the membership jumped up to forty at once and it became necessary to get more roomy quarters, so on the 30th of November they moved into their present rooms.

The rooms were fitted up, the upper ones for the boys and the lower ones for the men, and were thrown open to the members of the club every evening from 7 o'clock until 10.

The boys' room was furnished with a bagatelle table and all sorts of games, and the men's with a pool table, such games as chess and checkers, and a great variety of reading matter.

The club is not intended to be supported by the members, but by subscription by the public, but to take from it something of the air of charity and give each member some sort of standing, cards are issued and a membership fee of ten cents a month for men and three cents for boys is charged.

Of course, this is only a nominal fee and would go only a very little way toward the support of the club, not being enough to pay the gas bill.

The membership has now increased to 85 men and 132 boys, and there is no more loafing on corners in this neighborhood. Once or twice a month entertainments are given, to which the members of the club are admitted free.

In a few days they expect to serve hot coffee and crackers in the rooms at the nominal price of one cent per cup.

The interest taken in the club by those it is intended to benefit is very great. The average attendance every night is 75, and sometimes as many as 120 are in the rooms one night.

The amount of good done, the police say, is something incalculable. It has taken from the streets the mischievous element that keeps them busy, and has converted them into peaceful, orderly, and good citizens, who spend their evenings in a pleasant way, where they have everything for their comfort and amusement, and have no temptation to mischief.

With all the crowd of boys assembled there, they have never had any disturbance, or disorderly action of any kind.—[Washington Star.

A Sham Wedding Trip.

Fashion demands that when young people marry they shall go away on a wedding trip, which means no small outlay of cash.

A couple recently married felt this pressure, but conceived a scheme by which to thwart the process of custom and save the item of expense. They went to the station, accompanied by a party of friends, and boarded a train with good-byes said all around, the friends extending the regulation wishes for a safe and happy tour.

But the couple didn't remain on the train. Oh, no! They walked through the car and out at the end opposite that at which they entered, and getting off on the opposite side, sped down Water street around to their home, where they remained in seclusion for a week, while their friends thought them away enjoying the honeymoon.—[Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

To Remove a Particle from the Eye.

Take a horse-hair and double it, leaving a loop.

If the object can be seen, lay the loop over it, close the eye, and the mote will come out as the hair is withdrawn.

If the irritating object cannot be seen, raise the lid of the eye as high as possible, and place the loop as far as you can, close the eye and roll the ball around a few times, draw out the hair, and the substance which caused the pain will be sure to come with it.

This method is practiced by axmakers and other workers in steel.—[Medical Times.

A JAPANESE ACCOUNT OF FANS.

Probably a Chinese Invention—Fans for Ceremonious Occasions.

Dr. D. B. McCartee, for many years a missionary and educator in China and Japan, and now a resident of Washington, District of Columbia, has favored us with a translation he has made of a Japanese account of the fans of that nation. Dr. McCartee is one of the most accomplished Chinese and Japanese scholars in America, and his views on any Oriental custom carry the weight of authority.

The present communication is a translation from the French of Mr. Matsugata's report entitled "Le Japon a L'Exposition Universelle de 1878."

There are in Japan two kinds of fans; one called sensu (Chinese Shen-tizu), which folds up and is easily carried; the other of a round shape and which does not fold up.

No one knows exactly the origin of fans in Japan, but the traditions have uniformly taught us that about the year 670 (A.D.), during the reign of the emperor Tenji (who adopted many of the institutions and customs of the Chinese), an inhabitant of Tamba, looking at bats folding and unfolding their wings, conceived the idea of making fans of leaves, which from that circumstance bore the name of kuwa hori, which means a bat.

The fan called Hi gi [or Hitree fan] was made from the leaves of the Hi-no-ki (Chamacyparis obtusa). The leaves were tied to each other by threads.

Another kind of fan called Chukei (Chinese Chu Kin, lit. bamboo tendons or veins) is made of bamboo. It has the appearance of being half open when it is shut. These two kinds of fans are only carried on the occasion of great ceremonies.

The ordinary fans are made in Kioto, Osaka and Owari; but the better kinds are made in Tokio. The leaves (ribs, bones, sticks or stays) of fans are made of bamboo, but ivory, shell and shitan wood (imported from China) are also used.

They are decorated with mother-of-pearl, coral and lacquer work. The paper which covers the "bones" of the fan is frequently ornamented with gold leaf, drawings, flowers, birds, etc.

It is sometimes necessary to give the paper a coating of shibor (or varnish made from the juice of the raw persimmon) to give it greater solidity or firmness.

There is also a kind of fan very rich in quality and of a larger size, which is used by dancers to beat time, or in making graceful motions.

The Achiwa, or fans which do not fold up, come principally from Nara, some twenty miles or so from Kioto. They are generally made of paper, but sometimes of silk.

About 1660 (A.D.), during the period called Kuanbun, a (Buddhist) preacher named Gensel, noted for his artistic taste, and who was also a poet, devoted himself at Fukaksa, in the province of Yamashiro, to the making of fans, which were very beautiful and in perfect good taste.

These fans, which acquired a great reputation, were known as Fukaksa Uchiwa. They are one of the principal products of that province. The best Uchiwa are made at Tokio, but as the varieties of this kind of fans are very numerous, we will not weary our readers by enumerating them in detail.

[NOTE.—The translator does not hold himself responsible for the inconsistencies of this account. The emperor, Tenji, introduced many of the Chinese manners and customs into Japan and many imitations of the Chinese official forms and offices. Calendars, almanacs, and the mode of denominating the year, were all introduced about the same time from China and fans probably at the same time also. The Chinese name used in Japan would confirm the supposition that the better kinds of fans, at least, were introduced from China.—D. B. McC.]—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Divorce and Marriage.

My marriage was a very romantic one, said a Chicago gentleman at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, who is on his bridal tour.

The lady's former husband was an intimate friend of mine. He is a good fellow, but he didn't use her well.

Although a gentleman in most respects, he was so unfortunate as to have the drinking habit, and occasionally while in liquor he raised the deuce in the domestic circle.

Both he and the lady were accustomed to come to me for advice after these affairs.

"Get a divorce," says I at last.

"Agreed," says they, and shook hands on it.

Then they separated, pending the result of the legal proceedings.

I visited the lady in her retirement several times.

"Frank," said the husband to me, "don't you think you had better not call on Lizzie while this divorce business is in progress?"

"Why, Bob," says I, "what the mischief have you to do with the matter?"

"I don't like it," says he.

"But," says I, "as she's getting a divorce from you, and you are consenting, what difference can it make to you who calls on her?"

"Frank," says he, looking me straight in the eye, "do you mean to marry Lizzie?"

"Well, Bob," says I, "the idea never occurred to me before, but now that you suggest it, I don't know but what I will. Do you think she'll be likely to favor the idea herself?"

I'm blessed, continued the Chicago man, if the fellow didn't begin to fight the divorce from that minute.

We downed him, of course, but he's still cool, and even refused to attend the wedding.

However, when we get home my wife will manage to smooth him down. She knows his ways, you unders and.

There's nothing so painful to me as a break in an old friendship, and we both really like Bob very well, in spite of his faults.—[San Francisco Post.

To Make Girls Tell Their Age.

Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are, but you can find out by following the subjoined instructions, the young lady doing the figuring.

Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born; then to multiply it by two; then to add five; then to multiply by fifty; then to add her age; then to subtract 365; then to add 115; then tell her to tell you the amount she has left.

The two figures to the right will denote her age, and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 822, she is twenty-two years old, and was born in the eighth month (August).

THE DYING PAUPER.

A Sketch From Actual Life.

It was twenty years ago to-day that I saw her part from her son at the railroad station. She, a motherly mother, with purity written on every line of her face—he, a boy of fifteen with clear eyes and honest countenance.

They laughed together—together they wept at the parting.

Ten years had passed when I saw her again—ten summers—ten winters. The motherly look had parted from her face; purity had been replaced by vice. She had become drunken and vicious.

That boy with clear eyes would not have called her mother now. He would have fled from her in horror. She muttered drunken curses on me as she passed, and she raved at the children who fled away as she approached them.

I saw her again last night. It was for the last time on earth. I went with men into a hovel to help restrain her in delirium. Poverty!

Why, I never imagined that human beings could live as she had passed her last years. Vice—degradation—ruin!

All a single look at her was enough to make one shudder.

Old, gray, utterly wrecked—little better than a skeleton—and yet the delirium of drink was upon her and strong arms had to hold her down on her bed of rags. She cursed God and man. She recited earth and Heaven.

Women who timidly entered to offer their aid hastened beyond hearing, as she blasphemed them. It was the ghastly ending of a decade of wretchedness.

The doctor came, but it was not a case for him. He looked at her with compassion in his eyes and went away.

When her delirium was strongest—when her revilings were loudest—some one whispered in her ear the words:

"Where are the children?"

A change came instantly. Her strength was gone, her voice hushed, and she looked about her in a startled way. By and by she moaned:

"Ah! My children! Don't let them come in! It would break their hearts!"

They tell you that the dying never weep. She wept. Ayel her sobs died away in a death rattle as the king of terrors laid his icy hand on her heart.

Today she is to be buried as a pauper. Am I her judge? Are you? Is anybody but God? And may not he who knoweth all things say to her as she stands before the white throne of the judged:

"Men did not know your temptations—your miseries—your bitter trials. I knew them, and I can forgive much of your sins."—[Detroit Free Press.

HONEY-EATING SNAKES.

Curious Chapter in Natural History.

A most remarkable snake story comes from one of the neighborhoods in the mountainous regions of Washington county, Arkansas; yet it comes from such responsible source that its authenticity cannot be questioned.

Near St. Paul, a neighboring post office in this region, some twenty-five miles from this city, where the wolf is sometimes heard to howl and the resident farmer can occasionally have a venison steak, two young farmers named Young and Stewart were out hunting a few days ago and discovered bees passing out and in through a hole about forty feet from the ground in a large black oak tree, which was some four feet in diameter.

Of course, they thought they had made a rich discovery. They were not then prepared to cut the tree and start for home. On their way Young bought Stewart's interest in the find, paying $1 cash for it.

Next day Young invited several friends to help him cut the tree and share the precious treasure it contained. So, supplied with axes and buckets, they proceeded to the woods and cut down the tree.

After it had fallen crashing to the ground, Young ran with a handful of leaves and stopped the hole through which the bees entered the tree, but soon they were swarming out at a split made in the trunk by falling.

One of his friends suggested that he did not believe that the bees were going to give them much trouble, and for him to pull the plug out of the hole.

He did so, and immediately a rattlesnake came crawling out of the hole, coiled himself by the side of the fallen tree, raised his flat head, distended his mouth, shot out his tongue, and gave out that paralyzing sound with his rattles which, when once heard, is never forgotten.

He was soon dispatched, however, and the work of discovery went on. They then chopped into the log and split out a long block, and there found, coiled up in the log, two other rattlers, which were promptly killed.

What promised to be a delicious feast only proved to be a fine mass of dry comb, so thoroughly had the honey been eaten out by the snakes.

The tree was perfectly covered at the stump, and the snakes, to reach the hollow, had to climb forty feet, which is claimed to be a new performance with rattlesnakes, or at least an unobserved characteristic among them heretofore in this part of the country.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Japanese Pillow.

The Japs sleep on raised couches. The most extraordinary feature of the bed furnishings is the makuro, or pillow. This promises about as much comfort as the similar article of torture used by the Feejee Islanders.

It looks like a wedge-shaped piece of cordwood, the edge of the wedge being protected by a little roll of cloth or cotton. On this wedge the Japanese woman rests her neck, when she wants to take a nap, letting her head hang over on the other side.

How she escapes strangulation or the dislocation of her vertebral apparatus is a mystery. But like many acts of their American sisters, this is not done by the Japanese women because they enjoy it, but because it saves their hair from "mussing."

Where Are the Homely Girls?

A few years back it was a common thing to read of an accident happening to a plain girl.

Such an item never appears in print nowadays. Every eloping girl is put down as pretty.

If a girl is found dead in the river she is pretty. If a girl is arrested for some escapade she is pretty.

We may scan not only the society columns, but the local page and the telegrams in any paper, and it will be seen that every time a girl is mentioned she is described as pretty.

It is unaccountable, but it is a fact.—

A WITTY WAITER.

The Restaurant Man Secures Valuable Help.

"I've seen many a 'fly coon' in my day, but that young fellow over there at the corner table is the boss of them all; he's loaded for any kind of game that comes along;" said the restaurant man, indicating a bright-eyed mulatto who was pulling a napkin into the shape of a lily to adorn a goblet.

"If you'll go over there and work off any of your old chestnuts on him without getting the worst of it, I'll give you the best dinner on the bill of fare."

"Thank you, but I'm not hungry; and, moreover, I'm not in the chestnut business. You'd better call in the Count who has the stand out in front. He's got some all ready to string—the worm holes go clear through 'em. But what about your boy?"

"He came in the other day and struck me for a job.

"'Ever wait on table?' says I.

"'Yes, boss,' says he.

"'How many mistakes can you make in an hour?' says I.

"'I make no mistakes, boss,' says he. 'My name's not Moses, my name's Bob.'

"Mistakes of Moses. Bob Ingersoll. See?

"So I set him to work, and a better waiter I never had. He's awfully 'fly,' will give better than he gets every time; but he's not impertinent nor offensive, and although they get the worst of it, my customers all like him. He's building up my business, too, for every fellow who gets bit tries to play even by bringing in his friends and getting them knocked out with chin music.

"You ought to have been here last Saturday to see him do up four flip young fellows from out of town. The moment they came in I tumbled to it that they had the big-head bad, and were just too 'cute to be comfortable, so I sent Bob over to wait on them. One of the fellows wore sort of sanctified clothes, as if he was studying for a sermon surveyor, and he ordered a broiled spring chicken.

"It was a nice one Bob placed in front of him, as nice a one as I ever saw upon a platter, but the fellow wanted to show how flip he was, so he sawed away a moment, dropped his knife, put his eye-glasses a-straddle of his nose, bowed his head and looked hard at the chicken, as if it were a curiosity. Then he cused his head, dropped the glasses off his nose, and, with a sly wink at his friends, said to Bob:

"'Did they ascertain the cause of death?'

"'Sar?' said Bob.

"'Did they make a post-mortem examination? Did they hold an inquest?'

"'No, sar,' said Bob. 'No sar. In de city, sar, dey don't hold no inquest when de passon dies of natural causes or old age, but only when de death is violent, sah.'

"The other three fellows were all ready to laugh, so it didn't take them long to commence. The flip fellow didn't commence quite so soon, but when he did get to going he laughed the loudest of all. Then he called for a bottle of wine and five glasses and made Bob wet his throat with champagne."—[Detroit Free Press.

A Blue-Stocking's Impudence.

There are a number of queer browsers on room the library society of Boston of whom it would not be difficult to obtain portraits quite as free less amusing than it one that they would too readily be recognized. The benefits to which some of these persons will go to procure invitations is sufficiently entertaining, although some what humiliating as well.

A woman who aspires to be one of the blue-stockings of the Hub, but who labors under the disadvantage of not being able to find a publisher sufficiently daring to afflict the public with her incubrations, once desired a card to a reception which was to be given in honor of an English lion of the first magnitude.

Being at a semi-public gathering, where was also present the lady who was to give the reception, Mrs. X. boldly took the arm of a gentleman with whom she had a slight acquaintance, and said:

"Please come with me over to where Mrs. M. is standing."

The gentleman yielded himself up an unwilling victim, and the pair made their way to the side of Mrs. M.

"Now present me," Mrs. X. commanded.

"But," exclaimed the young man in dismay, "I don't know Mrs. M."

"Oh, that is no matter," Mrs. X. replied. "She knows who I am."

Mrs. M., who had heard the conversation, turned at this, and the unfortunate young man stammered:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. X. asks to be presented to you," and then, as his captor released her hold upon his arm to extend her hand to Mrs. M., he fled incontinently.

Mrs. M. regarded Mrs. X. with undisguised astonishment, but the latter said glibly:

"I wanted to tell you that I had known Mr. —— [the English lion] very well in London, and I am so anxious to meet him that I am going to do the very bold thing of asking if I may come to your reception?"

But Mrs. M. was too clever by half to be caught in this way, and with a quickness of wit which did her credit, she replied:

"Oh, if you are a friend of Mr. ——'s, I will ask him to send you a card."

And when Mr. —— was consulted, he declared that he had never seen Mrs. X. in all his life.—[Providence Journal.

The Widow Was Alarmed.

Bill Drawbar is the kindest-hearted man that ever twisted a brake; he would not hurt a kitten. Nevertheless he scared poor old Mrs. Lone, the widow, so bad that she had nervous hysteria for two weeks, and then married Deacon Fourscore because she was afraid to sleep alone.

You see, Bill was making up second 73, and just as Mrs. Lone started to cross the track at the upper end of the yard Bill yelled to the other brakeman:

"Jump on her, Ben! Jump on her as she comes down; cut her in two, and run her down the siding behind the elevator! Now, then, catch her!"

And then the poor old woman gave one feeble little screech for mercy, and fainted dead away; and poor Bill can't imagine what "scart her."—[Pathfinder's Guide.

APPETIZERS.

Music and Baseball.

They were at a concert in Boston, and Beethoven's fifth symphony had just been played.

"It is beautiful," said she, but I adore the entire nine."

"Yes," replied her George, "they are the best in the world."

"So striking," she added.

"Can't be beat on striking," he echoed.

"So catching," she sighed.

"Their catching was what did the business," said George, enthusiastically. "Their fielding is down to a fine point."

"Why, what on earth are you talking about, George—the Beethoven symphonies?"

"Not much! I'm talking about our champion nine, the best ball-tossers on the earth."—[Musical Herald.

He Took No Note of Time.

A student of the University of Texas had himself measured for a new suit of clothes at the establishment of an Austin tailor. When he got his clothes from the tailor the student discovered that there was no watch pocket in the vest.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the indignant student.

"Meaning of what?"

"Why, this vest has got no watch pocket. Why didn't you make the new one like the old one I sent you as a pattern? It had a watch pocket in it."

"I knew the old vest had a watch pocket, but as I found nothing but a pawn ticket in it for your watch, I didn't see what use you were going to have for a watch pocket in your new vest."—[Texas Siftings.

"Tea" Not Forthcoming.

One of the city's school examiners wished to elicit the word "tea" from a class of boys in an up-town school recently. So he asked them in rotation

"What do you drink after supper?" and received the answers coffee, beer, chocolate, but the word tea was not forthcoming.

Then he queried, "What do I take after my supper?"

"Pizen," the boys yelled in return.

The joke will be better appreciated when it is mentioned that the gentleman in question is a total abstainer and a strict temperance advocate.—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

What the Wallet Really Was.

Bagley (confidentially to pickpocket on the back platform): "My good fellow, I wish you wouldn't try that."

Pickpocket (in great trepidation): "I, sir? Why, I——"

Bagley (soothingly): "There, there; don't apologize. You've been trying to pick my pocket, and I think it pay day too. I see that the wallet you're fingering is filled with bills which I've been trying to collect for six months, and I don't believe you can do any better."—[Philadelphia Call.

Dead Will Instruction.

Teacher (in natural history): "Tommy, where is the hippopotamus to be found?"

Tommy: "Africa."

Teacher: "Yes. And what is the chief characteristic of this wonderful animal?"

Tommy (who has seen the circus pictures): "He allers has his mouth wide open."—[Harper's Bazar.

Father and Son.

A father was very much annoyed by the foolish questions of his little son.

"Johnny, you are a great source of anno