

### THE KING'S DEED.

"Thou shalt die," the priest said to the King, "Thou shalt vanish like the leaves of spring, like the dust of any common thing."  
"One day thou shalt be blown away!"  
"Nay, not so," the King said. "I shall stay while the great sun in the sky makes day; Heaven and earth, when I do, pass away. In my tomb I wait till all things go!"  
Then the King died. And with myrrh and sand, washed with palm wine, swathed in linen hard, Rellid in sphax gum, and under guard of his steadfast tomb, they laid the King. Century fled so century; still he lay. While as when they hid him first away—Sooth, the priest had nothing more to say, No, it seemed, the King, knew everything.  
One day armies, with tramp of doom, Overthrew the high blocks of the tomb; Arrowy sunbeams searched its chambered gloom. Bedouins camped about the sand-blown spot. Little Arabs, answering to the name, With a broken mummy fed the flame, Then a wind among the ashes came, Blew them lightly—and the King was not! —St. Nicholas.

### Tempted to Murder.

Naturally I am a jealous man. Perhaps it came from the fact that I was a stray sheep in the house that was filled with my stepmother's children. They were not content with their mother's love, but exacted from my father all the attention he had to bestow upon the family and he was led to believe me moody and sullen because I resented this unequal division of household duty and felt myself defrauded out of my share in my father's heart. Looking back upon my early childhood, it does not seem strange that I grew up with a great jealousy of the caresses that were lavished freely upon my younger brothers—the sons of my stepmother. This, as I grew older, deepened into a longing for a home of my own, a love in which no other human being should have a share.

When I had reached the age of twenty-five these aims in life were realized. I held an independent business position and my income was large enough to support a wife and give her a home in which she would be surrounded by every comfort that dainty womanhood needs. Fortune had favored me from the moment in which I had stepped over the threshold of my father's house, and now my stepmother was laid in my praises and most anxious the elder brother should also pursue the fortunes of her "poor, dear boys." She even put it to me tearfully whether I had not better remain unmarried for their sakes and play the part of the benevolent bachelor uncle to their prospective children.

But I had other views in life. Unknown to her I had fallen deeply in love with Ethel Templeton, a budding belle of the pretty little interior city in which we lived. Up to the time when, at seventeen, she had made her formal debut in society, I had seen no one who had excited more than ordinary admiration on my part, but from the moment I was presented to stately, winsome Ethel I vowed myself to her heart and soul. My love was so great that I seemed rather to avoid than to court her, so fearful was I of frightening and losing her by a premature outburst of volcanic fires that raged in my breast, and were with difficulty kept hidden under a calm exterior.

The circumstances of my early life had made me extremely reticent. I had no confidants as a boy and as I grew to manhood I made no bosom friend to whom I talked of myself. I could not have done it if I had tried, for the habit of years of reticence was upon me and could not be broken. So no one guessed my passion for sweet Ethel Templeton and no one ever ventured to speak to me about my attentions to her.

At last I spoke my love. We had been acquainted for a year and her eighteenth birthday had come. I had been waiting for it, and in the morning I sent to her home my offering of flowers with a note requesting that I might have the favor of an interview in the afternoon. In the cosy little library of her mother's home, with the scent of June roses stealing in through the windows, I told Ethel Templeton that I had loved her from the first moment I had seen her. It was somewhat of a surprise to the gentle girl, though, with a woman's intuition, she had always known that I had liked her "passing well." When her mother came into the room shortly afterwards Ethel's hand was in mine and her cheeks were as red as the roses at the window. The mother only lived for the daughter's happiness, and I left the house the betrothed lover of Ethel Templeton.

Of course my step-mother did not like it. She said so with emphasis, but at last appeared to be resigned to the inevitable, and the family made a great deal of Ethel. This pleased me, and I was glad to see the oldest of the boys, my half brother Harry, who was just six months older than my betrothed, a frequent visitor at the house. In my new-born happiness I was willing to forget the wretchedness and loneliness of the past.

One day my step-mother asked me to take her out for a drive, and added that she wanted a chance to talk to me by myself. Her request gave form to suspicions that had been forming for some time in my mind that there were sharp claws under the velvet of her touch. Yet I had no reason for any fears and I only congratulated myself that I was finally free from her influences. Perhaps my self-congratulation was premature.

I have never forgotten that ten-mile ride through the misty October sunshine to the little lake set like a dia-

mond in the crown of the Farmington Mountains. Its memory comes back to me with every recurring October day that is its twin in beauty, but it has been so softened since that no sting is left in it.

"Frank," said my step-mother after a while, "do you love Ethel so much that you could not give her up? Do you think you are snited to her? Would you not both be happier if you should return to your old bachelor life instead of trying to tie this young girl down to your old-fashioned ways?"

Amazement kept me speechless for a moment, and then I quietly told her that Ethel and I loved each other and were to be married at Christmas and that I could not consent to any such talk and should certainly refuse to submit to any questioning.

An ordinary woman would have been quiet, but this one loved her brood with the intense ferocity of a tiger cat and was bound to make all other lives that she could influence subordinate to what she considered their best interests. So, after a while, she said that I must really forgive her, because she thought me too old in my ways, if not in my years, for Ethel; that it would be a pity for Ethel to find out hereafter that she had made a mistake, and much more of this sort. I clenched my teeth and kept silent, saying to myself that the drive would soon be ended.

Then my stepmother shot her last arrow.

"Don't you think that Harry is much better suited to Ethel than you are? Everyone notices that she is much brighter and cheerier in his company than in yours. Her little fortune would be a help to him and you do not need it; and, besides, I know that you would not stand in the way of her happiness," and here my stepmother wiped her eyes gently, as if the tears were coming in spite of herself.

"Do you mean to tell me that my brother Harry loves Ethel and that she would return his love if I released her?"

"I mean to tell you nothing. I have said only what I thought to be right. The rest you can find out for yourself."

Not another word was spoken throughout the drive, but my blood was rapidly rising up to fever heat and jealousy fired every fibre of my heart. I spoke to no one except to give directions about the horse and then sought my own room to feed the fires of jealousy until such time in the evening as it was suitable to call at Ethel's home, and when I started my brain was that of a moody madman.

There was a sound of music as I neared the house, and when I entered the parlor, unannounced as usual, Ethel was seated at the piano playing an accompaniment while Harry sang an old-fashioned love ballad. They were a handsome couple, I could see that at a glance, and well matched physically, and my jealous imagination supplied all the rest. His attitude was love-like, and she—dared not look at her, I retreated softly out of the room and went to the library and sat there listening to the light catches of laughter that came from the other room. They were having a happy hour together and evidently did not miss me.

At last they went to the outer door together, lingered there a moment—too long, I thought—and then Ethel came slowly and thoughtfully toward the library. What was she thinking about, I wondered, that made her step so slow? Was she planning how to be "off with the old love" before she was "on with the new?"

"Why, Frank, when did you come in?" was my darling's glad greeting. As she came towards me with both hands outstretched and a happy smile on her lips, she suddenly stopped and cried amusingly, "what is the matter? What makes you look like that?"

The demon of jealousy which had been at work in my heart all the evening had at last mastered me. My rage distorted everything and even the sweet face before me could not calm the storm. I rose to my feet and put forth one repelling hand.

"Ethel—before we go any farther you must answer me one question. Do you love me, or has my brother Harry usurped my place? My stepmother told me today that I was too old and gave for you and that you preferred my brother's society—but I gave no credence to it until I stood in the parlor tonight and heard your new lover singing a love ditty to you. Answer me—are you true to your promise to me, or do you love him?"

The face of my betrothed seemed to turn to marble as I spoke and her form grew stiffer with indignation wrath. No one but a madman would have persisted in the terrible mistake that I was making.

"Go!" was all the reply she made. "I have no explanation to make to the man who has doubted my word." Her hand pointed to the door, and though it was not yet too late for repentance I passed out into the darkness insane with jealousy.

Five years passed before I saw again the face of Ethel Templeton. Immediately after our engagement was broken off I had sold out my business and gone to one of the great Atlantic cities. My stepmother wrote to me from time to time, and seldom without alluding to the prospects of Harry's marriage, and at last she announced it as a fixed fact. Determined not to be looked upon as a rejected swain, I made swift courtship to a pretty, frivolous butterfly of fashion, whose alliance was supposed to be a step in social advance for me, and we were speedily married. Then I went to Europe with my wealthy wife and made a tour of the continent as befitted a fashionable couple.

It was on a steamship returning from Liverpool to New York that I saw Ethel after our long separation. A little stouter, a trifle thinner, she

was still Ethel Templeton. We met as strangers and I dared not question the friends who were escorting her, but my heart gave a leap of joy when I heard she was yet unmarried. The next moment I knew how I had shipwrecked my life and what an idiot I had been to listen to the stories of a woman whose only thought was to make me a tool for the advancement of her sons.

No one can yet hear without a thrill of horror the details of the collision in mid-ocean which sent the good ship Cleopatra on which we were embarked to a midnight grave. A great crash was followed by one prolonged shriek from hundreds of terrified souls, and then came the panic of crew and passengers, the lowering of boats and rafts into the tempestuous abysses of the sea, death in the darkness of the waves, cries for help that might have rent heaven, a sudden lurch and plunge and the final disappearance of the sorely wounded vessel under the surging waters.

Ethel, my wife and I were in one of the boats when the steamer went down, and the eddies caused by the final plunge swamped the boat and threw us all into the sea. It was the work of a moment to swim to a cross-tree that was floating near, and as soon as I found myself in safety I turned to find the arms of Ethel and my wife stretched out to me as they battled with the devouring waves. Which should I take? I knew in that supreme moment that I still loved Ethel and had never loved another, and that my wife had always been a stranger to my heart. Love prompted me to save Ethel at any cost.

Never was man so sorely tempted as I was in that moment of time which seemed to stretch out to eternity while the temptation lasted. I knew that I should be virtually a murderer if I let my wife go down to death; but ah, how could I abandon the woman to whom I cried aloud "Ethel!" and she smiled even in the agony of death. Then, with arms inspired to duty by her, I drew my wife up on the cross-tree and for the first time in my life I fainted dead away. I looked around me as I recovered, and there was Ethel, saved by other hands. I called to my wife, but there was no reply. She had been swept away by another wave while they were lashing me to our temporary raft and trying to restore me to life.

That was five years ago, for the last three years Ethel has been my wife. She forgave me readily when I knelt at her feet and asked forgiveness. Indeed, she forgave me as soon as she had learned, as she did when Harry had been persuaded by his mother to offer himself to Ethel, and in so doing had let the cat out of the bag, how I had been made the victim of her ambitious schemes for her eldest born. She had always loved me, she said, and would never have married any but her first and only love.

Our married life has no clouds. But there is one secret which I have always kept from my wife—how nearly I was tempted to murder her when white hands were lifted imploringly to me from the waves of the Atlantic and I knew that if I left those other hands that bore a wedding ring to sink under the waters I would be free to win Ethel back.

Let me add that I have ceased to be a jealous man.

### Joaquin Miller's Western Home.

A slender, sparely built man, well along in years, with long, yellowish white hair that lay on his shoulders in curls, sat for a long time in front of the Leland Hotel, Chicago. He was dressed in black, moderately well worn and not of the latest cut. At his throat a loose white neck scarf was negligently caught over a diamond collar-button. On one of his fingers glistened a large, brilliant yellow diamond that was in strange contrast to the seamed and tanned hand. In speaking of his home in California, he said: "It is a terrestrial paradise. I shall live there until I die. You know I went there by almost an accident, but it brought me satisfaction and even fortune, for I am a rich man at last. Three years ago, when I went out to California with Col. Howard and Mr. Suro, we arranged to plant a little island off San Diego with trees. We had hardly done so when fire killed them. Then I went to San Francisco and bought my little tract of ground in the mountains. It is two miles from Oakland, and 750 feet above the ocean. For 200 acres I paid from \$50 to \$75 per acre, and now they want to buy it for town lots. I am really rich, but I have worked hard," and the Western poet glanced at his hardened hands. "It is my philosophy. It is the foundation of my latest and longest work, 'The life of Christ.' He breaks least commandments who lives by the sweat of his brow. In three years I have planted 15,000 trees. I thought it would take me only a short time, but I am still at it, and I and my mother shall always live among them."

The latest thing abroad. The latest thing in fashion for men in England is known as the American shoulder. It consists of a coat padded at the shoulders in a manner quite unique. Pieces of lead of quite an imposing size are employed in the process, and when the dude is properly "fixed up" he appears with a sort of epaulet arrangement, calculated to transfix the gaze of the less enlightened observer. The "American shoulder" is only just coming into vogue, but it was decidedly conspicuous in Piccadilly, London, last Sunday afternoon. A London tailor says that he is putting twelve ounces of lead into some of his "padding."

Now an English syndicate has been formed to buy up all the ballet girls. Lovers of antiques will kick. So will the girls.

### FOUND THE DIAMONDS.

#### HOW A TURKISH DETECTIVE RECOVERED STOLEN JEWELS.

He Poses as a Merchant and Invokes the Aid of a Tribe of Turcomans.

Some years ago the diamonds of the Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople were stolen from her toilet table. A large reward was offered for their recovery, and Dindar, one of the secret police-agents of the Grand Vizier, was given the case. In the course of a week Dindar got a clue to the perpetrators of the robbery. The plunderers were numerous; and as the jewels could not be sold without great risk of detection in Constantinople, they had resolved to carry them for sale to Teheran, where they had no doubt of finding a ready market.

Dindar found out their intended route, and on the arrivals of the rascals at Kars, a respectable merchant from Koordistan, in a high cap of black sheepskin and a huge robe, entered their caravan, and very dexterously managed to extract from them, in the course of conversation, an avowal that they had diamonds for sale. For these the pretended merchant, who was no other than Dindar himself, offered to give a handsome price, and thus saved them the trouble of continuing their journey to the capital of Persia. After a great deal of bargaining, the robbers agreed to sell the jewels for 90,000 piastres, or £900 sterling; and, with apparent reluctance and hesitation, the merchant produced a heavy leather bag and counted out the sum in silver beschliks. The money was some counterfeit coin manufactured in England or Russia by a gang of coiners.

The robbers left Kars joyfully on their homeward route. At their first halting place, however, some of the more wary began to suspect the accommodating merchant who had so opportunely interposed to save them the weary ride to Teheran. At any rate, the thieves examined the contents of the money-bag, and soon discovered the beschliks to be spurious imitations. The gang returned at full speed to Kars, found the treacherous merchant quietly smoking his billouque in the caravan, furiously accused him, deprived him of the brilliants which he had so unjustly obtained, beat him severely with whips and belts, and pipe-sticks, with the full and unqualified approbation of the bystanders, and finally, only abstained from dragging him before the Cadi from the fear that some of the party might be unpleasantly familiar to the myrmidons or magistrates of Kars. Having thus regained possession of the diamonds, they hastened on to Teheran.

A fresh plan was soon formed, and Dindar mounted his horse and rode as fast as possible on the road toward Persia, and by seeking a little for an untroubled pass in the mountain range had the gratification of arriving before the robbers.

It was some time before he encountered a band of nomads fit for the purpose he had in view. At last he arrived among a tribe of Turcomans, a people, brave, hospitable and faithful, but with exceedingly medieval ideas of the rights of property. To the chieftain of this horde, Sultan Moorad, Dindar told a plaintive tale of wrong and violence. He had been cheated out of the price of a set of superb jewels which he had sold to some Kafir of merchants at Kars. The unbelieving dogs, rank heretics, as well as the swindlers, had taken away the money they had paid him for, and the diamonds by force after he had given his receipt; and when he complained at the footstool of justice, the Cadi of Kars, that son of a burnt father, and grand sire of asses had taken a bribe from the thieves to apply the bamboo to Dindar, and to drive him with blows from the court. Whereupon there had remained no other resource to the ill treated and disconsolate Dindar than to prostrate himself in the dust of the Turcoman encampment; and to adjure the brave and victorious Sultan Moorad, before whom the universe trembled, to put himself at the head of his lion-eating warriors, and surprise the robbers on their road to Teheran. Dindar added, that besides the diamonds, the rascals had taken 90,000 piastres in silver in their possession, and that he should be content with the restitution of the gems, leaving the money to his faithful ally, whom he finally implored by the beard of his father and the salt of his hospitality, to protect and avenge him.

The Turcoman chief sympathized with the wronged and injured Dindar, and his eyes sparkled at the mention of the piastres. He agreed to punish Dindar's enemies, and to restore him the gems; and forthwith plucked his spear from the ground, where it was planted before his tent, mounted his steed, which had borne him on many a day of battle, and called around him his young men, who mustered gladly at the first announcement of a foray.

To the dismay and astonishment of the Stamboul thieves, as they emerged from the intricate passes of the mountains into the open plains they were charged by an overwhelming force of Turcoman cavalry. Half of their number fell beneath the scimitars and lances of Sultan Moorad and his followers; and the survivors, having been stripped and plundered, were detained in a state of slavery among the wild horde. As for Dindar, the chief kept his word most faithfully. The diamonds were given up to the wily thief-taker, who returned forthwith to Constantinople, restored the jewels to the Ambassador, and duly claimed and received the reward. The Turcoman chief was content with the counterfeit coin.

### Strange Mesmeric Phenomenon.

The following strange mesmeric story appears in *Lucifer*, the magazine of the Theosophists, edited by H. P. Blavatsky: "I will tell you now a strange case. You remember, perhaps, that for over five years before my coming to meet you in Paris (1884) I suffered almost constantly from a violent pain in my right arm. Whether it was rheumatism, neuralgia or anything else, I do not know, but besides great physical pain, I felt my arm becoming with every day more powerless, so that when rising from sleep I could hardly lift or even move it. This made me dread final paralysis. Then I went to Paris. You also remember the little old gentleman called M. Evette, the mesmerizer, who tried to cure you by magnetism, only without any results. It was you, I believe, who suggested that he should try to cure my arm of the pain I was suffering from, and you will remember also that from the evening when he first tried a few passes from the right shoulder downward I felt better. Then he visited us regularly every day for some time, and never failed to mesmerize my arm. After five or six sittings my arm was entirely cured, all pain had disappeared, its weakness also, to such an extent that my right arm suddenly became stronger than my left one, which had never given me any trouble. Soon after we parted. I returned to Odessa, and never feeling any pain in that arm from that date to this New Year's Day, i. e., during the four and a half years, I very soon lost every remembrance of my past suffering.

"But lo, and behold! On January 1st, 1889, I suddenly felt with dismay that my right arm was again paining me. At first I paid no great attention to it, thinking it would soon pass over. But the pain remained; my arm began once more to feel half-paralyzed, when finally I found it in just the same condition as it had been nearly five years before. Still, I hoped that it was but a slight cold which would disappear in time. It did not, however, but became worse. My disillusion as to the potency of magnetism was a complete and very disagreeable one, I assure you. I had labored under the impression that magnetism cured once for all, and found to my bitter regret that in my case it had lasted only four and a half years! . . .

"Thus I went on suffering till the end of the month, when one day I received the January number of the *Revue Spirite*, which I go on subscribing for now, as I did before. I began to look it through, when suddenly, under the title of "Obituary Notices," my eye caught these lines: "Le 15 Janvier courant, on portait en terre la dépouille mortelle de M. Henri Evette, magnétiseur puissant." (On January 15th were buried the mortal remains of Mr. Henry Evette, a powerful mesmerizer.) I felt sorry for the good old man, evidently the same that we have known, when suddenly a thought struck me. January 15th new style, means with us January 3d in Russia. If he was buried on that date, then he must have died on January 1st, or thereabouts, since in France, as elsewhere, people are rarely buried before the third day after their death. He must have died, then, on New Year's day, precisely on that day when the long-forgotten pain had returned into the arm he had so successfully cured some years before! What an extraordinary occurrence! I thought. I was thunderstruck, as it could never be a simple coincidence. How shall we explain this? Would it not mean that the mesmeric passes had left in my arm some invisible particles of a curative fluid which had prevented the return of pain, and had been, in short, conducive to a healthy circulation in it, hence of a healthy state, so far? But that on the day of the mesmerizer's death—who knows? perhaps, at the very hour—these mysterious particles suddenly left me! Whither have they gone? Have they returned to him and their now lifeless sister-particles? Have they run away like deserters, or simply disappeared, because the vital power which had fixed them into my arm was broken? Who can tell? I would if I could have some experienced mesmerizer, or those who know about it, answer me and suggest an explanation. Does any one know of cases where the death of the mesmerizer causes the diseases cured by him to return in their former shape to the patients who survive him, or whether it is an unheard-of case? Is it a common law, or an exceptional event? It does seem to me that this case with my arm is a very remarkable and suggestive one in the domain of magnetic cures.

A Cat Commits Suicide. A tabby cat belonging to the family of David B. Paul, Wallingford, is reported to have committed suicide while grieving over the loss of her family of five kittens that had been drowned in order to keep down the cat population. When the old cat missed her offspring she went tearing over the house, showing her great distress by loud mewling. Falling to find the kittens after a long search she went up to the third story and deliberately jumped out on the porch roof below. When picked up old tabby was dead, her neck being broken in the fall.

An Old Book. "Where Have You Been?" is the title of a sketch by Kate Thompson which has just been published in England. The main merit of the story consists in the fact that it is written entirely without the word "and." The scene is laid at a place called Kent College, where young ladies and gentlemen are trained in a course of aesthetic lectures, delivered by a professor who turns out to be a scamp, and makes love to his pupils, running away with one of them.

### THE DENOUEMENT

Watch his expression as he reads; See how he bends with bated breath O'er some romance of wondrous deeds Of mystery and awful death.

But, toward the bottom of the page His eyes with sudden anger tend, He sees—and snorts with helpless rage The advertisement at the end.

### FUN.

The man with a boil on his neck never borrows trouble; he has enough of it.

Strange is slang. It is just when you "get on" to a thing that you "tumble."

Honor and shame from no condition rise. Some men were lowly born on whom there are no files.

Jepson—"Why is it that men marry widows?" Jobson—"They don't. It is the widows that marry them."

Johnny (watching his big brother dig angle-worms for bait)—"I say, Bob, if a worm will catch a little fish, wouldn't a snake catch a whopper?"

"Dear, said a physician's wife as they sat in church, 'there is Mrs. Goldberg sitting in a draft.' 'Never mind,' said her husband. 'I will cash that draft later on.'"

"Whar gwine, Sambo?" "Gwine to court to testify." "What for?" "Oh, gemman stole a pair ob boots las' night an' I 'greed to gib him a good character for ha'f a dollar."

Mistress—"Bridget, do you know what all that crowd was on the corner this morning?" Bridget—"Yis, mem. It was the police was a-taking a lady to the joog. She had been fighting."

"Well, what do you think of the new neighbors who have moved in next door, Mrs. Fryer?" "I haven't had a chance to form an opinion. They haven't had a washing day yet."

Since the Bridgeport girl ruined her jaws with chewing gum the manufacturers of the "society quid" have been forced to put out the following statement: "Our gum does not paralyze."

"I notice, Jennie," said one young lady to another, "that you never lace tight now." "No." "What's the reason?" "Well, I've got a beau now, and when he's sneezing me I want to enjoy it full effect."

An artist once gave a little supper at his studio, and he put on his invitations B. S. C. V. The letters puzzled some people, who found when they went to the supper that they meant: "Bring some cold victuals."

"Where did you get that cake, Annie?" "Mother gave it to me." "She's always a-giving you mose'n she does me." "Never mind, Harry; she's going to put mustard plasters on us to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest."

Fond lover (after a long-delayed proposal)—"Perhaps I have been too sudden, darling." Darling girl (regaining her composure with a mighty effort)—"Yes, George, it is very, very sudden, but"—and here she became faint again—"it is not too sudden."

A seedy individual being told that his coat "looked as if it hadn't had a nap in a dozen years," replied: "I beg your pardon, but this coat has been lying in my wardrobe two and twenty years till to-day, and that's time enough to have had a good long nap."

"How do you do, Sam?" said a colored gentleman to one of his cronies the other day. "Why you no come to see a feller? If I lib as near you as you do to me I'd come to see you every day." "De fack is," replied Sam, "my wife patch my trousers down so all to pieces I shamed to go nowhars."

"Young man," said the banker. "I've decided that it's about time for me to put a check to your aspirations toward the hand of my daughter." "Oh, thank you, sir. But wouldn't it be better to wait till after we are married, then the check could come as a wedding present. It would save my feelings a great deal."

A storekeeper was boasting in the presence of a customer "that he could secure a quarter of a pound of tea in a smaller piece of paper than any other man in the country." "Yes," said Zedekiah Dryadust, who chanced to hear the remark, "and you'll put a pint of rum in a smaller bottle than any other man that I ever see, any anyway."

Young Girl (at fortune-teller's)—"What! I'm going to marry a poor man and have seventeen children! It's outrageous! My friend Sarah had her fortune told her, and you said she was to marry a millionaire and live on Fifth avenue. Here's your quarter." Fortune-teller, with dignity—"Your friend Sarah got a fifty-cent fortune, miss."

"Hans," said one German to another in the streets of Frankfurt, "what are you crying about?" "I'm crying because the great Rothschild is dead," was the reply. "And why should you cry about that?" "Was the further query. "He was no relation of yours, was he?" "No," was the answer, "half smothered in sobs, 'no relation at all, and that's just what I am crying for.'"

Now is the Time and Buy. The kangaroo is in danger of being exterminated. Its skin is so valuable that large numbers of small kangaroos are killed, and high authorities are of opinion that unless the process is stopped Australians will soon have seen the last specimen of its interesting animal.