TANTALUS-TEXAS.

'If I may trust your love." she cried, "And you would have me for a bride. Ride over yonder plain, and b ing Your flask full from the Mustang spring ; Fly, fast as ever eagle's wing O'er the Llano Estacado!"

He heard, and bowed without a word, His gallant steed, he lightly spurred ; He turned his face, and rode away Toward the grave of dying day, And vanished with its parting ray On the Llano Estacado.

Night came and found him riding on, Day came, and still he rode alone ; He spared not spur, he drew not rein Across that broad. unchanging plain 'Till he the Must ng spring might gain On the Llano Estacado.

A little vest, a lit le draught Hot from his hand, and quick'y quaffed ; Hi. flask was filled, and then he turned Once more his speed the maguay spurned, Once more the sky above him burned, On the Llano Estacado.

How hot the quivering landscape glowed! His brain seemed boiling as he rode; Was it a dream, a drunken one, Or was he really riding on? Was that a skull that gleamed and shone On the Llano Estac do?

"Brave steed of ming, brave steed!" he cried, "So often true, so often tri d, Bear up a little longer yet ! " His mouth was black with blood and sweat, Heaven! I ow he longed his lips to wet On the Llano Estacado!

And still, within his breast, he hold The pre i us flask so lately filled. Oh, for a driuk! But well he knew If empty it should meet her view, Her scorn; but still his longing grew On the Llano Esticado.

His horse went down. He wandered on, Giddy, blind, beaten and alone. While on a cushioned couch you lie. Oh, think how hard it is to de Beneath the cruel, cloudless sky, On the Llano Estacado.

At last he .taggered, stumbled, fell. His day had come, he knew full well, And raising to his lips the flask, The end, the o ject of his task, Drank to her, more she could not ask, Ab! the Liano Estacado!

That night in the Presidio Beneath the torch ights' wavy glow, She danced, and never thought of him, The vic im of a woman's whim, Lying, with face upturned and grin; On the L'ano Estacado.



BY HENRY W. FRENCH.

on the ground? Do you think me a a coward?'

like the first breath of a great organ. "He is there," said the barra saheb, howdah. and it was then that Oomerkahn hastily

ment. Then the order was given to burn him short, harsh gasps. out, and while Oomerkahn and one or "Give it to him!" Give it to him!"

ten feet away.

The jungle was so thick that not a powerless. ray of sunlight fell anywhere about us. The tige It was like twilight, and the fire lit it up with a frightful, ghostly glare, while I tried to: but though the hammer was on every side sounded the cries of already raised and the rifle pointed in frightened birds and animals.

the coolies crept away, while Oomerkahn even pull the trigger where it was. accustomed.

stant the very ground seemed to shake that tiger. swept like a dark cloud over the darting flames and prostrate form of Oomerkahn. His huge fore paws were extended. His eyes were shut. His great jaws, which had so recently crushed the life out of a human being, were stretched wide open. His long, savage teeth gleamed in the firelight as he passed

over it. He was not leaping toward me. He could not by any possibility reach me, yet the sound of that roar and the sight of that huge, tawny body as it swept the flames filled me with such terror as I never felt before. It caught my breath away. My heart stood still. I clutched my rifle, utterly helpless.

No. I was not to be trusted to face a tiger. There was no doubt of that. In blank astonishment I saw the bara saheb standing calmly by the tree. I asw the flash and heard the report of his rifle as the ferocious beast came abreast of him. I saw him lean behind the tree as he fired, and the next next instant, with a wild yell, the tiger struck the ground not five feet from where the barra saheb had stood. For a moment it lay coiled where it fell, a great mass of fur, then gave one fearful contortion and stretched itself to its full length, shuddered and died.

Dven then I trembled from head to foot as I climbed down from the tree, and hardly dared to approach the lifeless mass

I did my best to be markedly civil to Oomerkahn through the rest of the day, and quietly made up my mind that it would take more than feeling a tiger's "Why do you put me up in a tree, Oomerkahn, while the barra saheb stands breath to make me safe to face a tiger. It is strange how easy it is to leap

from one conclusion to its opposite; but Oomerkahn touched his closed hands I had an opportunity to discover snother solemnly to his dark forehead as he re-plied, "The bravest man, saheb, is not Mounted on elephants, my fri [Chicago Herald. I were making a trip into the interior toward my destination. The weather was so hot that we rode early in the never supposed that it really meant any morning and just before dark. I was more than my own nursery rhyme about sitting in my howdah, half asleep from Health Officer Keeney has made a new salt on the dickey bird's tail. There the effect of the heat and the peculiar rule as to the treatment of carcasses of calves and other animals, which have motion of the elephant, when I was sudbeen seized by the market inspectors as denly roused by a shrill shriek from the cepted his proverb as a polite way of assuring me that in reality he did not a sharp ejaculation from the mahoot situnfit for human consumption. The object of the regulation is to prevent any consider me a coward, and disposed of ting on his head and a loud cry from my possibility of such carcasses being taken myself upon the branch where he di- friend, who was riding not far behind. out of the hands of the city's rected, mentally resolving to be on the Opening my eyes, the first thing I saw representatives, after the first seizure was a tiger in midair, apparently flying has been made, and disposed of for food purposes. To this end the market indirectly toward me. spectors will hereafter saturate such

Suddenly the air began to tremble. that, however, the tiger did not pay him There was no distinct sound, but it was the slightest attention. His eyes were fixed on me. He was making for the

His red and quivering gullet and gitsplaced his forces, which resulted in my tening teeth were already on a level being safely lodged on the limb, with with my feet. I stood there petrified, what I considered a doubtful compli- looking down into that yawning cavern out of which the hoarse breath came in

two coolies built a fire as close to the my friend shouted. I heard his words mouth of the cave as possible, the barra as though they came from a phonograph saheb took a position beside the trunk and had no connection with me. I knew of a tree directly in front and perhaps the danger I was in, and that there was no time to lose, but I was absolutely

The tiger began to crawl toward me. "Shoot! shoot!" my friend yelled, and rightened birds and animals. As soon as the fire was burning well the direction of the tiger, I could not even lift it to my shoulder. I could not

caught some of the blazing sticks, threw them directly into the mouth of the cave and sprang back. He was none too quick. I saw the barra saheb's rifle I could feel the hot breath on my hands leap to his shoulder. His acute car had as it came rasping out of that yawning caught a change in those deep, rumb- throat. I heard my friend's voice again ling notes to which we were becoming and realized that he had come up close beside me, but this time I could not dis-In his haste the Hindu had stumbled tinguish a word he said. I could see and fallen upon his back. The next in- nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing, but

as the air had trembled before. There The muzzle of the gun was in the was a terrific crash, like a sharp peal of thunder. A huge form burst from the shubbery half concealing the entrance to the cave and a royal Bengal tiger was the cave and a royal Bengal tiger was to the cave and a royal Bengal tiger was to the cave and a royal Bengal tiger was the rifle, to prevent its being torn away. literally gliding through the air. He pulled the trigger. The tiger recoiled

Titles of the Prince of Wales.

The official titles of the Prince of Wales are numerous. His official style is as follows: The Most High, Puissant and Illustrious Prince Albert Edward, Prince of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Sax-Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Chester, Carrick and Dublin, Baron of Renfrow, lord of the isles, K. G., K. T., K. P., G. C. R., G. C. I. I., G. C. I. E., P. C., field marshal in the army, colonel-in-chief First and Second life guards and royal horse guards, colonel Tenth Prince of Wales' own regiment of royal hussars, honorable colonel of several Indian regiments; of the second brigade eastern division royal artillery; of the Third battalion Duke of Corwall's light infantry; of the Third battalion Gordon highlanders; also of the Oxford and of the Cambridge University, Middlesex civil service, Sutherland highlanders and Third Swanses rifle volnuteer regiments; honorable admiral in the fleet, personal aid-de-camp to her majesty, honorable captain of the royal naval reserve, elder brother of Trinity House, president of the Society of Arts, presi-dent of St. Bartholomew's hospital, trustee of the British Museum, grand master of the united grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, student of Jena, field marshal in the German army, colonel of the Fifth Pomeranian hussars, colonel of the Danish hussars of the guard, etc., etc., etc.,

Oil-Soaked Carcasses.

Katchin Ante-Funeral Cersmonles.

I was never present at a complete fune

ral ceremony, but once took a modest

slashes the air with dahs, until, unable

or daughter .- [Scribner's Magazine.

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.	"He is develo so as to get a goo -[Washington S
JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY	XENOPH
MEN OF THE PRESS.	Professor—To his reputation? Student—Prin
fo a Song Bird-The Age of the Pre- coclous-An Important Drawback, etc., etc.	his name commen in so handy for betical copy book
	A FA
TO A SONG BIRD. Dh. song bird, mad'y caroling Your careless life away. How good it is to hear you sing Your song from day to day.	Borrowes-Nel brella, will you? rain. Mrs. B-I len Sweetfern last ni Borrowes W
Yet, though they bring us happiness, Those melodies so sweet, We'd like you better, we confess, If you were good to eat.	for? Didn't you [Puck. IT RE
-[Detroit Free Press.	The young man and was not a lit
THE AGE OF THE PRECOCIOUS.	"Looks quit think ?" he could
Mrs. Jhones—Ethel, you might tell me who the young man is that called last evening. Ethel (just 17)—Certainly, mamma, if you're curious about it; that's the young man I'm e gaged to.	the young woman "It does remin I must admit," s "And what po " "When the kin.' "
AN IMPORTANT DRAWBACK.	And his hair more rapid rate t
Mrs. Parvenu.—Do you enjoy opera? Mrs. Nurich (who has a box by the season)—Very much; if it weren't for the horrid playing and singing they keep up on the stage.—{Chicago Rec- ord. PRACTICAL LESSON IN POLITENESS. Little Ethel—It's awful impolite to	Journal. CLEVER J Mamma — Rob have I told you two pieces of pie Robbie—I don tell me how ofte cago Inter-Ocean
ask for things. Little Johnny-Course it is. What of it?	ONLY A WO
Little Ethel—Nothing, only I'm gettin' hungry for some candy I've got in my pocket, and there isn't enough for two. -[Good News.	Miss Muggy- knows I have mo Friend-Has h "He has." "He knows."-
A FATAL OBJECTION.	DAYS OF
Aunt-My child, you can never marry Charlie Hunker. Niece-Oh, aunt! surely you do not mean that he is dissipated? Aunt-No; but his fortune is[Judge. A DILEMMA.	Wife (drearily chivalry are past Husb and—W "Sir Walter on the groun beth to walk of
Magistrate Vou are accused of not	simply because

Magistrate--You are accused of not supporting your wife. Prisoner--But, your honor, you don't

know my wite. She is insupportable .---Truth A HUBBUB.

"How noisy that child is!"

"He can't help it. He's from Boston." "What has that to do with it?" "He's a Hub-bub."---[Truth.

A REBUKE.

"I hope," she said severely, "that you have not been drinkin'." "Madam," said Meandering Mike, "I leave yer door fur ever. However onfriendly an' oncharitable yer feelin' toward a feller bein' may be, it's ongener-ous an' cruel to remind him of his mis-

fortunes!"-[Washington Star. THE ONLY TEST.

Hardupp-I tried to sell those diamonds I bought of you, and was told they were not genuine. Jeweler-Did you se'l them?

Hard upp-Yes, for almost nothing. Jeweler-Well, you go back and try

ping his facial muscles d grip on his monocle."

ION SIZED UP. what did Xenophon owe cipally to the fact that

nced with an X and came the headlines in alphaks.-Puck. TAL BREOR.

lly, hand me my um-It has commenced to

t your umbrella to Mr. ght.

hat did you do that u know it was his?--

MINDED HER.

n was prematurely gray, ttle proud of it.

ite poetic, don't you ld not forbear asking of n he was calling on. id me of a certain poem,

said she. oem is that?"

frost is on the pump-

went on whitening at a han ever. - Indianapolis

AT MATHEMATICS.

bie, how many time that you cannot have

n't know, unless you can en we've had pie.-[Chi-

MAN COULD SAY SO.

-I wonder if George oney. he proposed?

New York Weekly.

CHIVALRY GONE.

-Ah, me! The days of

hat's the matter now? Raleigh laid his cloak nd for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor dear mother sat down on your hat."- [New York Weekly.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

"I gave Robbins a cigar out of this box a few days ago." "Has he got even with you yet?"-Truth.

LOGICAL INFERENCE.

"I wonder how Europeans come to persist in that idea that hands of savages frequent New York," asked the athletie young man.

"Possibly," replied his sister, "be-cause some of the visitors to this country have heard a football team giving the college yell."-[Washington Star. A SINECURE.

First Female-What business are you engaged in?

Second Female-I am a book agent. F. F.-What have you to do?

S. F .-- Nothing but talk. F. F.-How delightful! - [Boston Courier.

A PROVOKING GIRL.

A PIE FACTORY.

NOT A COMMON BAKERY BUT A BIG PIE MILL.

Dv.ns That Will Hold Four Hundred Ples at a Time-Ten Tons of Mince Meat in One Day.

There is a genuine pie factory down in Sullivan street. It stands amid the old tumbledown houses, sending out delicious odors to tickle the palate of the Sullivan street small boy. At three in the morning the work begins and at three p. m. the work is over and half the pies made that day are eaten.

Upstairs in a long, low ceiled room sat a man, half hidden behind piles and piles of golden pumpkins. They were heaped in every direction, all fat and fair and yellow, ready to be cut into pumpkin pies. What visions of ghostly Puritan dinners, with every man armed to the teeth, prim, quiet children with buckled shoes and serious faces, maids with white fichus and Quaker bonnets, and a guard at the door on the lookout for Indians, those pumpkins could conjure! In France the pumpkin is made into vulgar soup, In Germany it is preserved and in Italy it is eaten raw as a medicine, but only in this great and glorious land of liberty, nervous prostration, dyspepsia and indigestion is the golden fruit made into pies!

At this season of the year there is a perfect epidemic pumpkin pie appetite, and that slave of the pumpkin sits on the top floor in the Sullivan street pie factory and does nothing but cut pumpkins all day long to supply the demand. In snother room the manufacture of mince meat is carried on by machinery, while in another room the meat is prepared. Apples, pears, peaches, etc., are peeled by a little machine. After being cored by hand, an apple or pear is placed on a little upright spike attached to which is a revolving steel wire supplied with a small square scraper. The machine is set in motion by hand, and the scraper whirls around and around the apple, at each revolution shaving off neatly a piece of the skin. Then the fruit is cut into small pieces and is sent to be mixed with spice. It takes an expert to know just how much to mix in the fruit.

Downstairs the pies are made, and the way these men "conquer the upper crust" would make a young housewife give up housekeeping to morrow. There is no use in trying if you can't make pies like your husband's mother did. Now, you never can; it cannot be acquired by industry, energy or persistence. The secret of making upper crust is a gift from the gods, and any one who can do it is a genius.

It is worked and watched and flattened and bandled as gently as a baby; if the butter works through, you know the fate of that crust, and it tries to work through the professional pie baker's crust just as hard as any one else's. But it does not succeed. Voila tout!

The men all stand at a long table, and the dough, already mixed with lard, is brought to them in large buckets, holding about thirty pounds. A lump is then put on the table, rolled out, cut in small squares and laid on tin plates. These plates are then handed to a man who stands ready, knife in hand, to shave off the ends of the dough which hangs over the outside of the plates. The plates are then placed in a wooden tray and taken to the fruit counter to receive their "insides." The men at the fruit counter hold a large wooden spoon in their hands and as the tray comes along before them they supply each pan liberally with fruit or sauce, as the case may be. The plates are then replaced on the tray and carried to another table, where they receive the fine, fisky crust par excellence, the upper one. It almost seems a shame to desecrate these upper crusts of pie society by grotesque A's for apple, B's for berry, P's for pump-kin, etc. Then they are sent to be baked. There are half a score of ovens in the factory, each of which will hold 400 four-cent pies or 126 fourteen-cent pies. It requires two men to run an oven. One man stands at the door of the oven and directs his partner where to place his pastry treasures. The man who places the pies in the oven is assisted in doing so by a large shovel-a flat affair, fifteen or twenty feet long. The pics are put on the shovel in couples, and are thus put in sociably to bake. In just twenty minutes they are finished, hot, juicy and brown, and packed in the cases to be put in the wagons. The sending out of pies begins at 4:30 a. m., and all the wagons are back by noon, as no one buys pies after that. There are twelve wagons, twelve sleek, fat, gayly comparisoned horses and twelve charioteers all for driving pies so that they may arrive at their various destinations in style, as befits good pies. Every year the "Social Twelve," as the drivers call themselves, give a ball, and then one has a chance to judge whether the making of pies has anything to do with worshiping terpsichore. The presi-dent of the factory, Mr. William Thompson, says there must be an affinity between the two. The popular taste for pies is fickle but constant, and to be depended upon in its very fickleness. There is one steady standby. That is apple pie the year through. In September, October and November, the ripened fulness of the the year, the public taste longs for pumpkin, and there is also a pretty good run on peach. In December, January and February mince pie comes to the front. Just ubout the holidays it is more in demand even than apple. For instance, on the day before Christmas last year ten tons of mince meat was used for pies. In March, April and May people want custard and rhubarb, which comes next to apple in demand. In June, July and August whortleberry, blackberry and strawberry pies are largely consumed, and strawberry shortcake, which is also and strawperry shortcake, which is also made at the pic factory, is in demand. From this one pic foundry the average sales per day require the following items: Twenty barrels of flour, 1,200 quarts of milk, 8,000 eggs, 3,000 pounds of lard, 12 barrels (or about 4,000 pounds) of sugar basides all the fruit. There is sugar, besides all the fruit. There is more fruit used in comparison than any-thing else, and no less than twenty barrels of apples are used every day.

safe to face the tiger, till he has feit the tiger's breath.' I had heard that proverb before, but

was no help for it, however, for Oomer. kahn was conducting the hunt. so I acslert till I showed the stately Hindu his mistake, and then gave him a piece of my offended mind.

This was my first experience, and I felt as brave as anyone has a right to the start my wits forsook me. under such circumstances. I was a novice in India and my host, the "barra saheb," as he was called about his plantation, had taken me into the hills for an initiation.

No sooner had we arrived at his plantation than there came an appeal from hide. For an instant he hung there with-the nearest village that he rid them of out another motion, looking directly up a man-cating tiger that had settled in at me

organize a hunt.

mounted, and early in the morning we sure. Don't miss him for your life." rode out to the village. The tiger had was no doubt about finding him ensconced in his lair, sleeping off the effects.

Oomerkahn arranged us, first in a halfcircle, 200 yards from the jungle, while natives, entered the dense grove from racket possible. They were arranged in a long line and worked their way toward the jungle into our semi-circle, where, according to the position in which he appeared, we were to have our turns at oting.

It was an hour of intense excitement, each hoping the tiger would show him-They were thoroughly exhausted

"But I tell you that he is!" exclaimed our host, impatiently. "No tiger ever started on a pilgimage after such a supper as he had last night."

He dismounted, and leaving his horse

The barra saheb was an experienced tiger hunter, and in half an hour he pointed to a dark spot under some bushes, saying to a coolie, "Throw a stone in

The stone disappeared without striking anything. "There's a hole there at all events,"

the barra saheb muttered, himself creep-

Altogether the situation was thoroughcarcasses with kcrosene before allowing ly bewildering, and I confess that from

them to go out of their possession. They will then be turned over, as hereto-Thanks to the sudden lurch of the elephant, which was for that express purfore, to Alpers to be used for fertilizing purposes, and if any one contrives to pose, the tiger missed his aim, and insteal them from Alpers before they can stead of striking the howdah he hit upon the elephant's haunch, where his gleambe so used he will scarsely be able to profit by his enterprise. -- [San Francisco ing, yellow claws sank into the thick

Chronicle. their neighborhood. Oomerkahn was "He'll begin to climb in a second,"

the native superintendent of my host's my friend shouted, hurrying on behind, farm and at once received his orders to while my own elephant moved faster and faster in an effort to dislodge his burden.

part in the saturnalia held while the There were several guests, all well "Aim for his breast. Shoot steady and corpse is still above ground. There is nothing very remarkable about it, the main idea being to make as much noise as possible, to frighten away ghouls and One who has never faced a tiger will been located in a jungle two miles away. doubtless think it simple cowardice, He had made an extraordinary raid the though I have met many old tiger evilly disposed nats, and at the same night before, taking both a man and a hunters who have recounted the same time hint to the newly liberated spirit calf before he was satisfied, and there experience at the start-yet, had it not that his late residence is no place for a was no doubt about finding him enbeca for that warning call from my friend, I positively doubt if I should view the whole proceeds to get uproarihave once thought of my rifle. As it ously drunk on rice spirit, and, assembling in the dead man's house, shouts,

was, I lifted it mechanically to my shoulder. I did not trouble myself about beats, drums and cymbals, dances and he, at the head of a hundred or more the aim, for I could not take my eyes to drink, dance, beat and slash any more, from that savage face. I was thoroughly the opposite side. They were the beaters, benumbed and bewildered. My hand it falls into a drunken stupor, the silence and with sticks and torches and tom-toms shook so that more than once my finger of which is only broken throughout the and s rong lungs they began the greatest slipped from the trigger before I mustered aight by the mournful wails of a widow strength enough to pull.

The moment the report sounded the us, intent on frightening the tiger out of mahoot turned the elephant sharply to Killing a Horse by Throwing Him. one side. That is one of the common regulations of tiger hunting with ele phants, when the tiger is lodged, in stockmen know of throwing a horse down order to throw him off before he can do so as to break his neck and kill him at any damage in case he is not instantly killed. It was new to me, however, and self in his particular division, but the I was not prepared for it. As the tiger tween the horse's front legs, a turn being beaters came out without finding him at fell to the ground, with a fierce howl, I taken around the far one near the fetcame within an inch of following him. lock. The executioner then hits the and declared that the tiger was not there. Fortunately, I landed upon the very edge horse a sharp out with a whip, and when of the howdah and held on.

If the howdah and held on. The next I knew my friend was shout-on the halter strap. The horse strikes

ing again. "Look out for him!" he cried. "He's neck. The fall is invariably fatal. with a coolie he deliberately entered the jungle on foot. Seeing this, we all fol-lowed his example, in spite of a caution from Oomerkahn. only wounded. He'll spring ! Load quick So long as I was not facing the tiger I could move quickly enough. A fresh cartridge was in place in no time; but the elephant had not gone twenty feet when the tiger lunged, fore the earth for the elephant had not gone twenty feet when the tiger lunged, tore the earth for an instant, precisely as I have seen a cat attempt to tear a rug, then made two cat-like bounds and another flying leap, landing, in spite of the elephant, within is in the same consistency as putty and should be forced into the cracks with a an instant, precisely as I have seen a cat six inches of the mahoot, sitting upon his head.

case knife. It will barlen like papier mache and when dry may be painted or the barra saheb muttered, himself creeping a little nearer and throwing in a larger stone with all his strength. The native lost his turban and only stained to match its surroundings, when it will be almost inperceptible. [New York Telegram.] The native lost his turban and only

to buy them, and you will find out that they are genuine .- [New York Weekly.

SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know?"-[Indianapolis] Journal.

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE.

Mis: Winslow-I'm very glad you called, Mr. Walker.

Mr. Walker-Oh, thanks, awfully. Miss Winslow (more enthusiastically) that beautiful dog of 'yours .-- [Truth.

AT THE FOOTBALL GAME.

There were two colored wagons at the nature of the other was not so easily determined.

of the grocery wagon. be off to yer work, anyhow." "Get ought yerself," was the reply; "I reckon I've got a heap more business here than you have."

grocery wagon, I am, and I'm a-waitin' center of our planet. "In ter get one of the players' order for din-the beginning," as Moses would say, the ner.

"Grocery wagon! Well, pardner, for a football game you ain't in it. This wagon that I'm a-drivin' is a ambulance.

pinned on her dress?

There is a certain way that experienced got a scheme. "What is it?" said another.

"See dat feller puttin' in coal over

"Go over an' call him names. Maybe he'll t'row a piece at yer."--[Washington Star.

111 ?

Peddler-All right, sir, 1'll call again

Wibbles?"

"Nothing that I know of." "I saw him in the gymnasium just now going through the most horrible facial contortions. But when I spoke to him he appeared to recover instantly.'

"Oh, that's all right. Dickie was taking his exercise." 'I don't quite understand you."

Jack-Honestly, now, what's the rea-son you don't like Miss Flyrte? Cholly-Well, dear boy, the real truth is I don't like her because she keeps laughing at me all the time unless 1 try to make a joke, and when I do she never even smiles.--[Somerville Journal.

OF THE CANALS.

A tow path mule while practising His merry little pranks, Exclaimed: "I'm getting ready for A run upon the banks. -[Washington Star.

Gold at the Center of the Earth.

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that in all probability the center of the -Yes, I am so delighted to have seen earth is a globe of gold, iridium and platinum? These metals are, of course, in a liquid state, the iridium at the exact center (that is, provided there is not some heavier metal at present unknown football game. One of them had a grocer's to man occupying that place), the plati-sign plainly lettered on its side, but the num next and the globe of gold surrounding the other two. "But," you say, "what proof have we that your "Get out o' me way," said the driver the grocery wagon. "You ought to and perhaps more : First, the three metals mentioned are the heaviest known substances, compared bulk for bulk; ere than you have." "Well, I guess not. I'm a-drivin' a be naturally attracted to the earth was liquid, if not gaseous. In either case the heavy metals mentioned were held in solution. By gradual con-densation the metals settled to the center; iridium first (with the proviso above AN ADORNMENT. Hoppers (in the ball-room)—What in Ages ago, when the crust of the earth thunder is that paper Mrs. Richey's got was thin, very thin, all the gold now known was vomited out in volcanic Mopps-Well, you see Mrs. Richey's cruptions. The last mentioned fact is diamonds are so valuable thats he doesn't the second reason for believing that our dare wear them in society, and so she wears that paper. It's an affidavit that she does have 'em. -[Chicago Record.] In the does have a golden center core woven around a nucleus of iridium and platinum. A third reason for believing that there is A third reason for believing that there is gold at the center is this: The earth, as "Say, Johnny," said an urchin, "I've globe of water the same bulk, while the rocks forming the same outer crust are less than three times as heavy, as water. -[St. Louis Republic.

Device of a Story Writer.

Ponson du Terrial, a French story writer for newspapers, invented a singu-lar device in order to prevent confusion in his numerous plots. His practice was Peddler-Is the lady of the house to dress up small wooden dolls to represent the several characters in his stories, Mr. Newlywed-Yes; but there isn't a and to place each set of figures in thing in the wide world we want. position on its own stage. Whenever a new installment of the romance was called for, he would thus see at a glance how and where he had left the children of his brain when he last wrote of them. "What is the matter with Dickie Van But even this ingenious scheme was not without its disadvantages, for it is re-lated that he once killed off one of his heroes, without removing from the board the doll that represented the character, and, consequently, the young man reap-peared in the story, much to the aston-ishment of the readers who had so re-cently mourned his loss, ---[New York News.

once. An ordinary halter is put on the horse, the lead-strap from it passed bethere?" "Yes." TOO NICE TO LAST.

head first with the entire weight on his Cheap Substitute for Putty.

when the honeymoon is over .--- [Truth. A cheap and effective substitute for putty to stop cracks in woodwork is A NECESSARY TRAINING.