

**NOTES AND COMMENTS.**

The total tonnage of war ships launched during last year by the four most active naval powers was: France, 52,188 tons; the United States, 40,050; Great Britain, 28,920; Russia, 17,826.

OIL has been struck in Somerset, England. Complaint was made about the water taken for drinking purposes from a spring, and investigation showed the presence of petroleum. The discovery may have great commercial importance, and investigations to determine whether the oil exists in paying quantity are being made.

WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU has addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Interior saying that thousands of elk are coming down from the deep snows of the Rocky Mountains into the Shoshone Reservation and other lands owned by the United States; that these animals are subjects of indiscriminate slaughter by savages and settlers, and asking that the Government interfere to protect them.

WOMEN in medicine are steadily adding to the honors of their sex. Recently Miss Aldrich Blake, a student of the London School of Medicine for Women, went up to the London University to take her Bachelor of Surgery examinations and passed third in honors, qualifying for a gold medal and holding the highest point any woman has yet reached in the science. Miss Blake enjoyed a very dignified position in the Royal Free Hospital as assistant anaesthetist. She is now resident medical officer in the Woman's New Hospital.

Among the famous military schools of Europe there is none more popular for foreigners than the French school at St. Cyr. During the last twenty years more than 100 foreign cadets are said to have received instruction there, among them being twelve Americans. At present the countries represented are: Turkey, Japan, Romania, Paraguay, Haiti, Burma, Montenegro, the Argentine Confederation, Peru, Serbia, Greece, Persia, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain and England. Indeed, every country may be said to be represented there, with the solitary but natural exception of Germany.

The elaborate provision for public schools is a striking characteristic of State and Territorial legislation in the far West. North Dakota estimates the ultimate amount of her school fund at somewhere between \$90,000,000 and \$40,000,000. Oregon's school fund is now \$2,500,000. Idaho's school lands are worth nearly \$7,000,000. Kansas holds nearly \$7,000,000 in bonds for the benefit of her public schools. Missouri holds between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000 for her schools. Oklahoma will one day have a large school fund, and half a dozen other Western States and Territories have many millions invested for the benefit of such funds.

LEPERS are very plentiful in Jamaica, and they mix with the people without let or hindrance, plying all manner of trades and vocations, even to selling fruit and cakes on the public streets, and keeping butcher shops and bakeries. The government has provided a leper hospital at Spanish Town, which ordinarily shelters a hundred or more lepers. But there is no restriction on their coming and going as they please. Leprosy is fearfully rife throughout the West Indies and in many parts of Central and South America, and the authorities in almost all the various countries are lax in the exercise of control over the sufferers from the disease, and it is allowed to be spread unhindered.

BLUEFIELDS, on the Mosquito coast, whither the Kearsage was steering when she finally laid her bones on Roncador, is well known to the United States navy. Our ships have visited the place before upon one errand or another. Not far northeast of Bluefields are the Caru Islands, Little and Great, over which the United States Government periodically exercises some jurisdiction as that over the island of Navassa. There are guano deposits on one or both of the Caru Islands, and they are worked by American capital. When there is disturbance or serious threat of disturbance some vessel of the home station is likely to be sent to look after the peace of the islands. It was probably the Kearsage herself that posted from Hayti to these islands some years ago on just such an errand.

An interesting report has been issued by the Agricultural Department relative to the wages of farm laborers in this country during the last half century. From that it appears that fifty years ago farm wages averaged about \$5 50 a month with board. By 1860 this average had been raised to \$11, a range between \$10 and \$12 being common in the East, while, with the withdrawal of many for service in the war, in 1866, it was as high as \$17 45. From that figure the average dropped to \$10 43 for 1879, rose again to \$12 41 in 1882. In 1885 it was estimated at \$12 37, and at the beginning of the present year at \$12 54. The statistics do not take into account the fluctuation in the purchasing power of the currency at the time of the war. Since the resumption of specie payment in 1879 farm wages have increased twenty per cent, and they are almost twice as great as they were fifty years ago. According to the report there is a scarcity of farm labor in the East, especially in New England.

Those who go down to the sea in

ships are finding the task of steering their vessels made more difficult with the advance of civilization, asserts the Argonaut. From the lakes come tales of a vessel being cast away and a twenty-thousand-dollar cargo lost through the influence exerted on the compass by the steel joints and springs in the navigator's artificial leg, and of another compass bewitched by the corset-steels of two ladies, which had been magnetized during a visit to the engine-room, where there was a powerful dynamo in operation. More thrilling is the story of a great liner's recent experience on the icy Atlantic. During her last trip from Bremen, the North German Lloyd steamship Dresden, a big emigrant and cargo carrier, broke her steam steering-gear. Within fifteen minutes the old-fashioned steering-wheel was connected; but it took a quartermaster and three able-bodied seamen to work it. Frosty seas had tumbled aboard and coated the Dresden's decks with six inches of ice. The helmsmen were all in south-westerns, as the spray and wave crests came aboard frequently and clad them in icy armor. Steering a steamship of 4,796 tons by hand is somewhat of a task. Flesh and blood could not bear more than an hour the frightful strain on the wheel, with hail and snow beating in the faces of the helmsmen. So, at the end of the first hour, another quartermaster, with three men, took the trick for the next hour, and relinquished the job, with benumbed fingers and racked joints, to another quartet of hardy Germans. Every man, while he was on duty at the wheel, had a line around his waist to save him from being swept away should a sea topple over the quarter. The ship was steered in this manner for two days until she reached New York.

This is the age of great engineering projects. The magnificent idea of reviving English industry by cutting a thirty-six-mile canal, and thus making a seaport of Manchester, has just been successfully carried out, and the harnessing of a portion of Niagara Falls for the supply of light and power to a large section of surrounding country will soon be accomplished. An enterprise that compares favorably with these gigantic undertakings in originality and daring is now on foot. It is proposed to use the tidal currents of the Irish sea for the generation of electricity by joining Great Britain and Ireland and building power houses on the isthmus. Two power houses would meet all requirements, one for supplying the Scotch side, the other for the Irish side, and a railroad would run along the isthmus from Cantire to Antrim, the respective points at which the junction with the main land would be made. The gulf stream flows in a continuous current from the North sea into the Irish sea in volumes of water estimated at many cubic miles daily, and the utilization of as much as would test the capacity of the two power houses would enable power and lighting to be supplied to the districts on both sides of the channel for hundreds of miles around. The waterway between the headland of Cantire in Scotland and Tor-head in Ireland, on the proposed line of junction, is fifteen miles wide and 474 feet deep at midcurrent, but much shallower toward either shore. The high bluffs of Cantire and the still higher land on the Irish side— from 900 to 1,200 feet high—offer facilities for gravitating the materials requisite for the formation of the isthmus. The superficial extent of land required to form the isthmus would be a little more than a square mile of the average width and depth of 100 yards. The cost of creating this junction would be about \$10,000,000, and it would occupy about three years.

**The Tsetse Fly.**

Wild animals and the goat feel no more serious effect from the sting of the African Tsetse fly than man, and even calves are exempt as long as they continue to suck the cows; but dogs cannot be protected by being fed on milk. The effect of the poison on oxen and horses is most curious; they do not die at once, and indeed the symptoms do not appear for some days; but then the nose and eyes begin to run, the coat gets rough, a swelling appears under the jaw and emaciation commences, to be inevitably followed by death, although, perhaps, not for months, the effects of the poison being hastened, however, by rain and sudden changes of temperature.

Singular, indeed, is the effect of the bite, or, as the Boers call it, the "stick" of this fly; for the carcass when examined is found to be almost bloodless; the cellular tissue under the skin is distended with air, resembling a number of soap bubbles; the fat is yellowish-green and oily; the heart so soft that the fingers can be made to meet through it; the lungs and liver diseased; the stomach and bowels are pale and empty, and the gall bladder is distended with bile. Yet, as Livingstone says, wild animals nearly akin to the horse and ox, such as the buffalo and zebra, suffer no harm; neither do pigs, goats and wild antelopes, but dogs suffer as severely as horses and oxen.

The skin of an animal which has died from the tsetse shows all the punctures on the inside, with a ring of yellow mucus on the flesh between each puncture as large as the palm of the hand, and resembling the appearance of a snake-bite. No certain remedy is known for the puncture of this terrible fly.—[Chamber's Journal.]

See a foot and a half thick is strong enough to support a railway train.

**THE SWINGING FESTIVAL.**

**A Cruel and Detestable "Sport" Peculiar to India.**

The swinging festival, or churruk poojah, is a form of pleasure which could only satisfy a race naturally cruel. There is now a good deal of correspondence between the India Office and the Government at Calcutta with a view of stopping this detestable sport. Hundreds of Europeans visit the scene and leave immeasurably disgusted, but the natives find much to enjoy in it and beat their tom toms and blow their pipes with great gusto while the poor victims are swinging in midair. This sport has some remote connection with a religious rite, and the men who permit themselves to be thus tortured are probably fulfilling some hideous vow. Vows in India are common, and no vow can avail unless its performance inflicts some dreadful punishment upon the body. The affair is thus managed: A devotee has a hook passed through the muscles of his back, which hook is tied to the end of a crosspole. This beam can be tilted for the express purpose of having victims fastened to it.

After the man is securely lashed to the pole he is lifted into the air with his hands folded on the chest and the body fairly hanging by the hooks. There is no other support. The muscles of the back alone hold him to the hook. The pole is then rotated by pulling on the ropes at the counter balance end, its attachment on the vertice part permitting of free rotation. This gentle amusement the Indian Government intend to abolish, but whether it will be done without serious trouble is a question.

The Hindus, too, are great swimmers and swim dog fashion with their hands and feet beating the water. The reason of this is to scare their aquatic enemies. There is a great swimming festival after the first rains when the rivers are swollen. Then Hindus of all ages enter the turbulent flood and swim a given distance, shouting like demons and creating an enormous commotion. Crocodiles follow the swimmers and the slower swimmers fall an easy prey to those awful monsters. But it is sport—sport to those who take part in the exciting adventure, but greater sport to the thousands who follow the men in the water from the banks, and a victim to the nigger has but little sympathy wasted on him by the eager, fan-loving crowd.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

**His Hair Was Not Painted.**

"I was in Colorado in 1875," said Harvey C. Smartwood of Canon City, Col., to a Washington Post reporter, "before the influence of the white man was dominant. The Indians around what is now Meeker had seen but little of the white man, and knew comparatively nothing of him or his ways or habits, except from hearsay and tradition. I mean to say that there were many of them to whom the white man was as much of a curiosity as an Indian would be to a New York Bowery boy."

"As you see, nature saw fit to give me a shock of carmine-colored hair. When I first went among the Indians they all thought that it was painted, just as they univ.ally paint their own bodies and faces and heads. An old chief came up to me one day and looked at my hair very carefully. 'Ugh,' said he, and then turning to the guide who had our party in charge, he asked him to ask me where I got the kind of paint that would color and would not be greasy or look dauby. The guide told him my hair wasn't painted, but he wouldn't believe him. He came over and once more scrutinized my locks, running his hand over them and then looking at his fingers."

"I didn't know what he was after. I had an idea that he was calculating how nice my red scalp would look hung about his dirty old body, and was inclined to resent it. Our guide, however, laughingly told me what the old chief had said. Two or three more of the bucks gathered about us, and they and the guide had a powwow. Finally the guide asked me if I would object to putting water on my hair. He said the Indians wouldn't believe it wasn't painted until they saw that water wouldn't wash the color out. Of course I took some water and rubbed it on my hair and then showed my hands to them. It took four or five days of wondering examination to convince them that I hadn't found some particularly fine paint and got myself up in a bright red suit of hair."

**One Thing a Goat Can't Eat.**

The trolley of an East End car got tangled in one of the cross-overs and tore down a live wire, which squirmed about on the asphalt hissing like a snake, and causing the spectators to flee in terror. At last the wire came to rest, and attention was diverted from it momentarily, but called back again when a newsboy cried out: "Gosh, look at the dead billy goat! He's swallowed the wire!" And, sure enough, he had. While the vulgar mob had ignored the wriggling wire, the gentle goat, wandering out of the alley behind the college building, where a boy had tied him with a rope, caught sight of the wire and thought to eat a few feet of it to settle the springy rope meal. He had gotten about two feet swallowed when the current pulsated through it again and Billy fell dead.—[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

Valuable copper mines have been discovered in Paraguay.

**FULL OF FIGHT.**

**A Cheetah's Battle with a Pair of Big English Mastiffs.**

Dore Lawton has spent some time in the Island of Ceylon. "Speaking of cheetahs," he said, "I want to tell you a story of a battle between English mastiffs and a thoroughbred Ceylonese cheetah."

"There is a very general impression that the cheetah and the royal Bengal tiger are just about the same thing, but this isn't so. The main difference in them is that the former is not so bloodthirsty as the latter. Right down in his heart he is not a man-eater, but he can digest that kind of meat when occasion requires. As a rule he will give the human brotherhood a wide berth, but if you corner him there is no telling how hard he can fight. Stir him up and he will make the fur fly in a fast and furious fashion. He has been known to lie in wait along the mountain roads for human prey, but these instances are rare, and his manivorous taste is not very highly developed. There are many authentic statements recorded where cheetahs, at certain seasons of the year, have appeared in the mountain villages, generally seeking the fires which have been lighted for cooking purposes on the hard earth floors of the rude huts. Then the population migrate, leave the cheetah to his glory, and report at the neighboring village that the animals are working havoc among the hogs and humans. On one occasion of this kind Capt. Baker, the great Oriental sportsman, made an investigation on the spot, shot a cheetah as it stood before the fireplace in a hut, and made the discovery that the animal had sought the warmth because of a peculiar disease of the jaws and teeth. On examining the mouth of the dead cheetah he saw that the gums were full of maggots, and these, when warmed by the fire, would crawl far enough out of the sockets of the teeth to be reached by the cheetah's claws."

"There was a coffee planter who lived near Kandy, whose bungalow was in the mountains, and whose name was Dawson. He had a number of fine China pigs, which became the apple of the cheetah's eye. The feline tribesman made nightly calls, and the porkers were borne off one by one. Attempts to shoot the intruder failed. Two English mastiffs, belonging to a neighboring planter, were invited over and placed in the piggery. Dawson, his neighbor and myself wrapped ourselves in heavy coats, for the nights in those parts are very chill, and climbed into a crow's nest, which had been built in a tree top near by. The early hours of the night were as dark as Erebus and lagged painfully, the oppressive stillness being now and then broken by the cry of some wild denizen of the jungle. Toward one o'clock the pale light of the moon flickered through the dense foliage. Cooped up in the nest, we were half asleep, when, with a cat-like screech, a magnificent cheetah bounded over the palings of the enclosure, and for an instant crouched to take a survey of the situation."

"The mastiff closest the outside, and very near as large as the cat, bounded at him, and was struck dead with a single blow from the cheetah, which then quickly approached the pen. The other mastiff, a female, doubly enraged at the fate of her mate, with a terrific growl fastened her fangs deep in the throat of the cat. A red-hot fight followed. With screeches, hisses and growls the cat and dog rolled over and over, the cheetah making desperate efforts to break the dog's hold, but it was no go. The mastiff had come to stay. Dawson got down from the nest in quick order, and with a well-aimed pistol shot sent the cheetah to its last, long home. The dog was horribly injured, it having been literally disembowelled by the claws of the great cat. She was sent via rail to the Marine Hospital at Colombo, sewed up and carefully nursed back to health. The cheetah measured seven and one-half feet from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, and was about the largest ever killed in that district."

"I tell you, sir, the cheetah is a cat from away back. No dog is anything like a match for it in a fair fight. The cheetah is a worthy kinsman of the Bengal tiger, and with the latter animal no lion is to be compared in strength, agility, or fighting qualities."—[Washington Star.]

**Deepest Metal Mine in the World.**

The United States has now, we believe, the deepest metal mine in the world. For some time that claim has been made for the Maria shaft at the mines of Příbram, in Austria, which was 3,675 feet below the surface at the time of the great fire in 1892, and nothing, we believe, has been done upon it since that time. It has now been surpassed in depth by the No. 3 shaft of the Tamarack Copper Mining Company in Michigan, which on Dec. 1 was 3,640 feet deep, and is now more than 3,700 feet, the average rate of sinking being about 75 feet a month. This makes it beyond question the deepest metal mine in existence, and only one other shaft has reached a greater depth, that of a coal mine in Belgium, for which 3,900 feet is claimed.—[Engineering and Mining Journal.]

A WOMAN'S plea to be appointed postmaster of her town is, in the opinion of the Hartford Journal, the most unique yet presented. She wants the office because she cannot make a living writing poetry. If this is a good plea the Journal opines there will not be enough post-offices to go round.

**THE JOKER'S BUDGET.**

**JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.**

**Blighted Affections--A Suspicion--Knew What They Were Doing--Another Glove Contest, Etc., Etc.**

**BLIGHTED AFFECTIONS.**  
"Why did you name \$100 as the damages in your breach of promise suit?"  
"That's the price of my watch. When he broke off the engagement my heart beat so fast that it stopped the timepiece."—[Chicago Record.]

**A SUSPICION.**  
"That cat drank all the milk."  
"Did you see her?"  
"No, Johnny told me she did it."  
"Don't touch the cat. Go and catch Johnny for me."—[Texas Sittings.]

**KNEW WHAT THEY WERE DOING.**  
The Traveler—Why did you eat the missionary and let the convict go?  
The Cannibal King—Well, we know a thing or two, we do. The missionary was a man of the greatest tenderness, while the convict was as tough as they make 'em. See?—[New York Press.]

**ANOTHER GLOVE CONTEST.**  
"You look rather dejected this morning," said Chappie's friend.  
"Y-a-a-s. I got the worst of another glove contest yesterday."  
"Been fighting?"  
"No. I bet the gloves—a box of them—with a young woman and, as usual, I lost."—[Washington Star.]

**A CAPITAL CRIME.**  
"Is it criminal to kiss?"  
Said the beautiful Miss Edith, and the youth, with sfrontery subline,  
Kissed the maid and said, "There! If I'm hanged I declare it will be for a capital crime."  
—[Boston Courier.]

**AT LAST.**  
Beggar to old maid who has just given him a quarter—I am so grateful, mum, that I could marry you.  
Old Maid—Do you mean it?  
(Beggar faints.)—[Halo.]

**A SAD MELODY.**  
"You look pale this morning."  
"Yes," replied the young man, "I feel very much out of condition. You see, there's a girl living in our house who practises her vocal lesson continually, and I guess I've got high C sick."—[Washington Star.]

**HER FATAL GENEROSITY.**  
Mabel—That's what I get for giving my maid my cast-off Worth gowns.  
Constance—What's happened?  
Mabel (bursting into tears)—That rich old Moneybags caught her in a dark corner, and proposed to her, and she accepted.—[New York World.]

**REMEDIAL ART.**  
The horse was balking and backing all over Woodward avenue, and a chappie with a pretty girl by his side was watching its performances.  
"I think," remarked the young woman, "that they ought to send it to the art school."  
"To the art school?" queried the chappie, without the faintest idea of his companion's meaning.  
"Certainly."  
"And why, pway?"  
"To cultivate its talents for drawing, of course. Don't you think it needs it?" And the chappie caught on several hours later.—[Detroit Free Press.]

**HIS LUCK.**  
Stacy—Why do you live in New York?  
Prince Pickler—It's all on my wife's account.  
Stacy—Gad! I wish I could live somewhere on my wife's account. My own credit is run dry!

**HE KNOWS THE SEX.**  
She—Now, my dear, I'll be ready for the theatre in ten minutes.  
He—All right, then, I'll just run down to the office and finish up the two hours' work I left.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

**NEEDED LEISURE.**  
Tyre Doute—Kin ye tell me w'ere dey's givin' away free bread fer nuttin?  
Ben Evolute—Why do you ask?  
Tyre Doute—I want'er loaf.—[Life.]

**BEST OF REASONS.**  
Dunn—Why is it that you never have any money the day after you receive your salary?  
De Fissett—It's all owing to other people.

**A SURE REMEDY.**  
Fussy—I say, do you know any way of getting rid of a disagreeable acquaintance gracefully?  
Grump—Yes; lend him some money—just once.

**PRACTISING IT.**  
Bighead—I believe in telling the truth in all circumstances.  
Sharpun—You are a liar and a conceited chump.  
Bighead—What do you mean, sir?  
Sharpun—I'm trying to practise what you preach.—[Truth.]

**OUTLAY BIGGER THAN INCOME.**  
Teddy Splurgeleigh—What do they mean by an income tax?  
Billy Patterson—A certain percentage that every man will have to pay upon the money he receives during the year.  
Teddy Splurgeleigh—Great Scott! It's lucky the percentage isn't on what he spends, or it would come heavy on him.—Puck.

**A MOST PHRINDIAL FROST.**

"Gentlemen," said the after-dinner speaker, "gentlemen—I am totally unprepared to—er—to—to—to reply suitably to the toast which has been assigned to me this evening; but—"  
"Good! Good!" cried the enthusiastic audience, and with such manifest sincerity that the speaker sat down.—[Life.]

**WHAT PAPA SAID.**  
She—When you asked papa for permission to marry me, did he say much?  
He—Not much.

**LITERAL.**  
"How do you get on with your new mount, Mr. Von Minar? Do you ride much now?"  
"No, not regularly, Miss Lovely—only off and on."—[Truth.]

**SEEKING THE RIGHT ANSWER.**  
Grymes—Miss Specie is a conundrum.  
Jenkyns—I know it, and do not intend to give her up yet.—[Philadelphia Life.]

**SHE WAS SYMPATHETIC.**  
"Do you know, Miss Gushington, that young Smith has been sentenced to ninety-nine years imprisonment?"  
"Poor fellow," sighed the young lady, "he will have to wait so long before he can marry."—[Texas Sittings.]

**SHE WAS THE ONE WHO GOT LEFT.**  
She—Carrie told me the other day that she expected you to propose that night. Did you get left?  
He—No; she got left. I didn't propose.—[Truth.]

**AS A MATTER OF COURSE.**  
Edith—I suppose you were at the wedding?  
Helen—Oh, yes.  
Edith—How did the bride appear?  
Helen—Triumphant, of course.—[Life.]

**A MEMORY OF YOUTH.**  
"I'll give you your breakfast if you'll say that wool," she announced in an ultimatum tone of voice.  
"Madame," said the tramp, "I'd admire to chop that wool for you immensely on'y fur one thing."  
"What is that?"  
"When I was a little boy my mother uster make me recite fur company, and I said, 'Woodman, Spare That Tree' over an' over so many times that the idee of puttin' a ax into anythin' in the shape of wood totally wrecks my nerves."—[Washington Star.]

**ODDS AND ENDS.**  
Teacher—Define quartz. Milkman's Son (who is rather absent-minded)—Pint and a half.—[Tit-Bits.]  
"Why was Bjones fired?" "He got the idea into his head that he was one of the big guns."—[Philadelphia Record.]

It is sad to see family relics sold at auction, but the most painful thing under the hammer is generally your thumb-nail.—[Texas Sittings.]  
Billings, who is not an expert with the cue, says the pool-table is like a woman's dress. It is so hard to find the pocket.—[Boston Transcript.]

Mabel—Do you not think Mr. De Little a man of small calibre? Grace—Perhaps, but I'm sure of one thing; he's a great bore.—[Brooklyn Life.]  
She—You say he is unpopular?  
He—Unpopular? He is so unpopular that when he has a cold nobody offers him a remedy for it.—[Brooklyn Life.]

"I know I'm a little irritable, John; but if I had to live my life again, I'd marry you just the same." "H'm! I have my doubts about it."—[Tit-Bits.]  
"Is the Bishop a broad man and liberal in his views?" "Oh, my, yes. He's abroad most of the time and in giving his views he is most prodigal."—[Harlem Life.]

His Mother—Tommy, if you fight with little Willie Walters to-day I shall put you to bed for two hours. Tommy—Put me to bed now, ma.—[Chicago Record.]

Prisoner—It's hard to charge me with forgery, for you see I can't sign my own name. That point is immaterial; it's another man's name you are accused of signing.—[Tit-Bits.]  
"I hear that your son's last drama is a failure." "I want you to understand that my son writes so fast that he does not need to have his plays performed more than once."—[Fliegende Blatter.]

In Brooklyn.—Heights—Late last night I saw a policeman coming out of a brewery. Hill—Yes, sir; this is an era of reform; before the overturning that policeman would have stayed inside all night.—[Puck.]

Father—Well, Thomas, you have graduated from college and are now ready for your life work. What will be your field? Son (thoughtfully). Well to tell the truth, sir, it is a little hard to decide between left and centre.—[Texas Sittings.]

Tramp—Sir, a single moment. Genial Man—Well, my good man? Tramp—I will be frank with you. I am tired of life and have determined to drink myself to death. I have exhausted my means and I implore you to furnish the funds to complete my destruction. Genial Man (after a careful survey)—My good man, I regret to say that I have not \$10,000 to spare.—[Texas Sittings.]

Jerusalem has been modernized by a railroad.