

WITH A KISS.

Here's a health to the fellow who wakes me each morn With a kiss, with a kiss, with a kiss! Those beautiful tresses my temples adorn

With a kiss, with a kiss, with a kiss! Here's a health to the little one there at my bed, With his ruby red lips and his ring-letted head;

Here's a health to the fellow who wakes me each morn With a kiss, with a kiss, with a kiss! In a little white gown, or a jacket that's torn,

With a kiss, with a kiss, with a kiss! Here's a health to the little ones there at my bed, And for all of God's roses—the white or the red,

He is sweeter than angels have sung or have said, With a kiss, with a kiss, with a kiss! FRANK L. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

MRS. TREMAINE'S MONKEY.

"I wonder," I said, as I was looking out of the window of Jack Trevor's lodgings, "why that girl's rushing up the street without her hat."

"Ah!" he said, coming to the window, "I thought it must be she. She's catching the monkey. I expect she misses me now sometimes. You didn't see which way it went, did you?"

"No," I said, "is she addicted to hunting monkeys?" "Only the monkey," he replied; "I used to do it once."

"Dear me!" I said. "It's a fashionable amusement in the neighborhood, then?" "No," he answered mournfully, "I was engaged to that girl once, and that beast of a monkey broke the engagement off."

"Were you," I asked, "cut out by the monkey, then?" "A man," he said, "must be very, very young to make a remark like that."

"Who is she?" I inquired. "Oh, she's Miss Tremaine," he said. "I'll tell you the story if you like. It will be a warning to you never to get engaged to a girl who keeps a monkey."

"At present," I said, "there is no girl of the sort in my mind's eye, but it's better to be prepared for all emergencies."

"I got engaged to Miss Tremaine," he said, "about three years ago. I met her at the tennis club, and dances, and around the place generally here, but I had never seen much of her at home, and I was unaware even of the monkey's existence. As soon as we were engaged I was introduced to Jack. He was a small monkey, of ordinary appearance, and was not at first slight prepossessing, but in the Tremont household he was a family fetch. It's curious to notice the dominant influence in different families. Sometimes it's the baby, sometimes the butler, sometimes a husband's memory, and sometimes the daily paper. But in this case, Jacko reigned supreme. Captain Tremaine, who was dead, had bought the beast, and it was concerned in a touching deathbed scene or something of the kind. At any rate, Mrs. Tremaine regarded it as a sacred relic of the dear deceased, and lavished all her love and affection on it. I well remember the first night I saw Jacko, and discovered the habit that eventually wrecked an engagement. It was a stifling evening, and I suggested to Maud the desirability of opening a window. 'Oh, no,' she replied, 'we can never have the windows open in the evening. Jacko would get out.' My first hint of Jacko's habits was enlarged by Mrs. Tremaine's frequent and objectionable intrusions to enquire as to the beast's whereabouts. A man in the first rapture of an engagement naturally dislikes the intrusions of some one else in pursuit of a monkey. The next morning the nuisance increased. A servant came round—they live a few doors from here—to tell me that Jacko had just escaped, and would I help to catch him? I found him about lunch time, and overhauled him after a long and exciting chase. As seemed obvious, I caught him by the tail, and the brute bit me and went on for another half hour. Mrs. Tremaine explained reproachfully that Jacko always bit people who touched his tail.

walted with dread for the time when Jacko should escape after dark, and I should be compelled to hunt for the brute through the watches of the night on the peril of losing the regard of the Tremaine family. Jacko's nomadic habits were, I may explain, attributed to a desire to find his dead master. At last the event that I dreaded occurred. One cold winter's evening Jacko disappeared while the cook was interviewing her favorite policeman at the back door, and got well away. The cook received a month's notice on the spot, and I was at once put on the track of the animal. Mrs. Tremaine was much annoyed because I wished to put my boots on before starting, and even Maud seemed only anxious for the monkey's health. After tramping through three or four miles of streets, I experienced what I at first regarded as unexpected good luck. The brute came tearing round a corner, and in a second he was in the butterfly net. I was just preparing to return, elated that the run had been so unmercifully cut short, when a crowd also came round the corner, headed by an angry and breathless Italian. I soon discovered the connection of events. The Italian could not speak much English, but I gathered that he claimed Jacko as his monkey, his carissimo monkey. The crowd, who had become excited in the chase, and who imagined that I was attempting to cheat a poor, ignorant foreigner out of his only solace in a strange land, demanded that I should give the monkey up. The vision of Maud's face, if the sacred animal spent the night in the possession of an untrustworthy Italian, rose before my eyes, and I distinctly declined to relinquish Jacko.

"In the course of conversation with the crowd I lost my temper and a considerable portion of my clothes, and by the time that a policeman arrived, I suppose my appearance did justify him in conveying Jacko, the Italian and me to the police station. There I spent a most miserable night. My utmost entreaties failed to induce the police to send to Mrs. Tremaine to bail me out. I think their malevolence was prompted by the policeman who had been so rudely interrupted in his tryst with the cook.

"In the morning we appeared before his worship. The Italian and I were charged with creating a disturbance, and assaults, and breaches of the peace, and that kind of thing, and, as far as I can remember, the police threw in a charge of drunk and disorderly against me. His Worship asked to see the monkey, and when they brought him in, lo and behold, there were two Jackos.

"After some explanation the magistrate dismissed the charges with a caution, on the ground of excusable mistake. And, indeed, it was most excusable. Apparently the Italian had really lost his monkey, and, whether it was his monkey or Jacko that he had been pursuing when I encountered it, I do not know to this day. At all events, the police had captured the other monkey during the night, and had shut the two up together. There they sat, two ugly, grinning indistinguishable creatures, both guilty, according to the evidence, of aggravated assaults on the police.

"When we were released from the dock, the magistrate asked us to remove the monkeys. The Italian and I stared at each other blankly. He knew no more than I which was his property. Of course, it was useless to consult the police about their identity. As the magistrate pointed out, there is no presumption either in law or in fact as to the ownership of two stray monkeys. I appealed to him to decide the question himself, and he pointed out that it was the duty of the police to restore property to its owners. He said that he was not Solomon, but only a police magistrate, and that he doubted whether even the House of Lords could throw much light on the subject. The matter, he thought, was eminently one to be settled out of court.

"At first I tried to solve the difficulty by buying out the Italian's claim to either of the monkeys, with the idea of sorting them afterward. But he also, it appeared, had a romantic attachment for his carissimo monkey, and he declined my overtures with fervent appeals to most of the saints on the register. The whole thing, he seemed to think, was a base attempt on the part of a foreign brutal government to trample on the rights of an Italian citizen, and to consign his monkey to the dungeons of the Zoo. Then I offered him his choice of the two, and this might have saved all trouble, if Mrs. Tremaine had not arrived at that moment to inquire for Jacko, and had not learned the whole affair from a communicative inspector.

"Neither Jacko nor the alleged Jacko showed the faintest signs of recognition. Indeed, they almost at once devoted themselves to a sanguinary fight in which Mrs. Tremaine intervened with considerable injury to herself. Then she turned to me and I could see from her manner that she considered me responsible for the whole difficulty. For a quarter of an hour I had a really lively time. Mrs. Tremaine hectored the Italian, and the Italian hectored Mrs. Tremaine. Neither of them understood a word that the other said, and I had to act as interpreter and buffer.

"Eventually I made the best terms that I could. The Italian agreed, for a consideration, to allow us to keep both monkeys for a week, during which we might discover their identity. Mrs. Tremaine quite readily agreed to the proposal, for she was confident that no monkey but Jacko could possess Jacko's virtues. I was more doubtful, believing that the virtues were few enough to be common to many monkeys. And so it turned out. Both

monkeys made themselves quite at home, overate themselves equally, stole as cleverly, and, what was most remarkable, searched with identical persistence for the deceased Captain Tremaine. Twice that week I had to catch two monkeys, and when they were both in the butterfly net, they nearly killed each other. Mrs. Tremaine used to look at them by the hour, and sob, and call Jacko softly. They both answered to the name, if there was any food about, and at other times preferred to be the other monkey.

"At the end of the week the organ-grinder appeared punctually, and a heart-rending scene followed. No decision had been come to till the morning of his arrival, and then Mrs. Tremaine and Maud differed as to which was the real Jacko. The question had to be decided somehow, and thinking it really mattered little which we kept, I suggested that we should toss up. The flippancy of the suggestion annoyed them and led them to recrimination, but at last we agreed to decide by lot, that being a biblical way out of the difficulty, and suitable to the occasion. The organ grinder went on his way contentedly, and I hoped the affair was at an end. But I was very much mistaken. No sooner had he gone than Mrs. Tremaine and Maud became alike convinced, that they had given up the real Jacko. They said they were now certain of it. Poor, dear Jacko was sitting on a barrel organ in the dear cold street, and engaged in the degrading occupation of collecting coppers, and monkeys were so liable to consumption, and what would dear papa think if he were alive?

"I stood this for about ten days, and then I went after the Italian again, having obtained his address in case of further complications. His affections were apparently now extended to both monkeys, for he consented to an exchange for a further consideration. Surely, I thought to myself, Maud and her mother will be content now. But no, the thing began all over again. The former Jacko was their darling, and they'd given him up when they'd got him safe, and it was by my advice and it was all my fault. Twice more I exchanged those monkeys, and then at last even my patience failed. We quarreled, and we parted, and I've never spoken to her since. That's why I say, never get engaged to a girl who keeps a monkey."—Pick-Me-Up.

BRINGS DEATH WITH HIM.

Italian Who Has Accidentally Caused Thirty-Three Men to Be Killed.

Casoli Paracattani, an Italian fruit pedler, who lives the life of a recluse in New York, is said to have killed thirty-three men by accident. He has been in New York city less than three months. Every day he sells fruit or merchandise from a push cart. He was born in a small town in the extreme south end of Italy, known on the map as Castellamare. His first unfortunate exploit in causing death was by means of a trap he perfected when a young man. It was a bomb attachment and killed three men. He fled, one day, a few months later, he became angry at a vicious horse and threw a stone at it. The missile flew wide, but struck his brother in the head and killed him. Paracattani was arrested, but acquitted.

One day Paracattani, needing a bottle containing a liniment, which was in one of two bottles, he mixed them up. Three weeks later his brother-in-law picked up the bottle, took a drink and died. Paracattani was arrested on suspicion of having murdered his relative, but was discharged. Paracattani then went to work in a tunnel. The work was rendered difficult by subterranean watercourses. During the day temporary gates were used to dam up the water. At night the gates were opened, the flood released and the water would run off during the night. These gates were worked by hand levers, and to this work Paracattani was detailed. One evening, supposing that the men were all out of the tunnel, Paracattani gave the signal to open the gates. Twenty-one belated laborers were caught in the flood, and every one was drowned.

Fearing the vengeance of his fellow-laborers, Paracattani fled. He found his way to Pazznoli, on the sea coast, where he secured employment on a freight boat. On his third voyage he was stricken with fever. He was at once isolated, but managed to impart germs of his disease to the drinking water and the disease spread among the crew and six of them died. This brought the grewsome record of deaths up to thirty-two. The survivors were taken to a shore hospital. One day, while the convalescents were sitting in the hospital park, one of the crew accused Paracattani of having infected the ship and attempted to assault him. He was too weak to defend himself, but a messmate took up the quarrel, and in a desperate fight with knives which followed, Paracattani's defender was slain. It was then that Paracattani fled to New York.

An Anomalous "Bruiser."

Couper, "the ex-prize fighter and author," who was one of the enrolled police force during the troubles at Johannesburg, formerly enjoyed a great reputation in South Africa, by defeating a local Goliath in Kimberley. Since then he has done a great deal for athletics in South Africa, and has written a book—an exceptional accomplishment for a prize fighter, but not surprising in Couper's case, since he is a well-educated man and, indeed, in most matters a complete contrast to the accepted type of "bruiser."

California produced gold to the value of \$13,923,281 during the last year.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

An elaborate investigation, for the purpose of determining the annual consumption of flour by the people, has developed results which "Bradstreet's" has printed with much fulness of detail. They purport to show that the consumption is about 5,287 bushels for each inhabitant, instead of about 4,23 bushels, as the Agricultural Department has for many years reckoned.

The American Club, of Stuttgart, Germany, will celebrate again this year the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by a banquet, ball, etc. For the first time the club will publish a "Festszeitung" in two editions, the first containing the festival programme, the Declaration of Independence in English and German, etc.; the second on the evening of the Fourth, containing the names of all the participants and a report of the exercises.

Aluminum as a useful metal has taken a remarkable hold of the world in the last ten years. The price has just touched 48 cents a pound, whereas in 1884 it was \$9. In 1894 over 700,000 pounds was consumed in this country, and this year the output will be over 2,000,000 pounds, while in 1884 the amount was but 150 pounds. The electrical method of extracting aluminum from clay has greatly cheapened the metal, and brought it into extended use, especially for making kitchen utensils.

The well-known astronomers, Percival Lowell of Boston and T. J. Lee of the University of Chicago, are to begin a series of astronomical observations in July in Mexico. The observations will continue for three years. Mr. Lowell will study the planet Mars systematically, while Dr. Lee will search the Southern heavens for double stars. Their movable observatory will have one of the best telescopes in the world. Its 24-inch lens has been shown by tests to be superior to the 26-inch glass at the Naval Observatory in Washington.

A report recently published gives a fair idea of the amount and value of the labor produced in English prisons. At Wandsworth 1000 prisoners produce goods of the value of \$60,000 per annum. The labor of the 1000 prisoners at Pentonville only yields \$32,500 per annum, but at Wormwood Scrubs the same number are worth \$100,000 every year. The various objects manufactured from raw material are brushes, bags, mattresses, clothing, leggings and shoes, besides a large number of articles made by carpenters, blacksmiths, tinsmiths and bricklayers. All the bags and boxes used in the general postoffice are made in British prisons.

San Francisco has had the novelty of a strike by Chinese laborers for higher wages, and the even greater novelty of the replacing of the Chinese strikers by white girls, who are working for the wages that the coolies refused to accept. The trouble occurred in a factory owned by a Chinese firm which is manufacturing blouse waists. The girls are doing better work than the Chinese did. By working hard for eleven hours a day they can make from 50 to 75 cents, and some of them have been known to make \$1 for three consecutive days, but the next day they had to lay off and rest. The strikers, like the white unionists whom they imitate, gather at the factory at the closing hour to hoot and "make faces" at the girls.

Some years ago the sect of Abstemious, or Bible Christians, who eat no meat and regard the killing of animals as sinful, built a church in Third street, Philadelphia. The building is now occupied by a firm of pork packers and sausage makers. In an article in The Yale Medical Journal, Dr. Edwin A. Down combats the popular impression that insanity is increasing. He says that the increase for the last twenty years, shown by the official records, is comparatively trifling, and is more than accounted for by the change in conditions which has resulted in sending to insane asylums many persons who were previously kept in almshouses or in private families, and not reckoned in making up the record of the insane.

The point has been brought out by a correspondent of a marine paper that it is no wonder the Spaniards were willing to assault and insult the United States Consul at the time of the adoption of Cuban resolutions by the House. In Barcelona only two American sailing vessels were seen last year, and it is asked: "What reason had they for believing that we had a flag or a people capable of defending it?" In connection with this, it may be stated that only two American sailing vessels visited Liverpool in 1895, and during the same year not an American merchantman touched at the cities of Hull, Cardiff, Glasgow, Belfast, Dublin, Portsmouth, Rotterdam, Genoa or Naples. The other side of this picture was shown in 1891, when the merchant fleet of the United States aggregated 5,539,813 tons, and the flag was seen in every port in the world where ships go.

"The headquarters of the army," said an army officer, in the Washington Star, "are where General Miles is located or at the least, where he keeps his headquarters flag. Should he take his flag up in a balloon the headquarters would be up in the air. He seldom takes his flag with him when he leaves the city, but should he do so headquarters would be exactly where the flag is, whether he was in the cars or at a hotel. The law has never designated an official headquarters. When General Sherman moved his residence from this city some years ago to St. Louis the headquarters flag went with him, and the War Department found it was no longer headquarters. Neither was there any way by which the department could find where headquarters were except by telegraphing for the whereabouts of General Sherman and his flag."

According to Harper's Weekly, more than ten thousand people were murdered in the United States last year. In the year 1888 less than four thousand were murdered. The increase of population in seven years has been considerable. Last year business was bad, and people were cross, and more murderously inclined, no doubt, than common. Still, taking everything into consideration, the increase of murders was astounding. It ought to be checked, and the only practicable way to check it is to have murderers suffer the legal penalty of their crime. It is shocking to kill anyone, but if one must choose between killing the guilty after conviction and having the innocent killed offhand, there cannot be any hesitation about what duty and common sense demand. Murder must be made more unpopular in the United States.

If Dr. Nansen has really discovered the North Pole, how is he going to prove it. This question has been asked repeatedly of late, and scientists have been unable to give a satisfactory answer to the problem. Prof. Dysche, of Kansas, who is now organizing a polar expedition, explains how absolute proof of the success of his venture may be given if he is lucky enough to reach the North Pole. "I will take a bullet," says Prof. Dysche. "This bullet will cast a shadow. In our latitude that bullet would in a day's time describe an ellipse. At the North Pole the shadow would make a perfect circle. I will photograph the shadow throughout the day. Of course, it will be necessary to bring back only an arc or part of a circle. As a day at the pole is six months long, it would be practically impossible to get a picture of the perfect circle. Any part of it, however, would be enough to convince a scientist that I had reached the North Pole."

Citizens whose anxiety to learn the result of an election cannot await the appearance of the next day's newspaper will be interested to know how the vote is expeditiously counted in St. Louis. In that city there are two sets of judges and clerks at each polling place. The voting is done on the Australian system. Under the law, one set of judges and clerks, comprising a Republican and a Democrat, have charge of the voting for an hour. At the close of the hour they take the ballot box and begin to count the ballots that have been cast. In the meanwhile another ballot box is substituted and the other set of judges and clerks take charge of the voting. At the end of their hour they, in their turn, begin to count the votes. By this system of alternating the judges the vote is kept counted as it is cast, and the complete result is attainable within an hour after the polls close. A heavy penalty hangs over any one who announces how the vote stands at any polling place until after the polls are closed and the final results are reached.

What is described as the finest church organ in this country is an instrument just placed in the South Congregational Church in New Britain, Conn. It is the gift of a wealthy member of the church, who offered carte blanche in the matter of expense. R. P. Paine, the organist of the church, who is also well known as a conductor, consulted with expert organists everywhere, and planned the specifications of an instrument which should include every possible modern improvement, on a scale never before realized in this country. George S. Hutchings, the well-known build of Boston, built it at an estimated cost of over \$20,000. Its resources are wonderful—nothing is impossible on it. The wealth of combinations is amazing; there are innumerable things that can be done almost with a touch. The builders have exhausted all the resources of modern mechanical ingenuity to make it as responsive and effective as possible. The organ is fitted with the most perfect possible form of electric action. A peculiar advantage of this system is that the console is movable, so that the organ can be played from any part of the church.

Horses Made Over. The tricks employed to gain the ends of the owner of the time-worn horse are as numerous as they are cruel. One of the most recent and ingenious inventions of the unscrupulous is a treatment for filling out the eyes, which, as a rule, are sunk far back in the head. This operation consists in cutting an opening in each optic, in which the nozzle of a small air bellows is inserted. Wind is then gently pumped into and around the organ, puffing it out and giving it the appearance of a horse in perfect condition. Of course, like all other "fake" remedies, the apparently beneficial results last for a limited time only, after which the normal conditions return.

Another and favorite method of improvement is the injection of a large dose of whisky into the animal, a hypodermic syringe being employed to pump the invigorator into the beast to be disposed of. Several secret compounds are also employed by various unscrupulous traders. In fact, there are many injections compounded which contain a limited amount of the fire of youth. Then the broken down animal is often fed on alcoholic essence of oats, while well moistened hay will fill out an emaciated frame in short order. Add to these careful grooming and clipping, and judicial exercise, and it doesn't take long to bring about a complete metamorphosis. There are tricks in all trades undoubtedly, but in none are there more than in that of horse-dealing.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

False Alarm—Tramp versus Dude—True Economy—Waiting—Embarrassing—Crushing Sarcasm.

FALSE ALARM. Brown—I hear you had some money left you. Jones—Yes, it left me long ago.

PLEASURES OF REASON. "Did you enjoy your ocean trip?" "Yes, I gave up all care and—everything else."

NEATLY OUT OF IT. She—You said I had a face that would stop a trolley car in the middle of the block. He—Indeed, it takes a mighty good-looking woman to get a conductor to do that.

TRAMP VERSUS DUDE. Tramp—Remember, boss, I was once just like you. Algy [giving him a dollar]—How did you get so different? Tramp—Oh, I was too proud to live on my father.

TRUE ECONOMY. "I have saved a big pile of money to-day," said Mr. Harthead. "That is lovely. How?" said his wife. "Instead of going to law with a man or what he owed me, I let him have it."

WAITING. Bacon—It's funny you don't ride. Egbert—I'm waiting until they have bicycles built for two. "You can get tandems now." "I know, I mean a bicycle built for \$2."

EMBARRASSING. "Doctor, what is the trouble with Mrs. Nerves?" "I haven't made up my mind just yet to call it yet. To tell you the truth, I haven't found out what she wants me to say she has."

CRUSHING SARCASTIC. "You must admit," said the drill with a rasping chuckle, "that my point is a good one." The rock maintained a stony silence. A casual observer, however, would have noticed that it looked bored.

HIS OBJECT. Johnny—May I wake the baby, mamma? Mamma—Why do you want to wake the baby? Johnny—So's I can play on my drum.

REPROACH. Dude (to his tailor)—I will never give you an order again; you charge me three times too much for my last suit. I found it out when I pawned it to-day.

CRUICKED ADVICE. Doctor—I don't think that boil on your nose is a very serious matter, but you had better keep your eye on it. Patient (nervously)—Great Scott, doctor, that'll make me squint.

A WOMAN'S HOLIDAY. Rose—What are you going to do to-day? Marie—"Why, nothing. And you?" Rose—"Nothing, either." Marie—"Then let's go shopping." Rose—"But I don't want to buy anything." Marie—"Neither do I. We'll just shop."

A MAN'S VIEW. "My dear, I think you are a trifle too particular." "Why?" "In putting wire screens over the doors and windows so our flies cannot get out and associate with the neighbors' flies."

STRANGE. Mistress—Look here, Jeannette, you have brought me two shoes for the same foot. Maid—How strange! This other pair are both for the same foot, too.

TO HEAL THE DIFFERENCE. "I cannot be your wife, Algy. There is too great a difference between our fortunes." "But, Mabel, I'm sure there would be no difference between them if we could bring them together."

A SOLILOQUY. "These family quarrels are just as needless as they are horrible," mused Mrs. Younglove. "Now, George and I have been married four—long—weeks, and yet he hasn't said one—cross—word to me yet! I knew that we could surprise people!"

A PAUSE. "But, then, George isn't as other men are." HIS SUPERSTITION. "Tompkins, do you think a mascot is any help in learning to ride a wheel?" "Well, there are times when the presence of a feather pillow doesn't go so bad."

ESCAPED. "Madame," said the new boarder, "one of your family came very near dying last night." "Indeed; I was not aware that anyone was ill. Who was ill?" "The man in the next room to mine, who played the cornet till 3 a. m. He stopped just in time to save his life."

IDENTIFIED. "You say you know this man? Is there any particular sign by which you recognize the corpse?" "Oh, yes, your honor; he was deaf."

WEBSTER BORROWS A DOLLAR. "Sam, can yer lend me a dollar that yer has no use fer?" said Jim Webster to Sam Johnson. "Cert'ingly, Jim, I've pleased ter 'commodate yer,'" said Sam, handing Jim a dollar.

Jim was so surprised at his luck that he bit the coin to see if he was awake, or merely dreaming, and in doing so discovered that it was made of lead. "This yere is counterfeit, Sam; I didn't think yer would do me datter wxy."

"I know it's counterfeit, Jim; yer axed me fer one I had no use fer an' I g'ib it ter yer. Ise always 'commodate to my friends."

The insurance on St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is \$475,000.