

NOW.

Break now the alabaster box  
Of sympathy and love  
Amid the cherished friends of earth  
Ere they are called above.  
How many burdened hearts are here  
That long for present help and cheer!

The kindly words you mean to say  
When they are dead and gone  
Speak now, and fill their souls with  
joy.  
Before the morning's dawn.  
'Tis better far when friends are near  
Their saddened hearts to soothe and cheer.

The flowers withheld till after death  
Has closed their eyes in sleep  
If proffered in life's weary hours  
Would still their fragrance keep.  
While hearts can thrill and ears can hear,  
Let loving deed and word bring cheer.  
—James J. Reeves.

My Adventure With a Cougar.

Wherever hunters and dogs abound,  
The cougar, if found at all, is a timid,  
shrinking, voiceless brute, fighting  
only when brought to bay. It learns  
and practices infinite caution. Hence  
the beast has fallen into a certain con-  
tempt; latter-day naturalists even deny  
that it gives voice to the long, quavering  
cry that was formerly attributed  
to it. But I have often heard that cry,  
and I know, too, that the tamed, man-  
hunted cougar differs from its con-  
geners of the mountain wilds, some-  
what as the Moravian Indian differed  
from the savage Shawnees of old.

The adventure I am about to relate  
occurred near French Creek, in the  
Black Hills of Dakota, in August, 1875  
—a region then untroubled by white  
men, except little bands of miners, who  
had recently gathered along this creek,  
and the exploring expeditions of Gen-  
eral Custer and Professor Jenney. Rich  
in gold and silver though they are,  
the Black Hills had been guarded at  
every avenue of approach by thousands  
of hostile Sioux. They themselves  
were deterred by traditions and su-  
perstitions from much venturing with-  
in the shadows of their black pines;  
so that we found there no trace of ab-  
original habitations, permanent or tran-  
sient.

There was a solemn and wonderful  
atmosphere in that primitive wilder-  
ness. Its denizens, unscared by men,  
seldom fled at first approach. The  
pine-bear sat upon limb of bush or tree,  
and cocked its head without fear. The  
big, dun mule-deer approached the lone  
prospector with open-eyed, curious  
gaze, and if not stopped by a bullet,  
would often come within a few steps  
of him. The grizzly bear actually  
came into camp to be killed, for he had  
never before found his path barred by  
living creatures. And there the cougar,  
never hunted, knew not fear of man.

I left our camp on a warm Sunday  
afternoon for a stroll among the hills,  
and from force of Sunday habits I left  
my gun in my tent. As I dislike to feel  
a revolver banging against my hips,  
I went for my walk unarmed.  
In the course of half an hour, alter-  
nately walking and scrambling I came  
to the head of the gulch and out upon  
a rough slope surmounted by cap-  
rocks, which formed the highest hill-  
top within reach. Along the base of  
these scarred and fissured rocks grew  
creeping pine, briar and raspberry  
bushes, bearing ripe fruit. Many ber-  
ries had fallen, and more had been  
gathered by the bears and birds, but  
enough yet remained, red and luscious,  
to furnish me with a palatable after-  
dinner relish.

When I had eaten all I could, I re-  
solved to climb to a summit of the  
rocks, that I might get a more ex-  
tended view of the beautiful region.  
But to reach those lookout heights was  
no easy task. I sought for a great cleft  
or split in the rocks, which offered an  
arduous line of ascent along one steep  
and rugged face.

Along the fissured surface of this  
cleft I advanced slowly and cautiously,  
going up slantwise, now on my hands  
and knees, and again drawing myself  
up bodily by clutching rocky projec-  
tions with my fingers. As I passed  
along the face of the cleft, it deepened  
and widened, and the ascent became  
still more difficult and perilous. Below  
me lay two steep inclines, each with a  
chevaux de frise of rock points and  
scattered pines, reaching to a dizzy  
depth.

Finally, when I almost despaired of  
climbing farther, and when descent  
seemed equally dangerous, I reached a  
flat surface of the rock, where there  
was a thin soil and clustering juniper  
bush, and there I saw an easier way  
of climbing to the summit, still fifty feet  
or so above my head.

After I scanned the ascent I lay, puff-  
ing with exertion, tired and heated,  
flat upon my face, to rest. A cool  
breeze blowing through the cleft fan-  
ned my cheeks, and I enjoyed in an-  
ticipation the grand expanse of horizon  
which awaited me on the heights. I  
had lain thus several minutes, when I  
became aware, with a quick and creepy  
thrill, of some magnetic presence close  
at hand. What sort of creature was it  
which could thus make itself felt?

I raised my head, turned my face  
instinctively toward the wall of rock  
upon my right, and found myself look-  
ing directly into the yellow-green,  
scintillating eyes of a great red cougar.  
The great cat had crept stealthily  
out from a shelter of bush and rock,  
and lay upon its stomach, facing me,

and not a dozen feet distant. Its ears  
were pricked forward, and it was  
watching me with intense and savage  
curiosity. The big eyes, with dilating  
pupils, were fixed on me in a fascinated  
stare.

There was no movement of the cou-  
gar's body or head, save a slight quiv-  
ering about the muzzle. Its great paws  
were outstretched, the great talons hid-  
den in the soft fur which covered  
them. The tail curved upward in a  
curious twist, not unlike the hook of  
an interrogation point.

The whole attitude of the animal was  
one of half-fierce, half-wondering  
questioning. It was as if I saw in me  
a big and probably harmless reptile—  
perhaps a huge kind of lizard or turtle.  
I cannot recall that cowardice was  
ever attributed to me, even in child-  
hood; but as I looked into the eyes  
of that treacherous beast, I was afraid  
—terribly afraid. I dared not get to  
my feet, and thus invite immediate at-  
tack, for had I possessed the speed of  
a greyhound, there was no way to run.  
I had no weapon, save a small and  
worse than useless pocket-knife.

Plainly my only recourse was to lie in  
perfect quiet until the animal should  
gratify its curiosity and haply, if not  
hungry, take itself off.

I had not long to wait until there  
was a sudden unsheathing of the yel-  
low claws, and the cougar leaped light-  
ly to its feet. It came toward me fear-  
lessly, with a slow, cat's tread, holding  
its head sidewise and lashing its tail.  
Sick with a sense of helplessness, I  
could only lie inert, waiting to grapple,  
barricaded, with the beast, as a final  
resource. My only movement was to  
lower my face to the soil and clasp the  
back of my neck with both hands to  
prevent a fatal bite at the outset.

The cougar snarled down at me in a  
warning fashion. Then it gave me a  
heavy pat upon the shoulder—a tenta-  
tive, stinging, half-playful stroke, in-  
tended, doubtless, to test my defensive  
qualities. Finding me apparently of a  
despicable spirit, the brute coolly took  
possession of my body.

It sniffed fastidiously at my woollen  
shirt, then roughly rolled me over and  
lay upon me, the points of its shoul-  
ders resting squarely on my chest. I  
managed, while the animal's claws  
were pricking my side and leg, to shift  
my hands in readiness to defend my  
throat.

There I lay upon my back, with that  
great beast across me, its heart thump-  
ing against my ribs, its red lips parted,  
its claws ripping at the hard soil as if  
to sharpen them for a banquet!

In my despair I regretted keenly that  
I had not flung myself over the decliv-  
ity and taken my chances in a terrific  
slide down its steep, ragged slope. I  
resolved to make the desperate leap if  
an opportunity should offer in the  
struggle which must come.

There could be no doubt of the final  
intention of the beast. The cougar was  
merely indulging itself in a bit of cat  
play, and when this should end, would  
treat me as a cat does a mouse.

The animal thrust its head down  
sidewise and snarled; its big eyes nar-  
rowed to cruel points, and its hot  
breath played upon my face. Its tail  
switched back and forth, lashing first  
my boots and then my head, from  
which the hat had fallen. In every  
motion of the creature there was a  
hard, perfect efficiency, and under the  
working of its whipcord muscles I felt  
myself quite powerless.

Nevertheless, an impulse was strong  
upon me to clutch the beast by the  
throat and try to hurl it over the ledge.  
But reason saved me from such a rash  
attempt. The cougar was a large one,  
of the variety since famed as the moun-  
tain lion. Certainly it would instantly  
tear me asunder if I grappled with it.

The brute snarled and scratched with  
increased vehemence. Its hind claws,  
working against my left side, tore my  
clothes and sliced me painfully.  
Through this ordeal I lay in perfect  
quiet, suppressing breath and appear-  
ance of animation.

Suddenly the cougar sprang to its  
feet and leaped lithely away. I turned  
my face, in a great hope that it would  
abandon me, but only to see it sink  
behind a spray of pencil-cedar a few  
yards distant. There it lay, with noth-  
ing visible save the light play of its  
tail. Despite its great size, the animal  
was still young enough to be eager for  
play with a too easily caught victim.

Was it possible the creature might  
finally go away and leave me? No;  
amid the clustering cedar sprigs I  
caught the gleam of its yellow-green  
eye—an eye fastened upon me in coun-  
ting, waiting cruelty. Evidently I  
was expected to move, and furnish  
sport in the killing. Without doubt,  
too, the cougar shrewdly suspected me  
of playing the part of the turtle or the  
porcupine.

I thought of trying to escape now.  
How far and how fast might I go? I  
rolled cautiously over until I could  
look down the steep of the ledge.  
To throw myself over at that point  
would be destruction. The descent  
was not perpendicular, but quite ap-  
palling in its ragged steepness. There  
were scattered pines growing in soil-  
filled crevices, but the nearest of them  
was too far below to offer hope of  
lodgment.

I ran my eye along the slope in ad-  
vance, and saw that by crawling some  
twenty-five or thirty feet on the brink  
I could, if nimble enough, leap down  
upon a jutting point of rock, and  
thence into the thick of a pine beneath.  
What lay immediately beyond was hid-  
den by a projection. It was a desper-  
ate chance, even if I might crawl so  
far in safety—simply a chance of out-  
doing the cougar in daring a perilous  
descent.

I crawled slowly forward along the  
rim of the declivity, keeping a close  
eye upon the cougar's swaying tail,

and guided my movement by that dan-  
ger signal. When the tail switched  
too nervously, I sank upon the rocks  
and lay inert.

Hitching myself forward inch by  
inch, I actually succeeded in delaying  
an attack until I had reached the only  
safe footing for a leap. Well out of  
reach of a single bound of the animal,  
I sprang to my feet with a yell of de-  
fiance, and jumped outward with all  
my might.

I alighted with a heavy jar upon the  
projecting rock, and instantly leaped  
for the pine top below. There was a  
dizzy swoop of twenty feet, and I  
crashed among the branches and  
clutched wildly at them as they broke  
beneath me. By sheer luck, as it  
seemed, I lodged head downward in a  
tangle of lower limbs which had been  
turned aside in their growth by the  
face of the rock.

Before there was time to move, I  
heard a rushing swish of boughs over-  
head, the snapping of a big limb and  
a muffled thud upon the slope below.  
Then, clinging face downward, with  
but few limbs to intervene, I saw my  
enemy, the cougar, go down the fear-  
ful steep in a lightning slide, clawing  
and spitting at the rocks, until it dis-  
appeared among some pine tops below.

Two minutes later, safely seated, I  
again saw my enemy, now limping,  
with drooping tail, along the bottom  
of the gulch. The cougar had survived  
that frightful descent, but the courage  
had been taken out of it, and I had no  
farther fear.

Although much scratched and  
bruised, I had no broken bones. It  
was only by the hardest kind of scram-  
bling that I got safely to the top of the  
ledge. Then, thankful enough for life  
and freedom, I made my way back to  
camp.—Youth's Companion.

WAYS OF HUNTING SPIDERS.

Some Stalk Their Prey and Others Build  
Rafts to Seek it on the Water.

The wolf spider spins no web, but  
stalks its prey—hence its name. It  
takes the precaution to spin a thread  
before leaping after anything, so that  
in event of falling short, it will have  
a way of retreat. It is about the fiercest  
of the spiders, though far from the  
biggest or most venomous, and in cap-  
tivity will stalk its own image when  
crawling over a mirror, and fall into  
a fury at finding itself balked.

The trapdoor spider builds its nest  
in the ground, a tunnel, about three  
inches deep, with a branch sloping up-  
ward and closed by an inner door open-  
ing downward. The outer door, which  
opens upward, is of the thickest, finest  
silk, with an outer coat of earth and  
pebbles, to make it indistinguishable  
from the surrounding surface.

Water spiders lash together with  
their best silk rafts of dead leaves,  
upon which they float in pursuit of  
water insects. But the rafts do not  
compare with their nests, which are  
egg-shaped, lined with the finest water-  
proof web, and buoyed with clusters of  
tiny air bubbles, which the mother  
spider takes down by diving upon her  
back, with the bubble entangled in her  
legs.

All spiders begin nest-building very  
young. At seven weeks old trap-door  
spiders make little nests the size of a  
cent, and, of course, something hap-  
hazard and awry. No young spider, in-  
fact, builds a workman-like nest, al-  
though the creatures have from two to  
eight eyes each. The youngsters ap-  
pear to use their spinnerets in play,  
much as children build doll houses.

Spiderwebs once had a great vogue  
as medicine. They were held specific  
for consumption, and certain fevers, as  
well as the best of styptics. They have  
still that last use. Even spurting ar-  
terial blood may be checked, if not  
wholly staunching, by a generous hand-  
ful of cobwebs held hard against the  
wound.

Spiders are wonderfully weatherwise.  
They will neither build new nests nor  
repair breaks in old ones in face of a  
storm. They have, moreover, a cer-  
tain prescience which foretells weather  
changes. Wherefore, if you see a half-  
destroyed web, with no spider-body  
making haste to build it over, though  
the sun may shine and winds cease,  
be certain stormy weather is not twelve  
hours away.

Few more wonderful adaptations are  
seen in the whole round of nature  
than the webs spiders spin to entrap  
the wary ant. They are not high-  
hung, lacy affairs, caresting every  
breeze, but low-set silken tubes  
stretched in the grass, the crevices of  
rock, or about tree roots. Ants of ev-  
ery size creep heedlessly into them.  
The spiders eat them with relish, but  
occasionally a very little spider and a  
very big ant engage in a duel to the  
death. If the spider can bite the ant  
can sting—and does it with a right  
good will. The spider does not try to  
get rid of such an ant as he does of a  
wasp or bee too strong to be safely at-  
tacked. Such an insect, which threat-  
ens destruction to the web, is often cut  
out of it by the web-builder. The en-  
tangling cables are not loosed, but the  
web-rays neatly snipped in two, first  
those underneath, and at the very last  
the highest filament. Often the letting  
go of such a captive means destruction  
to half the nest. But some spiders are  
wiser than some people. They know  
not merely when they have enough,  
but when they have too much.—New  
York Sun.

To widen a business street, the  
round tower in Copenhagen—150 feet  
in height—is to be bodily moved a  
distance of 50 yards.

Attar of roses sells at \$100 an ounce,  
which is exactly five times the value  
of gold.

SUBWAY BUILT BY BOSTON

IS A GREAT CONVENIENCE TO THE  
PEOPLE OF THAT CITY.

Cost \$5,000,000 and Took Three and a  
Half Years to Build—Manner in Which It  
Was Constructed and is Maintained at  
Present.

Boston's subway is one and two-  
thirds miles long, with double-track  
loop systems at each end for a dis-  
tance of one-half mile and an addi-  
tional double-track system straight  
through it, thus making four tracks  
for the greater part of the entire dis-  
tance, writes W. H. Hills in the Chi-  
cago Record.

It cost \$3,800,000, exclusive of land  
damages and purchases, which totaled  
\$1,000,000. Its trackage, reckoned as a  
single track, is five miles. Cars run  
through its entire length in eight to  
twelve minutes, whereas on the sur-  
face twenty to thirty-five minutes were  
required. It was built in twelve sec-  
tions under contracts, these running  
from \$9,000 to \$895,000, the most of  
them being for sums ranging from  
\$260,000 to \$47,000. The first work was  
begun March 28, 1895, and the last sec-  
tion was completed July 5, 1898.

The subway has a capacity of 300  
cars an hour, but for a year or so the  
maximum has been about 190. Where  
32,000,000 people were annually carried  
on the surface cars on Tremont street,  
which the underground road relieves,  
now 60,000,000 travel annually in the  
subway cars. The tracks on Tremont  
street have been removed, congestion  
has entirely disappeared and despite  
the fears of many, business on that  
thoroughfare has not suffered; in fact,  
the retailers do more business than  
ever before and rents have materially  
increased.

Portions of the subway were con-  
structed by ditching, all the earth be-  
ing removed, and iron beams embedded  
on concrete being placed as supports  
for a roof of transverse steel beams  
or girders, with arches of brick and  
concrete between them. The side walls  
are also of brick and concrete, and at  
the stations highly polished white tile  
is used for facing the walls. Other  
sections were built by tunneling, and  
this work was by far the most ex-  
pensive.

It is fourteen feet high, and where  
there are two tracks twenty-four feet  
wide, and where there are four tracks,  
forty-eight feet wide. The two-track  
sections under Boston common, ending  
in a loop at Park street, cost \$175 per  
linear foot, while similarly constructed  
sections under Cornhill and Hanover  
streets cost between \$250 and \$257 per  
linear foot, the difference being in part  
due to the cost of removing pipes and  
replacing pavements. Where the four-  
track runs under the common the cost  
was \$250 per linear foot, while four  
tracks under Washington street at the  
northern end cost \$437 per linear foot.

Engineers say that capitalists can-  
not with any degree of satisfaction  
figure on the cost of constructing a  
subway from the figures of Boston's,  
for the reason that in some sections  
sub-subways were constructed to over-  
come grade crossings, while in others  
expensive precautions had to be taken  
to prevent undermining the huge build-  
ings. Based on straight work of ex-  
cavation, it is figured that a two-track  
system costs between \$25,000 and \$1-  
350,000 a mile, and a four-track sys-  
tem between \$1,324,000 and \$2,307,000  
a mile, exclusive of land damages and  
purchases for station entrances and  
exits.

The subway is lighted and equipped  
with electricity throughout, all cars  
using the trolley system, and all fans,  
blowers and ventilating shaft machin-  
ery being supplied power by motors.  
A third-rail system is being introduced  
on the two straight tracks which run  
clear through, this being designed for  
the elevated cars when the "L" road,  
now in process of construction, is com-  
pleted. The "L" road will run from  
Roxbury to the southern entrance to  
the subway, and there, by a sharp de-  
cline, enter the tunnel and run one-  
and-one-quarter miles underground,  
when the cars will emerge at the north-  
ern end of the subway and again run  
overhead across the Charles river  
bridge and through Charlestown to  
Sullivan square, a total length of ele-  
vated tracks of five miles.

The subway was built by the city un-  
der legislative authority, a commission  
being given full power. The city leases  
it at an annual rental that is equivalent  
to 47-8 per cent. interest on the net  
cash. The city raised the money at a  
fraction less than 31-2 per cent. on  
forty-year 4 per cent. bonds, which will  
be paid at maturity by the accumulated  
rental of the subway, which goes an-  
nually into a sinking fund. The city  
keeps it in repair, and after this ex-  
pense is met there is a handsome mar-  
gin of profit from the lease.

The success of the subway has led to  
the approval of a similar tunnel under  
the harbor, connecting the island of  
East Boston with the city. Work upon  
this has begun. This tunnel will cost  
approximately \$2,500,000. It is about  
one mile long. Other subways are con-  
templated, and legislative enactment  
has been asked for the construction of  
one the entire length of Washington  
street—the most congested thorough-  
fare in the business section—running  
parallel with Tremont street, another  
from the Cambridge bridge through the  
west end section, and still another  
through the Back bay and under Bea-  
con hill. These projects have been  
agitated for a couple of years. They  
represent stupendous undertakings, and  
it may be years before a sanction for  
them is secured, the lawmakers and  
merchants watching the present sub-  
way and studying out improvements

thereon which will bring about ideal  
rapid transit.

Up to date, with a trial of two years,  
the subway has proved equal to all  
demands upon it, and has to a large  
extent solved the problem of rapid  
transit. But with the growth of the  
city in business and population another  
similar subway will unquestionably be  
needed within ten years, even allowing  
for the relief which will be afforded by  
the elevated road.

POLITICAL SPOTTING.

A Recent Development of an Enterprise  
Involving Millions.

Political spotting is a recent devel-  
opment of the profession, but it has  
become necessary in the establishment  
of political campaigning as a business  
enterprise involving millions of dol-  
lars' capital and run on strictly scien-  
tific principles. Every State chairman  
has at his command a corps of "trus-  
ted workers." Now this term has a wide  
range of meanings, varying in reputa-  
bility. In some cases, it designates  
the men who "use money where it will  
do the most good"; in others, the men  
who look after these disbursements to see  
that the money is actually used where  
it will do the most good to the party,  
and not to the hander of it. But, as a  
rule, the "secret service" fund is dis-  
tributed only among those in whom the  
party managers have the utmost con-  
fidence, and the work of the spotters  
along this line is not extensive.

To this corps falls the task of guard-  
ing against fraud on the part of elec-  
tion officers when election day comes.  
They are supposed to be encyclopedias  
of information as to the spending of  
money by the other side, and to "block  
off" in one way or another, either by  
threats or counter persuasion, any at-  
tempts to corrupt the men who regis-  
ter or count the votes. There is no  
doubt that many schemes are frus-  
trated in every election on both sides  
by the activity of this service.

This species of service is continually  
in demand to keep headquarters in-  
formed as to the progress and pertin-  
ence of various budding party organ-  
izations. For instance, word is re-  
ceived that the Intercollegiate Ham-  
mer Throwers' McKinley and Roose-  
velt Marching Club has organized with  
a membership of fifty, and would be  
glad of a little financial aid toward  
furnishing their club-rooms. Now, all  
these organizations are promoted by  
professional organizers who do not re-  
gard virtue as its own reward, at least  
in a political sense, but hope for some-  
thing more tangible. They get if  
their labors are worth votes to the  
party. As soon as the notification is  
received a spotter is quietly sent out  
from headquarters to "rubber around"  
the locality and find out whether the  
new club has an existence other than  
on paper. Another matter wherein the  
political spotter's judgment is of value  
to headquarters is that of campaign  
oratory. Scores of spellbinders are  
sent out in every lively campaign to all  
parts of the State. Each man has out-  
lined his speeches, and had them cen-  
sored by the powers that be, for the  
managers don't want any "Burchard-  
ism" to crop out and spoil their cam-  
paign. Lest the spellbinder should be  
a traitor in disguise, or have ambi-  
tions to launch out into unauthorized  
by-paths of eloquence, a "trusted  
worker" is set on his trail to make a  
report on his speeches. This report  
also includes an estimate of the spell-  
binder's effectiveness and popularity  
with his audiences. Many of these use-  
ful adjuncts to a political party are  
minor officeholders. Others hope to be  
officeholders, and in addition to the  
hope draw \$10 or \$15 a week for their  
work, while still others are volunteers.  
Nobody but the managers themselves  
know what men are doing the con-  
fidential work of a campaign.—S. H.  
Adams in Alsbee's.

An Amateur Savant Fooled.

The stories are common enough of  
fire engines being turned out to quench  
an aurora, and, on the other hand, it  
has not seldom happened that a very  
mundane conflagration has passed  
muster for a "celestial display." In  
the memoirs of Baron Stockmar an  
amusing anecdote is related of one  
Herr von Radowitz, who was given to  
making the most of easily picked up  
information. A friend of the Baron's  
went to an evening party near Frank-  
furt, where he expected to meet Herr  
von Radowitz. On his way he saw a  
burning, stopped his carriage, as-  
sisted the people, and waited till the  
flames were nearly extinguished. When  
he arrived at his friend's house he  
found Herr von Radowitz, who had  
previously taken the party to the top  
of the building to see an aurora, dilat-  
ing on terrestrial magnetism, electric-  
ity, etc. Radowitz asked Stockmar's  
friend, "Have you seen the beautiful  
aurora borealis?" He replied, "Cer-  
tainly; I was there myself; it will  
soon be over." An explanation fol-  
lowed as to the barn on fire. Radowitz  
was silent some ten minutes then he  
took up his hat and quietly disap-  
peared.—Knowledge.

True Courage.

There is the story of the bullying  
colonel who turned on one of his aids  
during a battle and cried, "Captain  
—, you are frightened! You are,  
sir. You are scared!"  
"You're right," replied the captain,  
"and if you were half as scared as I  
am, you'd be six miles in the rear."  
Richard Harding Davis in Every-  
body's Magazine.

Coral, both white and red, is found  
on the Florida coast.



HUMAN NATURE.

"He was far too fat, and an awful  
bore!"  
She often thought. While round he  
carried  
Conviction of her lack of brains. Be-  
fore  
Long they were happily married.  
—Puck.

A FEEBLE IMITATION.

"Bodkins isn't a genuine society  
man."  
"Why not?"  
"He takes cold every time he wears  
his dress suit."—Chicago Record.

PROFESSIONAL CRITICISM.

First Arctic Explorer—Don't you  
think Polchunter is getting a big  
head?  
Second Arctic Explorer—Decidedly!  
You'd think he was the only man who  
didn't reach the Pole!—Puck.

A STYLE THAT DIDN'T SUIT.

Hatter—Now, here's a style of derby  
that's just suited for a short man.  
Sawdoff—How much?  
Hatter—Four dollars.  
Sawdoff—Huh. That price would  
never suit a man as short as I am.

IT WAS OTHERWISE ENGAGED.

He (admiringly)—You are a girl  
after my own heart.  
She—Thank you. I hope you are  
not a man after mine, because it's  
otherwise engaged.—Detroit Free  
Press.

HUBBY'S FAVORITE FICTION.

"What is your husband's favorite  
fiction?" asked the inquisitive person.  
"I can hardly say at a moment's  
notice," said the patient wife, "wheth-  
er he prefers the sick friend story or  
the detained at the office on business  
narrative."—Indianapolis Press.

HE RAN FOR HIS LIFE.

"I knew he could never keep his  
head above water," said Jimson. "He  
started in business three years ago,  
and he's been going down ever since."  
"What did you say he was?" asked  
Johnson.  
"A diver," replied Jimson, and fled  
the scene.

T'WILL BE HIS UNDOING.

"They said in all his literary career  
he never wrote anything but common  
sense."  
"Alas! I fear that some enemy is  
about to counteract this."  
"Why?"  
"They are going to publish his love  
letters."—Chicago Times-Herald.

LOST INHERITANCE.

Suitor—Permit me to say, Miss  
Flash, that in suing for your hand I am  
respecting the wish of my late father—  
Miss Flash—Beg pardon, Sir; out in  
this instance you have inherited your  
father's lateness; I accepted Mr. Fore-  
man last evening.—Richmond Dis-  
patch.

SHE WAS LOOKING FOR BAR-  
GAINS.

"What do you find in that stupid old  
paper to keep you so busy?" petulantly  
asked Mrs. Youngcouple.  
"I was just looking at the money  
market," he answered.  
"Oh, do they have a money market?  
Are there ever any bargains?"—In-  
dianapolis Press.

A SUGGESTION.

Young Mother—I really don't know  
why he cries so.  
Bachelor Friend—Perhaps it is his  
teeth coming through.  
Young Mother—No! He isn't teeth-  
ing.  
Bachelor Friend—Maybe it's his  
hair coming through that hurts him!  
—Puck.

THE MISTRESS'S JOKE.

"So you're going to marry the police-  
man, Bridget?"  
"Yes, mum."  
"I suppose you'll have the same  
trouble with him I've had with my hus-  
band."  
"Shure, what's that, mum?"  
"Oh, he won't give up his club."—  
Yonkers Statesman.

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT.

"Yes, we are receiving and answer-  
ing messages from Mars every day,"  
said the Eminent Scientist.  
"But, if you cannot understand the  
messages, how can you answer them?"  
asked the Obtuse Person.  
"Huh!" replied the Eminent Scien-  
tist, "they can't understand the an-  
swers, either."—Baltimore American.

TESTING THE THEORY.

Mr. Kerrigan—Kape shilliv toe  
minutes, for th' love av hivin!  
Mrs. Kerrigan—Ow six children, crying  
and fighting)—Phat fer?  
Mr. Kerrigan—O! want to give this  
mound-cure book a fair trial. O! want  
to see can O! convince meself that  
there is no such thing ez matrimony!  
—Puck.

NOBLE CONSIDERATION.

"Why did the bride insist that the  
bridegroom's present should be a  
necklace of twenty-one pearls? Does  
she think there is luck in odd num-  
bers?"  
"No, I guess not. You see she had  
been engaged that number of times to  
other fellows, and, being one of the  
kindest-hearted girls in the world, she  
wanted the necklace as a sort of  
memento to them."—Chicago Times-  
Herald.