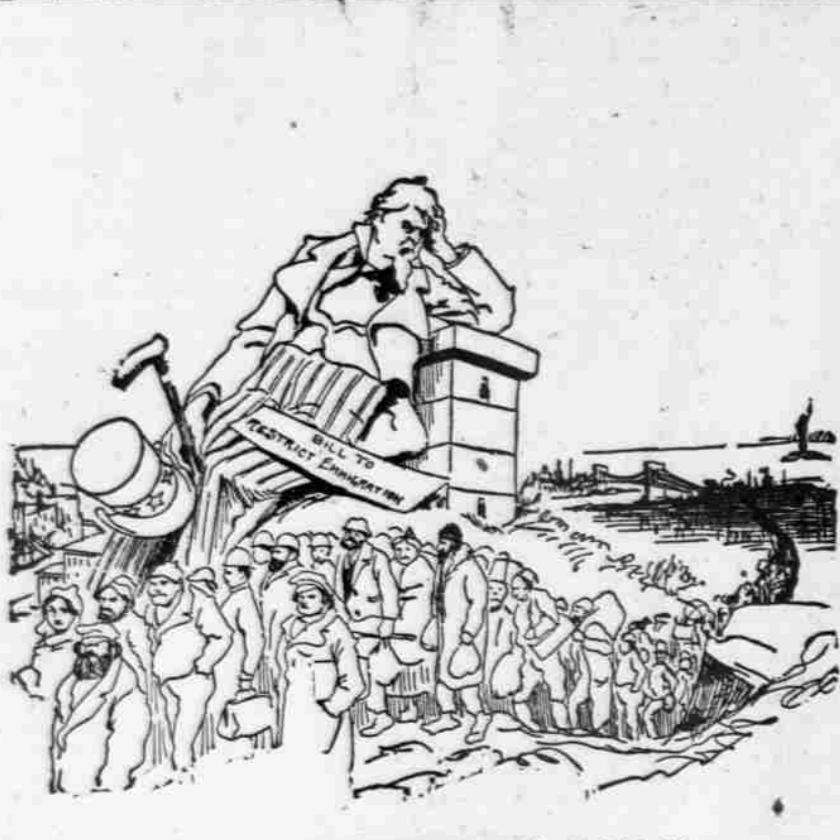


CURRENT POINTS OF INTEREST PICKED BY THE CARTOONISTS.



WHERE SHALL I DRAW THE LINE.—New York Herald.



ANOTHER SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.—New York Press.



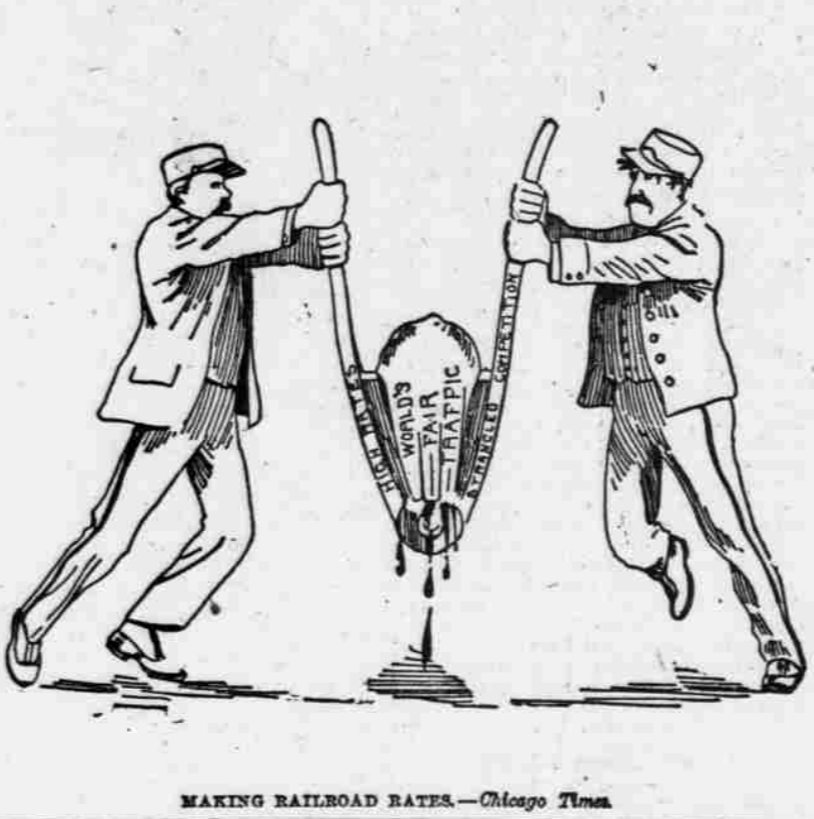
FIRST THUG—Doing anything in crime now? SECOND THUG—No, goin' to quit. Everybody's been robbed.—Chicago News Record.



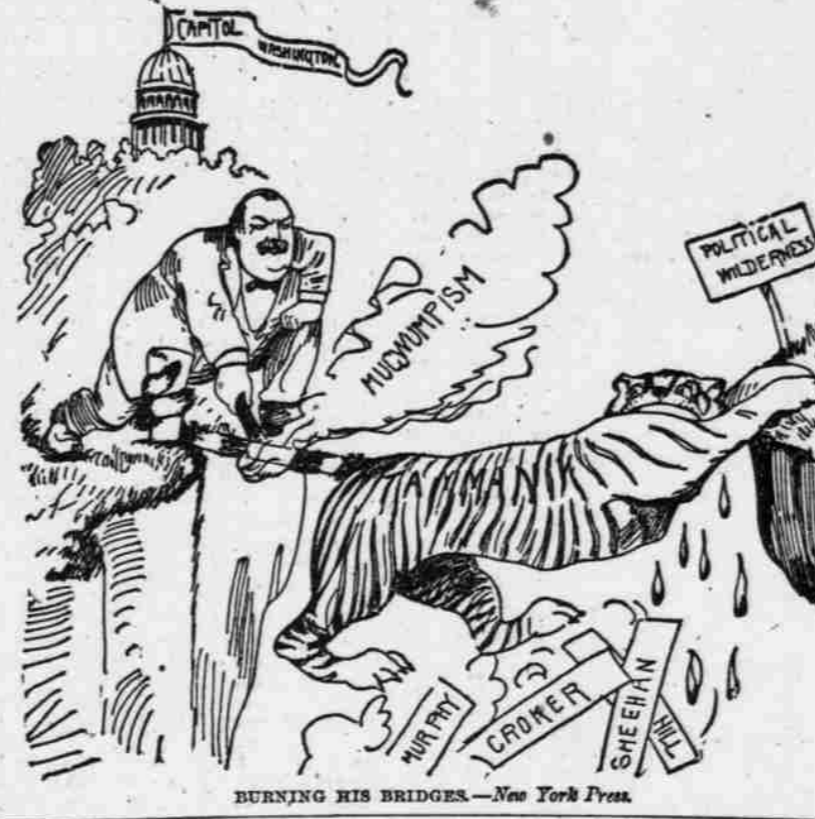
GROVER—Good, bad and indifferent.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.



AFTER THE DINNER. "I tell you, Jay, Christmas isn't what it used to be. I can't get out of it now for less than \$200. "Right you are, my boy. Absence used to make the heart grow fonder, but it's presents does the business now."—Harper's Monthly.



MAKING RAILROAD RATES.—Chicago Times.



BURNING HIS BRIDGES.—New York Press.



FATHER—That is the Toccata, or Millinery Bird. YOUNG HOPPER—Why is it called a Millinery Bird? FATHER—Because of its big bill.—New York Ledger.

FORTUNES FOR FLORA. How Young Swells and Old Dandies Annihilate Their Pocketbooks. THE FASHIONABLE POSIES NOW. Even the Girls Are Purchasing in the Most Profuse Manner. SOME ROSES THAT COST \$1.50 EACH.

Flowers for the Ballet Girl. Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent yearly by the young dudes and the old chaps of Gotham on their favorite actresses. Maybe Cholly goes to the "Black Crook" some night, and there, on stage, falls under the fascination of the chorus girl's fatal beauty. She has long blonde hair, fine as spun gold. If you love her devotedly and truly, as does Cholly, you will readily believe that the hair is her own. If you are cynical or dyspeptic, you will have your doubts about her rare and her hair. Awfully Expensive Posters. This is about the way the average Gotham heavyweights opens the fall season. He will keep sending flowers week after week, until his eyes are taken right to town, or until his eyes are entranced by some new beauty. If he is madly in love, he will follow his darling over mountains, rivers and States. It is often done by the giddy boys of New York. They usually return wiser and tamer chaps, though. It is a common thing for a swell New York florist to prepare a \$300 basket of a commonplace.

will probably remember you with a grand "floral hall clock," the hands stopped at 8:30. In Gotham, if you die a letter-carrier, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral lamp-post and mail-box," with a letter to yourself on top of the box, addressed with your name and the legend, "At rest, in Heaven." In Gotham, if you die a railroad man, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral train of cars," engine and all. In Gotham, if you are connected with the Brooklyn Bridge, and should chance to die, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral Brooklyn Bridge," maybe nine feet long. JOHN HUBERT GROSSEL.

NOTES AND QUERIES. Answers to Questions of Interest Raised by Curious Readers. GENERAL LEE'S OLD REGIMENT. A Body of Officers Who Became Famous Upon Both Sides. ANCIENT AND MODERN INFORMATION. Who were the field and line officers of General R. E. Lee's Regiment, previous to the War of the Rebellion? A. P. B. The regiment was the Second Cavalry. Lee was assigned to it as Lieutenant Colonel in May, 1853. The Army Register for 1856 gives as the field and principal line officers for that year: Colonel, Albert Sydney Johnson, who resigned in April, 1861, and entered the Confederate army, dying as General in 1862; Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee, who resigned from the First Cavalry in 1861, and became General in the Confederate army. William J. Hardee was senior Major; he entered the Confederate army, became a general and died in 1873. The junior Major was George H. Thomas, who became a general in the army, and died in 1870. The senior line officer was Captain Earl Van Dorn, who resigned January 31, 1861, became a Major General, C. S. A., and was killed in a personal quarrel in 1863. Edmund K. Smith was second captain, and other officers who are mentioned in the company's history are: Colonel in 1866, and retired in 1873. In 1866, Colonel George Stoneman, Jr., who commanded the fifth company, became Colonel of the Twenty-first Infantry, Major General, and retired in 1871; he was Governor of California in 1885-87. Captain Theodore O'Hara commanded the sixth company in 1863, but he resigned in 1865; he became editor of a paper, and served as a Colonel on the staff of General Albert Sydney Johnson, C. S. A., during the war; he died in 1867. His famous poem "The Bivouac of the Dead" was written in 1848, for the return of a Missouri regiment of volunteers from the Mexican war. Next to the last among the Captains was Albert G. Brackett, who became Lieutenant Colonel in 1868, Colonel of the Third Cavalry in 1873, and retired as Colonel in 1891. The Quartermaster was Lieutenant Richard W. Johnson, who retired in 1875 as a Brigadier General, disabled by wounds, and the Adjutant was Lieutenant Kenner Garrard. It was a good regiment, officered by many famous men.

President Tyler, Secretary of the Navy Giltner, Secretary of State Upsher, Commodore Kennon, Mr. and Miss Gardner, of New York, Senator Benton, Senator Phelps and many others, left Washington for Mr. Vernon to see the vessel's machinery and try her guns, which threw balls weighing 225 pounds. On the return trip, shortly after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a final shot was fired from one of the guns. The party stood at the left of the gun; President Tyler however, went to the other side of the vessel just before the gun was fired. The gun burst on the left side, throwing a large part of its metal into the midst of the group of spectators, killing Secretaries Upsher and other, Commodore Kennon, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Maxey, two seamen and President Tyler's valet. Mr. Benton had the drum of his left ear burst; and many other persons were injured more or less severely.

ON THE ISLE OF MAN. It is an Ancient Land Where Liberty Has Never Lost Its Sway. INTERESTING AND HOSPITABLE. Patriarchal Laws and Olden Ceremonials Still in Vogue. A THOUSAND YEARS OF HOME RULE.

President Tyler, Secretary of the Navy Giltner, Secretary of State Upsher, Commodore Kennon, Mr. and Miss Gardner, of New York, Senator Benton, Senator Phelps and many others, left Washington for Mr. Vernon to see the vessel's machinery and try her guns, which threw balls weighing 225 pounds. On the return trip, shortly after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a final shot was fired from one of the guns. The party stood at the left of the gun; President Tyler however, went to the other side of the vessel just before the gun was fired. The gun burst on the left side, throwing a large part of its metal into the midst of the group of spectators, killing Secretaries Upsher and other, Commodore Kennon, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Maxey, two seamen and President Tyler's valet. Mr. Benton had the drum of his left ear burst; and many other persons were injured more or less severely.

ONLY THE BEGINNING. When Time is Considered in Connection With Universal History. NOT ONE SECOND HAS ELAPSED. Calculations and Figures Which Are Most Difficult to Grasp. IDEAS THAT ARE DRAWN THEREFROM.

Flowers for the Ballet Girl. Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent yearly by the young dudes and the old chaps of Gotham on their favorite actresses. Maybe Cholly goes to the "Black Crook" some night, and there, on stage, falls under the fascination of the chorus girl's fatal beauty. She has long blonde hair, fine as spun gold. If you love her devotedly and truly, as does Cholly, you will readily believe that the hair is her own. If you are cynical or dyspeptic, you will have your doubts about her rare and her hair. Awfully Expensive Posters. This is about the way the average Gotham heavyweights opens the fall season. He will keep sending flowers week after week, until his eyes are taken right to town, or until his eyes are entranced by some new beauty. If he is madly in love, he will follow his darling over mountains, rivers and States. It is often done by the giddy boys of New York. They usually return wiser and tamer chaps, though. It is a common thing for a swell New York florist to prepare a \$300 basket of a commonplace. A \$300 basket usually consists of cut roses, generally American beauties, of rare size and sweetness. The flowers are cut with the stalks, and when placed in the gold-tinted basket stand four feet high. The offering is tricked out with great wilds of blue, gold, pink or yellow ribbon. In the center of the bouquet space is left for a satin or lace box. The usual protestations of regard are written on scented note paper. There's a new fad this fall. It says that the young society woman is to spend her pocket money buying her dear by a button-hole bouquet. This may seem like a trivial affair, but then the fashionable button-hole is something whose cost is staggering, considering all things. "Well, Ma-ma, what are you going to buy me to-day?" This was his request as they strolled, arm in arm, past the swaggar floral shop. The darling girl takes the hint at once. She invites him in. She gravely goes up to the counter. She studies his clothes, his complexion and his cane. She makes up her mind what color will harmonize with his appearance. She closes her eyes and considers pansies, violets, lily of the valley, roses and white pinks. She selects at last a button-hole of white pinks. The bouquet is of enormous size. It is a good thing that her escort has a strong spine, else he would droop under the load of sweetness she now is slipping on his lapel. It is the fashionable bouquet for chaps. It is as large as a plate. The swell thing this season is white pinks. The bouquet is stunning in size and stunning in cost. The swell girl buys her chaps a bouquet every afternoon. Miss Million's Roses. Little Miss Million receives roses in January. They are rare American beauties. They cost, in Fifth avenue, \$1.50 per rose. There is a dozen. Maybe she gets a dozen a day, in a big blue-and-gold box. Cholly pays for these. There are hundreds of high-rollers in Gotham, says the expert, who spend enough each season to keep a family of the foot-lights and upon their lady loves. For this sum we are to send little Million a bunch of selected roses for 30 mornings. There is to be an air of romance over the gift. It is to be sent to the house promptly at 5 o'clock each morning. No note or name is to accompany it. Little Miss Million is not to know, you know. Of course he will call each night and see his flowers on the piano. Maybe, one night, he will be rewarded by seeing her wear one beautiful rose in her yellow hair. I am sure that it is worth \$150 to any young chap. "Do women ever do that sort of thing—leave money for flowers?" "Well, I cannot say that they ever do." The Season's Favorites. The flowers that are in vogue this season are the "Inner 100" this fall and winter have been selected. They are white pinks first, then violets, then roses. Orchids will also have a call. These are very expensive, indeed. Would you like to spend a \$2 bill for a single orchid, along about December? Maybe you would count it cheap. At any rate that is the price. More flowers are sold on Saturday afternoon than on any other day of the week. Madame drives up in her carriage, Mercury runs from the shop to her carriage door; what will it be to-day; yes, some white pinks; yes, we will send them by messenger at once; three large baskets, at \$29 apiece; very well; oh, certainly, we will charge it—certainly, certainly. Then comes the young dude; then the old chap; then the gray-headed man; then the pers young thoroughbred girl, with the fine eyes and the peaches-and-cream complexion, who always speaks of her gown as "a new one." Hour after hour the dazzling trade rolls in. As for the swells, they are all "broke." Flowers for Funerals. There is no limit to the money that may be paid for floral decorations for a swell Gotham funeral. The late lamented Patrick S. Gilmore's funeral was made memorable with offerings worth a million dollars in value, thousands; but it is sweet to know, however, that many of these flowers came from the common people, who loved him so well in life. General Grant's funeral was graced, in small degree, with more flowers than New York ever saw before or since. In Gotham the "floral emblem" holds full sway in the matter of appropriate tributes to death. In Gotham, if you are an athlete, your friends will probably remember you with a pair of "floral boxing gloves" at your funeral. In Gotham, if you die at 8:30, your friends

will probably remember you with a grand "floral hall clock," the hands stopped at 8:30. In Gotham, if you die a letter-carrier, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral lamp-post and mail-box," with a letter to yourself on top of the box, addressed with your name and the legend, "At rest, in Heaven." In Gotham, if you die a railroad man, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral train of cars," engine and all. In Gotham, if you are connected with the Brooklyn Bridge, and should chance to die, your friends will probably remember you with a "floral Brooklyn Bridge," maybe nine feet long. JOHN HUBERT GROSSEL.

THE ART OF FORGETTING. Hamlin Garland, the Western Author, Draws a Clever Little Sketch. They lay on the cliff where the warm sun fell. Beneath them were rocks, lichen spotted above and orange and russet and pink beneath. Around the headland the ocean raved with roaring breath. It flung itself ceaselessly on the land, only to fall back with clashing snarl over the pebbles. The smell of hot cedars was in the air. The distant ships drove by with huge sails billowing. Occasional crickets chirped faintly. Sandpipers skimmed the beach. The man and woman were both gray. He lay staring at the sky. She sat with sombre eyes fixed on the distant sea, whose crawling lines glittered on its purple sweep. They were man and wife; both were older than their years. They were far past the land of youth and love. "O, Esther, I'm tired of life! I'm tired of you. Do you know what I mean?" "No, Charles." But the man knew that she meant yes. The touch of her hand grew cold. "I'm tired of it all. I want to feel again the wonder and mystery of life. It's all gone. The love we have now is good and sweet and true; that of the old time was sweeter. It was so marvelous. I trembled when I kissed you, dear. I don't now. It had more of truth, of pure, unconscious passion and less of habit. O, teach me to forget!" He crept nearer to her, and laid his head in her lap. His face was knotted with his pain and his mother's grief. The wife and mother sighed, and looked down at his hair, which was getting gray. "Well, Charles," she said, and buried her fingers in his hair. "I'll try to forget for your sake." He could not understand her. He did not try. He lay with closed eyes, tired, purposeless. The sweet sea wind touched his cheek, white with the indoor pallor of the desk worker. The sound of the sea excited him. The beautiful clouds above him carried him back to boyhood. There were tears on his face as he looked up at her. "I'm forgetting!" he said, with a smile of exultation. But the woman looked away at the violet sea, and her throat choked with pain. —The Ladies' Home Journal.

A Rather Dirty Bet. Among the novel bets on the Presidential election, one made by six students of Washington and Jefferson college is hard to discount. The bettors were three Republicans and three Democrats. The terms of the wager were that the losers were to stand in a ring six feet in diameter, and the winners from a distance of 40 feet be allowed to throw one dozen eggs at them, the unlucky ones not being allowed to dodge. The bet also provided that the losers should furnish the eggs. A Strange Coincidence. In 1840 Elbert county, Ga., gave William H. Harrison a majority of 999 for President. In 1892, just 52 years afterward, Elbert county gave a majority of 999 against Benjamin Harrison for President. In the late election there were only two Republican votes cast. Tell me something about the explosion of a gun on a Government vessel some years ago, by which some cabinet officers were killed. The vessel was the U. S. S. Princeton, built by Ericsson, and having a screw-propeller. On the 26th of February, 1864,

LEAD AND RUBBER ARE SCARCE. A New Material Has Been Made, Superior to the Original Article. Comment has been made thousands of times on the fact that there is no lead in a lead pencil, and, if possible, less in the useful household preparation known as black lead. In a few years it may be possible to add that there is no rubber in India rubber, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The imperative necessity of finding some substitute to make up for the inevitable scarcity, if not failure, of the original article in the teeth of the present war, has led to the discovery of a new material. The imitation consists of manna gum, resin oil and one or two other ingredients bearing a little resemblance to rubber, but forming, in combination, a substance equal to the best rubber and much superior to the original article. The substitute is very elastic and pliable, and can be produced at less cost than the average quality of pure rubber. As, moreover, it will require less adulteration with lead, size or similar material, it will be safer and better to use in many ways. The guaranteed cure for all headaches is Brown's Great Peppermint Cure.

ON THE ISLE OF MAN. It is an Ancient Land Where Liberty Has Never Lost Its Sway. INTERESTING AND HOSPITABLE. Patriarchal Laws and Olden Ceremonials Still in Vogue. A THOUSAND YEARS OF HOME RULE. There is not another picture like it rising above the boundless waters—the throbbing sea endlessly threading its circling foreground as with a gleaming delicate thread of pearls. Then a purple rim of shade where the blue waters ripple upon the single, or murmur beneath the cavernous cliff. Then a higher threading of red and white and green where the waves and lanes, massed among myrtle, creepers and sycamores, look back upon upland and down upon sea. Then, rounded hills adrift with gorse, bold on fold of green and pace, melting into dreamlike heights among the tender clouds. Changeless, this is the ever-changing picture as you approach it with your heart-beat, if not your tongue, can scarcely utter. "Myrtle, radiant, redolent Isle of Man!" EDGAR L. WAKEMAN. Trees in London Streets. From an inquiry recently made in 17 London districts it has been found that in 14 of them the number of trees in the public highways is 14,700. Of these 5,115 have been planted by the boards and vestries, 5,232 returned as planted by builders and others. A brave and bloody history has the little island had from King Orry's time down to its unreserved cession by its then reigning Duke to the Crown, for a consideration of £416,000, in 1825. The system of government is interesting from its simplicity. Electors must have a property qualification

in the headings of £10 occupancy, or £5 ownership. In towns voters must possess a £4 occupancy or ownership qualification, and this sum gives all women, unmarried, widows or spinners, the same vested right; a right which, although vesting to women suffragists, is rarely exercised. All Manx laws are called Acts of Tynwald, and the Tynwald Court may still, as a thousand years ago, be held at any time in special session at Tynwald Hill, but must, as then, convene yearly for the promulgation of the laws, though, legally, they may have already gone into effect. This ceremonial has now become a national holiday called Tynwald Day. It is held on the 5th of July, or on the 6th, if the 5th happens to fall on Sunday. Undoubtedly 40,000 of the 50,000 inhabitants of Man are unwilling in attendance, and the ceremony always attracts thousands from Lancashire, Cheshire and Cumberland, in England. The Tynwald Hill is situated just west of the center of the island between the cities of Douglas and Peel, and lies in the romantic pass between the Cairn and Greeba Mountains. Traditionally it is said to have been formed of earth brought in carts and crews from every parish of the island. An Impressive Scene. Here is a ceremony more than a thousand years old. The whole of the little Manx nation is here just as in King Orry's time. The great impressiveness of the scene is not only in its antiquity, but in the proof that here are a people who, while respecting their Government and rulers in this sacredly preserved custom, thus annually serve notice of their independence, for that even now still but the servants of the people, and that the people shall ever remain greater than the thing and things created to serve them. And this is the same old story, the same old story which American people are going to make clearer and clearer to their own public servants in good time. If you were much in England as I have been, you would become very fond of the "dear little Isle of Man," truly not as a Manxman loves it, with an exultant and unutterable pride, but as a lover of the old and the noble, and as a lover of the feeling you have found a spot glorious in the heroism and traditions of its people, and as a lover of the old and the noble, and as a lover of the feeling you have found a spot glorious in the heroism and traditions of its people, and as a lover of the old and the noble, and as a lover of the feeling you have found a spot glorious in the heroism and traditions of its people.

ONLY THE BEGINNING. When Time is Considered in Connection With Universal History. NOT ONE SECOND HAS ELAPSED. Calculations and Figures Which Are Most Difficult to Grasp. IDEAS THAT ARE DRAWN THEREFROM. It seems to strain the mind to attempt to conceive of such a sphere, whose distance straight through is 3,000 times the distance around the earth. Here is a sun 35,000 times larger than our great orb of day, but think of its age, of the eons of time that seem almost eternal, that are compressed in its duration. When we consider the vast ages that passed while our little earth was in its prime or plutonic state, then begin with its geologic state or the beginning of the unfolding of organic life, and trace the slow advance as it develops the radiata, then the articulate, further on the mollusc and, as paleozoic time is reached, the pines, then the up through the intermediate centuries into the reptiles on the mesozoic plane, then the evolution of the winged creatures up to the cenozoic or mammalian dawn, what a procession of periods, eras and ages is encountered. And still, we are only at the plane, on the horizon, where a creature is reached too human to be animal and yet too animal to be human, and just commencing to foreshadow the apparition of coming man. Only the Beginning. Yes, this is the human back of even the paleolithic plane, it is humanity in unfolding embryo, starting on its evolutionary march, through more cycles of time, through tens of thousands, yes hundreds of thousands of years. And yet, compared with this slow development, what must be the lingering evolutionary journey of our own race, what a procession of ages, eras and ages is encountered. Years, to which all the sands of all the seas are as nothing and the career of such an orb has scarcely begun. Of such slow movement are the hands on the dial of eternity. Such are the slow seconds that must be knelled away, and such the long, long processions of what doled-out eons of time, that in succession have thus come and gone, then even, one second of universal history has not begun. Punishment in Persia. In Persia the first time a man is caught in the act of stealing he is "bashed" (beaten) on the soles of the feet with an iron rod, and made to sign a paper that that will be his last offense. If he forgets this when the soles of his feet quit burning and tries it again, the second offense calls for the amputation of his right hand. If he is still obdurate and goes at it left-handed, the third, and of course last, resort is decapitation.