

ROBERT FULTON AS A LAD.

Incidents Illustrating the Young Man's Interest in Mechanics.

There are several anecdotes which relate to Robert Fulton's early interest in mechanics—the first steps of progress toward his later skill. In 1773, when he was eight years old, his mother, having previously taught him to read and write, sent him to a school kept by Mr. Caleb Johnson, a Quaker gentleman of pronounced Tory principles—so pronounced, in fact, that he narrowly escaped with his life during the Revolution. But Robert Fulton did not care for books, and he began at an early age to search for problems never mastered and bound in print. This greatly distressed the Quaker teacher, who spared not the rod, and it is said that in administering such discipline on the head of Robert Fulton he one day testily exclaimed, "There, that will make you do something!" to which Robert, with folded arms, replied, "Sir, I came to have something beaten into my brains and not into my knuckles." Without doubt he was a trial to his teacher.

He entered school one day very late, and when the master inquired the reason Robert, with frank interest, replied that he had been at Nicholas Miller's shop pounding out lead for a pencil. "It is the very best I ever had, sir," he affirmed as he displayed his product. The master, after an examination of the pencil, pronounced it excellent. When Robert's mother, who had been distressed by his lack of application to his studies, expressed to his teacher her pleasure at signs of improvement the latter confided to her that Robert had said to him, "My head is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber to stow away the contents of dusty books."

These incidents to the contrary, it is nevertheless true that Robert Fulton did absorb a good knowledge of the rudiments of education.—Century Magazine.

QUEER CRABS.

The Ingenious Manner in Which They Disguise Themselves.

Some species of crabs disguise themselves in an ingenious manner. They deliberately bite up seaweeds and plant them on their backs, very soon establishing a growth which harmonizes perfectly with the surroundings and deceives many an enemy. Should the weeds grow too vigorously the crab industriously prunes them with his claws and every now and then scrapes the whole lot off and starts a fresh garden on his roof, so to speak. The sponge crab behaves in a similar manner, nipping off little bits of living sponge and sticking them on his back, where they grow vigorously. The same end is served as in the other case. It is very amusing to keep crabs of one or other of these kinds in an aquarium and deprive them of the usual means of concealment. They get very nervous and agitated and try to cover themselves with bits of paper or anything else that may be provided. One such captive is said to have had a little greatacoat made for him, which he put on in a hurry as soon as it was handed to him.—London Sphere.

SCARLET FEVER.

A Scourge of White Races in All Ages and Countries.

Now that smallpox, thanks to compulsory vaccination, has become a rarity in civilized communities, scarlet fever steps forward as the worst of the eruptive diseases of childhood. It is a malady of enormous antiquity. Thucydides, writing nearly 500 years before the beginning of our era, called it a heritage from the remote past. It has scourged the white races in all ages and all countries, and the physicians of all schools have leveled their heaviest artillery upon it. Yet it remains a puzzle unsolved and an enemy unconquered even today. We are in doubt as to its cause, and there is no drug or antitoxin that will cure it. But despite all this the death rate from scarlet fever is steadily declining, and we may expect it to decline more and more as the years go by. The reason for this, I take it, lies in the fact that the modern doctor is a great deal more sparing with pills and powders than his predecessor and a great deal more lavish with water, air and antiseptics. In the old days it was customary to dose scarlet fever patients with all sorts of violent remedies in staggering quantities, and as a result many of them died. Today medicines are but minor auxiliaries in the sickroom, and both doctor and nurse devote their main energies to preventing a spread of the infection.—Delaware.

The Deep Breathing Cure.

A boy who was consumptive and was rapidly going along the road to the grave was taken in hand by one who understood deep breathing and the importance of proper mastication of food, etc. He was made to understand precisely why deep breathing was of such vital importance, and he took a lively interest in his own cure. He was fourteen years old. In a very few weeks the change was remarkable. He began to get firm flesh on his poor little limbs, his chest developed well and a healthy color came into his cheeks. His eyes, which were always covered with sites, became perfectly free from them, and in three months or less there was no sign of consumption in him. I may say he was only treated once a week for half an hour.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Liberalty.

Little Jimmie, who had just received a box of mixed candy, passed it around to treat the family, saying, "Help yourself to all the chocolates you want. I don't like them."—Exchange.

Conscience looks out upon every human life.—Davidson.

THE SWORDFISH.

Overlord of the Sea and the Daintiest Feeder That Swims.

The swordfish is the overlord of the sea. Neither the whale, the shark nor any other giant of the deep can conquer him in private fight or public brawl. Nevertheless he is peaceful in the main and seeks the simple life, amusing himself often with worldwide travel and always with delicate gustatory joys. He is the daintiest feeder that swims, always kills his own game and thereby insures his freshness, wherefore his flesh is a delight to the palate of mankind and wherefore, again, men go forth to kill him for market and thereby at times fall upon adventures that make the hunting of tigers and the shooting of grizzlies pale into pastimes for the weary weekling.

For the bold swordfish is still hunted in mode as primitive as that the Eskimo uses to kill the stupid whale, and often the sting of the harpoon changes this luxurious ocean gastronome into a raging water devil, quick to perceive his advantage, charging with the speed of a bullet and the accuracy of a swiftness man in the dory who tries to bring him to gaff. Then must the fisherman measure with exactness the lunge of the monster, avoid it by a marvel of nice sidestepping in a plunging dory, or he will be spitted like a lark.—William Inglis in Harper's Weekly.

Taking Their Temperature.

For three days on a transatlantic cruise, with passenger accommodations, Mrs. Billings had been endeavoring by persistent and continuous questionings to obtain some ideas as to nautical proceedings, and the other passengers had about reached the end of their patience.

"Well," remarked Miss Tailor at Ginner as she passed the salt, "I am glad to find that they treat the cattle so humanely on board. Why, they take the temperature twice a day regularly."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Billings in a high, piercing crescendo, "do they really? I'm so glad to hear it, but I shouldn't think they could very well."

"Why not, madam?" inquired an elderly man on her left.

"Well—well, why," said Mrs. Billings, "I should think that it would be hard to keep a clinical thermometer in a cow's mouth long enough to get any temperature without having it crushed."—Youth's Companion.

Diamond Cutters and Their Work.

Not only is diamond cutting not a specially highly paid occupation, but it is one involving a most humiliating system of espionage to the worker. Each man has to strictly account for the stones he receives on going to work in the morning, and the count has to be carefully taken when the unfinished work is handed in at night to be locked up in a safe against the return of the workmen the next day. The possibilities of theft are great, though a dishonest workman knows that an attempt to dispose of an unfinished stone would bring suspicion upon him wherever the attempt was made.

His Successor.

Shortly after the death of one of England's greatest poets a devoted admirer of his visited the little Westmorland villages where the poet had lived and died to gaze reverently at his house, the little church and at some of his favorite haunts where composed some of his immortal poems were composed.

Seeing an old man a native of the village, the stranger entered into conversation with him, remarking sadly on the death of the poet, to which the old man answered kindly and encouragingly.

"Aye, aye, still I mak' na doot but t' wife 'll carry the bizness on."

Brief and Pithy.

An American law journal has quoted the charge to a jury delivered by a certain Judge Donovan as the shortest on record. The judge said: "Gentlemen of the jury, if you believe the plaintiff find a verdict for plaintiff and fix the amount. If you believe the defendant find a verdict for defendant. Follow the officer."

But an English periodical caps this brief charge by quoting a shorter one delivered by Commissioner Kerr. He said to a jury:

"That man says prisoner robbed him. The prisoner says he didn't. You settle it."

Plagiarism.

At the literary club a sympathetic crowd surrounded the humorist, whose house had been robbed.

"They cleaned out everything," said the man—"everything, but, thank goodness, they didn't swipe from my desk the manuscript column of jokes for next week's paper."

"Perhaps they knew," suggested a sonneteer cynically, "that the jokes had already been swiped."

His Harmless Candidate.

A Georgia farmer posted this sign on his front gate:

"Candidates Will Pass On. No Time to Talk to 'Em."

One morning his little boy shouted from the garden walk:

"There's one o' them canderdates here, and he says he'll come in anyhow."

The man looked toward the gate and said:

"Let him in. There's no harm in him. I know him. He's been runnin' ever since the war, jest to be a-runnin'. It runs in his blood, an' he can't help it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

As to a Courtship.

"He's telling everybody that she is his first love."

"And she?"

"She is confiding to a select few that he is her last chance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Explanations in Order.

A man whose wife was extremely jealous planned a pleasant surprise for her in the form of a trip to New York to see "The Merry Widow" and wrote a friend in the city to let him know the earliest date for which he could secure seats. The next day when he was away from home the following telegram was delivered there, addressed to him, but opened by his wife:

"Nothing doing with the widow until the 10th. Will that suit you?" Explanations were demanded.

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GOLDEN RULE SOCIETY.

It Proposes to Organize a Political Party and Restrict the Suffrage.

Emily Bunge and Josephine S. Bunge of Brooklyn and Louise Burge of Hammondsport, N. Y., recently filed papers at Albany with the secretary of state of New York organizing the Society of Applied Philosophy, with its principal office in New York city, for the purpose, among other things, of establishing the Golden Rule.

The society is "to apply the principles of philosophy and of the Christian religion to existing conditions and institutions; to political, social and other problems; to organize a political party to be known as the Progressive Conservatives and to restrict the rights of suffrage to the owners of a certain amount of property, real or personal, and to extend the suffrage on the same terms to women; also to influence legislation in the direction of greater humanity, prohibiting corporal punishment in every form and establishing the Golden Rule and the Christian method and reform which are to over come evil with good."

He Was Very Charitable.

Among the features of a charity bazaar held in London was a refreshment stall, to which charitable donors contributed supplies, thus enabling all the takers to represent clear profits. The lady in charge requested a gift for this purpose from a well known and wealthy gentleman in the city, but one not famous for "parting." To her surprise she received next day a note to the effect that he was sending her a sirloin of beef and two ox tongues.

The same morning the lady happened to go to her butcher (who was also the butcher of Mr. X.), and, after giving him a large order for her stall, asked him if he would like himself to give anything.

"I should very much, ma'am," replied the worthy tradesman, "but I yesterday gave to Mr. X., at his request for this purpose, a sirloin of beef and three ox tongues."

Net gain to Mr. X.: One ox tongue and a cheap reputation for charity.—London Standard.

St. Augustine and His Flower.

St. Augustine of Hippo, the great doctor of the church, whose festival falls on Aug. 28, is a sadly neglected saint among modern ritualists and even occasionally confused with his namesake, who insulted the British bishops. Yet he is pronounced by Hooker "with out any equal" and regarded by Har-nack as "the first modern man." He has been better honored in the floral world, for to him is dedicated the goldenrod, or woundwort (Solidago virgaurea). Old Gerard, with whom this was a favorite remedy, tells us the goldenrod fetched a high price as a foreign herb until discovered growing near London, when the plant was neglected. He adds the caustic comment, "This verideth our English proverb, 'Far fetcht and dear boughte is best for ladies,' or for fantastical physicians." Before tobacco the goldenrod also furnished snuff for our medicinal forefathers.—Westminster Gazette.

It Did Not Work.

Mr. Seabury and his wife were on the point of moving to another flat. Both of them were anxious that the transfer should be made at the least possible expense, and the nearness of the new home promised materially to further this aim.

"I can carry loads of little things over in my brown bag," announced Mrs. Seabury, "and you can take books and so on in your big satchel."

In discussing further the matter of transportation Mrs. Seabury remarked that notwithstanding the heat she could wear her winter coat over, leave it and return for her spring coat. The idea charmed her impractical husband.

"Why, I can do the same thing!" he said. "I'll wear over one suit and then come back for another!"—Youth's Companion.

Hard on the Messenger.

Tommy had been spanked by Miss Manners, his first grade teacher, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said Miss Manners one morning after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About 11 o'clock Tommy appeared at Miss Manners' door. She dropped her book, grasped him firmly by the hand, led him to the dressing room, turned him over her knee and administered punishment.

When she had finished she said, "Now, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors," was the unexpected reply.—Success Magazine.

What the Duke Meant.

His grace the Duke of Argyll was addressing a select company in a London drawing room on the present state of things in South Africa. "I look forward to the time," he said, "when the Englishman will marry the Boer girl and have an English wife as well."

Respectable dowagers looked their surprise, and the men began to smile. Then the duke carefully explained that he meant, of course, that the Boer girl should become an Englishwoman to all intents and purposes.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

Poverty Has its Advantages.

A man on the wane of life observes that poverty has advantages and adversity its uses. If you are poor you can wear out your old clothes. You are excused from calls. You are not troubled with many visitors. Boredom do not disturb you. Spongers do not haunt your tables. Brass bands do not serenade you. No one thinks of presenting you with a testimonial. No store-keeper irritates you by asking you, "Is there anything I can do for you?" Begging letter writers do not bother you. Flatterers do not flatter you. You are saved many debts and many a deception. And, lastly, if you have a true friend in the world you are sure to know it in a short space of time by him not deserting you.—Huntsville (Tex.) Post-Item.

A woman's love is a paradox. You can't keep it unless you return it.—Philadelphia Record.

Settled the Sign.

When William M. Everts was secretary of state a new elevator man had been employed in the department who did not know Mr. Everts by sight. In his car was a conspicuous sign to the effect that by order of the secretary of state smoking was prohibited. One day Mr. Everts boarded the car in company with a famous senator, the latter smoking a cigar. The new man promptly touched the smoker on the elbow and said, pointing at the no-smoking sign, "Can't you read that sign?" Mr. Everts promptly tore down the offending notice and, turning to the elevator man, said: "What sign? I don't see any." The attendant, suspecting something, wisely held his peace, but he followed the pair out and asked the guard at the door who the chap with the large head was. The guard told him.

Her Version of It.

She was a wee scrap of a thing just three years old, but with a soul of a heroine shining out of her great brown eyes. It was her first visit to the zoo, and the babel of queer noises and rows of strange big beasts might well have daunted her baby heart. But she scorned to seem afraid. Only when they approached the towering form of the elephant did she draw back.

"I'm not goin' too close, papa," she whispered; "I might scare him!"—Woman's Home Companion.

According to Law.

In one of the states an act was passed last year requiring heads of families to notify the health officer at once in case there was any contagious disease in the house. The following letter was recently received by a certain officer:

Dear Sir—This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down with the measles, as required by the new law.

PETER ADAMS.

She Knew.

Little Girl—If I was a teacher I'd make everybody behave. Auntie—How would you accomplish that? Little Girl—Very easy. When girls was bad I'd tell them they didn't look pretty, and when little boys were bad I'd make them sit with the girls, and when big boys was bad I wouldn't let them sit with the girls.

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A FEROCIOUS EARL.

Alexander of Buchan, Known as the "Wolf of Badenoch."

During the restoration of Dunkeld cathedral the workmen unearthed the remains of Bishop Sinclair, one of those who assisted in the building of the cathedral, and of the notorious Alexander, earl of Buchan, whose ferocity won for him the significant title of the "wolf of Badenoch." A memorial marks the spot where the "wolf" was buried, and it has often been a subject of remark by visitors that a man who plundered churches and in various ways showed his hatred of the clergy should have been laid to rest side by side with bishops and other high ecclesiastics.

Alexander, earl of Buchan, was a younger son of Robert II. of Scotland. During the closing years of the latter's reign the chief powers in the state were delegated to his sons, the earls of Fife and Buchan, and after the accession of Robert III., an amiable but weak prince, this unfortunate delegation was allowed to be continued. The Earl of Buchan ruled over the northern part of Scotland with an authority little less than regal. He has been described as scarcely better than a savage—cruel, ferocious and relentless. Among his exploits was the destruction of the magnificent cathedral of Elgin. He carried off the chalices and vestments, polluted the shrines with blood and finally set fire to the noble edifice, the houses of the canons and the town itself. He also laid waste a large part of the country.—Pall Mall Gazette.

LEGAL VERBIAGE.

A Kick From a Layman Against Its Solemn Senselessness.

"As fond as I am of reading," said a merchant, "I never peruse a legal document without feeling irritable over my inability to grasp the real meaning of such a paper at a glance. Like many other persons not engaged in the legal profession, I sometimes have to read contracts and other agreements drawn up by lawyers, and I often wonder why in this age of common sense the 'wherewithals' and 'fore-saids' and 'parties of the first part' are not relegated to oblivion. The technical verbiage employed is a relic of the age when that which was mysterious and could not be understood was esteemed to be beyond the comprehension of the common herd. The use of uncommon English in purely business circles would not be endured. Why, then, should the transfer of a piece of property be a process so labyrinthian and so mysterious that a man of sound sense cannot fathom it? It has been estimated that the clipping of the letter 'u' from such words as humour, labour and the like has added to the world each year what is equivalent to the productive capacity of 500 able-bodied men. What would we not gain if from every legal paper and from every legal suit there should be removed that vast mass of superfluous, that antique verbiage, that bulk of repetition and solemn senselessness that now inwraps them as the sheet inwraps the clam?"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Knew His Business.

An open moving van, piled high with furniture, was proceeding slowly up Third avenue in the Harlem section. The driver, whose face denoted contentment and an inclination to doze, sat cross kneeed, holding the reins loosely. The driver had arranged a comfortable support for his back. This was nothing less than a framed oil painting about 3 by 4 feet in size, un-covered, and with the painting protected from the coatless, warm weathered shoulder blades. A citizen hailed him from the curb.

"Hey! Don't ruin that picture leaning against it that way!"

"Ah, g'wan!" said the driver. "Dis ain't de first time I drove furniture. I know me business."

And the van passed on.—New York Globe.

Hit Him Hard.

"I presume," said the lodger lolly at the conclusion of the little dispute with his landlady—"I presume that you will allow me to take my belongings away with me?"

"I am sorry," was the icy reply, "but your other collar has not yet come home from the laundry."—Kansas City Independent.

The Way He Lost.

The McKinner—"T'wa shillin' to gang to Holborn? Nay, nay. But—well, I'll toss ye, double or quits. Sporting Cabby—Well, I'm goin' that way anyhow. So 'ere goes! 'Eads! The McKinner—Heads? Weel, ye've won. So I'll jist hae to walk!—Punch.

The Traces of the Beasts.

On every side in the Malay wilds the traces of the beasts—which here live as scheduled, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in pre-Adamite days—are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path and on the yielding clay at the drinking places by the hurrying stream. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed his itching back against the rough bark of a tree, and, see, coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long, sharp scratch peeped at regular intervals marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here, again, is the paw mark of a tiger barely an hour old, and the pitted tracks of deer of all sizes and varieties surround the deeply punched holes which are the footprints of an elephant.—Cornhill Magazine.

Wanted the Other One.

A handsome and neatly dressed young woman was walking down the street the other day, followed by her favorite dachshund pup. It was market day, and the pavement being somewhat crowded caused the dog to get some distance behind its mistress. Fearing it would lose sight of her, she called, "Come along, sir!"

A would be wit who was near stepped up to her and with great politeness said, "Certainly, miss."

"Ah," she exclaimed as her pet came running up, "you have made a mistake! This is the puppy I called."—London TH-Blis.

A Scure of Jay.

"What seems to be the matter with Mrs. Brown that she's ailing so?"

"Why, poor thing, she's got one of those newfangled diseases."

"She has? My, how fortunate she is, to be sure. Here I've had nothing more stylish than lumbago, and I'm three years older than she is!"—Detroit Free Press.

A "Place of Learning."

Sydney Smith, once asked why a certain college was called a place of learning, replied that although a great many had been there to get learning, no one had ever taken learning away; hence it was appropriately named.

Officeholders.

"Well, there's one thing to be said for public servants."

"What's that?"

"When you hire one you never have any trouble keeping him."—Cleveland Leader.

Out of Mind.

Fenton—At first he was simply crazy about her, but now he neglects her shamefully. Sloanes—I see. At first he went out of his mind, and then she went out of his mind."

WORLDWIDE AID FOR SAILORS

Representatives From Many Nations to Attend Conference in New York.

Representatives from twelve nations are bound for New York city to attend a conference called by the American Seamen's Friend society for Oct. 4. America will be represented by authorities on the interests of seamen from many of the society's branch stations in the leading ports on both coasts.

The ways of the crimp, the boarding master, the shipping agent and shipowner will be discussed by men who have made a lifelong study of these elements in the life of the sailor ashore. The treatment of men in the navies as well as the merchant marine will come up for consideration, and efforts will be made to perfect the organization by which the society is aiming to keep in touch with the shifting body of sailors through their forty-five stations all over the world.

From Great Britain is coming E. W. Matthews, secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' society of London. He has just completed a tour of the world. The problems of the sailor in Mediterranean ports will be reported by T. J. Irving, from Naples, where he has been an active worker for stranded seamen. The Rev. Mr. Wollesen of the society's station at Copenhagen has already arrived. He will be followed by other leading workers in the ports of Germany, Holland and Sweden.

Representing the western hemisphere are members of the American Seamen's Friend society from Montreal down to Buenos Aires. Among the cities are New Orleans, Gloucester, Seattle, Norfolk, Galveston, Newport News, Pensacola, Boston, Charleston, Wilmington and Portland, Ore. The experiment of the society's agents in the ports of every seaboard state to provide free shipping bureaus, suitable accommodations, entertainment, banking and outfitting facilities for seamen will be discussed.

They Sat Down.

One night at a theater some scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion—"confound it all—do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.

England's Mother Church.

The oldest frequented church in England is probably St. Martin's, at Canterbury, and you may call it the mother church of England. Walk up from the outskirts of the city and you will pass the font which gave baptism to King Ethelbert, 1,200 years ago. The font still stands, and the worshippers still mount the slope, and one considers whether it was Augustine or Bertha who dragged the king and husband to that font.—London Chronicle.

A Gallant Clergyman.

It is said that the Rev. Sydney Smith could be gallant as well as witty on occasion.

"Oh, Mr. Smith, I cannot bring this flower to perfection," said a young lady to him once as she showed him about her conservatory.

Whereupon he took her by the hand and said, "Then let me bring perfection to the flower."

The Coveted Hand.

The young man had gone to the heiress' father—always a ticklish job—but he took his courage with an iron grip.

"Sir," he blurted out, "I want to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The old man, not in the least discouraged, said:

"Which hand? The one she signs checks with, I suppose?"

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