

THE SAND DUNES.

The sand dunes, the gray dunes,
They call it when the world is light,
They whisper it when falls the night,
They call me to the sea.

Oh, the sand dunes, the gray dunes,
'Tis there that I would be,
Where low and white the wavelets run,
And over all round, red sun
Slips slowly to the sea.

Ah! the sand dunes, the gray dunes,
'Tis there I said goodbye!
The moon was like a pale, cold thing,
The pool beyond a silver ring,
The wavelets' song a sigh.

Ah! the sand dunes, the gray dunes,
They bring my heart so sore;
The level sand beneath the rain,
The glory of the day's slow wane—
I'll never see them more.
—New York Tribune.

The Red Flannel Patch.

IT CONCEALED THE TRAGEDY OF A HUMBLE LIFE.

In the "wee short hours ayont the twal" one morning recently half a dozen newspaper men gathered, as was their custom, in one of Broadway's restaurants to do justice, at what would be called an unseemly hour by the New York day worker, to a "square" meal. After dining wisely one of them remarked that Eugene Field had stirred more latent sympathy in the hearts of the reading public with his "Little Boy Blue" than any newspaper man he knew, and this led to the telling of an incident that had occurred the day before to J. The story was told to J. by a friend, who had hastily jotted down the facts:

"Tonio Salvatore, organ grinder. This is the name and occupation of him who has disturbed my daytime sleep, has tortured my overstrung nerves when awake, and has sent rolling through my brain a confused and confusing jumble of sounds, very unmusical at times, from 'The Little Widow Dune' to a distorted creation of 'Les Rameaux' by some hand-organ builder who sought sound rather than truth of composition. You night workers, who even in sleep have teeth on edge and blue pencil poised ready to attack the weakling reporter's contribution to the daily paper, have perhaps heard and cursed Tonio Salvatore for grinding out his discordant organ notes, have turned restlessly on your pillows, or made a feint to grasp anything within reach and hurl it at the unsuspecting disturber of your rest, and then calmly pulled your bedclothes over your heads, to sink again into your restless sleep, with 'beats' and city editors and news editors chasing one another through your ever active brains. Hear my story of Tonio, and perhaps you will say, 'Such a thing as that organ grinder carrying the faded photograph of a dead daughter on the cover of his organ never entered my head.'

"Tonio Salvatore and his wife are Sicilians of the better class, with a son and daughter religious in Italy. Tonio is 72 years old, and his wife is 73. Misfortunes occur under the Italian blue dome as under the American gray dome, and so Tonio, with his wife and daughter of 16 years, come to seek a new life here. For an old Italian, with the artist sense of music, sculpture and carving, there are few opportunities in New York, and menial positions are not always open to an Italian patriarchal in appearance and with no knowledge of English. 'The organ, the organ,' his new found friends suggested as a means to earn his livelihood, meagre though the income be from the daily trudging up and down and across New York's busy streets, and so that little Battista and her mother might retain the shelter provided for them with the money brought from home and now exhausted, Tonio procured, by paying a small daily rental for it, an old time organ, husky, hoarse and discordant of tone, and, with Battista assisting him in drawing the barrow on which the organ rested, he started on the path from which Victory was sidetracked, and the end of which was the Grave of Battista.

"I saw the shivering Tonio and Battista last November in the street in which I live, she with a thin plaid shawl drawn around her attenuated figure, and Tonio grinding away, with eyes new looking up at the windows for the chance contributions of lovers of his music, or of haters of it, who, with a wave of one hand and the closely wrapped penny thrown by the other hand circling in the air, demanded that he move to another house or another street, and then looking lovingly at Battista as she ran to pick the penny from the street and hand it to him. At times Tonio gave a searching glance at his daughter and dropped his head until the stubby gray beard rested on his breast, then quietly lifted the hand which held the organ upright, allowing the instrument to rest on his body, and placed it on the girl's shoulder, smoothing the plaid shawl and beaming on her with his dark Italian eyes.

Yesterday, on Broome street, west of the Bowery, I saw Tonio, Battista was not with him, and he was trudging along, pulling his barrow and organ, the cover of the organ next to him having a red patch over it to cover a rent in the cloth, I thought. Organ and barrow seemed to me to have doubled in weight, judging by his bent back and tense muscles. He stopped to grind his instrument, but gave no sign of being interested in anything going on around him. His head was bent and his chin rested on his

breast. He was alive, that was all. As I was interested in Battista and in him when I saw them in the beginning of the winter, I made bold to stand near him, and noted the change in his appearance. He remembered, I suppose, having seen me somewhere in his daily travels, especially as I had always contributed to Battista a coin of some denomination, and he lifted his old cap to me. He ceased churning out his music, and I stepped close to him and tried to convey my thoughts in English to him regarding his daughter. He couldn't understand at once what I meant to convey until I pointed to a little Italian girl passing by, and then he knew I was making inquiries about Battista. He lifted his hat slowly from his head, extended one hand to me, grasping mine quickly and pointed to the patch of red on the organ cover. I looked at him inquiringly, and tried to tell him I desired to know more. He motioned to me to step to the street from the sidewalk, and when I did so he lifted the piece of flannel which I had supposed was put on to cover a rent, but which I now noticed was sewn on the top only, and disclosed the faded reproduction of Battista's face, younger looking than when I had seen her, and plumper. She was dead. I turned to look at Tonio, but his eyes were covered with his hands. His loss was great, I knew, for I also felt a loss. —New York Tribune.

HEALTH IN HATLESSNESS.

The Sun on the Hair Kills Microbes—Ventilation Cures Catarrh.

From an article which appeared in Cosmo and translated for the Literary Digest we learn that the new fashion of going without a hat is not limited to this country. According to the writer, it has everything hygienically in its favor and the arguments against it need only be stated to be refuted. He says:

"The mass of hair that covers the top of the head is a feature of the human race in both sexes and appears to be one of its most stable physical characteristics. Nevertheless, long observation is unnecessary to prove that this characteristic is weakening and that the vigor of the hair is decreasing in man. Now a question presents itself: Is this due to transformation of the species or must we attribute the fact to man's habits? This second solution appears to be correct, which is consoling, since it allows us to hope that the evil may be checked. This loss of hair that has become more striking from one generation to another by heredity is due, according to some scientists, to the habit of covering the head.

"This habit must affect the hair injuriously in three ways: (1) By depriving it of the life-giving light of the sun, of free ventilation and of the movement of the hairs by air currents; (2), by pressure on the small arteries of the scalp, which bring nourishment to the hair; (3) finally, because all head coverings are an excellent culture medium for microbes and facilitate their development.

"The promoters of this reform are meeting at the outset with certain objections: (1) To uncover the head may bring on colds, neuralgia and rheumatism. They answer that colds, catarrh, etc., are of microbial origin and cannot come from the scalp. (2) As for neuralgia and rheumatism, they are convinced that if the habit of leaving the head uncovered is adopted in youth these troubles will not follow. In fact, they say the uncovered parts of the head are not subject to them any more than the covered parts—less perhaps. (3) So far as the incontestable danger of exposing the bare head in the sun is concerned there are many ways of avoiding this without smothering the scalp. (4) The fear that septic bodies may be deposited on the uncovered parts, especially in cities, certainly deserves consideration, but care in the toilet will enable us to escape the consequences. (5) Finally the fear lest the hair should be injured by sun, wind or cold has no serious basis, since unprotected parts of the head are covered with vigorous hair."

Last of Boulanger's Famous Charger.

One of the effects of the hot weather in Paris has been to put an end to Gen. Boulanger's old black horse, that once famous charger which used to carry France's idol majestically at reviews and figured in the welcome to that hero as he rode back at the head of the Paris garrison from Longchamps to the war office. The poor old black horse suffered the usual fate of his race. Gen. Boulanger should have shot him before he shot himself, for in all these years that have elapsed since the "brave general" weakly died, he has been dragging out a wretched existence succumbing finally while drawing a vegetable cart across the Place de la Concorde. The blazing sun killed Tunis—Boulanger's black charger.—Boston Herald.

Western Etiquette.

Delegate Rodney of New Mexico related this incident in the congressional cloak-room:

"I was traveling through the west a couple of years ago," he said, "when our train stopped at an eating place for dinner. The woman who kept the place was evidently an easterner, and was quite anxious to spread around her the cultured habits of her section.

"Will you please give me a knife for my pie?" said one of the men eating dinner.

"We don't eat pie with a knife here," replied the woman quite severely.

"Then, madam," remarked the cowboy, "will you please get me an ax?" —Washington Post.

GRAY HAIRS COME SOON.

THE TRAIN DISPATCHER'S CARES AND RESPONSIBILITIES.

Their Duties Are Probably More Trying Than Those of Any Other Railroad Position—Held for Errors of Operators and Trainmen.

The duties of a train dispatcher are probably more trying than any other railroad position. Some years ago President Ledyard, of the Michigan Central remarked:

"I wonder why it is that all of our train dispatchers are gray-haired—even those under 30 years of age." A division superintendent who was with the party and who had himself been promoted from dispatcher replied:

"Mr. President, I think that if there is anything calculated to encourage gray hairs it is to sit over train sheets for eight consecutive hours and deal out train orders, and do the other necessary work incumbent on the position. The dispatcher is practically the sponsor for every railroad man on his division.

"In case of a wreck he has to know the address of the nearest section foreman, how to reach him with a message and about how many ties and rails are on the section. Also at what particular point this material is piled up. If the accident happens at night the dispatcher must know what telegraphers can be depended on to execute his orders promptly. Some night operators get 'dozy' after midnight, and it would be considered poor policy to put out an order at their station, as a serious delay might occur.

"The train dispatcher is the only official who knows the peculiarities of the operators along the line and has to be governed accordingly. It would naturally be thought that a dispatcher could put out a train order to any operator on the line who was regularly employed by the company, but an attempt to do so might be received by the head officials like a recent northern case, where the superintendent called down a dispatcher for putting out an order at a certain station. The dispatcher tried to justify his actions by saying that the operator was regularly employed at that point and had been holding down the job for several years. 'Yes, I know that,' replied the official, 'and you ought to have learned by this time that Jones (the operator's supposed name) cannot keep awake after midnight.'

"As a matter of equity the dispatcher was not at fault any more than another dispatcher, who gave a slow train a little time on a fast train and the latter was delayed 15 minutes. The superintendent, asking for an explanation from the dispatcher, was told that the slow train only had a dozen cars and engine No. 233, which ought to have handled forty cars and made the run.

"They ought to have made it," replied the superintendent, 'but did you ever know Engineer Slowboy to make time—and furthermore, he had Conductor Awful Tired behind him and it takes about 20 minutes to get him from the caboose to the telegraph office.'

"Another dispatcher put out an order once to an operator who could not keep awake after 11.50 p. m., and while in his usual somnambulant state the train he was to hold ran by the station, a heavy windstorm having put out his signal. Of course, it was the duty of the engineer to have stopped when he discovered the signal light was out. It was the duty of the freeman to have called the attention of the engineer to the fact that the light was out. The conductor and two brakemen were also supposed to be on the lookout for such evidences of dereliction or freaks of nature—but as a matter of fact, the engineer, conductor and both brakemen were asleep and as the station where the order was out happened to be on the top of a hill the poor freeman was so busy shoveling coal he did not notice the signal light being out as the train approached the station, and very unfortunately the freeman was the only man killed in the wreck which subsequently occurred.

"Who was to blame? Most people would say the sleepy operator and train crew, but the officials held that the train dispatcher should not have put out his order to an operator he ought to have known could not keep awake, directed to the conductor and engineer of the train early in the morning—both of whom were known to be redhot in their pursuit of the goddess, Morphous. It did not do any good for the dispatcher to ask why such men were kept in the service of the company; he was coolly informed that he ought to have foreordained what would have happened and that his services were no longer required.

"Yes, the dispatcher has to be a first-class clock regulator. The clock in his office that he runs trains by is supposed to be accurate—at least it is used to settle all disputes about time. No. 6, which has just left Old Point Comfort at 6.15 p. m., is suddenly reported by the operator at Fairfax, six miles away, as passing there at 6.10 p. m. What time have you got? calls the dispatcher to the operator at Fairfax. 'Just 6.11 now.' 'You're 20 minutes slow; it's now 6.31 p. m.; you better get that clock fixed.' 'The agent has ordered a new one, but it has not come yet.' 'How many cars did No. 17 have?' 'I don't know.' 'Didn't you see them go by?' 'I saw part of them, but I was putting some wood in the stove.' 'Yes, you have been asleep.' 'Then there is a fight for circuit, in which the dispatcher usually wins out, as he is officially entitled to use

the figures '19,' which means clear the wires for train orders, which takes precedence over the president of the road's signal. After this little jolt to the dispatcher's nerves some one calls up on the telephone and wants to know when Brakeman Johnson will be in. A message is then received stating that a certain conductor has refused to pick up a car of stock because the way bill does not show whether the man is entitled to a return passage or not.

"By this time the office porter commences to get in his work, and after he has renovated the office thoroughly the nerve-shaken dispatcher starts for home; every sound he hears on the street is a lullaby, every English sparrow a bird of rare plumage, and he vows to himself that if he could find anything else to do he would quit that old grind forever."—Chicago Chronicle.

THE HAIKAL.

Lilliputian Lyrics Which Are Made in Japan.

In view of the martial spirit evinced by the Japanese in their conflict with Russia, says the Westminster Gazette, it is interesting to learn that war songs are almost wholly absent from their poetry. The conventional idea of our allies as a dainty, gentle race certainly has full support in the light, elegant, swallow-like verses—the haikals—characteristic of their poetic literature. The perfect haikal is a Lilliputian lyric of the three unrhymed lines of five, seven and five syllables respectively—17 in all—in which is deftly caught a thought, flash or swift impression. An example to which the Academy awarded a prize in one of its literary competitions some five years back is the following:

"The west wind whispered
And touched the eyelids of spring;
Her eyes Primroses.

Matsura Basho was a master of the art of haikal-making. On one occasion he came upon a party of rustics who were drinking sake and filling up the intervals in endeavors to compose haikals upon the full moon. Taking the poet for a mendicant priest, they urged him to try. Basho, pretending reluctance, began: "Twas the new moon—" The others interrupted him with jeers and reminded him that the subject was the full moon. Quite in deference to their sarcasm, Basho went on:

"Twas the new moon!
Since then I waited,
And, lo! tonight!"

The young Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi of San Francisco, printed two haikals translated by himself from Basho—and rephrased to fit the set form by Mr. Gelle Burgess—in the introduction to his book of poems, "Seen and Unseen; or The Monologues of a Homeless Snail," published in 1895. One of them runs:

"Ah! lonely, lonely
Shall this flower's neighbors be
When tomorrow comes."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Ants like ice.
Nearly all reptiles are deaf.
Cavalry of the west coast of Madagascar ride oxen.

The most expensive lace manufactured today is valued at \$5000 a yard.

There are no porcupines in Serbia. Even the poorest people own property.

Greece has as many people as Michigan and as many acres as West Virginia.

Experiments prove that presence of intestinal bacteria is necessary to digestion.

A new kind of lightning, vortex lightning has been photographed in Switzerland.

Self-illuminating photographs, which may be examined in the dark, are made in Germany.

The swiftest sailing ship in the world is the American full-rigged steel ship Erskine M. Phelps.

The Magyars rule Austria-Hungary, although they number but six or seven million in a total of forty-seven millions.

Whenever a plant is wounded a positive electric current is established between the wounded part and the intact parts.

If Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet, were set down in the Nero Deep, 31,614 feet, there would be nearly one-half mile of water above its summit.

Reptiles seek the light, but independently of heat. In winter they often leave comfortable and warm retreats to seek the sunlight.

According to the census of 1901 the males in Canada numbered 2,751,708, whereas the females could muster only 2,619,607. Hence the male majority was 132,101.

A piece of camphor gum is a very good indicator of what the weather is going to be. If when the camphor is exposed to the air the gum remains dry, the weather will be fresh and dry, but if the gum absorbs the moisture and seems damp it is a sign of rain.

The trip from Paris to Marseilles is made today in about 12 hours. In 1824 the time required was 80 hours; in 1850 it was 359 hours.

HOW KING EDWARD DINES.

Perfect Discipline of the Palace Corps of Cooks.

The moment that their British Majesties take their seats at the table all activity in the kitchen ceases. Quiet reigns. The dishes are all in their assigned places, the courses prepared in the forenoon are on special tables, in summer between blocks of ice. The meats, fowl and delicacies that are to be served hot need only be put on the stove for a moment to be served when needed.

The soup which is cooked an hour before the beginning of the dinner, boils and bubbles, while the "hors d'oeuvre" (the delicacy taken between courses) is neatly arranged on small silver platters within easy reach either in the kitchen itself or else, as is the case in Buckingham Palace, brought to an ante-chamber—which in this palace is a generous fraction of a mile from the kitchen.

The time for the serving of the different courses is fixed permanently, and the arrangement works like a clock. Every kitchen servant must appear clad in snowy linen and must have his own wash basin and towel close at hand.

No sound is heard save the occasional orders of the head cook. But even these are rarely necessary, as the servants are well drilled. In spite of this the head cook, conscious of the responsibility resting on him, is ever watchful. Not the slightest thing can escape his notice.

Close to the dining room is a large chamber into which all the dishes are brought to receive the last touch before being carried to the board. The silver-plated, the dishes and glasses removed from the table between the different courses are also taken to this room and are left here until after the repast. The man in charge here is attired in a faultless dress suit and gives his orders in low whispers.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra, with the other members of the royal family, and on special occasions distinguished guests also, have their own special serving men, while all the others present at the board are served by a waiter.

The entire staff of servants serving at the table are dressed in black. They appear in knee breeches, "swallow-tail" coats, high stockings and buckled shoes. The table service of the royal household is of immense value, and consists as occasion requires of dishes made of silver, of gold or of the finest Chinese porcelain.

The King is fond of good eating, but prefers plain, nourishing and substantial foods. He is a lover of the oyster and likes vegetable soups, but cares neither for mock turtle nor for ox-tail soup. He eats game, fowl prepared with toasted bread and asparagus heads, preserved fruits and toast, but eats no pastries. The Queen, on the other hand, is fond of pastries and sweets. She once said to an Austrian diplomat: "I have the appetite of a dairymaid." The Queen usually submits her wishes in regard to the menu to her lady-in-waiting, the Hon. Miss Knollys, who in turn acquaints the head cook with them.

Both the King and Queen are fond of seeing the board decorated with flowers, but King Edward has an aversion to certain strong-smelling exotics, and orchids are consequently banished from the royal dining-room.

Delightful Mexico.

"The United States is the best land under the sun as a steady thing, but for a month's diversion it's Mexico for me every time," said Mr. Parker B. Smith of Houston, Tex., at the New Willard. "I have been going down there for a month's stay every year for a long time, and the more I go the better I like the country.

"For one thing, the people extend a hospitality that is charming, and they make you feel as if you owned the entire republic. My wife, who accompanies me often, would rather go to Mexico than Europe. She is a lover of flowers, and it is in Mexico that passion for them is satisfied, for wherever we stop, whether in the capital or in some little village, flowers in profusion pour in upon her, with the compliments of some newly formed acquaintance. These floral offerings are never omitted down there, and it is one of the customs of the country that is very greatly appreciated by tourists, especially women. To rise in the morning and find yourself the recipient of half a dozen superb bouquets is not only agreeable, but gives one a profound sense of the refinement and courtesy of the people."—Washington Post.

The Day's Work.

Much of the success of life depends on proper preparations for the day's work. Most people work, either to get the most out of themselves. To rise late, rush through the toilet and gulp down a hasty breakfast is no preparation for a good day's work, yet it is safe to say that the majority of women begin the day in this way. It is just as easy to rise in plenty of time, if one will only do it. The tendency on waking is to stretch and yawn. A few minutes spent in this deep breathing is always restful, says the Housekeeper. This should be followed by a few breaths of fresh air, drinking a couple of glasses of water, exercises that suit the case, the bath and toilet. This forms a mental attitude consistent with a good day's work. A simple breakfast—some take none—should follow before an unburied journey either to office or the routine of housework. Stand erect, breathe erect, think erect, and half the battle is won.

Egypt imports annually about \$150,000 worth of "cigarette paper."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

"Man's first victory is over self; his second over selfishness."

Rulers always hate and suspect the next in succession.—Tacitus.

The wonderful thing about a man is his power to become.—E. I. Bosworth.

Evil never tempted a man whom it found judiciously employed.—Spurgeon.

A man who does not know how to learn from his mistakes, turns the best schoolmaster out of his life.—Beecher.

Religion unfeignedly loved perfecteth man's abilities unto all kinds of virtuous services in the commonwealth.—Richard Hooker.

When one is sad or out of sorts for any cause whatever, there is no remedy so infallible as trying to make somebody else happy.—J. W. Carney.

Where there is no mother there can be no child. Their duties are reciprocal; and if they are badly fulfilled on one side, they will be neglected on the other.—Rousseau.

They who are not prepared for this ordinance cannot be fit for death or heaven; nay, acceptable prayer cannot be offered without something of a similar preparation of heart.—Thomas Scott.

A ROMAN "MANAGER'S" WOES.

Spent \$400,000 on a Gladiatorial "Production" and All Went Wrong.

Symmachus, last of the great nobles of Rome, who, blinded by tradition, thought to revive the glories of his beloved city by reviving its shame, graphically describes the anxieties of the preparations for one of these colossal shows on which he is said to have spent what would be about \$0,000,000 sterling of our money.

He began a year in advance. Horses, bears, lions, Scotch dogs, crocodiles, chariot-drivers, hunters, actors and the best gladiators were recruited from all parts. But when the time drew near nothing was ready. Only a few of the animals had come, and these were half dead of hunger and fatigue. The bears had not arrived and there was no news of the lions. At the eleventh hour the crocodiles reached Rome, but refused to eat and had to be killed all at once in order that they might not die of hunger.

It was even worse with the gladiators who were intended to provide, as in all these beast shows, the crowning entertainment. Twenty-nine of the Saxon captives, whom Symmachus had chosen on account of the well-known valor of their race, strangled one another in prison rather than fight to the death for the amusement of their conquerors.

And Symmachus, with all his real elevation of mind, was moved to nothing but disgust by their sublime choice! Rome in her greatest days gloried in these shows. How could a man be a patriot who set his face against customs which followed the Roman eagles round the world?—Countess Martinego in Contemporary Review.

Boat Must Go.

Among the changes now on the carpet is the abolition of the boatswain. So far as one can gather the idea is to make all boatswains of less than fifteen years seniority qualify as gunners, and let this rank gradually die out, as that of the old navigating officers has done. These alterations will remove one of the oldest warrant ranks in the navy.

The "Batsmen," as the boatswain was originally called, was in the earlier days a much more important individual than he is today—in fact he seems to have ranked almost as high as the sailing master of the ship. Ropes and sails and masts and yards were always his specialty, and the disappearance of these from the fleet seems likely to be followed by his own. Not that there is any lack of work for him to do. Even in the modern ironclad the boatswain has important duties to perform, but the authorities seem to think that the duties may just as well be discharged by the gunners, who are now on the top line in everything, so much importance is there attached to the branch for which they specially qualify.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Not a Tacitful Hostess.

As might be expected, the junk shop guest chamber is sure to prove a pitfall to the unwary. Having not long ago to put the finishing touches to a portrait, I went into the country to pass a couple of days with my sister, a new acquaintance. At dinner the first evening, wishing to start the conversation pleasantly, I asked: "Whose portrait is that in my room? Such a charming face."

After a chilly silence my hostess answered: "That is my husband's first wife."

The conversation rather languished during the rest of our meal, but I made no efforts to revive it.—The Century.

Will Battle for Rights.

On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Finnish Women's Union, at Helmsfors this year, the president, A. G. Gripenberg, who delivered addresses in both Swedish and Finnish, recommended the union to work for the following objects: The right of married women to come of age at 21; to dispose of their own property, and to have the same rights with respect to their children as men; the promotion of morality in accordance with the Christian ideal, and equality for women with men in the choice of a profession. The union, which has now been in existence for 15 years, numbers 1075 members.

FOR HER ANSWER.

He pressed her for her answer,
She, sighing, looked away
Across the fields of clover;
'Twas at the close of day,
Beneath the leaves the crickets
In eager tones and shrill
Called: "Give it, give it, give it!"
She hesitated still.

The streaks of red were fading
Far in the Western sky;
They stood beneath the maple,
She heard the crickets cry:
"Oh, give it, give it, give it!"
Her cheek fell on his breast—
He pressed her for her answer,
And pressed and pressed and pressed.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

JUST FOR FUN.



"Did she marry the young heir to the estate?" "No; she married the attorney."—Cleveland Leader.

Wife (looking up from paper)—What was Hobson's choice? Husband.—Mrs. Hobson, I suppose.—New Yorker.

Fully Understood—I doubt if you know the difference between grand opera and comic opera. Oh, but I do. Grand opera is comic.—Puck.

Willie—My father is a Chicago man. Waldo—How distressing it must be to have a parent who is unable to answer your questions.—Puck.

Chicago Man—Must boil your drinking water, don't you? Cincinnati Man—Yes; and after boiling it we drink milk.—Chicago Daily News.

"What is he going to call it?" "Portrait of a lady." "But it doesn't look like her at all!" "Then he might call it 'Portrait of Another Lady.'"—Life.

Miss Fytt—Which do you think is correct—"I would rather go home" or "I had rather go home?" Mr. Nevergo—Neither. "I'd rather stay here."—St. Paul Pioneer.

Teacher—I suppose you know, Harry, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you? Harry—Yes, m'm; that's why I don't mind it.—Boston Transcript.

The Doctor—You don't like traveling on the cars? Well, I enjoy it well enough, except for the dust and cinders. The Professor—Cinders? Eye! There's the rub.—Chicago Tribune.

More Troublesome—It's pretty hard to be worried by a lot of debts you can't pay. Nonsense! That's nothing 'g' being worried by a lot of debts you simply have to pay.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Newlywed—John, I think baby has swallowed my pearl necklace. Mr. Newlywed—Gad! You seem to be determined to bring the young-one up with the tastes of a millionaire's child.—Judge.

Ragson Tatters—Say, boss, gimme the price of a meal. I'm nearly starved.—Stigman—Can't do it, me poor fellow, but the next man you ask may, so here's a toothpick.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Maek—Do you thing Emeline had a good time? Kate—I guess so. Mother and I took to our beds after she left, and she writes that she took to her bed as soon as she got home.—Cincinnati Tribune.

His Friend—"You've been forging the name of a prominent individual, heh? Who is he? The Forger? Well, I'd rather not tell you. He's one of those well known men who prefer not to have their names used.—Puck.

Sweet Young Thing (in bathing suit)—Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water? Aunt M.—Indeed, I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"I don't want to speak to you again about your reckless expenditure of money," said the stern parent. "All right, dad," replied the incorrigible youth. "Hereafter it will be up to you to hand out the coin and say nothing."—Chicago Daily News.

Ida—I hear that Reginald's uncle left him a fortune. May—Yes; and I expect to derive much benefit from it. Ida—Indeed! Going to marry Reginald? May—No, I'm going to marry the attorney that settled up the estate.—Chicago Daily News.

The Fattest Boy on Earth.

Willie Harris, the "fattest boy on earth," lives on a farm near Du Quoin, Ill. Willie is eighteen years old, five feet four inches high, weighs 598 pounds, measures seventy-one inches around the waist and sixty-seven around the chest. His thigh measurement is forty-four inches and calf measurement twenty-two inches. At birth Willie weighed but seven pounds. He has always been healthy. Willie is obliged to use two chairs. Collar buttons, neckties and handkerchiefs are the only ready-made things that Willie can buy for himself.

Rules for Arranging Flowers.

In arranging flowers for the table there are a few rules to follow: Group them loosely with plenty of delicate leaves as a groundwork and above all things have some regard for color in arrangement. Do not place together all sorts and conditions of blossoms. Simple, unpretentious jars are the most suitable as flower holders. Clear glass jars that show the stems to perfection are appropriate for wild roses. A flower centerpiece on a dining table should be kept so low that it will not interfere with the view across the table.