Says the rabbit to the peacock.
"Who's your barber? tell me pray.
For his shears have shorn your ears, sir,
In a most old fashioned way.

Look at me, Would you see What a stylish ear should be!" -Esther B. Tiffany, in St. Nicholas

A MODERN ROMEO.



HE ball at the Villa Borghese was over, and Philip Leighton, one of the guests who felt the evening well spent, was going leisurely

moonlight night in the bonny month of May, and such a night in Florence, with its riclet sky sown with golden stars, is a clessing not to be wasted under the roof of a cell.

violet sky sown with golden stars, is a blessing not to be wasted under the roof of a cab.

The young man crossed the Piazza del Duomo and turned into the sleepy Yia Ricasoli, which seemed quiet as the aisle of an empty church. Presently, out of the shadow, Philip saw two women appreaching, both evidently frightened at finding themselves alone in the street at so late an hour. At seeing the young man they stopped, hesitated, and then advanced again, apparently reassured by a glimpse of his honest, comely face, "A thousand pardons, signore," began a sweet voice in Italian, "but I and my maid are not able to open our door; possibly your stronger hand might make it yield."

The house indicated was a grim old

maid are not able to sibly your stronger hand might maar yield."

The house indicated was a grim old palace, many stories high, built of heavy blocks of stone, like a prizon. Statues looked down from many a niche, and the lower windows were guarded with the "kneeling" gratings invented by Michel Angelo.

lower windows were guarded with the "kneeling" gratings invented by Michel Angelo.

Philip threw himself upon the heavy wrought-iron fastenings of the door, but they refused to give way even under his vigorous shaking.

The door closes with a latch inside; a sharp blow will sometimes open it without the key, which Giacinta has unluckly lost. There is no one inside the house to come to our rescue; we are really in a very awkward plight.

The white lace fichu had fallen back over the shoulders of the gentle-voiced stranger, and Philip saw that she was exquisitely pretty, with the pensive, dark eyes of her race, and a tender, sensitive mouth. Her lips quivered, and there was a hint of tears in the liquid eyes

This was too much for Philip, who, instead of acknowledging himself baffled by the door and resuming his homeward route, vowed within himself to see these fair dames safe under the shelter of their own roof, or perish in the attemut. Poor old Giacinta was not, strictly speaking, fair, but the aureola of beauty emanating from her young mistress seemed, to Philip, to encompass the faithful attendant with its benign influence.

Across the street was a ladder leaning grainst a losse in

matches he saw that his wrist was bleeding from the cut, and he pulled out his handkerchief and Janstily bound up the wound before proceeding farther. His card case slipped out of his pocket with the handkerchief and fell unnoticed to the floor.

Philip found himself in a very large and handsome room with the rich painting and gilding of the De Medicisporiod. All was tarnished and worn now; the once elegant furniture was dropping to pieces, and the hangings were faded and torn. A chair lay overturned, and the dra wers of a tortoise-shell cabinet were pulled out and their contents strewn carelessly about, as if one had made a rapid search for something regardless of order.

Philip would have gladly taken a more lingering look at the old portraits peering down at him from the walls, some of them with dark, searching eyes so like those of his lovely protegee, but a feeling of delicacy prompted him to make his way through her rooms as quickly as possible.

He hastened down the stairs, lifted the latch, and admitted the two women.

"I can never sufficiently express my argello. A sad contrast to his dreams."

His foot had struck against a small beject lying on the floor in the shadow of table. It was Philip's card-case. It has table. It was Philip's card-case. It has table. It was Philip's card case. It has table. It was Philip foor in the shadow of table. It was Philip's card case. It has table. It was Philip's card. Case. It has provided the latch, was printed to the first and read on the first able. It was Philip's card. Case. It has a ble it has Philip foor in the shadow of the latch, was printed to the was Philip's card. Case. It has provided the latch, was printed to pend on the first able. It was Philip's card. Case. It has a printed to the first and in the provided the latch, was printed to the two provided the latch, and admitted the two women.

He hastened down the stairs, litted the latch, and admitted the two women.

"I can never sufficiently express my thanks, signore," said the young girl holding out her hand. "You have spared us more annoyance than you can realize. May I know the name of our benefactor?"

Philip, overjoyed at what seemed the overture to a more intimate acquaintance, searched in his pocket for his card-case, but, to his perplexity and annoyance, failed to find it.

"Might I have the pleasure of calling to-morrow to bring the card I seem stapidly to have mislaid?" he asked, with some hesitation.

"I certainly wish to know to whom we are indebted for so great a service. My friend, Madame de Carolat, is coming to tea to-morrow at four. Will you come then? But I must introduce myself. I am the Countess Reselli. Now, as it is so shockingly late, I must bid you good night. Thank you a thousand time, and do not disappoint us to-morrow."

time, and do not disappoint us to not row.

"Not for anything under heaven." Philip murmured, half audibly, as the heavy door shut away from him the gaze of the girl's star-like eyes.

Like culprits the two belated women, stole up the stairs to their rooms. Giacinta lighted the old Roman lamp, and by its soft, steady flame of olive-oil the familiar old portraits looked down as if welcoming them home.



the window without more serious mishaps than a cut on his wrist.

"What will Uncle Gino think of this adventure, Giaeinta?" said the young lady, as their knight-errant disappeared within the window.

"He ought to be thankful we were not obliged to finish the night in the state."

"Uncle, I'm fully convinced the money was stolen before this gentleman, the money was stolen before this gentleman to the state. The window was open; the ladder carelessly left on the state of the country of the careless left of the state of the country of the careless left of the state of the country of the careless left of the state of the care step left of the state of the care of the state of the state of the care of the state of the care of the state of the state of the state of the care of the state of the state of the state of the care of the state of the state of the state of the care of the state of the s

SHE KILLED THE BEAR.

One of the Vicissitudes in the Life of a Country School Ma'am.

Sile KILLED THE BEAR.

Solid lyenced it and read on the first a sub-pictous circumstance to find the state of a country School Maxm.

The state of the pit for him till the comes, and the state of the arranger, and Philip awe that above was alranged and these was a hard of teas in a hind of teas in the control of the part of of the

THE JOKERS' BUDGET

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS

The New Arithmetic-The Wedding

Prelude—Cut off.

THE WEDDING PRELUDE.

THE WEDDING PRELIDE.

Little Boy—Say, ma says you are going to take sister off.

Engaged Youth (soon to be married)

-Yes, in a few weeks she's going to my nome, and my ma and pa will be her ma nowly by Soo'.

home, and my ma and p.
and pa. See?
"I see. Then she'll be your sister,
same as she was mine. Say, don't you
do anything she doesn't like, for if yor
do she'll bang you around awful whey
your pa and ma ain't looking."—[Nex
York Weekly.



DEFORE AND AFTER.

Dudovici Marony—Why don't you um-a your face this a-way?
R. E. Storer—I will on th' next trial.
'm working a "before-and after" racket or a hair renewer advertisement. Justake the head as it is this time.—[Puck.

GONE TO CANADA.

Kooponn—By the way, Bonds, what
caused the decline in your bank shares
to-day—dividend off.
Bonds (laconically)—No, cashier.—
[Life. GONE TO CANADA.

PESSIMISTIC.

"Papa," asked Johnny Cumso, "what is a pessimist?"
"Mr. Briggs is a pessimist, Johnny," replied papa. "He always bets against the home club." THE NEW ARTIHMETIC.

THE EEW ARTHIMETIC.
Goodfellow—Say, old chappie, lend
me half a dollar, will you?
Rockaway Beach—Here's a dollar. I
haven't any change.
Goodfellow (taking it)—All right, old
boy, I'll owe you a half then.
He leaves Rockaway Beach trying
hard to fathom the true inwardness of
the transaction.—(New York Sun.

FLY FAKER.

Mrs. Harpy—How did you manage to acquire such a fortune from that little pamphlet, "How to Make Dynamite?" Mrs. Sharpy—I used to offer the book, then pull out a foot section of two-inch gaspipe, loaded with paper and a piece of rope in one end for a fuse, and tell them that was how a bomb looked when finished. Everybody thought it was genuine and subscribed to get rid of me.—[The Epoch.

—[The Epoch.

WIY HE LOOKED TROUBLED.

Tucker—Why do I look so troubled?

Well, last night I dreamed I died and was buried, Parker, and I saw the tombstone at the head of my grave.

Parker—Saw your tombstone, eh? And what of it?

"Why, I'm trying to live up to the epitaph I saw on it."—[New York Sun.

GOOD FOR HIM SIE WASN'T.

"Johnny is an awful boy," said Mrs.
Brown. "He hasn't sat still a moment this whole blessed day."

"If I was his mother," returned Mrs.
Slipper, "he wouldn't sit still for a whole month,"—[Judge.

whole month,"—[Judge.

ONE FOR HARRY.

Harry (a beardless cynic of seventeen)
—I quite agree with you, Edith, that
Mrs. Bromley's gray hair enhances the
effect of her fresh and youthful complexion, but it deceives nobody. I suppose her locks were red before she
bleached them.

Edith—Come now, Harry, don't be
so hard on her. Such gray hair is nattral to many people. I shouldn't in
the least wonder, Harry, if your moustache would be gray when it comes out.

CUT OFF.
Frank—The deuce he did! And what Kate—Papa said that if I married young Ellaby he'd cut me off with a shilling.

Frank-Bravo! Go it, Ellaby! And did you mention me?
Kate—Yes, Frank, dear, I did. Papsaid that if I married you he'd cut me o without one!—[Time.

A CHOICE IN PETS,
Shyleigh—Are you fond of animals?
Miss Mature—Very,
Shyleigh—Which one do you like

AFRAID,
The ragman dreamed
A garment seemed
This statement to have made:-"Ob, when I'm new
I don't dread you,
But when I'm old I'm frayed."
—Philadelphia Press,

"I called, sir," said old Jinks to the tailor, "in reference to the letter you sent about the way my son has treated you. I guess you will find him all right in the future, because he has promised me to settle down."
"That doesn't interest me," replied the tailor; "I want him to settle up."

so to harmonize.

Miss Giggle—There is that insufferable snob, Mr. Piggle, driving his dogcart.

Miss Wiggle—He ought to be in a pup-cart.—[Epoch.

A WALL STREET MAN.

George-Did Gus ever operate in Wall street?
Frank—Yes, he swindled a fruit woman once out of a banana.—[New York Epoch.

FLIES ARE ABSENT.

Miss Boston—Chicago is growing in ulture, I learn from the public prints, Miss Dosen.

Culture, I learn from the public process.

Miss Wabash.—You're dead right.

Miss Wabash—You're dead right.

When it comes to cult there's no flies on us.—[Epoch.

"That settles it," said a prisoner whom His Honor sentenced to the Work House for sixty days the other morning, "Settles what," asked the officer to whom the remark was addressed. "I have been troubled in my mind whether to go down to Long Branch or up to Mackinae this summer. Now I up to the tree of the troit Free Press.

A MISER'S TRICK.

"Now, boys," asked the miser, as twelve pair of eyes gazed hungrily at the steak over which he invitingly held the knife and fork, "How many of you will take a nickel and go to bed without any supper?" With visions of tops, marbles and similar attractions, there was a ready chorus of "Ts," but alas for their bright hined dreams I in the morning, refreshed by sleep, their appetites whetted to a ravenous degree, the old man asked: "And now, who will give five cents for his breakfast?"—[Life,

THE LITTLE GARDENER, I know a gard'ner, bright and spry, But for a certain reason His crops, tho' blest with culture high, Are far behind the season.

Are far behind the season.

More faith is what the ladde needs,
For he is always doubting.
And every day digs up the seeds.
To see if they are sprouting.—[Judge.
IT WILL FILL A LONG FELT WANT.

Cumso—I see that Edison has invented a machine by means of which a person's face can be seen miles away.

Mrs. Cumso—Oh, how nice! You'll get one, George, and then when we go to the theatre you can see a man on the street without leaving your seat.—[Life.



PUT BAY RUM ON HIS FACE.

Mr. Lexington Madison—Where did you get your load! Mr. Windsor Tye—That beastly baw-ber put bay rum on my face this maw-ning.—[Puck.

Beggar-Please, please help a poor cripple.

Passer By (giving him money)—Poor fellow! Where are you crippled?

Reggar (pocketing the money)—In my finances, sir.—|The Wasp.

mances, sr.—| The wasp.

JUST SO.

Beston Hoiress—I am afraid it is not
for me, but for my money, that you
come here so often.

Ardent Wooer—You are cruel to say
so. How can I get your money without
getting you?—Boston Courier.

FATHERIA SOLGITIUS.

FATHERLY SOLICITUDE.

Mrs. Skinnphlint (anxiously)—James, I am alarmed about Johnny. He has been away all the afterneon. I am afmid he's lost.
Mr. Skinnphlint—It's more likely he has run away for good. And it's been only three weeks since I had that boy vaccinated. (Gloomity)—Cost me a dollar.—(Chicago Tribune.

COULDN'T STAND ANY WORSE Mr. Curtis—I tell you what 'tis, you ould have a far worse husband than I

am.
Eunice (his wife)—I don't want one.
—[Epoch. Diamonds at the Paris Exposition.

Shyleigh—Which one do you like best?

Miss Muture—Very.
Shyleigh—Which one do you like best?
Miss Muture (with a far away look)
—Man.—[Time.

"Weigh me, please?" said Briggs, as he stepped on the grocer's scales.
The man who manipulated the weights looked at him in astonishment. Briggs looked as though he ought to weight about 120 pounds, but the beam balanced at 202.
"You must have something heavy about your clothes," said the grocer.
"Oh, that's it," rejoined Briggs; "I have my summer's ice bill in my pocket."—[New York Sun.

ADMINATION.
"Are you unfriendly with this man?" asked the Judge.
"I am not, sir; I used to be, but I ain't now."
"What has caused this sudden change in your feelings?"
"Well, Judge, I never knew before how hard he could hit. He certainly is a daisy."—[Merchant Travelers.
LOST HIS BALANCE,
Mrs. Jaggs (1 a.m.)—Where have you been, John f

wery inteen minutes.

Mrs. Jaggs (1 a.m.)—Where have you been, John !

Mr. Jaggs—Well, if you've found any balance to-night, John, you certainly have not brought it home with you.—[Puck.

AFRAID.

The ragman dreamed A garment seemed This statement to have made:—"Oh, when I'm new I don't dread you.

But when I'm old I'm frayed."

—Philadelphia Press.

Our in India, the editor of an English paper gets from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a year. He does not have much to do, because the tamkes it impossible for him to do much. He fills his paper with editorials ant elippings. In the matter of news, the main thing is the weather. The editor has to keep his eye on floods and eyclones. A short time ago a haid storm killed 250 people in an open field. When the weather furnishes such itoms, it is, of course, a big thing worth looking after.

Jack—I'm going back to business to morrow. Are you sorry!

His Enslaver (carnestly)—More than I can tell you.

Jack (not contented with a fair compliment)—Why!

His Enslaver—Because we are to have a picnic to morrow, and I did so want you to make our calves 'head sand, wiches. Brother Tom has spoken of you so feelingly in connection with the subject, you know.—[Judgo.

SWIFT ON THE WING

An Express Train Slow Compared With the Wild Duck and Go

"The gadwale—but there, it isn't likely at all that you know what a gadwale is," said an observant wild fowl hunter. "The gadwale is a duck. It is a wild duck that doesn't get East very often, but is a familiar fowl in the West. I was just about to remark that the gadwale is a bird that can travel nearly a hundred miles while the fastest railroad train is going fifty, and yet it is slow on the wing compared with a canvasback duck, the broadbill, or even the wild goose. I have held my watch on about every kind of wild fowl there is, and know to a dot just how much space any of them can get over in an hour. The canvasback can distance the whole wild fowl family, if it lays itself out to do it. When the canvasback is out taking things eavy he jogs along through the air at the rate of eighty miles an hour. If he has be ness somewhere, though, and has to get there, he can put two miles behind him every minute, and do it easy. If you don't believe that, just fire square at the leader in a string of canvasbacks that are out on a business trip some time when you have the chance. Duck shot, propelled by the proper quantity of powder, travels pretty quick itself, but if your charge brings down any member of that string of ducks at all it will be the fifth or sixth one back from the leader, and I'll bet anything there is on it. If you have the faintest idea in the world of dropping the leader you must aim at space not less than ten feet ahead of him. Then the chances are that he will run plump against your shot. When he drops you will find him a quarter of a mile or so on, because even after he is dead he can't stop short of that distance. "The gadwale-but there, it isn't

ping the leader you must aim at space not less than ten feet ahead of him. Then the chances are that he will run plump against your shot. When he drops you will find him a quarter of a mile or so on, because even after he is dead he can't stop short of that distance.

"The mallard duck is lazy. He seldom cares to cover more than a mile a minute, but he can if he wants to. His ordinary every day style of getting along over the country takes him from place to place at about a 45-mile an hour rate. The black duck can fly neck andneck with the mallard, and neither one eng give the other odds. If the pin tail widgeon and wood-duck should start in to race either a mallard or a black duck it would be safe to bet on either one. But if a redhead duck should enter the race you can give big odds on him, for he can spin off his minety miles an hour as easy as you can walk around the block, and can do it all day. He would be left far behind, though, by the bluewinged or the green-winged teal. These two fowl can fly side by side for 100 miles and close the race in a dead heat in an hour, and appear to make no based, task of it. The broadbill duck is thonly fowl that flies that can push the canvashack on the wing. Let a broadbill and a canvashack each do his best for an hour, and the broadbill will only come out about ten miles behind. One hundred and ten miles an hour can be done by the broadbill, and he consequently makes a mark for a shotgun that a pretty good gunner wouldn't be apt to hit once in a lifetime.

"The wild goose is an astonisher on the fly. It has a big heavy body to carry, and to see it waddling on the ground you wouldn't suppose it could get away from you very fast on the wing. But it manages to glide from one feeding place to another with a suddenness that is aggravating to the best of wing shots. To see a flock of 'honkers' moving along, so high up that they seem to be sweeping the cobwebs off cithe sky, you probably wouldn't dare to bet that they were traveling at the rate of ninety miles and hour, but t

They Are Palmed Off Abroad as Being the Best Kid.

Being the Best Kid.

"Gloves which are sold as kid are often made of human skin," said Dr. Mark L. Nardyz, the Greek physician, of Pine street, yesterday. "The skin on the breast," continued the physician, "is solt and pliable, and may be used in the making of gloves. When people buy gloves they never stop to question about the material of which they are made. The shop-keeper himself may be in ignorance, and the purchaser has no means of ascertaining whether the material is human skin or not. The fact is, the tanning of human skin is extensively carried on in France and Switzerland. The product is manufactured into gloves, and these are imported into this country. Thus, you see, a person may be wearing part of a distant relative's body and not know it."

Then the doctor drew from a drawer a brand new pair of black gloves. "There," he said, "is a fine article made from the skin of a child. As the hide of a kid compares with that of a goat, so, of course, does the skin of a child compare with that of an adult, and it is much sought in France for glove purposes.

"The skin of a man's back makes good sole leather," said the doctor. "Nature has protected man's spine by a skin which is much heavier than that on other parts of the body. Here is a piece of well-tanned skin from the calf of a man's leg," And the doctor displayed a bit of white leather, strong and thick.

In a museum in Belgium are the bodies of six members of one family. They were all buried in a tan yard, and when they were exhumed, years afterward, the skin, flesh and even the bones were well preserved, so thoroughly tanned were all the parts. These specimens are in a botter state of preservation than are the Egyptian mummies.

A few years ago General Ben Butter effectually checked the tanning of

the Egyptian mummies.

A few years ago General Ben Butler effectually checked the tanning of human skins in Massachusetts, and since that time the business has ceased. The few samples of tanned human skin now obtainable were made by scientists as an experiment.

Dr. Nardyz formerly possessed a fine pair of slippers made out of the skin of a member of the genus homo, but his wife did not like the idea of her husband literally wearing a dead man's shoes, and so one day they vanished. The doctor does not say a word, but he thinks he knows who is responsible for their disappearance. — [Philadelphia Record.

Makers of Fans and Baskets.

Makers of Fans and Baskets.

Fiesole, near Florence, Italy, contains only between 2,000 and 3,000 inhabitants, all engaged apparently in making straw baskets and fans. Women with these wares to sell beset you on every side, run after every carriage and offer their goods so cheap that you can searcely help buying. A pretty fan at 10 cents does not seem dear to an American, nor a basket of intricate work at 20 cents. All the inhabitants of the place who do not plait straw beg, and I am afraid get almost as much as their industrious neighbors.—(San Francisco Chronicle.