

THE BEAUTY OF THE SEASON.

BY L. B. W.

To be the first of ball or hop. To have bouquet of roses. To wake the joyful love of male. And late of female, consens. And do not do what you please. And without rhyme or reason. And yet be pleased—this is to be the Beauty of the Season.

SPECTER OF THE CLIFFS

An Adventure in the Far West.

BY AD. H. GIBSON.

HE held, far-sweeping Rockies were veiled in the purple shadows that succeeded early nightfall. Earnest Tune was belated. He had been in pursuit of mountain grouse up a wild, interminable canyon, and he was now returning to camp over a rough, rocky way, leading through lonely gorges, such as one sees nowhere as in the picturesque State of Colorado. His pony had that day lost a shoe. Hence, it was not possible to urge the animal rapidly over the uneven road, or Tune, much as he wished to get back to his comrades at the camp, disliked to be inhuman enough to do so.

Occasionally, his path would be surrounded by high, dark, frowning ridges of rock, whispering pine trees clung lonesomely, and seemed to awe into murmurous subjection the dwarf cedars below them. Then, again, down into picturesque gullies, with Hippid mountain streams urging their tortuous course, and the eternally silent boulders that jittied ever and anon across the canyons and gulches through which he guided his pony.

At one of these beautiful streams Earnest Tune reined in and permitted the thirsty animal to drink. One by one the stars had crept out in the violet vault above, so far, far above, from horse and rider in the gorge. Dense shadows lurked about and refused to yield space to the faint starlight that dared intrude upon those dark, gloom-enshrouded recesses. The young man looked about him. The night was calm. The scene was sublime. Here the din and tinsel display of boasted civilization were unknown. To a young fellow used all his life to a home in a gay Eastern city, the gulch, with its gloomy mountains reaching away phantasmal into the distance, held an interest, possibly fascinating, almost divine.

To his right, and overlooking the spot where he had paused, loomed bold, outstanding cliffs, their rugged sides here and there clothed in meager patches of spruce and pine, their summits gray, vague and barren, as if Ceres and Flora had united in afflicting them with an irremovable, and continued, curse. As his eyes swept the shadowy cliffs he started, and almost leaped from his saddle. Earnest Tune was an educated man and not given to superstition and wild imaginings. He had always hooted the idea of supernatural visitations. But now! He was confronted by an apparition as beautiful as it was startling. Brave he was, he felt his blood grow chill, and he seemed deprived of the power to speak or stir.

The spectacle that enchained his gaze was a most lovely object, ghostly though it was. A beautiful girl, clad in a white, flowing dress, with wild masses of midnight tresses falling around a pale, delicate face, stood revealed on the lone mountain side. She stood directly within the halo of a strange, greenish light that glowed steadily, casting its deathly hues around the weird yet namelessly lovely figure of the cliffs.

"Great heavens!" he managed at last to articulate, though his voice was hoarse and unnatural. "Am I in a dream? How awful, yet how beautiful!"

With one pale hand she motioned him away, away. But Earnest sat as if transfixed, and continued to gaze with terrified fascination upon the spectral object of the cliffs. What could she mean by waving him off?

Suddenly the animal ceased drinking, lifted its head, saw the specter in all its beauty and awfulness, uttered a snort of terror, and ere the spell-bound rider knew it the pony had cleared the rocky stream, leaped away through the dusk of the gorge, and was rapidly bearing him from the ghostly vision on the mountain.

When Earnest succeeded in quieting down his animal, they had got too far to go back. He was venturesome enough to do so, and resolved to investigate the mystery on the following night, alone, if he could not persuade his friend to accompany him. The pony trembled in every limb and showed evidence of deep fright.

Very soon horse and rider stopped before a tent in a charming green valley, not more than two miles from the haunted cliffs. Earnest dismounted, put his horse away, and entered the tent, where his comrade was waiting supper for him.

Earnest Tune and Willard Rollerton were young men from New York, out on a sporting expedition in the West. Rollerton, a good-looking, well-made, dark-eyed fellow, was engaged to pretty Gertrude Tune, Earnest's only sister. The marriage was set for early winter, and the young friends were enjoying an outing in Colorado ere the wedding came off.

As Earnest entered the tent, Willard greeted him: "Hello! you didn't find the grouse? But, I say, old pard, you are as pale as a spook."

"Am I?" Earnest said, as indifferently as he could; and he removed his hat and approached his friend, saying: "Just have the kindness to tell me if I have turned gray."

Willard playfully ran his fingers through the luxuriant gold-brown curls of his comrade's brother (so inquiringly he looked at him), and answered laughingly: "I find no silver threads among the gold. But what mystery have you to unfold? I know from your manner you have met with some adventure. Come, let us eat, and as we do so, you can recount any thrilling Ute encounter or spectral vision that you may have been favored with."

And Earnest obeyed. As they ate their supper of delicious, fresh wild game, he told Willard all that we have told the reader with regard to the specter of the cliffs. Willard listened with strange interest as his friend described the lonely vision. What could it be? He agreed at once to assist

Earnest in investigating the mystery. "How far are the cliffs from here?"

"Not more than two miles," Earnest Tune replied. "Then, as it is early, let us go this very night. Come, let us load our guns and be equipped should any danger menace us," Willard said in a cautious way, as they finished a hasty meal.

"They were soon capped and equipped for their adventure. "Now load the way, Earnest, I never saw a ghost in my life, and I am all impatient to see one."

"Perhaps the visionary maiden will not appear again to-night. But I hope she may," Willard, suddenly changing his tone, "how does it happen that you never thought to doubt my strange story? Perhaps I imagined it all."

"Your looks and manner convinced me at once that something unusual had happened to you. I do not doubt that you saw what you have related. But to discover what it really is, is my mission. I never see anything mysterious but I try to ascertain its real nature. Now lead on."

Earnest started to do so. But when he gained the door of the tent he became rooted to the spot. There, gliding swiftly over the flower-gemmed valley, in the starlight, brighter here and approaching the tent, was the lovely specter of the cliffs. She was clad in her white robes, but the strange light that had surrounded her had vanished. The young men watched her approach with a strange, spell-bound wonder in their gaze.

What could it mean? She seemed to float toward them instead of walking. The pleasant camp-fire threw out a crimson reflection across the little space before the tent and illumined the white lady as she came on. Breathlessly Earnest and Willard awaited her approach. She drew near and halted a few feet from them. Making a motion to secure their silence by placing the tips of her fingers on her shapely hand over her lips, she spoke: "Not a word—not a question. If you would save your lives, follow me."

Not like a ghost's sepulchral voice, but like the dulcet ripples of a gentle cascade among mountain fastnesses, came those words of peculiar import.

"Follow me," repeated the voice. "You will soon be in peril. I will lead you to a place of safety."

"Should they heed the voice? The strange vision, or whatever it was, started away across the valley, beckoning them to follow. It was too much for Earnest Tune and Willard Rollerton. In the flush and wonder of their adventurous young manhood, to resist a never refused to question the plausibility of the sudden warning. They shouldered their guns and set

forth at a rapid gait, following closely in the rear of the specter of the cliffs. Dimly through the gloom of the gorge they followed their odd guide. From what danger unseen was she conducting them? They never stopped to ask themselves, but kept on.

She might be leading them into a trap. So intent were they on solving the mystery they never gave that fear a thought.

On and on she led them. Over hard, uneven, rocky paths, ever dangerous, chasms where a single misstep would have proved certain death, and on into the dark mountains they went.

At last the ghostly guide stopped under a large, shelving crag that jutted out over a considerable space of the gorge below. The pine trees of funeral darkness sighed and moaned, like lost spirits, in the mountain wind. Willard, dainty and handsome the specter was, Earnest and Willard came also to a halt.

The spirit maiden again spoke: "Here you are safe." Earnest, who could control his curiosity no longer, cried through the gloom that divided them from their guide: "Are you spirit or flesh? For God's sake speak, I entreat you!"

A low, silvery laugh answered him. A specter laugh! Oh, horrible! "Draw nearer, and I shall answer you," the sweet voice said. The young men did as requested. They leaned on their guns and awaited the information almost breathlessly.

"The superstitions Indians and miners about this gulch call me the 'Specter Maiden of the Cliffs,' the spirit of an emigrant's daughter murdered here several years ago by a party of Mormon Danites disguised as Indians."

The young men felt a thrill of horror run through them. She went on: "Such a dark deed really did occur years ago in this very gorge. Taking advantage of that fact and the superstition of the natives, my captors have made me play specter on the cliffs around this crag ever since."

An exclamation of surprise burst from the listeners and Earnest asked: "Your captors? Who are they? Tell us and we will gladly rescue you."

"Listen. My father and I were encamped near here nearly two years ago. One dark night a band of men dressed as Utes attacked us. They robbed us of everything, sparing our lives only on our promise to go quietly with them to their mountain fastnesses. Life was dearer than death, so we accepted the chiefs' terms. Our captors proved to be a band of robbers, white outlaws and half-breed fiends. Most of the men have Indian wives and live in the mountains near this gorge. I was treated kindly, after their rough fashion. My father has been confined a close prisoner in a cave. The chief agrees to release him only on his word of honor to espouse our party and aid in their dark acts. Of course he refuses."

"The officers from one of the neighboring towns, where a bank was robbed a year ago, have been searching for the robbers' quarters. Their guides are Indians. Knowing their belief in ghosts and such like spectral phenomena, I was made to dress in white to scare them away from this part. Strange lights were put in my tent, and I was made to appear as a truly frightful being. Anyway, the ghost business act-

ed like a charm in scaring away the poor red guides. Only this evening I was obliged to play my ghostly role, as the officers were supposed to be in the gorge."

"It was I," said Earnest, "and I assure you I was considerably startled. But how did you happen to warn us?"

"The robbers discovered your little camp, and, learning you were endeavoring on a hunting trip, they decided to attack you. I overheard their plans, and the time set for the attack. I had seen your camp from the mountain. I determined to make great risks to save you. For the first time since our capture, every robber except my father's guard, left the quarters. Then was my chance. Telling the chiefs' squaw that I had to go to the cliffs to play specter, I easily got away."

"God bless you, noble girl," said Willard, sincerely. "You have not told us your name."

"My name is Olive Glissom," she said, simply.

"Olive Glissom!" repeated Willard Rollerton, in an excited voice. "Are you the daughter of Abner Glissom, of Co., in Ohio?"

"Abner Glissom is my father," said Olive. "Abner Glissom is my mother's youngest brother, and you are my own cousin, Olive," cried the young fellow joyfully, pressing warmly the little hand she permitted him to take.

"Cousin Willard, I am glad to know you; and how sorry I am that the foolish coolness between our parents has prevented our ever meeting. How strange to meet you here."

"It is, indeed. But how happened it that you and Uncle Abner came out on these wilds?"

"Father was unfortunate in his business in Ohio. So we started to the Colorado mines, only to fall into these robbers' hands."

"My poor Olive!" said her newly found kinsman, sympathetically. "But let us not waste time. Tune and I are well armed. Lead the way and we will rescue you from all hazards."

"We must be cautious," said the brave, beautiful girl. "All depends on caution. I happen to know where the officers are watching to-night. It is not far. We will approach the cave where poor father has been held so long a prisoner. We will go by a back path with which I am well acquainted. I will attempt the rescue, and God grant we may be successful. They will go to the officers and ask protection, for we are as nothing compared with the outlaws in numbers and strength."

"Why not get the officers' help first?" inquired Willard.

"Because that would take time, which must not be wasted. The robbers will not return for an hour at least. By that time we can have father rescued, and be on our way to join the officers."

It was decided to follow Olive's plan. So, following her down the gorge, they entered a rough, steep path ascending the mountain. The girl had thrown a dark cloak about her, concealing her ghostly attire.

Under cover of the night and the solemn, brooding cedars, they drew near the cave. Dimly, as they peered from behind a large rock, they could make out a solitary man sitting on a flat stone by the mouth. Creeping softly, slyly toward him, Olive Glissom flung her cloak over the head of the unsuspecting guard. He attempted to cry out, but her able assistants were too quick for him and had him gagged and bound before he had uttered a syllable. Then Abner Glissom, pale and thin from long confinement, was released. He was surprised and delighted beyond measure to learn that one of his rescuers was the son of the sister from whom he had long suffered estrangement.

"They found the officers easily and sent them on the robbers' trail. The chief was captured with some of his most notorious allies, and the mountain gang was broken up."

Our friends reached New York safely, and then a happy reunion took place. There followed a double wedding at Christmas time, when "peace on earth" found a true echo in each heart.

Things a Woman Can Do Best.

Oh, yes, undoubtedly there are things that a woman can do better than a man.

They may be small matters, but they exist, and a woman can readily beat a man doing them, and she should have the credit of it.

In the first place, she can wear a petticoat, and not take it up on her heels when she walks, and we doubt if the wisest man living can accomplish this little feat even after a good many times trying.

She can look sweet as sugar when she feels cross enough to believe somebody.

She can be such excellent friends with a rival, and help to do up her back hair, when she hates her so that she would be glad if she caught the small-pox and got her face carved into the semblance of a Chinese cabinet.

She can scold better than any man living. She can think of more aggravating things to say in one hour, than a man, no matter how many colleges he has graduated from, and how many dictionaries he has digested, can think of in six months.

She can cry, when she cannot gain her point any other way, and it is pretty tough work for the average man to cry, and not make a mess of it.

She can spank a baby better than a man. She feels that it is her right to do it, and a man always goes about as if he was ashamed of, as if he did not exactly know where to begin, or where to leave off.

She can drive hens out of the garden in half the time it will take a man to do it. It is no use to swear at hens. They do not understand profanity, but the swish of a skirt, and the flourish of a sunbonnet, are arguments they cannot withstand.

A woman can find something to talk about when a man would be dead broke for a topic.

She can manage to keep you waiting while she gets ready to go somewhere longer than five men could, unless they were youths in the clutches of a first love, and had to struggle with refractory neck-ties.

TWO GREAT MISTAKES.

THE SAD MISFORTUNE THAT OVERTOOK AN OLD SALT.

Shipping for a Voyage Around a California Farm He Tried to Educate the Livestock—Returning to His Native Element, His Memory One Morning Played Him a Very Shabby Trick.

AY, Cap'n, does the kids make the knots we read about in the ocean, or are they tied by the seams themselves?" inquired the tubber when the sailors had assembled in the usual place. This question was put in such an artless way as to preclude even the bare possibility of a pun, and yet the Cap'n didn't know whether to get mad or not. He grew red in the face, redder when the sailors looked at him and snickered a little bit, but he held in. It had not occurred to the old tars mad to have a legitimate seafaring question fired at them. They seem to think that everybody ought to know by intuition the odds and ends acquired in a lifetime on the vast deep, and that asking questions is an idle pastime which should be frowned upon. For this reason, perhaps, the Cap'n remained silent, and the sailors, seeing that he had made a bad break, considerably refrained from repeating his question. After thoughtfully contemplating his feet for several minutes the Cap'n suddenly observed:

"These caps are generally made of shadblow, but I think of a shipmate I once had named William Henry McTumble."

"Was McTumble really his name?" the tarsman asked.

"No, his right name was McFall, but he thought that was too harsh and abrupt. So he changed it to McTumble, which he said was more musical and less liable to jar on the sensitive ears of his shipmates. He had a whole bagful of books, some of 'em two inches thick, but he could read them just the same. He said it was against the law for a man to change his name without permission, but still he couldn't be arrested for it if the change meant the same as the original, even if it was put in a milder form. And I reckon he ought to know, for he read enough books."

"William Henry was a Scotchman, who had sailed the salt seas for thirty years before I met him, ten years ago, in the harbor of San Francisco. He was a navy-yard man. He was then a crabs, dried up old mariner of 70, and I reckon he was sailing yet. About three months before he met me he had quit the sea forever, and gone into the hills of California to work on a farm. But he told me afterward that he hadn't the stuff in him that farmers were made of. He was one day out on his farm, and he had a cow, and in order to teach the animal to drink, William Henry nailed a piece of leather in the bottom of the bucket and poured some milk in on it. The strap was about two inches long, and the object was to get the cow to suck the leather and drink the milk at the same time. So William held the pail in his left hand and let the calf suck a mouthful of milk. Instead of getting the milk, the calf gradually steered its nose into the pail. The calf found the strap, but on the first pull the hungry little creature sucked about a gallon of milk into its head. William, seeing this, rose up and said, 'Then it backed out of the pail and snorted, blowing the milk into William Henry McTumble's eyes, hair, and whiskers. He was so mad he batted the calf's nose with his tongue, and the damp air blowing in off the bay precipitated the phosphorus in his languages till it hung in festoons, blue and dripping, from the beams overhead.'

Bill was still looking at his hammock and using those fearful languages when an officer grabbed him and his bed and stood Bill up on the quarter-deck with his hands over his shoulders. They made him stand there four hours in his shirt-tail with the hammock on his shoulders, and it nearly broke the old man's heart. He hadn't much meat on his legs and the calves were slewed around to the sides, while the sea was lashing him. And the very man who thought Bill was so smart came round and gazed him and threw sticky ends of tobacco just as walnuts at his head.

McTumble was a changed man after that, and seldom spoke unless he had to."

JEFFERSON'S HALF-BROTHER.

What the Actor Says About Charles Burke, His Near Relation.

It was a rare treat to see Burton and Burke in the same play; they acted into each other's hands with the most perfect skill; there was no striving to outdo each other, writes Joseph Jefferson, in his autobiography in the December number of the Century Magazine.

If the scene required that for a time one should be the background of the picture, and so strengthen the general effect; by this method they produced a perfectly harmonious work. For instance, Burke would remain in repose, attentively listening while Burton was delivering some humorous speech.

This would naturally act as a spell upon the audience, who became by this treatment absorbed in what Burton was saying, and having got the full force of the effect they would burst forth in laughter or applause; then, by one accord, they became silent, listening to Burke's reply, which Burton was now strengthening by the same repose and attention. I have never seen this element in acting carried so far, or accomplished with such admirable results, not even upon the French stage, and I am convinced that the importance of it in reaching the best dramatic effects cannot be too highly estimated.

It was this characteristic feature of the acting of these two great artists that always set the audience wondering which was the better. The truth is there was no "better" about the matter. The scene was not horses running a race, but artists painting a picture; it was not in their minds which should win, but how they could, by their joint efforts, produce a perfect work. I profited very much by these early lessons.

Dying at the age of 32, it is wonderful that Charles Burke left such an enduring reputation as an actor. I do not mean that his fame lives with the general public, but his professional brethren accorded to him the rarest of honors. I have sometimes heard comparisons made between Burton and Burke, but they were so widely different in their natures and their artistic methods that no reasonable parallel could be drawn. Burton colored his hair, and laid on the effects with a liberal brush, while Burke was subtle, incisive, and refined. Burton's features were strong and heavy, and his figure was portly and ungainly.

Burke was lithe and graceful. His face was plain, but wonderfully expressive. The versatility of this rare actor was remarkable, his paths being quite as striking a feature as his comedy. He had an eye and face that told their meaning before he spoke, a voice that seemed to come from the heart itself, penetrating, but melodious. He sang with great taste, and was a perfect musician. His dramatic effects sprung more from intuition than from study; and, as was said of Burton Booth, "the blind might have seen him in his voice; and the deaf have heard him in his visage."

Although only a half-brother, he seemed like a father to me, and there

was a deep and strange affection between us. As I look back I recall many social and professional sacrifices that he made for me, and my love for him was so great that if we were absent from each other for any length of time my heart would beat with delight at his approach. It is scarcely fair to intrude upon the reader one's domestic affections, but I am irresistibly impelled to write these words. And so they must stand.

HARVEY KENNEDY, OF NEW YORK.

His Weakness Was a Fondness for Young Ladies—His Novel Method for Getting Their Society.

DOUBTLESS you have read a line or two announcing the death of Harvey Kennedy and telling how he was a very rich old Wall street broker. But nothing has been printed as to the night he invited six young ladies, which his demise will take away from the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Kennedy was a widower. He showed no inclination to marry, yet he was very fond of young ladies, and he had a novel method of getting their society without paying particular attention to any single one was ingenious and genial. He had a carriage built to hold eight persons. It was a cross between a fine private car and a big public stage. Two big prancing horses drew it, and a liveried coachman sat high on the front seat. The other portion of Mr. Kennedy's outfit was a box for one night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mr. Kennedy was a sub-tenant at that price all through last winter and during the present season until his sudden death. For each Friday night he invited six young ladies to go with him to the opera. His guests were chosen from among all his acquaintances, and not often was the same girl entertained twice. For each party he also secured a matron as chaperone, and he himself made the eighth person in the party. To every lady he sent a huge bouquet of the costliest roses, tied with a very long and wide satin ribbon extenuatingly knotted, and with at least a dozen harmonizing with it in color. To be more exact about this he usually obtained a scrap of the chief floral artist's instance, and these samples were delivered to him, who fastened ribbons for the eight bouquets to suit. Every Friday night the Kennedy carriage would start out from his own mansion, he would be seated in the Union League Club—with the best alone within it. His first call would be at the house of the chaperone, and thence they would go to the round of six Metropolitan matrons, finally bringing up at the hotel with the always warm load. Mr. Kennedy was a handsome old man, large of stature, with a ruddy, beaming face, and snow-white hair. It was an odd spectacle to see him in his evening dress, surrounded by vivacious girls, handsomely costumed and profusely decked with the roses of his providing. After the opera was over, he always took the party to one or another of the most fashionable restaurants, where he treated them to a magnificent supper. The cost of this weekly entertainment could not have been less than a hundred dollars. Mr. Kennedy died of a heart ailment, and his estate was valued at \$1,000,000. Mr. Kennedy was a member of the largest of New York establishments where teeth are extracted under laughing gas. I have been there two or three times, and have watched this feature of the business with the greatest interest. Now, as you already know, laughing gas renders the patient oblivious but not insensible. He feels all that is done to him, and often makes a lot of fuss about it, but without knowing it. It is called nothing that had happened. It is when the "man's afraid" that the "beautiful maid" is placed before him as a cheering sight to see. In other words, while the patient is actually under the gas, the man with the gas bag ready for him to breathe out of, a girl with an amiable prettiness takes a position close to the operator, and, as the patient is unconscious, she smiles into his face. She isn't coquetish about it. It may be described as a sort of cousinly smile—that is, somewhere midway between a sisterly grin and an ogling stare, and a congeniality in it. As the man breathes in the gas, and loses his senses, the last fading vision is that of the girl's encouraging smile. The practical value of this device lies in the fact that it is based on the authority of the boss of the place—that a goodly proportion of the patients would become obstreperous and violent while under the influence of the gas but for the effect of the girl's presence. That may seem like nonsense, but in practice it proves to be good sense. When the man awakes he finds that his guardian angel is still there, and departs feeling ill-satisfied, and the man has a deep and poignant interest in his particular case.—New York letter to Chicago Ledger.



THE PUNISHMENT OF WILLIAM HENRY M'TUMBLE.

without howling like a maniac. Sometimes he stepped too near the edge of the bench; then the other end would fly up and William Henry would spring for the middle and fetch the bench down on his head, and stay there for a while. And that's the way the old ogger would put in his time every morning with the rest of us trying to sleep.

When a sailor goes to bed he just puts his things in the hammock under the mattress. Then when reveille sounds in the morning he has just six minutes to jump into his clothes and lash his hammock into the roll like a six-foot saw-log, and stay there until the operation of the sailor is pushed for dereliction of duty. One morning William Henry had just got his bed fixed to suit him when he saw the old man, William H. made the disgusting discovery that he had forgotten to take his clothes out of the hammock. He had nothing on but his nulloer, a short undershirt and the nightgown. He was in a bad way. He got into the hammock and the operation of the sailor is pushed for dereliction of duty. One morning William Henry had just got his bed fixed to suit him when he saw the old man, William H. made the disgusting discovery that he had forgotten to take his clothes out of the hammock. He had nothing on but his nulloer, a short undershirt and the nightgown. He was in a bad way. He got into the hammock and the operation of the sailor is pushed for dereliction of duty.

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Don't Believe It! "Americans are good customers here," said the salesman. "Those big heavy bracelets you see there are bought chiefly by publicans' wives. We sell plenty of wedding rings at 1 shilling 3 pence each."

"But marriages don't occur often; surely people can afford a few shillings once in a lifetime for a real gold ring?" "Ah, you don't understand. The wedding rings are bought by poor people and slipped on when the real thing is at the pawnbroker's. It is not before the marriage, but after, when the rainy day comes, that those rings are bought. We sell grossies of them."

"Who are your best customers?" "Well, there are rich women who have their own jewel sets imitated here. Soldiers and sailors are accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say that it gives them no pleasure when they can not see the smoke, and some have said that they can not taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the error of your blindness. A man who is a rooky that if he smokes a pipe or an unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately he will not be able to tell the difference.—St. Louis Republic.

Why Blind Persons Seldom Smoke. A peculiarity about the blind is that they are seldom one of them who smokes. Soldiers and sailors are accustomed to smoking, and who have lost their sight in action, continue to smoke for a short while, but soon give up the habit. They say that it gives them no pleasure when they can not see the smoke, and some have said that they can not taste the smoke unless they see it. This almost demonstrates the error of your blindness. A man who is a rooky that if he smokes a pipe or an unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately he will not be able to tell the difference.—St. Louis Republic.

WISE AND UNWISE.

FIGURED goods—heiresses. INvariably reasonable—salt, mustard, pepper, vinegar.

"Why is the way of the transgressor so hard?" "S'pose because it's traveled so much."

When a Chicago girl gets there with both feet, how impressive and emphatic is the arrival.

The race is not always to the swift. A one-legged fat man can catch cold as quick as a sprinter.

Binks—Barlow says betting is not against his principles? Winks—Of course not; he hasn't any.

"You are always talking about a donkey. You don't mean me?" "What are you? There are many donkeys besides you."

Edmore seems to be greatly exercised over a triple alliance, but out in Utah they are as thick as the specks on a turkey's egg.

The man who boasted that he was "regular as the sun" forgot that that luminary rises only twice in the year at the same time.

"You look so much like your brother," said Dennis to Phelim, "that I could tell yez was brothers if I'd never seen either av yez."

"What I admire about Josephine is her self-possession." "Yes, I fear she can't help that. I don't know anybody else who would have her."

"How is your furnace?" "First rate. We manage to get it warm every day, but it is a little selfish about letting any of the heat get away from it."

First Newsboy—There goes a gent, Chase him. Second Newsboy—No use. Just saw him come out of a barber shop. He's heard all the news there is.

Abdicating the throne: Mrs. Upton Flatte—Why do you cry, cook? Bridget (about to be married)—It's meself that'll soon be no better off than the rest of yez.

Teacher (to eight-year-old scholar)—What is the population of this city? Scholar—566,664. "The book says 566,663." "But I was born since last census."

Young wife—A horrid rat ate one of those lovely canaries my husband got me, and that's why I got a cat. Matron—Well! Young wife—And then the cat ate the other.

Mother—Now, girls, as you've finished your daily quarrel, suppose you go and eat some dinner. Arabella (sarcastically)—Oh, I suppose you want us to swallow our food.

Easily explained: Miss Downes—What bright glances Miss Gibbons shoots at young Featherly to-night. Board about—They are quite noticeable, but not surprising—Well, my dear, where he treated them to a magnificent supper. The cost of this weekly entertainment could not have been less than a hundred dollars. Mr. Kennedy died of a heart ailment, and his estate was valued at \$1,000,000. Mr. Kennedy was a member of the largest of New York establishments where teeth are extracted under laughing gas. I have been there two or three times, and have watched this feature of the business with the greatest interest. Now, as you already know, laughing gas renders the patient oblivious but not insensible. He feels all that is done to him, and often makes a lot of fuss about it, but without knowing it. It is called nothing that had happened. It is when the "man's afraid" that the "beautiful maid" is placed before him as a cheering sight to see. In other words, while the patient is actually under the gas, the man with the gas bag ready for him to breathe out of, a girl with an amiable prettiness takes a position close to the operator, and, as the patient is unconscious, she smiles into his face. She isn't coquetish about it. It may be described as a sort of cousinly smile—that is, somewhere midway between a sisterly grin and an ogling stare, and a congeniality in it. As the man breathes in the gas, and loses his senses, the last fading vision is that of the girl's encouraging smile. The practical value of this device lies in the fact that it is based on the authority of the boss of the place—that a goodly proportion of the patients would become obstreperous and violent while under the influence of the gas but for the effect of the girl's presence. That may seem like nonsense, but in practice it proves to be good sense. When the man awakes he finds that his guardian angel is still there, and