OFFERS MANY ADVANTAGES IN A SOCIAL WAY.

Love-Making-The Most Direct Way to a



Pientes and Pleasure.

OME crusty old literary bachelor says he can understand how people can go out geologizing, or collecting shells, or be considered to the construction of the constr



JUST OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS. bestowed on this axiomatic statement, the Globe-Democrat, may serve to cle. I several dark points in sociology, and among them the fact that both at picnics and elsewhere the widow is more attractive than the young girl. The power of the widow is so well known as to need no demonstration. It is everywhere recognized. A widow will come into a cummunity and at the very first picnic will take her choice of young men despite the most earnest efforts of all the young girls present. Her success is due in no small measure to a knowledge of the fact that a well-fed man is always in a good humor and disposed to regard the feeder as a benefactor. The widow knows how to do the feeding, hence her prominence.

leeder as a benefactor. The widow knows how to do the feeding, hence her prominence.

Speaking of the eating, however, few people ever saw a pienic at which from 25 to 50 per cent. of the viands were not rendered unsightly if not unstable by carelessness in transportation. The baskets are crowded into a wagon, often piled on top of each other, some are upset, others have their contents tossed upside down, and cake and sandwiches, sugar and sait, custards and bread are hopelessly intermixed. A hard-boiled egg, by some mysterious mischance, finds its way into the middle of a pie; a pot of mustard empties its tingling contents over the squares of dainty sponge cake; the neck of the champagne bottle is prematurely broken, and a dozen disasters of this nature, combined with the unwelcome presence of ants, spiders and files, render the cating a thing to be hurried over as soon as possible.

Not so the love making. From the time the pairs of happy lovers climb on the care or squeeze into the crowded wagons that are to bear them to the alysian fields, the billing and the cooling.



SWINGING THE FLUMP BEAUTY.

swin-inso time flump flatify.

go steadily on until the falling shadows put an end to the excursion. There is a pleasing absence of restraint that enables the lover to make more progress during one day then otherwise he would be able to attain during weeks of calls, theater, opera and balls, and many a pair comparatively indifferent to each other have gone to a picnic and returned home firmly set in the resolve to enter as soon as possible on the miseries of matrimony. As a rule, lovers are not particularly sensitive to the opinions of their fellow human beings. If they were, the number of marriages would fall off 50 per cent in a single year. If they were in the least disturbed by the whisperings, the ginangs, the nudgings, the glances of merriment that continually go on about them, men and women would shun courting as they would the plague. But all these things are nothing to them; if they are seen, they are not in the least regarded, for the lover has a hide like a rhinoceros to everything but his passion, and is not in the least disturbed by incidents or remarks that would drive other people wild. Partfeularly is this obtuseness to public opinion visible at picnics. As soon as possible after arriving on the ground, the company divides into couples, and, seated bilesfully on logs or bowlders.

they become the objects of derision and the prey of seed-ticks without giving evidence of feeling by so much as a single gience of feeling by so much as a single gience of the property of th

in the hot sun all day long in the effort of enjoy yourself; viewed from a sociological standpoint, it is a brilliant success, for, while statistics on the subject are lacking, there is little doubt that, were they available, they would demonstrate that of all the marriages in the country no inconsiderable proportion have their beginnings at the pionic.

THE OLDER ONE—The happiest time in my life was when I was approaching womanhood. The other—Yes? But you always seem happiest when approaching manhood.

GOVERNESS—How long is it since Rome was founded? Little Fanny— Rome was founded 2,848 years ago. Aged Grandmother—Dear me, how time does slip away.—



Baby or Boy.

The youngest in our household
Is fammy, six years old;
His cheeks are re idest roses,
His hair is purest gold.

We often call him "baby."
And "darling " "lear," and "pet,"
And if he hadn'. stopped us
We'd call him those names yet.



One evening when his papa
Was sitting all alone.
The little fellow sought him
And made his wishes known.

"I want to tell you something,"
He said, with serious eyes,
"I wish we had a baby."
To papa's great surprise.



"Well, I declare?" cried papa,
"What make, you wish so, dear?"
And little Fammy answered
In accents calm and clear—

"I'm tired of being 'darling,"



Dabykins and IIIs Friend.
Babykins had all little friend that used to come to visit him once a week. It was the day of the week when the nursery was swept. Nursie would put the glass from the bureau down upon the floor while she wadusting and putting things away, and then it was that this other little Babykins came. It was a dear little Babykins came. It was a dear little Babykins that had curly hair waving all over its head.

Babykins wou'd creep close to the glass, but never could touch the little visitor. One day Babykins thought he would creep around the glass and have a romp with the dear Babykins who lived there. Oh, he was so disappointed! What do you suppose was there? Nothing at all but the back of the glass; Babykins made haste to creep back again to the front of the glass, and there was the visitor. Babykins played with him until Nurse came and took the glass away. Then Babykins' little friend went for another week.—Babyland.

A Little Decision.

One day a small boy entered a store. The merchant looked at him and asked, "Well my little was the looked," Cause the store. The merchant looked at him and asked, "Well my little was the light? Oliver—N-no, sir, 'cause the light?' Cliver—N-no, sir, 'cause the

magnifying glass to see you; but I reckon if I get c'ose enough I can find what you looklike."

"Oh, I'm older than I'm high, sir," said the boy. "Folks say I'm small of my age. You see, sir, mother hasn't got anybody but me; and this morning I saw her crying because she couldn' find five cents in her pocketbook. She thinks the boy that took the ashes stole it—and—II—haven't—had—any break'fast, sir."

Then his voice choked, and his blue eyes were filled with tears.
"I reckon I can help you to some breakfast, my little fellow," said the merchant, feeling in his vest pocket. "Here, will this quarter do?"

The boy shook his head, saying:

pocket "Here, will this quarter do?"
The boy shook his head, saying:
"Thank you, sir; but my mother wouldn't let me beg or take money unless I did something for it."
"Indeed!" said the gentleman.
"And where is your father?"
"He went to sea in the steamer City of Boston. The vessel was lost, and we never heard of him after that."
"Ah, that was sad! But you are a plucky little fellow, and I like you. Let me see." and then, after thinking a few minutes, he called out to one of the clerks: "Saunders, is the cash boy, No. 4, still sick?"
"He died last night, sir," was the reply."

"reply.
"Ah! I am sorry to hear that.
Well, here is a little fellow that can
take his place. What wages did No.
4 get?"
"Four dollars a week, sir."
"Well, put this boy down for \$4 a
week.

"Well, put this boy down for \$4 a week.

Then, turning to the astonished boy, he said: "There, my little fellow, go up to the clerk yonder and tell him your name and where you live, and then run home and tell your mother you've got a place at \$4 a week. Come back on Monday morning and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance. I'll take it out of your first week's wages. Now go."

Tommy darted out of the door like an arrow. How he rushed through the street! How nimbly he mounted the creaking stairs that led to his mother's room! As soon as he entered it he ran across the room, clapping his hands, and jumping up and down, and crying out—

ping his hands, and jumping up and down, and crying out—
"Mother! mother! I've got a place at \$4 a week. There is the first dollar to get something to eat with. And don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house."

But Tommy's mother did cry then. And how could she help it? She took the little fellow in her arms, wept tears of loy over him, then kneeled down and thanked God for giving her such a treasure of a boy.

—Boston Traveller

A Little Decision.

One day a small boy entered a store. The merchant looked at him and asked, "Well, my little man, what will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please, sir, mayn't I do some work for you to-day?"

"Do some work for me, eh? Well, what sort of work can a little chap like you do? Why, you can't look over the counter."

"Oh, yes, I can; and I'm growing, please, growing very fast—there, mow, see if I can't look over the counter." said the little fellow, raising himself on his tiptoes.

The merchant smiled, and then came around the other side of the came around the other side of the came around the other side of the

The merchant smiled, and then came around the other side of the counter.

"I thought I should have to get a to the scratch.—Buffalo Courier.

MONG the large cities of the world there is said to be no more fertile field for the practice of mendicancy than New York City. Indeed, it is claimed for this city that it is the beggars' paradise; and the cause assigned is the credulity of those who give to beggars, the disinclination in most people to investigate begging cases that appeal to them, a distrustfulness that charity agencies will not help cases that are sent to them (and this is given as the chief element), and finally, inconsiderate lavishness in giving. Thus begging is very profitable. The sums so easily gained are not, however, accumulated, but in nearly every case the day's results are spent in drink and other forms of vice.

The number of beggars in the city to-day is estimated to be 5000. This number would quickly reach 20,000, those say who have the suppression of the evil in charge, were it not for the vigorous vigilance of charity investigators and the police.

Every New Yorker who walks much in the city's streets has met with the solitary and decrepit women on the curbstones, grinding whezy hurdy-gurdies. They look forlorn enough to excite the sympathies of the hardest heart. They are all frauds, however, and come from that fruitful region of beggars—the Neapolitan district of Italy. They are licensed beggars, the city licensing them on the theory that they furnish the public with musc. A woman of this class who proved a remarkable fraud used to sit on Fourteenth street from eight o'clock until ten o'clock in the evening, even in the stormiest and coldest nights of winter. As she sat wheezing away, it seemed there could be no more decrepit creature than she. But it was noticed that when she arose to depart she was an able-bodied woman. She was warned and finally arrested. In court an Italian swore that he knew her to be worth many thousands of dollars; she sent to Italy her accumulations acquired here. She was sent up for six months.

The abandonment of a profitable business for mendicancy is not often recorded, but a Twenty-third street

stumble or whether we fall, we must to italy her accumulations acquired here. She was sent up for six months. The abandoument of a profitable to the form and the change, and this is how he came to do so. On one occasion he went down town to buy some goods and unwritingly spent all his money, which fact he did not discover until he had arrived at an elevated railroad station. There he asked for and obtained from a gentleman a half-dollar. He secured this money so easily that it occurred to him it would be a good way to got more, and every money on that plan. He finally sold his business, and began begging in good cargeed, leaving daily a comfortable home ragedly attired. After some time he was arrested as a beggar and committed. He wrote a note to his wife, who came to court, a well dressed daughter. She confessed all.

The beggars all make more that those less unfortunate. But the exters to prison. Beggars who are blind or crippled naturally make more that those less unfortunate. But the exters that those less unfortunate. But the exters that the self-and and a charity officer determined to see what became of him, think the world reserve the first the state of the connection of the contested of being a fraud, and a charity officer determined to see what became of him, and and a charity officer determined to see what became of him able-badied man. After some the officers were handed with considering from the right pocket to the left. He counted more than \$11. As he concluded his count he side. They should be a found that the money he had received from the shopping woman uptil remember the sandy-mountached blind man counted out the money he had received from the shopping woman, putting it from the right pocket to the left. He counted more than \$11. As he concluded his count he side of the counted more than \$11. As he concluded his count he side. They should be considered as and proceeded down-town; on the train the blind man counted out the money he had received from the shopping women, putting it from the right

THE BEGGARS PARADISE.

NEW YORK A FERTILE FIELD FOR MENDICANTS.

It is Estimated That Gotham Supports 5000 Professional Beggars—They Are Nearly All Frauds.

MONG the large cities of the world there is said to be no more fertile field for the practice of mendicancy than New York City. Indeed, it is elaimed

MISE WORDS.

WISE WORDS.

A doubt is the heaviest thing man ever tried to lift.

Cheerfulness is health; its opposite, melancholy, is disease.

Many a man who tells you how to do a thing can't do it himself.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.

The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother.

To be good and disagreeable is high reason against the royalty of virtue. It is as great a point of wisdom to ide ignorance as to discover knowl-

edge.

Culture may sandpaper and polish, but it cannot change the grain of the

wood.

Fashion is only the attempt to real ize art in living forms and social inter-

It is a good plan to say as little as possible about that of which one know

possible about that of which one knows nothing.

Pride is a vice which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

There never was found any pretended conscientious zeal but it was attended with a spirit of cruelty.

We notice that whose was in each

tended with a spirit of cruelty.

We notice that when a man is economical, and saves up money for a rainy day, one generally comes.

Mankind is always happier for having been made happy. If you make them happy now you will make them thrice happy twenty years hence in the memory of it.

Despondency is not a state of humility. On the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride; nothing is worse. Whether we stumble or whether we fall, we must only think of rising again and going on our course.

Vast Extent of Texas.

All sorts of devises are used in begging. Some of them are cleverly managed. A tall man was once found begging, alleging a broken arm. This was found to be a fraud, but the arm was done up as skilfully as though done by a physician. When accosted he said, "I acknowledge I am a fraud." Concealed about his person was found, to be used when occasion required, a sign which read, "Deaf and dumb. Charity, if you please."

Mendicancy long persisted in becomes chronic, and cures are affected only rarely. Only one successful case is on record, and that may yet prove is no record, and that may yet prove is no record, and that may yet prove is no record, and that may yet prove yain. A gentleman met a street begger in whom he recognized a former

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO-INGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born.—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curlous, and Laugh-able.—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh

A good mirror always tells the truth, no matter upon whom it reflects.—Troy Press.

flects.—Troy Press.

WHEREVER the experienced blind man moves there is an era of good feeling.—Troy Press.

When engineers and trainmen are well trained the locomotive goes off

well trained the locomotive goes off on a toot.—Picayune.

No MATTER how cheap quinine may be it is always a drug on the market.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The ice man now calls every morning at the home of the coal man and toes him up.—Dallas News.

POLICE officers in hoodlum districts are always expect to have many a touch

POLICE officers in hoodlum districts naturally expect to have many a tough experience.—Buffalo Courier.

WHEN A mercantile concern "takes in sail" it is in the interest of the balance-sheet.—Lowell Courier.

It is highly probable that the times which tried men's souls found some of them guilty.—Buffalo Courier.

A PECULIARITY about it is that when money is tight it's business that's apt to stagger.—Philadelphia Times.

THE restaurateurs at the Columbian Exposition seem to think that a fair exchange is no robbery.—Indianapolis News.

apolis News.

With reference to these shows it may be said a dog's ancestral tree cannot be told by its bark.—Philadelphia Times.

The man who knows that he was one kind of a fool yesterday often has a suspicion that he is some other kind to-day.—Ram's Horn.

Mus SUMMER.—Phon't you find it.

kind to-day.—Ram's Horn.

MRS. SLIMDIET.—"Don't you find it
a little lonesome sitting down to
luncheon all alone?" Bordaire.—"Oh,
no, the cheese is here.".—Truth.

THE women in an insane asylum
look, somehow, like the women you
meet at home with a church entertainment on their hands.—Atchison
Globe.

Globe.

"Poor Mrs. Chatter is all worn out from talking last night." "Did she lecture?" "Oh, no; it was a whist party she attended."—Chicago Inter

THE government of Russia has ex-cluded "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the theaters of that country, yet they call it despotic and inconsiderate.—Phila-delphia Ledger.

delphia Ledger.

"What makes Swiggins such an unconscionable liar?" "Stinginess. He has as many facts as anybody, but he hates to give them out."—Chicago Tribune.

The mosquito-pest season seems to have reached Boston, when a clergyman preached a sermon the other day on "The Bigness of Little Things."—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a man considers how easy be

Philadelphia Ledger.

WHEN a man considers how easy he finds it to lend money, he cannot help wondering sometimes that he finds it so hard to get anybody else to lend money to him.—Texas Siftings.

MUSIC TEACHER.—"I don't know why you are displeased. Your daughter really sings very well." Father—"Yes; but how is it that she never sings anything but soprano."—Schalk.

HICKS—"Brown seems wide awake enough when at his business, but at home he is fearfully absent-minded." Wicks—"But then his wife has a mind of her own, and it is quite unnecessary that he should take his home with him."—Boston Courier.

A-PRIVATE soldier, walking arm-

A PRIVATE soldier, walking armin-arm with his sweetheart, met his sergeant when about to enter a cheap restaurant. He respectfully introduced her to him: "Sergeant, my sister!" "Yes, yes," was the reply. "I know; she was mine once."—Le Litto al.

to al.

THE ELDER—I noticed that Mrs.
Van West's father died the other day
and left her a lot of land out in Dakota. I suppo e she will separate
from Van West now. The younger—
Separate? Why so? The elder—
She will have very good grounds for
a divorce, you see.—Brooklyn Life.

"Looy, at me maken," said the

"Look at me, ma'am," said the
man who was asking for something
to eat. "Ain't I the picture of
despair?" "I don't know anything
about yer bein' a picture," she answered, glancing at the ax; "but unless you're in the wood-cut line you
can't get anything to eat here."—
Washington Star.

Washington Star.

The conversation turned on the number thirteen, the spilling of salt, knives and forks placed crosswise, and other kinls of superstitions. "You need not laugh at similar beliefs," gravely remarked Tranquilettl. "An uncle of mine at the age of 77 committed the imprudence of going to a dinner at which the guests numbered thirteen." "And he died numbered thirteen." "And he died that very evening?" "No, but ex-actly thirteen years afterward."— Gazetta Pledmontese.

Gazetta Pledmontese.

"YES, I may take a few summer bearders this year," replied the old farmer, after asking for a pound of reg'lar saleratus, "but I'm goin' to hev a fair understandin' in the outset." "About what?" "Wall, principally as to butter'n' eggs and cream and such, but perticklarly as to sleepin'. We took an artist from New York last summer who upsot the hull house when he found he was to sleep with the hird man, and I actually believe he kept a governor 'rom engagin' with us at \$7 a week and washin' and mendin' throwed in."—Detroit Free Press.