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It is related as singular that fat men seldom commit crime. It doesn't seem so singular when you reflect that it is difficult for a fat man to stoop to anything low.

The Peruvians are said to have sacked the observatory erected by Harvard College on Mount Aconcagua. Why not send the Harvard football team down there and wipe Peru off the map.

The new rifle which has been adopted in the United States army weighs only eight pounds, and will kill a man at a distance of two miles. With the use of smokeless powder, it is said, a man would be killed before he heard or knew of the report. The bullet is to be of nickel or steel.

VERY much of the wrong-doing of the world arises from ignorance and thoughtlessness. Temptations are strong, desires are ardent, inclinations are imperious, and the weak and undisciplined judgment is easily led to concede that there is no great harm in yielding. Gradually this yielding comes to be a habit, and the character is formed, or rather wrecked, by self-indulgence where it might have been saved, elevated, and strengthened by more knowledge and a wiser training.

SOME one makes the suggestion that the north pole would have been reached long ago if explorers were not so anxious to get back home in order to fill engagements on the lecture platform.

PEOPLE do not generally recognize the abounding and permanent happiness that it is possible to enjoy from witnessing and sympathizing in that of others. Not that such enjoyment is unknown—far from it. It gladdens the heart of every true father and mother; it is the soul of friendship, the essence of philanthropy, the atmosphere in which real benevolence exists. But it is rarely looked for; it is always incidental; it takes us by surprise if we pause long enough to consider it at all.

The greatest length of the United States from east to west is on the parallel of forty-five degree north latitude, that is to say, from Eastport, Me., on the Atlantic coast, to a point on the Pacific exactly fifty-two and a half miles due west of Salem, Ore. On the above parallel it is exactly 2,768 miles long. Its greatest width, from north to south, is on the ninety-seventh degree of longitude, which extends through the United States in an almost direct line from Pembina, N. D., to Point Isabel, Tex. The greatest width is 1,612 miles.

A CHICAGO man, whose interest in the subject was aroused by the fact that his firm had been swindled out of several thousands of dollars by forged bills of lading, has originated a bill that he believes will protect shippers. A bill of lading with the name of a well-known firm attached to it is as negotiable as a check, and shippers have been swindled out of thousands and thousands of dollars by sharpers expert with the pen. Only recently a Kansas City firm was neatly victimized out of \$1,300 in this manner. A bill of lading should have every safeguard thrown around it that a check or draft has. If the Chicago man's invention is all that is claimed for it, the railroads should adopt it at once.

A New York photographer has begun suit against a Chicago publication for damages growing out of alleged infringement of copyright. The law under which the action is brought prescribes damages of \$1 for each copy of the publication containing the "pirated" article, and as the publication attacked circulates some 270,000 copies, the hapless publisher sees ruin staring him in the face. It is entirely obvious that this law is a faulty one, throwing open the way to gross injustice. It has more than once been employed for purposes of extortion. Innocent and unknown violations of it frequently occur, and indeed cannot be avoided in the publication of newspapers. There should be organized effort made by the press of the country to persuade the next Congress to repeal or radically amend this Federal statute.

UNDER MIDNIGHT SUN

NORWAY'S SEABOARD AND ITS MANY ATTRACTIONS.

Customs and Resources of a Far Distant Country Which Has Little Besides Its People and Its Scenery—Grand Future and Glorious Past.

The climate of all Western Europe, so far as the influence of the sea extends inland, is so tempered by the balmy waters of the Gulf Stream during both winter and summer that the population do not seem to be in special need of going elsewhere to escape either the heat or the cold. In England, when the summer temperature rises above eighty degrees, the heat is considered oppressive; in winter when the thermometer sinks below twenty degrees the cold is regarded as exceptional. But like the inhabitants of other regions favored in the matter of climate, the people take advantage of the first warm wave or



A SCENE ON THE COAST.

the advent of frost to rush off to localities where the climate conditions are more favorable to comfort. In winter the Riviera, Italy, Greece and North Africa are crowded with refugees from the cold of Russia, Germany, France and Great Britain, while in summer, travel turns again to the north, and thus the ebb and flow of the human tide continues as regularly as the migration of the birds. The richness of the Norway coast to Great Britain, and the convenience with which it may be reached from any part of Western Europe, have, during recent years, made it an exceedingly popular resort among tourists. Steamship lines have been established along the coast to carry the tourists from place to place; like magic, hotels have sprung up at every point where the least attraction is offered to the tourists; dealers in natural curiosities, in photographs, books of description and the thousand and one articles of which the traveling public stands constantly in need, do a thriving business, and all Norway is rendered richer by the summer travel.

It has need of something to enrich its population, for, with the exception of Switzerland, there are few countries on the globe that have fewer resources of wealth than the narrow strip of coast, which seems to have been created merely for the purpose of making Sweden an inland country. But Norway is by no means so small as it looks. Over 1,000 miles from north to south, nearly 300 miles from east to west it double the size of Missouri, containing more than 150,000 square miles of territory. In the case of a country which is one-fourth straight up and down, a fourth more steep to climb, and almost all the remaining half too rocky to cultivate, superior area counts for little, for, as was once said in the case of the blackland of a Western State, the more of it a man owns, the poorer he is. That at this is almost literally true in the case of Norway may be more easily seen when it is remembered that a European government, like every other, must have money, and, however poor the land may be, its owner must pay his taxes, and plenty of them, too, and if he cannot prevail on any one to buy the land, he must keep on paying indefinitely. If he cannot get his money out of the land, that is his misfortune. The Government of Norway is just as hard-hearted in such matters as any State or municipal government in the United States, and just as prompt at enforcing collections.

In one way or another the government of Norway manages to squeeze out of the people \$12,000,000 every year in taxes, and, as may be naturally supposed in a country so poor, the inhabitants are kept busy in the effort to make a living and pay their taxes. But they manage to do both, though it must be confessed that, to people who live outside of Norway, their efforts in the former direction do not seem to be



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A WHALE.

a brilliant success. But no one ought to starve with oats and barley, with eggs and butter and fowls and milk and reindeer meat in such quantities and abundance, and so the hardy Norwegians live, though it cannot be said that they get fat. The contrary, however, may soon be the case, for thousands of tourists now crowd the coast towns of Norway, and the hotel-keepers and other classes that live on the traveling public are rapidly learning how that public may be lured out of its last dollar, and are acquiring a dexterity that will soon place them, in the traveling mind, on a plane of respect similar to that occupied by the innkeepers of Switzerland, France, and the tourist part of the Rhine. If magnificence of scenery were any justification for robbery by hotel-keepers, waiters, hack driv-

ers, and others of that persuasion, the conclusion of the Norwegian ought never to give them a moment's disquietude, for in no part of the world, save the north coast of Lake Superior, is there a grander spectacle than in almost any inlet on the Norway seaboard. Some one has said all Norway is but one grand inlet, and in fact, according to this statement any one who sails along the coast is forced to give in his admiration. It may also be remarked that the seaboard is really only one inlet after another, for so numerous are the islands along the coast that it is impossible in a day to sail for miles in the narrow passages between islands and the main land and rarely catch more than a glimpse of the sea without.

The islands are worthy of the name. Huge masses of rock rise from the sea, often 2,000 or 3,000 feet in perpendicular height; their summits have never been trodden by the foot of man. No attempt is ever made to ascend them, for the difficult and dangerous task would be utterly fruitless of result. From some of the Alpine peaks the prospect is so lovely and beautiful, is unsurpassed. For a hundred miles there is an alternation of mountain and valley, while far away in the dim southern distance stretch the sunny plains of Italy, dotted with the green and steeples of cities, specked with the white marble villas of the nobility and gentry. A score of cities, every one famous in story and song, are visible at a single glance, while the beauty of the natural features of scenery, the scenery that created a furor of enthusiasm when portrayed by Hannibal, his dusky warriors from beyond the sea, and later drove Napoleon's soldiers wild, amply repays the fatigue and labor of the ascent. No such compensation awaits him who climbs a peak in Norway, for after the ascent, to his weary and aching feet, he sees to the north and south an endless succession of gigantic peaks similar to the one on which he stands, to the east are apparently boundless table lands, broken by an occasional peak, while to the west is the sea that has more than once been covered with the sails of the Norsemen, whose dread fame a thousand years ago spread so far and wide that even in the south of France the monks to their daily prayers added the petition: A furoræ Normanorum Libera nos, O Domine.

No body tries to ascend the peaks, and, indeed, not a few are inaccessible, having not even a landing place for the smallest boat. Rising perpendicularly from the water, their bases have been tunneled by the busy waves beating against them for thousands of years; the billows rush into the cavernous openings, and, when the wind blows, rush out again like a pent-up flood, and with a force that no boat could withstand, so that, sometimes for miles, no spot can be found where even the nimblest sailor could leap in. In the fjord fashion from the boat to the shore, but the mighty cliffs, and the jagged rocks that rear their heads among the clouds are not left in solitude, even though their tops have never been trodden by the foot of man. Millions of wild fowl of every kind have their nests among the crags, and fly to and fro in mid-air, suspended above the range of the sportsman's shot. Ordinarily, almost unseen, save for one sailing out or lazily returning,



A COUNTRY CHURCH.

fish laden, to its nest, no idea can be formed of their numbers. The discharge of a gun brings them out by thousands; the air is darkened with their numbers; the ear is offended by their noisy remonstrances against the invasion of their solitude. When the winter approaches, they gather and leave for the south in vast flocks. Every peasant in Central and Western Europe is familiar with the sight and sound of these aerial armies passing far above his head, and has learned by long experience to judge of the near approach of cold or warm weather. They are true tourists. All day long, with noisy clamor, they travel; at night, well aware of the danger, they descend in perfect stillness, feed and rest. A passer-by might walk within fifty feet of a thousand of them and not hear a single sound. They are not bothered with waiting for trains or making connections, or paying hotels or tipping the lazy waiters who do more waiting in the kitchen than at the table. For thousands of miles they travel, and the birds that spend the summer among the barren rocks of Norway pass the winter among the wild rice marshes of Central Africa.

The Norwegians they have left behind would be glad to go with them, for Norway is not over cheerful even when summer is at its height, and the sun wheels round the horizon instead of sinking below, but in winter the desolation becomes tenfold more apparent, and the limited resources of the inhabitants are taxed to the utmost to get through the season. More than one Arctic explorer has given a graphic picture of the horrors of a winter in the frozen north; but to the Norsemen every winter is an Arctic winter, and the inconveniences and sufferings of which the explorers complain so bitterly are by him borne as a matter of course. To him a temperature of 40 to 50 degrees below zero does not seem excessively cold, for he is prepared for it. Well protected without by a dress of fur from head to foot, well provided within with an abundant supply of fish and oily food, his system defies the cold, and without injury he endures a temperature that would speedily prove fatal to the inhabitants of a warmer zone. Whether it is that only the strong can live in such a climate, or whether the climate makes all who live in it strong, is a question that only those versed in such matters can answer; but certain it is that no country in the world produces better examples of the human animal than the Scandinavian peninsula. Tall, well formed, robust, the men of Norway and Sweden are capable of enduring almost any amount

of labor and hardship. The soldiers of the Swedish and Norwegian armies average the tallest in Europe, and although during the last few centuries they have not had the opportunity to keep up the reputation they won when the viking ships were known and dreaded on every coast from the mouth of the Rhine to the mouth of the Tiber, they are still prepared to give a good account of themselves should the political necessities of their country ever again demand their services in war. Their home life is as simple as could be imagined, for there are only two leading lines of industry in Norway—farming and fishing—and very often both are practiced by the same individuals, who, during the short spring and summer, do the heavy work of agriculture, leaving the lighter tasks to their wives and children, while in the winter they devote their time almost exclusively to the fisheries. The



VOSEVANGEN, AN AVERAGE NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.

latter may much better than farming, for the Norway summer is so short that only the quickest growing and hardiest grains, such as oats or barley, have a chance to mature at all. But oat cake and barley bread are good enough for the man who has never known anything better, and the Norway peasant has few dainties, while his style of living is on a par with his plainness of diet. His house is never luxurious, but one thing must be said in its favor, it is always comfortable, even in the coldest weather. It is often shaven by his goats and reindeer, and as cooking, eating and sleeping are all done in the same room, the atmosphere is often of overpowering thickness; but to a Norwegian oxygen does not appear to be a necessity; he lives and thrives in air that can almost be cut into lumps.

Ordinarily regardless of personal appearance, there is one occasion when every inhabitant of Norway must look fine, and that is on the wedding day. Even then, however, the distinction between the rich and the poor is very trifling, for in every church in the kingdom there are kept a set of wedding regalia and a silver gilt crown, and by paying a small sum the poorest bride can, for a day, look as gorgeous as a queen. Many of these wedding crowns are 600 or 700 years old, and were worn by Norwegian brides at a time when the great furrows of the sea and the glaciers were still fresh along the German Ocean, and there is therefore an odor of sanctity about these articles of personal adornment which renders their presence almost as necessary at a wedding as that of the preacher. In the forests and on the mountains of Sweden there still linger the traditions and legends which are found among the common people of every country in Europe; nor, any more than the Greeks or Italians, have they forgotten their glorious past. There is a great future before the viking of Sweden, and the evidence of a new national life is seen everywhere: in the cities, where modern structures are taking the place of the old-fashioned dwellings and offices; in the country, where men and women dress better, and where the fathers and mothers, the time may never come when the viking will again carry terror to France and England, but the day is near at hand when the Scandinavian powers will exert far more influence in the affairs of Europe than they ever had before, and this broadening of their power will be due in no small degree to the improvement in the condition of their people.

HUNTING THE COON.

Plenty of Rare Old Sport Trailing the Frisky Animal.

I can find more sport in a good old-fashioned coon hunt than in any other kind of hunting you can name, and I know many an old boy like me who thinks just the same, says an old hunter. The one thing needful in a coon hunt is a good dog. The trail of the coon is the coldest of any known game animal. A dog with the finest nose in a well-bred line, better than the ordinary, and training for his work, is necessary to follow this trail successfully. Besides its difficult trail, the coon has many tricks to confuse both hunter and dog. It will frequently run up a tree a few feet and camp from it in another direction as far as possible, and thence take a devious course. This ruse never fails to throw the be of dogs off, and by the time the trail is found again, if it is found at all, the coon has put miles between him and dancer.

When a coon is brought to tree, the trained dog announces the fact in an entirely different voice from the cry he utters when on the trail. Some dogs do not cry at all while on the chase, reserving their voices until such time as the game is treed. A gun is an entirely unnecessary part of a coon-hunter's outfit. When the hunters come up to the tree, the most agile of the party shins up and shakes the coon out. This is not always an easy thing to do, and next to the fight with the coon is the most exciting moment for these hunters is when they discover the coon crouching on a limb, and brought into distinct outline between them and the moon. A coon is always on the alert, even when treed, and many a cunning old fellow I have known to leap from high up in a tree, alight in the thick of hunters' and dogs, and makes his escape by the loquacious of his maneuver.

DIDDLEY (at the door)—"Is Miss Diddley engaged?" Servant—"Oh, don't rightly know, sir, yit; but that other young man has been sparkin' her for a full hour!"

THE CORMORANT AT WORK.

OF BIRDS TRAINED BY THE CHINESE TO CATCH FISH.

They Know Their Master's Signals—Caught When They Get Fish and Beaten if They Fail.

"I SPENT four years in China," said Electrical Engineer Charles Dean, "and while I saw more curious and surprising things there than I could tell about if I talked a month, nothing amused me so much as the fishing cormorants at their work. The first time I saw cormorant fishing I was walking along the River Min. By and by I came to a bamboo float or raft, moored to the pier of a bridge. A Chinaman was squatting on the raft, and some birds I took at first to be ducks were grouped at one end of it. They were all faced toward the squatting Chinaman, who was gazing steadily at them, his hands on his knees.

"Suddenly the Chinaman extended his right hand, palm upward, toward one of the birds, which I had by this time discovered were not ducks. This particular bird came briskly toward the Chinaman and climbed upon his open palm. The man stroked its feathers fondly, rubbed his cheek along its neck and talked to it in Chinese, evidently in terms of endearment. The bird seemed delighted with this treatment. It laid its head on the Chinaman's arm, stroked his face with his queer-looking bill and returned all his caresses. This mutual fondling continued for perhaps a minute. Then the Chinaman moved with the bird to the further side of the float and placed it on the edge. Then for the first time I realized what was going on. In this was a Chinese fisherman and his invaluable aids, the cormorants.

"When this cormorant was placed on the edge of the float it dipped its bill into the water, snapped it loudly, looked up and down the side of the raft, turned its head, fixed its glittering black eyes an instant on its master, and then slid from the float down into the water, without leaving as much as a ripple where it disappeared. The Chinaman sat down and awaited the reappearance of his bird without any apparent concern or impatience. The other birds remained standing at their end of the raft, almost motionless, and over with their shining eyes fixed on the fisherman. The cormorant that had dived into the water remained under for nearly half a minute. Then it came up with a pop that threw it almost clear of the water. The tail and half the body of a fish protruded from its bill. The bird swam jumped on the raft, climbed upon it, jumped upon its master's knee, and held its head up for him to remove the fish. With one hand the Chinaman drew the fish from the cormorant's mouth and with the other stroked its neck and plumage, and with his mouth close to its head murmured what were undoubtedly words of approval to the bird. The cormorant shook out its feathers and in various ways showed its delight.

"After a few minutes the Chinaman again placed the bird on the edge of the float, and one more it glided noiselessly into the stream. The other birds maintained their stolidity, to all appearance utterly unconscious of everything except the presence of their master. The busy cormorant reappeared in a short time, having again made a successful dive. Another caressing scene between it and the Chinaman followed, and a third time the bird returned to the water. It now seemed to be thoroughly warmed up to its work, and went at it with an avidity that showed plainly the great pleasure the bird took in the chase. The third dive took the cormorant under water longer than the others, and when it came up it had no fish. The change in its actions was striking. It swam frantically about in the water, twisting and turning, and manifesting the greatest distress; but, turn which ever way it might, it kept its glittering eyes fixed on its master, and it seemed to me, with an appealing expression in them.

"The bird made no move to approach the raft, and when the Chinaman raised his hand and pointed downward with his forefinger, the eager bird dived again, and so quickly that it was out of sight like a flash. It was beneath the surface not longer than ten seconds. This time it came up with a large fish in its mouth and swam boldly toward the raft. Depositing its prize at its master's feet, the bird showed plainly by its actions as the Chinaman stroked its feathers that it knew that it had redeemed itself and held its master's favor. And I soon learned that it was pleasanter for a cormorant to gain its master's favor than his displeasure.

"When the Chinaman had placed the third fish in his basket he took the cormorant and stood it in the center of the raft. This meant, as I saw by the bird's action, that the cormorant had done satisfactory work and was entitled to a rest. The bird strutted proudly, but by no means gracefully, to the end of the raft, opposite where its companions stood, and took its place there. When this was done a great change came over the rest of the cormorants. Each one straightened itself up to its full height, arched its neck, shook out its feathers, and quivered with expectation. The Chinaman squatted in front of them as he was squatting when I first saw him, eyed them quizzically for a moment, and then held out his hand to the largest of the group. This one climbed upon his hand. Instantly the others became listless and indifferent again. The Chinaman caressed the bird as he had the first one, but it did not show any preoccupied affection. It seemed sullen, obstinate and out of sorts.

And its subsequent actions proved that it was. Its master placed it on the edge of the raft. It didn't look at him like the other one, but plumped into the water instantly with a splash and disappeared. It was hardly beneath the water, though, before it came up, and without a fish. It swam about like the first cormorant, but showed no sign of distress or disappointment over its failure to make a catch, and it is doubtful indeed if the bird made any attempt to capture a fish. It kept its eyes on its master, though, and when he angrily gave it the signal to dive again it went down instantly. The cormorant had evidently made up its mind to be contrary, for it came up again, after a stay as brief as the first dive, without a fish.

"Now the Chinaman rose. He shouted something to the bird and made an emphatic signal by jerking his thumb back over his shoulder. The cormorant swam tantalizingly slowly to the raft. When it got there the Chinaman seized it by the neck and dragged it out of the water. He cuffed it several times on the head and threw it violently down on the bamboos. I thought the poor bird's life was surely crushed out, but it wasn't. The disgraced cormorant rose coolly to its feet and limped sullenly away to where the first cormorant stood, strong and proud in its master's love and approval. The first cormorant manifested unmistakable delight at the discomfiture of its companion, but the birds at the other end of the raft paid no attention to what had been going on. They saw nothing but the movements of their master.

"After another contemplative squat on the raft before the still unused cormorants, the Chinaman extended both hands and took a bird on each. His caresses were fondly returned by each of these cormorants, and early in their work I discovered that they were rivals and competitors in fishing, and that they plainly felt the importance of the result of their competition in the estimation of their master. When they were placed side by side on the edge of the raft they eyed each other jealously, and when the signal was given both cut the water and disappeared together. In a very short time one of them came to the surface. It had a fish. Looking hurriedly around on all sides to see if its rival had made its appearance the bird hastened toward the raft. It was within a yard of it when it popped the other bird between the first one and the raft. This cormorant also had a fish in its mouth. But, in spite of its advantage, it did not beat the rival bird to the float. The two reached the goal together, and it was practically declared a draw game by the Chinaman, for he treated them both alike.

"On the second trial the two birds came to the surface almost together, after a very long stay. One had no fish. When the unsuccessful one saw its rival moving toward the raft with a fish in its mouth it became wild with rage. It thrashed about in the water, seized the other cormorant's fish and attempted to take it away, but at a shout and signal from the master it quickly relinquished its hold. Its competitor swam to the raft and proudly deposited its catch at the Chinaman's feet and received his caresses, while the other swam frantically about, waiting for a signal to dive again. This the Chinaman did not give until the successful bird was ready. Both went down together, and this time the result was reversed. The unsuccessful cormorant of the previous trial was now the successful one, and the other was under the ban.

"In this way the Chinaman continued fishing with his birds for hours, and when he ceased he had his basket, which would hold half a bushel, heaped with fish from eight inches to a foot in length. They looked like herring. As long as I was in China, although I made many warm friends among the cormorant fishermen, I was never able to find out from them how they taught these queer birds to fish. The Chinamen seemed to hold the method a sacred secret."—New York Sun.

A Great Inland Oyster Bed.

"One of the greatest natural curiosities in the world is the Texas oyster bed," said E. C. Senter. "This bed extends across the entire State, from south to north, and has lain long enough to become stratified. The shells are soft when first taken out, but harden upon exposure to the atmosphere. At Henriette, in the Panhandle, a number of beautiful buildings have been constructed of this material. At Weatherford and San Antonio shell roads have been made. The oysters embraced several species long since extinct, and while geologists agree that Texas must at one time have been at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico, they are at a loss to account for the presence of this oyster bed, there being none found east or west of the straits."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Prehistoric Man.

Several interesting discoveries regarding prehistoric man have been announced. The remains recently found in Switzerland show the existence, in the neolithic age, of a race of pygmies in Europe. Herr Mascha has unearthed within a few days, in Moravia, many remains of mammoths, and with them the skeletons of a whole human family almost gigantic in size. The discovery seems to settle the disputed point whether man was coexistent with the mammoth. In Guatemala an explorer reported the discovery in an ancient mound of many small jars, each containing the remains of a little finger from the human hand. It is supposed to have been the custom of mourners in some prehistoric race to make this sacrifice.—Literary Digest.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent World Artists of Our Own Day.—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice.—Is it proper to speak of those horses which race by electric light as nightmares?—Albany Argus.

MR. OLDBOTE—I am a self-made man, sir. I began life as a barefoot boy. Kennard—Indeed, well, I wasn't born with shoes on, either.—Truth.

CORONER—You swear positively you were not to blame for the man's death? Dr. Tyro (haughtily)—Certainly, sir; they did not call me soon enough.—Buffalo Courier.

GUEST—Walter, bring two boiled eggs. Waiter—Bess, couldn't you take dem aigs poached? Hit's been found mo' satisfactory all round to open dem aigs in the kitchen.—Judge.

LITTLE GIRL—Do you ever dream of being in heaven? Little Boy—No, not exactly; but I dreamed once that I was right in the middle of a big apple dumpling.—New York Telegram.

"ALL the world's a stage," quoted one misanthrope. "Yes," replied another. "An' it's the same old story. A lot of fellers that's cut out fer supers is tryin' ter star."—Washington Star.

GENT—"How came you to put your hand in my pocket?" Pickpocket—"Beg your pardon. I am so absent-minded, I had once a pair of pants just like those you are wearing?"—Bellage.

ONE little girl in the slums—"Wot yer say she died of?" The other one—"Eating a tuppenny ice on the top of 'ot puddin'." The first-mentioned—"Lor! wot a jolly death."—London Tit Bits.

CHAPPIE (who has not been across)—"My dear boy, youah boots aw in a howwib condition." Chollie (who has)—"My dear fellow, that mud from the streets of dear old Lunnon."—Indianapolis Journal.

"HOW'S ALL the folks up your way?" "Well, mother ain't so peart now. Molly's got the measles, John's stove up with rheumatism, an' Dick's down with snake bite. When air you a-comin' to see us?"—Atlanta Constitution.

JOHN: "Sallie, ef I was to ask you if you'd marry me, do—er—guess you'd say yes?" Sallie: "I—er—think so." John: "Wah, wal, ef I ever git over this 'ere darn bashful I'll ask you some o' these times."—Leslie's Illustrated.

MRS. GABB—"Yes, my daughter appears to have married very happily. Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family." Mrs. Gadd—"Yes, I heard he was a widower with six children."—Harlem Life.

"PAPA," said Willie, "aren't you 'stravaganant'?" "In what way, my boy?" "You spend \$100 sending me to school for a year. Fifty dollars would buy toys enough to keep me going for two years."—Harper's Young People.

"I NEVER knew what it was to live before, dearest," said Algernon, as he kissed the tips of his fiancée's fingers and then her lips. "And yet you seem only to be living from hand to mouth," replied "Dearest."—Youkers Statesman.

"ALLOW me, mademoiselle, to present this to you." "No, no, I do not wish to accept a present." "It is a volume of my poems." "Ah, that is different. I could not have permitted you to give me anything of value."—Boston Journal.

LUCY (single)—Do you think it is wicked to smoke, dear? Fanny (married)—No, dear; I'm sure it isn't. Lucy—Why are you so sure? Fanny—Because my husband doesn't smoke, and if it was wicked I'm sure he would do it.—Half Holiday.

"WITH what are you going to surprise your husband on his recovery from his long illness?" "With my new hat."—London Million.

MRS. WIGGLESTEIN: "Do you know, Jack, I think I would like to learn to play poker? It must be a fascinating game." Mr. Wigglestein: "Great heavens, Ethel, don't think of it for a moment. We can't both afford to play."—Somerville Journal.

"AND what kind of a chin has she?" she asked, as he paused in the middle of an attempt at description of her features. "A movable one," said he, after a moment's sober thought. And then he heaved a deep and pensive sigh.—Somerville Journal.

HOJACK: "My wife only writes to me once a week while she is away." Tomdick: "Mine writes regularly three times a week." Hojack: "She must be very fond of you." Tomdick: "She is; and then I only send her money enough to last her two days at a time."—Harper's Bazar.

YOUNGLOVE (to his fiancée)—But, love, you surely don't mean to blame me for giving a farewell stag party to my bachelor friends? The Adored One—No, I shouldn't object to a stag party. But, from all I hear, I am forced to conclude that it became a stag party before it was over.—

TWO MENAGERIES recently arrived in Bologna, one of which was under the management of Sig. B. and the other that of his wife, traveling respectively on their own account. Here they decided to join their forces, and the fact was announced on the bills as follows: "Coming to the arrival of my wife's collection of living animals is considerably augmented."—B.—Conversatione.