

The bicycle, it is said, has very seriously injured the business of Denver (Col.) street cars.

The Bishop of London says that he would be glad to see the women in all cases holding the franchise on the same terms as men.

The present Lords of the Admiralty in England are giving the new protected cruisers very effective names. Three are to be called the Arrogant, the Furious and the Vindictive.

Ideas of educational discipline have changed since the time of Dr. Hunter, master of the Litchfield Grammar School, of whom it was said: "He never taught a boy in his life. He whipped and they learned."

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided unconstitutional a law compelling the railroads to sell at ruling rates mileage tickets good on any railroad. Michigan has, however, recently passed a similar law.

The proverbial needle in a haystack was found by a cow in Watertown, S. D., a week or two ago. The cleverness of the animal's performance of the hitherto thought impossible feat is perhaps marred because of the fact that she was not hunting for it. The unfortunate animal found the needle with her tongue while munching feed, but a veterinary surgeon removed it without serious injury to her.

Travelers in Maine say that a surprising number of the "abandoned farms" of the State have been re-occupied this year, and that the new tenants appear not to be mere casual residents, who have occupied the places as a tramp might put up for a while in an empty house, but industrious farmers, who are brightening up the old farms in a manner that indicates they have come there to stay. "Doubtless that is but another evidence of the returning prosperity that is brightening up the whole country," comments the New York Sun.

The principal part of the cut of spruce on the Androscoggin River in Maine is now consumed by the pulp mills. Bangor lumbermen say the pulp mills of the Penobscot devour the equivalent of 50,000,000 feet spruce logs each year, with also new pulp mills in process of construction. Hon. Charles A. Milliken, Mayor of Augusta, says the mills are using fifty millions of spruce each year on the Kennebec for pulp. About 25,000,000 feet spruce logs are converted into pulp on the Merrimack River in New Hampshire, while more than twice that amount is annually needed to supply the pulp and paper mills on the Connecticut River. Great is wood pulp.

According to the latest English census there are 250,000 persons in Great Britain receiving incomes of \$1000 each, and 2,000,000 persons incomes of \$500 a year. There are 123,000 families in the United Kingdom having incomes of more than \$25,000. In the United States there are some 4,000,000 families or about 2,000,000 persons, whose income are at least \$2000 a year and more than 10,000 families with incomes of over \$25,000. Considering the difference in population between the two countries, it is clear, to the Atlanta Constitution, that the United States contains the greater number of rich people and a more nearly equal distribution of wealth.

Says the Philadelphia Press: The gift of \$500,000 to the University of Pennsylvania by Provost Charles C. Harrison is one more evidence of the great liberality that has so far marked the last decade of the nineteenth century. At no time in the history of mankind have such large sums of money been given to further education, art and philanthropy. It has been a period of vast enterprises and of marvelous money making. The Chicago Tribune prints a table of the gifts made since January 1, including individual sums exceeding \$1000. It did not include Provost Harrison's gift, as it had not then been announced. Adding that, the table will stand as follows:

January... \$1,685,969	May... \$1,233,500
February... 1,753,300	June... 1,075,000
March... 736,550	
April... 1,311,100	Total... \$10,364,150

Here is a magnificent total of nearly \$11,000,000 given away in a little over five months, of which \$4,575,000 has gone to colleges and universities, \$1,593,000 to hospitals, \$789,000 to churches and \$208,000 to libraries, while the remaining \$3,768,400 has been distributed among museums, art galleries and charities. It is a total which has probably never been surpassed, and which will make the first half of 1895 a red-letter period in generous giving.

LOVE'S COMING.

Love came in the world one day—
No man seemed to know;
Made the gold gleam o'er the gray—
Bosses crowned the snow.
(Love came in the world one day—
No man seemed to know!)

Love came in the world one day—
No man seemed to know;
Over winter-scattered May—
Made the blossoms blow.
(Love came in the world one day—
No man seemed to know!)

Love came in the world one day!
One man, dearest, knew!
Quick to honor and obey,
Found Love's service true.
(Love came in the world one day—
Led my life to you!)

—F. L. Stanton.

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

BY EDWIN HALL WARNER.



EFUGIO was in an uproar. The engineering corps had met just outside the town, thus completing the survey from Mexico to El Paso, and giving promise of that wonder, the ferro-carroll, of which much in a vague way was known, yet nothing definite. It was to carry men and goods at a speed much greater than Don Pepe's new caballo de pura sangre, which all knew must be the fastest horse in the world. Juan el panadero averred it had feet of iron, in number like the centipede, but immeasurably more powerful. Others rejected Juan the baker's story, and gave preference to wings as a mode of propulsion, but all agreed that so strange, so powerful and so mysterious a device must necessarily be of origin diabolic. This idea logically developed into the further one—that those engaged in such work must have exceedingly close relations with satan, and at the usual price. The express detestation of one who would part with so precious a possession as his immortal soul, but not only a praiseworthy act, but a Christian duty.

This last phase had been reached when Jack Wilson, engineer in charge, walked into the plaza, unconscious of impending trouble. He was made aware of the fact that he was an object of more than ordinary curiosity by a stone hurled past his head and cries of "Muerte a los gringos!" He had had a previous acquaintance with Mexican mobs, and promptly drew his pistol and flourished it at arm's length. The crowd fell away, and he was enabled to get his back to a stone knoll near at hand. Those in the rear of the crowd waved their machetes, and urged the immediate extermination of so unholily a being as Americano; those in the front rank, while heartily agreeing, in the abstract, with their fellows, yet hesitated at carrying out so good a work in the face of a six-shooter.

Suddenly a silence fell upon the mob as it divided, and a friar, clad in his priestly robes, moved to Jack's side and motioned him to put up his pistol. He asked a question or two of those nearest, smiled at the answers, and in a two-minute lecture dissipated the ideas which had recently threatened serious consequences. He proclaimed not only Jack, but all the engineers as his friends, and promised penance now and pains eternal to any who failed in proper respect to them. Bidding them receive his blessing and depart, he took Jack by the arm, and on the way to headquarters he explained the cause of the difficulty. There they found Juan Gomez, Captain of the Fourth Cavalry, just ready to clatter out with a file of soldiers, having heard that a row of some sort was on, and concluding at once that his special charge, the engineers, were in it as usual. He was a trifle disappointed that peaceful measures had prevailed.

The ensuing day was the sixteenth of September, dia de la Independencia, and the town was en fiesta. Such green shrubs as an arid region could furnish put themselves in sickly evidence; an occasional bunch of flowers gave odorless proof of the glorious delights of freedom; the Mexican tricolor waved defiance to all tyranny in the uncertain breeze, and aroused an enthusiasm which tequila, sold cheaply at the corners, materially aided. Groups of peones crowded around the monte lay-outs on the herb, waging lacos and cartillas, gleefully rejoicing when fortune favored them; when reverse came and the final wager of his own shirt or his sweetheart's rebozo proved disastrous, there always remained a small margin of credit at the cantina, where tequila furnished a few hours' oblivion.

In the afternoon came the bull fight. True the bulls were not killed, nor was the general performance up to a professional standard, yet for amateurs the work was creditable. Don Vicente, who, as loco, was excruciatingly funny, failed to perceive the entrance of the bull, being engaged at the time singing a humorous song; the bull cut the song short, and Don Vicente to go on crutches for a while. Don Carlos essayed the role of picador, confident that in the mind of Lolita Sanchez his skill would amply offset the wit and humor of Vicente; when the latter was carried from the ring, he regretted the occurrence, but was resigned when he thought of the free field it would give him. But alas for human hopes! He did not receive the bull properly on his lance; he and his horse parted company for a moment, but were promptly rolled together again by the bull. A broken collar bone and various bruises will attest Don Carlos from basking in Lolita's smiles.

The affair of the evening was the dinner given by the alcalde, to which the officers of the regiment and the engineers had been invited. By the time coffee and cigarettes were reached, the company was in a mellow mood; speech followed speech, in which the country's glories were touched upon and good-fellowship deepened, until the alcalde assured himself that he had given a most successful entertainment. With the increasing mellowness, the colonel had dropped into a reminiscent mood. Leaning across the table toward Juan Gomez, he said: "Mi capitán! rememberst Conchita Perez?"

The blood mounted to Juan's face, and into his eyes came a look which would have warned a sober man. "But dost thou remember her?" repeated the mellow colonel. Juan still stared silently at the colonel, who turned to his neighbor and said: "Conchita Perez—perhaps you know her? No? Such eyes, such hair, such teeth; ah! an angel on earth! But such a flirt; she was somewhat enamored of a certain captain, but preferred the colonel."

With a cry of "Liar!" Juan sprang to his feet, seized a glass of water, and dashed it full in the colonel's face. Immediately all was confusion. Jack Wilson grasped Juan's arm and hurried him into the street and thence to his quarters. They were immediately joined by Andres Rejon and the friar. The former's round, jolly face wore a look of concern rarely seen there. The priest, usually impassive, showed an anxiety he did not try to conceal. "You've done it this time," said Jack. "Nothing short of a duel will settle this little unpleasantness."

Before an answer could be made a corporal appeared in the doorway, and said he had orders to accompany Captain Gomez to the barracks. As the door closed, Jack said: "Juan is in for a court-martial instead of a duel."

"If it were either, I'd be satisfied," returned Andres, "and so would Juan; but the arrest means that at sunset tomorrow Juan will be sent under escort to Chihuahua; the escort will be carefully selected, and no doubt Valdes will be in command, for he has a little love for Juan as the colonel. By noon of the following day they will all be back here, and report that Juan was shot while attempting to escape. It seems necessary, for some reason, to get Juan out of the colonel's way, and this is the way it will be done unless you can prevent it. For God's sake, Jack, think of some way out of this, for I'm under the colonel's orders, and can't move."

"I have it," said Jack; "I'll round up the escort with half a dozen of my own men, and run Juan off over the border." The friar shook his head as this scheme was propounded. "I fear it would not do. Valdes's first move would be to blow Juan's brains out and cut back to town. I see but one way—that is an order from General Lopez, instructing the colonel to send Juan to Chihuahua under Andres's escort. It means a ride of 150 miles in sixteen hours. A line from me will procure the order, but the time is too short and the distance too great."

"Write your note," said Jack, "and I'll go the distance. There are but two horses in Northern Mexico good for the trip—one is mine, and Andres owns the other, now in Chihuahua, by good luck." A few minutes later, Jack trotted down the calle principal and past the Garita. Once outside the town, he touched Ben with his heel and stood up in his stirrups. With a hand as light as a feather he steadied the horse into a gallop that carried him to the front in a matter of minutes. He felt the smooth play of the muscles under the velvet skin, and knew they would not fail him. At fifteen miles out he passed the nido, a little nest of rocks that rose from the plains. He looked at his watch, and found he had been but an hour on the road. Ben's breathing was as regular as if he had done the distance in a lingo, nevertheless Jack pulled him in a bit.

At the end of five hours the sun rose and the white tower of the Chihuahua cathedral showed dimly in the distance. Half an hour later, covered with lather and breathing hard, Ben was turned over to a mozo, and Jack made his way to the department headquarters. The general read the priest's note, looked hard at Jack for a moment, wrote a line in reply, and gave it to him.

"You are going back at once?" he asked. "At once," said Jack. "I presume you know the Apaches are out?" "So I heard before I left Refugio." "Do you expect to get through alive?" "Quien sabe? but I'll try. I've a good horse and a six-shooter; five shots for the Indians, and one for myself if the worst comes."

"Well, adios," said the general; "dine with me if you ever get back here." As the door closed he said: "Most extraordinary people, these Americans. I wouldn't be with him to-day for all the gold in Mexico."

Jack found his room at the door and rode slowly down the street. He looked longingly at a restaurant as he passed, but he knew breakfast then meant trouble two hours later, and he had no wish to drop out of the saddle with his ride half done. His horse begged for a free rein, and Jack humored him for awhile. The heat increased, until at noon the sun's rays beat sullenly down from a brassy sky; the brown earth threw back the heat, and the dwarf cactus seemed to dance in the air. A slight breeze, hot as furnace blast, filled mouth and nostrils with dust. Pulling his horse down to a walk, they struggled through three hours of heat. At last, far beyond his hope, he saw the nido.

As he drew nearer, he thought the rocks moved. Had the sun affected his eyes? He looked again. The Apaches! Half a dozen figures on horseback rode out to encircle him, leaving two to guard the road. Useless to go back, seemingly hopeless to advance, he drew his revolver and rode on without quickening his gait until within fifty yards of the two in front, when he drove his spurs into his horse and fired twice, but without effect. His sudden dash carried him past the Indians before they could recover from their surprise. They immediately wheeled and followed him, firing their rifles as they rode. He turned in his saddle, and with better luck dismounting one Indian and gained a lead of a hundred yards; a shot at his pursuer was ineffective, as was also another.

If anything could save him now it was his horse; he easily distanced all but the Indian at whom he had vainly fired four shots. This Indian's mount was a good American horse, fresh, and going two yards to Jack's one. Finding Jack made no attempt to fire again, he concluded his revolver was empty. Riding up alongside, he patted Jack on the back and said, "Good boy!" Then, slapping him in the face as he rode ahead, he said: "No good—no good."

Twice did he do this, and then Jack forgot the idea of a last shot for himself, and blew the Indian off his horse. The pace was telling, and the Indians were nearly within range again. He flung away his useless revolver and wondered, as he dashed blindly along, whether it would not have been better if he had used that last shot on himself.

A sudden volley from the Indians startled him, for he knew they would not ordinarily waste shots at that range, and looking back, he saw them wheel and gallop back on the trail. Wondering, he glanced ahead, and there, rising over the ridge beyond the nido, came a smart gallop half a dozen cavaliers, with Andres Rejon at their head.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Pagnacion: Fish in a Park Lake.

"The presence of large numbers of fish in Druid Lake," said Captain Cassell, Superintendent of Druid Hill Park, yesterday, "has recently attracted the attention of many who walk or drive around that beautiful body of water."

"There is nothing unusual in the sight," he continued, "as it is to be noticed nearly every spring about this time. There are at least 10,000 of the fish in the lake, embracing a considerable variety. I know that there are bass, carp, tench, catfish, goldfish and sunfish to be found there, and possibly a great many other kinds. Some of the bass are enormous, measuring fully twenty inches long."

"Some time ago a bass in chasing a catfish found itself unable to stop in time to avoid a collision with the rip-rap, or side of the lake, and was thrown upon the bank. The funny fellow landed close to one of the workmen who was engaged in removing the grass from the upper portion of the rip-rap, and who stunned it with a blow. The bass weighed four pounds."

"It is an odd sight to witness the piscatorial battles between bass and catfish. The bass is a pugnacious warrior and easily defeats the catfish. The latter, on finding itself worsted, takes to flight, and its course is easily distinguished by a straight line on the surface of the lake, for it gets its nose above the surface in flying before its enemy, like a muskrat. The catfish is full of cunning, and when pressed too hotly by the bass, I have seen one swim deliberately for the rip-rap of the lake and beach itself high and dry out reach of his foe, who cannot or does not usually try to follow it there."—Baltimore Sun.

A Curiosity in Canes.

E. R. Waite has recently become the owner of a cane that is a gem in its way, and a veritable curiosity. It is made from the stock of a young orange tree, and the portion of the root which forms the handle is carved to represent a shoe, and so perfect is it in every detail that one's first impression is that a miniature piece of footgear has been slipped over the head of the cane.

On a closer inspection, however, it is seen that the whole thing is made from a single piece of wood, and so carefully has every line been drawn, and the parts of the shoe stained to represent the real article, that the deception is almost perfect.

The heel is worn off at a corner, a heavy patch is pegged over one side of the sole, while two "invisible" patches decorate the sides of the shoe, where it would naturally be worn. Even the eyelets are perfect, while the tongue looks wrinkled enough to have seen service for at least six months. The shoe shines like a piece of patent leather, while the inside and the soles look to have stolen their tints from the real material. All in all it is a very ingeniously wrought piece of work. Mr. Waite does not know by whom the cane was made, it having passed through several hands before it became his property.—San Bernardino (Cal.) Sun.

Strange Facts about the Hands.

It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to the effect of heat or cold. If you dip both hands simultaneously into two bowls of water of equal temperature, the left will experience the higher sensation of heat, and this will happen even if the thermometer shows that the water in the left bowl is in reality a trifle colder than the water in the right one. The reverse happens in the case of persons who are left-handed.—New York Dispatch.

CITY OF FLORENCE.

RECENTLY DESOLATED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

An Interesting and Artistic Italian Community of Two Hundred Thousand Souls—Its Art Galleries, Cathedrals, and the Vecchio Bridge.

A Well-Built Town. Florence, noted for its art schools, palaces, voice culture, magnificent art galleries, and for a time the seat of kingly power in Italy, was visited by an earthquake not long since, which damaged 3,000 buildings and killed and injured many persons. As the seat of the Tuscan power for ages it has a most interesting history running back twenty centuries. It is located on a plain divided by the river Arno, and the Romans discerned in it a desirable point and established a colony there.



PALAZZO PITTI.

It was a flourishing city at the time of Christ. It was burned down and rebuilt under Charlemagne. It shared the vicissitudes that marked the career of Italian cities and had its full share of reverses as well as triumphs. During the civil contests between the Guelphs and Ghibellines it suffered severely, yet it increased in power. Then the Medici struggles were fought out in her midst, much to the detriment of the Florentines. During the period of the republic Florence was in the zenith of her greatness. Her indomitable enterprise made her wares salable in every part of the world and brought riches to her lap that made her the envy of rivals. Her wool, silk and gold brocade monopolized the markets and made the makers wealthy. This stream of gold became so great that Florence was transformed into a banking center and every movement in Europe looked to her for funds. Then a decline followed the invasion of the French, and upon the seat of empire being transferred from Turin to Florence in 1815 a new impulse was given in the six years that Victor Emmanuel directed Italian affairs.

During that epoch the Tuscan metropolis was endued with the belief that it was to be the permanent capital of united Italy. The population increased 50,000, and the prospects of the kingly town were all that could be desired. But the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome was followed by its occupation by the national forces, and in 1871 the capital was changed to the city of Caesars. This was an ugly blow. The change carried with it 50,000 people, and reduced the population of Florence to 150,000. To beautify the city a magnificent stone roadway was erected to the heights of Fiesole, which, with approaches, cost some \$10,000,000. Other improvements carried out swelled the total to \$20,000,000. The city was threatened with bankruptcy by shearing it of imperial honors and to avert such a catastrophe the Italian Parliament assumed half of the debt created by the municipality. This implanted hope in the despairing breast of the Florentine and he again took hold to rebuild his decaying town. That his efforts have counted in the intervening twenty-four years is proven by the fact that Florence to-day has made good her loss to Rome, has 200,000 inhabitants and is one of the cleanest and best built of the old world cities.

Dwarfing everything around it rises the far-famed cathedral, immense in size, lofty in elevation and appropriately set off with a square bell tower 230 feet high which appears like a sentinel guarding the grand temple which has made Florence renowned. The church and bell tower are faced with squares of white, pink and black marble and afford a pleasing relief from the conventional church exterior and the rather somber buildings which surround it. The cathedral is 550 feet long, 340



UFFIZI AND PITTI TREASURE HOUSES OF ART.

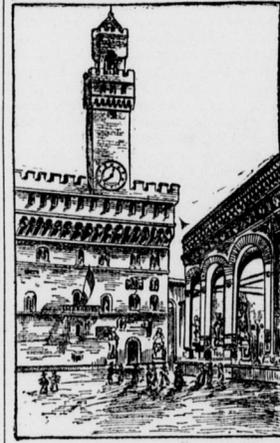
broad, 150 feet from the caves to the ground. The dome is the largest in the world and is 300 feet high. The interior of the cathedral is disappointing after one gazes upon its handsome and imposing proportions on the outside and is devoid of ornamentation and the adjuncts that make European churches so attractive. It was commenced in 1298 and required 138 years to build. Across from it is the Baptistery of San Giovanni, octagonal in form, which is

treated in the delicate colors reflected by the church and campanile. The second church in size and importance is Santa Croce, which has eleven chapels and wherein is buried Michael Angelo. A third is that of San Lorenzo, which was consecrated by St. Ambrose in 803 and rebuilt in 1425. It contains the tombs of the Medici rulers. In 1558 a plague set in which carried off 100,000 of her people and which threatened to end forever the career of the city.

Florence plumes herself upon the extent, variety and richness of her art galleries known respectively as Pitti and Uffizi, housed in palaces from which they take their name. The former is credited with having the finest collection of pictures in the world, and after one has journeyed through its numerous passageways and attempted to do justice to the treasures which hang on the walls the contention is undisputed that the Louvre in Paris is out-matched. Connected with it by bridge is the Uffizi, a gallery only second in extent to the Pitti and which has, besides its valuable paintings, sculpture, bronzes, engravings, coins and mosaics in bewildering variety. One can spend months in feasting on these rare and beautiful works of art and then fail to exhaust the collection. The Loggia del Lamb, near by, is an open vaulted hall filled with the classical figures of the artist's chisel which are eagerly studied by the visitor.

There are many palaces in Florence, some of the more noted being those of Vecchio, Pitti, Riccardi, and Strozzi. In the first the Italian Parliament held its sessions, while not far away Victor Emmanuel made his abode in the Pitti. The Riccardi has an extensive library, and the Strozzi is where King Joseph Napoleon held court during his sway over Italy. Perhaps there are a hundred of these once luxurious establishments in Florence, most of which are found in the most unprepossessing portions of the town. They were built as fortresses with embattled front and sides, occasionally with towers, and the material used was oblong blocks of freestone. The middle was used for a courtyard. To-day most of them are occupied by poor people who find shelter in the gloomy walls and who care nothing for the grandeur that once made them the rallying point of the nobility and the distinguished of the dead centuries.

There are six bridges spanning the



PALAZZO VECCHIO AND LOGGIA DEI LANZI.

Arno at Florence, the principal and oldest being that of Vecchio. It unites the town at its busiest point and has been standing for five centuries. On the sides of the roadway are jewelry shops and places where knick-knacks can be purchased. The quaint and ancient articles offered for sale as well as the historic interest attaching to the structure make it a resort for tourists. The Arno is navigable only for light craft and for weeks at a time its bed is dry. The prolonged hot weather dries it up and for miles its bottom of pebbles can be followed without discovering a trace of water.

Florence has an air of solidity that marks a northern city with all the beauty that distinguishes a southern one. Her streets are level, wide, clean and run at right angles. The business blocks are chiefly of stone and are put up to stay with the centuries. Everywhere there is a substantial air and the impress of a thriving and energetic city. More than twenty squares break the monotony of the street line and are adorned with stately and other ornaments that please the eye and instruct the mind. The evidences of her triumphs in the past are reflected in the incomparable treasure houses of art which the centuries were taxed to supply and which have wrought incalculable good in elevating the artistic tastes of all susceptible to its refining influences.

Fruit Trees by the Roadside.

The pleasure of riding or walking through country places would be greatly increased if fruit trees lined the road sides. Of course some of the fruit there grown would be taken and eaten by the passers by, but except near cities and large villages this demand would be quickly satisfied. With the roadside fruit held as common property, it would be less difficult to protect the fruit in near-by or adjoining orchards. The fruit trees would have a further advantage that they do not grow so large nor do their roots extend so far as to injure the fields beside them. We know some fine rows of large trees by road sides which effectually destroy the soil for one or two rods inside the field, and make it not worth cultivating. The elm, whose roots always run near the surface, is one of the worst trees in this respect.—Ex.

Abbott—I have never been in Chicago, but I have been through the town a few times. Babbitt—I have been in Chicago, but the town went through me.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE COUNTRY BOY.

"Happy the boy who whistles down the glen,
And shrilly calls his cows to hie them home;
Or loitering by the cool swift-flowing brook,
Dips in his feet to plash the whirling foam.
Dear boy, thy voice is ever sweet to me,
Thy cries bring back the spring again
Of my young life—hear the cuckoo cry,
And ready call of whistles down the winding lane."

The cry of carting joy, the hum of bees,
Bring to my mind the remembrance of boyhood days.
Once more I roam the fields where blue-jays hide,
Or loath shading trees from the sun's fierce rays.

I see the dew upon the waving grass,
The banks whose coarse sea-ice-rushes grow,
And watch the waters kiss the bending flags,
As flowing on they murmur soft and low.

I hear again the wind's low minstrelsy,
As through the pines they chant in solemn tones.

Just as in boyhood I when softly lulled
Lied to the slumber which is now unknown.
Sing then, my lad, and let thy joyful cry,
Thy whistle, aerial, all sound on the air;
Here I stand all fancying he again
Happy like thee, and like thee, free from care.

—Hartford Times.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

We wish we could feel as contented as a girl in a shirt waist looks.—Acheson Globe.

Teddie—"What are woman's rights, pa?" Pa—"Everything they want, my boy; always remember that!"—Boston Courier.

"You seem to be cultivating old Kajones. What do you see about him to admire?" "His laughter, Laura."—Chicago Tribune.

Clubman—"Colonel, I understand you are acquainted with warfare in all its forms!" Colonel—"No, no; not in all forms. I'm a bachelor."—Spare Moments.

"A man died in a Turkish bath in New York yesterday," said the Mercantile News. "Another sweatshop outrage," commented the Sociologist.—Buffalo Express.

A Pioneer Student (to Professor)—"Has it ever been discovered who was the man in the iron muck?" Professor Oldsport—"He was the original umpire."—Harlem Life.

"That's what I call getting out of a bad scrape," growled the man in the first straw hat as he tottered from the barber shop, rubbing his bleeding jaws.—Rockland Tribune.

"The curious things about my business," said the mosquito, alighting softly upon the nose of the sleeping victim, "is that it's more fun to go to work than it is to stay to him."—Chicago Tribune.

Prince Arsene Karagorgevitch and M. Dollfus fought a duel at Paris with swords, and M. Dollfus was wounded, but the Prince's name came out of the fight without any abbreviation.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Are you a ball crank, Miss Beckinstreet?" "I was afflicted with a mild attack of spermomania last summer," answered the Boston maiden, "but this year I have taken but little interest."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I'm very much afraid," his mother said, "that this pie needs more shortening." "Mamma," said the boy in an audible undertone, "that isn't what my piece needs." "Isn't it?" "No'm. My piece needs lengthening."—Washington Star.

Mrs. White—"And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?" Mrs. Black—"Always; except, of course, now and then when he's out of humor or pig-headed, or something of that sort."—Boston Transcript.

"Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it." "Perhaps," was the thoughtful reply; "and yet I've noticed the more I owe people the gladder they always seem to see me."—Washington Star.

"Only think," exclaimed Fenderson, "of the many uses to which paper is now put!" "I know," replied Bass. "I was at the theatre the other night, and I was told it was all paper. And it was a fine, substantial-looking structure, too."—Boston Transcript.

Ananias—"Blood and death, but there are some insults too great to be borne!" Saphira—"Well, what now?" Ananias—"I don't mind being called a pretty big bar. I'm used to that. But a fellow just accused me of being the author of the Cuban war news."—Buffalo Express.

Judge—"Do you mean to say, sir, that you prosecute this man for theft, when you have no better evidence of his guilt than that he had \$10 on his person?" Attorney—"Yes, sir." Judge—"How dare you ask a conviction on such evidence?" Attorney—"The man is a poet, your Honor."—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor—"I would advise you, dear madam, to take frequent baths, plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool gowns." Husband (an hour later)—"What did the doctor say?" Wife—"He said I ought to go to a watering place, and afterwards to the mountains, and to get some new light gowns at once."—Fliegende Blätter.

A "Man Rooster."

Ed. H. Duguy, proprietor of the Jackson Square Bird Store, has, among other freaks and curious things at his store, a "man rooster," so called by the fancier, which he has named "Percyane." The bird stands up straight, with a body peculiarly poised, something after the manner of a penguin. The bird is a fighter, and, standing up straight as he does, will do some tall crowing if the next election goes right.—New Orleans Picayune.