

Electric light is to be introduced in Basle, Switzerland, at the expense of the Government.

A Princess, a Countess, a Duchess and the daughter of a reigning Prince were among the 4000 thieves, professional and unprofessional, arrested in Paris during the first six months of the year.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs and the State federations that are doing so much to acquaint American women with what is being done by their sisters in various lines of work, have yet to be introduced into England, says the New York Post, where countless individual enterprises exist, having little or no knowledge of each other, and lacking the strength and knowledge that come from union and a comparison of ways and means.

A few years ago most of the mandolins, guitars, harps and other similar instruments sold in this country were manufactured abroad by hand. One factory in Chicago last year turned out 12,000 banjos, as many or more guitars and 7000 mandolins. The same concern also makes harps, and makes them with many mechanical improvements over the old style of imported instruments. They are said, in the New York Sun, to excel greatly the foreign instruments in every respect.

Seattle, whose ambition is to be "the Chicago of the Northwest," has begun a \$7,000,000 waterway known as the Puget Sound and Lake Washington Ship Canal. The project has been under consideration forty years, and it starts with a local subscription of \$500,000. The canal is only about four miles long, states the New York Sun, but it has to cut through a couple of hills; and since, also, it is to be eighty feet wide at the bottom and twenty-six feet deep at low tide, it becomes no little of an undertaking. Lake Washington, which is twenty miles long, by from three to five broad, and from fifty to seventy-five feet deep, will then form a new freshwater haven for ships.

Among various other reasons for the decline of the reading habit, M. C. Cio, a French expert, mentions the bicycle fever, which has also injured the business of the theatres, cafes, etc.; and the quantity of reading matter furnished by the newspapers; the excessive production of books, many of which are published for account of the authors, who are usually out of pocket by the venture. The booksellers have endeavored to arrest the decline of their business by forming a syndicate, which has entered into negotiations with the publishers' syndicate with a view to fixing uniform prices and trade discounts, and cutting off the supplies of dealers who undersell. This measure was principally aimed at the large department or dry goods establishments, which have taken over bookkeeping and obtain extra discounts by buying large quantities.

The following is from the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission: During the year 1923 railway employees were killed and 23,422 were injured, as compared with 2727 killed and 31,729 injured in 1922. This marked decrease in casualty is in part due to the decrease in the number of men employed, and the decrease in the volume of business handled. The increased use of automatic appliances on railway equipment also may have rendered railway employment less dangerous, and it may be that the grade of efficiency of employees has been raised. The number of passengers killed was 324, an increase of twenty-five, and the number injured was 3304, a decrease of 195. Of the total number of fatal casualties to railway employees, 251 were due to coupling and uncoupling cars, 439 to falling from trains and engines, fifty to overhead obstructions, 143 to collisions, 108 to derailments and the balance to various other causes not easily classified. To show the ratio of casualty, it may be stated that one employee was killed out of every 428 in service and one injured out of every thirty-three employed. The trainmen perform the most dangerous service, one out of every 156 employed having been killed and one out of every twelve having been injured. The ratio of casualty to passengers is in striking contrast to that of railway employees, one passenger having been killed out of each 1,912,618 carried, or for each 41,103,218 miles traveled, and one injured out of each 204,248 carried, or for each 4,709,771 miles traveled. A distribution of accidents to the territorial groups exhibits the diversity in the relative safety of railway employment and of railway travel in the different sections of the country.

THE LAND OF LOVE.

Love is a precinct, not a god,
Starched and paved with flowers-down sod
Love is a maze, whose ingress lies
Secret from all but lovers' eyes.
Love is a shrine, transfigured oft—
Storm, calm, fierce bias' and airy most soft;
And binding, baffling mists that rise
Veiling flowered lawns and starry skies.
—Mrs. Fuller Matland.

A MISER'S RETRIBUTION.

THE steamer Catharine, Captain Hapworth, had been wrecked in mid-ocean. And now the captain, worn and wan and remorseful, as though he had not done all that living man could do to save ship and those upon her, stood in the company's office, and talked with Hiram Basset, even more worn, more grieved, and more remorseful than he.

"They came on board, then," said Hiram. "You are sure—my wife and child?"
"Their names were Mrs. Emeline Basset and Bella Basset," said the captain. "And they were coming to New York. One Donovan Craig brought them to me and bade me watch and guard them—two children almost they were, and timid and afraid of the sea—and I did my best, I did my best, and God knows I wish this old bulk of mine had gone down that night instead of their young bodies. I did my best—I did my best!"

"Tell me about it," said Hiram.
"The ship had sprung a leak the day before," said the captain, "and in such a tempest we knew what was ahead of us, we sailors; the passengers didn't. Just before twelve bells struck I ordered the boats to be launched—and then that could go in them to go—for the rest we made rafts. I went to her first—your wife. She sat still and quiet, holding her baby close. I told her what was coming.
"The first mate is aboard the life-boat," said I. "The women and children will be safer there. Go you along of him, lassie."

"She caught a hold of my arm—so. 'You are going, too,' says she. 'My duty is aboard until the last.' Then she says: 'I'll stay until you go. I'm afraid to go without you. You'll save me, captain.'
"The others crowded in, and one after the other the boats were filled. The women were all gone, and most of the male passengers—and still says she, a sitting there, 'I'll go along with the captain when he goes.'
"And when our raft was built I took her in my arms, her and the baby, and we went on to it together. The storm was worse, and the ship a-sinking fast. I don't know more—a drifting through wind and rain in darkness—a drifting away in such a stormy daylight as landsmen never see, and she growing colder in my arms, and no sign of land, and no ship. And then another gale worse than the first, and our raft going to pieces, just as, far away, we heard the boom of signal guns, and up aloft saw the lighthouse lamp."

"She laid over my arm like a dead thing—perhaps she was dead—and a hand that had been aboard—Dutch Jim we called him—held the baby. 'Take care of her, cappen,' says he, 'I'll save the young 'un'—and then we parted, all of us.
"I was the only one they picked up. I had a bunch of women's clothes in my fist when they pryed it open."
"And Dutch Jim?" cried Hiram.
"If he's come ashore we'd have met," said the captain. "He was a good seaman—no, there's no hope. Even his body wasn't washed ashore."
"But Hiram Basset turned on him with eyes aglow and cried:
"My child lives! I tell you my child lives!"

From that moment the bereaved man clung to the belief. He was not rich, but he pinched and saved in all ways to get money to prosecute his search for the child. It had about its neck a trinket, a little cross of gold, pendant to a coral necklace, by which it might be known. He sent advertisements all over the country. He paid detectives to assist him.
Long after all sensible people looked upon his hope as a mere delusion he kept up the search—and indeed never quite abandoned it. When it began he had been a plain, rather economical tradesman; when it ended he was a wealthy speculator and a miser. To enable himself to search for his child he had begun to save, and now he hoarded still—saying to himself and to others, "When my daughter is found she shall be an heiress. He lived most miserably, he wore garments that would have disgraced a beggar. He had no friends, no companions. All his talk was of money, of land, of bond and mortgage. And now and then in its midst he would pause, and, looking at his listenser with eyes in which tears gattered, he would say:
"You see, I have to be sharp, I must. When that poor girl of mine is found she must be rich."

And some would think the poor man crazy, and laugh, and some would pity him.
However, in his own unfurnished home Hiram kept one room under lock and key—a gorgeous chamber, furnished, as one might see, for a woman.
This was for his daughter whom every one else thought dead.
So the years passed on, as they pass

with all of us, until twenty were numbered. Wall street knew old Hiram well. He was always lucky.
Strangers took him sometimes for a beggar. Once a gentleman had offered him a coin and thought him proud when he replied that he had "no great need of it." And of all hard men—of all unyielding, cruel and un pitying men—of all avaricious, crushing, grinding men, Hiram Basset was the most unyielding, most un pitying, most avaricious schemer and grinder.
Yet, under all, lived the hope of his life; still at times he prayed for his fruit upon bended knees; still he wept, yearning, longing, loving tears for the child he had never seen.

One evening Hiram sat alone in his empty little room, when there came a rap upon the door. He cried "Come in!" and there entered a woman.
She was young and rather pretty, decently shabby, timid, and with eyes that looked as though they had been weeping.
"Mr. Basset?" she asked.
Hiram nodded.
"I am Anne Heldt," she said.
"Don't know the name."
"Perhaps you know James Heldt?" said the girl.

"James Heldt! Yes, yes! The man who has been trying to cheat me; the man whose mortgage we foreclose tomorrow."
The girl clasped her hands.
"No, sir," she said; "he has been robbed and he has been ill. He'll pay in time. Don't sell the little house; it can be nothing to you with your great fortune; to him it is all."
"Women's way of looking at business," said Hiram. "What's due must be paid. I do nothing unlawful."
"No, no," said the girl, "but I ask you are mercy. Give him another year. He is so old. He is seventy-six, and this would kill him. It is all we can do to live; a word from you would put a stop to these proceedings. In a year we may manage—or—or—I may be alone. Out of mercy to him. You are an old man yourself."

"Don't see the argument. Good many men older than I owe me money; no excuse for non-payment. Who are you—his wife?"
"His daughter," said the girl. "Oh, sir, could you see him—"
"Business is business," said Hiram. The girl retreated to the door. She saw it was no use.
"My poor father," she sighed.
The words touched Hiram; he lifted his shaggy eyebrows and looked at her more kindly.
"If I could I would," he said, "but, you see, I want to save for my daughter's sake. Every man's relations might beg money of me—I—I couldn't let every man off scot free—present him with a piece of property and say: 'Never mind the money. I may seem hard, but it's for my daughter's sake. I must leave her rich.'"
"I don't know who your daughter may be, sir," said the girl, "but were I she I should have money so unmercifully gained. A curse will come to you for it, remember that."

And with these words she left. Hiram was alone, not quite as comfortable as he might have been in mind, but not one whit moved. The case was no new one. An old seafaring man had bought some years ago a little piece of ground with a small house upon it, on which remained a small mortgage. Since that time the land, owing to certain improvements in the town, had multiplied in value. It was not the policy of such a man as Hiram to be lenient in such a case. He had been anxious to regain the property, and had seized the first opportunity of doing so.

The next day the mortgage was foreclosed, and in due time the property was sold at its increased value to a man who desired to erect a factory upon it. A writ of ejectment was served. And again in the twilight came a rap at Hiram's door, and the young girl who had entered it once before stood again before him.
"I ask very little," said the girl, "you have killed my father. He is dying. I only want you to let him die in peace. We are ordered to leave the house to-morrow, and have no place to go to. A month at farthest and all will be over; there is not hope; don't turn him into the streets to die."
"There's the almshouse," said Hiram. "It can't be helped."
"You can help it," said the girl.
"I—I don't choose to! I can't afford it."
"You must."
The girl departed, but next day the agent came to Hiram complaining bitterly. The little house was still occupied by its tenants, the doors and windows were barricaded, and the woman appeared with a revolver and threatened to shoot any one who entered.
Hiram started to his feet in wrath. "I'll show them who the house belongs to," he cried, and proceeded with his agent to the little house.
Hiram marched up to the door and struck at it a heavy blow with his cane.
"No more of that," said the agent. "We've been at it all day."
But to his surprise the door opened on the instant, and the girl stood before them.
"Come in," she said. "I do not wish to keep you away any longer. My father is dead. I had my way; he died in the house he tried in vain to pay for so many years."
The men entered, abashed.
"You killed him," she cried. "Oh, how dear he was to me! No real father was ever more kind and true!"
"I thought he was your father," cried Hiram.
"He was in heart," said the girl. "Since he took me a babe from my dead mother's arms and bore in his bosom to safety I have never needed a parent's love. I sailed with him upon the seas; I lived in foreign lands with him; I knew how he toiled to save the

sum that should secure us a home. My father? Yes, more than my father."
The old man became to tremble. He went close to the girl and peered into her eyes.
"Found you," he said. "Took you from your mother at sea."
"What do you care for all this?" said the girl. "But I will tell. He was but a common sailor. He had neither money nor friends. With the steamer Catharine he lost his little all—"
"The steamer Catharine!" cried the old man.
She went on as though she had not heard him.
"But in his poverty he cared for me. We were picked up by a vessel outward bound and went to France. There he left me with a peasant woman for four years. He had me taught. At last we came here. Always he thought of me—always, even when he wanted bread he would not let me sell a little trinket which he hoped would some day prove my identity."

"Let me see it!" cried Hiram.
Hiram had clasped the necklace with its golden cross to his lips, and said:
"My daughter! my daughter! God has given me my daughter!"
He held his arms toward her.
"Keep that man away!" she said.
"But you are my child—I am your father. This necklace was about my baby's neck. My wife was your mother. She sailed with you on board the steamer Catharine twenty years ago, and was lost. A sailor saved you, Jim! Jim! Yes, that man's name was James. Oh, my daughter, come to me!" Once more he advanced.
But she again flung him off. "If you are right," she said, "I hate myself for being your child. There lies my real father. I loved him, he loved me. He cared for me all the days of his life, and you, you murdered him. I hate you!"

"But my money!" faltered Hiram. "It is all yours—all I saved for you."
"Your money and you are alike accursed," said the girl. "Leave me alone."
Hiram turned from her and departed. He went straight home and to the room he had so long kept in gorgeous solitude for his lost child. There he locked himself in. Twenty-four hours later some one who had been alarmed by his strange manner and long silence broke it open. Something horrible dangled from a great spike by which a picture had been upheld. To it Hiram Basset had hung himself.

His daughter had even then no pity for him. Nor would she have willingly touched his money, but his agent was too shrewd a lawyer to miss his own fees. Almost perforce the property which Hiram had amassed became that of the daughter who had begged in vain for mercy at his hands for the old sailor who had saved her life.—New York News.

Rescued "Old Pat's" Plow.
When the news came into Connecticut that the British soldiers had fired the shot heard "around the world" Israel Putnam was plowing in a stony field in his farm in Pomfret. The plow vanished from the unfinished furrow and from history, then and there, when "Old Pat" took up arms for his country.

It was rescued from a Windham County barn loft a short time ago and bought for a song by E. A. Brooks, an enthusiastic relic hunter of Hartford, Conn. It now occupies an honored position among his collection of curiosities. The Putnam plow is a pretty tough looking relic, but it is intact in all its parts. It is interesting and valuable, aside from its associations, in that it is a capital type of the plow used in New England during the colonial period.

Mr. Brooks has also secured a wrinkled old image of Bacchus, the oldest in the country, under whose benign countenance travelers found entertainment in the old Stamford Tavern, in Wintham town, Conn., in the seventeenth century. The figure was carved from a log of pine by British prisoners in Windham Jail in 1786.—New York Herald.

Bought His Own Furniture.
An amusing story is told of a gentleman living in London. As the anecdote goes, it seems that he had a passion for the purchase of second-hand furniture at auctions, and that in making "good bargains" he had filled his house with antiquated and almost useless articles. Upon one occasion his wife took the responsibility, without consulting her husband, to have a portion of the least useful of the pieces removed to an auctionroom to be sold. Great was her dismay when, on the evening of the day of the sale, the majority of the articles came back to the house. The husband had stumbled into the auctionroom, and, not knowing his own furniture, had purchased it at a better bargain than at first.—Harper's Round Table.

Largest Elk on Record.
The largest elk of which I have an authentic record was formerly owned by Mr. G. R. McKenzie, of Sullivan County, New York, and kept in his park until it had to be killed for viciousness. It measured as follows: Length of head and body, 7 feet 8 inches; tail, 61 inches; height at the shoulders, 5 feet 4 inches. I am glad to be able to add that its skin is now in the possession of the American Museum of Natural History, and will soon be mounted by Mr. Rowley—which guarantees the quality of the finished specimen. The weight of that animal could scarcely have been less than 1000 pounds, but the weight of a full-grown elk sometimes is as little as 400 pounds.—St. Nicholas.

THE SIX RICHEST MEN.

HOW THEY MADE FORTUNES AGGREGATING OVER \$1,000,000,000.

Li Hung Chang on Top With \$500,000,000—Kings of Oil, Real Estate, Nitrate and Tea.

WHO are the richest men in the world? It is doubtful whether one person in a hundred could answer this question off-hand. Certainly few would put at the top the name of Li Hung Chang, the great Chancellor of the Chinese Empire, yet that is where he belongs. After careful search and investigation, the Sunday World has arrived at the following list, which may be accepted as authentic:

Li Hung Chang	\$500,000,000
John D. Rockefeller	180,000,000
The Duke of Westminster	100,000,000
Colonel North	100,000,000
Cornelius Vanderbilt	100,000,000
Woh Qua	100,000,000
	\$1,080,000,000

But two of these multi-millionaires inherited their fortunes. One is the Duke of Westminster and the other is Cornelius Vanderbilt. Li Hung Chang alone is in danger of losing his, but then his head might go, too, and a person without that necessary ornament wouldn't enjoy even a cracker. As Viceroy of the Chinese Empire he was for years in a position to accumulate wealth of every sort. With his five hundred millions he is the owner of great rice fields and innumerable pawn shops, which are most profitable. In the district where he resides he is looked upon as a veritable god. Hundreds of slaves and servants wait upon him, and except when he is called to court to visit his employer, the Emperor, he passes his time studying.

Colonel North is an Englishman. He is not a man of great refinement. When he was fourteen years old he could not read or write. Like many of his sort he knocked about the world, serving sometimes as a common sailor aboard ships which carried material from the old country to the new. He is a Yorkshire man and arrived in Chile when he was but twenty-three years old. Originally a boiler riveter, he found employment in the town of Husaco. At this time the nitrate fields of Peru were beginning to be talked of as fields for speculation. He had a talent for mechanics, and mastered every detail of the business. After he had seen the fortune in the stuff, he raised capital, invested it, and founded the fortune which is today rated at a hundred millions. He secured control of the nitrate beds and arranged for a water supply in that region. Seeing the vast fortune which was to be his, he availed himself of his opportunities and when the war between Chile and Peru broke out found an opening for accumulating more wealth. He got control of the railway, water and gas works and other corporations, which he managed most successfully and made paying properties. After the vast flow of wealth which tumbled into his pockets he returned to England, leaving his business interests in good hands, and then proceeded to enjoy himself. Although he is a chief figure at the race-tracks now, he is too busy a man to simply sit down and look on. He is interested in many new schemes, most of which have proved more than profitable. His recent defeat for election to Parliament he takes calmly. He scatters money lavishly. The Prince of Wales has become his intimate friend. His racing stables are among the best in England. His country house is in Marvel.

The Duke of Westminster, who has enormous interests in London property, is not only the richest of Great Britain's peers but also one of the best liked men in England. His popularity with all classes has been gained not altogether in politics or in the tangled webs of diplomacy, but in the hunting fields. He would as soon race with his tenants as with a lot of princelings. Once he was master of the "Glorious Cheshire Hounds," and once won the blue ribbon of the day. No other living man is a better judge of horses.

He is over seventy years old, but is as young, apparently, as a spring chicken. His father was a Marquis, and he himself was created a Duke in 1874. His income is variously estimated from five to seven hundred thousand pounds a year. He owns the land on which many of the principal markets in London are situated. His ancestral seats are many and his hospitality unbounded.

John D. Rockefeller made his vast fortune, which is estimated at over \$180,000,000, out of oil as easily as the farmer's wife gets pig money from her chickens. His golden eggs were laid by obliging refiners, who had to do as he said or go to smash.

He started a refinery in Cleveland, Ohio, and organized a company which is now the Standard Oil Company. From this beginning he has achieved immense power and wealth. He is a strict Baptist, and has given two millions to the Chicago University. With his family he lives quietly in this city, a most unassuming man. In spite of Rockefeller's enormous wealth, his charities are large, and his wife and two charming daughters as well give away many thousands each year to persons who they think deserving of more than alms.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is probably the thriftiest of the sons of William H., and has actually more money than he knows what to do with. His magnificent house facing Central Park is eagerly sought by almost every visitor to this city. His daughter Gertrude is, after Miss Rockefeller, the greatest heiress in the country. The Vanderbilt money was inherited, and the system bearing the name is supposed to be worth near three hundred millions, of which this favored son

owns a third. While he is somewhat of a society man, Cornelius Vanderbilt does not care for that kind of life, except for the pleasure it gives his family. He finds most pleasure in the quiet of his library. He wants to be left severely alone. He enjoys particularly a month's walk in the Swiss Tyrol or a vacation in the wilderness of the Norwegian forests.

Woh Qua, the great Canton tea merchant, has a fortune estimated at hundred millions. For years the trade in tea has been centered in him. From the smallest settlement in Maine to the largest capital in Europe, tea is everywhere a daily beverage. Whether it comes by caravan across Siberia or by boat around the Horn and Cape of Good Hope, it is as much a necessity as bread. Years ago Woh Qua, who had worked himself up in the firm with which he was connected, looked ahead fifty years and saw the vast possibilities of the business. He lives in a magnificent villa on the edge of Canton an enterprising person of all Nationalities. A good share of his money, like part of the fortune of Li Hung Chang, is invested abroad. His vessels are numbered by the thousand, and as a matter of fact he commands more ships than the Admiral of any principality.

There are, of course, other great individual fortunes, such as those of Baron Hirsch, the Astors and the Rothschilds. The two latter, however, are jointly owned by half a dozen members of the family, and while the sum itself is great, it would not make each member as rich as either of the six men mentioned above if it were to be apportioned among them.—New York World.

WISE WORDS.

What man has done, woman thinks she can do.
Melody is the soul of music, while harmony is its mind.
A pretty woman is the prettiest thing on earth—to the eye.
The more a bachelor thinks of matrimony the less of it he does.
A pair of soft brown eyes in a man's heart makes him blind all over.
Faith in men and things is one of mankind's slipperiest possessions.
A wife may easily love herself enough to make her husband unhappy.
Love is the great inexplicable, and marriage sometimes makes it more so.
Strong action can issue only from strong faith. Only out of certainty comes power.
Sorrow herself will reveal one day that she was only the beneficent shadow of joy.
When a man is no longer able to do harm, he becomes possessed of an ambition to do good.
You will not learn anything if you are not curious, and people will not like you if you are.
The honeymoon has waned when the bride stops telling things, and begins to ask questions.
It is harder work holding back when one starts going down the hill than it is to get up when one starts going up.
Women are safer in perilous situations and emergencies than men, and might be still more so if they trusted themselves more confidently to the chivalry of manhood.
It is good to know that he who makes nobler life possible by any conscious work of his, for other people therein lives nobly himself, not merely in their lives, but in his own.
It is not our fortune in life, our sorrow, or our joy; it is the explanation which we give of it ourselves, the depth to which we can see down into it that make our lives significant or insignificant to us.
To do what we ought to do is an altogether higher, diviner, more potent, more creative thing than to write the grandest poem, paint the most beautiful picture, carve the mightiest statue or dream out the most enchanting communion of melody and harmony.

Hunting the Moose.

Thanks to the fact that the moose is rather solitary in his habits, quick-witted, and keen of eye, ear and nostril in detecting danger, he is not destined to be exterminated so easily as the more stupid bison, caribou and elk. Rarely, indeed, does the hunter find more than a family of moose together, even in the dead of winter, when they "yard up" in a given locality for days or weeks at a time.
By reason of his great size, his savory flesh, his much-prized head, and the difficulty of killing him, this animal has always been very attractive to sportsmen and naturalists, and pothunters also. As a result, our leading scientific museums now possess more and finer mounted specimens of this species than of any other large game animal of America except the bison.
The museums of Washington, New York and the University of Kansas possess magnificent groups that are lasting monuments to the greatness of Alces Americanus, and a credit to our country besides.—St. Nicholas.

The Avalanche.

The guide gave the word to leave the channel of ice and all took to the rocks on the side, for a snowball or two had rolled down from above, and he was afraid more might follow. Scarcely had we got out of our trouph and up on the crags, when down came an avalanche with a vengeance, and we were within twenty feet of a tremendous discharge of thousands of tons of snow and ice, which swept down the track that we had just ascended. We were perfectly safe, but somehow the half rise, half roar remained in my ears for some time; and for many nights afterward, when indigestible suppers produced evil dreams, the avalanche was sure to figure in them.—Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Bicycle Race—Those Gentle Creatures—Sufficient Cause—Why He Did It—A Touchy Point, Etc., Etc.
"Ah, me, what perils do caution
The man who meddles with cold iron!"
I started on my flying wheel,
The flush of exercise to feel,
When, disoriented with its load
It scattered me along the road,
And though I lit on every place,
The most of it was on my face.
—New York Sun.

THOSE GENTLE CREATURES.
Miss Ould (playfully)—"I'm older than you think I am."
Miss Caustique—"I doubt it."
Chicago Record.

WHY HE DID IT.
Fond Parent—"Bobby, did you pick all the white meat off this chicken?"
Bobby—"Well, pop, to make a clean breast of it, I did."
—

SUFFICIENT CAUSE.
Daughter—"Papa went away in very good spirits this morning."
Mother—"Good gracious! That reminds me that I forgot to ask him for some money!"
—

THE TROUBLE WITH HIM.
"Rising nicely, ain't he, mamma?"
"Jimmy! What on earth have you been doing with Fido?"
"He's just e't three yeast cakes and drunk a pan of sour milk."—Chicago Record.

KILLS EVERY TIME.
"I see they are introducing an army market which is said to be very deadly."
"Yes, it is so constructed that nobody can tell if it is loaded or not."
—Detroit Tribune.

A TOUCHY POINT.
He (pleadingly)—"Why can't we be married?"
She (coolly)—"Oh, I can't bear to leave father alone just yet."
He (earnestly)—"But, my darling, he has had you such a long, long time?"
She (freely)—"Sir!"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

ONE OF THE COMMON HERD.
Mrs. De Style—"I am afraid that young man who called on you last evening is not accustomed to good society."
Daughter—"Why, mother?"
Mrs. De Style—"Whenever he speaks, he says something."—New York Weekly.

HIS ANGEL.
"What is that, dear?" the young husband asked.
"Angel food," said she, sweetly.
"—I guess you better eat it yourself. You are the only angel in the house."
And he helped himself liberally to the bread and beef.—Indianapolis Journal.

AND HAD NO RETURNS.
"Odd about that killing of Smedley, wasn't it?"
"I hadn't heard."
"Yes; took out a \$5000 policy only last week and yesterday was shot and killed."
"Well, some fellows were born lucky—I've been paying premiums for twenty-five years."—Chicago Record.

TOMMY'S LOGIC.
Mr. Bliss—"No, Tommy, you cannot have any more cake. Don't you know it is very wrong to ask the second time for anything?"
Tommy Bliss—"You did it, papa."
Mr. Bliss—"I did it, Tommy! Why, what do you mean?"
Tommy Bliss—"Why, mamma's your second wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

AT A LEGATION RECEPTION.
Miss Fuller—"When our Americans go to China they build railroads, start live enterprises, and are of great benefit to your country. When a Chinaman comes here he is content to open a laundry. How do you account for it?"
Mandarin Hit Rice—"Melicans need help more cleaning."—Leslie's Weekly.

HIS OBJECT IN SPEAKING.
He—"Miss Perry mead, while I may not be the man of your choice at this moment, yet I venture to hope—"
She—"I can only be a sister—"
"As I was saying, Miss Perry mead, while I may not be your choice, I don't want you to forget me when the time comes for you to look for a chance instead of a choice."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE UNEXPECTED.
The landlord presents his bill to the traveler. The latter looks at the sum total and prepares to pay without demur.
Mine host, stupefied at this unwonted promptitude on the part of a guest, stammers out:
"Beg your pardon, sir, will you let me have another look at the bill? I must have omitted something."
—

A CANDID MAN.
Mr. Billus had bought a new piano. A lusty fellow with red hair was assisting in carrying the instrument into the house, when Mr. Billus thus addressed him:
"What a pity it is, Lally, that you and I were not born rich instead of handsome."
"Excuse me, sir," replied Lally, taking a good look at him, "but I think we were late on both."—Chicago Tribune.