

The newest term for wheelwomen is "cyclostrienne."

The saying is attributed to Von Bulow, the sarcastic German pianist, that a tenor is not a man; he is an illness.

A writer in the New York Sun declares that the flavor of the California peach is never equal to the promise of its blush.

A Maine editor having sent little Marion Cleveland a poodle, the Galveston News facetiously observes: Most of the editors have been giving her father pointers.

According to a report to the State Department from United States Consul Bigelow, at Ronen, the world's production of wool has not increased during the past year, but actually diminished.

Probably few know that newspapermen have a direct interest in forests, but nevertheless it is so, declares the New York Witness. Most all the paper used nowadays to print newspapers is made of pulp, secured from spruce trees, and the quantity of trees required to furnish this paper every year is amazingly large. According to the Southern Lumberman it is estimated that the white paper for the daily supply of the several editions of the New York World requires all the marketable spruce lumber fit to cut which grows on seven acres of average spruce forests. The Boston Globe's edition requires the growth of three acres of New England spruce forests. The wood pulp now used in the United States requires about 2200 cords of spruce daily, or 1,760,000 feet of spruce logs for every twenty-four hours, amounting to 500,000,000 feet per annum. That amount of lumber, now going to waste as soon as the newspaper is a day old, used to suffice to build houses intended to last half a century or more. The pulp drain upon spruce forests uses up the mature timber of 100,000 acres a year.

Cheap books are a good thing if the books are worth reading, but the great mass of the popular literature now sent out is, in the opinion of the Atlanta Journal, the veriest trash. Over two hundred new novels will be published in this country between now and the holidays and it is safe to predict that not a dozen of them will be of any real value. The publication of novels has been going on in this country for some years past at a terrific rate. In 1890 the number was 1118; in 1891, it was 1105; in 1892, it was 1102, and in 1893 1132. Of these more than four thousand novels hardly anybody now remembers even the names of more than a score or two. Nearly all of them have passed into well deserved forgetfulness and are to be followed by as many, or more, of the same kind in an equal number of years. John Ruskin's advice is to read no book until it is a year old. If one should adopt this plan he would find a year hence very few of the books that are now just out. The Ruskin idea is an excellent one. We often wonder when we read some new book which is the temporary rage what there is in it to make everybody anxious to get it and a little while later we find that nobody wants it. It would be a fearful doom to be forced to read all of the two hundred American novels which are to come out this year.

The report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for 1895 shows that, compared with the fiscal year 1893-4, there has been a decrease in land entries of 19,095, and of 6,616,985 acres entered upon. Some persons may hastily assume that this indicates that the public lands of the United States are nearly all occupied, but this is not the case. There is plenty of good Government land left, but it is a fact that in years of depression the desire to take up land seems to diminish. This rather discredits the theory of some economists who profess to find an explanation of the superior condition of the masses in this country in the fact that as soon as work becomes difficult to obtain in cities the surplus population finds its way into agricultural pursuits. The reverse, however, seems to be the case. When work is abundant in cities the wild agricultural lands are freely taken up, but when the working classes in the city cannot find employment the business of farming ceases to have allurements. The explanation is simple, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle. When the manufacturing industries of the country are thriving and the workers in the urban districts are earning good wages, the farmer and fruit raiser can sell his products at good prices; when work in factories is scarce and wages low the profits of agriculture disappear and there is no temptation to engage in the pursuit.

WINGS.

Wings that flutter in sunny air;
Wings that dive and dip and dare;
Wings of the humming-bird flashing by;
Wings of the lark in the purple sky;
Wings of the eagle aloft, aloft;
Wings of the pigeon upon the roof;
Wings of the storm-bird swift and free
With wild winds sweeping across the sea—
Often and often a voice in me sings—
O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

O, to winnow the air with wings!
O, to float far above hurtful things!
Things that weary and wear and fret—
Deep in the azure to fly and forget.
To touch in a moment the mountain's crest,
Or haste to the valley for home and rest;
To rock with the pine tree as wild birds play,
To follow the sailor a summer's day,
Over and over a voice in me sings—
O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

Softly responsive a voice in me sings—
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings,
Soon as the glass a second can count
Into the heavens thy heart may mount,
Hope may fly to the topmost peak,
Lone its nest in the vale may seek;
Outspending the sailor Faith's pinions may
Touch the ends of the earth in a summer's day.

Softly responsive a voice in me sings—
Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings!
—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

A FATAL LOVE.

EGINALD VAN SWELLMUM muttered: "Confound it!"

He moved his head so far to the right in his effort to get a glimpse of the face behind the paper novel that it crashed into the bonnet of the woman in the seat next him on that side; then he leaned over to the left, and his derby crumpled the paper in which the crusty individual on that hand was engrossed, and the crusty individual, in turn, scowled at him. It was of no use. He could see but her pretty hat and a few waves of soft dark hair beneath it, two small hands neatly gloved, a trim waist; the face was hidden by the blue-backed novel that she was reading. So he was compelled to stare disconsolately at the binding and at the great black letters thereon, which read: "A Fatal Love."

The guard thrust his head into the car and bawled: "Next!" The door banged shut and Van Swellum again muttered: "Confound it! and fourteen's mine."

He craned his neck in an endeavor to see over the top of the paper volume. But it was in vain. Then a great hulking Italian got a right in the middle of the aisle and completely shut off his view. Van Swellum was inwardly calling down vengeance on his stupid head when the train swung around the curve and the man toppled over. There was a slight feminine scream. Van Swellum jumped from his place and picked "A Fatal Love" from beneath the foreigner's feet, and while the discomfited fellow was pouring forth apologies in broken English, he politely handed the crumpled volume to its blushing owner. Then, for the first time, he saw her face, and he was not disappointed.

Beneath her wavy brown hair he found a broad white forehead, delicate brown lashes, clear blue eyes, a straight, well-cut nose, full rounded cheeks pink with health and a mouth—when Van Swellum saw it parted in a smile he felt back in his seat and muttered: "Thank you, my clumsy Italian friend."

The novel hid the face from view again, and he stared blankly at the blue binding and lost himself in thought.

"Plaguey pretty. Knew there was something behind that book worth looking at. I'd like to meet her. I wonder where she lives and who she is. Nothing like her in our set. Now, if mother would pick out something like that for me, I would be willing. But Angelica Billions; ugh! Well, money and beauty never do go hand in hand. What a mouth! I really think she smiled at me when—"

"Te-e-n!" bawled the guard. Van Swellum started. "Fourteen?" he inquired of the crusty individual next him. That personage nodded stolidly at him in reply. He jumped from his seat, dashed through the car and was just in time to force his way through the closing gates.

He threaded his way down the crowded stairs and started up Sixth avenue. Suddenly he halted; then he smiled and plunged on among the crowd. Right ahead was the pink shirt, the neat hat, the brown hair and a hand holding the blue-backed novel. "She must live around here," thought the now excited Van Swellum. "If she does, I'll find where; and if I find where—adieu to all thoughts of Angelica Billions. Mother! hick, but what a mother's kicking to a son's happiness."

He stopped. She had turned into a small shop. He would wait until she came out. He walked very slowly, until he found that he was getting dangerously near the store. She might discover him. He wheeled about and walked slowly back, frequently glancing about to see that she did not escape him. Ten minutes and she had not come out. Could she have seen him and escaped by a back door? He would find out. He returned and walked rapidly up the avenue by the shop; he looked in the window and gasped. It was a shock to Reginald Van Swellum. She had removed her hat and was seated on a high stool at a cashier's desk. He glanced at the sign above the door and read: "The Reunion Dyeing Company." Then he mut-

tered "Confound it!" and hurried away.

Any one acquainted with New York genealogy will appreciate Reginald Van Swellum's thoughts and his position. There is no older nor prouder family on all Manhattan Island than the Van Swellums. Three of the name were members of the Governor's Council in the early days of New Amsterdam. They had days of New Amsterdam possessed many fine cabbage patches on the outskirts of the settlement which still remain in the blood of the family. Twenty-story buildings rear their ugly heads where once the good Van Swellums dug, hoed and weeded when not busy with the affairs of State. Reginald Van Swellum was not the brainiest of his line, a fact of which he was perfectly aware. In consequence of this knowledge he wisely refrained from entering any business or profession, not wishing to imperil the fruits of his ancestors' industry. He was not energetic, and not being energetic, did not care for society. "It bored him. It was easier to read about it, comfortably settled in an easy chair before a bright, cosy fire, with a pipe in his mouth. His mother was a widow, who lived a quiet life between her old house on lower Fifth avenue and her comfortable place up the Hudson. To have her son safely and properly settled was her sole care. She had chosen for him Angelica Billions. To be sure, Miss Billions's family on her father's side was not all that could be desired, but then there was money, and that covers a multitude of sins. The only drawback to the match was Reginald. But doubtless he, too, would have encumbered it had not been for the clumsy Italian on the elevated train who discovered to him a more charming prospect in life.

Van Swellum's sensibilities were shocked by his ideal's connection with the Reunion Dyeing Company. He felt that his blood called upon him to forget, and for the next few weeks he busied himself with the work of forgetting as he had never busied himself at anything before. He would fix his favorite armchair before the fireplace, in which the logs crackled right merrily, and with a pipe in his mouth would endeavor to lose himself in some stinging novel. By and by the book falls from his hand and he is gazing absently into the cloud of gray smoke curling up from the bowl.

What is that in the depths of the thick whirling cloud? A blue curtain. Van Swellum leans forward and gazes intently. Black letters are forming there. Now they stand out clearly and boldly—A Fatal Love. A smile of content spreads over his countenance, for now the blue veil is lifting and a sweet face beams on him from the gray cloud. He starts. The smile departs. Over the fair face with its crown of rich hair more letters are forming. He reads: The Reunion Dyeing Company.

"One day he gave up forgetting. "George!" he called. His man appeared at the door. "Put that new grey spring suit in a bag for me. No. Just the trousers. They'll do." "George looked surprised. "You'd better let me attend to what you want, sir. I can help you." "I wish you could, my dear man; but you can't."

A few minutes later he was hurrying along Sixth avenue. He came to a halt in front of the shop and looked in. She was behind the desk. He hesitated a moment; then entered resolutely and threw his bag upon the counter. She hurried to wait on him, and as their eyes met, started. She recognized him and blushed. Van Swellum blushed, too, to the roots of his hair. It had just occurred to him that she would remember him. She recovered herself and said pleasantly: "What can we do for you?"

He silently fumbled the bag and finally succeeded in opening it. "I want 'em dyed," he stammered. "What color?" she asked, drawing a pencil from behind her ear and preparing to make a note. "Well—er—hanged if I know. What's a good color?"

The thin little young man with a crooked nose who had been moving some cases about the store, stopped his work and grinned at him. The sight of him roused Van Swellum. "Make 'em black," he exclaimed. "Of course I want 'em black."

With that he turned the contents of the bag on the counter and rushed away. All thoughts of Angelica Billions were shattered; all deference for his mother's wishes gone. Of course, she would object. But who could help it? It was fate. Suppose that grinning idiot was making love to her there in the shop every day. He would not stand it! To the winds with the Van Swellums and the Van Swellum blood! He was a man, and for once was going to have his own way.

Four days later he called and got his trousers, all black and shrunken into shapelessness. But what did he care? He was composed now, and determined. "It seems to me," he said, as he leaned over the counter, "that we have met before."

She smiled divinely, and replied "Yes. And ain't it queer we've met again."

The "ain't" jarred on Van Swellum's nerves, but he cast it aside as a small matter. He could cure that very quickly. "Yes," he replied, leaning further over the counter. He blushed and whispered: "Perhaps it was Fate."

A beautiful red suffused her cheeks, and Van Swellum decided that he had gone far enough for the present, and departed, gaily swinging his bag and feeling well content with the world and himself.

On the next day he left the gray coat at the shop to have it dyed also. A brown golf suit, his light check

trousers, his tennis flannels, his old and new covert coat, his driving coat, two pairs of light striped trousers, his riding breeches and two suits of tweed, imported from England, followed in rapid succession to the vat. They were sacrificed on the altar of his love, he said gaily to himself. His man George was agitated at the devastation, and vainly remonstrated. He was promptly rebuffed, and received no explanation of the strange havoc his master was making in his wardrobe. He would have reported the young man's unaccountable conduct with his own suspicion that he was mentally unbalanced to Mrs. Van Swellum, but she had gone to the country a month back. Van Swellum had promised to follow her in a week, but instead kept staying on in town until now the summer was well advanced.

May flew by; June came and went; July opened. At length one day Van Swellum stood in the middle of his dressing room gazing about him at the sartorial delinquents which George had laid out for his inspection. He smiled. "I guess," he said aloud, "I'll have to bring this business to a close. People'll think I'm in mourning, if this keeps on. Only one dyable garment left. That delightful brown and red plaid that Cuten just sent over last month. I'll try to-day, and perhaps I can save it, if she says 'Yes.' Oh, my! What a howdee it'll make! I guess we'll go abroad for a while." He chuckled softly.

"And my friend, the grinning idiot that handles cases. Well, I guess he'll outgrow his grief."

He folded the last dyable garment in the bag and started away on his errand. There was no one in the store, for it was late in the afternoon. She greeted him cordially as usual, as he laid his burden on the counter and slowly opened it.

"I have something I want to tell you," she said with a little blush and a little gush. "And I," he said firmly, leaning his elbows on the counter, resting his chin in his hands and gazing at her, "have something I want to tell you."

"But," she began, naively, "you have brought us so much trouble; business, you know, was very dull before you came, and you have helped us."

"Helped you?" exclaimed Van Swellum. "Nothing has delighted me more, Miss—er—er—" He hesitated, for he did not know her name. "Well, you have," she replied, her eyes lighting with gratitude. "And Jim and me are very thankful. You see, you were our first customer, and I tell you we didn't take in much money when we started the Reunion Dyeing Company after our marriage."

"Married!" gasped Van Swellum, straightening up. "Why, didn't you know Jim and me were married?" she cried. "Oh, Jim, Jim, do come here!"

Van Swellum turned in time to see the thin little young man enter the store from the rear room. "Have 'em dyed black!" he cried, tumbling the contents of his bag on the counter. "I'll send for 'em."

With that he rushed wildly from the shop. Not long after he stood again in the middle of his room, the wrecks of his wardrobe about him. "Black," he said slowly, puffing at his pipe. "Everything black—mourning—fitting emblem—the grinning idiot—confound him. Did he know—did she know? Confound it! It's good they don't know my name. To think that such a beauty would take to such a whippersnapper of a specimen!"

Van Swellum laughed ironically. "George!" he cried. The man appeared at the door. "George," said Van Swellum, solemnly, "I'm an ass. Don't you think I'm an ass?"

"I don't know, sir," replied George, stammering confusedly. "Well, I am," said Van Swellum, emphatically. "If you insist, sir," replied George stolidly.

Van Swellum was lost in thought for a moment. "George," he said, suddenly, "the Paris suits to-morrow. Go quick, now, and telephone for passages for you and myself!"

The man hesitated. "About clothes, sir," he said. "I'll go over in mourning," said Van Swellum, smiling. And when George had withdrawn he added suddenly: "And the Billions are in London. Confound it, it's fate."—New York Sun.

A Musical Dentist.

There is a dentist in San Francisco who is noted for his musical tastes and his high charges. His ordinary fee is fifteen dollars per hour; his extraordinary fee is unknown. Some time ago a lady was in his chair, and the dentist was conversing with her while her mouth was filled with rubber dams and things. Carried away by his enthusiasm while talking of a certain song, he offered to sing it for her. Taking an inarticulate, rubber-intercepted sound for an affirmative, he skipped lightly to the piano, which stood in one corner of the operating room. There he toyed with Polyhymnia, the muse of music, doubtless much to his satisfaction, and, turning to his patient, asked how she liked it.

"Very much, indeed, doctor," came the reply in muffled tones, "but it would have been cheaper at a concert, for here it has cost me three dollars and seventy-five cents."—Argonaut.

Physicians Who Ride Bicycles.

Suburban doctors in New York and other cities are using the bicycle in preference to the horse and carriage in visiting patients that are approachable by good roads.

A REPULSIVE OCCUPATION.

PROFESSIONAL EXECUTIONERS IN VARIOUS COUNTRIES.

How the Legal Decees are Carried Out in Cuba, France, Spain, China and Elsewhere.

PROBABLY more legal executions occur in Cuba at present, according to the New York Herald, than in any country in the world, but there are no professional executioners in that war-ridden island. Garroting in Cuba, although under the requirements of Spanish law, is a very rare occurrence. The circumstances must be very grave before a Cuban judge will sentence a prisoner to death; not from any sentiment, but from the fact that powerful pressure is usually brought to bear by the friends of a condemned man upon the judiciary. General Campos has firmly objected to the revival of the garrote as a means of punishment for rebels caught under arms, although a strong effort was made by Cuban Tories to have the barbarous relic brought to use again. The garrote has been considered barbarous because of the horrible spectacle it makes of a victim dying under its grip. After the victim is secured in the chair, and the "cravat" placed around his neck—the cravat being the band which presses against his throat—the executioner gives a sudden half turn to the garrote handle, and almost instantly a screw punctures the neck at the back and grinds into the vertebrae, breaking the bone and piercing the marrow canal. For an instant the body of the victim shivers, trembles and stiffens, as if suffering intense agony. This lasts but an instant, for death comes as soon as the screw has broken his neck. There is no professional garroter in Cuba. That office is always performed by some attaché of the prison where the execution is to take place. There is the usual Spanish accompaniment of priests and platoons of soldiers. At present most of the executions in Cuba, being of a military character, are by the bullet, and sometimes the poor marksmanship of the soldiers makes the scene far more painful than if the prisoner were guillotined.

There is probably no legitimate trade followed by man more repulsive and abhorrent to the average person than that of professional executioner. No matter how jolly and light hearted they may be, no matter how they may go to church and pray and mingle with their neighbors, they are always regarded as living haunted lives and sleeping in the company of headless ghosts.

In this State, where condemned prisoners are executed by electricity, the man who turns on the current stands in another room and is publicly unknown. This makes the lot of the executioner a comparatively easy one.

In Scotland the duty of witnessing executions is imposed on the civic magistracy, one of whom attends for this purpose. Since 1847 Edinburgh has had no regular executioner, but depends on the London executioner, who is hired for the occasion. Formerly this personage was William Calcraft, it is related of Calcraft that he himself, together with his father and brother, was imprisoned in the Tower and condemned to death. Nobody could be found willing to carry out the sentence. Finally Calcraft himself offered to execute his father and brother, provided he was given his freedom. The compact was made, and the father and brother were duly executed. Calcraft was then made regular executioner and traveled all over England in the performance of his duties. He never seemed to worry over public opinion, but rather enjoyed the notoriety he gained. He amassed a snug little fortune from his peculiar trade.

Besides the usual fees of £1 per month as a retainer, the English executioner received £10 for every execution. In addition to this the English executioners from early times have claimed the clothes of the executed as a perquisite.

So numerous were the public executions in England in former times that almost every town and county had an executioner as an acknowledged officer of justice, with a salary. On many noteworthy occasions special executioners were employed. When Charles I. was put to death the executioners concealed their faces under visors, but this was more in the way of precaution than of custom. The office of executioner seems to have been at one time hereditary in England. This custom died out in time, and the office was filled by appointment.

Calcraft was succeeded by Marwood, who became quite as celebrated in his way as his predecessor. The last official headman of the Tower of London died in 1861. Latterly the office has been a mere sinecure.

Probably the most noted executioner of France was the late M. Sanson, who officiated at the death of Louis XVI. In his latter years he was assisted by his son. The French people do not seem to entertain any particular aversion for executioners. There was nothing particularly lugubrious about either M. Sanson or his son. They mingled with the crowds at executions with the greatest good nature. This, however, was before the days of the anarchists. Since the latter have monopolized the guillotine French executions have lost many of the features that made them so characteristic. Nowadays fearstricken crowds press against the barriers that used to keep mobs of merry-makers back. The present sentiment that something may happen fills every mind.

The scenes at these political executions are in strange contrast with what takes place at the foot of the guillo-

tine when a "passional" criminal is hurried into eternity amid the gibes of a French crowd. On the latter occasions vice-bought elegance and abject misery rub elbows in the struggle to catch a glimpse of the spot where the execution is to take place. In these executions M. Deibler, the present Paris executioner, is pre-eminent, and does his work with an easy good nature that is fascinating.

The office of executioner in Spain is not regarded with undue aversion by the masses. The executions are performed with great ceremony, but are seldom in public, although squads of soldiery are almost invariably drawn up around the garrote. The Spanish executioner has a far less repulsive job than that of his French brother. A simple twist of a screw and the prisoner's neck is dislocated by a sharp metal point that enters at the junction of the spinal column.

In Cambodia the public executioner does his work with the sword, chopping his victim wherever he may please. Beheading is the style affected by China, while in Armenia the condemned man kneels and has his throat cut quietly and peaceably by the executioner. This, however, is a fine death compared to that inflicted by the executioners of Central India. In former times the condemned man was forced to put his head on a block, where it was stepped on by an elephant.

As for the domestic lives of public executioners, they are probably as quiet and happy as those of most men. At the same time the job is not one calculated to excite envy. The garrote is also employed in Sweden, Italy, Belgium and Norway.—New York Herald.

WISE WORDS.

A man may unlearn, but a woman, never.

To some people ignorance seems to be intuitive.

Wealth is sometimes more burdensome than poverty itself.

No virtue, that is the result of fear, can be taught by example.

The time to shoot folly is not when it flies, but before it flies.

Whether one's taste is good or bad is largely a matter of taste.

The consequences are sometimes more than one person can take.

Many a silly woman has been able to lead a wise man around by the nose.

Some Americans ridicule foreign dukes and then claim to be related to them.

Only the most superior woman will admit that she is lacking entirely in beauty.

When a man combines in himself cash and character, he is practically invincible.

Those who have no money are not always poor, and those who have it are seldom rich.

Every man longs to be a woman just long enough to show what a good wife he would be.

It may be stated as a business fact that Cupid doesn't always pay the debts he contracts.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Fashionable Altimet—One More Victim—Knew Its Dangers—A Sufficient Explanation, Etc., Etc.

"One voice these things," said Brer Fox "According as his light is. Do not doubt those grapes are sweet, but I fear appendicitis."

ONE MORE VICTIM.
"Anything new on hand, Ethel?"
"Yes; another engagement ring."
—Detroit Free Press.

KNEW ITS DANGERS.
Lady of the House—"Are you familiar with all kinds of work?"
Weary Willy—"Yes, mum I'm onto it."
—Puck.

THINK OF THE BUTTERFLY!
"We had some lovely grape butter in the country."
"Do you know now they made it?"
"Oh, churned the juice, I suppose!"
—Chicago Record.

A SUFFICIENT EXPLANATION.
He—"I don't see why you need blubber so, even if Charley has gone away."
She—"Don't you see I'm quite unmanned?"—Harpur's Weekly.

LIVELY MORNING.
Teacher—"What excuse have you for being late?"
Truthful James—"Me watch was stole by a highwayman; an' it took me half an hour ter kill him an' git it back!"—Puck.

GOING HIM ONE BETTER.
"I began without a cent in my pocket," said the purse proud man to an acquaintance.
"I didn't even have a pocket, replied the latter, meekly.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

NO DISGUISE.
Husband (admiringly)—"There's no use trying to disguise the fact, you are smarter than I am, my dear."
Wife (complacently)—"The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us."

TOO SUGGESTIVE.
"I don't eat any more at Saagg's restaurant."
"Why not?"
"I complained of the steak yesterday, and he told me to bridle my appetite."—Detroit Free Press.

FINE DELICACY.
She—"He is a man of the finest delicacy of feeling, I don't care what you say about him."
He—"That's so. He only touched me for a quarter when he might have made it a dollar."—Detroit Free Press.

OF THE WORLD.
Higgins—"Do you think the earth is round?"
Wiggins—"Blessed I know. Judging from my experience with the people who live on it, I'm pretty sure that it isn't square."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS RULING PASSION.
"Bunkins is worth millions," remarked one of the clerks in the tax office. "And yet I'll bet anything he will be on the delinquent tax list as usual."
"Yes," was the reply. "I never in my life knew a man so crazy to get his name in print."—Washington Star.

A GREAT RENUNCIATION.
Sally Gay—"Miss Oldgal had a terrible battle between pride and inclination last night."
Dolly Swift—"How was that, dear?"
Sally Gay—"Why, it was her thirty-first birthday, and old Jack Giddyby wanted to kiss her once for each year, but she took only twenty."—New York World.

A GOOD TURN.
Drummer—"I've done a big day's work to-day; have taken orders for over \$5000 worth of goods."
Bill Collector—"Who are the parties?"
Drummer—"All to Skinner & Slow-pay."

BILL COLLECTOR—"That means steady employment for me for ten months. Thanks; don't know what I should do if it weren't for you."—Boston Transcript.

HIS SUSPICION.
"Mabel," said her father, after Mr. Stalate had left, "just in time to catch the last car, that young man owns stock in the gas company, does he not?"
"Yes."
"And he is also heavily interested in the coal trade?"
"I believe so."
"Well, hereafter he must be reminded that his departure is due at 10 p. m. I am convinced that his devotion to you is not disinterested."—Washington Star.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.
Her Father (appearing suddenly over the wall)—"Ah! young man; it's you, eh? Did my daughter promise to meet you here?"
The Young Man (scared into telling the truth)—"Y-e-e-s, sir. She promised to meet me here a quarter of an hour ago; but—but—I haven't—seen anything—of—her."
Her Father (angrily)—"That is just like a woman, for all the world! They have no respect for an engagement, whatever. You just stand here, and I'll go back to the house and find her."—Puck.