

Sir William Vernon Harcourt thinks that England's foreign relations were never in so threatening a condition since the memory of living man.

Boston is planning for its southern railroads a new union station, to be the biggest in the world; but the golden dome of the State house will still be the hub of the universe, announces the New York Recorder.

Postmaster Dayton, of New York city, says that one-cent postage will not come, and ought not, until the postal service supports itself. At present the postal deficit is about \$10,000,000 a year, while the English post office pays a profit of \$10,000,000.

Traveling churches are to be established on the Trans-Siberian railway, which passes through many desert tracks, where neither village nor church can be met with for miles. Cars fitted up for divine service will be attached to the trains for the benefit of the officials.

Dr. Cyrus Edson's new treatment for consumption has not had so sensational a reception as has been accorded many scientific discoveries in recent times, but the results already achieved are generally regarded, Public Opinion reports, as establishing a strong presumption in favor of the truth of Dr. Edson's theories.

Thomas Carlyle, demanded more than half a century ago: "Why is there not a majesty's library in every county town? There is a majesty's jail and gallows in every one." The American majesty is the people, and Carlyle's reproachful question modernized and localized demands: "Why is there not a people's library in every town?"

According to the Atlanta Constitution "the South has more than held her own. She has had fewer failures, with smaller liabilities than any other section. Our farmers have diversified their crops, and they have solved the problem of living at home. They no longer depend upon the packing houses and granaries of the west. Our mills and factories are rapidly multiplying and paying splendid dividends."

The Pennsylvania road is adopting a new system of electric signals. It consists of long metal arms extending from the roof of the train-shed to within a few feet of the top of the cars, one being directly over each track. A lantern with a red slide is attached to the end of the arm. When the train is ready to start the gate-man closes the gate and pushes a button, which causes the red slide to fall, showing a white light.

Hungary, which, by ethnological rules ought to be in the rearward of human progress, continually sets the rest of the continent examples in civilization. Its Liberal ministry has now addressed a decree to the Universities of Buda-Pesth and Klausenburg, ordaining that hereafter women shall be admitted to academic studies and be allowed to fit themselves for the professions of teachers in secondary female schools, physicians for women and children and dispensing druggists.

"Should clergymen advertise, and how?" was the subject of a recent symposium in the Chicago Times-Herald. Present interest in the subject was aroused by the action of the pastor of a Chicago Baptist church, who took what seemed to many the bold step of advertising his church services by posters. Yet the clergymen invited to give their views on the matter could, on sober reflection, find little to say in condemnation. A few, especially among the Episcopal and Presbyterian denominations, thought it a lowering of the dignity of the church. But the majority of the others could see no material difference, in point of ethics or dignity, between advertising in the newspapers, to which common practice no one objects, and advertising by posters. In fact, as many pointed out, the poster might be more effective in attracting the attention of just the people whom the church should most desire to reach. There was a consensus of opinion, however, that the posters should not ape theatrical advertising or be sensational in form or substance, though one clergyman had no objection to colored posters. To his mind a red poster was no more wicked than a black one, and he saw no good reason why the devil should have the most attractive poster. It was brought out in the discussion that church poster advertising, though novel in Chicago, is common enough in London.

MAKING RAINBOWS.

"The heart could have no rainbows had the eyes no tears."

Making rainbows!
Smiles through tears,
Light through darkness,
Hopes through fears.

Making rainbows!
Ease through pain,
Peace through suffering,
Hope again.

Making rainbows!
Joy through grief,
Rest through trouble,
Sweet relief.

Making rainbows!
While you may,
In the storm-clouds
O'er life's way.

Making rainbows!
Hearts are sad,
Share your gladness,
Make them glad!

Making rainbows!
Blissful art,
Healing every
Broken heart.

Making rainbows
One by one,
Till the Master
Says "Well done."

Making rainbows!
Mid earth's sighs;
Mending rainbows
For the skies!
—H. E. Banning, in Folk Lore.

RIDING FOR A FALL.

BY P. M'ARTHUR.



It was a perfect day for wheeling. Even the slight sea breeze that took the curl out of their bangs as they sat on the piazza of the O'Shann House, seemed to invite Florence and her chaperone to go for a spin. But that good-fellowship necessary to an enjoyable trip did not exist, because Florence had a well-founded suspicion that her dear Aunt had that morning intercepted a letter from Fred Lumsden, and the Aunt was feeling that her wholly unprejudiced lecture on the evanescence of misplaced love and the durability of American dollars was not being properly appreciated. It is probable that, in spite of the glorious weather, nothing more exciting than an ordinary family quarrel would have happened had it not been for the effervescent energy of Fred, who appeared on the scene in that unexpected way peculiar to true lovers.

"Good morning, ladies!" he called, with an effort at boldness that only made the blood mount to his cheeks. "Beautiful day—or isn't it?"

"Beautiful! I'm so glad to see you," said Florence, with an accent of sincerity that was perhaps emphasized in order to spite her Aunt.

"Perfectly charming," said the aunt, in the tinkling tones that remind one of the chink of the ice in a glass of frappe tea.

"I did myself the honor to call on you," Fred explained, as he leaned his wheel against the hotel steps and took a chair near Florence, "because I am going West to-morrow. I have secured a position as civil engineer with a Western railway company that is projecting a branch line, and as I had the day to spare, I thought I'd come down and bid you good-bye."

"So kind of you, I am sure," said the dear Aunt. "I am so glad—for your sake, Fred—that you have this position, for I think a young man should begin his life work as soon after leaving college as possible. I have no doubt that, in a few years, you will be a railway magnate."

She rattled on volubly in this vein for a couple of minutes, and all the while her words had the glo sound of wine being poured out of a narrow-necked bottle. It is a note that you catch only in the best society, and it means that the accomplished lady who is talking is all the time thinking hard about something else. The tenor of the Aunt's thoughts were as follows: "I mustn't allow them to be alone together. I know what these partings mean. He has come down to propose to her, and she—the little hussy—will accept him. If I look her in her room it will cause talk, and I can't keep track of them all day in these corridors. O, what shall I do?"

When the light finally broke, a practical car could have detected a change in her tone, as she exclaimed enthusiastically: "Really, Fred, I am glad you have come down, for I have been planning for several days to take a party from here to the little casino they have at Clam-Shell-on-the-Sea, about fifteen miles down the coast. We can spin down there in a couple of hours, have some refreshments, and then spin back in time to catch your train for New York."

"They will be along with the other young people," she thought to herself, "and will be kept moving so that they can't have a long chat, and, anyway, it is hard to be confidential on a public road at midday."

The case didn't strike the young people in exactly the same light, and they accepted graciously.

The Aunt hastened to canvass the guests at the hotel to get volunteers for the trip, and introduced Fred to so many charming young ladies during the next few minutes that he was embarrassed beyond words. Presently the party was organized, and made a start, amid much light-hearted laughter and badinage. The good, kind chaperone brought up the rear, feeling triumphant and self-satisfied.

"If they can pedal and propose at the same time," she thought to her-

self, "they are cleverer than I think." For the first mile the crowd was well bunched and nothing happened. At length Fred found himself at Florence's side and managed to stammer: "Don't you feel you'd like to spin a little faster?"

A glance showed that she understood, and a moment later they were quietly drawing away from the party.

"Hello!" exclaimed the inevitable idiot; "have we scorchers with us? Well, I feel like doing a little scorching myself!"

With that they all struck into a gait that left the chaperone behind, but overhauled the runaway. That scheme was undoubtedly a failure.

"Let us fall behind then," suggested Fred. After a slight hesitation, for she did not wish every one to see what her feelings were, Florence slowed up and soon she and Fred were abreast of the dear, good Aunt, who had noticed their ruse and was following, panting but triumphant.

"Really, it is kind of you," she panted; "I am so glad you were thoughtful enough to wait for me. I am willing to go along just as slowly as you please, for I love to look at the scenery."

Fred groaned and Florence bit her lips. Now, so many wonder why they did not strike down a side road and leave the party altogether, but it must be remembered that their love-making had not progressed yet beyond the language of the eyes and of the hand-clasp. It was only the prospect of a parting—perhaps for years—that made their love so intense at this time. Fred's attentions had been frowned on for the past year by all of Florence's relatives, for they all were agreed that a student has no right to make love to a girl whose friends are ambitious for her future, unless he is heir to millions. Fred was not, so, of course, he was ineligible in every way. When he found that both attempts to be alone with Florence, and tell her what was in his heart, were unsuccessful, he was almost in despair. And the dear chaperone grew happier every minute and prattled gaily about the weather and the scenery. In the meantime the scorchers slowed up, as no one had any real object in keeping up the pace, until the party was reunited.

It was then that an idea occurred to Fred that proved that he has engineering skill that will enable him to rise in the world some day. "I'll tell you what let's do," he called out. "Let's scorch from here to the casino, and have the last man who gets there pay for the refreshments, and let the first lady to arrive be given a prize of her own choosing."

He had gauged the enthusiasm of the party to a nicety, and before the good chaperone could protest effectively, all the young people had gripped their handle-bars, leaned forward and commenced pedaling for dear life. They drew away from her rapidly and were coasting down a long incline before she had time to even guess at the significance of Fred's scheme. Soon a turn in the road took the whole party from her view, and she chewed the wholly bitter end of reflection. The best laid plans of mice, men and chaperones are very apt to go agley from time to time.

Fred's heart rose correspondingly as he saw how well his scheme was working. He calculated that they were traveling at about twice the rate of speed of the chaperone, and that within half an hour they would be far enough ahead for his purposes. Florence didn't understand exactly what his plan was, but she kept the pace along with the foremost. She appeared to advantage on the wheel, and, as her color rose with the exertion, he thought he had never seen a lovelier sight. Her little athletic figure seemed to swim through the air with that peculiar grace that the poets ascribe to the gait of goddesses. Though he could, if he wished, have scorchered ahead and distanced her with ease, he could not bear to have her out of his sight. So it was soon evident that he would have to pay for the refreshment. Up hill and down they went without abating their speed until the chaperone was properly three or four miles behind. Presently they coasted down a hill into a little valley where the road was wooded on both sides, and Fred saw that the opportune moment had come. Guiding his wheel till he was near enough to Florence to whisper, he said:

"Wouldn't you like to rest for a few minutes?"

She made no response, but kept right on.

"We have both lost the wagers anyway," he urged.

Her only notice of his remarks was a slight heightening of color.

"Miss Camden—Florence!"

"Miss n't," she half-gasped, "I did wrong to run away from Aunt."

"Well, wait for her, and I will too."

"No."

The truth was that Florence's maiden modesty was beginning to assert itself, and she had been thinking that in attempting to rush ahead with Fred, and then to fall behind, she had been too forward. Poor Fred! In his college course he had been taught to deal with the laws of nature, and he was almost nonplussed. Already the others of the party were passing over the crest of the hill, and they were in danger of leaving the little valley without anything being accomplished. But still Florence kept scorching along. Even despair added to the resourcefulness of some men, and suddenly the lines of Fred's face hardened and he reared past her up the hill. When he had gauged the distance and direction accurately, he turned and waved his hand at her as if waving "good-bye," while his wheel went directly towards a log that lay by the roadside. A moment later he struck and whirled through the air entangled with his wheel, with his arms and legs flying like a windmill. He was picking himself up as she

passed. She wavered, the wheel wobbled as if she were going to alight, but she straightened up and disappeared over the crest of the hill.

His despair was complete. He didn't care if he had ruined his wheel or shattered his anatomy. His heart, however, was the only part of him that was injured, and it was rapidly sinking out of its normal position. He had certainly been mistaken. She didn't care for him. He hadn't had such a fall in his life, and yet she had left him there to die—for all she knew. Of course he had intended to fall, but the next time he fell to attract the attention of a heartless girl, he would do it on a bed of moss rather than on the side of a chestnut log and the rough edge of a gravel road. Without looking to see how much he had damaged himself, smarting inwardly and outwardly, he sat down on the log, buried his face in his hands and felt utterly miserable. He was beginning to hate himself, Florence, her aunt and the whole world, when suddenly he felt a light hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, Fred, are you really hurt? I saw that you really intended to take that tumble, but it was horrid of me to go along without asking if you were hurt—when I knew you had done it for my sake."

The humor of taking a header for anyone's sake did not appeal to either of them just then.

"Are you hurt?"

It was his chance to sulk, and what man can resist sulking when he has the most charming girl in the world to coax him into good humor?

"Speak to me, Fred. You are not hurt, are you? O, you must be! Your jacket and—knickerbockers are torn, and you must be. Shall I get you some water from the spring? O, do speak! Look up at me!"

She pulled his hands from his face, and as he looked up, he saw that there were tears in her eyes. Just then Florence gave a little scream.

"O, Fred, there is Auntie coming over the hill!"

"That was all the tonic he needed. Seizing her hands, he exclaimed hurriedly: "Florence, you know why I wanted to be alone with you. I love you—have loved you for months! And now that I am going away I want to know if there is any hope for me. Will you be my wife?"

She looked down the road at the approaching Nemesis.

"Will you be my wife? I know I don't deserve you, but I will work; I will work. Some day you may love me a little."

She blushed, then glanced at the figure coasting down the hill.

"Yes, Fred! Yes! O, do let us hurry away. Aunt will be here in a minute or two."

"Then you do love me!"

A moment later she was folded in his arms. What the sun saw and the chaperone suspected need not be described.

A moment later they were wheeling along side by side, utterly oblivious of everything on earth but each other. When they reached the casino the rest of the party had ordered their refreshments, and were piling up a goodly bill for the loser—who was so infinitely a winner. He explained his loss by the tumble he had taken, and praised Florence for her kindness in waiting for him. When the chaperone arrived, Florence's absent-mindedness and high color and Fred's elation told her all. Not butterfinks, nor ice-cream, nor all the soda syrups of the world, could medicate her to that sweet peace of mind she had enjoyed before Fred had appeared on the scene. If she were not so far from home she would probably have indulged in a fit of cultured hysterics; but she consoled herself with the thought that match-making is almost as enjoyable a sport as match-making.

Fred and Florence are not married yet, and much is being done to worry them; but the reader may rest assured that it will not be long before a youth so resourceful will win the success that will enable him to come East and claim his bride.—New York Truth.

Gold From Sea Water.

Again they are talking of extracting gold from sea water. The Electrical World describes a method suggested by the London Electrician, as follows: It consists in using plates of iron as anodes and plates of amalgamated copper or zinc as cathodes, which in some cases may be arranged to hold a certain quantity of mercury; these plates form, in conjunction with the sea water, an electric battery, or may be connected to a dynamo; the gold, it is claimed, will be deposited on the copper cathode or on the mercury, it being supposed to be in combination with iodine; the chief point is to have the greatest possible volume of sea water pass between the plates.

Waste Energy of an Avalanche.

A French engineer has thought it worth while to calculate the waste energy of the great avalanche of Gomma, in the Alps, which fell last September. He makes it 4,400,000,000 metre tons, or, roughly, three times the same number of foot tons; that is to say, the energy needed to lift some 13,000,000,000 tons a foot high. The fall lasted a minute and in that time developed about a million horse-powers. If the energy could have been turned into electric current it would have fed 90,000 sixteen-candle-power incandescent lamps five hours a day during a whole year.—Chicago Record.

Origin of Bagpipes.

Those who imagine that the "skirl" of the bagpipe was first heard on Calcedonia's shores will find their belief disturbed by the fact that the instrument was known in Babylon. The Assyrians took it to India, while it was played in the temple service of Jerusalem. In England it was used soon after the Roman conquest.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS OF LAND AND SEA.

The "Siege of Wolves"—Towed by a Team of Whales—His First Fighting Pig, Etc.

M. R. GILMAN—"Joe Gilman" in Tamworth (N. H.) town was long a prominent man everybody called him—affairs. He was always interested in the lore of the mountains, and especially in the legend of Chocorua, and the story of the "Siege of Wolves."

It was in telling the story of that "Siege of Wolves," the fame of which spread through more than the allotted five counties, that he excelled. Mr. Gilman, who moved to Tamworth the year after the event, was the first to tell it in print, which he did years ago in a local paper.

"I was in 1830, and the folks had been pestered long by occasional losses of sheep and calves at pasture. These became frequent. Even the larger cattle were not safe. The depredations became unbearable. Each night the woods resounded with wolfish howls. The cause of the frighted, huddled flocks, of the torn legs and sides of the cattle was no secret. 'At last some stray hunter located a fair of the wild canines back of 'Eagle Cliff,' around which forest-fringed crag they made merry o' nights. Cold weather came on, and the wolves got more numerous, more hungry, more fierce. The wolves of Great Hill became too well known for miles around. Their sudden, cruel levies on the farmer were less welcome than the first American tax on tea. There was no lantern hung in a tower, but there was a midnight rider, and at 1 o'clock one autumn night the alarm was carried into four towns by astonished but fast galloping horses.

The yeomen gathered. They roused from dreams of fat cattle on a thousand hills to think of wolves on one hill. Tales of wolfish orgies and torn mutton were magnified. Scarcely a man for sixteen miles around who could not respond vigorously. A gigantic husking or a minister's donation party would not have served better to attract. The summons was to come armed, and a motley armament it was. Pitchforks, clubs, axes, old worn-out flintlocks, but a goodly number of guns of a definite aim. The women cheered on.

"Full 600 strong they gathered at noon, November 15, 1830. They bivouacked near Tamworth Village. From the houses near refreshments were sent out. It was a volunteer army. Old General Quimby, of Sandwich, was an old fighter, and he was made Captain. Many old veterans were there. A regular plan of siege was laid out, the ground surveyed and sentries posted.

"The sentries gradually closed their lines on Great Hill. Rousing fires kept them warm and frightened the enemy to still deeper recesses of the woods. At last 600 men surrounded a forest tract of about twenty acres. Twenty sharpshooters were posted with orders not to allow a wolfish cry to pass unnoticed. Horns and voices were used at their loudest. There may have been a hundred wolves in that woods—there must have been fifty—but not a glimpse was had of even a whisking tail.

"All day the din continued, the lines gradually drawing in. At dusk more fires were lighted. An occasional sharp rustle of the dry leaves, the gleam of wild, frightened eyes, a sharp wolfish howl of disappointment and rage, and a cowardly retreat. But the lines now sharply closed. Round and round dashed the now frantic beasts. Their fury was vain. One attempted to steal through the line, but a sharp rap with a pitchfork changed his mind. The mad beasts flew from one line to another. At last the courage of the rats, which fight fiercely when cornered, took possession of the infuriated animals.

"They charged the thin line of men furiously. Perhaps terror struck to the hearts and disturbed the aim of the angry pioneers. Anyway, in a very few moments the wolves had vanished, outside the lines. Six hundred men on the night of the 16th of November could not scare up a single wolf.

"Just five had been killed. "But the hunt had accomplished its end. Many no doubt were wounded and died in the forest. The rest were scared more thoroughly, probably, than White Mountain wolves ever scared before. To this day not a wolf has been seen or heard of within the confines of the region. Yet dear, an occasional wildcat, and a few bears are killed every winter in the mountains close at hand.

"After the victory, the spoils. Five dead wolves were not very valuable. But the whole town had a merry-making. It was like a muster day. Down the hill to the village came the troop. The news had preceded them. A great bonfire was built, and the dead wolves were exhibited. In a very cheerful mood the Selectmen gave the hunters \$80 for their prowess."

Towed by Whales.

A Monterey (Cal.) dispatch to the San Francisco Examiner says:

Though it is nearly a week since Captain Pedro caught his twain of whales—cow and calf, he calls them—Monterey has not exhausted the subject. From Del Monte to Pacific Grove one hears of little else. Captain Pedro knows all about whales, for he has handled a harpoon for thirty-one years.

Last Monday a school of a dozen or more whales came into the bay, blowing and spouting at different points. The sight made Pedro ambitious to give his green crew a chance to try their hands and he ordered out one of

the two boats with which the newly established whaling station is equipped.

After considerable trouble the Captain rounded up an infant whale—a sea calf.

The momentum of the boat was checked, there was an instant's pause, then a splash and the harpoon struck home. Captain Pedro anticipated little resistance. The whale was too young to make much of a fight, and he felt sure of an easy victory. He failed, however, to figure on the cow, which was lurking near her offspring.

Like a flash she was off to the rescue and before the skipper could prevent she had entangled her flukes in the rope attached to the harpoon. Straight for the open sea, at a speed of fifteen miles an hour, the pair of whales headed; and the Pacific still tormented by the storm of the previous days, was rough and choppy—making the situation as a whole, a trying one for a crew of green whalers. One of them implored the Captain to cut the rope, but old Pedro, without deigning to reply, watched from his vantage point in the bow of the boat for the inevitable slackening of the line that he knew must come.

And come it did after the boat had been hauled for two miles and was abreast of the lighthouse on the point. As cautiously as an angler would handle a trout the slack was taken in and they were soon close upon the exhausted pair, when two shots from the bombgun placed cow and calf out of misery.

His First Fighting Pig.

I was sent to a little outwork on the borders of Gorakhpur, as lonely a spot as there is in India, and it was there that I first encountered the fighting wild boar of the country. In my first attempt to tackle him my career was nearly ended in an ignominious manner, and I was only saved by the coolness and courage of a native attendant. When word was brought to me one evening that a boar had passed through the factory grounds, I had not a hog spear in my possession, my only weapons of offense and defense being an old cavalry sword and a much prized revolver. Nothing daunted, I determined to come to close quarters with that pig, so I saddled one of the horses and followed quickly in pursuit, the sword dangling by my side, and revolver in hand. When I got on terms with the boar, he took refuge in a large piece of scrub jungle. Bursting with excitement, I dismounted, and crept in after him on my hands and knees. There he stood, looking at me with those wicked eyes that a hog hunter learns to love so well; so, resting the revolver on my naked sword, I took deliberate aim and shot piggy somewhere about the shoulder.

Then, for the first time, I heard the sharp, loud snort of defiance, and before I could fire a second time I was on my back with the pig standing over me. Fortunately, one of the villagers, a fine, stalwart Rajput, armed with a big native spear, had crept in at my heels, and before the boar could follow up his advantage he was pinned by the spear in time to allow me to regain my feet. The native and I then finished him off between us in the open. Since then I have had many a good gallop after pigs, but I never again got so completely mixed up in a rough and tumble encounter. My wide white trousers saved me, the pig ripping them from top to bottom, and it was fortunate for me that I had not time to get into tight fitting riding gear before leaving the bungalow.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Tramp's Awful Experience.

"Awful experiences? Yes," said the tramp, as he sat at a Holland street kitchen table on Thursday forenoon and cut into the second piece of custard pie.

"I was sleeping soundly in a box car out in Iowa one night last summer, and the wind was blowing like thunder across the plains. Suddenly that car got loose—the brakes broke or something—and it began to crawl along out of the siding and onto the main track. It was nuts for me. I thought the wind wouldn't blow me far and so I kept on. I stood in the door and saw the houses and fences go by faster and faster, till all of a sudden I realized that I was going too fast to get off, and no way of stopping it. Half an hour after we—the car and I—dashed through a little station and I had just time to see the telegraph operator run out and look after us and then run back to telegraph down the line to clear the track. We were going more than a mile a minute, and my hair was standing on end. Forty miles down the line we went through another station, and on a siding I caught sight of an engine with steam up, and a man with a rope on the cowcatcher. That engine chased us twenty miles down the track. The man with the rope threw it around the brake wheel on top of our car and gradually stopped it, while all the time the wind was blowing a gale.

"We had just got headed back toward the depot when an express train showed up where we should have met it kerechunk—that's good pie," and he took another piece.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Capture of a Golden Eagle.

John George, a resident of the valley, captured an immense golden eagle in a steel trap at Lookout Mountain last week. The bird measures over eight feet from tip to tip, has a beautiful head of deep, gold color, and powerful claws four inches long. The bird is being artistically mounted by David Bryant. The golden eagle has become a very rare bird, and is exceedingly hard to capture, as they are vigilant and timid, and make their home about the most inaccessible peaks and crags.—Roslyn (Wash.) Sentinel.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Correct—Heartless—How It Happened—Delays Are Vexatious—A Good Thing, Etc., Etc.

"Where was the Magna Charter signed?" asked the teacher.

"Please, sir, at the bottom.—Philadelphia American.

A GOOD THING.

Jazbey—"What's a good thing for rheumatism?"

Chimley—"You seem to be; you're always complaining of it."—Roxbury Gazette.

DELAYS ARE VEXATIOUS.

George (hesitating)—"But, darling, if we elope will your parents ever forgive us?"

Ethel—"Yes, dear, if we're not too long about it."—Puck.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

Visitor—"How do you come to have so many Chinese figures?"

Hostess—"Oh, at the time of my wedding there was a sale of them, and these are all wedding presents."—Boston Transcript.

HIS OBJECT.

Johnny—"May I wake the baby, mamma?"

Mamma—"Why do you want to wake the baby?"

Johnny—"So's I can play on my drum."—Judge.

CRUOKED ADVICE.

Doctor—"I don't think that boil on your nose is a very serious matter, but you had better keep your eye on it."

Patient (nervously)—"Great Scott! doctor, that'll make me squint."—Minneapolis Tribune.

NOT TO BE CONGRATULATED.

Fiddly—"So Gaddy is dead?"

Duddy—"Yes, poor fellow, he has gone to his reward at last."

Fuddy—"Strange how a fellow's ill luck will follow him sometimes."—Boston Transcript.

HEARTLESS.

Actress (taking the leading character in a tragedy)—"Where can my mother be?"

Voice From the Gallery—"She is sitting in the Konigsplatz, selling apples."—Fliegende Blaetter.

BOTH HAVE A CHANGE.

She—"It is all so nice for you to go down to the club to break the monotony and all that sort of thing, but where do I come in?"

He—"You get your share in getting rid of me for a while."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A RARELY ACCOMPLISHED WOMAN.

"Miss Cayenne is a very bright young woman," he remarked, admiringly.

"Better than say clever things?"

"Deer she that. She sees the point when somebody else says them."—Washington Star.

AS GOOD AS GAY.

Victim—"You say you supply balloons to guests on the top floor in case of fire? Are they already filled?"

Chicago Hotel Clerk—"Oh, no. Just wait until the fire has made progress enough and you can fill your balloon with hot air."—Life.

ADVANTAGEOUS.

"Stammering is an awful affliction," remarked the young woman.

"Still it has its advantages," remarked the young man. "Fellow doesn't need more than two or three ideas to keep him in conversation a whole evening."—Amusing Journal.

THE PROBABLE REASON.

Dolly Swift—"I just met Miss Thirtysmith, and she told me, as proof of her popularity, that two men called on her at the same time last night."

Sally Gay—"That may have been the reason, or it may have been because they were afraid to go alone."—Puck.

ADAPTABILITY.

Inspector of Prisons—"In providing you with work your former occupation shall be taken into account. What were you?"

Convict—"An anarchist."

Inspector—"Um, um. We can put him to road blasting."—Fliegende Blaetter.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"This year, my dear, you must curtail your expenses. I do not see more than eight thousand dollars coming in the next twelve months."

"Oh, don't worry, you considerate darling! I will skimp on dress and we'll still have three thousand dollars to live on."—Judge.

RESEMBLANCE.

"That poem of yours," remarked the diphthong person, "reminds me of 'Spencer's Fairy Queen.'"

"But," said the aspiring writer, "you told me yesterday that you had never read the 'Fairy Queen.'"

"Yes. That's why your poem reminds me of it."—Washington Star.

WAR OF THE FUTURE.

"Lieutenant!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you a platoon of scientists ready for active service?"

"Yes, sir."

"Deploy them in front of the fortification opposite our right wing with instructions to turn on the cathode rays and find out how low a force the enemy has behind those walls."—Chicago Post.