

The best plan to establish a reputation for being eccentric and original nowadays is to firmly refuse to ride a wheel.

Canada is evidently forecasting annexation to the United States by the recent victory there of the Liberals over the Tories, remarks the New York Mail and Express.

Madrid (Spain) schools are so bad that the German residents of the city have united to establish a school where their children may obtain as good an education as in more civilized parts of Europe for a reasonable outlay of money.

A writer in the Wisconsin Agriculturist says that the remedy for depression of the farming interest in America is to reduce the cultivated area by one-half, and correspondingly increase the labor and capital expended on the remainder.

England's freight rates are too high to allow her to compete with Germany and Belgium in the iron industry. Besides this, Germany's laborers have a technical training far above that of the Englishmen. England sees this, and for some time has admitted it.

William C. Harris, editor of the American Angler, has an article in the Independent on "Fishing," in which he has this to say of the ethics of the relations between fishermen: "In pursuing this pastime, which, by the way, has afforded so much relaxation to many of the greatest and best men in the world, the amateur, at a very early point in his career, must keep in mind the ethics of the art of angling. The ethical spirit in the trout angler is that which makes him, when he is on a trout stream, keep away from a pool that another fisherman is fishing in; if he finds a man fishing a swim, as they say in England, he doesn't crowd him. In other words, the ethics of angling means that the angler is a gentleman, ruled by the Golden Rule and actuated by the instincts of a gentleman when he goes on a stream." But how about the ethics of the relations between the fisherman and the fish? Does the Golden Rule rule there also?

Of late years the crime of murder has rapidly increased in the United States. Fifteen years ago there were less than one thousand murders committed annually. Since that time, however, the number has steadily grown from year to year. In 1886 there were 1449 murders committed in the United States. During the next twelve months the ravages of this destructive crime were still more pronounced. The records for that year show that 2335 murders were committed, or nearly twice as many as the year before. Since that time the record has been as follows: 1888, 2884; 1889, 3567; 1890, 4290; 1891, 5003; 1892, 6791; 1893, 6615; 1894, 9800; 1895, 10,212. If these figures are correct the number of murders committed in this country during the last fifteen years has far out-traveled the growth of population. Within five years these murders have doubled in number, while the population of the United States has not doubled in thirty-five or forty years.

A curious element has arisen in the population of the Pacific coast—Chinamen born there and now grown to manhood, says Harper's Weekly. They number a good many hundreds, and some of them prefer to rank as American citizens rather than as subjects of the Emperor of China. A few have registered and voted in San Francisco and elsewhere, and as no protest has been made, their title to the suffrage has not yet been judicially determined. Legal opinion inclines to the belief that when the point gets before the United States Supreme Court it will be decided in favor of these odd Americans, who may claim the ballot as a birthright. A Chinaman who ceases to be one in dress or mode of life is an unknown personage in San Francisco. Nevertheless, the young men born on the coast are disposed to compromise with the prejudices of their imported elders and the customs of the environment. For example, there is a "parlor" of Chinese "Native Sons of the Golden West" in San Francisco, though it has not been accorded admission to the Caucasian order of that fine name. Some of the rules of the Chinese parlor are amusing and socially illuminating. One forbids the bringing of deadly weapons into the club room. Horse play entails a fine of five dollars, opium smoking is prohibited, members are not permitted to sleep in the rooms or gamble there, and, finally, no member shall have the privilege of the parlor "at the time when he is intoxicated."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The smoke of wood fires is not in the slightest degree injurious to vegetation.

The Smithsonian Institution has donated a collection of 215 duplicate specimens of fishes to the University of Oregon.

Next October a scientific jubilee will be held in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the first application of ether in surgical operations.

It takes the moon exactly 42,524 minutes (twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes) to make its revolution around the earth.

The first fossil insect ever found in the southern coal field of Pennsylvania, according to Naturalist W. Victor Lehman, of Tremont, Penn., was sent him by the Smithsonian Institution lately.

A new use has been discovered for hops, namely, the curing of bacon. It is found that a sprinkling of hops in the brine when bacon and hams are put in pickle adds greatly to the flavor of both, and enables them to be kept an indefinite period.

Paris gelee groseille, which the careless take to the currant jelly, is simply agaragar, or Ceylon seaweed, flavored with chemical essences which give it the taste of fruit. The authorities refuse to interfere with the sale of the substance on the ground that it is harmless.

M. Moissan is reported to have discovered a substance which is harder than the diamond, in the form of a compound of carbon and boron. It is produced by heating boracic acid and carbon in an electric furnace at a temperature of 5000 degrees. In appearance the composition is black and looks not unlike graphite.

A gas lamp for checking boiler furnaces, which performs for the furnace what the manometer and steam gauge do for steam and water has been devised by Herr Walther Hempel, of Dresden. It shows at a glance by the fluctuations of the jet, what is the proportion of carbonic acid and oxygen in the gases of combustion at any moment, enabling the stoker to control the supply of air at once.

An air-tester, for showing the degree of contamination of the air of a workshop or other place where people are crowded together, is an interesting apparatus lately shown in Zurich. A closed glass vessel is filled with a red fluid having the property of being bleached by carbonic acid. One end of a glass siphon dips into the liquid, and from the other end a drop falls every 100 seconds, and glides slowly down a cord kept stretched by a weight. The more carbonic acid the air contains, the quicker the drop loses color. The drop may turn white near the upper end of the cord, if the air is very foul, or it may pass nearly to the other end before the change takes place, such graduations as "extremely bad," "very bad," "passable" and "pure" being marked on a scale for the guidance of the observer.

The Zerograph.

The zerograph, an instrument in appearance very much like an ordinary typewriter, is being used in England for transmitting or receiving telegraph messages. One machine is employed at each end of the line. In sending a telegraphic message no special training is required. The operator depresses in turn the keys of what appears to be an ordinary typewriter keyboard, with the usual arrangement of the letters. The depression of a key closes the connection of a local battery of from five to ten small accumulators, which causes a current to flow, not only actuating the printing and inking mechanism of the transmitting instrument, but also closing the line circuit, which in its turn completes the local circuit of the receiving instrument. The two machines are thus simultaneously actuated, and as the operator presses the key he not only prints the message on his own instrument, but makes an exact reproduction upon the receiving instrument. As soon as the end of a line is reached the machine automatically moves the paper forward, and, releasing a spring, causes the paper roller to move along ready for the first letter to strike at the commencement of a new line. The machine is thus perfectly automatic in its action, and may safely be left to take care of itself at the receiving end, the message as received being printed on the roll of paper without any attention being required.

A Golden Grain Garden.

A drive through the Red River Valley will convince the most skeptical that there is a brilliant future for it. In no section of America does the husbandman reap a greater reward for his labor than in this beautiful valley. In no section of America may any more beautiful sight be seen than in this same country between seed time and harvest. The vast fields of "yellow, golden grain" stretching as far as the eye can reach, waving gently to and fro in the gentle summer breeze, with here and there a pretty farmhouse nestling among the trees; the stretches of virgin prairie thickly matted with rich and succulent grasses and flowers of every hue sending forth a most delightful perfume, the blue vault of heaven meanwhile, stretching away to the horizon on either side in unbroken splendor, save here and there a fleecy cloud—all this is a sight to thrill the heart of the most ardent. To all those men in the crowded East who are endowed with a spirit of thrift and enterprise and who wish to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families we say, come to North Dakota. She has room for the farmer, the merchant and the mechanic. The Red River Valley of North Dakota offers facilities second to no place in America for all such people.—Fargo Record.

FISHING SEASON OPEN

WHERE THE BLACK BASS ARE BITING

THE fishing season, which has just legally commenced, promises, according to old experts, to be one where general observation of the game laws has led to a marked improvement in the quality of the sport. There is today more and better fishing in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other Western States than there was twenty years ago, and piscatorial enthusiasts about this time form many plans for a jaunt in pursuit of the game bass, the elusive pickerel and the ferocious muskellunge. Those who are simply home anglers, cannot complain, either, for 1896 is turning out to be a great year for fish—perch, trout, suckers, redhorse, and even the dogfish being in large evidence in lake, brook and country streams.

The black bass, however, are the lure that sportsmen have to follow, and the black bass are biting now. In a thousand lakes reached by railroads diverging from Chicago, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Minneapolis, the whir of the reel is heard, while along streams like the Fox River, which flows on its way in a straight north and south line to the Illinois and the Mississippi, there is fishing that would delight the heart of an Izaak Walton. Loosely drawn fish laws almost ruined these streams. Fifteen years ago many of them were completely fished out. In the early spring thousands of fishermen would invade the spawning beds, and the seine-draw tons of fish from the clear waters. Then the government took a

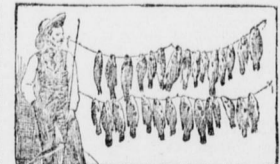


NO ONE COULD GET AWAY.

hand in the matter. Rigid laws were passed, and game wardens were paid to enforce them. The fishery commission brought millions of fish from government hatcheries and dumped them into the Fox and other rivers, and as a result such waters now teem with bass, pickerel, pike, perch and other fish.

Up in Wisconsin and wherever what are known as "grass lakes" exist, the fisherman is early at his post this year. Such grounds are favorable for the man who knows how to cast a bait so he will just miss a fly pole. A typical lake of this class will usually be found to have a bank of weeds at one shore, terminating in deep water, with a gravel and rock bottom. Pickerel and bass live in these weeds and many a good catch can be made by the fisherman who will skirt the bank with a spoon hook. The lake is alive with large perch and you can catch silver bass, rock bass, red eyes, croppies and catfish until you become tired of the sport. There is another fish in the lake and you need not mistake him when the line runs out with a vicious jerk. This is the dogfish. The dogfish is not counted of good eating, but he certainly is game. Unlike the trout or bass he never breaks water, but goes straight to the bottom and fights and pulls. A ten-pound dogfish will put up a fight that will make your blood tingle, and the fight is not over even when he is hauled into the boat. The dogfish is a terror to light tackle and no mercy is shown him by the various fishing clubs, many of whom pay a small bounty for the heads of these fresh water sharks.

Rivers that empty into the great lakes, especially in Michigan, are popular breeding spots for the black bass. White bass, too, run in schools there. This fish begins such movements at 5 in the morning and ceases at 5 in the evening. They weigh from one to three pounds, and put up quite a fight, are a beautiful silvery-colored fish, and esteemed as a table delicacy. The silver catfish is a like prize found in Eastern Michigan streams. Farther west, the Mississippi River, from La Crosse to Lake Pepin, is one of the best fishing spots in the country. Here thrive the black bass, pike and pickerel. It is generally assumed that the only fish in the Mississippi of any consequence is the catfish, but this is not true of the upper Mississippi. The water is as clear as crystal.



A GOOD CATCH.

and numerous brooks teeming with trout empty from the Wisconsin and Minnesota sides. Black bass and pike fishing in the Mississippi is especially good in the vicinity of Reef Slough and the mouth of the Chippewa River. The banks of Lake Pepin are lined with the huts of professional fishermen, who seem the lake for bass and other game fish. The bass are of the small mouth variety and are noted for their game fighting qualities.

Perhaps 10,000 ardent anglers yearly haul the great network of lakes crossing Northern Illinois and Wisconsin. Here is truly the sportsman's paradise, and every boy who has caught a

sucker or a bass in the village pond or river, looks forward to the day when he shall land a giant muskellunge; you cannot miss good fishing in this district anywhere south of Lake Superior. If you do not like the lake you are in, go a mile or two in any direction, and you find another. As will be seen by the map, the territory is a labyrinth of waterways. No man living knows how many lakes there are in Wisconsin. Every one of them is full of fish, and the man who skins Okauchee Lake one week, and Eagle Lake the next, stings constant prizes of bass and muskellunge, and rod and reel.

An old fisherman says that if a beginner wants to become a good bass angler he must observe and imitate the tactics of some old expert who knows every letter of the black bass alphabet. A shelving sand shore with reeds is the favorite ground for this fish, but several articles of bait are necessary. Spoons, spinners and phantoms should be supplemented by such natural bait as the natural angler uses. In some waters dredging has an irresistible charm for these fish. In one lake one season there were no bass caught, though the fishermen knew there was an abundance of fish. One night a party of campers fishing for bullheads from a flat rock less than a rod from their big blazing fire began to land bass. In an hour or so they had taken forty good ones. Everybody took to fire fishing at night, and with unfeeling success. In fact, without the fire at all, on a clear night, one can land some clapping bass if he will row along the shore, keeping well within the shadow line and casting out into the light space. The color of flies or bait seems to make no difference with the biting. In old times it was believed the light flies were alone effective, but big catches with dark flies have long ago exploded that notion. It is the connection, the stir upon the calm surface, which attracts the bass. An unmoving bait, be it ever so light, would prove a vain one.

HANDLES BILLIONS.

This Young New-Yorker Has Handled Over \$25,000,000 in Cash.

William J. Gilpin, assistant manager of the New York Clearing House, handles more money in actual cash than any other person in the country and probably in the world. It does not pass through his hands in the form of checks, bonds or stock certificates, but in legal tenders and treasury notes—that is to say, in so many actual dollars.

Every business day of the year he handles over \$5,000,000. He has counted as much as \$15,000,000 in a single



W. J. GILPIN AT WORK.

day. Altogether he has had to do with the handling of over \$25,000,000,000 in cash. This stupendous sum represents far more than the sum total of the fortunes of all the millionaires in America and Europe combined.

Mr. Gilpin is a young man and is content with the modest salary of \$5,000. He has been in the clearing house since 1878.

Terse Criticism.

Charles Frederick Robinson Hayward, a Denver editor, wrote learnedly of the drama and could keenly analyze every phase of the actor's art. But his shortest criticism will probably outlive any other written by him. It was as follows: "George C. Miln, the preacher-actor, played 'Hamlet' at the Academy of Music last night. He played it till twelve o'clock." The only other criticism that seems to class with this emanated from Lindville, where a performance of "Richard III." by a barn-storming troupe was chronicled under the glaring head-line of "Many Lives Lost."

A Large Band.

The largest British regimental band is that of the Royal artillery at Woolwich, while the finest is generally allowed to be the band of the Coldstream guards. The Belgian Guides' regiment numbers more than 100 members. The great continental powers recognize the military band as an essential adjunct of every regiment. In Austria and Spain it is said that they frequently number as many as eighty performers, and forty is a common number in Russia, Italy and Belgium. England is still the only country which has adopted a systematic government method of educating her military bandmen and bandmasters.

Inventors Rewarded.

During the present century several money grants have been made by the Crown to inventors and discoverers, whose labors were deemed of advantage to the public. To Dr. Jenner, for his discovery of vaccination in 1802, \$50,000 was given, and in 1807 \$10,000. Dr. Cartwright received \$50,000 and Mr. Crompton \$40,000 for their various mechanical inventions; Mr. Palmer in 1813, \$25,000 and an annuity of \$15,000 for his plan of conveying the mails; and Mr. Harrison for his chronometer, \$10,000. Since that time many grants have been made to Arctic explorers and others.

Kieps Russian Hebrews to Emigrate. Baron Hirsch's widow has donated \$30,000,000 to promote the emigration of Russian Hebrews to Argentina.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Exciting Adventure With a Grizzly—A Thrilling Runaway—A Vessel Collides With a Whale.

MARRY L. ROMAINE, who has just returned to his home in Elk City, Idaho, after spending several weeks prospecting in the Bitter Root Mountains, relates a most exciting adventure which befell him near Murray, the county seat of Shoshone County: "My partner, Ben Williams, and I had been working our way along the range from a point near Big Bald Mountain to the loop where the Bitter Root range and the Cour d'Alenes form a big, natural amphitheater, where big game, especially elk, are plentiful. We decided to stay there until we had time to follow up the lead, as old miners say. We pitched our camp under the shadow of a rock-ribbed sentinel, passing our first night in the little tent which had served us splendidly during several hard rains. On the following morning Ben found the track of a bear down by the spring where we got our water. The print of that foot was as big as a dinner plate, and the fact that some empty salmon cans and some other refuse which had been thrown just outside the tent were missing set us to thinking, and it wasn't difficult to trace the connection between the missing articles and the owner of the big foot.

"There was no more tenting for yours truly after that, so we built us a sort of stone fortress in a suitable nook, where nature had already done the mason work on three sides. After laying up the wall on the vacant side we placed heavy poles across the top, on which we put flat stones.

"We did all our prospecting together for a week or ten days, Ben carrying his big 50-90 Sharps' special and acting as body-guard, while I handled the pick. All that time we saw no bears, but plenty of elk and antelope and not a few mountain sheep. Our grizzly bear scare finally passed. One morning I decided to explore a side canon. Bob was to climb over the big spur that loomed up over our camp, swing around and meet me at noon near a sharp cone of rock which we called Carreentine Needle. I found mighty likely pay rock up that ravine, and the further I went the better the showing. The place is undoubtedly the site of an old volcano. Great masses of rock from overhanging crags have fallen and rent the floors, with some of the fissures very wide and apparently bottomless. Knocking off a piece of friable sand rock I found it to be auriferous, or gold-bearing rock. I don't know whether the rock round there or not, but one thing I do know, I nearly split my throat in the effort, and then I mounted the big chunk and swung my hammer like a madman, knocking off chips right and left until I had a big pile.

"Soon I heard a noise close by, and supposing it to be Ben, I yelled: 'Hurray, Ben, I've struck it!' Just then I looked up, and the sight I saw froze my blood. Not forty feet distant was an immense silver tip grizzly. "Acting upon impulse I hurled my quartz hammer at the monster, and, as he dropped on all fours, I leaped from the rock, hoping to evade him by dodging around the boulder. It may have been a foolish move, but I had no time to think. After jumping from the rock I was obliged to halt a moment, in order to satisfy myself which way he was coming. I improved the moment by drawing my forty-four Colt's from its sheath. "When the bear reached the point where he expected to nab me, and found that I was not there, he gave vent to a tremendous snuff, followed by a kind of guttural roar, and again I heard him coming at a double quick. I ran as I never ran before. "I glanced hurriedly around and saw the gigantic fellow coming like a demon and then I stepped into one of the fissures I told you about, and down I went like a flash. The grizzly was so close on me when I fell that he went entirely over me, carried by the force of his momentum. He was back again in a moment though, his immense head hanging over the rim of my narrow prison, which I quickly and most gratefully saw was too narrow to admit his bulky body.

"I was on my knees not six feet below the grizzly, and I felt that I could do deadly work with my revolver at that range. I pointed my pistol straight at the yawning red mouth. My pistol roared in my ears. Five shots more were fired as fast as I could send them, and then my gun was empty, but, thanks to my lucky stars, one of my bullets pierced an eye and the job was done.

"I was as weak as a baby when I climbed out of the fissure. I got over it though when Ben came, and I told him I just knocked that grizzly on the head with my quartz hammer because he seemed to object to my locating a claim round there."

A Thrilling Runaway.

In May, 1857, John Mathewson, a pioneer in hydraulic mining, to whom belongs the credit of building the water-derrick in California, had both legs broken while erecting a derrick at Washington, on the North fork of the Yuba River, twenty-five miles north of the Nevada City. He was taken out of the ruins of his derrick and word sent to Nevada City for an ambulance.

O. S. Olin was the driver of the daily stage between Washington and Nevada City, and he at once placed a bed in a Concord coach and drove over from Nevada City. Next morning the injured man was tenderly

placed in the coach and made as comfortable as possible.

At the Cold Spring House, six miles from town, Olin pulled up to water his horses, winding the ribbons around the brake before leaving the box.

A dog ran a drove of hogs under the horses' feet, and in a flash the spirited animals were tearing down the ridge.

Some one at Nevada City happened to be scanning the road through a fieldglass, and suddenly shouted, "The stage is coming an' Olin ain't on the box."

The news spread through the town like wildfire, and in an incredibly short time the whole town turned out and all who had fieldglasses were anxiously watching the swaying stage in its mad career along the ridge toward the steep grade leading into town. It was still some four miles distant.

The excitement was intense. Every one knew that Mathewson, helpless and weak, lay inside, at the mercy of the four blooded animals. The wheelers especially were a splendid pair of mettlesome stallions, and the leaders carefully selected. No power on earth could have stopped them on that ridge. Down the grade they plunged. The speed was terrific. Strong men turned away in horror, expecting from moment to moment that the stage would go crashing into the canyon below.

Half the distance toward town had been accomplished in safety when a hoarse cry broke from the watching multitude. "The stump! the boulder!" Three miles from town the stage road led between a stump on the lower side and a boulder on the upper side of the grade.

With long plunging strides the animals approached this danger point. The crowd was too horrified to shout. Only a stifled groan, more eloquent than words could have been heard.

"A few rods more and God help poor Mathewson," reverently murmured a grizzled miner, as the tears flowed down his wrinkled face. Many a hard-looking but tender-hearted man around him murmured, "Amen."

Gaining increased momentum at every bound, the stage ran into a cloud of dust just before reaching the stump and boulder. Awo! pallid, upturned faces gazed with fascinated attentiveness at that little cloud of dust. "They've done it," whispered a man in front, with eyes still glued to his glass.

With only fourteen inches to spare on either side of the stage it had passed through it safely. But the danger was not yet over. The steepest and roughest part of the road was yet to come.

As the stage reached town the people gave way on either side, none dreaming of trying to stop the foam-covered stallions in their wild run.

Along Coyote street they whirled, then making a flat-iron turn entered Main; still on they dashed, wheeling into Commercial, then up into Pine and still at full speed to Broad, heading for the destination of the stage in front of the National or Pierson's Hotel, in the middle of the block.

Arthur Hagadorn, the owner of the stage line, was standing, pale with excitement, close to where the stage usually reined in. None can ever know how it came about, but at the sight of the familiar figure the four intelligent animals slowed up and came to a stop within a foot of where they would have been driven had Olin been on the box.

Stepping up to the lead horse, Hagadorn stroked his wet neck and said: "Noble fellow, you've done your last day's work."

Mathewson was unhurt and feebly thanked friends and acquaintances who crowded around the stage to congratulate him on his miraculous escape.

Such is the record of one of the wildest stage rides ever taken by man.

A Vessel Collides With a Whale.

The schooner Etna put into the Delaware Breakwater recently, leaving as a result of a most remarkable accident, having run across a monster sperm whale off Cape Hatteras. The vessel was bound from Jacksonville, Fla., to New York, with a cargo of lumber. She was beating up the coast at a lively speed, and when off Hatteras was suddenly stopped with a shock that sent all hands staggering about the deck, and subsequently caused the schooner to roll violently.

None of the crew knew at first what the big submerged object was with which the Etna had collided, and confusion reigned for a time. Captain Craft and his men investigated, with the keenest possible interest, for they knew the vessel was in very deep water, and couldn't conceive what object under the surface of the sea could have caused a shock so severe. There was no grating of the keel, as there would have been had the vessel struck bottom or run across a submerged derelict, but within a minute after the collision had occurred the cause of the mysterious trouble was made manifest.

Peering over the side of the vessel, the Captain and crew saw a big sperm whale spouting blood and water. This was the hidden monster the Etna had struck, and the collision appeared to have been as disastrous to the whale as to the schooner. The sailors believe that the king of fish was asleep when the vessel struck him, but he was certainly very wide awake as he floundered about under the vessel immediately afterward.

Shortly after the collision occurred the vessel began to fill rapidly, having sprung a leak when she struck the whale. All hands were at once called to man the pumps and save the Etna from becoming water logged. The men were barely able to keep even with the influx of water, and could not have done so had the cargo been less buoyant.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

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

Lost in the Shuffle—In a Bicycle Shop—His Exact State of Health—The Instalment Plan, Etc., Etc.

Up from the cradle came a wail,
At first a pensive wail,
Into a wail, vociferous wail
Of mournfulness it grew.
His sorrow, in a vein prolific,
He struggled to reveal,
"My father's talking politics;
And mother rides a wheel."
They say I'm cross, I'm simply sad
At being slighted so.
I wish the baby-carriage had
Could somehow get a show,
How can you blame one in my fix
For setting up a squaw?
My father's talking politics,
And mother rides a wheel."
—Washington Star.

IN A BICYCLE SHOP.

"Where's your repair department?"
"What's the matter with your wheel?"
"Wheel's all right. Matter's with me."

HIS EXACT STATE OF HEALTH.

"Mamma—"Don't you feel well enough to go to school?"
"Bobbie—"No, mamma; I just feel well enough to ride my bicycle."
—Harper's Bazar.

THE INSTALMENT PLAN.

"Now, I'm engaged at last; it took Mr. Carrington three nights to propose."
"Is he so bashful?"
"Not at all; he stutters."
—Chicago Record.

OVERSTOCKED.

"Is there much poetry sent in to the editor?" the caller asked of the office boy.
"Poetry?" replied that intelligent young man. "The editor has poetry to burn."
—Omaha Bee.

PITY HIM.

Great drops of perspiration stood on the young man's brow.
"I have it!" he exclaimed suddenly, as a way out of his perplexity seemed to open before him.
"But no!" he added despairingly a moment later. "That will not do, either!"

He rose and walked to the window. The gay, thoughtless multitude passing and repassing outside, intent upon its own pleasures and oblivious of the suffering, the headache and the desolation that blight so many human lives, seemed merely to mock his misery and deepen the gloom that pervaded the apartment.

He turned away from the window with a groan, threw himself into a chair, letried wearily on the little table in front of him, and buried his face in his hands.

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!" he murmured in a broken voice. "I give it up!"

He was a campaign poet, trying to find a rhyme for "McKinley and Hobart."
—Chicago Tribune.

HOW HE KNEW THE TIME.

Patrick was lying in bed in a hospital. He had been brought in a few days before after a severe fall from the top story of a building on which he had been working. With all his suffering he never lost his cheerful spirits, and lived up many of the other patients with his bright remarks and short stories. The doctor happened along, and asked him how he felt.

"Fairly well, doctor; this right leg of mine is a very ungrateful spalpeen considerin' that it wuz only broke in wan place whin it moight have been smashed in a dozen."

"How did you fall, Patrick?" I asked. "Did you lose your head?"

"Faith, no; sure it was me footin' oi' lost."

"What time did it happen?"

"Well, oi' wuzn't so sure before I fell, but I wuz thinkin' comin' down that it wuz near dinner hour, an' oi' wuz convinced of that same as oi' passed the second story, for oi' saw the people in there atin' dinner."
—Harper's Round Table.

MODEST REQUEST.

"I don't ask you to remove your hat, miss," plaintively spoke the little man in the seat behind her, "but if you will kindly refrain from wabbling your head I will take it as a favor. I am used to the high hat, but I am not accustomed to the wabble, and it confuses me and obstructs my view of the gentleman in the orchestra who performs on the kettle drum."

"Sir!"

"Thank you, miss, I don't mind the high hat, but I confess the wabble did bother me a little. Ever so much obliged. I can see him quite distinctly now."

"Sir, I—"

"I beg you won't apologize, miss. It was entirely inadvertent on your part, I am sure, and—"

"If you say another word I'll call the usher."

"Bless you, miss, that will not be necessary! I am acquainted with all the ushers. Any of them would be glad to oblige me by asking the gentleman who operates the kettle drum to move a little to the right, so as to give me a better view of him, now, thanks to your having quit—"

"Usher!"

"I'll call him for you, miss. Here, Jerry!"

"I am entirely capable of calling him, sir! I am going to ask him to bring the manager of the hall!"

"I assure you, miss, that will not be necessary, either. The manager is my son-in-law. He will merely instruct the usher to—ah, thanks!"

For the young woman, trembling with indignation, had removed the hat.—Chicago Tribune.