

This year's recruits for the Russian army number 270,000, which is considerably more than the whole British army.

William Dean Howells, the novelist, recently declared in a magazine article that the practice of accepting "tips" was degrading and un-American.

John Burns proposes to have a law passed by Parliament making it compulsory for employers to give domestic servants "a character" on dismissal. Laws to that effect have long been in force in France and Germany.

Parisians who went to the Russian Czar's coronation were astounded at the unpaved condition of Moscow. They found that it would cost \$30,000,000 to pave the town, and that the work would practically have to be done over every year on account of the effects of frost.

The maritime provinces of Spain are helping out the Government in the acquisition of a navy. Seville and Barcelona have already collected money to buy a warship each, and subscriptions are being vigorously pushed for the same purpose in Malaga, Cadiz and Tarragona.

Once in five years the Mayor of Newcastle, England, is rowed up the river in an Elizabethan barge, and, landing at a village green gives the prettiest girl he sees and kisses her a sovereign, to clinch Newcastle's right to the foreshore. Some of those old English customs are not so very silly after all.

Three great life insurance companies whose home offices are in New York City have policies in force amounting to more than \$2,580,000,000. The similar engagements of the twenty-six principal American life companies exceed \$5,881,000,000. The grand total of American life insurance policies in force, those of the assessment companies and orders included, is reported to be \$13,048,452,664.

The Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph notes that of the long list of philanthropists who have given \$1,000,000 or more to the cause of higher education in this country, only one is a college graduate. The single exception is Seth Low. Girard, Peabody, Cornell, Cooper, Rockefeller, Rich, Parker, Hopkins, Clark, Drexel, Vanderbilt, De Pauw, Lick, Stanford and the others had not the advantage of college education, but they appreciated the value of such a training enough to assist other men to obtain it.

Herr Albert Joly, formerly a confidential messenger of Prince Bismarck, who entrusted him with the carrying of documents and telegrams of special importance, died at Schonhausen recently. He was well known in Berlin as "the Black Rider," his hair, his clothes, his horse and the bag in which he carried his missives being all of that hue. Prince Bismarck generally took him with when he traveled. When the Prince resigned in 1890 Herr Joly also left the public service, and was appointed Keeper of the Bismarck Museum at Schonhausen, to the arranging of which he devoted his last years.

An ideal, but we are assured quite necessary, state of cleanliness for healthful school rooms requires that the floors shall be dampened and swept every day, with all the windows open; the dusting to be done the next morning with a damp cloth. In addition to this cleaning, Dr. Adams, who is President of the Orange County (New York) Medical Societies, believes that at least every other day the floors should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water. The various women's clubs throughout the country, whose members are interested in the work of the public schools, will do well to find out how near the school rooms where their children spend the greater part of their waking hours approach this state.

"Real Estate Mortgages in the United States" is the title of a volume just issued by the Census Bureau, the work having been delayed until now on account of the rush at the Government Printing Office. According to this publication, during the decade of 1880-1890 there were 9,157,747 mortgages filed, representing an incurred debt of \$12,094,877,793. During this time were covered by 4,747,078 mortgages, representing a debt of \$4,896,771,113, and 4,770,639 mortgages were placed on lots to secure an incurred debt of \$7,198,106,681. Within the same period 622,855,091 acres were covered by 4,758,268 mortgages, not stating the amount of debt secured by them, and 8,027,031 lots were covered by 4,778,075 such mortgages.

DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

"If I were but a farmer," sighed the merchant. "Oh, to be from all these petty dragging cares for just a twelvemonth free.

"No books to keep, no trust accounts, no bills long overdue; No fret from fussy customers because a thing is new.

"Because a thing is old or wrong, too dear, or underweight; No worrying to suit their tastes from early day till late;

"But flowered fields, and loving kine, and pleasant firsides chat— How gladly would I give this life if I could change to that."

"If I were but a merchant," sighed the farmer. "Oh, to end This life of tugging, dragging work which makes the body bend

"To stoop of age as age has come. It's plow, and plant, and reap, And milk the cows, and feed the pigs, and mind the calves and sheep

"From morn till night, from year to year—and taxes ever high, And children's feet that must be shod, and children's clothes to buy!

"No toil-worn hands the merchant has, for weather cares he not; How gladly would I take his place and think it happy lot."

THE UNKNOWN COUSIN.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

ET out, you old scamp!" It was a brilliant July day, with skies of cloudless blue, the air scented with clover blossoms, and the brook wending its melodious way under green masses of peppermint, and Mr. Carey, who had walked a long distance and had just fallen into a doze under the refreshing shadow of a gnarled old apple tree, started galvanically up at this ungentle address.

"Ma'am," he said, "I assure you I am not trespassing; I—"

But his apologetic words were cut short by the rattling of a stout stick on the stone wall close to him, and in another moment a belligerent looking red cow came plunging through the high grass, directly toward his haven of refuge.

He started to run, but his foot catching in the gnarled root of an ancient tree, he fell headlong. The cow executed a hurdle leap over his prostrate form and vanished in a clump of hazel bushes, and a resolute, bright eyed woman came to the rescue, with a flapping sunbonnet tied over her ears, and the stick balanced across her shoulder.

"Don't strike!" pleaded Mr. Carey. "I'm getting off the premises as fast I can. I assure you, I didn't know I was trespassing."

Desire Welland blushed very prettily as she pushed back the sunbonnet and endeavored to adjust her luxuriant red-brown hair, which had broken loose from its pins.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said she. "It wasn't you I meant at all, sir; it was the cow who had got into the cabbage patch. Did I hit you with the stick? But I never dreamed of any one but Bossy being there. Oh, do let me run home and get the camphor bottle!"

Slowly Mr. Carey raised himself to a sitting and then to a standing posture; slowly he felt his knees, elbows and collar bones.

"I'm not hurt," said he—"not to signify, that is. It wasn't your stick, ma'am; it was the roots of this tree. It's enough to startle any man, don't you see—to hear himself called an old scamp?"

"But it wasn't you I meant!" breathlessly cried Desire. "It was the cow. Won't you let me run up to the house and get a caprine plaster? Oh, do?"

Desire was fair to look upon, in spite of her forty summers, with big black eyes, a laughing cherry-red mouth and cheeks just browned with the healthful hue of mountain breezes. Mr. Carey felt himself gradually softening as he looked at her.

"No," said he. "I don't care for a caprine plaster. But I've walked a good way, and I should like a bowl of coffee if it's handy."

"Come up to the house then," said Desire. "It's only a step across the orchard. Oh, that cow, that cow! We must certainly have her hampered after this!"

"Perhaps," said Mr. Carey, solemnly, as he endeavored to straighten the edges of his hat, "you know a family by the name of Welland who live hereabouts. Two old maids, who manage a farm all by themselves. Very peculiar females, I am told."

Desire stood still and began to laugh, while deep crimson suffused her cheeks.

"Why," cried she, "it's not! It's me and Malvina. We are the Welland girls."

It was Mr. Carey's turn to flush and look awkward now.

"Oh," said he. "Well, it don't matter. I've business at the Welland farm."

"Isn't it strange that things should happen so?" cried Desire, opening the gate into the dim, shadowy orchard, where scarlet lilies grew in the tall grass and robins darted in and out of the drooping boughs. "There's the house. You can see it now. Malvina and I have managed the farm ever since father died. Philo—that's our

brother—has a house and an estate of his own, and his wife don't want any single relations. But we've done very well, every one says. Here's the place. And here's Malvina!"

Miss Malvina Welland was diligently hoeing sweet corn in a man's hat and boots. She was a tall, Amazonian sort of female, with high cheek-bones, hair cut short and a masculine way of leaning on her hoe. She looked sharply around at the sound of footsteps.

"Is it the new hired man?" said she. "Then, Desire, you may tell him that we don't want help that comes at this time of day. I'll have no eight-hour men on my place."

"Oh, Malvina, hush!" cried the younger sister, in despair. "It's a gentleman on business."

In came Brother Philo from the back yard, with an anger in his hand. "Eh?" said Brother Philo, a wrinkled, hard featured man in blue overalls and boots that looked as if they might be carved out of lignum vitae.

"Business? or a patent reaper, nor any o' these labor savin' humbugs?"

"It's about your Cousin Rolf," said Mr. Carey—"Paul Welland's son. He's come back from Australia. He requested me to come over here, as I happened to be passing this way, and see what his relations would do about giving him a home."

At these words Mrs. Philo Welland emerged from the currant bushes, where she was picking the sparkling, ruby colored fruit to make jelly. For Mrs. Philo believed in always picking her neighbor's fruit before she began on her own.

"A home, indeed!" said Mrs. Philo. "It's what I always told you, Philo! Says I, that man'll be sure to come back some day poorer than poverty, says I. And he'll expect us to take care of him, then. But we've worked a deal too hard for our money—me and Philo—and if he wants to be supported, let him just go to the poor-house. Paul Welland always was a rovin' creature, and Rolf ain't no better, I'll go bail!"

Mr. Philo Welland screwed up his face into an expression of the utmost caution.

"Perhaps you're his lawyer, sir?" said he.

Mr. Carey nodded.

"I act for him," said he.

"Then tell him," said Philo, succinctly, "that if he expects we're going to support him, he's con-sid-a-bly mistaken! We've always took care of ourselves; he can do the same! Come, Betsey, we'd better be goin'!"

"Philo!" cried out Desire, "how can you be so selfish? Rolf Welland is our cousin. If he is in want or trouble, whom has he to look to but us? Malvina, you won't be so hard-hearted? The old farm house is big enough for our Cousin Rolf as well as for us. You never would turn a sickly old man adrift upon the world?"

"No, I wouldn't!" said Miss Malvina, thumping her hoe upon the ground. "Look here, stranger, tell Rolf Welland he's welcome to a home with us. We live plain, but we're ready to give him a hearty welcome. Tell him to come here at once. The sooner the better."

"Women is fools," incidentally remarked Philo Welland, chewing a stalk of currant leaves. "If you lost what little you've got, do you s'pose this relative o' yours would raise a finger to help you? Let every man take care of himself, says I."

"And who knows," cried Desire, brightly. "Perhaps we can get him the district school to teach? I heard Squire Loames say that the new teacher wasn't going to stay more than a quarter longer."

"I'm glad you can afford to take a re-boarder," said Mrs. Philo, acidly. "Me and your brother—we can't!"

"Do come in, now, and get the coffee," said Desire. "And a few late strawberries, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Carey is my name," said the stranger, who had stood immovably beneath the fiery hail of this conversational episode. "That is to say, it is my name now. I changed it to make myself useful to a rich old gentleman in the East, who took a fancy to me and left me his property in his will. The only condition appended was that I should take his name in addition to my own. And Carey isn't a bad name."

"Certainly it ain't," said Philo, with watering eyes. "I only wish we had a few of that sort of old gentlemen out this way. I'd change my name half a dozen times a day if it would be any accommodation to 'em. So you're rich, eh? Betsey—to his wife—if this gentleman would be so kind as to come and take dinner with us to-day—"

"No," said the stranger, in a clear, decisive voice. "Will you be so kind as to hear me out? Carey, as I have already told you, is only my adopted name. My real name is Ralph Welland."

"What?" roared Philo.

Mrs. Philo scrambled so hastily to her feet that she upset the pail, half full of currants. Miss Malvina dropped her hoe; and Desire, who had just brought out a little saucer of late, luscious, red strawberries, stood amazed at this revelation.

"You!" she cried, "our Cousin Rolf? And I nearly hit you with the stick chasing the cow and half started you out of your senses."

"And taught me," said the old bachelor, with a strangely-sweet smile, "that there is yet left a spice of selfishness in the conglomerate called human nature. Cousin Desire, I thank you for the lesson. Believe me, I shall not soon forget it."

And before the day was over he had helped Miss Malvina finish her patch of sweet corn and mended the defective fence rails where the offending cow had broken through, besides staking up the sweet-williams and nailing the big rose tree to the frame from whence its over-blossoming weight had dragged it.

"I declare," said Miss Malvina, "he's a real comfort about the place." "And he has traveled so much!" cried Desire. "And he talks so beautifully! I only hope he'll be contented here."

There was no sort of doubt about that. Rolf Welland Carey was very well contented. He had always hungered and thirsted for the details of a home life. Here it was to perfection.

But Mr. and Mrs. Philo were not so well suited. All their spasmodic efforts toward friendliness were checked with Arctic frigidity.

"It's too bad!" said Mrs. Philo, almost crying. "He'll be certain sure to go and make a fool of himself by marrying Desire, and we shall never get a cent of his money. Desire ought to be ashamed to think of such a thing at her age!"

But Desire was only forty, and there are late roses as well as early ones. At least, so Mr. Welland thought. At all events, he married Desire, and the Philo Wellands were disconsolate.

"It's all our bad luck!" said she. "For they had forgotten all about the passage in the Bible that speaks of entertaining angels unaware."—Saturday Night.

Freak Factories.

"How do you manage to find new freaks and curiosities?" was the question asked of the managers of a traveling "show" that had pitched its tent in a London suburb.

"Don't have to find them," was the laconic response. "They find us." The freak business is as regularly established as any other, and has its wholesale and retail firms, traveling salesmen, brokers, price lists, factories—

"Factories?" queried the reporter, aghast. "Why, certainly—factories—of course. The freak business is divided into about three factories—foreign, domestic and fake."

"In the first class the collectors travel all over the world in search of rarities, but the very best freaks come from India and the Malay peninsula. In these countries there are many people who breed freaks. They buy young children and animals, and deform them while their bones are soft by all manner of means. Then they are constantly on the outlook for genuine natural freaks, and in those lands the birth of a freak occurs very frequently. The headquarters of this business is at Singapore."

When there are any number of men who devote themselves to the discovering and placing of freaks of all kinds and varieties, and there is scarcely a day goes by that we do not receive packages of photographs and illustrated circulars from some freak merchant or other.

"Of course, there are the 'faked' freak men—a perfect host in themselves. If the proprietor of some little show needs an additional attraction and does not have the money to hire something good—for, like everything else, freaks have their price—he can get something for little money that will serve his purpose."

"The real, genuine, live freaks all over the world in order to exhibit themselves. Most of them have regular routes mapped out by their advance agents, just like theatrical companies, and as they only appear at a place at long intervals they never get stale, and sometimes make bigger hits on their second or third appearance than on their first."—London Mail.

Cowboy Ingenuity.

A novel method of perforating iron plates is reported from Salt Lake City. The city is being supplied with electricity for lighting and power, generated fourteen miles away in the Big Cottonwood Canyon. It was found necessary for the purpose of pipe connections to cut four forty-eight-inch openings in the seven-foot penstock, the plates of which were half an inch thick. The workmen began to cut with cape chisels, but the progress was made too exasperatingly slow for the engineer of the works, R. M. Jones, who is known throughout the West as the "cowboy engineer." Mr. Jones took up his rifle, and, using steel bullets cased with copper, shot a line of holes through the plates from a distance of about thirty feet. The intervening edges were afterward easily cut out, and in a very short time the job was finished.

Letters Without Stamps.

The Postmaster-General recently discovered a clever scheme on the part of certain railroads to avoid postage on mail matter intended for officials of railroads and their employes by an interchange of mail between roads carried by the baggage masters in large envelopes. The scheme was worked principally in New York, New York City, Buffalo and other terminal points exchanging mail matter, thus avoiding postage.

The outcome of the discovery was a communication sent by the department to the railroad officials stating that the Revised Statutes forbids regular post route roads carrying mails other than in regular mail cars, except when all letters are inclosed in stamped envelopes.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cooking in the Army.

The British Army has at last discovered a sure method of rendering itself invincible. It has, in fact, arranged for a regular competition among the army of cooks, and has announced that prizes will be awarded to those culinary artists who can set before soldiers in a most acceptable manner a regular meal of fresh herbage, boiled potatoes, pudding and rhubarb tarts. Needless to say that the rank and file of the army, and especially those who knew anything about the food that was served during the Crimean War, are delighted to hear of this innovation.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Homeric Fight at Sea—A Bicyclist's Perilous Trip—An Eagle Defends Its Nest.

WE were cruising in the Strait of Malacca, between the Nicobars and the Malay Peninsula, says a writer in Nature, and had succeeded in killing a full-sized sperm whale. He had been a tough customer, needing all our energies to cope with him; but a well-directed bomb closed the negotiations just before sunset.

The whale was secured alongside, and all hands sent below for a good rest prior to commencing to "cut it" at daybreak. I had the watch from eight bells to midnight, and at about 11 p. m. was leaning over the lee rail, idly gazing seaward, where the rising moon was making a broad lane of silvery light upon the smooth, dark waters. Presently there was a commotion in the air, and I immediately went for the night glasses to ascertain, in possible, the nature of it. In that neighborhood there are several active volcanoes, and at first I judged the present disturbance to be one of these, sending up debris from the sea bed. A very short examination satisfied me that the trouble, whatever it might be, was not of volcanic or seismic origin. I call the captain, as in duty bound, but he was indisposed to turn out for anything short of actual danger; so the watch and I had the sight to ourselves. We edged away a little under the light draught of wind, so as to draw nearer to the scene, and presently were able to realize its full significance. A very large sperm whale was engaged in deadly combat with a monstrous squid, whose far-reaching tentacles enveloped the whale's whole body.

The livid whiteness of those writhing arms, which enlaced the cacholot like a nest of mighty serpents, stood out in bold relief against the black bowdlerlike head of the aggressor. Presently the whale raised itself half out of the water, and we plainly saw the awful-looking head of the gigantic mollusk. At our distance, something under a mile, it appeared about the size of one of our largest oil casks, which held 336 gallons. Like the rest of the calmar visible, it was of a peculiar dead white, and in it gleamed two eyes of inky blackness, about a foot in diameter.

To describe the wonderful contortions of those two monsters, locked in a deadly embrace, is far beyond my powers, but it was a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The utter absence of all sound, for we were not near enough to hear the turmoil of the troubled sea, was not the least remarkable feature of this Titanic encounter. All around the combatants, too, were either smaller whales or immense sharks, who were evidently assisting in the destruction of the great squid and getting a full share of the feast.

As we looked spellbound we saw the writhing tentacle gradually slip off the whale's body, which seemed to float unusually high. At last all was over and the whole commotion completely subsided, leaving no trace behind but an intensely strong odor of a rocky coast at low tide in the fall blaze of the sun. Since that night I have never had a doubt either as to the origin of all sea serpent stories or the authenticity of the old Norse legends of the kraken; for who could blame a seaman witnessing such a sight, and all unaccustomed to the close observation of whales, for reporting some fearsome monster with horrid mane and floating "many a rood"?—Nature.

A Bicyclist's Perilous Trip.

The days of "the foot log and the trail" are not yet passed in Oregon, and the pioneers who broke the trails and put the foot logs across the "branches" will be interested in learning how they answer for bicycle travel.

A Portland lady has been visiting friends at Roseburg, and a few days since she started from there to visit relatives living about thirty miles out in the mountains. She is an energetic and accomplished bicyclist, and got along very well on her journey for about twenty-five miles, when the road gave out. She found a trail, which she followed for about a mile, when she came to a foot log over a narrow but deep stream. She was afraid to try to walk across the log with her wheel, but having confidence in her skill as a rider determined to ride across. When about half way over something went wrong, and she and the wheel plunged into the stream and went to the bottom. She rose to the surface and, being a good swimmer, succeeded in reaching the shore. She then determined to have her wheel, which had remained at the bottom. Securing a long pole, with a limb near the end which formed a hook, she started in to fish for her bicycle, and after some trouble yanked it out. The trail beyond the creek was level and in good condition, and, as night was approaching, she determined to mount and make a desperate effort to reach her destination.

She had just got under good headway and was scorching along when she saw a bear on the road ahead. The bear seemed the worst scared of the two, and stood staring in amazement at the strange whirled figure approaching. As has been remarked, the Portland woman was a skilled rider, and, having been accustomed to having everybody clear the way for her, she was not going to back down for a bear, so she charged down on him at full speed, ringing her bell like mad. The bear, seeing certain death or six months in the hospital inevitable, wheeled out of her path, and the lady whirled by in a blaze of golden

glory. She did not stop to look back, but "put her best foot forward," and fortunately soon arrived at the house of her friends. She did not attempt to come back alone.—Portland Oregonian.

A Montana Man Shoots an Eagle. W. C. Orr, of Great Falls, Montana, is the proud possessor of three young American eagles, captured in the Bad Lands, which, however, cost a hazardous experience to secure. About two weeks ago, while making a trip through the country not far from Minot, his attention was called to a huge bird soaring aloft over the rocks high above the roadway. He recognized the bird as an eagle and decided to capture it. As it settled among the cliffs he became convinced that there was a nest, so, climbing the mountain side with his gun, after an hour's labor, he reached the pinnacle of the cliff. Looking over he discovered that his surmise was true. At the same time the noise above attracted the attention of the mother bird, and with a loud scream she rose from the nest and at once began to prepare for fight. Continually screaming, she rose high until almost vertically over Mr. Orr. Then with her talons wide spread she began to swoop down upon him. Realizing his position, Mr. Orr raised the gun to his shoulder and when the bird was within but a few feet of him he fired. The dead bird measured over nine feet from tip to tip.

Over the cliff 100 feet below he could see the young birds. A rope was procured and tying one end around the waist of a boy who was with him he lowered the little fellow over the edge. The nest with the young birds was raised to the top safely. The birds, although only three weeks old, are as large as a hen, and can eat meat equal to a full-grown St. Bernard dog.

An Idaho Hero.

Ferdinand Trentman performed two acts of heroism at Hailey, Idaho, Wednesday morning. One was the saving of a human life, and the other placing his own life in jeopardy. The warm weather having caused a very perceptible rise in the water in the river, it became necessary to remove the brush that had accumulated on the edge of the dam at the foot of Ballion street, James Riggen and Fred Trentman, a young blacksmith, were carried out to the dam in a chair, secured to ropes drawn down by pulleys. Having an ax apiece, they soon cut the brush whiff. Riggen then caught hold of the life-ropes, and was drawn to the shore. Trentman did not, however, even try to catch the rope. Taking hold of the axes he floated on the brush to the bridge, about 100 feet away. As he neared it he yelled to those on the bridge to get out of the way. He then threw the axes on the bridge and jumped on the bridge himself as he got in reach. The brush must have been moving at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour. If he had failed to jump just when he did he would have been a dead man.

The same morning, Joseph Yetzer, Trentman and others tried to dislodge a huge tree which had lodged against the central pier of the main bridge. Yetzer, who was standing on the bridge, attempted to lasso the trunk, but lost his balance and was pulled into the river on the upper side of the bridge, but reappeared on the lower side in a second or two. Trentman instantly jumped into the raging torrent, swam to his drowning partner, and succeeded in pushing him ashore, about 200 feet below.—Portland Oregonian.

Homicides in the United States.

We find that during the last six years there have been 43,902 homicides in the United States, an average of 7317 per year. In the same time there have been 723 legal executions and 1118 lynchings. These startling figures show that crime is rapidly increasing instead of diminishing. In the last year 10,500 persons were killed, or at the rate of 875 per month, whereas in 1890 there were only 4290, or less than half as many as in 1895. This bloody record shows a fearful increase of the crime which destroys human life.

We are all alike anxious for a remedy, but before we can obtain one we must know the cause. We can easily recognize that the greatest evil of any civilized age is confronting us, not only in the shape of crimes committed by individuals, but also of crimes committed by masses of men who are endeavoring by bloody and improper means to seek a remedy—I mean those who band themselves together as mobs to seek that protection which they fail to obtain under the forms of law.—North American Review.

Stone Against Steel.

An experiment was recently made in Vienna in order to test the relative resistance, under pressure, of the hardest steel and the hardest stone. Small cubes of corundum and of the finest steel were subjected to the test. The corundum broke under the weight of six tons, but the steel resisted up to forty-two tons. The steel split up with a noise like the report of a gun, breaking into a powder, and sending sparks in every direction which bored their way into the machine like shot.

A Poisonous Frog.

People in general look upon all species of the frog as being perfectly harmless. Should you be traveling in New Grenada (United States of Colombia), however, you would do well to let a certain little tree croaker severely alone. He secretes a poison equally as deadly as that of the rattlesnake. It exudes from his skin in the shape of a milky liquid and is used by the natives as a poison for their arrows.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Longfellow Revised—Bald-Headed—The New Art—It Seemed So to Him—Nothing New, Etc., Etc.

"Try not to pass," the biker said, "As he the other cyclists led, 'Unless you want to break your head.'"—Excelsior.

BALD-HEADED. "Davie, do you know Mr. Baldley?" "Is he th' fellar that's troubled with ingrown' hair?"—Judge.

UNAVOIDABLY HEAVY. He—"Wonderful how some people weigh every word they say." She—"More wonderful that they don't break the scales."—Judge.

THE NEW ART. Tommy—"Paw, what is a designing villain?" Mr. Figg—"Oh, the description would apply to one of these poster artists about as well as anything."

TOO ACROBATIC. "That was tough on Davis." "What?" "He stepped on a banana peel, fell, and was arrested for giving a street performance without a license."—Truth.

IT SEEMED SO TO HIM. Mamma—"I think the baby is growing very fast, don't you?" Papa—"Decidedly. I thought he weighed three pounds more at four o'clock this morning than he did at two."—Truth.

EQUAL OFFENDERS. Little Clarence—"Pa?" Mr. Callipers—"Well?" Little Clarence—"Which is the more abominable, pa, the man who knows it all or the man who has always heard it before?"

UNDER ANOTHER HEAD. Old Olivier (at the library)—"Where will I find that great anthropological work called, 'Man, the Ruler of the World.'" Questocking Librarian (scornfully)—"Under the head of 'fiction,' sir."—Truth.

A POINTER ON SKEPTICISM. Brobon—"I'm a good deal of a skeptic!" Craik—"Well, skepticism is dead easy. All a man has to do is refuse to believe whatever he cannot comprehend; and the bigger fool he is, the greater skeptic he becomes."—Puck.

NOTHING NEW. Adorer (nervously)—"Isn't that your father's step on the stairs?" Sweet Girl—"Yes, but don't mind that; it's only a scare. He won't come down. He always stamps around that way when I sit up with young men after eleven o'clock."—New York Weekly.

A NEW WAY OF PUTTING IT. He—"Now, darling, you know how strong is my love for you. Do not say you will be a sister to me." She—"No, George; I will not say so. You—"

He—"Then you will—"

She—"You may be a brother to me, George."—Judge.

HIS EXPERIENCE. Jones—"There is a man with a great deal of faith in human nature." Smith—"I thought that was Klews, the detective."

Jones—"So it is. He has known people who were accused of all sorts of things, but he never could find anything against them."—Puck.

A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT. Cobwigger—"It's no wonder he became a millionaire, for he is the best business man I ever saw." Merritt—"I guess that's so. Before he announced his daughter's engagement to the Count he advanced the fellow enough to settle all his debts at fifty cents on the dollar."—Puck.

REGRET. Business Man—"Yes, I'm sure it is a useful book. I'm rather sorry I didn't get it some time ago."

Canvasser—"Then you'll take a copy?" Business Man—"Oh, no! It's too late now! But if I had it before you called it might have saved both of us a great deal of valuable time."

HIS VIEW. He Urchin—"Say, Mag, did yer hear de lady as just went in dere tell de little girl what she has wid her as she could have all she wanted ter eat?"

She Urchin—"Yes." He Urchin—"Well, dat was all a bluff. Dere's two pies left in de window, an' dey're bote gettin' up de table."—Puck.

BOTH ROBBERS. "Now you know the details of the affair," said the doctor to the lawyer a few days later, "what would you advise me to do about it?"