

Children are large patrons of the postal savings banks of France. Out of over 400,000 depositors in these institutions, according to the reports of the minister of posts and finance telegraph, 80,500 are minors.

Milwaukee, Wis., is preparing to have hanging gardens for its exposition in 1898, rivaling those of Babylon. Indiana will probably celebrate its centennial by a day of fasting and prayer. Our enterprise runs largely in religious channels.

Persian papier-mache articles are made of the Bibles sent out by British mission societies, according to Mr. Hodgetts, a recent traveler in the East. He quotes the British Consul at Tabreez as saying: "You have no idea what a boom these Bibles are to the village industries of Persia."

This year will be noteworthy in the history of the Scandinavian North as that of the great Scandinavian-Russian exhibition and the twenty-five years' jubilee of King Oscar. The exhibition grounds are situated at Djurgarden, Stockholm, Bois de Bologne, on a narrow point of land, on both sides surrounded by the Baltic and extending towards Ostermalm, the newest and most elegant part of Stockholm.

No metal is increasing in importance more rapidly throughout the world than copper. Half of the copper mined is produced in this country, the total output in the United States last year reaching 47,722,560 pounds, a little more than half of which was exported. Our copper yield is now forty per cent. larger than that of the world in 1881. The increased demand for the metal is due to electrical appliances.

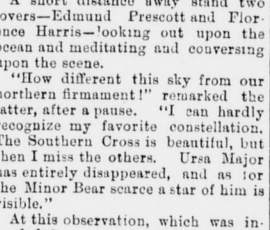
Competition has reduced the price of so-called manilla and wrapping papers to such an extent that wool pulp, chemical and sulphite fibres have completely driven manilla rope at 1 1/2 cents per pound, bagging at seventy cents per 100 pounds, and jute batts at 1-10 cents per pound into the background. Wood pulp is monopolizing all the functions of these various paper-making materials at a less cost than ever before. The paper mills are doing the largest business in their history.

One may briefly describe Crete as the largest of the islands of Greece, being about 150 miles long and thirty miles broad at the widest part; mountains, but extremely fertile; inhabited by 800,000 Greeks, of whom 80,000 are Moslems, and with only three large towns, Cana, Candia and Retimo, with 23,000, 14,000 and 8000 inhabitants, respectively. So much one may glean from any gazetteer. But not in that nor in the more detailed description of the encyclopedia will you find more than the remotest hint of the fascination which invests this famous island, Homer's Island of a Hundred Cities, the birthplace and the burial place of the King of the Olympian gods, the scene of some of the finest romances of mythology, the burial place of the great Spartan lawgiver, and the scene of some of the most interesting incidents in the early development of Christianity. It is a mountainous country and volcanic as well—"A land of old upheavens from the abyss by fire." It has scarcely one bit of ground that can be called a plain, though that back of Cana is so called. New bits of land so near the centre of civilization are so little known, and few are better worth the knowing, for every foot of it is historic ground.

An English statistician says there is not much of a psychological mystery in the fact that so many more people commit suicide in summer than in winter, and he does not think that the difference is in any large measure due to the direct effect of cold upon human minds and bodies. It must be borne in memory, he says, that drowning is the commonest method of self-destruction, and resort to it is difficult or impossible when rivers and ponds are covered with ice. This accounts for a part of the decrease. Another part is explained by the circumstance that in cold weather people live more in association, and there is thus less opportunity for committing suicide. He does not think, however, that it is possible to explain the matter wholly without reference to the depressing effects of cold on the nervous system, and the exciting effects of heat. It requires some energy and determination to commit suicide, and this is lacking in a person suffering from extreme cold. All these considerations working together, the result is that many people endure through the winter a life which they have ceased to value, and throw it away when the season comes in which the material difficulties in the way of continued existence are at their minimum.

COURAGE.
How strange this conflict of our daily life, This human life, with all its loves and pains; With all its heavy losses and its gains, With all its joys, and all its grief and strife. A nation struggles thro' mistake and sin, Brave lives are lost and fiercer grows the fight, Thro' dark, sad years men grope toward the light, And thro' the clouds they see the dawn begin.
Rise up, my soul, to fight thine own good part, For everywhere is victory born of pain, Rise o'er the ashes of thy passions slain, Be strong to bear and to endure, O heart! —C. E. Bancroft, in Youth's Companion.

MYSTERY OF THE SEA.
TROPICAL night on the Pacific! The sky is studded with stars, which are mirrored in the vast deep beneath. There is just enough air to keep the Dolphin moving at a quiet rate, and the passengers are gathered on deck to enjoy the matchless evening. A short distance away stand two lovers—Edmund Prescott and Florence Harris—looking out upon the ocean and meditating and conversing upon the scene.
"How different this sky from our northern firmament!" remarked the latter, after a pause. "I can hardly recognize my favorite constellation. The Southern Cross is beautiful, but then I miss the others. Ursa Major has entirely disappeared, and as for the Minor Bear scarce a star of him is visible."
At this observation, which was intended for no particular ears, Adolphus Fitzgibbon aroused himself. "Aw—what's that, Miss Harris? Aw! have you seen bears at sea?"
"Yes, and monkeys, too," was the quick but good-natured reply.
All of us laughed, while Fitzgibbon looked very silly, then grinned hugely, then seemed to meditate some soothing witticism, then concluded he would not, and stretched out upon his side with his back toward the lovers, and pretended to, or really did, fall asleep within the next fifteen minutes.
I was reclining on the deck, about a dozen feet from where the lovers stood—not with any intention of listening to their words, but simply because I had taken my position first, and was too languid to change it. I had been an invalid for years, and was now recovering from a very severe spell of sickness.
I was lazily drawing at my Havana, puffing the thin, fragrant smoke from my mouth without removing the cigar, and gazing upward at the brilliant stars as they slowly sailed overhead. I was in that delicious, dreamy state, half-asleep and half-awake, hearing only the murmur of the voices around me, as one hears the faint sound of a distant waterfall.
I presume I had lain thus for nearly an hour, and my cigar had burned almost to my mouth, while the long column of ashes was still unbroken, when something struck my ear like the sound of a bell. It was not until I had heard it several times that it seemed really to affect my senses.
All at once I gave a start, the ashes dropped upon my bosom, and I arose to a sitting position and gazed around me.
"Hark!" said I; "didn't you hear that bell?"
"Just what I have been trying to make Edmund believe!" laughed Florence Harris. "He persisted in not believing it."
"Listen!" I said, raising my hand. And immediately there fell a death-like silence.
And while thus intently listening, there came across the sea, faint but distinct, the soft, distant sound of a bell. We scarcely breathed for a minute. The strange, solemn sound was repeated at regular intervals, as if swung by the hand of some exhausted sufferer, or tolled by the swell of the ocean.
The captain by this time had approached and stood in the attitude of attention.
"We must be near the land," I ventured to say, rather in the form of an inquiry than that of an assertion.
"No, sir," responded the captain. "The nearest island is a good 800 miles away, and this doesn't come from there, I should think."
"What can it be?" asked several in the same breath.
"The sound comes from that direction," said Florence Harris, pointing toward the equator.
"Perhaps it is on board a ship," I again ventured.
"Don't think it is," replied the captain, with a shake of the head.
"What can it be?" asked Florence.
To this no one ventured to reply for several moments. In the meantime the tolling of the bell had become quite distinct, and Adolphus Fitzgibbon gave a yawn, a groan, a kick, and awoke.
"Aw—yes—aw—I was about to suggest—aw—that the tea-bell should ring—aw—aw—aw!" he stammered, confusedly rising to his feet, and pitching back and forth. Then, seeing us all in the attitude of attention, he asked, "What—aw—the dooce is the matter?"
"It's the Bell of Doom!" exclaimed Backstay Bob, a tall, scarred sailor, from his position at the wheel.
"Bshaw! you're childish," replied the captain. "Whatever it is, we are rapidly approaching it, for notice how much louder it sounds."
Such was the case. The bell was now heard clear and distinct to the south, and was approaching nearer



every moment. Shortly after, the captain took his night glass and gazed long and intently in that direction. When he lowered it he said:
"I can just discover a dark body rising and falling on the waves, but nothing more. Backstay Bob, you have got the best eyesight of any one on board. See what you can make of it."
Bob resigned his place at the wheel to one of the men and came forward and took the glass. He held it to his eye for several minutes without speaking, and, to all appearances, without even breathing, while we waited his word with the deepest interest. Finally he gave a great sigh and lowered it.
"Blow me, if it ain't old Davy Jones afloat."
"How does it look?" several of us inquired in the same breath.
"I'll be hanged if I can tell! There's no bowsprit, and—"
Here he leveled his glass again, and shortly after continued his observations.
"There's no sail—no nothing."
"There must be something."
"Aw—certainly—aw—something, certainly, if your vision—aw—is able to discern it," ventured the gentle Adolphus Fitzgibbon.
"Don't you see anything like a sail?" inquired the captain.
"Not a speck, or any place to put one, either. Hold a minute!" exclaimed Backstay Bob; "I've got her in range now. She ain't got the least mite of a boom, yard, or anything like. She looks like some great hulk of a lightboat. Hold on again. I see the bell. They've rigged it up at the masthead, so that it swing back and forth every time the thing gives a lurch to leeward."
"Can you see anything aboard?"
"Not a creature, living or dead."
"Keep away a couple of points," cried the captain to the man at the wheel.
"Ay, ay, sir!"
And the ship's course was altered so as to bring her rapidly to the mysterious craft toward which all eyes were directed.

Several of the company now openly remarked that there was something supernatural in the appearance of this boat, with its tolling bell. To all of these Florence Harris and her lover replied lightly, neither of them having the least faith in their credulity.
The captain listened impatiently and then said:
"You're all a set of cowards. No doubt you imagine Old Nick is aboard, with a crew of little imps, bound for the Galapagos Isles with a load of brimstone. If you'll content yourself for half an hour longer, I'll tell you something about it, for I intend to board that old lumbering hulk, even if it turns out to be the Flying Dutchman, or Davy Jones' flagship, and shall explore it from stem to stern."
To show that he meant what he said, orders were given to heave to, and to get one of the boats in readiness. By this time the nondescript was plainly visible to all.

It appeared to be an old hulk, with a single mast in the centre. The bell was suspended from the masthead, and ever and anon sent forth its solemn tolling, as the hulk rose and sunk with the heavings of the sea.
Before the ship was brought to we had passed the hulk some distance, so that when we halted there were several hundred yards intervening, and it was only dimly discernible.
A boat was lowered, and the captain having selected a crew, pulled away toward the hulk. I asked permission to accompany it, but on account of a recent illness was refused. Fortunately for me indeed, was that refusal!

There was something so extraordinary regarding the appearance and action of the hulk that the curiosity of us all was so intense as to be painful. We strained our gaze, as the captain and his crew drew rapidly near it.
We saw the distance swiftly decrease between the two boats until the shadowy forms merged into one. And then followed an impressive silence—suddenly broken by a howl, a pistol shot and a scream; and as our hearts almost stopped beating we saw, a moment later, the boat put off from the hulk, and the men rowing with all their might back to the ship. As they came nearer we discerned that the captain was missing.
Backstay Bob dashed toward the boat and, shaking his fist at the men, demanded furiously:
"You cowardly dogs! Where is Captain Luster?"
"The demon has got him!"
Absurd as at any other time, it was uttered in solemn earnest, as the ghastly faces of the crew attested.

In reply to our eager questions, they said the moment they came alongside the craft they heard a low, hollow, unearthly sound, which caused them to hesitate. The captain climbed up the side of the vessel, descended the hatchway and disappeared from view. He was hardly out of sight when the noise they had heard at first was repeated, far louder and fiercer. The next moment the report of the captain's pistol was heard, followed by a terrific shriek, and then all was still.
Horror-struck, they called loudly and repeatedly to their commander, but receiving no answer pulled away from the ship.
"You're a purty set of cowardly sneaks, aint you, to go and desert your captain that way, when, like enough, he needed you to save his life," exclaimed Backstay Bob, forgetting in his fury that the first mate was among those whom he denounced. "I'm going back to that old hulk, and if I can't get at the demon in any other way I'll put a keg of powder in it and blow it to blazes!"
"Bob is right, if his excitement does make him forget his manners," said the mate. "It was not my intention

to desert Captain Luster in trouble. The men were so frightened that I thought it best to come back and get a new set."
There was some difficulty in procuring the requisite number; and, accordingly, Prescott and myself were accepted. As the former went over the ship's side, Florence Harris said:
"Don't come back, Edmund, until you have heard what has become of poor Captain Luster."
He gave her his promise, and a few minutes later the boat shoved off, and we rapidly neared the hulk, which had acquired such a strange interest to us all.

Prescott, in addition to his revolver, had a small Italian dagger, which I observed him handle as if to assure himself that it was reliable. Then, as he replaced it, he remarked to me:
"There's no telling what's inside that mass of lumber, and this may be the weapon I need, after all."
Arriving at the craft, after a short consultation, it was agreed that the four oarsmen, the mate and myself should remain behind, while Backstay Bob and William Prescott should explore the hulk.

As it was morally certain that some dreadful danger menaced all who entered the cabin, and as I was good for nothing, I needed no more urging than the mate to remain in my position. Prescott went first, holding his pistol in one hand and a lantern in the other, while Bob closely followed with his cutlass. We saw them descend the hatchway. All was still, and then I heard the single exclamation from Prescott:
"Oh, my God!"

This was followed by a terrible roar, a quick succession of pistol shots, and then all was still again. The next moment both Prescott and Backstay Bob emerged to view, covered from head to foot with blood.
"Come aboard," said they. "The danger is over."
The next instant we were on deck. I rushed to the hole, and gazed down. Merciful heaven! what did I behold? By the dim light of the lantern we beheld the mangled body of Captain Luster. The head and one of his limbs were gone, and there was scarcely a semblance of humanity in the remains before us. Near him was the gaunt, terrible form of an expiring Bengal tiger, killed by the bullets, cutlass and dagger of Prescott and Backstay Bob.

The two latter, on entering the cabin, saw the mutilated body of Captain Luster. A low growl warned them of danger, and as Prescott turned his gaze he saw the tiger crouching and in the very act of springing. Dropping his lantern he fired his revolver, and, as the terrible animal bore him to the floor he drew his dagger and stabbed him again and again. The needle-pointed instrument reached his heart, which, united with the slashing blows of Backstay Bob, settled his hash before he could inflict any material injury.

We now made a critical examination of the place. A number of human bones strewed the floor, and several articles of wearing apparel, which seemed to indicate that the place had been tenanted by two human beings of opposite sexes, and had probably been torn to pieces by the tiger. The room was long and low, extending the whole length of the vessel, and having at either extremity a massive iron chain, terminating in a heavy ring at one end, the other being fastened by a strong staple to a beam in the vessel's side.
The brute had a chain to his neck and had been confined to one corner of the room by a delicate iron ring, which had been put there to be broken. Over the centre of the room was written something in an Indian dialect, which was pronounced by the mate (who had spent several years in India) to read:
"I have sought—I have found that which I sought—vengeance."
Carefully removing the body of the captain to the little boat, we scuttled the mysterious craft, and saw it sink to the bottom of the ocean. Shortly after, the captain was wrapped in his winding-sheet and followed.

The strange, awful tale regarding the old craft we never learned. It ever remained to us all a decided mystery of the sea. —New York News.

High Schools in New York.
New York City is to have high schools—something it has not had, says the New York Press, since the old High School was turned into the Normal College. The city now has its Normal College for girls and the College of the City of New York for boys, but it has no system of high schools, which are popular in nearly every other city in the Union. The Committee on High Schools of the Board of Education at the meeting of the Board recently recommended the establishment of three high schools, and the report was adopted. The Girls' High School will be situated in the building now occupied by Grammar School 47, at 35 East Twelfth street; the Boys' High School will be in the building now occupied by Grammar School 35, at 60 West Thirteenth street, and the mixed, or "co-ed" High School will be in the building occupied by Grammar School 62, at Courtland avenue and 157th street.

The Board appointed a committee to visit the schools of some of the other cities so that the latest ideas may be put into practice in the high schools of New York when they are established.

Made a Fortune Writing Stories.
At least one of the "penny-a-liners" has had success in this world. It is stated that Emile Richebourg, the French novelist, has amassed a fortune of \$400,000 in twenty years, by writing sensational stories for the Petit Journal.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.
THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.
Eagles Carry Off a Child—Pursued by Bears—A Mountain Lion Attacks an Engineer, Etc.
THE Northern Pacific Railway Company's office in Helena, Mont., will soon be ornamented with two of as fine specimens of the American eagle family as are in existence. The birds are the property of E. T. Barnett, Northern Pacific mineral land examiner, who obtained them sometime ago while in Flathead County.

Mr. Barnett tells an interesting story of how he came by the big birds. He was on the upper Kootenai River, in the northwestern part of the State, having charge of a party examining a large tract of land on the river. The country there is almost primitive in its condition, there being little evidence of civilization about. It is a wilderness of forest and mountains and is a favorite hunting place for roving bands of Indians.

Near where Mr. Barnett and party were at work was a camp of Indians. The lodges were scattered about promiscuously in Indian fashion near the river's edge. There was little activity about the camp. The bucks were for the most part out hunting and the women kept inside the lodges, it being a particularly warm day. At the edge of the camp was a group of dirty, naked little Indian children, romping on the grass together.

All of a sudden the quiet of the camp was broken by the sudden introduction of two great eagles, which swooped down upon the group of children. Apparently not frightened in the least by their cries, one of the eagles fastened its talons into the back of the smallest child and then, after a mighty sweep of its wings, lifted it into the air. The frightened little papoose yelled with all its might, but the eagle dragged it up the bluff forty or fifty feet and then dropped it, apparently becoming exhausted. Then the other eagle grabbed the boy and started with him up the bank, which at that place arose almost perpendicular 400 or 500 feet.

All that happened in a moment! The camp which had been so quiet before was immediately turned into a place of confusion. The squaws, hearing the cries of the children, came running out of the lodges. When they saw what was the matter they rushed up the bluff as hard as they could go. But even then the eagles did not want to give up their prey. They were not frightened by the noise and kept dragging the poor little Indian boy farther and farther up the bluff.

Mr. Barnett, attracted by the cries, took in the situation at a glance and ran for the bluff with his rifle, which he happened to have with him. Before he reached the child an Indian buck had come up with the eagle having the boy in his talons and killed it with a club. Mr. Barnett had been afraid to shoot for fear of hitting the child, the mark being a moving one. He shot the other eagle, however, just as it commenced to soar away. Strange to say, the little boy was not seriously injured, although nearly frightened to death. —Omaha Bee.

Pursued by Black Bears.
Elmer Thornburg, a mining man of Granite, Or., arrived at his home, after having a most exciting trip across the mountains on snowshoes and narrowly escaping being food for a couple of fierce and hungry bears. Thornburg is interested in mining ground away down in a region known as "Desolation," in the lower North Fork country, and one day recently he concluded it would be wisdom on his part to take a trip down to see how the camp was prospering and take the United States mail and extras in to the boys. The journey to within about four miles of the camp was made without difficulty by Thornburg, mounted upon a pair of snowshoes, but at that distance the snow was all gone, and he had to abandon his snowshoes and take to walking. This, with his pack on his back, was no picnic. When within about two miles of camp he sat down on the sunny side of a log to rest.

No sooner had Thornburg settled himself comfortably than he was disturbed by several grunts and a lot of clawing and scratching beneath the log. He was unarmed. In a minute there appeared from beneath the log two black muzzles, followed by the bodies of two full-grown, ferocious, red-jawed, black bears, with bristles erect as they came from their comfortable burrow.

Thornburg jumped to his feet and started down the trail on a run. The heavy pack on his back impeded his progress, however. The hungry bears quickly took up the scent, and were after him. When he saw that the race would be an uneven one, he dropped his burden at the foot of a young black pine tree and climbed up among the branches as nimble as a chipmunk. The bears broke open his discarded bundle and ate all the bacon and other good things. Then they turned their attention to Thornburg. Fierce with hunger, their savage appetites just whetted round, the bears put their huge paws around the slender tree trunk and endeavored to reach him.

Breaking off a branch of the tree, Thornburg rapped smartly each black nose that came within reach, and brui would go away growling, only to return when the pain had ceased. This was the best and only defense the pursued man could avail himself of. In the meantime he began to yell at the top of his voice in the hopes that his cries might reach camp. They finally did, and Mr. Dickson and Ed Fishery came out with their trusty rifles and made it possible for the un-

armed and unarmed man to descend from his perch.
Thornburg will not make any more trips on snowshoes across the mountains without his gun. —Portland Telegram.

Fought the Bear with Fire.
An English tourist, recently returned from Nevada, tells how he narrowly escaped from the clutches of a bear. He had scrambled to the top of a large boulder and the bear, wounded in one of its legs, began scratching in the ground at the foot of the boulder, says the Weekly Telegraph. "Suddenly," he says, "I felt the boulder on which I stood shake and give a sudden downward lurch. The bear was undermining my stronghold, and within a few minutes it would topple over and I be delivered over to his tender mercy. In this emergency I bethought myself of a bottle of brandy which I carried in my pocket. Thinking that by pouring its contents over the ground the bear would desist from his undermining operations, I emptied half of it, but he seemed to be all the more refreshed by the smell and worked away more vigorously than ever."
"There was but half of the brandy left and things were beginning to look serious, when I tried, as a last chance, the extreme remedy of emptying the remainder of the flask onto the back of the bear and throwing a lighted match to the brandy. The flames immediately enveloped the animal, and, with shrieks and yells of pain he, skedaddled to my great relief."
"I was presently rejoined by my companions, and with loaded guns we followed up the bear, whom we soon discovered licking his burnt sides, on which very little fur remained. He was so weak after his adventure at the boulder that we had no difficulty in dispatching him."

Engineer Attacked by a Lion.
To battle with a huge mountain lion, seven feet in length, and 253 pounds in weight, on a trestle at night, is the thrilling experience that has just befallen Edward C. Depew, an engineer on the Great Northern Railroad, near Lowell, Wash.
"At the time of the adventure," says Engineer Depew, "I was pulling the overland passenger train going east, and as we were a few minutes late we were trying to make up a little time. After we had left Lowell, and almost two miles east of there, about half way across a long trestle, my fireman, George Lawrence, jumped down off his seat box and came quickly to my side of the engine. I noticed a startled look in his face, and, looking ahead, saw through the darkness a black object on the track.
"My first thought was of some obstruction on the track. For a second the thought of jumping flashed through my mind, but I banished it. Nothing could be done. We were too close to the danger, and the fright had the same effect on me that it had on Lawrence. It took away my power of speech. Instinctively I crawled out of my cab on to the side of the engine.
"The train dashed on. In an instant I saw a monster's eyes flashing through the darkness, green and yellow by turns.
"As the train approached the lion I could see it prepare to spring. Finally, when the leap was made, the situation was so dramatic as to be almost theatrical in effect.
"The force of the jump was astounding. The body of the beast crashed into the edge of the engine front. To jump then was certain death, for we were right in the centre of the trestle. Yet, as the lion made his leap, I could almost feel its hot breath on my throat.
"I learned afterward that the cougar, after we had struck it, lodged in the crevices of the trestle.
"The beast was still alive when the men of No. 498 discovered it, but its hind legs were cut off. Foreman John C. Wright would not go near it until he had emptied a couple of chambers of his revolver into it. Then they fastened the body to the cow catcher and took it to Skykomish."

An Injured Miner's Nerve.
A few days ago at Quartzburg, in Baker county, Theodore Eby, a miner, was working alone in a stope in the Gifford mine when a huge rock fell from the hanging wall and struck his leg, breaking it about half way between the knee and hip and pinioning the unfortunate man fast. Within arm's length of where he stood was a pick. With this instrument he pried the rock from his leg and extricated himself. There was no assistance nearer than Mr. Gifford's house, just below the dump of the tunnel, and the only person there was Mrs. Gifford, her husband being absent.
There was only one thing for Eby to do, and that was to get himself out the best way possible. The journey ahead of him required almost superhuman effort. He had to go down on a ladder in a sixty-foot shaft from the stope to the tunnel, which was 300 feet from the entrance. He let himself down by the shaft by his hands, and, all the time suffering the most intense pain. On reaching the dump he called for help, and Mrs. Gifford came to his assistance and helped him to the house and to his bed. Later Mr. Gifford returned home and pronounced a physician to attend Mr. Eby, who at last accounts was getting along as well as could be expected. —Morning Oregonian.

Minnesota Legislator Introduced a Bill providing for the appointment of a State phrenologist, at a salary of \$2000 a year, with a \$1500 assistant, and an expense fund of \$8000 a year at their disposal; their business to be the examination of "not less than 2000 heads a year."

Confessing a fault makes half amends. Denying one doubles it.

The earnest question of the hour. And general theme, no doubt, Is not of love or politics. But, "Will the coal hold out?" —Chicago Record.

Remains to be seen: The boy who has an appointment with the teacher after school is dismissed.—Boston Transcript.

Keen—Isn't your wife afraid to drive that horse? Steam—Not at all. It's the people she meets who are scared.—Hartford Times.

First Office Boy—It says "Our hero now partook of a frugal repast." What does that mean? Second Office Boy—Quick lunch.—Puck.

Husband—Why should you blame me because we were late to the theater? Wife—You forget, dear, that you hurried me up so.—Puck.

"Wobbles rides his bicycle in his flat now." "In his flat?" "Yes; it's steam-heated, and he has to scorch up and down the hall to keep warm.—Life.

I went into the theater. But left it with a sigh: The play was long, the jokes were broad. The hats were very high. —Pick-Me-Up.

"Do you think opals are unlucky?" Inquired the superstitious man. "Yes," was the reply. "My wife wants one, and it's going to cost me \$50."—Washington Star.

"Does your latest novel enjoy a large sale?" he inquired. "I don't know whether the novel does or not," replied the author, "but I do."—Chicago Times Herald.

Rural Teacher—What current event of great interest can you give me this morning? Small Girl (eagerly)—My ma has just made twenty tumblers of jelly.—Judge.

Willie—It's always in damp places where mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa? Papa—Yes, my boy. "Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"Did you ever get so mad that words failed you?" "Yes—once." "When was that?" "Just one-eighth of a second after I called a prize-fighter a liar."—Chicago Record.

Mudge—Oh, yes, we had a real lively time, Simmons and I. It cost us nearly \$50. Wickwire—Yes, I saw Simmons this morning, and he told me he spent \$45.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Come, Julie, let's go and have a friendship oyster stew together." "Friendship oyster stew! What's that?" "Why, you pay for mine, and I'll pay for yours."—New York Journal.

She—And you say that you have never been in love? He—Never. I have thought I was, seventy-five or eighty times, but I always found out afterward that I was not.—Somerville Journal.

The subordinate—Here is a letter from a young woman wanting us to give some of the legends about the origin of the fan. The Chief—Turn it over to the base-ball editor.—Indianapolis Journal.

However long the line may be With civic folk and townsmen, Each marcher proudly feels that he is the grandest in that pageantry; The rest are merely supers. —Washington Star.

And is she really the trained singer she claims to be? "Beyond a doubt. She can sing 'Comin' Through the Rye' so that nobody can tell what it is without looking at the program."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

First Doctor—Well, that's just like these actresses! Second Doctor—What is? First Doctor—Why, that Miss May Cupp won't let us look into her head with the X ray until she makes up her mind.—Puck.

Brown—The sporting editor of this paper doesn't know his business. He says here that that lightweight boxer weighed 118 pounds. Jones—Isn't that right? Brown—No. He should have said "tipped the scales."—Judge.

Couldn't Stand Alone.—"They tell me Van Wither is very weak since his last sickness." "He is. I saw him on the street just now and asked him for a favor; but he couldn't stand a loan."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

"Any, my love, I wish we lived in the good old days when a knight could fight for his lady love." "Why, George, dear, as for that, you haven't asked papa's consent to our engagement as yet, you know."—Forget-Me-Not.

The Comedian (on the defensive)—But you know there are only seven real jokes in the world, it is said. The Sou-brette—I know; what puzzles me is that you have never happened upon any of them.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Nellie—I don't see why Charley Dimpleton has suddenly been so taken with Dot Thurston. How do you account for it? Jessie—Oh, I believe she was the first one to notice that he was raising a mustache.—Cleveland Leader.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "de man dat pays hund'reds ob dollars for flags an' decorations ain't ez much ob patriot ez de one dat goes quietly 'long an' pays 'is taxes an' serves on de jury wifout kickin'."—Washington Star.

Arizona Al—Wal, what do you think of that? Here's Jim goin' an' gitting married! Charles—Wal, that's the way of the world! Arizona Al—Right enough; but look at this: "No Cards." That's what comes of marryin' inter a pious family.—Puck.

The whale spouted in triumph. "Never you mind!" shouted Jonah, vindictively; "you've given me a good deal of trouble, I'll admit, but you just wait till the latter-day theologians tackle you!" With a hoarse chuckle he struck out over the sand dunes toward Nineveh.—New York Press.



JOLLY JOKER.