

The decrease of the national debt during the month of October, as shown by the treasury statement was \$13, 276,774.18.

According to a report of the register of the treasury, of the \$1,071,460, 262 United States registered bonds only \$11,927,900 are held abroad.

The periodical report that the Panama Canal will never be built and that M. de Lesseps is bankrupt comes over the wires from New York, but all the while the canal is progressing and its completion nearer at hand. These reports are set afloat by speculators who wish to operate on Congress for an appropriation to other canal schemes.

Congress, according to law, meets on the first Monday in December. December will come in on Tuesday this year, the first Monday in the month falling consequently on the 7th, which will make the vacation between the two congresses the longest possible under the constitution. It is not a matter of wonder that the Washington boarding houses are in favor of continuous sessions. A long vacation is one of the things most to be dreaded in Washington, though the rest of the country experiences no regret.

In the matter of the Marine Bank of New York, and the firm of Grant & Ward, a new suggestion has been made by United States District Attorney Dorsheimer, which is, that under the statute of New York, the immense sums paid as bonuses by Ward and his associates to those who loaned them money can be recovered. There is no question as to the law; the statute is explicit. He estimates that nearly seven million dollars can be recouped. This is an enormous amount, considered as a usurious account, but there is no question as to the fact of the opinion or statement of it by the District Attorney.

In a recent paper before a scientific society abroad Prof. O. C. Marsh, the New Haven paleontologist, made the remarkable statement that the size of the brain in the extinct animals decided the condition of the survival or failure in the race struggle. Those of the same class who had the largest brains were most successful in the race of life. This confirms, if it needed confirmation, the natural law of the survival of the fittest to the extent that the fittest to survive in the great struggles of nature are those who have the most brain power. It is not so much physical as mental strength that determines the existence of both animals and men.

The closing of mills and workshops consequent upon the prevalence of the smallpox epidemic in Montreal has created great suffering among the population of that unfortunate city. It is said this stagnation in business is costing Montreal \$3,000 a day for the support of its poor, and that the expenditure is likely to run up into the millions. One result of this poverty and distress is to drive large bodies of French Canadian paupers over into the United States. Drs. Cohn and Watson, of the New Hampshire board of health, have investigated the immigration of paupers from Montreal, and say that within the past month no less than six hundred have landed in the city of Manchester alone. They invade the mill towns, and everywhere offer to work for much lower wages than are usually paid American operatives. It is believed that a large exodus will occur during the coming winter, and how to lawfully prevent it is a question with the New Hampshire authorities.

Bradstreet's journal notices at length a new process of lighting and heating that promises to work a revolution. It is a fuel gas that yields the greatest amount of heat and light for the cost of materials. It is claimed with apparent reason that this fuel will cost 10c. to 15c. per 1,000 cubic feet only, and that it gives to one ton of anthracite, the economic value of ten tons of such coal burned in the usual way. Stating the cost of such coal to the personal consumer at \$6 per ton, the saving is the difference between \$6 and \$60, or the respectable sum of \$54. And to effect this economy it is only necessary to construct a machinery plant costing \$3,500 to \$10,000, according to the number of dwellings or business places to be supplied with heat. An adjunct apparatus, or the same one used alternately, can furnish illuminating gas to the same consumers. The processes are detailed and it is asserted that there exists no doubts of the complete success of the new invention. Its value will be at once appreciated by reference to the above figures.

LITTLE THINGS.

A simple rhyme, a childish grief, A blossom on a lover's tomb, A bud expanding into leaf, A bud dropping in a clover bloom; How sweet, how sad, how wondrous fair, How soon forgot, how quick to fade! The song, the bloom, the infant care, Pass like the play of sun and shade;

But in their passage quicken thought,— As sunbeams melt on cold and plain And leave their slightest impress wrought In blooming grass and ripening grain,— And though each individual form Grows indistinct, its glow remains, A halo round us in the storm, A genial warmth that fills our veins.

The critic comes with awful frown To crush the poet, like a gnat; Frost nips the tender blossoms down, And coldish griefs for this and that, Are merged in sorrow's large estate. That widens round our frost-laden heads; And yet the varied web of fate Is woven of such slender threads.

The little things of time are most Secure of influence, prone to power: The flying seed, the insect host; Dissolving dew and transient shower; They multiply, build up, tear down, And write their excellence and grace On arid waste and mountain brow. Till aught is here no common-place.

So little murmurs, joined in song, Light bubbles that in music break— When youth is glad and days are long— In low, soft ecstasies, may wake The living chords of that sweet lyre Which tremble in the human heart And prompt the genius to aspire, The man to act a noble part.

Then, Scorners' spare the little things! From atoms all the worlds are wrought, Peasants' saw dwindle into kings, Or wither to humors' thought; The great be small, the small be great; And yet through all life's varied throng This truth holds fast as death or fate, The humble ever are the strong.

—Benj. S. Parker, in The Current.

HIS OWN BETRAYER.

BY AN EX-ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

It is now many years ago since I and my comrade Joyce were sent to a village in one of the southern counties of England to discover a certain person who had robbed the squire of the place of a large sum of money. Our instructions were to stay there till we succeeded; and as the squire was wealthy and grudging no expense, we made our dwelling in a quiet farm house where there was plenty to amuse us in our leisure intervals. We were quite alone, with the exception of an old woman who did the domestic work and minded the house when we were away on duty.

Well, we found the thief to be a discharged footman, whose knowledge of the locality had hitherto saved him from detection, though we proved much too sharp for him in the end. I need not trouble you with his after fate. Enough, that I am about to relate an event which happened before he was arrested, and in which I was accidentally concerned in a very curious way.

We had made two acquaintances in the course of our walks abroad. One was a retired farmer named Branwell, who lived all by himself about a mile off. He was a bachelor, whose relations were said to have quarrelled with him, but nobody seemed to know the exact truth, or to care much about it either. I ascertained that the first week I was there. The other acquaintance was named Cole, and had been a farrier, or something of the kind. I had heard of this Cole as incurably irritable and morose, and am free to confess that rumor had not belied him. However, he made a point of being very civil whenever we met him, and would never let us pass his cottage without speaking to us. He was a heavy browed man, and his eyes had a strange filmy look which always repelled me when I met his gaze. I do not believe he liked me; I certainly did not like him.

Joyce and I were sitting one evening smoking our pipes, when I casually remarked that I had not seen Branwell for the last fortnight. "Neither have I," said Joyce. "That is odd," I remarked. "I think I'll go to his cottage to-night. He may be ill, you know." "I'll go with you, Elder." "You had better stay here and let me go alone," I said. "He might fancy it an intrusion if we both went together."

Joyce's attentive face relaxed. "Yes, I understand," he answered. "Suppose, then, I follow you in half an hour, and meet you outside the cottage? Don't refuse me, Elder, for I won't have it."

So it was settled. I put on my hat and started at a brisk pace down the road, keeping steadily on between the black line of hedges on one side, and the open fields on the other. It was an ugly night, the moon shone at intervals through drifting clouds, and the air was oppressively heavy. I reached the heath; I mounted the hill—and there was the cottage, its gray roof showing dimly against the sky. The door was unfastened, and yielded easily to my touch.

I waited a minute and then went in. Having no lantern, I struck a match and as it flared up I saw a piece of candle on the window ledge beside me. I lit the candle, and holding it above my head, advanced slowly into the middle of the room. The light showed me a broken chair, an overturned table and a bed. On that bed lay a dead man, whom I at once identified as Branwell. How had he come by his death? Judging by the gaping wound in his throat, he had been foully murdered, and then placed there exactly as I saw him. I know not how it was, but the thought of suicide never occurred to me for a moment. No; I was as certain he had been slain as if I had witnessed the deed myself. The disordered appearance of the furniture, the dark stains on the bed and floor—all told of a struggle, who shall say how fierce and cruel?

I no longer hesitated as to the proper course to pursue. Before anything in the room was disturbed, it was my duty to report the occurrence at the farm and let other decide what I should do next. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I suddenly felt a breath of cold air behind me, and the candle was knocked out of my hand. What did it mean? I had heard no sound but my own footsteps; I had seen nothing but the dead man. The

candle was still flickering on the ground where it fell. Before I could reach it, a foot striding over the gloom trod it fiercely down, and the whole chamber was sunk in darkness. I stood helpless, like one turned to stone. All at once there rose, in the awful silence, the weird howl of a be-nighted dog. When this ceased, the next thing I remember was a knocking at the door, and the cheerful voice of Joyce calling me by name.

"Come in, for pity's sake!" I cried. "I shall go out of my senses if I stop here much longer."

"Steady, Elder—what's a miss? Hold up a second."

He had brought his lantern with him, and he turned its light full upon me. "Why, man alive, how pale you are!" said he, clapping a bottle to my mouth. "Try a drop of brandy, and you'll perhaps feel better."

I did feel better. The brandy sent the blood back to my heart, strengthened my mind and nerves, restored me, soul and body, to myself. When I handed the bottle back to him I saw that he had bared his head, and was steadily regarding the placid face on the pillow.

"Dead!" he said. "Murdered, Joyce." He lifted the lantern higher, and approached the bed. "True. It's a ghastly sight; no wonder it upset you."

"Ay, but that's not the worst," I answered. "Let's go back, and I'll tell you all."

He looked surprised, but his surprise was nothing to the amazement that overcame him when he got outside, and I related what had happened.

"Strange!" he remarked. "Why didn't you let me search the cottage before we left?"

It would have been useless, Joyce. Whoever the miscreant is, it is not likely he would risk detection by stopping there longer than he could help. We must hunt for him nearer home."

As I spoke, we arrived at a bend in the road, and I noticed a light in the window of Cole's house.

"Look," said I; "the farrier is up late to-night."

He had heard us, and presently appeared at the door. His face showed deep marks of care, and the lines about his mouth were very noticeable. Perhaps he was suffering from over-fatigue, or had other matters to worry him of which we knew nothing. He listened quietly to my account of the murder, and made no remark till I had finished. Then he eyed me closely, and came a step nearer.

"Is there any one whom you suspect?" he said.

"No."

"Sad—very sad. Let us hope, Mr. Elder, that you may be fortunate enough to discover the criminal."

We thanked him, and walked on. I sat up all night to write out my report of the case, and fell asleep at last with the sunlight of the new morning pouring into the room.

The inquest was held three days later at a neighboring inn, known as the Spotted Dog, and I was the first witness examined. On the whole, I would rather not state my opinion of the proceedings, and if you ask me what country inquest means, I treat the question as a dismal conundrum and give it up in despair. There were the usual villagers in greasy smock-frocks; there was the usual old lady who always appears in her Sunday clothes on such occasions; there were the wheelwright, the blacksmith, and the parish clerk, proud alike in the consciousness that they were public officials and not above the honor of doing their duty in a noble and disinterested manner before the eyes of their grateful countrymen. The Coroner was a fat, pompous man, who loved the sound of his own voice and worried everybody to distraction at every stage of the inquiry. My interest was, however, languidly stirred when Cole stepped forward in his turn. Being sworn, the farrier declared that he had first heard from me of the old man's death and that he knew absolutely nothing but what I had told him. The upshot of it all was that the jury returned a verdict of "Willful murder against some person or persons unknown," and so the matter ended.

Nothing occurred for some weeks afterward. The future was unknown, the present was monotonous; so passed the weary hours. The events of life are not evenly distributed over the whole of its course, but come unexpectedly as the advent of a ghost.

The course of Time had not flowed peacefully for Cole, either; he was changed in more ways than one. The strangest thing about it was, that the change was hard to describe; it showed itself in a hundred little signs which a stranger would scarcely notice, but which I could not, on my part, misinterpret. At one period the curious look in his eyes was more marked than ever, and he would stalk about, moodily silent, with his hands crossed behind him; at another he would become fiercely irritable and grumble in his room for hours together.

This alternation between gloomy despondency and wild excitement was certainly remarkable, and taken in connection with what I had lately observed of him, it suggested to me one plain explanation of the mystery—an explanation which I scouted at first, but ended by accepting a conclusion which it was impossible to resist. The farrier was mad.

ly disappeared. If I accepted the common rumor of the village, he was a convict from London, long since lost in the byways of villainy from which he had emerged; but I preferred to believe that he was some person who knew his victim and had deliberately hunted him down. The murderer was a robber as well.

"Sooner or later we shall meet again," I thought, "and then—"

I had gone out one fine evening, and, tempted by the beauty of the prospect, had walked some distance into the country before the gathering darkness warned me it was getting late. Being in no hurry to return, I continued to stroll leisurely when I suddenly discovered that I was in a strange neighborhood of which I knew nothing, and where there was no person of whom I could ask my way.

More vexed with my own carelessness than was, perhaps, altogether reasonable, I stopped, and looked around for some familiar landmark. There was a heavy mist prevailing which made it difficult to see far, but it presently cleared around me, and the moon shone out brightly through a halo of fleecy clouds. Having turned to the right, on the chance of reaching the line, from which I had strayed, I found myself in a lane which sloped away in the distance. After following it for about a mile, I climbed over a gate, and landed on the side of a hill.

I started in astonishment. I was back in my old quarters, and before me was the cottage of the dead man. Presently I discerned a human figure moving rapidly along, but when I looked again it had disappeared. Almost disposed to think that my fancy had deceived me, I was hesitating what to do next, when I saw the cottage window lit up from within.

I hurried across, and as I got near I heard a strange noise, followed by a sound like the clinking of money. The same instant, and hoarse laugh rang harsh and loud on the damp night air.

I crept to the window and looked in. The first object that met my view was Cole. He was sitting on the bed. A trap-door, of the existence of which I had been ignorant, was open at his feet, and on the table beside him were a number of bank notes, and a quantity of silver and gold. Sovereigns and shillings were tumbled carelessly together, and he was thrusting his hands among the coins and letting them slip through his fingers with an appearance of the highest recklessness. I drew back in horror—silent, breathless, my blood curdling in my veins as I beheld him.

He had never noticed my presence; he paid no attention to anything but the money he was gloating over—the money which was the price of a crime.

I withdrew a little way off to regain my breath and decide on my course of action. At first I thought of summoning Joyce to assist me, but my dread of what might happen to the farrier in my absence induced me to abandon the idea, and I leaped by determining to arrest him myself single-handed and unarmed. It was a desperate task, but there was no help for it.

Resolved on this, I took the pistol from my pocket and drew the charge. Next I removed my coat and rolled up my shirt sleeves to the elbow. Then stealthily raising the latch of the door I threw it open.

As the farrier confronted me, I saw an awful look of consternation pass over his face; his complexion turned to the hue of lead; his figure grew rigid and motionless. At that moment I pitied him from my soul.

"Wm. Cole," said I, calmly, "I arrest you in the name of the law."

He staggered to his feet, and his lips moved, though he said nothing. I kept my back to the door, and walked boldly up to him. There was a fierce glitter in his eyes as they stared into mine. He seemed quite passive, but the instant he felt my hand on his shoulder he shook it off, and, with a savage yell, sprang straight at my throat. In another minute we had closed, and were grappling together in deadly conflict.

We were not unequally matched. In youth and freshness, I had the advantage over the farrier, whom the suddenness of the surprise had somewhat unnerved, and who seemed reluctant at the outset to exert his whole force. But his reluctance did not last long, and as his arms tightened their embrace, I knew it would be as much as I could do to overpower him. His lean frame had an elasticity, his grip a firmness, that would hardly have been expected from his appearance, and the fury of madness troubled his strength. I would not strike him; I struggled as a wrestler to bring him down to the ground. We rocked, and strained, and reeled till the floor shook under our weight, and the door and window rattled again. By degrees I began to tire him, and to drive him backward in the direction of the bed, when, just as I was collecting my energies for a final effort, my foot slipped and I fell heavily to the ground.

In vain I tried to rise—I was held fast and my position gave me no chance of releasing myself. Still I did not realize my actual peril till, writhing quickly round, he knelt upon me and I saw in his hand a long, bright knife.

Death, well, even so. It was but dying once and I was quit of it forever.

Suddenly, all in a second as it were, I heard the door creak—something dark whirled past me like a cloud—there was the dull thud of a blow and Cole, hurled across the room, struck against the table with such rudeness that it overturned and sent the coins spinning in every direction. I got upon my feet unhurt, but breathing quicker, and found myself face to face with Joyce. I looked for the farrier—he was lying senseless in the opposite corner.

"A close shave indeed!" said my comrade, with his old, easy gait. "You never had such a squeak for it in your life, Elder."

I knew that as well as he did, and after thanking him warmly for his

timely aid, I made him acquainted with the startling events of the last half hour. I will say nothing of the terms in which Joyce expressed his opinion of my conduct, almost wringing my hand off in the fervor of his enthusiasm.

"Our duty now is to secure the farrier and get him away as quietly as possible," I said. "And the sooner the better."

We searched the cupboard till we found a coil of rope, with which we bound Cole hand and foot before he was conscious of what was being done to him. Before daybreak it was known all over the country that the murderer of Branwell had been discovered and was safe in our custody. He was, however, acquitted at his trial—the medical evidence proving, beyond the possibility of doubt, that he was then insane and had been insane for a long time. He died a month later, having never once spoken a single word to anyone after the verdict, which condemned him to a mad house for the remainder of his days.

Scissors and Paste.

Judicious use of the scissors and paste brush, when confined within proper limits, is a part of good journalism. What can be done by it alone is told by the English correspondent of the Evening Post:

In many out-of-the-way villages the Christian World and the Police News are the only papers to be obtained for love or money, and among the class which delights in the record of deeds of blood and violence the latter is quite a bible. The front page is "drawn" by one man who is paid twenty pounds per week for the job, and the man who arranges the letterpress and wields the scissors and paste receives a similar salary. There is not a line of original matter in the whole paper. About 300,000 is the weekly circulation, which yields a princely income from the original outlay of £200 about twelve years ago.

I mentioned just now the Christian World, and this is another instance of successful scissors-and-paste journalism, although I would not wish to convey the idea that this widely read religious paper never contains any original matter. Mr. James Clarke, its present proprietor, bought it for a mere song—I believe for £150—when the concern was in a very bad financial position. Now the circulation is a quarter of a million copies weekly; besides which the proprietor runs several other papers, the printing of which gives constant employment to one of the largest firms in London. The Christian World is not a particularly brilliant publication, but it has a wonderful lot of advertisements. Every pious grocer or shoemaker who wants an equally pious assistant, every owner of a quack nostrum, every "coupon" dodger, rushes into the Christian World as a capital medium. "Wanted, a young man to look after a house of the Wesleyan persuasion," "Must fear the Lord and be able to carry three hundred weight," "Low salary, but all the advantages of a Christian family," are fair samples of the kind of thing which graces the columns of the Christian World. Everybody who wants to secure country servants at low wages makes use of this journal. It is a great favorite with the female Dissenter, who admires hugely the ramby-pamby "novels" which it contains, and which are now issued in a "Family Circle Edition."

But for sheer impudence in journalism of the scissors-and-paste order, a weekly paper called Tid-Bits certainly bears off the palm. Some genius discovered that English newspapers were very heavy, and that there were hosts of people who would buy a journal which did not require much reading and was free from a lot of to-be-continued-in-our-next stories. "He also found that there was a vast amount of amateur literary talent which could be 'exploited' for next to nothing. Sixteen pages of odds and ends, anecdotes, short tales, cuttings from other papers, etc., are served up for one penny. Each week a guinea prize is offered for the best 'bit' sent in, the right to publish any or all being reserved. By this means Mr. Newnes, the proprietor and editor, gets all his 'copy' very cheaply and at the same time interests a large clientele in his paper, which, to tell the truth, is a mighty poor specimen of a journal. But the concern is a great commercial success, and the sublime impudence of a man who can get all his 'copy' sent him by his readers cannot be too much admired. An average of about 3,000 'bits,' more or less original, pour in every week; one of these 'bits' costs a guinea, the remainder cost nothing. Mr. Newnes and his office boy cut and paste up the paper, and Mr. Newnes pockets £300 per week net profit from the little venture. Occasionally a bigger prize is given. Six months ago the proprietor offered a house as a prize for the best tale, original or selected. A soldier at Canterbury came across something interesting in a book he was reading, copied it out, and sent it to Mr. Newnes. It happened to please that gentleman's critical literary taste, and the son of Mars became the proud possessor of a seven-roomed house upon the sole condition that he called it the Tid Bits Villa. No less than 14,000 persons competed for the prize. The paper is only a year or two old, and yet there is probably only one other paper in the world, the Paris Petit Journal, which has a larger circulation.

He Stopped the Gam. "I love billiards," exclaimed an affectionate little miss to her juvenile sweetheart, as each one picked up a cue from the rack in the "game" room of the family residence. "It is almost as good as playing 'post office.'"

"Now I know why you are partial to it," replied the young man. "No you don't!" "It's because there is so much kissing in it," replied he. "And a little hugging by the cushion, too," said she. "And very often a miss-cue," said the father, who had interferred just as a "kiss-shot" was about to be made.—National Weekly.

The Art of Good Dining.

Let the table, when no one is present but the home circle, be the model of what it should be when surrounded by guests. Lay a piece of thick Canton flannel under your table cloth. Even coarse nappy will look a much better quality with a sub-cover than it spread directly over the bare table top.

Avoid the cheap trick of hotels and restaurants in the arrangement of napkins and table utensils. Simplicity is never ridiculous, while pretension usually is. Place the napkin on the left side of the plate with a piece of bread in its folds, the fork on the right hand, next to that the knife with the sharp edge turned from the one who is to use it, beyond this the soup spoon.

At the point of these set the tumbler and individual butter plate. Mats, tablespoons, salt cellars and pepper cruet may be arranged to suit one's taste. Banish the heavy castor from the center of the table and put there instead a vase of flowers, if it be nothing more ambitious than some bits of ivy or evergreen brightened by a spray of bittersweet.

At the carver's place spread a white napkin, the point toward the middle of the table, to protect the cloth from splashes of gravy. Let the soup be served by the mistress and eaten with an accompaniment except a piece of dry bread in the hand. Buttering is only less vulgar than thickening the contents of the plate with crumbs. When this course has been removed the meat and vegetables may be placed on the table. If there is salad, it should be served separately, in a course by itself.

The heavy part of the dinner eaten, the maid should be summoned and should commence the clearing of the table by carrying out first the meat, then the dishes of vegetables, and after that plates and butter plates, placing one on top of the other and using a tray to transfer everything except the large plates and tumbler.

Do not permit her to go through the operation of scraping the contents of one plate into another, with a clatter of knives and forks, and then bearing off the whole at once. Two plates at a time are enough for one load. Next after the soiled dishes, have taken off mats, salt cellars and other table furniture but tumblers, water bottle or pitcher, napkin rings and ice bowl, and then have the crumbs brushed and tray used.

The desert is then served, and except at a ceremonious dinner the tea or coffee, which should never appear earlier in the action, and the work of waiting is done.

When one realizes the exceeding simplicity of this much-dreaded branch of domestic service it seems incomprehensible that in so many families dainty waiting should be unknown. I am well aware that the question of serving is generally the sticking point.

It is very hard—sometimes impossible—for the mistress with but one maid-of-all-work to demand that she shall be a practical waitress. It is much easier to have the food jumbled on the table in a helter-skelter fashion than to run the risk of making trouble by insisting that it shall be served in courses. But the matter is not so difficult, after all, if the servant understands from the beginning that this will be required of her.—Good Cheer.

Bishop Berkeley to Have a Statue.

It is a little more than a century and a half since Bishop Berkeley was appointed to the see of Cloyne, and at last a monument is to be erected to his memory. It will be set up in the course of the present month in the cathedral in which he often officiated, and if the recognition is tardy, at least the homage comes from a wide area. Much of the money is subscribed from America and some of it from England.

It is curious writes a correspondent, dating his letter from Cloyne, how few names and faint are the traditions of the old bishop to be found upon the spot. Born in Kilkenny, and educated at the school there, a graduate of Trinity college, of which he was ultimately a fellow. Berkeley was an Irish prelate at a time when Irish sees were often filled by English clerics. He was a patriot, too, and a protectionist, desiring always to encourage native and local industry, so that he made a point of ordering his clothes and even his wigs from the tradesmen of the city of Cloyne. The see was joined with that of Cork and Ross in the year 1835, and the Bishop's palace is now let to a gentleman farmer. But still there remains traces of the old occupancy.

A clergyman in those days not unfrequently mingled a little knowledge of medicine with a little knowledge of theology—the herbal lay on the shelf with the condorance. It is reported of the bishop that he had an extraordinary faith in the efficacy of tarwater. They pointed out in the grounds of the palace some remaining shrubs—row of myrtles—of his planting, the roots of which he carefully tarred before the clay was shoveled over them. For twenty years he held the see of Cloyne, and when he left for England in 1752, there is contemporary record that "his neighbors and the country folk, with sorrow in their hearts, accompanied him to the ship and watch ed its white sails as they disappeared behind the rising shores of Spike."—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Meager Wardrobe.

A noted scientist had his entire wardrobe stolen from him last week with the exception of a few paper collars. He had an engagement to call on a young lady up the Hudson river. He sent the following dispatch: "I have had all my clothes stolen except some paper collars. But that fact will not deter me from coming."

He received the following telegram in response: "If you have nothing but paper collars to wear do not come. I love French art but not French realism." The author of "Delusions of Accidents" said he liked literal translations but not to such an extent.—New York Mail and Express.

Pierre Lorillard is willing to pay \$10,000 a year to a good jockey. And yet some people hanker for a \$1,500 consolation.