The lady wears her French kid shoes A size or more too small.

Till flesh and sk'n all o'er her foot
Begin to swell and gall;
I sav 'tis caused by "surplus blood"—
Lance from her heels a crimson flood,
Then charge her a five dollar "spud!")

The dude he makes a "mash," and then
With "girl upon the brait,"
Writes poetry until his ma
Imagines he's insune;
I, called upon to "cure him quick,"
Soon poison him with arsen c.
(No druggist helps me do the trick!)

The love-lorn damsel droops and fades, Because of broken heart; Consumption takes her in his grip,
And tears her lungs apart.
I order then—alternate lee:
"Hot baths and ice packs"—Eden's key.
(And ne'er forget to take my fee!)

The baby gets a button flown
Its tender throat—hard luck;
And there behind its palate is
That choking object stick.
I drop around with saw and file:
What? "Get it out?" Well. I should smile!
(And leave an infant corpse, the while!)
—Jeff. Joslyn in Detroit Free Press.

A CONDUCTOR'S TALE.

Curious People Met by a Nickel Collector.

Mean Women Who Pay Their Fares Battered Pennies and Are Insulting -How"English George" Was · Captured.

"I guess I won't give you that said the conductor, as he nickel." turned it over in his hand dubionaty. "I've just had a row with a chap who, who wouldn't take it.'

The coin was not really bad-looking, and would doubtless have passed muster almost anywhere but on a street-car.

"I hate to see a man make a fuss about a little thing like a lead nickel," he continued, "but some folks are mighty small about such trifles."

"Yes?" remarked the reporter inquiringly, seeing that the conductor was inclined to be loquacious.

"Now, there's a heap of trouble all along of some women. If you ever read the papers—but mebbe you don't?" and he gave the rope a vicious jerk as a fat woman swung off backwards.

The young man admitted that he did. "Well, then you've seen how it is. It's been written up lots of times. Just like that woman dropped, for example, facing the wrong way. And now two to one she'll start around back of the car without looking to see if there is a grip coming from the opposite direc-Seems as if they try to be awkward, some of 'em-and that's useless. But when women want to act mean they are all there, every time. I believe they'd rather keep a conductor in hot water then ride home in a carriage. Now, there's 'Ansome Hennery -What? O, the boys call him that because he looks like Irving, the actor. You see, he runs on State Street, and that's a little the meanest run in the business. He was coming down one day with two crowded cars, besides an Archer road on behind, and was nearly four minutes late. About Sixteenth Street in got two women disguised as ladies, who sat right down by the door. Hennery stepped in the doorway and called out as politely as you ever heard: "Fares, please!" and one of 'em rummaged through her pocketbook. One at a time, after carefully pokin over the contents, she fished out ten of the most disreputable-lookin' pennies that were ever dropped in a beggar's cup. Then one of the women was a little bit thoughtful and says:

"O, I wouldn't give him those, Sarah; conductors don't like to take pennies. Here, I have a dime,' and started to hand it to him. The one with the coppers grabbed her quick as flash and says in the most spiteful way:

"They're plenty good enough for him-they're too good for him, and her nose turned up in the most contemptful way. Hennery got a little bit hot under the collar about that time, but he didn't say nothing, and didn't even stop to look at the antique collection. He quietly rung up two fares, and, cool as an old griddle-cake, flung the whole lot out into the street. My wasn't that a mad woman! She dasn't say much, but I tell you she looked a heap. The next day 'Ansome Heanery gets a summons from the down-town office. The old freak had reported him for insolence.

"What was the result?" "O, he went down and saw the chief and told his story, but he had to knuckle down, just the same. He was obliged to go to that woman's home and apologize. It was mighty tough, but it was either that or off went his

"The company doesn't countenance anything of that kind, then?"

"Not for a minute. These low-down snobs that make a conductor's position no sinnyenre are the worst trials we have. Some of the boys brace up occasionally and try to get back at 'em, like Hennery did, but it does no good in the end. There was another fellow that had a little scrap with a fresh woman — Eighteenth Street! Hello, Jim! 686 ahead. What's your num-ber? 397, hey? All right!" and he gave a double ring to the man on the grip as the green car was coupled on.

"What were those numbers?" queried the reportorial mind.
"Why, 686 is the number of the grip.

Jim, there, on the Indiana, has to take the number of the grip that pulls him down town, and I have to take the number of his car." "For what reason?"

"Well, I s'pose so's to know what cars composed the train in case of an accident. But as I was sayin' 'bout this other fellow. There was a woman got on at Thirty-first Street, togged out in her very best frock and bonnet. In went the conductor for her fare, and she was a buttoning of her glove and had laid the nickel on the seat. Now he had been annoved lots on the down trip by some fool people, and he wasn't feelin' just first-rate. She didn't say nothing when he called 'Fare please,'

but kinder pointed to the five. Well, he refused to pick it up, and says respectfully: "'If you can't hand me the fare.

ma'anr, as you should, I shall not pick it up from there.' Then she bridled up and called him an insolent puppy, and said she'd re-port him. He marched out of the car

and left the nickel lying there, deter-mined not to be bluffed." "Did she make a complaint?" "You bet she did! He was hauled up for it the very next day in great shape. She hasn't rode on my car since, though," he added absent-mind-

When the car reached Twelfth Street half a dozen unsalted youth of the distinctively rally period boarded it, and distributing themselves over the plat-

form, began their inane chatter.
"Come, now," said the conductor,
"you are not allowed to stand on the platform as long as there is standingroom inside; move on, please." The Cholleys and Clarences cast indignant glances at him for a moment, stalked through the car and began to struggle

with their paper cigarettes. "Have you that kind of a rule?" inquired the reporter, who had become, by reason of much practice, an expert at wriggling through a packed mass of humanity when escaping from a car.

"That's putting it a leetle mite strong," said the bell-ringer. Then, opening his little book, he read the rule. "R directs us to ask passengers to refrain from crowding the platform, and we have had practically the same rule for some time, but this was given out to us a few days ago to paste in our books, so as to freshen our memory. Panorama place!" he called suddenly, between the opening and closing of the door on a thin man wearing a faded plush cap.

"But why Panorama place?" queried the reporter, a la Lord Arthur Somer-

"Because it's a pantomine," he returned quickly, having evidently heard the original, and making a sweeping gesture toward the two circular buildings. "Now I'll tell you," he continued seriously. "We have our orders to call it so. For my part I think it's a shame to change the name of a court that was called for one of Chicago's old settlers simply to advertise a money-making Just why the company agreed to do it I am not trying to find out. It would be a 'difficult, not to say dangerous,' thing to attempt.

"I made a hundred dollars pretty easy one day last winter," he continued, as he carefully scrutinized the face of his Waterbury to see if it was running away with time. "It was like this: My cousin Sammy is a detective down-town, and he was tellin' me about a big robbery that had just taken place. Them newspaper chaps never found out the whole of that affair, and I guess now they never will You see this 'English George,' as they called him, was a 'con' man, and he done up a rich old duffer down on Washington Street for about \$1,700. The case was kept mighty quiet, because old Hunks said he'd rather lose all the cash than to have it come out in print what a royal chump he was. "So Sammy was put on the case and

had been workin' it up for about a week, when one day he told me a little

about it. Not much, mind you, but just

described the kind of a man he was a layin' for-a little, slender, slick-lookin' duck, with a smooth face and small hands and feet- and never said nothing about why he wanted him. He promised me a hundred bullets if I'd spot him at any time, and as long as I got the boodle I didn't care what they wanted to run the sharp in for. Well, about nine o'clock one evenin', just as we stopped at Twenty-ninth Street, there was a woman got on the car that attracted my attention at once. She wore a long, loose-fitting sealskin that almost touched the ground, black silk mittens, and a thick, brown veil that you could scarcely see through-couldn't see nothing but the sparks in her ears. The car wasn't more'n half full, but every blessed fare but two or three was sittln' near the rear door, leavin' the first half of the car almost empty. She walked forward and took a seat pretty well towards the front door, and when she paid, kept on her mittens. I went back all of a tremble with excitement, for I knew I had that hundred sure. I figured it out that this 'con' man, dressed like a rich lady, was goin' down to make a train, probably at Twenty-second Street, and I was afraid she, or rather he, would give me the slip before I had a chance to have him arrested, and I knew he would if he saw I was onto his little game. I acted as unconcerned as possible, but kept a sharp eye ahead for the lights at the Twenty-fifth Street Police Station. We soon sighted them, and by great good luck the Lieutenant was standing on the steps. I gave him the tip as sly as I could, and the fellow's veil must have hindered his look-At any rate the Lieutenant boarded the ear in front, as I signalled him to do, and before Mr. English George knew what was up he was a prisoner. That was a good night's work for me."

"How did you penetrate so good a disguise? I should have thought you ran a great risk of being mistaken." He laughed scornfully.

"It was easy enough. Of course, I was not quite sure it was the man my cousin wanted, but I was positive it was a man instead of a woman.

The conductor eyed the reporter com-

miseratingly.
"Because," said he, "as soon as he got on he walked half the length of the car and sat down. Did you never notice how ninety-nine women out of a hundred will stand up and cling to the door, though there may be a dozen vacant seats ten feet away to be had for the taking?"-Chicago Tribune.

-A naturalist says that when a lion becomes old and unable to injure a man his mane falls out. If you have a spite against a lion, don't tackle him until his mane falls out. P. S .- And don't tackle him then. Hire another man to do it for you. It would be safer .-Narristown Herald.

-Portland, Me., houses two hundred men possessing from \$100,000 to \$2,-

THE BASE-BURNER.

Weighty Considerations Involved in Its summer Removal to the Wood-Shed.

We haven't moved the coal stove out of the sitting-room into the summer kitchen yet, but we're going to. That much was decided on at a family couneil four weeks ago. When I saw a twohorse dray and six men drive up to the house last November with that stovewhen I saw tackles and pulleys and derricks and a windlass-when they high rate of interest, but they allowed had finally got the stove in place and the floor propped up from the cellar-I figured on leaving the base-burner just where they put it until it died of

old age. However, it has been decided to feet of space it occupies for other pur-

It is thirty-two feet from the stove to the woodshed. I have measured it five or six times

over, and I'll bet a hat I'm correct. There are three door-ways to pass through. I've counted 'em over and over, and I'm dead certain the number is three. One night last month I dreamed the number was four, and I awoke in a chill. You don't know what a relief it was when I got out of

bed and made sure that those door-

ways had not increased in number. The man who had invented the baseburner had just donated \$100,000 to an orphan asylum. He had \$2,000 left, and instead of throwing it into the river he invested it in iron for a conl stove. He set out to make a stove as big as a cottage, but, luckily for the public, death took him away before he had perfected his plans. His executors wanted to save enough iron to make four boilers for a saw-mill and they stole it off the stove.

I have measured the width of my coal stove and also of the doorways. The stove will pass through and spare an eighth of an inch. I don't think the inventor planned for this. I think his idea was to have a whole side of the house taken out whenever the stove was to be moved, but I'm under a thousand obligations to him for his mistake. One night I dreamed that the stove was exactly nine feet too wide to go through a doorway, and I woke myself up screaming "Murder!" and "Police!" I got out of hed and I got out of bed and measured it, and when my old figures were verified I was the happiest man in Detroit.

Yes, that stove has got to be moved. I invited eight of the neighbors over the other night and we passed the following resolution:

"Resolved. The stove must go." Wetalked about purchase-blocks, capstans, cranes, derricks, angles, rect-angles, quadrangles and direct force, and we parted the best of friends. I shall have them over again some evening this week, I've got an idea that we can arrange in some way to move the house thirty-two feet ahead, and thus bring the stove into the wood-shed. If the plan works the problem of moving

a twenty ton base-burner is solved. We didn't decide on moving the stove until after due consideration. We agreed that it could be got into the wood-shed for, say: wood-shed for, say:

about a man who won't put up this sion. A business must be very profita trifle to give his over-worked coal stove | He that a lows the person engaged in i a summer location in a healthy local-

nothing rash about me when the welfare of a whole neighborhood is at stake. I want to measure those thirtytwo feet over again, and I want to know how it comes that the door-ways are wide enough for the stove to go through. There's got to be some calculations made on lateral pressure, centrifugal force and supporting power. I dreamed about it last night. 1 thought one of the legs gave out as fifty men of us surrounded the stove. and that the whole mountain of iron fell over and killed twenty-two persons, When I sprang up and found the old stove all right on its sixteen legs, and realized that I was not to be hung for murder, I felt so happy that I woke the children up to promise 'em something in their Christmas stockings.—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

A Very Useful Plan for Persons Suffering From Insomnia.

Dr. Von Gellhorn has found the following plan very useful in inducing sleep in persons who suffer from insomnia: A piece of calico, about eighteen inches wide and two and threequarters yards long, is rolled up like a bandage, and a third of it wrung out of cold water. The leg is then bandaged with this, the wet portions being carefully covered by several layers of the dry part, as well as by a layer of guttapercha tissue, and a stocking drawn on over the whole. This causes dilatation of the vessels of the leg, thus diminish-ing the blood in the head and producing sleep. It has been found by Winter-nitz that the temperature in the external auditory meatus begins to fall a quarter of an hour after the application of the bandage, the decrease amounting to 0.4° C., and the normal not being again reached for about one and a half to two hours afterward. The author has employed this means of procuring sleep for a couple of years, and finds it especially useful in cases where there is congestion of the cerebral vessels. Sometimes he has found it necessary to re-apply the bandage every three or four hours, as it dried .- N. Y. Post.

-The arrival of the new King of Spain was announced to the general public in Madrid, by running up the spanish standard over the palace, and firing a salute of twenty-one guns. Had the baby been a girl the flag would have been white instead of red. and only eighteen guns fired.

-William M. Twombly, of Saccarappa, Me., has a twelve-pound cannonball which was fired from the brig En-terprise into the British brig Boxer near Portsmouth in 1812.

A HEAVY BURDEN.

Farmers Mortgaging Land and Growing Crops to Obtain Money.

A country banker recently stated that the most profitable business connected with agriculture was loaning money to farmers. He added that they gave the best security and paid the highest interest of any of the patrons of money-loaners. They not only gave good security and paid a the money-loaner to run up a handsome bill for examing the property to be offered for security, for legal expenses in examining the title and for commis sions for obtaining the money from some distant capitalist. Observation move it. We want the sixteen square shows that persons who make a business of loaning money to farmers almost invariably become rich in a short time. In large c ties money can almost always be obta ned on good security for a trifle more than the interest allowed on State bonds. At the present time banks and capitalists in all our large cities are holding large sums of money that they are not able to loan at the legal rates of interest. Still farmers in the sparsely-settled States and Territories are charged usurious rates for the u-e of money, even when they are able to offer security on land that has been improved and which is rapidly advancing in value. That many Western farmers borrow

money injudic ous'y is a matter of com-mon observation. It is the fash'on in most parts of the South and Southwest for farmers to hire money at a rate of interest that the profits of their business do not warrant, and at the same time to contract debts for running expenses. They are anxious to make their farms pay better than they do at present. They want to keep not only more but better stock. In order to enable them to do this they require more barns and stables, and a larger amount of grain and tame grass. Lumber and other building materials are expensive, and the wages of carpenters are high. There is a pressing demand for all kinds of farm machinery, which holds its price though the price of all farm products is very low. Drills for planting wheat and machinery for harvesting it cost as much with wheat at fifty cents per bushel as they did when it sold for more than twice that sum. Machines for planting and cultivating corn command the ame price they did when the price of the grain they are used to produce was double what it is at present. The like is true of almost every machine and tool used on a farm.

Crops are very low, but, singularly nough, farm implements are h gh, and there are no indications of a decline in price. Interest is low in all great money centers, but it remains very high in all parts of the country where there is not capital enough to make necessary improvements on farms and to properly stock and manage them. While this state of th'ngs exists farmers must exercise much discretion and judgment about mortgaging their land in order to raise money. They should carefully consider whether they can invest the money so that it will be profitable for them. Manufacturers and mercantile men state that it does not pay to hire money at even six or eight per cent, to put into their business. Still farmers in many parts of the West and, South are hiring money for which they prom so to pay ten per cent. interest, and to obta'y There must be something very wrong which they pay five per cent, commis to pay fifteen per cent. for the use o money. Very few farmers can produce enough on their places to pay fifteen per cent, on the capital invest d. This rate of interest would soon drive them from house and home.

> Many farmers in those parts of the Western States that have been longest settled have placed mortgages on their places that they can never lift except by the aid of another one. The incomes of their farms do not pay the interest on the money that they owe and the running expenses of the family. failure of a leading crop, the v sit of a contagious disease among animals, one protracted sickness in the family, would result in ruin or a great sacrifice of property acquired by long years of hard labor and self-denial. In the South where cotton and tobacco are the leading crops, the system of getting advances on crops has been general. farmer mortgages what is only in prospect. As great risk attends the production of the crop, money-loaners demand exorbitant rates on the sums they advance. Advancing money on growing crops of wheat has also, it is said become quite common in California, Oregon, Minnesota and Dakota. Loans on growing crops are generally made to parties who have mortgaged their land or who have not yet acquired a

> title to it. Raising money on stock has become very common, not only in the Territories, where there are numerous quantities of land that is only valuable for grazing purposes, but in most of the Northwestern States where stock raising is the leading industry. Men are constantly engaged in making out and recording chattel mortgages. Many farmers have given a mortgage on the team they drive and used to do plowing, on the cows they milk, the sheep they shear, and the young cattle that are grazing on the prairie. Thes farmers have placed themselves at the mercy of men who have the reputation of being entirely destitute of mercy. Should there be a failure in one of the leading crops this season; should there be a visitation of destructive insects, or should a contagions disease appear among cattle, thousands of farmers would be hopelessly ruined. This is a poor time for farmers to get into debt. The way into debt is very easy, but the way out is very hard .-Chicago Times.

> A large gray eagle was shot recently by a farmer named Irby, about three miles west of Blackstone, Va. He had seen it once or twice before in the immediate vicinity of the house Being a good shot, the gentleman crippled the king of birds with a rifle charge. It was a beautiful specimen of its kind. ks wings when spread measured six but four and one-half inches from tip to tip, and its talons measured nearly six inches in width.

A PLAIN WOMAN.

Her Opinion of the Proprietor and Clerks

of a Modern Dry-Goods Emporium. I wonder if the average merchant ever stops to think what a big hypocrite he is, and what a lot of monkeys he makes of his clerks? In the days agone the lady who entered a drygoods store was met with a courteous salutation from proprietor or clerk She stated her wants, and they were attended to in a business-like manner, and a "good afternoon" followed her as she went out.

What a change has come over the earth! Yesterday as I entered a dry-goods store the floor-walker put on his sweetest grin and "good-afternooned" me. He rubbed his hands together, grinned some more, bowed five distinct imes, and was so pleased to show me to the towel and napkin counter that he skinned his shins on a stool without losing one bit of his angelic counten-

Then the towel and napkin man bowed and grinned and twisted and smirked and "good-afternooned" and "beautiful-weathered" me for three minutes. If I had bought him a new tin whistle, or a red top, he couldn't have been more pleased. I wanted some crash toweling at about a shilling a yard. I knew that before I left home. I asked direct for what I wanted, and the clerk grinned and smirked and twisted some more and said:

"Ah-yes-exactly-yes. Certainly, ma'am, with the greatest of pleasure. You didn't want Turkish towels?"

"No, sir!" "Ah-no! We have a very nice bath towel here for-ah-exactly-thirty cents-ah.

"I want crash toweling." "Certainly, ma'am-erash toweling

-I see. We are having beautiful weather -very beautiful. Here it is, ma'am.'

At that moment the floor-walker suddenly appeared. His face bore a look rattling noise, so quickly that while of great anxiety. I couldn't tell at person towards whom it is pointed first whether he had a touch of the colic or had heard of a death in the family, can not tell just what has happened but it all came out after a bit. He had til after he has seen it and madea in been suddenly struck with the idea effort to dodge it. that I might have gone down cellar or upstairs to hunt for the towel department, or that I was not being properly waited on, or that the crash toweling was off on a vacation. He had rur back to make sure, and what a relief it was to him! He bowed and smiled and ducked and twisted and backed off.

Then the clerk bowed and grinned and gurgled and handed down some

"I want four yards."

"Certainly, ma'am-I see-bewtiful day yesterday-four yards-think it will do, eh?"

two clerks to wait on me? It was a bewtiful day—very bewtiful. Did the toweling suit? If not he would order from Europe. No trouble at all, you know—ah—certainly—call again—good effect by storekeepers who wish tog afternoon. afternoon.

The clerk had cut off four yards of toweling, and I laid down a lifty-cent ally some idle curiosity-seeker will piece.

"Ah—yes—nothing else-table-cloths or napkins—dish-towels or any thing of the kind?" of the kind?"

"No. sir!" "Ab-certainly-cash boy!-bewtiful other." ay, isn't it-a thousand thanks-pack age, ma'am-call again-good afternoon.

walker ran across my path to grin and apparently impossible tricks can't bow. The proprietor followed me to performed. These are not done twist and twitter. I had saved the legerdemain or slight-of-hand. three of 'em from the gallows by pur- secret is in the cards. Among the chasing four yards of crash toweling at card tricks are the following: A car

grateful. I am a plain woman. I hope I have a fair share of common sense. I know lots of plain women with common sense who are looking for some merchant to open a store where grinning baboons will not be employed to wait upon customers. One woman out of fifty may appreciate all this soft soap and tender taffy, but the other forty nine are disgusted with it. We want civil, courteous treatment from shopkeepers and their clerks, but let it end there. The proprietor who exacts all this grinning and grimacing and tomfoolery on the part of his clerk towards female customers is mistaken in the sex. They have more brains than he credits them with .- Aunt Sally, in Detroit Free Press.

A Famous Burmese Family.

Ex-King Thebaw's famous hairy family, which he long kept jealously at Mandalay, are to visit Europe for exhibition. The family have been renowned in Burmese history for many years and the present members, a mother and son, form the fourth generation known. The mother, Maphon, is sixty-three, quite blind and usually sits motionless on a platform, occasionally fanning herself and speaking in a low, sweet voice. She was seen and described by Colonel Yule when on a mission to the Court of Ava in 1855. Save her hands and feet, she is covered with long, soft hair, like her son, Mo-po-sin, who is covered even to the drums of his ears the hair in some places being five inches long. Mo-posin is of medium height, with pale brown skin, and is fairly friendly, having been partly educated, and married to a maid-of-honor. Neither he nor his mother has either canine teeth or grinders .- N. Y. Evening Post.

Only the Store Gone Up.

An insurance examiner and adjuster, who was called upon to investigate a loss in Pittsburgh, inquired of the policy-holder: "Where were you when the alarm

was given?" "I vhas ashleep in my bedt."

"Did any one wake you up?" "Vhell, my clerk comes und pounds

TRICK NOVELTIES

dealer in sleight-of-hand articles

reply to a reporter's inquiry yestering

of should say so. There's no end;

them. There is a beautiful button by

boquet, for instance. After placing

Triffing Articles That Delight the Aven Practical Joker. "New tricks for the boys?" repeate

in your coat button hole you call the tention of a friend to its beauty a fragrance. Of course he will step to ward and smell of it, when to his a tonishment a fine stream of water was be thrown in his face. Where the wa ter comes from is a mystery, as no can have your hands at your side or h hind you and not touch the boques any manner. Then there is a lit leaping monkey that is better than surprise party for making fun and ting up an excitement. After it been sitting quietly on the stand or tall and being admired by your unsuing friends, it will suddenly, and wa out warning, make a wild leap into air and land under the table or somebody's lap, creating a regu-panic all around. Then there is a cin case that is one of the best practice jokes of the season. To all appearant it is an ordinary eigar case made in in tation of real leather. Ask your free to have a cigar, at the same time has ing him the case. As he attempts ing him the case. As he attempt open it an ugly-looking gorilla, inches in height, suddenly pops up stend of the expected cigar. Anottrick novelty in the cigar line come of a light, strong metal shell, the and shape and color of a cigar. It a spiral spring concealed w thin, t may be released at the will of p operator by slightly pressing a trigo that is attached to the small end. of end of the spring is permanently face ed in the shell and the other end, who is projected when released, has a constructed to retain it in the shell. We the spring is released it will fly out for twelve to fifteen inches with a whim see something coming and hear it "A magic nail is another interest

little trick article. A common nu shown, and without a moment's heat tion the performer forces it through finger. The finger can be shown the nail protruding from bothsis The illusion is so perfect that the spe tators will be satisfied that the wee is a genuine one. The next instants nail can be with lrawn for examine and the finger shown without a scar or wound. In another trick ya exhibit a neat and pretty winds which you blow with the greatest and remarking that the mill is enchant Just then the proprietor came up, and will only work at your common and his face carried such a grin! He was delighted to see me. Didn't I want quest to try it. The moment he tree Then hand it to any one with then he receives a startling salute, and in counter or show case, and most nate transferring it from one hand to

oon."

Pack, apparently the same as an order.

He smirked and smiled. The floor- nary pack, but with which wonders. a shilling a yard, and they were duly may be drawn, shuffled in the pack at grateful. from the pack after having beendram returned and shuffled; the two colors if a pack divided by one cut; the card dicovered under a handkerchief; six per sons may draw a card each, shall them and immediately after the proformer at once produces them, pulling them rapidly out of the pack, one after the other; the performer may leave it room and in his absence a card may be drawn, which he on his return at one picks out of the pack."-N. Y. Mis and Express.

"What is new in trick cards?"

"The wizzard's pack. This is a till

A NAPOLEONIC CONSPIRACY. Discovery of a Treaty Between Napolest and the Duke of Branswick.

A Swiss correspondent, in looking

over the papers of the eccentric Duke Brunswick, deposited at the library Geneva, has found the draft of a seed mutual assistance treaty between him and the late Emperor Napoleon, It is dated Ham, June 25, 1844, and is at only signed Louis Napoleon Bonapara but written by him on a white silk poss handkerchief in marking ink. To French is full of Germanisms. treaty is in five articles, and the o tracting parties are bound by an earlier and their honor to observe it. In retain for the money which the German Prince was to furnish the French one with escape from Ham and restore the pire, the latter was to aid the other enter again into the possession of h duchy and all his fiefs, and, if possis to make all Germany one nation, give it a constitution suited to its tradition manners and the needs of a progress age. A Napoleonic conspiracy was a ried on by the assistance of the Dake Brunswick's purse. On the 22d of July 1870, Napoleon III. was for the late time reminded of the promises sworn and written on the silk pocket handle chief. He a swered this reminder is short note thus worded: "I hat " ceived your letter and find it imposs to comply with your demands. The of you to believe in my sincere amit, NAPOLEON." Six weeks later the peror was a prisoner of the German and the Duke of Brunswick on his wo

Republique Française. on der door und says our shtore vhas gone oop."

"What did you do?"

"I goes down-town to telegraph to Boston to see if your insurance company vhas gone oop, too."—Wall Street News.

"There are contractors for all the broken meat at the crack hotels as restaurants in Paris. They are calls are restaurants are restaurants are restaurants are restaurants are restaurants are restaurants. made a fortune in the business.

leave his personal estate, all he he after the Brunswick revolution of 1851