

IN THE DARK.

When I kissed her that night in the hallway... I was so dark that nothing was plain...

And I wasn't quite sure as I left her... As to whether she liked it or not...

And the next time I called it so happened... That we stood in that hallway once more...

But her red cheeks so regularly dimpled... And her eyes shone so wondrously bright...

GISELE'S CAPRICE.

The salon was lighted by a single lamp which shed a soft radiance throughout the room...

Gisele, who was in her eighteenth year, was very beautiful. She had a natural blonde...

Many admirers paid suit to Gisele, but she smiled on none until Robert de Gille...

When the others had welcomed him, turning to Robert, Langie said: "I knew that I would find you here..."

Accordingly, the following day found Mme. de Balny, her daughter and Robert at Saint Cloud...

They first attended Bidel's performance with his lions, which Gisele watched with the liveliest interest...

"What?" exclaimed Robert. "Do you wish me to enter the lions' cage?" "Yes, does that surprise you?"

self in this perilous manner. But Gisele insisted. "Very well," said Robert coldly...

"Ah! I knew you would consent!" exclaimed Gisele with apparent delight. "I will arrange the matter at once," said Robert.

"No, Robert, do not go," said Gisele. "I do not wish you to enter the cage. I asked you to do so only because I wanted you to seem ready to expose yourself to any danger for my sake."

"Pardon me, Gisele, for not acceding to this new caprice of yours as to the first," replied Robert. "I have resolved to enter the cage and I shall do so."

Robert was in the cage about five minutes. Then he left it and rejoined Gisele, who, radiant with joy, her hands extended, exclaimed: "Oh, Robert! how I admire you!"

Robert took one of Gisele's hands in his, and, interrupting her, said, in a calm voice: "Do not praise my exploit so much, for the act which you applaud was performed for my own sake rather than yours."

As soon as they returned to the cottage the party started for Paris. When they reached Gisele's home Robert bade her good-by with a profound bow...

Her Nose Wasn't Plumb. I have been making a study of noses lately, and really it's astonishing to find how large a proportion of the noses are twisted to one side or the other.

To Prevent Lamp Explosions. Mix your petroleum carefully, and you need not fear an explosion. You have only to be cautious as to the amount of atmospheric air you blend with the explosive vapor.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL. Miss Fannie Macaulay, who died a few days ago at Brighton, England, at the age of eighty, was the last surviving sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

All About Pneumonia. Netter has written quite an exhaustive article on the subject of pneumonia, in which he reviews the epidemic of that disease which have been recorded.

The pneumonia germs are quite long lived. How they remain capable of doing their work has never been determined, but three years is set as the extreme limit.

A person who has once had the disease retains for years a liability to be other attacks, for the germs of it remain with him and may be found in his saliva.

It is true that this disease is not nearly so contagious as the most of the other diseases of the same character, but it is enough so to warrant a certain amount of care.

Expensive Fun. A physician of St. Paul related the following little incident in the career of a fellow student. The appearance of the latter was not such as to impress the casual observer with the idea that he was an Asclepius in the science of medicine.

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The Stage Carpenter. Lloyd Breeze, who is Russell's business manager, chipped in and told a story on his stage manager, J. H. Fitzpatrick, who is an old timer and the scene plot for the piece to no one else but the stage carpenter of the theatre.

The Approaching Struggle. We are nearing, we are nearing, the days of baseball glory. And we're nearing, we're nearing, the days of the same old story of defeat.

The Strongest Man. Boston Sunday School Teacher—Waldo who was the strongest man? Waldo (hesitatingly)—Well, I did know, but I've forgot.

A NEW MRS. PARTINGTON. Still her Famous Character in Real Life in Massachusetts Town.

Mrs. Thrifty, an excellent and prosperous "widow woman," who keeps a store in a famous and favorite Massachusetts town, has a genius in language which would set a new Mrs. Partington up in business.

"Your stock of what, Mrs. Thrifty?" "Dittoes. All sorts of things, you know."

"Oh, yes." "The visitor could imagine what 'dittoes' were. But it was the first time she had heard them called by that name."

"Yes," Mrs. Thrifty went on, "I like to go to Boston first rate. When I get there the first thing I do is to take one of them 'ere hoodlums and then drive all round town."

When her conversation with Mrs. Thrifty had reached this point the city visitor thought best to change the subject, and related her own experience during her last summer's vacation, when she went up the Hudson river and made a tour through the Adirondacks.

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The Coming Farmer. He will be a man competent to bring forth new ideas.

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RAVAGES OF INSECTS. How to Apply Insecticides so as to Secure Satisfactory Results.

Considerable interest has developed lately on the subject of applying insecticides, and it is very opportune. The pressing need of a better understanding of methods for successfully resisting the ravages of our insect enemies crowds upon us with increased vigor.

After quite an extended experience in using insecticides in nearly all ways, I have decided that there is only one way in which satisfactory results can be reasonably expected every time.

The Colorado bugs have had to give us the most trouble we ever experienced during the dry season of 1887, yet by two timely applications of London purple by spraying, we succeeded in almost totally destroying them.

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MR. AND MRS. BOWSER Mrs. B. Talks About Her Husband's Progressive Electric Party.

Mr. Bowser suddenly looked up from his paper the other evening and asked: "Why is it that we haven't given a progressive electric party this winter?"

"They have been voted too much trouble," I replied. "Well, Mrs. Bowser, I shall give a progressive electric party next week, Wednesday evening. If you'll see to the refreshments I'll see to the people."

"I'll be glad to, of course, but—" "But what?" "You must prepare yourself for disappointments."

"Oh, I must! How kind of you to give me warning! Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to seem vain or egotistical, but I'll invite thirty-five people here on that night, and for every one who fails to come I'll give you a \$20 bill."

"I wanted to tell you that we can't come down to the party." "You can't?" "No, my wife has just remembered that she agreed to go over to Johnson's on that night. Sorry, old fellow, but I hope"

"Mrs. Bowser, don't you never darken Filbert's doors again—never! They are liars and dangerous people. I can fill their places in five minutes."

"When I told you the other day we'd be down Wednesday evening I forgot that our Eva was to have a child's party on the same evening. That knocks us out."

"I told you it would be hard work to get so many people out," I remarked. "Did you, Mrs. Bowser? How kind of you! But I'll show you and these liars and deliver a thing or two before I get through."

"That you, Bowser?" "Yes." "Is it to-night you have that party?" "Yes." "Pshaw! I thought it was a week from to-night! Well, that knocks us out. We've got to go to the Y. M. C. A. Sorry, you know, but this is a previous engagement."

Mr. Kajanus said young Springville, clearing his throat, "I've called to see you in relation to pay my address to your daughter."

"Which one, Julius?" inquired Mr. Kajanus. "Miss Maria, sir." "The father looked fixedly at the young man. "What are your prospects in life, Julius?" he said.

"To tell you the truth, sir," acknowledged young Springville, "I have no prospects what-so-ever. I am in moderate circumstances and have no resources except a knowledge of my business, good health, and steady habits."

"Just so, Julius," smiled the father. "Your income, I dare say, is—" "About \$1,200 a year." "And on this, my young friend, you would expect to support yourself and a young woman who has lived in a home where she has never been used to anything like privation or indigent poverty?"

"It does seem presumptuous for me to think of it," faltered the youth, "and as I see it does not meet with your approval I will be more about it and ask your pardon for—" "Stay, Julius," exclaimed Mr. Kajanus, somewhat hastily. "I only asked you those questions as a matter of form. If you want Maria, my boy, you can have her! We'll shake the young man warmly by the hand. Mr. Kajanus, it may be proper to state, his eight unmarried daughters besides Maria—Chicago Tribune.

They Never Would See It There. Author—Jane, I promised Professor Slocum I would speak favorably of his "Treatise on Philosophy" in this book of mine, and I've got to do it, I suppose, but I hate to have the public think I endorse his work. If I could only smuggle in a favorable mention of it in some way that would escape the attention of the reader—Chicago Tribune.

An Egg Story. Mr. Bowser shut him off with a loud bang and turned to me and said: "Mrs. Bowser, don't you never darken Filbert's doors again—never! They are liars and dangerous people. I can fill their places in five minutes."

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Didn't Like Their Company. Little Johnny was paying his first visit to a friend's church. He soon became disgusted with the quaint old hats and bonnets, and the "thees" and "thys" of the preacher, and was just about to leave when the preacher exclaimed: "I want all those who wish to enjoy the eternal life of the beautiful home above to rise to their feet."

Supply and Demand. Miss Highup—Marie, has The Hightoned Monthly come yet? Marie—Yes, mum. "What's in it?" "War articles 'n' travels in foreign countries, 'n' astronomy or arithmetic, or some thing I can't make out."

Notes and Queries tells the cards, which were invented at the close of the fourteenth century, were originally very different from those in use at present. In shape they were square, and instead of suits of spades, clubs, hearts and diamonds, their marks were rabbits, pinks, roses and flowers of columbine. The figured cards were very prettily devised, a queen riding on horseback with a rabbit beside her, marked the queen of rabbits or of clubs. A rustic-looking man, grotesquely dressed and standing in a strange attitude, with a pink beside him, signified the knave of pinks or diamonds.

At a hearing before the Committee of Education of the Michigan Legislature on the subject of the effect of tobacco on youths, it was stated that in reply to circulars two hundred doctors had each cited one or more cases of boys being dwarfed, made insane, killed or rendered incapable of speech. The professors of Michigan University testified that otherwise bright students were made dull and stupid by the use of the cigarette, and that in many cases the power of hearing had been seriously affected. They also said that in nine cases out of ten the regular use of cigarettes by boys would result in the loss of will power.

The examinations are just over at the Berlin Tailoring Academy. Last year 900 students from all over the world, from Cape Town and one from Japan.

Otto Hegner, aged 11, is now the leading musical prodigy. He plays Liszt's "stupendous" paraphrase of Wagner's "Sprecher" with the power and the technical proficiency shown by only the greatest of adult artists, and he "displays a thinking power and musical feeling of which it might be imagined that his immature brain was incapable."



MIL MAN OF LAKE VIEW BUYS A CASE OF EGGS

THE EGGS ARRIVE HOME SAFELY. —Chicago Herald

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