BILL NYE'S WOES.

Some of the Chambermaids One Meets on the Road.

I had a very trying experience last week. It was painful, but not fatal. I had been traveling all the night before, and fatigue and brain fag were together fighting for my very existence. I got a room when I arrived and retired to seek much needed rest. I had just retired, in fact, having carefully locked the door and left the key in the lock that the curious could not look in through the keyhole and see me as I lay there asleep and make a $5,000 painting of me.

Just then there was a slight rattle at the door, such as you hear when a chambermaid attacks it with a pass key and comes in the room to sweep holes in the carpet and fill your lungs full of debris. I smiled to myself, for my own key was in the door, and I said softly, as I bathed my blushing features in the pillow: "Aha! aha! ye cannot enter now." But she continued to rattle away with her key, and I soon saw, with horror, that my own was beginning to lose its grip, and finally it fell to the floor with a loud report, having been pushed out of the lock from the other side.

I can hardly describe the horror of my situation. I thought of handing my handkerchiefs and perfumery over the transom to her, and begging her, if she had a mother or any other relatives in whom she had any confidence whatever, to go away. I thought of going to the door and telling her that we had better go through life as nearly as possible by separate routes, and that I needed rest really more than I did society, but I did not dare to get out of bed for fear the door would open, and I was wise, for it did now burst open, as I had feared, and a tall girl in the prime of life, with flashing eye and distended nostril, came into the room. With a wild shriek I covered my head with the bedclothes, shuddering till my teeth, which were in a tumbler of water near by, chattered together.

"Go away, you hateful thing," I said, "and never, never come back again any more."

"But I want to change them sheets," she said.

"Go away," I said again. "Even your voice is hateful in my sight. Take my beautiful Seth Thomas silver watch if you will, but, oh! go away, and heaven will reward you even better than that."

She then slunk from the room, but it was a long time before I could go to sleep. Even then my dreams were troubled and my mind filled with apprehension. I thought I was being pursued by a red eyed unicorn with a navy blue stomach and a Chinese lantern tied to his tail. I tried to shake him off, but I could not. He led me down into the infernal regions, and insisted on showing me the iron bridge and the high school, and spoke of the great progress of the place, and said that they were likely to get a new and competing road in there this summer; and he showed me the library and walked me out to the fair grounds and down on the lake shore, so that I could take a sulphur bath, and spoke of the desirability of the climate for people with bronchial affections, and wanted me to speak of it in my letters to the press, and said he would pay me well for it.

Just then I heard a knock on my door. I was so glad to have anybody knock, instead of picking the lock, that I asked: "Who's there?" A rich, manly voice replied, "Me."

I was glad to hear the welcome voice of one of my own sex, and so I undid the door for the gentleman with great alacrity. Just as I was bounding lightly back towards my couch with a merry laugh, the party strolled into the middle of the room bearing a small but rare collection of clammy, mucilaginous towels. She was a heavy set chambermaid with terror cotter hair and a bass voice.

I do not complain. I do not murmur. I do not repine. But I say that a chambermaid ought not to do that way. A chambermaid who has a bass voice ought to seek out some other calling. She may put a guest's slippers so far under the bed that he cannot get them without calling out the hook and ladder company. She may weep over his letters from his wife, or drown her sorrows in his bay rum, but she ought not to take a bass voice into a hotel and expect to escape criticism.

Mayor Weston, now of Grand Rapids, before he became wealthy was a newspaper man in Denver and used to stop at the old Planters' hotel. He had a mining deal to write up for the paper, and connected with the deal was a Georgetown superintendent whom we will address as Julius H. Cavvyo. Mr. Cavvyo was to furnish the particulars to Mr. Weston, but early in the day he began to meet old acquaintances and to cement their friendship by means of a powerful solution known as embalming fluid.

So, at 11 o'clock, Mr. Weston put Julius H. Cavvyo to rest on his own little bed at the Planters' and went out to prosecute his researches in relation to the Hold Up Mining and Improvement company. The old Planters' hotel was not exactly like the Hoffman house or the Gilsey house. You could tell the difference almost as soon as you sat down at the table. If you spoke to the waiter about the tenacity of the steak or the longevity of the butter, he would you a tart reply, and you would have to get along with that for dessert. One man murmured about the steak and said it was too tough, so therefore he would not eat it.

"You won't eat it?" calmly replied the loose jointed waiter. "You say you won't eat it?"

"I say so because I can't cut it. No man can cut that steak. You can't cut it with acids. So I won't it."

"Well, you will eat it," said the waiter, reaching around as if in the act of adjusting his bustle. "You will eat it or I'll wear it out on you!"

He ate it.

But among other things there was a big alarm bell in the tower of the Planters', which was wont to ring for fires, funerals and other entertainments. The rope hung in the hall and when the help of the populace was required in order to suppress a fire or a riot, the first man to the bell rope saluted the snowy summits of the Rocky mountains with this wild alarm.

While Mr. Weston was getting his information on the streets, the great bell awoke the echoes in the fastnesses of the canyons twenty miles away, and the excited populace swarmed to the Planters' to learn what great calamity had befallen the new city. Mr. Weston got there at last, and, out of breath, rushed up to his room. In the hall he found Julius H. Cavvyo ringing the bell. His suspenders were draped and soapsuds were dripping from his chin and the tip of his Venetian red nose.

"What has happened?" panted Weston. "What are you ringing that bell for, Julius?"

"Well, what do you s'pose I'm ringing the bell for? I am ringing for a clean towel or a funeral. If I get the towel there will be no funeral, but if I fail, you just wait here a minute and I'll give you the first view of the corpse for your bright and racy paper."—Bill Nye in New York World.

A Safe Place.

Conductor—You're on the wrong train. This ticket is for Montreal. We're going to St. Louis.

Napoleon of Finance—Great heavens! How did I make such a mistake! Lemme off! No, go on. It's all right. I'll never be suspected of leaving Chicago to go to St. Louis.—Chicago Herald.

—In Ecuador it is understood that the employer shall board the cook's family. The case is similar in America, only the employer doesn't understand it.—Snake's Magazine.

—The last words of great men are all recorded in the books, but the last words of women, great and small, have always been too much for the historians.—Journal of Education.

—Rescuer (to man he has just fished down)—"The boys lynched yer, and left yer fur dead, did they? Well, how do yer feel now?" Half-hanged man—"Quite unstrung."—Boston Beacon.

LONDON DAY BY DAY.

The smoke in raster volumes rolls,
The fever fiend takes larger toils,
And sin a fiercer grip of souls,
In London day by day.

Still Buggins builds on swampy site,
And Eiffel houses block the light,
And make a town of dreadful night,
Of London day by day.

In fashion's long and busy street
The outcast foreign harlots meet,
While Robert smiles upon his beat,
In London day by day.

Still modest maiden's cheeks are stung
With foulest words from wanton's tongue,
And oaths yelled out with leathern lung,
In London day by day.

Wealth riots in a mad excess,
While thousands, poor and penniless,
Starve in the mighty wilderness
Of London day by day.

Wrong proudly rears its wicked head,
While Right's sad eyes with tears are red,
And sluggard Justice lies abed,
In London day by day.

The liar triumphs, and the knave
Rides buoyant on the rolling wave,
And Liberty makes many a slave
In London day by day.

Yet Hope and Trust and Faith and Love,
And God's fair flowers from above,
Still find a branch, like Noah's dove,
In London day by day.

And onward still, though slow the pace,
Press pilgrims of our grand old race,
Who seek the Right with firm set face,
And shed Truth's light by God's good grace
O'er London day by day.

—George R. Sims.

The Wrong House.

He was a keen, sharp looking young man, and he said to the lady of the house on Second avenue as he stood in the hall:

"Madam, I have called for the suit of clothes which needs brushing and fixing."

"What suit?" she asked.

"Your husband's Sunday suit, ma'am. He called as he went down this morning."

"And he said I was to let you have them?"

"Yes'm."

"Did he appear in good health and spirits?"

"Why, certainly."

"Look and act natural?"

"Of course. Why do you ask?"

"Because he has been dead eighteen years, and I have some curiosity on the subject!"

"I—I have made a mistake, perhaps!" stammered the young man.

"Perhaps you have. The man you saw go out of here an hour ago is my brother. You may have better luck in the next block with the old fashioned confidence game. Good morning!"—Detroit Free Press.

Age of Parents and Vitality of Children.

Mr. J. Korosi, director of the Hungarian bureau of statistics, recently read a memoir before the Hungarian Academy of Sciences upon the "Influence of the Age of Parents Upon the Vitality of Children," and in which, taking 24,000 cases as a basis, he reaches the following conclusions:

Children whose father is less than 20 years of age have a weak constitution. The issue of fathers of between 25 and 40 years are the strongest, while the descendants of fathers of over 40 years are weak. The healthiest children are those whose mother has not yet reached 35 years. Those born of mothers of between 35 and 40 years of age are 8 per cent. weaker, and those of mothers of over 40 are 10 per cent. weaker. The children of aged fathers and younger mothers have, as a general thing, a strong constitution; but if the parents are of the same age, the children are less robust.—Revue Scientifique.

Reformed Pronunciation.

The question of "What's in a name?" has been the subject of discussion around one of the principal hotels for some time, and an Englishman named Pugh is the cause of it. Mr. Pugh is an iron broker for some eastern or foreign concern, and more than this he is a thorough English cockney, to whom the letter H is an entirely useless invention. Two mutual friends of this gentleman met one day in the hotel and one asked the other if he had seen Pugh. The person questioned appeared not to know the gentleman by that name, and he asked "Who?" "Why, that little Englishman, you know who I mean, Pugh. I have seen you talk with him more than once," replied the first. "Oh, you mean Pug," said the other; "he must be Pug according to his own pronunciation, for he always leaves off his Hs." Among a certain clique nowadays Mr. Pugh is only known as "Pug."—Chicago Herald.

Surprised Young Ladies.

Miss Celia Childs, of Seattle, was surprised, to say the least, when somebody dashed a bucket of cold water in her face as she was standing in a drug store. A hanging cigar lighter had touched off the inflammable forest of millinery surmounting her bonnet, and an excited clerk adopted that mode of extinguishing her.

One of the most accomplished young ladies of Selma, Ala., was hailed on the street by a bystander, who very politely knocked a rat off her bustle, where it was enjoying a delightful ride. As the varmint struck the ground and the lady saw that it was actually a live rat, she had a lively foot race for some distance.—Washington Avalanche.

Testing Diamonds.

It doesn't require an expert to tell whether a diamond is genuine or not. The test is very simple, and can be made in any place and in a moment. All you need is a piece of paper and a lead pencil. With the latter make a small dot on the paper, then look at it through the diamond. If you can see but one dot you can depend upon it that the stone is genuine, but if the mark is scattered, or shows more than one, you will be perfectly safe in refusing to pay ten cents for a stone that may be offered you at $500. A blue stone may be tested by a bath in alcohol. Many yellow stones are made blue by an application of analine, and this is overcome by the alcohol.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Surprised Clergyman.

The following incident is related on the authority of W. L. Bright, M. P.: "Mr. Bright went into an agricultural district one day, and he had to walk from the station a long way into the village. On the way a clergyman who was driving in a dog cart came up to him and the two men passed the time of day. The clergyman offered to drive Mr. Bright into the village, and Mr. Bright accepted the offer. The clergyman was a Tory and he had been reading a speech Mr. Bright had made the previous night, and turning to Mr. Bright he said: 'Have you seen the papers to-day, sir?'

"'Yes,' said Mr. Bright. 'What's in them?'

"'Why, that rascal John Bright has been making another speech.'

"'And what was it about?' asked Mr. Bright.

"'Why, so-and-so and so-and-so,' and he went on to relate the incidents of the speech. They discussed the topic and Mr. Bright said:

"'Well, it is just possible that Mr. Bright may have been right, and that he was only expressing his honest convictions. There may be something in it.'

"'Oh, no, there can't be,' said the irate clergyman. 'If I had him here I'd feel just like shooting him.'

"Neither revealed his identity, but before they separated the clergyman invited Mr. Bright to go to his church next morning, and Mr. Bright promised to go. And he kept his word, as he always did. The clergyman took for his theme Mr. Bright's speech, and at the conclusion Mr. Bright thanked him for his very able sermon. As he was going home to dinner a friend of the clergyman met him and said: 'You have been preaching under distinguished patronage this morning, then.'

"'No,' said the clergyman.

"'Oh, yes, you have,' said the friend. 'You had John Bright among the congregation. You must have noticed him in the front in the middle pew. I know him perfectly well, and I assure you it was Mr. Bright.'

"'Why,' said the clergyman, 'I drove him to the village yesterday in my dog cart and called him a rascal and execrated him in all the moods and tenses and he never said a word. He kept perfectly calm and cool. I have insulted him. I must go and apologize at once.'"—St. James' Gazette.

Not Real Live Frogs.

A good story is told concerning the proprietor of the Hotel Bellevue and one of the well known wits of the Clover club. It appears that some time ago a private dinner was ordered in the hotel, at which frogs' legs a la poulet was to form an important course. On the day of the dinner, by some piece of ill luck, it was found that the supply of frogs had failed, and the question of where to obtain any more became an important one. In this emergency, as the proprietor of the hotel was bewailing his hard fate, our Clover club friend approached and asked what was the matter. He was told the sad state of affairs.

"Oh!" said he, sweetly, "if you want frogs, that's all right. I have two dozen large ones in the fountain on my place in Germantown. You can have them if you like. Send your man out now and I'll give him a note to my gardener." The offer was accepted with effusive thanks. The man was duly called, given the note and dispatched for the frogs, and both proprietor and guest wished him godspeed.

In about two hours he returned, and his face wore a sort of puzzled expression. "Have you got the frogs?" said his master. "No, sor," said the faithful servant.

"Weren't there any there?" inquired the Clover club man, meekly. "Shure there was, sor," said the other, "but, sor, they were iron frogs." "How very stupid of me not to have mentioned the fact before," remarked the wicked joker as he departed from the hotel.—Philadelphia Times.

The Work of Modern Chemistry.

Some years ago, in the course of a conversation with an eminent mathematician, I asked in all seriousness whether he could give me a definition of mathematics that would convey to my mind even a faint idea of the object in view in mathematical investigation. He replied: "It is impossible to give such a definition—as impossible as it is in the case of chemistry." "But," said I, "I think I can give a definition of chemistry which would have some value;" and then, with a little time to think, I suggested a definition, which elicited this remark: "I could certainly give an equally bald definition of mathematics." I have frequently thought of this subject since, and have wondered whether it is possible to convey to the minds of those who are not chemists a clear idea in regard to the work chemists are doing. The difficulties are great—as great, I suppose, as in the case of mathematics, for chemists are no longer engaged in the study of familiar phenomena, but are dealing with matters which lie far beyond the limits of ordinary observation.—The Popular Science Monthly.

A New Aliment from Wheat.

According to Le Genie Civil, Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz recently exhibited at the Paris Academy of Medicine a new alimentary substance—"fromentine"—which is obtained from wheat by the aid of special millstones. Fromentine is the embryo of wheat reduced to flour and deprived of the oil which it contains. The substance contains three times more nitrogenous substance than meat, and a strong proportion of sugar. Thus, the amount of nitrogenous matter in it is 51 per cent., while that of the richest meat, mutton, is but 21 per cent., and the proportion of digestible substance reaches 87 per cent. of the total weight. Hence it would appear that it might advantageously replace powdered meat as a concentrated food. It can be used for making soups, and even for making biscuits, the taste of which would not be disagreeable.

The wheat germs employed are a by-product in the Schwietzer process of manufacturing a flour which can be kept for a long time without deteriorating.

It Was Certain.

Mamie—Oh, Susie, I'm going to be married!

Susie—Are you? Have you had a proposal?

Mamie—No; but I have just learned type writing.—Tid Bits.

The Good and the Bad.

April is a pleasant month,
Pinks and daffodils,
Fleecy clouds and tearful showers,
Bile and liver pills.
—Washington Critic.

A Dangerous Undertaking.

Life Insurance Agent—Madam, our company has never failed to pay a single claim, and when you consider that one-sixth of our holders die every year, you——

Madam—So many die! Really, I can't think of taking a policy; I don't think it would be safe.—Harper's Bazar.

"All Things Come to Those Who Wait."

Foreman of Printing Room—The "devil" has fallen in the big press an' is all chewed up!

Local Editor—That's something like. I've got just an inch space left in the obituary column.—Tid Bits.

The Season's Change.

The air will soon be full of song
From birds and gentle rills,
We'll trade our chest protector for
Some anti-tobacco pills.

Ready in Answer.

"Camp meeting" John Allen was always ready with a retort for friend or foe, sometimes scathing, and always humorous. After his conversion, he met an old minister, who plied him with very searching questions as to the genuineness of his experience, and the young man complained of the severity of this catechism.

"If the tree be well rooted," said the minister, "it will not be harmed if we shake it."

"But," said the convert, "the Master said to his disciples, 'Feed my lambs,' not 'Go and shake them.'"

At another time, when Mr. Allen was about to begin his sermon in a new place, a former pastor said to him:

"Are you a long preacher?"

"Five feet seven inches," was the immediate reply.

At a meeting of ministers, a Baptist was invited to give his views on the subject of Methodist economy, and at once rose, saying that, although there were many excellent things in Methodism, it seemed to him to have too much machinery.

Mr. Allen was on his feet in a moment.

"The Methodist church may have more machinery than the Baptist," he replied, "but it doesn't require as much water to run it."

A lawyer of opposite politics said to him, about the same time, "Mr. Allen, on which side are you going to vote? for I shall vote against you."

"On the right side," was the answer. "Which side is yours?"

One morning at a Methodist camp meeting a young man arose, and said, pompously:

"I do not believe in singing 'Oh, to be nothing.' I propose to be something, and I want people to know it."

Brother Allen instantly rose, and repeated the verses:

"If a man thinks himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself. But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another."

The question of ambition was not discussed further that day.—Youth's Companion.

A Horse Hair Snake.

The horse hair snake is a common source of error. The creature that is usually called by that name originates and has a life's history as follows: A small flesh colored mite is in water. It changes to a purplish lead color and comes to the top of the water, where it sports for a time, and when looking across water of a still evening, especially if looking toward the setting sun, one can see masses of these tiny creatures that look like smoke on the water. When they reach this stage of development they leave the water and get out on the grass. Here, as opportunity offers, they attach themselves to the feet of large insects—especially of grasshoppers, katydids, etc. The legs of these insects being hollow, they crawl up them, where they grow until they fill the legs and sometimes the cavities of the bodies of these large insects. This accounts for the fat, clumsy condition of many of these insects. After a rain, in which the insects drown, the full fledged horse hair snakes come forth to delight the small boy, and to interest the student of nature, after which they lay eggs in the water, if it does not dry up too soon, and curl around them for a time, and about the time the eggs hatch into the little flesh covered mites first described, the snakes die.—Exchange.

Hogs' Eyesight Saved.

Mr. William Kerns not long since had a visit from a friend from the east, who wished to purchase land and locate somewhere in this state. Mr. Kerns sent his friend out to look at the Umpqua valley, and he returned with a wonderful tale of the section he visited.

He said that he visited a farmer who had a great drove of hogs, all of which had lost their tails. He inquired how this had happened, and the farmer said the caudal appendages had been amputated, and when it was asked why this was done, he was told it was to prevent the animals from becoming blind. This startling announcement led to further inquiry and explanation.

The farmer stated that the soil on his farm was what is known as black mud. It is very rich and also very adhesive, and the pigs in wallowing around get their tails daubed with it, and a clod finally accumulates on each pig's tail, which grows by accretion and accumulation to an immense size, and becomes so heavy that it drags back the pig's skin so far that the unfortunate animal is no longer able to shut its eyes, and soon becomes blinded from the glare of the sun. By cutting off the pig's tail this catastrophe is avoided, and the pig soon grows fat.—Portland Oregonian.

The Whipping Post.

The institution of the whipping post, which still survives in Delaware, did not go out of fashion in England until the close of the last century. On May 5, 1713, the corporation of Doncaster directed that a whipping post be set up for punishing vagrants and sturdy beggars. Three centuries ago this punishment was carried to a cruel extent. Owing to the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII, a large number of persons who depended on the charity of the monks were thrown upon the country, and parliament hastened to check the increasing vagrancy by an act passed in 1531, which declared that every vagrant should be carried to some market town or other place, and tied naked to the end of a cart and whipped through the streets till their whole body be bloody. Early in the last century the price paid for whipping was fourpence, and the constables' accounts included such items as arresting a distracted woman, watching her and the fee for having her whipped. Whipping at the cart's tail, as provided for by the statute of Henry VIII, went out of use in 1596, when the whipping post was substituted for the earlier method.—Philadelphia Times.

Misery Ahead.

Now daily soldier grows our clime,
The fields in green are dressed;
Spring's here, forerunner of the time,
When flies become a pest.
—Boston Courier.

More Grave Than Suspected.

Mrs. Leatheredge—Pore liddle Petey's went an' swallered a button, doctah.

Dr. Rhubarb—Well, there's nothing serious about that.

Mrs. Leatheredge—Dey yain't! S'posin' I tells yo' dat de button wuz 'tached to one ob he's shoes. Den what yo' say?—Tid Bits.

Engaged on the Spot.

Dry Goods Merchant—You have called in response to our advertisement as a floor walker? Well, sir, what are your qualifications for the position?

Applicant—I am the father of three pairs of twins.—Boston Courier.

A Friendly Caution.

Mr. Weepleigh (who has come around the corner unexpectedly)—Good moring, Uncle Philip!

Uncle Philip—Good mornin', squire; good mornin', sah! I war jist a comin' up to yo' house fer ter warn yer dat dey's a new fambly ob coons moved in ober on d' hill, an' dey's li'ble ter be fond ob chick'ns. How's yo' Leghorns a gittin' long, sah?—Judge.

Their Mother.

My boy sat looking straight into the coals,
From his stool at my feet one day,
And the firelight burnished the curly head,
And painted the cheeks with a dash of red,
And brightened his very eyes, as he said,
In a most confidential way:

"Mamma, I think, when I'm a grown-up man,
I shall have just two little boys."
I smiled, he was six; but he did not see,
And I said: "Yes, how nice that will be!
But if one were a girl, it seems to me,
It would add to your household joys."

"Well, yes," reflectively, "that would be nice,
And I'll tell you just what I'll do;
I'll name one Robbie, for me, you know."
Then the bright eyes shone with a deeper glow,
"And there's just the two of us now, and so
I'll name the girl, Annie, for you."

"But how would their mother like that?" I asked
"Do you think that she would agree
For us both to have names while she had none?"
With the mystified, puzzled look of one
Wholly befogged, said my logical son,
"Their mother! Why, who is she?"
—Good Housekeeping.

Not So Prosperous, After All.

At a religious convention held in a western town each minister was required to give an account of the condition of his charge, and if prospering receive congratulation, or, if not, to receive advice and encouragement, with perhaps aid.

In his turn arose a very deliberate speaker and reported that his congregation "was lookin' up." Before he could add another remark the next delegate in order was called for his report, and so on until all were heard from. Then came the chairman's remarks to each delegate. When he came to the aforesaid deliberate speaker he said he must congratulate his brother from the far west upon his being able to report that his congregation was "looking up," whereupon the deliberate speaker arose and said that he should probably have added that, as they were "flat on their backs, it was the only way they could look."—Philadelphia Press.

Practical Philosophy.

Al.—Say, why are you always treating that Miss La Fattee to ice cream in winter?

Ed.—Because cold contracts, you know, and I thought by applying it inside when the weather was applying it outside, I might, perhaps, get her reduced so as to put my arm around her.—Detroit Free Press.

Explained at Last.

Mabel (passing the Whippersnapper club)—Mamma, dear, what do all those men always sit at that window for, I wonder?

Mrs. N.—They sit in that window, pet, in order to let all of us see that they have that window to sit in.—Life.

Mr. Vanderbilt Got In.

A good story is told about one of the Maine Central engineers. Last summer, when the Vanderbilt car was at Bar Harbor, the manager of the Maine Central sent an engine down there to take the car to Portland. The run was made in very quick time, and at Brunswick the train stopped to take on water. While there Mr. Vanderbilt got out and said to the engineer that he didn't want him to drive so fast. The engineer, the veteran Simpson, looked at him a quarter of a minute, and then said: "I am running this train under orders from Payson Tucker to be in Portland at 1:07. If you want to stop here all right. If you want to go to Portland get in." He got in.—Bangor Commercial.

Delicate Treatment of Constituents.

The other day a western congressman came into the senate restaurant with two constituents, good men, but a little rustic in appearance and manners and unused to conventionalities and points of etiquette that are unknown in Wayback. The restaurant was full of ladies and gentlemen. As the congressman seated himself he of course removed his hat. A moment or two later he noticed that his untutored friends had not removed their hats. He hastily put his own hat back on his head and wore it during the meal. Chesterfield could not have done anything finer than that.—Washington Post.

A Smart Boy.

"You see, my boy, that even the noble locomotive, the rugged iron horse, seldom lasts over thirty years, from being a constant smoker," said a wise father to his tempted son. "Yes, dad," replied the boy, "but it don't seem to work that way with some of the noble chimneys we have read of that have stood it over three hundred years." Readiness of reply in young people is always entertaining.—Boston Globe.

A Serious Case.

Tramp (piteously)—Please help a poor cripple.

Kind Old Gent (handing him some money)—Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

Tramp (pocketing the money)—Financially crippled, sir.—New York Sun.

She Spoke to Him.

Book Agent—How do you do, madam? Will your dog bite?

Madam—Waal, I reckon he will.

Book Agent—Would you have the goodness to speak to him?

Madam—Certainly. Sick 'm, Tige, sick 'm.—Harper's Bazar.

Contagious Diseases.

The French government has made a grant of $25,000 a year to defray the expenses of the Pasteur institute, in Paris, the cost of founding which—several hundred thousand dollars—was contributed by various governments and private individuals. The purpose of this institute is, as all know, the prosecution of experimental research with a view to the cure of hydrophobia—in any country a very rare disease. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, measles, yellow fever, cholera and other preventable diseases, on the other hand, count their victims by thousands, yet there is in no country a special establishment in which any one of them can be scientifically studied, and better means arrived at for their prevention or their cure, and arrest from spreading. All contagious diseases are preventable. For their development two things are required. First, the special germ which produces them; second, suitable bodily conditions to allow it to flourish.

If we could destroy their germs, they would cease. But to do this would necessitate universal co-operation on the part of all individuals in the community, which is practically impossible. The better way is to secure such bodily conditions as will prevent their development. The success that has attended vaccination for smallpox, and is now attending vaccination for hydrophobia, points to the likelihood of achieving this by some process of vaccination for diphtheria, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc. Why will not some large minded and philanthropic person or persons endow an institute or institutes in this country, as individuals and governments have done in France, for the purpose of studying these more fatal and common diseases, which kill their tens of thousands where hydrophobia carries off a single case? In so good and eminently practical a work America should not lag behind.—Boston Herald.

Strange Animals.

It cannot be denied that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but certainly it would not be as available for poetry if called by some pretentious, scientific term. Indeed, the names of science, when heard by ears unfamiliar with their meaning, have often a terrifying sound.

Two young men were studying, under the microscope, the bacteria found in ditch water, and one of them proposed that they should take their work home from the class room, after the usual hour for remaining there. One of them, who lived with a maiden aunt, said that he was sure she would allow them to use her dining room table, where they would have plenty of light, and on arriving at the house he made his request.

"Why don't you look at your live things at school, and leave them there?" she inquired, with manifest distaste for the whole subject.

"Because we've found such beauties today, we can't bear to stop looking," said her nephew. "Let us have the table, won't you?"

"Ye-yes, you may have the table," was the somewhat grudging response, and the young men, wondering why auntie was so peculiar, set to work. Presently she appeared again, this time holding her skirts gingerly about her ankles, that they might not touch the floor.

"Boys," said she, taking a careful glance in every direction, "do be careful of those things, won't you?"

"What, the bacteria?"

"Yes. Don't let any of the creatures get out, and hide about the room, so that you can't catch them."—Youth's Companion.

What He Would Have Said.

A certain lady in Paris gives periodical dinners, at which assemble most of the best known wits and literati of the day. The rule of the mansion is that while one person discourses no interruption whatever can be permitted. It is said that M. Renan once attended one of these dinners, and, being in excellent vein, talked without a break during the whole repast. Toward the end of the dinner a guest was heard to commence a sentence, but he was instantly silenced by the hostess. After they had left the table, however, she at once informed the extinguished individual that, as M. Renan had now finished his conversation, she would gladly hear what he had to say. The guest modestly declined; the hostess insisted. "I am certain it was something of consequence," she said. "Alas, madame," he answered, "it was, indeed; but now it is too late. I should have liked a little more of that iced pudding."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Burned at the Stake.

What a little way we are, after all, from the dark ages! How many of my readers are aware that it is only 106 years this month since the last criminal was burned at the stake in London—and that criminal a woman? Here is the account of that event which a correspondent has sent me: "On the 18th of March, 1786, nine wretches were executed at Newgate—four for burglary, one for theft and three men and one woman for coining. After the men were 'turned off,' as the phrase went, the wretched woman was brought out tied to a stake, and burned to ashes, after the form of strangling her had been gone through by removing the stool whereon she stood and so throwing her weight on the cord which bound her throat to the stake. Christian Murphy was (so far as I can discover) the last woman burned alive in London, though possibly a later victim may have been executed in some country town."—London Truth.

The Most Valuable Metal.

"If I gave you a pound of metal and ordered you to make the most out of it, what kind of metal would you select?" asked a well known jeweler. "Gold, of course," was the prompt reply. "I'd prefer a pound of steel," said the jeweler, "and I'd have it made into hair springs for watches. A pound of such springs would sell for an even $140,000."—Buffalo Express.

She Wants a Spring Suit.

The maiden has doffed her seal sacque,
For the bright days of spring have come hacque
And she wants papa's cheque
Her person to decque
If his funds will sustain the attacque.
—Boston Courier.

Fun in Philadelphia.

Omaha Boy—Did you have much fun last Fourth of July?

Philadelphia Boy—No; we're not allowed to shoot fire crackers an' things on the Fourth in Philadelphia.

"You're not?"

"No; and we can't blow horns or make any noise on New Year's eve, either."

"By gum! What do they let you do?"

"Well, they allow us to plant trees on Arbor day."—Omaha World.

BARGAIN DAY.

Why the Lady Failed to Match Her Napkins and Dress Goods.

"Bargain day" is productive of all sorts of annoyances. In a large store the bargains are confined to only a few of the departments, and the purchaser who does not secure all she wants of a thing, deciding to come at another time and get more if she needs it, generally gets left. To illustrate: A lady bought a half dozen napkins at a bargain. She concluded a few days after that they were quite pretty, and as six would be scarcely enough to go round for "company," she would get as many more. Back she goes to the store, but when she comes to buy them she finds the price is marked up fifteen or twenty-five cents above what she paid. She protests, and after ruffling the temper of the clerks and working herself into a mild fury the fact finally comes to the surface that she made her purchase on "bargain day." Out she flounces, determined to wait for another bargain day, and she daily watches the advertising columns of the papers for bargain day at this particular store. It appears on the next Friday or Monday, and without stopping to observe that the department in which she is interested is not included in the bargain sales, away she goes, puffing and blowing, her whole soul bent on getting another half dozen of those napkins. Arrived at the store, she learns to her disgust that there are no bargains at that counter that day. She expresses her disgust, too, and lowers at the poor clerks just as if it were all their fault.

Having had her say there, she goes into the dress goods department and buys, say, eight yards of a peculiar shade of blue goods, and then goes home with the satisfaction that, if she didn't get the napkins, she at least got a bargain in a dress. Next bargain day she appears at the store again, this time to get a couple more yards of "that dress I got here last week," she says to the young lady behind the counter, and really thinks it unpardonable ignorance on the part of the girl that she does not only not remember her, but also the particular piece of goods from which she bought her dress. With a "What do they keep such people in stores for?" query, she produces a sample of the goods. The young woman examines the sample and informs her that that particular goods is all gone.

"Well, but I want that and nothing else," she says.

"It is entirely out of stock," replies the girl.

"But I must have it," she says, with some firmness.

She is again told that it is not in stock. Then she makes a straight dive for a floor walker, and lays her complaint before him. The young lady who was so discourteous (?) as to not sell her what was not in stock is called up. She explains, and then the woman is informed that they will probably have some more of it in a few days. But she is not satisfied. She wanders away, and tells a cash boy she wants to see the manager. The boy goes for the manager. In a moment he returns with the very man she made complaint to. She looks at him, excuses herself, and goes back to the napkin department. Napkins are still high, and she goes home mad, and declares she will not patronize such a house again—never.

A few days more roll around and she makes up her mind she will go and pay the regular price for a half dozen more napkins to complete her set. But her determination to get a bargain has blocked her. Those particular napkins are all gone—"just sold the last of them this morning," the clerk says to her, and expresses great sorrow at her disappointment. To say that she is now furious would hardly express it. She deliberately makes a show of herself and then flounces out, with the inward satisfaction of having told them what she thought of the whole lot.—New York Star.

Postage Stamp Curiosities.

A certain well known gentleman in the city owns a valuable collection of postage stamps which has taken him twelve years to get together. "My collection isn't complete," he said, with a sigh, "and it never will be. Why? Because it would require $100,000 to make it so. There are about 6,000 different descriptions of postage stamps in existence. The museum of the Berlin postoffice alone contains between 4,000 and 5,000 specimens, of which half are from Europe and the remainder divided between Asia, Africa, America and Australia. Some of the stamps bear a coat of arms and other emblems, impartially borrowed from the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, stars, eagles, lions, horses, serpents, railway trains, dolphins and other fearful wild fowl. There are, moreover, the vignette effigies of five emperors, eighteen kings, three queens, one grand duke and many presidents. Some of these stamps cannot be purchased for $5,000, while others cannot be purchased for any sum. I tell you the life of a stamp collector isn't unlike that of Tantalus."—Cincinnati Commercial.

Styles in Shoes.

Button and lace shoes are not only going out of style, but out of use. The only thing that can save the lace shoe will be the invention of a fastening for the ends of the laces which will do away with the tie and at the same time be popular. There have been several inventions of this kind, but none of them were practical. The principal trouble with the gaiter hitherto has been the bad quality of the rubber used in the sides or gores. These are now being made with a new kind of rubber, invented by a Connecticut man, called "kelgum." It is made of vegetable oils, and is said to be much more durable than the rubber that has been used. The gaiter is popular because it can be put on and taken off so much more rapidly than the other styles of shoe, and physicians recommend its wearing because it does not weaken the ankle as the lace and button shoes do.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—A Modest Request.—They were going home from the opera, and as she had occupied the most prominent seat in the box, carrying his $12 bouquet and been seen by every one she knew, she was in a most amiable mood. "Dear Charles," she said, softly, "you have been very kind to-night. Is there any thing (nestling closer) that I can do for you before you go?" "Yes, Mabel," was his eager reply, as he looked at her rosy lips, "you can, if you—you will, lend me ten cents to pay my car fare home."—Philadelphia Inquirer.