And Jack had long ago reconciled himof to a precarious existence on his pay. is wits and the money he could raise by portgaging his reversion to certain famy estates which Sir Toby had not the wer of willing away from him.

Now, although Sir Toby hated Jack beartily, it must not be imagined that was sufficiently lost to the decencies d society as to ignore his existence, to always asked down to Bunskin Hall for a stick!" the cover shooting, he was expected to poist at the annual rent dinner of Sir Toby's tenants, and at certain fixed scasons he was formally invited to Grosvenor square. But there Sir Toby's recognition of his relative began and eded. He would not allow Jack a sixsave him from the bankruptcy court, g even from suicide.

The baronet was not very old-he was man of five-and-forty might have enned him. He rode regularly to hounds. ms an experienced and successful deer was addicted to none of the excesses shich sometimes shorten the lives of nate circumstance occurred. nen who indulge in hard exercise, for be neither ate too much nor drank too ably could.

Now, all men have their small weakses, and one of the most pronounced

Sir Toby was firmly impressed with versed. the idea that had his station and duties ver the identity of an undetected Times, setting forth his theories,

trived to quarrel even more seriously published certain damaging facts in conbection with one or two charitable institutions to which Sir Toby had intended Mrs. Bowston will ever get this letter." and he began to think that even Jack might not put his money to a much throwing the coat itself overboard. worse use than a pack of overpaid, greedy officials. It was in this humor that he flected. had taken up a newspaper and studied the strange disappearance of Mr. Jabez don when it was reported that Sir Toby Brown, an eminent Mudford merchant Bunskin had actually disappeared. Half and millionaire, who had vanished from the detectives were employed to look for a sixpence of my own in the world;" ner and without the slightest apparent the score, even placards were posted; no

embarrassment existed. Then he baronet. was a moral man, and there was no suspicton that he had eloped with somebody the's wife, or, indeed, that a lady was in alive, people soon grew tired of speculatany way connected with the case. He ing as to the cause which had prompted was perfectly sane and in good health, the "rash act." And as soon as certain and no conceivable reason could be im-

agined for suicide. "He may have been murdered, of course," thought Sir Toby; but this so Bunskin Hall and Grosvenor Square, and lution seemed commonplace-"there may e a woman in the case. Begad, I beleve he is alive, at any rate. He may have disappeared out of pure capricefound his responsibilities too troublesome: or perhaps he wanted to spite This last notion seemed to aterest Sir Teby-it was really original that a man should disappear for such a ractive. He pondered deeply for several minutes, and then he said to himself,

quite slowly: "He may have bolted to spite his heir!" And then Sir Toby chuckled. "A lovely idea!" he continued. "Old Brown must have an heir-everybody has, or nearly everybody. Brown disappearsdelight of heir-long search after Brown -body found in the Thames-much deuposed-but easily identified as that of Brown by servants in pay of heirheir takes possession of property—has a splendid time for a few weeks, when be

hold Brown redivivus Brown alive and Well-promptly kicks out the heir and nes all responsibility for his debts! What a splendid situation! Wonder how my dear nephew would like it? I'd give five thousand pounds to see him. And Sir Toby burst into harsh, unpleasant laughter, and positively rolled about in his chair with ghoulish merriment. The idea pleased him so much that he sat up a good two hours later than usual, and when at last he went to bed it was with a firm determination to carry out

Upon Sir Toby's preparations it is un-

necessary to dwell. He contrived to pos- | a man barriened with a guilty secret. sess himself without suspicion of several thousand pounds in ready money, for he and no intention of being left penniless during an absence that might be prolonged. He had to make up his mind as You to what country he should select for the scene of his adventures, and, after much deliberation, he fixed upon America, with a view of enjoying some wild sport in the Rocky mountains and elsewhere.

Now, Sir Toby was a smart, dapper man who dyed his hair black and shaved clean his face, so he argued that if he sought a red wig and beard they would effectually disguise him until his own beard and mustache had had time to grow. When this happened he would exhibit his undyed hair to the public, and with a white head, a grizzly beard and mustache, and a pair of spectacles instead of his eyeglass, he felt sure that he could defy recognition. The mere question of getting away was simple, the main difficulty, of course, being how to furnish Jack with proofs of his death strong enough to enable him to take posssion of his inheritance.

But Sir Toby knew that queer things could be done in America, and once there he thought he could easily arrange by bribery that the body of some unknown traveler should be identified as that of Sir Toby Bunskin, Bart. Mindful of this necessity he armed himself with a pocket book containing papers calculated to place the identity of the person carrying them beyond reasonable doubt. He also carefully destroyed every will that he had ever made, for he wished his nephew to inherit as much as possible. "The greater the rise," he asult him in public, or even to be point- chuckled, "the greater the fall. Up like ally rude to him in private. Jack was a rocket, Jack, my boy, and down like

When all these preparations were made Sir Toby quietly left his home in Fallowland one day and did not return to it. His ostensible destination was the house in Grosvenor square, but he passed the night at a hotel and started the next morning for Liverpool. In his red wig pence, nor would he have lent him £20 and queerly cut clothes his own valet would not have recognized him. At Liverpool he took a steerage passage for New York, for he was a man who rather arely sixty-and for bodily vigor many liked "roughing it" than otherwise, and, once on the voyage, he began to feel that half his plan was accomplished. But the question as to how he was to prove his talker and could cast a salmon fly with own death bothered him considerably. he best fishermen in Scotland; and he The ship had not, however, been a day at sea before a most remarkable and fortu-

Sir Toby was a light sleeper and was not very much at home in his uncomfortrely. In fact, he took excellent care of able quarters, so the first night after imself, and was on very good terms leaving Queenstown he paced the deck with his doctor. His friends said that for several hours. In the course of his one day. is delighted in the idea of keeping Jack | nocturnal ramble he kept meeting a man est of his inheritance as long as he post whom he could not help noticing from the fact that he seemed desperately anxions to avoid his. Sir Toby's, observation. "Some thief or forger bolting," thought of Sir Toby's was a passion for literature Sir Toby, and he kept his eyes on the me, and it was all that Red Blanket and for plays of a sensational and blood man from idle curiosity, and gradually ordling description. He reveled in pen- fell to dodging about the deck and of it off as it was. And now, Jack, or dreadfuls and in soul moving melo- watched him closely. Presently the man, rama; he delighted in complicated plots when he thought himself unobserved, of missing heirs, forged wills, mysterious did a very strange thing; he took off his parders and buried treasure. There was coat and laid it carefully on the deck. sagon to suppose that many of his strong | Then he glanced hurriedly round, mountlores, which presumably contained title ed the bulwarks, and leaped into the sea. deeds and ancient leases, were in reality One of the ship's officers just caught sight you've married a wife with a big fortsuffed with rejected manuscripts and of him as he disappeared, an alarm was une. But, of course, you know now you sillborn dramas, declined with thanks. | quickly raised, and the engines were re- must clear out."

No one had time to notice or to think sen otherwise he would have made his of the coat: but Sir Toby always prided money. fortune as a detective, and nothing himself on his presence of mind. Inpleased him so much as endeavoring to stantly he seized it, tore off his own coat, Uncle Toby," said Jack, thoughtfully; murderer or the motive for a mysterious papers, laid it down on the deck and put disappearance. Whenever such an event on the coat left behind by the suicide. occurred, which was pretty often, Sir It was a master stroke, a veritable inloby used to indict long epistles to The spiration, and Sir Toby retired to his berth knowing that the odds were at bob!" It was one day in early spring that a least a hundred to one against a rescue. great idea occurred to Sir Toby Bunskin. At his leisure he examined the pockets is felt in a peculiarly misanthropic of the stranger's garment; the only thing himor, for Jack had been staying with of importance it contained was a letter, him, and uncle and nephew had con- apparently addressed to the dead man's wife. "As I thought," said Sir Toby to than usual. Moreover, there had been himself, when he read it at leisure; "ordinary case of forgery, cannot live any longer-the usual bosh! I don't think to leave the greater part of his fortune, And he burned it carefully, and a night pence, sold the house in Grosvenor or two later took an opportunity of "Now I am really all right," he re-

There was a great hue and cry in Lonmortal ken in the most unexpected man- him, advertisements were inserted by exertion, in fact, and no expense were The amateur detective was strong in spared to discover his whereabouts. But Taper and Deeds, they know all about Sir Toby, as usual, and he fell to musing not the slightest result followed until it. Never mind, uncle, you've had your over the fate of Mr. Brown, and to the news arrived from America that Sir fun with the Indians, you know, and evolving all manner of theories which Toby had jumped from an Atlantic I've had mine. Won't you have a brandy might account for his singular absence, steamer and had, of course, been and soda or something? You look quite He was rich, eminently respectable, and drowned, leaving behind him a coat, universally looked up to in the commer- in the pocket of which was a pocketbook cial world. An examination of his affairs containing cards and private papers, ob- head gardener at Bunskin-£250 a year, had proved beyond doubt that no finan-viously belonging to the unfortunate good house and precious little to do. Think it over, uncle."—London Truth.

It was a rine days' wonder; but as no body cared a straw about Sir Toby when necessary legal formalities had been complied with, Jack Bunskin found himself Sir John Tobias Bunskin, Baronet, of the possessor of a substantial rent roll and a goodly sum of ready money. Now, it was not very likely that Jack should feel any profound grief for his uncle. The manner of the old man's death certainly shocked him considerably, but the pleasures and duties of his new position speedily banished the unpleasant subject from his mind.

He had, too, plenty of things to look after. His creditors, of course, came down upon him in a hungry horde, and the amount of post obits which he had to pay off was quite alarming. Moreover, had no intention of leading the sober and quiet life that had suited his uncle. He bought a yacht, started a small racng stud and began to dabble in city npanies, all of which things demand onsiderable amount of time and at-

ction, not to mention money. So a pple of years passed. Jack, in common parlance, went the sice to the best of his ability; got himelf elected M. P. for one of the divisions of Fallowland, and finally became engaged to Miss Hilda Grains, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Joshua Grains, M. P., the well known brewer and millionaire. There was, of course, a very grand wedding, and in due time the happy pair returned to London from a prolonged honeymoon trip on the continent. When Jack had finished examining a pile of letters and other documents, he inquired of the family butler whether he had any special news to com-municate, for that individual looked like

"It's my dooty to tell you, sir," said Mr. Flaggon mysteriously, "as an old gent 'as been calling here every day for the last week, and says as he must see

'Is that all?" queried Jack. "No. sir-he says he's your uncle."
"My uncle! What d-d nonsense

Why, the fellow must be a lunatic or an "Just so, sir; but we can't get rid of him, and I didn't like to give the poor old idiot in charge."

"Quite right: next time he comes I'll Oddly enough, half an hour afterward

promptly ushered him in. "Well, my man," said the new baronet,

and what can I do for you?" "Jack," said the stranger, "do you mean to say that you don't know mel I'm your Uncle Toby-I am, indeed, and not a blessed soul recognizes me!"

Jack stared at his seedy visitor in as tonishment. His clothes were shabby, and he wore a hang dog look; his face was disfigured in a most remarkable fashion, and the small remnant of hair that he possessed stuck upright in a strange tuft. He did not resemble the late Sir Toby Bunskin in the slightest; but the tone of his voice was horribly familiar.

"This is driveling nonsense!" he said: but if you are my uncle, how the dence do you account for the fact that you were drowned in the Atlantic?"

"I wasn't drowned; it was another passenger," and Sir Toby confessed the story of the change of coats. "But what on earth have you bee

doing for more than two years?" "I went hunting bears and things in the Rocky mountains," said Uncle Toby in a sepulchral voice. "We lost our way, wandered about for days, and were eventually captured by the Indians. Couldn't get away or even write."

"Oh, indeed! Is that why you have tattooed your face so elegantly?" asked

"I didn't tattoo myself-they did it for me," wailed Sir Toby. "My face is nothing to the rest of me. Ive got a nine forest, a lake and a range of mountains on my back: three rattlesnakes on each arm, my chest is covered with tomahawks, arrows and pipes; and there are opossums, terrapins and all sorts of d-n beastly animals on my legs!"

"Dear me, uncle, what's become of your left ear?"

"Well, you see, Red Blanket, the chief, you know, took a great fancy to me; but sometimes he used to get drunk and throw things about. He cut nearly the whole of my ear off with a tomahawk

"You must have had a rollicking time. "Don't laugh, you vagabond!" cried Sir Toby, waxing wrathful. "Look at my head! That was done by Blue Blazes, another chief; he tried to scalp could do to stop him. He got about half when you've done grinning perhaps you'll talk business. I meant to play a joke on you, but it seems to me that I've got the worst of it. However, we'll let bygones be bygones; I'll make you a good allowance, though I hear that 'Clear out of what?"

"Why, out of my property and my "You're welcome to the baronetcy,

which contained the pocket book and the "but I'm afraid that I can't oblige you "What the dence do you mean, sir?"

"Simply that there's nothing left to clear out of! I've spent it-every blessed Sir Toby turned livid under his tat

too marks. "You infernal young scoundrel!" he shrieked.

"Are you mad?" "Not a bit of it, uncle! don't get excited. You see, nearly all the ready you left went to pay post obits; and then I took to racing and gambling a bit. Had most shocking luck! Lost every sixsquare, sold Bunskin Hall under the settled estates act, you know; sold every thing. If I hadn't married Hilda I

should have been absolutely stone broke She bought back Bunskin Hall, by special leave of the trustee: but all her money is strictly tied up, and I haven't "Is this really true?" said Sir Toby, faintly. "Gospel truth, I assure you. Ask

green. Tell you what. If you let me keep the title. I'll get Hilda to make you

Caught Napping. Persons who own impulsive tongue may often be provoked into amusing blunders when some easily answere question is unexpectedly put to them Most of us have been victims of the old joke, "What day of the month is the 4th of July?, and, wise as we think ourselves, it has doubtless caught us nap-

"Jane," said a joker to his wife, "do you know what cod liver oil is made of?" "No, I'm sure I don't," returned she, without stopping to think. "I suppose it's a patent medicine, all advertisement

and humbug." "I am going to give a free lecture in town," said a gentleman visiting his native place to an old friend. "I hope you'll come."

"Delighted, I'm sure! How much are the tickets?"-Youth's Companion.

When the Eater Will Catch the Grower. Assuming the population to be now 65,000,000, with the area in cereals producing average crops and current consumption 15 per cent. greater per capita than in the five years ending in 1874. present supplies are in excess of population as follows: Corn for 5,500,000 people: wheat for 14,000,000: cattle for 6,000,000. and swine for 11,000,000. Should popu lation continue to increase as heretofore, and should production not increase more than now seems probable, home requirements will absorb all food products be fore the end of this century .- C. Wood

Davis in Forum. Did everything go off smoothly a

your wedding, Chawles?" There was only one interrup tion. That tailor man wouldn't allow the ceremony to go on till I'd paid him for my wedding suit."-Yankee Blade.

GIANTS OF MODERN DAYS

MEN WHO SURPASS ANCIENT HEROES IN STRENGTH.

Some of the Samsons of Ancient and Modern Times and the Immense Weights They Lifted-A New York Man Beats the Record by Using a Harness,

Savants tell us that by distributing weights over a man's body in such a manner that every part of his frame will have to bear its share, he can be made to raise a weight of over 2,500 pounds. the old gentleman returned, and Flaggon | The savants are right, as the performance of W. B. Curtis, of New York, will show. December 20, 1868, Mr. Curtis, with harness, lifted 3,239 pounds. As a horse is about seven times larger than a man, it should be able to carry seven times the number of pounds lifted by Mr. Curtis, but the horse never was born that could accomplish such a feat, Speaking of wrestling and strong men reminds me that centuries ago there was born in Crotona, Italy, a babe who in after years became a famous Greek athlete. At husking bees, house warmings and country fairs be was the high roller of all the men of muscle who gathered to show what they could do in feats of strength. He was the pet of the young ladies, and his name was Milo.

At the Olympic and Pythian games he threw all comers in wrestling, and one day, just to show how strong he was, he carried a 4-year-old heifer four times

around the Olympic race course. At another time Milo lifted a thousand pound ox, and didn't seem to exert him self greatly in the attempt, either. His strength, however, gave him what the moderns call a swelled head, and one day while in the woods he noticed a tree which some wood choppers had partly split open. A wedge held the two sides of the tree apart, and the wood choppers were gone. Milo, first to give himself an exhibition of his own strength, inserted his hands in the opening and tried to rend the tree asunder. He pulled the breach a little wider, just wide enough, in fact, to let the wedge drop out, and then his strength began to fail him. Like a vice the tree closed on his hands, and he was held prisoner until nightfall, when a pack of wolves held high jinks over his bones.

A POWERFUL EMPEROR. History also tells of another man of prodigious strength, Maximinus, one of the Roman emperors. Toward the close of the Second century he first saw the light of day in Thrace, and when old enough to work was sent to the fields in charge of sheep. From earliest boyhood he was celebrated among the lads of his neighborhood for marvelous feats of strength and agility, and one day when the Emperor teptimius Severus was passing through Thrace on his re- riage presents.—Chambers' Journal. turn from the East his attention was at tracted by the young shepherd's fleetness of foot and other remarkable feats in

athletics. The young Thracian was over eight feet in height, and was a perfect model of physical manhood. He was offered a place in the army of the emperor and accepted. Although a barbarian he rose from rank to rank, and was finally proclaimed emperor of Rome. He reigned for many years, hated by everybody, and was finally killed by his own soldiers. It overthrew twelve of the strongest men that could be produced. On his thumb he wore his wife's brocelet, and it took ais annotite.

In 1803 there lived in Kent, England, a man named Joyce, who exhibited such second Samson. To Joyce is due the credit of having discovered many tricks in lifting and pulling against horses. He flourished for about ten years, but when his secrets became known he dropped out of sight.

THE STRONGEST MAN OF TODAY. In the early part of the Eighteenth century a German named Van Eckeberg attracted a good deal of attention. Like most strong men of the present day he took the name of Samson. His most extraordinary feat was the holding of a stood on a framework over the cannon, which rested on rollers, and when all was ready the supports were knocked out from under the weight, leaving it dangling in the air. In performing this feat all depends on the natural strength of the pelvis bones, which form a double arch, capable of sustaining a great

Probably the strongest man of today is Louis St. Cyr, the Canadian. His feat of lifting 3,536 pounds of pig iron has never been equaled. The iron was placed on a platform at Berthierville, Canada, Oct. 1, 1888, and St. Cyr pushed it up with his back, arms and legs until the whole weight was clear of the trestle upon which it rested. St. Cyr also puts up the 245-pound dumbbell from floor to shoulder, and from shoulder to arm's length with one hand. In March, 1886, he lifted a platform upon which seven men were seated, and which also contained a barrel of flour and seven dumb bells, the whole weighing 2,378 pounds St. Cyr is about 26 years old, stands 5 feet 10 1-2 inches in height and weighs 823 pounds.

The best on record lift with the hands alone was accomplished by David L. Dowd, who some years ago had charge of a gymnasium in Springfield, Mass Dowd succeeded in raising 1,442 1-2 pounds of pig iron clear from the Springfield opera house stage, using no artificial means whatever. -Boston Globa

Too Circumlocutory. Young Husband-This bread isn't such as my mother used to make. Young Wife-Now, John-Husband-It's better.

But he spoke to lifeless clay. - Harper's Bazar. Usually Seen Behind. 'Strange thing that dog's tail, isn't it?'

What makes it strange to you?" "Why, I never saw one before."-New York Press.

"Sir," said an apprentice to his master, when a very clever and a very stupid perclever one goes away, who is there left?"
"Why, of course, the stupid one."
"Then good-by air" and a "Then good-by, sir," said the apprentice,

It is said that of the 5,000 clubs and societies in New York nearly 4,500 are distinctively German. The tendency of a German to form a society could not be more forcibly illustrated than by these THE "BIDDING WEDDING."

How Gifts Are Secured for Newly Mar-

riet People in Parts of Wales. In certain parts of Pembroke and Carmarthon, in Wales, one of the quaintest of marriage customs used to be prevalent, and it is said still to linger to a certain extent in some of the remote valleys, but now curtailed and shorn of its pristine surroundings. This was known as a "bidding wedding" and was so redolent of patriarchal times that it may be interesting to describe what is destined soon to become a mere memory of the past. Tradition is silent as to the origin of this custom of Cambria, so we may presume that it goes a long way back in-

In the first place, all who received invitations were expected to show their respect to the bride and bridegroom by bestowing such presents as befitted their station and means. We may remark that these weddings were generally restricted to the farmers and others of the respectable class, so that to have a bidding implied a certain social status and that the young couple were both come of respectable families.

When two of this class made up their minds to get married the first thing considered was who were to be invited to the festivities, a list being made out, varying, according to the number of their friends and neighbors, from forty or fifty up to 200. Invitations were written or printed, and sent round to all those whose presence was desired. After these had been dispatched the next thing was to send round the "bidder," there being one person who filled this important post in

every district. The duty of this worthy was to go to all places where invitations had preceded him, there to advocate the claims of his clients to the best of his ability. The bidder, as may be supposed, was generally a noted character, the local wit and orator, as no one could hope to fill the responsible position who had not "the gift of the gab." In some instances females held office, for which they were doubtless as well qualified as their male rivals. These functionaries were generally cordially received and were in the habit of specifying any particular articles that they thought desirable, generally fixing their requests high, on the principle that they who ask for a sheep were likely to get a lamb at least.

On completing the rounds of calls the bidder gave in his report to his employers. The presents were sent before the wedding to the house of the bride, when a large company assembled to view them and discuss their value. From the fact that intended presents were all entered on the bidder's books there were seldom too many articles of one sort, a business like proceeding by which the fashionable world of today might save brides from having so many "repeats" in their mar-

Use of Glass in Mechanics.

M. de la Bastie, a French chemist, has, during the past few years, conducted a series of experiments which have resulted in a method of rendering glass sufficiently tough for use in molding many articles hitherto made of iron. It is premised that the huge sub-Atlantic pneumatic tube for the connection of the Old with the New World, the suggestion of which was received with indifference and incredulity some time ago, may is related that in one day Maximinus eventually turn out to be not so chimerical as at first glance it was judged to be.

A glass car fitted into A tube of the same material would spin away at an iaforty pounds of meat a day to appease credibly fast rate. No appreciable heat would be generated, and the great hardwould greatly lessen the retarding influfeats of strength that he was called the ence of friction, which will be one of the most important considerations in all systems of future rapid transit. In the construction of piers, bridges, and, in short, everything meant to withstand the destructive influences of water, glass would be of immense value, as it is insensible to the action of oxygen, while its great hardness insures it against the frictional wear to which stone piers are particularly liable.-New York Telegram.

Finished His Story Himself. "Depew is right," said Senator Watson C. Squires, of Washington. "North Caromassive cannon, which he suspended lina has a corner on atmosphere. Up from his girdle. To accomplish this he around Asheville the sir is loaded with balsamic elements, almost a specific for lung troubles. I went there twenty years ago far gone with consumption. I had been given up by the doctors as a hopeless In less than three months I" "You were a well man?"

"No. I died and was buried on the spot." -Washington Post.

"I am going to write a poem," said

Willie Wishington. "You don't know how." 'Y-a-a-s; I've just found the secret."

"First, you've got to make folks think that you don't know what you are talking about, and then that maybe you do and they don't."—Washington Post.

Willing to Wait. "You seem to think that because I am rich there is no need of your working, said a congressman to his son. "You should profit by the motto, 'learn to labor and to

"I have tried it, father; and I've conclud-ed that I'd rather do less laboring and more waiting, if it's just the same to you."-

A Hard Name Anyway Mr. Blobson-Didn't I hear you calling one of your little playmates hard names

inst now, Johnny? Johnny Dumpsey (who is twice as crudite as his father)—Perhaps you did, pa. I don't see how I could very well help it. His name is Peter Stone. - Burlington Free Press.

"The weather seems to be in the agri-

cultural implement and ordnance casting

"Why do you think so?" cause it had no sooner ceased raining pitchforks than it began to blow great guns."-Boston Courier.

An Extensive Acquaintance

A Long Farewell. Pauline—Don't go, Reginald. Reginald—I must, love; it is after 10.

Panline-Indeed it isn't; it's only ! Reginald, upon consulting ratch, observed that it said just 16 Karper's Basac.

MARGUERITE IS WASHING DISHES.

First a pan of water, clear, Snow white dishcloths lying near Foamy scapanis, for you know Sourouds make the grease spots go Back and forth the small hands glide, See that most determined air, Setting quaint on face so fair; Soon all dirt she will abolish, With that most emphatic polish. In and out the water swishes— Marguerite is washing dishes.

Sleeves above the cibow rolled. Dusting cap o'er hair of gold, Brown eyes full of grave intent, On the old blue china bent. Now the glass and silverware, Make such lowly tasks a pleasure, Marguerite's a household treasure So I think, but dare not say it. Might as well talk love to fishes-Marguerite is washing dishes

She can paint and she can sing, She can play most anything. And she does much faucy stitching: But to me she's most bewitching When I find her with a tea towel, Looking grave as any night owl, Stationed at the kitchen table, Every movement full of grace. Ever aweeter grows her face. If she could but know my wishes-Marguerite a washing dishes.

Some day she shall be my wife, With me share all joys of life, So the kind fates have decreed, So are she and I agreed. If you ask her how I won her, How that prumise wrested from her, When it was she ceased to tease me, Found it in her heart to please me, And consented to be mine, She will say with eyes that shine, And a smile that's most delicious

Twas when I was washing dishes."
-Kittie M. Frisbee in Yankee Blade.

WOMEN'S RESTAURANTS IN LONDON. How They Are Conducted and by Whom

They Are Patronized. It was one of the wisest of woman phisophers who said that until her sex ceased to be satisfied with a diet of tea and buns complete equality between the sexes was npossible. It would appear that this sort of diet still satisfied the conservative London woman, to judge from the loyalty with which they cling to the idea that the pas-try cooks and the confectioners are the proper and genteel places for a woman to get her lunch. Not long ago, however, the "anti-man" party of advanced women raised the cry that the one thing needful to the peace and prosperity of the London woman was a restaurant devoted solely to her use, and accordingly "The Dorothy" was established in Oxford street, and another in Mortimer street was started by Mrs. Cooper Oakley, the fashionable milliner known as "Mme. Isabel." The great point about these restaurants

is that they serve in a dainty and refined manner an eightpenny midday dinner of meat and two vegetables between the hours of 12 and 3, the cheatings and excellence of which are appreciated only by those who have tried in cheap eating houses to see what they could procure for that amount. Before and after these hours there is a low scale of charges for ordinary refreshments or afternoon tea, and the restaurants are favorite meeting places for women coming from opposite suburbs to gather and chat over a cup of tea before going home from the day's shopping. Two other large restaurants are managed by men for the use of women, and into their beautiful dining rooms men rarely enter, and those who do are the gentlest of their sex and always under the protection of lady friends. Women who do not really know where to go for something to eat instinctively drift into one of the depots of the Aerated Bread company, where they are sure of finding a cup of delicious ten freshly made for each

women is that attached to the National School of Cookery in Buckingham Palace road, in the vicinity of the Victoria street shops so much patronized by women. There one finds always an excellent mea daintily served at a very low price. The food is prepared by the classes in cooking, to which the restaurant is a valuable adjunct in thus diminishing the working exonses of the institution. A libelous feminine writer has intimated that women avoided any place where they were waited on by those of their own sex, for there is no restaurant more popular with women than the Courts' restaurant, where "neat handed Phyllis" in white apron, sleeves and cap and a black gown dispenses the viands with dainty grace. In despite of the great cry raised by the woman's restaurant founders of the scarcity of restaurants where women may buy a lunch when un-attended, it would be an easier task to name the restaurants to which a woman cannot go unattended than those in which she will receive every courtesy and always find a room set apart for her use.—New York Sun.

Her Telling Message.

Recently a woman entered a suburba elegraph office and said to the receiver of messages that she desired to telegraph her husband who was in the country for money. He pointed her to the counter supplied with blanks and told her the rate for a dozen words. She struggled away for a quarter of an hour and then handed in the following:

'Won't you please send me five pounds "I don't know whether that will do en not," as she felt for her money. were to receive such a telegram from your wife would you forward the money!

Well-well, I might," he replied in doubtful tones.
"Now, you wait. I don't like the tele gram at all, because I tried to keep it within twelve words. I'll write another." She tore it up, walked over to the countr and in three minutes handed in a new ne reading:

'Am out of food and fuel and want five pounds as soon as you can get it here. If you can't spure it I'll pawn the parlor "That would bring the money from me,

said the receiver, as he read the lines and marked the number of words. "Then it will from him. Send it quick." London Tit-Bits.

Doesn't it seem impossible to here a needle through a penny, particularly if the former is very fine? Yet this is a simple task and accomplished in the following manner: the cork prevents the needle from springing sideways the latter cannot fail to pierce the in turn 2,000 feet abo penny, or any other coin of the same thicknew, the steel of which the needle is made being harder than the metal of which the coin is composed.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Cylindrograth.

The cylindrograth is an instrument of French invention for taking panoramic photographs in connection with military surveying and the like. It is very sim ple in construction. A semi-circular cyl inder having a small lens in the center moves on an axis, and it is provided with a dark slide of some material which will bend without breaking. When a view is to be taken the lens is moved from one side of the landscape to the other. Rapidity of execution rather than artistic effect is the object aimed at.-Christian at Work

GASTRONOMY IN NEW YORK.

The Various Guests of un East Side Restaurant and How They Are Treated. Sliders (waiter at the Morning Glory res taurant, at 11:55 a.m., poshing his head through the kitchen slot till his shoulders

sche)—Fired up fer 'm. Nate! The Cook — Yeep. Sliders—Ketch der ords right off der bat t'day. Der jays is goin' t' fly good. The Cook (tossing a "one out")-Paste

m in, Nibay. Sliders (entering the fray)-What's your's, Clothing Salesman (who lunches uptown

on Sundays)-You may bring me a chicken pate and a glass of milk. Sliders—Ain't got a singer left, Boss. Salesman—Make it fried bacon, then. Sliders (fog horning)-Hollercost rooter,

crawl over, Jersey! Mr. Peebrey (down from Westchester to pay the interest on his watch ticket -- I want a dish of tripe an' onions. Sliders (callioping)-Yard 'f towellin', wid frangipannys! Got it, Nate?

an' drive der cow! What you goin' ter

The Cook-Yeep. Sliders (to newsboy)-Keep out'r d'gangway, an' yer won't git knocked down, Dere, don't crack yer tear jar. I didn't hurt yer. G'lang over in der corner, an' lick dat 'lasses off der tableclot'. Oh, you

don't git no 'tention, Mr. Vandybilt? Whatcher want? Lodger (from Nepenthe hotel, next door,) -Corn beef hash, an' cup 'r coffee-quick,

Sliders—Shut up! (Again exploding.) Cattle train smash up, an' kill a Narab! Party's goin' ter die, so nex' week 'll do

Colored Customer (who has drifted over from the West Side)-Liver 'n' aigs, fr'en' Sliders-Set der guinea on a fried pin ashion!

Messenger Boy-What 'll five cents buy? Sliders-Lot down ter Corona 'f ver hit

der right party. Messenger Boy-No gillin', now. Gimme t'ree cakes an' a glass of water. Sliders—Drop der buckshot! Here's yer bath. Hurry up dem quaits, Daisy (this to the dish washer at the rear). Good Good morning, sir. (Turning a little pale.) Hope didn't give no 'fence after dat dance las night. (Takes the belinet and club and

hangs them up.)

The Officer on the Beat—No; only don't holler when I dust th' club with yer, th' next time. It's liable to keep folks awake. I want roast beef with Spanish onions. mashed potatoes, green corn, celery, Vi-

enna rolls and a cup of coffee. Sliders-Knock der steer: Slide dercorrecting himself with a gulp and a start) chef, serve out roast beef with Spanish in juna, mashed pertaties, green goo-corn, salary, Vieno rolls an' coffee. Officer Slattery's came. (Going to the rear and pushing his head and shoulders through the slot.) Nate, I ain't a Whyo if I did 'n come nigh insulting his breast plates!-J. S. G.

Philanthropic Beggars

"Say, mister, give me some money to buy some supper with. I haven't had a bite to eat today. Can't you help me along?

It was a street beggar accosting a sorrowful looking young man on one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The young man stopped. "There's a nickel," said he. "It's the last I have, but take it. I shall soon be where they don't need money. I am tired of this life, so take it and good luck to you.

"Are you so much in need as that. partner?" asked the beggar.

"Yes, I have been looking for work for two weeks, but it's no use, and my money's all gone." For a while the beggar hesitated, then he pulled out a dollar. "Here," said he,

"take this. You're worse off than I am." "No," answered the young man firmly. "It won't do me any good-good-by, and he walked rapidly down the street. A policeman overheard the remark and he followed and stranger.

"Look here," said he "are you the fellow that's about to commit suicide? A hearty laugh interrupted further questions.

"That's all right, officer," said the would-be suicide. "I am just trying a little game on these street beggars, and that's the third one to-night who has offered me money.-Kansas City Globe,

it is the impression among some who have never investigated the subject that the occupation of coal mining is unhealthy, and it will surprise the majority to learn that now the ventilation of the collieries has been so much improved that the coal miner ranks among the healthiest of workingmen. As a rule miners are undersized. This is due to their occupation, as are also their well developed trunks and arms. The most frequent functional derangements among them are dyspepsia and headache. The "miner's back" is a well known complaint in districts where small seams are worked, and it is a very troublesome one to colliery doctors.

A few years ago the mining classes used to suffer largely, far in excess of the rest of the population, from lung diseases. There was a form of miners phthisis, known as anthrocosis, where, on post mortem examination, the lung was found to be perfectly black. If the lung was squeezed there exuded a dirty black, ink like fluid, caused by the presence of large quantities of unburnt car-bon. But all this is, to a very great extent, a thing of the past. A case of well marked anthrocosis is now a very rare thing, owing to the improved ventilation of the mines.-New York Commercial

Highest of American Peaks, "The highest mountain in America" must now be changed from Mount St. Elias to Mount Wrangel, a little to the north of the former peak. Several of these mountains have been newly measured. Mount Hood, once "roughly" es-timated at 15,000 feet, then "closely" at 16,000, was brought down by triangula-The needle is passed through a cork, with tion to 13,000. An aneroid barometer the point protruding just a bit, which is then nipped off with a pair of pincers. The penny is then laid upon two little blocks of acfs wood with a small space between. The cork is placed on top of the penny and hamnered hard with a small tack hammer. As 18,400 feet above Corner river, which is 18,400 feet above Copper river, which is in turn 2,000 feet above the sea level at that point. If this holds good, Mount Wrangel is a good 2,000 feet higher than any other peak in North America, and has the distinction of being within the United States besides.—St. Louis Republic.

President Insurance Company-Want to se appointed a life insurance agent, sh? What experience have you had? Applicant-None I will be frank with you, sir. I wish to marry old Moneybags' laughter, and I want to be able to say that

I am in business for myself. See!

President—I see. Now I'll be frank with
you. Go to old Moneybegs, tell him you
haven't a cent, and don't expect any, yet

you want to marry his daughter. Of course he'll refuse and kick you out. But if you sep at him and stick to it until he fin I'll appoint you super