We'd stored of gingerbread a pile; I narsed my doil; he brought his horse, he told me legends all the whilewas his little slave, of course.

We drifted by most wondrous lands. Bine mountains, glant rocks, deep caves, Brood streeches of fine golden sands Wintern scarce lapped the crystal waves. We moored our hoat where darkening shades

of orange groves hung overhead; We placed at ball within cool glades, We watched the sun grow dusky red.

"city, here forever let us stay!" Cred Land clasped Tom's hand-and he Creek I, and chapped and say, lighted as usual, length and say, "When I'm fourteen, I'll go to sea." "When I'm fourteen, I'll go to sea." "Lady Lindsay.

A SUPPOSABLE CASE.

Mrs. Delameter sat in her bay window seeing. She was thinking as well as sewhunlong of something that had hapsed in the morning.

living soul had dared to insinuate carry him through the day. Mrs. Delameter that her husband was ending insinuator. And yet head ached, he midonly thoughtless."

one packetbook in the Delameter famabiding place was Mr. Delame-To a woman who had supar nathing of being expected to explain sicular purpose each in lividual or was to be expended.

That morning she felt the last straw had sen abied to her load of humiliation, She , bill pademorived the brilliant plan of asking for more money than her immediate necesherself a few unnecessary humiliations in the near future. She had screwed up her grage as sheate her breakfast to ask timally, as Mr. Delameter rose from the table lon, can you spare me \$10;"

What's the trouble now?" asked Mr. Delameter good naturedly. "I-nord a pair of boots."

When! Ten dollars for a pair of boots?" and he arched his eyebrows, still good na-

No." stammered his wife, feeling and tooling as guilty as though she had robbed a neighbor's clothesline over night, "the will be only \$3, but-I thought it would be handy to have a little money by meand-not to have to trouble you so of

And Mr. Delameter-her face grew hot. and she breathed fast every time she might of it-Mr. Delameter took a \$2 bill and a fil bill and a solver half dollar, and and them on the table, saying in an offwent away whistling.

Mrs. Delameter was a good little woman, and she endeavored loyally to find excuses for such atrocious conduct. She was a forgiving little woman, too, and so when the after 5 she folded up her work, and set the tea table with the puffy cream cakes Mr. Delameter so loved and which she had made in the morning, and put on the even slices of bomemade bread, light as a feather and affect as a nut, and opened a jar of the pencius she canned the fall before, and

And Mr. Delameter came home, and gave his wife an affectionate greeting, and ed at her admiringly across the table, and praised her cream cakes. And after supper he drew her down on his knee and sown and not have to live in a horrid ig house, and he was altogether in such a pleasant mood that Mrs. Delameter dared attempt a little serious talk and paved the way by informing him that: Miss Southernwood came to see me to

'Ah! She's the millinery lady, I believe!"

She wants me to trim hats for her in my spare time this summer." Indeed! Well, I hope you sent her to

the right about face in double quick time. sies of my wife working in a shop!" and Mr. Delameter, with considerable spirit I wish you'd let me do it."

For goodness sake, what for!" and Mr Delameter spoke a little testily this time. Because l-it would seem so good to have a little money of my own." Well, don't you have money of your very

own; All that's mine is yours." I suppose so-but, oh, Tom, you don't knew how I hate to ask for it." "You willy little goose! Did I ever refuse

I can't see why under the canopy you should feel that way!" But really, Tom, I think-I'm almost sare-you would feel the same way."

Noticenset I shouldn't either. I'd just as lief nok us not." id you be willing to prove it?"

Certainly I would if there was any way but I don't quite see"-

Tom, will you prove it if I'll think of a M'm weil-yes-I guess so. What's the

Well, I'll take that money I laid up be fore I was married out of the bank, and

when your pay day comes you will put f your money into the bank. Wall, I will-on your book?" that would spoil everything Promise me you won't ever try to replace

Well I promise," said Mr. Delameter ngling at her earnestness.

th he looked thoughtful for severa Hose long must the experiment last to

Well. I think a month would do, don't I think it would," he answered dryly.

Mr. Delameter forgot his agreement till lat as he was being paid off the next day. being a man of his word, he n the way home and emptied his to the coffers of the bank, carry with him a solitary nickel, which erimiked in the pocket where he or fares. Then the the whole af I from his mind. morning he parted with the

the car conductor with cheerful sness and realized not that he

opening his lunchbox at noon. ck would have it, there suddenred before him a friend of his boywho had grown rich and arist be years since they had met. Mr. 7. in an exuberance of hospitality, taly conducted him to the highest

staurant in the vicinity, ordered a keeping with the place, leisurely with his friend, and at its close drew forth and opened his His feelings at that interestmay be better imagined than as the novelists say.

ward buried himself in the day York Sun newspaper till bedtime. When came, he lingered about after was over with no ostensible roat made a feint at starting and

How much?" saked his better half, with

a little blush

"Five dollars "What for?" trembled on Mrs. Delame ter's lips, but she did not say it. She sim-

ply handed him the exact sum. I guess you'd better let me have a little for car fares while you're about it. A 10-cent piece was carefully selected and

laid in his palm.

Mr. Delameter did not furget his straitened condition that day. He remembered it, of rourse, when he sent the bill to his friend. He felt it when he presed a truit stand on which were displayed some particularly fine oranges. It was called to his attention when the little home buy with candy made his usual round of the office. It was pain fully presented to his mind when a men with a subscription paper, whereon figured the name of Delamater, cause to collect the money anterribed, and the lack was keenly

ed to go without the necktie and socks he had intended getting at the same time till another month, and as the carment was of cheaper quality than he had originally thought of having be had enough money to

The fourth day was Sumlay. Mr. Delaof a meanness, she would have meter thought of the contribution box and in her wrath and hurled indignation decided he wouldn't attend church. His

and been times in the course of their

married life when she had almost
five for his pay, and Mr. Dolameter, mumas much to herself in her inmost bling something about "pockethook in oththough she had always hastened to er pants," sent him to the house, though in core herself that he "didn't intend it", former days he had pools poolsed the idea of that being the more convenient way and The trouble by in a nutshell-there was had decreed that the grocer should come to

The sixth day Mrs. Delameter, with unlooked for generosity, gave him 50 cents armif single handed and alone when he asked for car fare, and on the cal years previous to marriage it strength of this he hailed a mon with strawunbearably humiliating to be berries on his way home at night, bought to one for every dollar she spent, to two boxes and found he was 6 cents short. The seventh day Mr. Delameter realized that the experiment wasn't working quite in the way be meant it should, so he pu himself together and boldly asked for a \$10

> "What for?" queried his wife, as though with an effort.

"I-well, I want to get a pair of boots." "Men's boots come high, don't they?" fal-tered Mrs. Delameter, with an artificial smile as she opened her pocketbook. "Oh, the boots won't a more than \$4 probably, but I guess I can make away with

the rest. Mrs. Delameter hesitated, blushed, bit her lip, then slowly handed out two \$2 bills and

a silver buil dollar. "I guess that will do you this time," she

murmured, with downcast eyes.

Mr. Delameter glared at her, and made as Then suddenly be seemed to recollect some thing, and a brilliant red color flamed up from the edge of his white shirt collar to the roots of his hair. He ismued the made use of some word indicative of exhouse, simming the door with great ve tably that of Pierre Loti. bemence behind him.

Mrs. Delameter threw herself face down band way. "I guess that'll do you this time," and then put up his pocketbook and. The terrible fear that she had offended him beyond forgiveness, and that he would never return to ber, assailed her at intervals all through the day.

When Mr. Delameter did actually come home at his usual hour, she hardly dared uthe mantel strock the half hour raise her eyes to his face. But he was very quiet and old not slam things and hardly looked up from his food all tea time. When hirs. Delameter had cleared up the

bows on his knees, his face between his book, into his lan and fled.

in this pockethook to induce some mus know that. cular man to kick me all I deserve to be

I hated to be so hateful: "Oh, come now! Do you pretend to say

"Of course I didn't?" was the Indignant

said, in a very businesslike way, "now we'll iden how much our household expenses

"I have kept an account of that and of my personal expenses," said Mrs. Delame-

your expenses were. Mr Delameter claused at the next colthe footing up for the whole year. He gave a low whistle

"Fannie," he said, "you are a dear little omical angel." Then he proposed that whenever he was paid off the housekeeping expenses should be deducted from the amount received and the rest equally divided between them.

Working Without Pay.

The best recommendation that I have gods bailing from the orient. heard of two well known physicians in the fashionable part of the city, where people are too fond of supposing that only "top-loftical" sentiments have any show at all, is a recent night's work that they did. The object of their solicitations was a dog, not a dog that a bench show man would look once at, but an intelligent, affectionate animal. His leg was broken, and he did not behave well after it was set, and the result was a condition of affairs that under ordinary circumstances would have led to poor natured and seemingly happiest that I ever saw, all because the medical men, who generally ask and get a handsome fee for taking one's temperature and prescribing for it or whatever else is wrong with one, did and did for nothing for the unfortunate dog what he could repay only by licking the hands that hurt to heal. - Boston Globe

The American people are of the Anglo-Saxon stock.—Westminster Review. Some of them are-perhaps nearly one

quarter of them. The original settlers of the Hudson valley were not of that stock, por those of the Mississippi valley, nor those of the Pacific const. Within the past half century there have come to this country millions of Scandinavians, Celts, Germans other than Angle Saxon, Latins, Hegrandchildren of these families are of our native population. Besides nearly one well as a literary woman, and her eighth of the people of the United States on the large floor reserved for the are of the African and Indian race. Then tration of the Negrotic Result. are of the African and Indian race. Then we have a million French Canadians, and we have yet other racial elements. A good many people of the so-called Angio-Saxon stock immigrated to New Engisted and the middle states and some parts of the south ern states in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but the statisticians estimate that not more than a quarter of our total

The Final Goder at the Caterer's. "And pray remember, Mr. Pazetti, not to send me a very black negro to serve the the way," he said, with a fine air ding, and a sort of yellowish complexioned tness. "I had to borrow some man would be more appropriate to the ocenston."--Life.

A STATESWOMAN.

THE GREAT POWER OF MINE, ADAM IN THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

In Literature the Is a Journalist, Maga-Entertainments.

One does not run the risk of being called a sycophant to give the full measure of ad-It was pain as Mrss. Adam, who stands first and fore most as a harned literary woman and as a the empire Mme Adam less held the rank money and scribed, and the lack was keenly of first lady of the land. She is perhaps appreciated when he had to forego buying the only woman in the world whom men The third day he braced up, and with a ever having bothered her head about the reinctance he was wholly unable to conceal requested the means wherewith to buy
a pair of light trouvers. He secretly decidcuss the possibility of becoming a cardidate for the presidency, she has gained a prisoner and myself made our varianprestige whose influence is felt in all Eu. not afely beyond the pick overal into

the republic knows so well how the count was then about 4 n'clock to the count. try stands with its relations toward the
The people of the town, scart has throughout property stands with its relations toward the
European powers as does Mme. Adam. It
is waid that the sympathy which exists between Bussia and France is of her making,
and if those at the head of the government
reap, the reward she is magnatiment plight alone in a heatile country surenough to let them have it, while still founded on all sides by the enough w

No one contests Mmc, Adam's fame in light, for it seemed certain that our hi the literary world. She has the pen not bloomed and tattered fromers would be only of a ready writer, but that of a pro-found one, who is versed in the classics of that capture was inevitable. So as a all foreign tongues as well as her own, skulled through the dark streets of the She is a journalist, a magazinist, an an little village and discovered a light chini ther of a few books that will live and the from the upper window of one of the little village.

heart in a man of brains as you do in a . There was a ligh leard fence ele woman. However literary a woman be, the house on the side from which the she must have tender heartheats, extend a was shining, and I figured that if I'e helpful hand to those who have literary act on top of that fonce I shall crawl for ability, or succer the unfortunate who have tried and failed. Mme. Adam has done climb into the open window of the ro both, but she has always taken a special in in which the light was I told my coterest in those whom she thought competition what I proposed doing, and tent to succeed. There is perhaps a score begged me not to alternat it, saying I f young writers who owe their literary sure to be caught and would probably not attained a worldwide name like Pierre without listoring further to his are Lot, but all are known to the reading pub | I spraing upon his back, and by stondying

lic of their own country.

The academy is not yet sufficiently modernized to admit women into its exclusive 40, not even to fill the place of the zero. but though he would cast the money from him. there is no doubt that Mme. Adam has a better right to fill one of those coveted fauteuils than even some of the members who are known only by the faint light that the roots of his hair. He jammed the unread books have thrown upon them money viciously into his breast pocket, However, in default of having herself obtained a seat, she has been the means of obtreme anger and flung himself out of the taining a few for her literary family, no-

There is a triple individuality in Mme-Adam, for she is also a most perfect femme du monde, and her receptions and garden parties in her country mansion have obsesses in the world that thinks. Besides, if she has qualities which her friends prize above the others, they are her kindlin and simplicity. In fact, all through life I have found that worth and simplicity are as surely wedded as estentation and igno-

dishes, slig slipped up behind her husband the world when she is entertaining. Yes, top of his shoulders. I get hold of the us he sat in the bay window with his electric she, with that bright smile, that core fence, drew myself up, and in a juffy I was dial manner, playing the usher, pointing on top of the bay window. hands and his eyes on the carpet and on the seats for the women, assigning the made the tes in the precise manner he liked dropped the home of contention, the pocket places to the men and handling out the pro-dow, I saw a magnificently furnished bed-Bropped the noise of control of the condition of the cond very far and pulled her back.

"Fannie," he said with whimsical serious dignity in true, honest, heartfelt pleasure. ness, "do you believe there is money enough and Mme. Adam is intelligent enough to brought me back to my senses, and with

continu tion, I must include that of Mme. Advin. room. I had taken the pressution to re-"Oh, Tem?" sobbed Mrs. Delameter, "can She has built this house on Rue Juiiette move my shoes, but I was afraid the floor rou ever forgive me? You don't know how Lambert. Juliette Lambert is her nom-de-would creak and betray me, so I crept on The peculiar shape of the lot, terminating my arm until I felt the handle of the reanswer, and then Mr. Delameter threw his bend back and laughed and laughed. architect to build a house which is replete it from under the pillow I saw that it was with nooks and arcades that give the in-Finally he solered down. "Well," he terior a most original aspect. A large part and the deep, regular breathing of the aid, in a very businesslike way, "now we'll of the best space, as in all sumptions sleeper gave me confidence, and I next have this thing fixed up. Have you any French houses, has been left for the stair | made my way to a chair scress which was case. The house being only three stories carefully laid the man's apparel. There

immense skylight. bringing him the book, "but I didn't bannisters are artistic specimens of modern reckless and foolbardy I was then, the plants and flowers. This is of most happy put on all those belonging to the sleeper effect as seen from below and also close by with deep red hangings, ornamented with deep cordovan leather borders, running up and down from the floor and ceiling. Be-They followed this plan, and it worked ered with panoplies of rare arms and ar like a charm. -London Tit-Bits mor, faiences of all countries, statues of all kinds, and in each corner, on a low pedestal, are rare specimena of chimeras and

When through an open arcaded door you enter from the landing into the rooms of the second story, you find yourself in a small inclosure of most surprising construc tion. To the right is a line of stained win dows and to the left a series of draped ar cades, which on one side terminate into an angle. As you advance and you find your self under those areades you see that they form a sort of triangle, whose side opposit house, and that this wall is filled with Roger's funeral. But Roger isn't dead. He miches which are receptacles for statues and is the liveliest animal and one of the best other objects of art. This areads less is into the dining room and one sees at a glano that this room has been constructed with a

special view to comfort and convenience. On crossing under the arcule again and going beyond the room that seems to serv as an antichamber to the dining room, yo suddenly find yourself in two or three beautifully draped little mooks, whose cushioned divans and chairs invite you to rest, converse or have a smoke after besides the indispensable backcases an comfortable sents, is full of busts, status paintings and other artistic varieties. It the story above, constructed in the same manner, are the drawing and bedresons There, in the small, irregularly shap room which leads into the large draw i room, one beholds the boat of Mino. Ada and that of her bushand, Edward Ada:

try millions of Scandinavians, Celts, Ger.
mans other than Angle Saxon, Latins, Hebrews and people of other races. They have
raised families here, and the children or
sanctum sancturum? I hear you sak. Six has more in her bottee. She is a business at tration of the Neurodie Revue, Designar Poissonnière,—Faris Cur. Brooklyn Eagr

> Tommy Was the Soloist. Mrs. Murray Hill-So your daughter has

Mrs. Park Avenne-No, she is still in "But I am sure I heard her singing."
"No: that is little Tommy. He is suffer ing from the toothache, pour little fellow.

The Trouble With the Water. Mistress-What rokes your potatoes

Lexus Siftings.

New Cook-Please, mum, the water they was boiled in was very wot.-New York Wookly.

A BURGLAR'S CONFESSION.

The Housebreaking Adventure of a Fugi-

tive Prisoner of War. Captain Charles Evans, chief of the St. Louis Salvage corps, was talking with a burglers the night before, ransocked from in Literature the Is a Journalist, Maga-cellar to garrer, and the burglars had got sinist and Author Generally—Her Popu. away with a lot of plunder without away. latity May Re Seen at Her Sumptuous ening any of the family, says The Post-Entertainments. The man said be could not unbreatand how they could possibly have got ato his room, and taken, his watch, and orketbook from under his pillew without is being awakened, and yet he know he

'It sensity done," interrupted the veter-fire fighter. "I know it is, for I ence in fire fighter. robbed a house myself.

You relified a house!! You, robbed it as shillifully as mough f. had been in that sert of business all my life. It imprened during the war I had sen taken prisoner during vio tatri-Murfreeshore, Tenn., and ropean countries as well as in her own.

In the domain of politics she has made a seven inlies we came into a little row specialty of foreign affairs, and no one in the name of which I have together

using her influence in furthering the sym-pathy and working for the much desired alliance.

out a weapon or a cent of money, clothed only in our battle word. De-alliance.

We dreaded the coming of founder of The Nouvelle Revue, which is fast overstepping its grandmotiner, The Revue des Denx Mondes.

You do not look so much for kindness of would enable us to disguise ourselves.

own to this benevolent woman. All have shot, but my mind was fully made up, an



"I PUT ONE FOOT OVER THE WINDOW SILL." Mme. Adam is the simplest woman in myself against the fence mounted to the

"Looking through the open, upper win Where has she left her dignity? room, and in the bed, fast asleep, was a

dled revolver, partly concealed by a pillow, out further hesitation I put one foot over eliment of naming the street after her. lying that on the floor I slowly reached up

high, ample light is thrown on it by the were a fine silk shirt, a brand new suit, patent leather boots of exactly my size and a The stairs are made of hard wood, and the | new soft hat. I have often thought of how know how much you earned, or how much your expenses were."

and ancient carving. Upon looking up you at the time I was absolutely without fear, find in each story, on the landings, a curve for instead of pitching the things out of for instead of pitching the things out of Mr. Delameter glanced at the neat columns and turned over the leaves to look at for a statue or an immense vase filled with them I took off my miserable rags and The reason I made the change there was as you mount the steps. The walls are hung | that I was afraid if I threw them out my companion would make off with them After I had fully dressed myself I went to the window and whispered down to George sides paintings, etchings and engravings of old and modern masters, the walls are cov-that there was none for him. He looked up at me so white and pitiful and with so such repreach that I went back and made another search. In a clothespress I found another soit, nearly as good as the one I had on, and I took it, together with a pair shoes and a fine silk hat, a value and a at of shirts and underwear, and then I

George was half crazy with delight when I got down and showed him bly outand in less than five minutes he was did of it, and we then made tracks down the road about as fast as we could We got to the next village, took reakfast in style at the hotel, left on the the acute angle is traced by the wall of the first train, and it was not so long before we were back within our own lines.

The Death's Eye Photograph.

There are some physiological and optical difficulties in the way of accepting the story which comes from Jamestown, Y., of a murdered woman's eye revealing the man who killed her. This feat has long been a theory among opticians, but in spite of innumerable experiments has never been scriffed for the reason that the linego made on the retina is obscured by rigor mortis, and, in the second place, any attempt to "throw up" the small point on the retina, where the image is made, resuits in an enlargement of the surface perves and textures to an obscuring degree. It does not, of course, follow because the feat has never been accomplished that It never will be, but it is well to remember that what the ordinary layman sees on a dead retina is very apt to be like the form that other laymen are continually seeing on window panes and in the dark circle. This particular figure was enlarged 400 times, and any photographer will tell you that the surface upon which it appeared had its microscopic texture also enlarged \$00 times.

Picking Up the Language. A hired girl who could talk but very little English, but used what little she had store with a written request for medicine needed in the family. The girl scott returned without the medicine, with the exdenation that the druggist was 'not in it: Rather mystified, the man of the house represtioned her, but invariably received the answer. "He said he was not in it." patient of delay the gentleman went him-self and demanded from the druggist what he meant by such a measage. "I told her," said the druggist, "that I was out of it."-Springfield Homestead.

AMATEUR ARTISTS.

THE PERSONS WHO WORK FOR PLEASURE AND NOTORIETY.

The Reign of the Amsteur and How It Is Affecting the Various Professions in conjencer of any character, and its mem-Which Mankind Is Trying to Earn a Living-A Metropolitan View. The other day a company of American artists scated at the cheap but filling refeetion of Gruvere choose and the beer

of the country amused itself by discussing the serious want of patronage from which American art is just now suffer-"I tell you," cried a young painter of great talent, "that the professional artist in this country is worse off than ever, There was a time some 15 or 20 years ago when his prospects looked bright

boiling, and even his pot boilers have to "There are too many of us," quo'h one of his housers. "The supply excceds the demand, and we are simply paying, as in other walks of life, for the crime of overproduction."

"There are not too many of us," related the first speaker. "It's the infernal amateurs who are doing work almost as good as ours, and who are underselling us. It is the reign of the ama'eurs which has taken all the gilt off the gingerbread of the professional."

True, absolutely true, in almost every highway and byway of modern industry. The amateur is rapidly displacing the professional to his own slight-sometimes imperceptible benefit, and always to the other's injury. When one stops to consider this truism, one is fairly stunned by the magnitude and quantity of the illustrations which prove it. Take, for instance, the field to which the discussion above quoted has relation. The woods are full of amateur "artists." Hardly a family now exists but has an une. "artistic" son or daughter who necessarily hubbles the jargon of the craft and spoils more canvas and wastes more. Their Use Believed to Have Originated In paint in a week than most professional artists can afford in a year.

Not only do their execrable compositions degrade the standard of art, they do worse and more material harm by making values ridiculously cheap. Glad to get anything at all-half the cost officers in the German army wear monosometimes of the material they use. The cles. They are to be seen in abundance amateur painters of New York alone at any meeting of the French academy. constitute unconsciously a guild which practically starves out the profession. And the worst of it is that the amateur's work is nothing like as conspicuously bad in all instances as it used to be. Sketchy and thin as the best of it may be, it certainly complies with the elementary rules of art, and he must indeed be a bold critic who, comparing it with the efforts of trained and expert should not wear eyeglasses or spectaconnec it without exception rot and rub-

The amateur actor and the amateur actress have inflicted incalculable injury on what calls itself specifically the profession. It is an open secret, for example, that the once profitable city of Brooklyn has been made a positively "bad show town," as the phrase goes, by the number and audacity of its amateurs. During the season they undertake per formances of the severest professiona character with a prodigality of energy and expenditure almost amounting to profligate extravagance which utterly eclipses the productions of the regular theaters. In fact, the Brooklyn amateurs have all but destroyed the professional

Again, the concert rooms of New York fairly swarm with unpaid vocalists who White House through the grounds beplume, and the city has paid her the com- my hands and knees to the hedside, and acquit themselves in many instances tween the war department buildings quite as well as their professional sisters and the house I functed that I saw in and brothers, and there are already so the misty mosnlight a man dodging beinto almost an acute angle, has allowed the volver in my grasp, and carefully drawing many amateur instrumentalists in this hind one of the trees. My heart for a city eager to play in public who have no moment stood still, but as we passed in urgent pecuniary need to do so that it is safety I came to the conclusion that the doubtful if the Musical Protective union dodging figure was a creature of the dare order another general strike here, so enormous would be the rush of fairly competent amateur fiddlers and others

to take the places of the strikers. Rising higher in the social world, we find howling swells like Suffern Tailer usually his custom, often alone and unbasing their reputations entirely on their knack of driving four-in-hands en amateur, so that the amateur coachman has become really an important public char-

acter and worthy of incessant notice. The amateur wing shot is another so cial lion. Compared with the feats of the plain, uncelebrated every day pot hunters of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the performances afield of George Work and Edgar Murphy and De Forrest Maurice and the rest of them seem positively puerile. But none the less are these latter knights of the trigger exalted and extolled by the newspapers as marvels of skill and vaunted among the possessions of which we ought all to be enthusiastically proud. For are they not amateurs

At the present rate of development one cannot be certain of the ultimate limit of amateur expansion. We shall, beyond doubt, have amateur surgeons, amateur lawyers, amateur journalists, amateur barbers, amateur tailors, amateur plumbers, amateur icemen, even amateur day laborers, perhags. Our streets will be patrolled by amateur policemen, our conflagrations extinguished by amateur firemen. And who can tell when the amateur will have so profoundly exhausted the honest occupations that

he will have to become an amateur crim-Then shall we have our amateur burglars, our amateur pickpockets, our amateur highwaymen, our amateur murderers. The amateur shoplifter is already a formidable extant fact. What on earth is there in our social code to make the amateur homicide and the amateur river

Yes, I faith, this is the reign of the amateur with a vengence.-Archibald Gordon in New York Recorder.

A Telegraph Operator's Bulletin. A telegraph operator at Sedro, Wash. who has grown very tired of answering foolish questions has posted the following, written on a typewriter, just outside his office window: Notice-Ves, your message will go at once. It will be sent imme dintely. In fact, we send all messages as seen as we can. We know you wish your telegram sent at once, otherwise you would write. Special Notice—The Supreme Reto the best ad centege, was sent to the drug-ing only can inform you when you will reorive a reply.

A Wedding King on Her Ton.

A woman without arms has been married at Christ church, New Zealand. The ring was placed upon the fourth toe of her left A similar marriage to this was fermed at St. James' charch, Bury St. Edof the bride's toes, between which she grasped the pen and signed the marriage register.-Exchange,

DAWSON'S NARROW ESCAPE.

He Couldn't Be Expelled From a No. Work Club I or Chairms Reasons,

Bailey Davison was in danger of beog expelled from the Society of Chrisin Repose. The object of the society, in its name indicates, is to discourage ters, who comprise such well known of residents as Colonel A. M. Babcock. A. N. Kellogg, founder of the newspaper publishing concern; Frank Parme e of the bus line, and others, are men o think they have done their work in life and now only ask for rest. They seet at the Grand Pacific hotel and do not even talk much, preferring to sit in the easy chairs in the rotunda and look at each other.

But last week Colonel Balcock brought a serious charge against Hailey. He said he had gone to work; what is more. he had the evidence to prove it.

and his outlook cheerful. But today he Things looked really badly for Baiwastes all his time and energy on pot ley. The work was no harder than that involved in drawing the pay attached to a political office, but it was work and he could not deny it. So he took refuge in technicalities. Mr. Kellogg was trying the case, and to him Bailey made this pleas

"If it pleases the court," he said, 'the members of this society must not do any work of any kind?"

"They must not," replied Colonel Babcock sternly. "They should not indulge in any kind

of effort?" "Certainly not," again interjected the colonel. "They cannot consistently take action

of any description?" "They assuredly cannot." "Then," said Bailey triumphantly, "I would like to know how they are going to expel a member: that means action." And President Kellogg sustained him, holding that it would be impossible constitutionally to even take a vote on the charges. -Chicago Trib-

MONOCLES IN EUROPE.

the British Army. In every capital of Europe the monocle is common enough. It attracts no attention on the street. In a row of men at the theater a considerable proportion are sure to have it. Perhaps half the Even socialist deputies in France are not ashamed to go among their constitnents wearing them. A session of the English house of commons glitters with solitary eyeglasses. The single eyeglass is said to have estimated among the officers of the British army.

About the beginning of the century an order was issued that army officers professionals, should unbesitatingly pro- cles. It was supposed that they gave the wearers an unmilitary appearance. The order caused severe inconvenience to many short sighted officers, and one of them, belonging to a crack regiment, invented the single eyeglass. He claimed that, being an eyeglass, its use was no contravention of the order which prohibited spectacles and eyeglasses. It and was afterward adopted. On account | choked with snow. probably of this origin the single eyeglass is very generally worn in Europe by army officers.

It is by some thought to give an as-

air of feebleness. - New York World.

That night as we walked back to the imagination. Nevertheless as I parted from the president at the door of the White House I could not help saying that I thought his going to and fro in the darkness of the night, as it was

attended, was dangerous recklessness. That night, in deference to his wife's auxious appeal, he had provided himself with a thick oaken stick. He laughed as he showed me this slight weapon and said, but with some seriousness: "I long ago made up my mind that if any body wants to kill me he will do it. If I were a shirt of mail and kept myself surrounded by a bodygnard, it would be all the same. There are a thousand ways of getting at a man if it is desired that he should be killed. Besides in this case it seems to me the man who would come after me would be just as objectionable to my enemies-if I have

any."-Noah Brooks in Century. Lady Rosebery's Necktace.

Some years ago an old Frenchwoman died in a poor part of Dublin, and her little effects were put up for auction. Among other odds and ends was a necklace of dirty looking green stones, which did not attract much attention. However, a shrewd pair of Jews thought there might be "money in it" and decided on purchasing, clubbing together £5 for the purpose.

On taking it to a well known jeweler he promptly offered £1,500, which sum they refused, and sold the necklace of purest emeralds for £7,000 in London, where Lord Rosebery on his marriage purchased it for something like £20,000. The old Frenchwoman's mother had been attached to the court of France, and the emeralds had once formed part of the crown jewels -London Answers.

One way of acquiring a good volcabulary is by habitually associating with people who speak correctly, and whose choice of words is careful and elegant. To live with highly educated and congenial people is in itself a liberal education

Policy goes beyond strength and cor trivance before action; hence it is that direction is left to the commander and execution to the soldier, who is not to ask why, but to do what he is commanded,-

In the seventeenth century a pamphlet was published entitled "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze With Devotion; Salvation's Vantage Ground, or a Louping Sand For Heavy Be-

Through all history the names that kings have gamed for themselves tell in a man-ner the story of their own lives and the state of the country over which they ruled.

In Witu, east Africa they are making sugar from cottonseed that is said to be 15 times ewester than that made from Louisiama sugar cana.

A GOOD BEAR STORY.

A TEAMSTER'S QUEER ADVENTURE IN INDIAN TERRITORY.

Knocked Over by a filter 7tp Dam and Buried In the Snow-When She Came Back For a Feast, the Larder Was Empty,

and the Situation Was Reversed. Early in the fall of 1880 corregiment was ordered into the field against hostile Indians, and about the beginning of October we were encamped on Poplar creek, a tributary emptying into the Missouri from the morth, about 60 miles distant from Fort Buford.

Our instructions required us to remain here until further orders should be received, and during these few days that we lay tills in camp the men amused themselves in various ways, but principally by organizing short hunting expelitions into the surrounding country. Our chief of tenmsters was Henry

Morgan, a good all round shot and con who had more than once brought down big game by his skill. He started off alone one morning just as a mild blizzard began to fly and openly declared that when he returned he would bring an autolope or a deer back with him, and perhaps both.

We saw him disappear in the direction of Mill crock with his rifle over his shoulder, but the narrative of his subsequent movements is best told by himself:

"I had gone perhaps three miles up the creek, and had as yet seen no signs of any wild animal, when ad at once from behind a cottonwood log near a thick bunch of underbrush a long eared cottontail rabbit leaped nimbly into sight, and the next moment my shot

laid him low. "I hurried over to the spot and was caning over to examine the animal when I felt a crash as if the whole canyou had exploded, and as I tumbled over in the snow my fast departing senses recognized a huge silver tip bear, whose powerful paw had been the author of my mischief.

"I lay there half stunned and badle bruised, with just enough consciousness left to observe what was going on around me.

"The old bear nosed and rolled me about, and finally succeeded in pushing and dragging me about 20 feet; then she pushed me down into a washout of the creek bottom and pawed away until she had me almost covered with snow, brush and other trash. I had now recovered my senses, but as I could easily breathe through the loose pile that covered me I thought it safest to lie still and await the outcome.

"Completing my funeral arrangements, the bear walked about and sniffed a few times suspiciously at the spot; then by the sound of her satisfied snarls and growls growing fainter and less distinct I knew that she was moving "When I considered she was far

enough away, I scrambled out of the hole, shook myself clear of the trash and then looked around for my gun. "It was lying safe and little damaged near the log where I killed the cottonsoon became very popular in the army tail, but was somewhat scratched and

"I first cleaned the piece out, placed it in good order and then went back to my involuntary grave, where I found the tracks made by bruin to be quiet pect of determination and ferocity to distinct and widely separated, showing the wearer, whereas eyeglasses lend an that the beast had gone off down stream somewhat in a hurry. I suspected the ld monster would be back sooper or later; so, rearranging the cavity and restoring the brush and trash as naturally as possible, I retired to a safe position behind the cottonwood log, which had been the scene of my first disaster, and

sat down to wait. "Perhaps three-quarters of an bour had passed when far down the open I saw the old mother with her cubs trotting merrily at her beels, making all hasto up stream toward my place of concealment. I kept as still as death and scarcely breathed, but got my rifle into posttion and nervously waited until the trio should come within easy range.

"On she came, rolling from side to

side, and then I saw that her object

was the hole in which I had been so pnceremonionsly buried. "She hurried to the spot, growled something at the cubs; then all three, cubs and dam, began pawing and scratching the brush and trash aside and sending it in a perfect shower behind them, Finally the hole was scooped out clean, and then the old one, evidently compre

kending that the promised dinner had escaped, lay back her head and howled her woes to heaven. "This was my first opportunity, and I fired with careful aim, the lead striking her in the lower part of the neck and causing her to pitch heavily forward. By the time I had placed a bullet in the fore shoulder of the largest cub the dam, with a mighty howl, regained her feet and savagely began to lick the wound of her bleeding offspring. I was perfectly cool now, and realizing that it was a matter of life or death with me I took another aim while the old one was poised on her hind legs mopping her own wound and sent a bullet through her heart. The younger cub got away in the brush before I was ready for it, but the large one, who had already been wounded, I finished with another

shot "-Philadelphia Times. A Delaware Stream

A tiny stream in northern Delaware near the Pennsylvania line has long borne the name of Bogy run, and the glimmering remnant of an almost forgotten tradition current among children justifies the name by peopling the valley of the stream with evil spirits. The tradition was evidently not invented to fit the name, for the local pronunciation of the latter is boogy, and oat of the local residents use it w thought of its being a corruption of bogy.-New York Sun.

The Labor of Honey Bees.

The busy bee works systematically, as if under military discipline. Pollen for "bee bread" has to be secured, as well as honey for a rainy day-or for those humans who ruthlessly take from the bees the reward of their hard carned labors. But a recent au thor asserts that when a beestarts from the hive for pollen not the sweetest nectar will tempt the creature from its task, while the honey gatherer does nothing else but gather weets till the day's labor ceases.-Philadelphia Times.

The Most Dangerous of All. Rainh J. de Mayne, the English hunter of big game in Africa, when in San Franc recently on his way home from India, said that he thought the American grizzly and

an infuriated elephant were more dang ous than a lion, but that the charge of oceros was the most dangerous of all.