FASHIONS IN FURS.

MOST STYLISH TYPES OF WINTER WRAPS.

To the Woman Who Isn't Covetous the Furrier's This Season Is a Delightful Place to Visit—Great Assortment of Cloaks, Jackets and Caps.

Gotham Fashion Gossip.

New York correspondence:

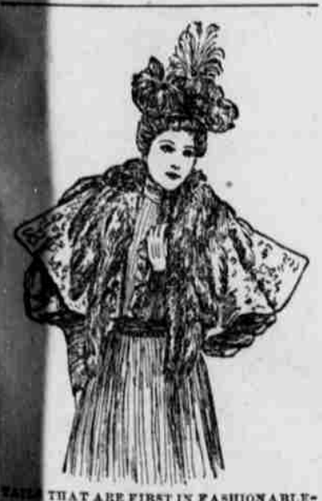
TO the woman who isn't covetous the furrier's at this season will be a delightful place, a veritable fairy grotto, only instead of the lining of precious stones that the story books tell about there is an array of fuzzy wonders, a great proportion of them quite as impossible of ordinary mortals' mines of gems in possession as the wonder story. A year ago the comparison could have been carried still further, for then on every hand there were rows upon rows of hideous heads to serve in the mental picture as the dreadful dragons of the resident bogey man. But the fashion of trimming garments with heads is departing. It may be said to have already gone so far as to have "turned tail" to observers, for where last year rows of heads with their gleaming, bead eyes were grouped, this season the fin'sh comes in quite as free a use of tails. These are in all sizes and all furs, are put on all manner of garments, being even applied to hats aigrette-wise, and many of them are quite as artificial as last season's heads, which is the

THE MOST STYLISH SHAPE FUR CAN TAKE

same as saying that they are utterly impossible in nature.

A liberal application of these ornaments proves that the garment thus trimmed is of this season's make, but the trick is already tiresomely overdone in some capes and coats, and when a change finally comes from it these tails will stamp the garment they trim as hopelessly last season's. Even now the garment that is free from such dangling ornaments possesses a distinct character of its own that will commend it. A cape is shown next the initial that does just this from the fact that it suggests the old-fashioned pelerine. This type of garment in the very shape that was worn forty years ago is now revived, but it affords no more warmth for our backs than it did for our grandmothers' and from the standpoint of utility is not worth much praise. It is unquestionably stylish, however, and in the form here shown, which includes a cape that will protect the back, it is much improved. It is made of sable and is lined with imitation ermine. Its tabs reach nearly to the botom of the dress, and at the top there is a high wired collar. The muff carried is of sable to match the wrap, and sable may be used to trim the hat, if desired, but its wide-spreading bows proclaim it as of the latest.

Among the fur garments that are fashionable enough to be considered just right, six jackets will be found to one cape or pelerine. The cut of the jacket is very like that of the more democratic cloth, and there is small comfort for the owner of a sealskin coat in the style of two years ago. It



TAILS THAT ARE FIRST IN FASHIONABLENESS.

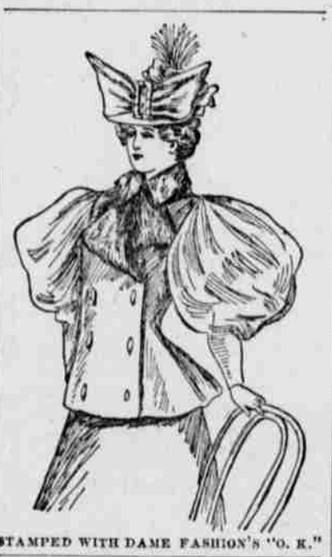
[illegible] be recut and made over to some[illegible] like the jacket of the next pic[illegible] and a bill will result that will [illegible] a sealskin seem far from an un[illegible] joy. The jacket of this picture [illegible] found in black astrakhan. Its mod[illegible] long basques were rippled in [illegible] it was double-breasted, and had [illegible] revers and full sleeves. Its but[illegible] were handsome black pearl, and a [illegible] muff that matched the jacket was [illegible]. The size of this muff is a chal[illegible] to the fashions, which demand [illegible] of bolster size, but as an accom[illegible]ment of such a jacket its newness [illegible] be advertised, and, indeed, a muff [illegible] moderate size is much more likely to [illegible]est the holdover from last year. [illegible] with trim jackets of this sort that [illegible] fur hats of tam shape are often [illegible]. For traveling, walking, or, best [illegible], for sleighing, when something is [illegible] that will not catch the wind, [illegible] could be prettier. But for sleighing—and they are just as correct for driving in chill air when progress is not made on runners—there is noth-

MODEL SUITABLE FOR CLOTHS AND FURS

ing cozier than the hood of all sorts of fur. Those that fit tight about the face are not used so much this year as last. They were rather trying to the complexion when one got a little chilled. The correct ones have deep ruffles of fur to stand about the face, and the effect is delightfully quaint, and at the same time very becoming. Dark furs are preferred, though some lovely affairs in chinchilla and in ermine are shown, but these are only for youthful complexions, and good ones at that. Funny little round mob caps are shown, too, with an inner velvet frill. These are very new, and with them must be worn a high standing fur ruff.

Where tails revel in triumph is on collars. A cat-o'-nine tails with fur suitable for making wrappings for women's thoats would be a valuable species just now, but one animal of that sort wouldn't come much nearer making a fashionable collar than one swallow does to making a summer. The sort displayed in the third picture is just the thing, and its fellows are selling like hot cakes. Lucky is the woman who finds one among her Christmas gifts, for not even a sealskin jacket of the latest cut is more assertive of right up-to-date-ness than is this sort of a neck protector. This one is worn over a cape of mordore velvet that is trimmed with a deep collar of cream lace, and that is lined with white satin. The fur collar is detachable and may be worn with any cape or jacket.

Following this in the illustrations there is a dainty fichu cape of black silk velvet, whose pointed ends meet at the waist. It is trimmed with a handsome chinchilla collar and is lined



STAMPED WITH DAME FASHION'S "O. K."

with white brocade. It is supplied with invincible hooks and eyes so that it fastens warmly in front. Capes of this general sort frequently illustrate the present liking for combining two sorts of furs. Thus a chinchilla collar like this one will top a seal cape, or will be replaced thereon by one of Persian lamb. Such garments are very elegant, and in most cases bring the highest of prices.

One need not be told that a black silk velvet jacket of the latest fashionable cut can be handsomely trimmed with fur, but the final picture shows one of the prettiest possible ways of doing it. The revers and turned down collar are of ermine, the jacket having fitted back, ripple basque and box front. Its right side laps over and is fastened with buffalo horn buttons, a corresponding row coming down the other side. White brocaded satin is used for lining. Buttons of this shape in buffalo horn are put on seal jackets this year and there must be button holes in the fur, too, for the cord loops formerly used are of the gloomily [illegible] fashionable past.

Might Have Given Them Away.

A traveler just returning from Mexico tells an amusing tale of the attempts of a peddler to sell precious stones at an exorbitant price, who in the end consented to dispose of his wares for a mere song. It was at Queretaro, an important city on the line of the Mexican Central Railroad.

"When the train pulled in at the depot," said he, "it was immediately surrounded by a score or more of peons trying to sell opals to the passengers. One tall, rather fine-looking Indian extended toward me his hand containing ten or a dozen glittering stones.

"'How much?' I asked.

"'Twelve dollars,' replied he. 'Cheap, very cheap, only $12.'

"'No, no!' I replied, in an emphatic way. 'Muy caro' (very dear).

"'Five dollars!' then quoted the vender, turning the stones over in his hand, that I might see that they were all there.

"'No, $1,' said I.

"'Yes, yes!' cried the vender, eagerly. 'One dollar; yes, yes, you can have them for $1. Take them.'"—New York Herald.

Make-Up of the British Army.

The British regular army consists of two regiments of life guards, one of horse guards, seven of dragoon guards and sixteen of light dragoons, as cavalry. The infantry is three regiments of footguards, ninety-nine of the line and a rifle brigade, besides the staff and colonial corps, which are considered to form part and parcel of the English army.

KISSES AND THE LAW

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS THAT WERE CAUSED BY OSCULATION.

Considerable Amusement Afforded Lawyers and Judges, but the Kisser Doesn't Always See Where the Laugh Comes In. A Lost Heir Discovered.

The grave and dignified members of the legal profession appear to derive much amusement from the subject of kisses, which comes before them most frequently in the form of a superabundant supply of crosses in the letters of lovers, when these are being read—as they never were intended to be—in court, in breach of promise cases. The learned gentleman who has at the moment the business in hand of reading aloud one of these wonderful productions generally pauses when he comes to the first stop in the gushing effusion, where the enamored swain has found words too weak to express his sentiments, supplying their place with a string of symbolic osculations and, with a well feigned look of innocence, says there is here a gap in the letter, which the defendant "has filled in with a lot of x's," regarding the meaning of which some brother, more learned in these weighty matters, may perhaps be able to enlighten him.

This some "brother" never fails to do, saying that if he is rightly informed—he has, of course, no personal knowledge of the matter (winks all round)—these mystic signs signify kisses in the language of Cupid. Thereupon this mighty, time honored joke is greeted with the usual chorus of guffaws, and the interrupted reading proceeds.

But kisses sometimes make their appearance in law courts in other circumstances, though they never fail to be made the subject of numerous legal witticisms. The judge may have been in a jesting humor—and yet who knows but he may have been laying down, with all due solemnity, some fundamental principle of justice and equity—who once asked the plaintiff, who was suing his former sweetheart for the return of the value of certain articles of jewelry which he had presented to her in the happy days of their courtship, whether he "had ever kissed the young lady?" "Certainly!" was the reply, as was to be expected. Whereupon the judge dismissed the action, declaring that kisses and caresses were full legal payment for presents given in such circumstances. The obvious moral may be laid to heart without much difficulty by present giving young men.

It happened one day that a pretty young widow, traveling by train fom Louisville to Nashville, had taken her seat near a newly married couple. The bridegroom left his wife for a moment, and when he returned the train was passing through a tunnel. He took advantage of the darkness to snatch a kiss from his wife, as he suspected, but unfortunately he had made a mistake and kissed the young widow instead. She was highly indignant, and refusing to believe that it was an accident sued the young husband for $1,000 as solatium to her wounded feelings and ruffled dignity.

There is given as an example of the leniency of New York judges the case of a man who was arrested for kissing another man's wife. The sentence passed upon the culprit was that he should there and then kiss his own wife, who was present in the courtroom, which, as may be supposed, he gladly did.

In British law courts it has been frequently brought home to offenders that it is rather an expensive amusement to kiss a lady against her will, but in Holland it appears that a rather different view prevails in judicial circles. A young man who had assaulted a young lady in this way on the streets of a village near Utrecht was brought before the burgomaster, who took the matter up, demanding that the offender should be fined a florin, or, in default, be imprisoned for a day. But the Utrecht court and finally the appeal court at Amsterdam both dismissed the case, the judge declaring "that to kiss a person cannot be an offense, as it is in the nature of a warm mark of sympathy!" This is pretty much like the Yankee judge who dismissed a similar offender, remarking that the plaintiff was so temptingly pretty that during the trial he had to keep himself down in his chair with both hands, he felt so much inclined to get up and kiss her himself.

A stolen kiss once brought the culprit into possession of a fortune. He was a butcher in Sydney and had taken the liberty of kissing one of his customers, a pretty girl, who resented the affront and had him prosecuted for assault. He was fined heavily by the local magistrates, and the case was commented on freely by the press. The publicity thus given to the affair happened to arrest the notice of a firm of solicitors in Sydney, who had been appointed trustees of some property which had been left to the man by a distant relative 20 years before. They had failed to trace the heir, but when his name appeared in the papers in connection with the case of assault they communicated with him, and he was able to establish his identity.

A certain Senor Talca of Valparaiso, however, had a very different experience and paid heavily for his momentary freak of kissing a lady on the plaza without her permission. She prosecuted him, and the magistrate, as indignant as the lady, sentenced him to 60 days' imprisonment. This severe penalty Senor Talca considered himself justified in appealing against, but the higher court, so far from bestowing any sympathy on the offender, sentenced him to an additional 30 days' imprisonment. The amusing part of the affair is that the higher court took 200 days to consider the appeal, and during the whole of that time the senor had to remain in jail.

Even this, however, is outdone by the series of tribulations undergone by a man who had stolen a kiss from a pretty girl. To begin with, he was brought before a magistrate and fined. Then he was horsewhipped by the girl's brother and harried into brain fever by his wife. The clergyman of the district referred to the affair in a sermon and reviewed the case in print, and, finally, the caterpillars ate up every blade of the malefactor's wheat crop.—Florida Times-Union.

[illegible]

An old cavalryman says that a horse will never step on a man intentionally. It is a standing order in the English cavalry that should a man become dismounted, he must lie down and keep perfectly still. If he does so, the entire troop will pass over him without his being injured. A horse notices where he is going, and is on the lookout for a firm foundation to put his foot on. It is an instinct with him, therefore, to step over a prostrate man. The injuries caused to human beings by a runaway horse are nearly always inflicted by the animal knocking them down, and not by his stepping on them.—Boston Herald.

And Babes Go Hungry.

The dogs at the French watering place Trouville are a source of unfailing amusement. A white terrier belonging to the Comtesse de Breteuil had on white doeskin leggings the other day when it was muddy, and a correspondent counted five different coats on one white pug one day, all embroidered with heraldry.

THE COCOANUT PALM.

Its Manner of Growth and Its Relentless Energy.

Those who have never seen a long, straggling grove of cocoanut trees, by the seashore, with their feet buried in the gleaming sands and their heads held aloft in the azure of a tropical sky, can form but little idea of the picturesqueness of these interesting palms.

Though facetiously described by Mark Twain as "gigantic feather-dusters, struck by lightning," they are, nevertheless, princes of the vegetable world and sometimes attain the height of 120 feet, with stems two feet in diameter. Many of the tallest specimens, however, are blown by the wind to such abrupt angles that their altitude

COCOANUT GROVE BY THE SEA.

is materially diminished. The trunks being formed by the annual falling of the leaves, it is possible to tell the age of the tree by counting the circular scars on the bark. Though also flourishing in the interior localities on coral islands, they are especially vigorous when within reach of the salt spray of the ocean; and the nuts, falling upon the restless waves, are carried to distant shores to vegetate.

The arch enemy of these palms on the shores of most of the cocoanut islands of the Pacific and Indian oceans is what is known as the "robber crab," a singular crustacean which sometimes reaches the length of nearly four feet, though the average measurement is twenty-three inches from the point of the front claw to the end of the abdomen. The grip of their powerful pinchers is said to be sufficient to break the arm of a strong man; and it has been asserted that these fierce creatures occasionally carry off and devour very young, helpless children, though one finds it difficult to credit the statement.

There are practically no bonds to

THE COCOANUT CRAB.

their depredations, as they are carried on mainly in the nighttime and with greatest regularity, while their number are often so great as to discourage any attempts at extermination. If surprised while sleeping, however, in the daytime, in holes or hollow stumps, they are captured without danger, if the formidable claws are deftly seized in a bunch.

Scaling the long, slim tree trunks till they reach the branches, they sever the largest and choicest nuts from their stems by tearing away the strong fibers until the prize falls to the ground. Then, swiftly descending, the thief drags its unwieldy booty to its neighboring den, and proceeds patiently, bit by bit, to remove the tough outer husk. This accomplished after several days' work, one of the pinchers is inserted in an "eye" of the inner shell, and the nut either pounded upon a rock to crack it, or broken up into small pieces with the claws. Now comes the feast, which lasts about a week, when a second cocoanut is added to the menu.

The Organ Grinder Fled.

A well-known professor at one of our universities was often annoyed by two Italians playing a street organ before his house. Giving his servant some money, he told her that whenever she heard an organ, she was to go out and pay the owners to take it away. This was a failure. The men, instead of coming once a week, came twice.

One day the sound of the organ disturbed the professor while working at a certain lecture. This so annoyed him that he rushed out and ordered the men away, telling them that if they came again he would hand them over to the police. They refused to go unless he gave them more money. Enraged at their impertinence, he raced down the street in search of a policeman.

Just as he turned the corner of the street he met a sergeant marching nine constables to their beats. Without speaking, he turned and walked alongside the procession. When they turned the corner, the Italians saw the professor with the policemen. It was enough. They were both seized with the sudden desire to see how quickly they could get the organ out of the street. The cure was lasting, for the professor declares that no one has since been bold enough to play an organ before his house.—Tit-Bits.

Misses Guiney and Brown.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Alice Brown have started together on a walking trip through England. Miss Guiney and Miss Brown have been literary collaborators of late, in the "Three New England Heroines" and now in the Stevenson memorial. Miss Brown is a native of New Hampshire, but she spends her winters in Boston, living in an old street that has numbered among its residents Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott and Whipple, the essayist. Miss Brown was once on The Transcript staff, but now works for The Youth's Companion. Mr. Alden calls her one of the strongest of the younger poets.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Between 1860 and 1870 the abolition of slavery destroyed a nominal wealth of $250,000,000. During the same period the northern states gained enormously in wealth by the establishment of many new industries.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A QUEER FOSTER FATHER.

Fat Old Bob, the Water Spaniel Who Protects a Brood of Chicks.

Enough good dog stories are told every week to fill a volume as big as your family Bible.

Just the same all the world loves a really clever dog. This story is about a dog that is neither clever nor brave nor handsome, and his name is Bob—plain Bob, and nothing else. Bob lives out near Warwick, Mo. He is a water spaniel, and one of the fattest dogs in the west. He is not a heavy eater, but he is so very good natured that he gets fat on nothing but a clear conscience and an even temper.

At Bob's home are many chickens and they all look up to Bob as their foster father. A queer friend for a chicken is a big, fat water spaniel, but the chick-

ens don't care what or who he is, he is just Bob to them. There is a brood of motherless chicks who are seldom away from him if they can help it. When he lies down, they climb upon his back, which is so broad as to resemble the big, flat pad on the back of a circus horse. They crawl upon his head and peck at his ears. He does not shake them off, however, as most dogs would.

When Bob walks around the yard, the little chicks hang on for all they are worth, and when he lies down they all nestle in near his paws. In this position dog and chicks remain motionless for hours at a time. The motherless little brood of chicks are getting to be big fellows now, but they have not yet any idea, it seems, of deserting their queer foster father.

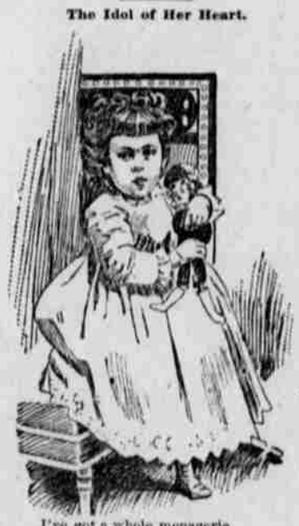
A new brood of younger chicks have come into the yard within a few days, and they, too, are learning to climb up on Bob's woolly back, and to peck at his tongue and nose, all of which seems to tickle the old fellow very much. It is astonishing to see how careful Bob is when his little adopted children are taking an afternoon ride on his back. The fine old dog is as gentle as a lamb at such time, and keeps a watchful eye open for possible accidents.—Kansas City Star.

The Sound of Words.

The Northwestern Magazine gives the following unique composition written by a 12-year-old schoolgirl. Let our young readers see if they cannot make it still more puzzling:

"A right suite little buoy, the son of a kernel, with a rough round his neck, flue up the road as quick as a dear. After a thyme he stopped at the house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired to raze his fare, pail face, and a feint mown of pane rose from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fare her guessed would not weight, but when she saw the little won tiers stood in her eyes at the site. 'Ewe poor dear. Why do you lye hear? Are yew dyeing?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am feint.' She boar him inn her arms, as she ought, to a roam where he might be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent bottle under his knows, untide his choler, rapped him up warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went forth as hail as a young hoarse."

The Idol of Her Heart.



I've got a whole menagerie
And a big, fat lot of toys.
I've got a little rubber dog
That squeaks and makes a noise.
I've got a little wooden horse
And a little wooden cart.
But my dear old busted dolly
Is the idol of my heart.

A Boyish Boy King.

Not long ago, when out with his nurse, the little king of Spain saw some boys of his own size and struggled to get away and go to them.

"Oh, but you must not," said his English nurse.

"Why may I not go and play with them, nurse?"

"Because—because you are a little king," said the nurse.

"Then if you please, nurse, I would rather be a little boy," was the king's reply.—St. Paul's.

Women on Police Forces.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw of Boston, who spoke at the woman's congress in San Francisco recently, favored having women on the police forces of large cities. "There has been one office I have longed for," said she, "and that is the office of policeman. What we want in San Francisco and every other city in the country is good women on the police board. If they were there, there would not be one-thousandth part of the immorality."

A falling barometer while a north wind is blowing indicates snow in winter and rain or hail in summer.

MUSICAL REGISTRATION.

A Machine Making an Exact Record and Serving as Critic.

The savants of the Sorbonne have begun to make use of a little machine which ought to cause musical critics to tremble for the future of their profession. The musician, like the criminal, has a psychology of his own, and M. Binet, the director of the Sorbonne laboratory, evidently means to get to the bottom of it. He proceeds upon the principle that the execution must betray the psychology of the executant, but the human critic's description of a pianist's playing, as impassioned, sensuous or lymphatic, is much too rough and ready for him. Besides no two critics are ever in perfect agreement regarding the subtler details in the interpretation of a piece. M. Binet has therefore adapted a piece of mechanism, invented by M. Lund, which registers visibly and with unerring certainty the manner in which a piece has been played. On a piece of paper we are given a truthful record of the entire performance, the duration of the notes, the rapidity of attack, the variations in touch, legato, staccato, crescendo, diminuendo — in short, everything indicative of the degree of musical execution and expression that has been attained. Even a conservatory examiner could find no fault with the precision of the machine's musical judgment.

The apparatus which is to replace the musical critic is described as being simplicity itself. It is an adaptation of the phonograph. It can easily be applied to any piano. A gutta percha tube is placed beneath the keys, and its extremities are in communication with the registering cylinder. To this is attached an inked stylus, which makes its impressions upon a band of paper drawn along at a regular rate by clockwork. Each key struck inscribes its mark, and it is enough to glance at the register to ascertain with what force, speed, etc., the fingers have done their work. If one hand has been lazy, the tale is told and all the false notes are faithfully set down. When the piece is finished, the performer has at hand an exact record of what he has done and is in a position to compare his rendering with that of other artists or with previous performances of his own. The ear, in fact, is beaten. Its impressions are fugitive and subject to error and are not to be compared with the verdict of the infallible automatic critic. We may now look forward to the day when it will be as indispensable in civilized life as the thermometer. With it in the drawing room, insincere flattery of the budding virtuoso will be impossible, while in the newspapers musical criticisms of public performances will assume both the appearance and unanimity of meteorological charts.—Westminster Gazette.

Sense of Humor.

At breakfast Tennyson was discussed, Mr. Jowett denying that what had been said of Wordsworth, that "within the great man there was a little man," was true also of him, though he had little things in him. The want of humor, original or appreciative, was talked of. Mr. Jowett says Gladstone can make a few jokes of his own, but cannot see other people's. Goulburn, he says, is an instance of a man who has humor of a kind, but fails to see the humor of situations. In preaching once at Rugby chapel, he said, speaking of evil existing everywhere, that "even in the ark there was a Ham;" then, seeing that the boys had caught the joke, he added that of course he meant the patriarch.

Talking of Dr. Arnold, he said that he was too powerful, too strong a man for his position—he stamped upon the boys and crushed them. He was the reverse of sympathetic. If you were in great trouble, he would perhaps help you more than any one else, but if, as some one suggested, you were a little happy, he would have no sympathy to spare. Arnold had said himself that he could never see a group of boys round the fire without seeing the devil among them. Speaking about good talkers, the master said a really good talker must talk from a character. He told a story of a man who, on hearing that he had a mortal complaint, only exclaimed, "I was always lucky. I insured my life last week."—Longman's Magazine.

Froude's Great Labor.

In his sixth and last lecture (delivered in America in 1872) Froude defended himself and answered his critics thus: "My 'History of England' has been composed from perhaps 700,000 documents, nine-tenths of them in different manuscripts and in half a dozen languages. I have been unable to trust printed copies, for the manuscripts often tell stories which the printed versions have concealed. I have been unable to trust copyists. I have read everything myself. I have made my own extracts from papers which I might never see a second time. I had to condense pages into single sentences, to translate, to analyze, and have had afterward to depend entirely on my own transcript. Under such conditions it is impossible for me to answer that no reference has been misplaced and no inverted comma fallen to the wrong words. I have done my best to be exact, and no writer can undertake more."—Current Literature.

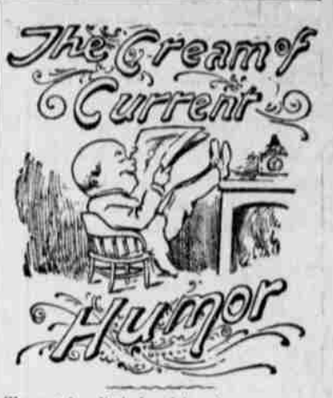
A Trilby Club.

There has recently been inaugurated a Trilby club in Arlington, N. J., the result of a dream of one of the most charming of the young women of that town.

The qualification for membership in this club is a left foot; the credentials, a picture of it. At present the club has a score of members. Each has given the picture of her left foot to the club, and these form the art collection.

By unanimous consent the projector of the club, so lovely was her Trilby, was made president. A fear of publicity keeps this club a secret organization, but to give it an air of dignity one married woman has been made a member. These pictures are all taken by the young ladies and developed by one of their number. Some of the photographs have been seen. One especially is a beauty of perfect outline and has the widely separated toes over which Little Billee raved, and which are small, slender and graceful. Such another Trilby, the girls proudly declare, it would be hard to find, and none there has been to dispute this.—New York Herald.

When the last census was taken, the value of the railroad property of this country was considered to be equal to the cost of construction and equipment, as reported by the railroad companies. No account was taken of the increase of stock.



She put her little hand in mine
Some might have thought her bold—
And yet there was no romance, for
She's hardly two years old.
—Louisville Journal.

Hoax—"Does your dentist take pains with is work?" Joax—"No; he gives them."—Philadelphia Record.

Alice (the friend)—"I don't see how anyone can help loving Blanche." Gertrude (the rival)—"She can't help it herself."—Life.

Fudy—"There goes Grabwell. He's what I call a self-made man." Duddy—"Yes; people who know him intimately say he is all self."—Boston Transcript.

He—"What leads you to call Mrs. Smilax eccentric?" She—"She was telling a story the other night and began it: 'When I was a girl.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Attorney for the defense—"Now, what time was it when you were held up?" Complainant—"I don't know; ask your client—he took my watch."—Chicago Tribune.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To my Christmas shopping, pa," she said.
Pa drew a check and wiped his eye,
And thought of the coming buy and buy.
—New York Herald.

The heiress—"I'm afraid papa will never consent." The impecunious—"Is your father down on me?" The heiress—"No; he says he's up to you."—Boston Courier.

"Her father won over $2,000 from the baron last month at cards." "And then the baron asked him for her hand?" "Yes. He wanted to get his money back."—Life.

She—"She's just about your age, isn't she?" He—"No, I'm much the older." She—"What makes you think so?" He—"We were born in the same month of the same year."—Chicago Record.

Weary Watkins—"My folks always told me I was cut out fer a gentleman." Hungry Higgins—"Mebbe you was, pardner, but ef you was you sure belong in the misfit department."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Snaggs—I was out after tips this afternoon. Mr. Snaggs (who has had expensive experiences with tips)—Not tips on stocks, surely? Mrs. Snaggs—No; ostrich tips.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,
As truly would, I ween, a dozen such;
But just to make the sentiment complete,
A rose by any other name would cost as much.
—Philadelphia Record.

"You walk as if your shoes were too tight, old man." "Oh, no. They're very large." "Oh, that may be." "Well, then, what——" "I wasn't referring to their size. I merely said they were tight."—Chicago Post.

Mr. Dunn—I called to see about a little bill I left here about a month ago. Mr. Short—Oh, it's all right; you needn't be alarmed. I've laid it away where it won't be disturbed. No need for you to call again.—Boston Transcript.

"I believe," said the young man, "in giving the devil his due." "Um—yes," replied his father, who was looking over the stubs of his check-book. "Still, I don't quite see the propriety of your paying him at my expense."—Washington Star.

Jinks—I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vaze, vace, vahz, or vawse. Binks—You might take a hint from our hired girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as "them there."—Truth.

Wayworn Watson—W'y, w'at you runnin' fer? Did she set the dog on ye? Perry Patetic—Naw. But she set me out a whole half chicken, bread, butter'n jelly an' a pack o' cigarettes. I bet she wants to marry me!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cripple—Please help a poor man, sir; I lost my leg on the field. Wigwag—Why, you're too young to have been in the war. Cripple (indignantly)—Who's talking about war? I wish you to understand, sir, that I am an ex-foot-ball player.—Philadelphia Record.

"Come, sirrah," said the Sultan; "make
New promises for me,
And plainly mark them 'fragile,'
And ship them C. O. D."
—Washington Star.

A little Boston girl who had recently learned to repeat the Lord's prayer was asked by her mother if she knew the meaning of "Forgive us our trespasses." "Why, yes," she replied; "it means excuse us for going on the grass."—Boston Gazette.

An Unappreciated Kindness.

Young women who officiously offer older women their seats in the street cars should look before they leap. A well dressed girl saw one of her sex enter a not overcrowded electric car the other day and sprang forward with the request that she should have the place. "No, thanks," replied the other, with the utmost aplomb. "I never take a cripple's seat." "But I'm not a cripple," returned the young woman, much mortified.

"Ah, in that case I will let my little boy occupy it," and the 7-year old youngster was pushed into the vacant place. "That's the last time I shall ever offer any woman, if she's 100, my seat," said the victim as she "moved up" to the other end of the car. "Why, she was just teaching you a lesson not to be so dreadfully considerate to her age," rejoined a girl in the penwiper cape. "It served you right."—Boston Herald.

A Clever Trio.

Miss Magill won the silver challenge cup at the spring meeting of the County Down Ladies' Golf club in Ireland, Miss Tyrrel carried off the captain's prize, and the open competition prize was awarded to Miss McCausland, who was unanimously elected as captain of the club for the present year.