



THE FAMILY HISTORY

CAPTURED A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

There have lately been turned out of the Southern Pacific Railroad shops at one of the big terminals of that road on the Pacific coast, four of the largest consolidated engines in use, designed especially for mountain work, whose plans were drawn by the only expert mechanical engineer in America, if not in the world. How she attained her present position is one of the railroad legends of the road for which she works, but the story has never been in the papers.

Some years ago, about fifteen years ago, some lucky prospectors "looming" claims away up in the inaccessible fastnesses of one of the mountain ranges of the West repaid the heavy expense of "claiming" the territory by the discovery of a "mother lode" of gold. The output of the first prospectors brought out adventurous spirits to the lucky spot and later the claims on the ledge and established the great mills and smelters of the Calumet Mining and Smelting Company.

When the Southern Pacific people learned of the importance of the engine, and after a series of consultations with the syndicate in the course of which a very handsome financial position was made by the miners, a road was surveyed up through canyons to the site of the new ropeway town. The difficulties were almost insurmountable, but at the work was done and a very good and dangerous piece of track laid. Its grades were previous in the extreme; its curves sharp to the last degree, and its road so narrow in some places that if a beam were derailed it was either dashed against the rock wall on one side or sent to the bottom of the gorge on the other, there to lie and rot and rust away. Once over the cliff the cost of building an ore car would almost pay for a new one, and the company made any effort to recover the expense.

At this point on the short road had already been derailed by the trainmen, and this was the sharp curve at the mouth of what was called the second crossing. It had been a prolific source of wrecks and the rocks below the bridge were strewn with the broken timbers and bent and twisted iron of dozens of ore cars that had slipped over the sheer sides of the gorge. This second crossing was at the foot of the heaviest ledge and from there the road wound through the beautiful Silver Creek valley to the "Junction," where it joined the main line of the Southern Pacific.

At the point where the level tracks crossed, barely a stone's throw from the second crossing bridge, the company had built a short siding for the use of the giant consolidated engine that was used to push the long lines of ore cars up the mountain, and across the main track from the siding stood the little cottage where the engineer, the fireman, and his wife, Jessie, lived.

At that time was nearly thirty years old. For the last three years had been her father's housekeeper. All her life had been intimately associated with railroad men and for the three years that her father had been running the big "pusher" she had had no other companion than the old engineer, fireman and a little brother, seven years her junior.

All her spare time she spent with her father about the engine, and had made an enthusiastic study until, at 16, she knew its mechanism about as thoroughly as did her gray-haired father; that it was her boast that she could run the consolidator as good as Dad.

One short time before the incident happened of which I am about to tell you, a wreck had befallen the engine that day. The little housekeeper had been playing him about the valley, and leaving her had given her a pair of wonderful field glasses. They were her most earthly possession, for with them she could see her father's engine as it crept down the mountain for nearly an hour before he would arrive at the siding.

The long stretches of road as it wound around the crags up the canyon for a mile in sight, then disappearing among the rocks only to reappear still further up the mountain, was always an interesting study for her, and for those field glasses the young lady's practical knowledge of railroading and her unpaired nerve, the Southern Pacific would have had one wreck that would have cost many lives.

One August evening Miss Clarke was sitting through the field glasses the rays of the sunlight on the brilliant red rock at the farthest point up the mountain, where the track could be seen from the valley and only a few feet distance from the big mills at the top of the hill. Her father and his man had gone to the junction for supplies and were to return on "mail" now nearly dark. Her father was "playing fireman and engineer" a big bunch of waste was rubbed up the bright work about the big

Now the speed of the train materially decreased, but the big locomotive rolled and rocked like a ship at sea as she safely rounded the dangerous curve and shot out on the high bridge, and then came another shock for the sorely tried girl, for standing in front of the cottage, almost hidden by a dense cloud of black smoke, stood the little passenger train with its load of unsuspecting travelers.

Here again the girl's knowledge of railroad craft came to her, and she knew that no power on earth could stop that heavy train in time to avert a collision; but she could signal to them. A brown hand reached for the whistle cord, and in a second more the hoarse roar of the duplex whistle giving three loud blasts—the railroaders' signal: "Back up."

The signal was just in time, as the passenger train backed out of the way, the big consolidator and its string of ore cars rolled heavily by, the train now under control, but still moving with sufficient force to have done considerable damage.

As the train passed the siding, Clarke and his fireman climbed on the cars and soon stopped them; and as Jessie jumped to the ground she almost alighted on a tall, gray-mustached old gentleman. He was Charles Archer, Vice President and General Manager of the Southern Pacific, and a man who never failed to recognize and reward merit; and it was at his hands Miss Clarke received the education that fitted her for the position she now occupies, and who placed the lady's name on the "merit roll" of the Southern Pacific Railroad, at a salary of \$1,500 per year, more or less, as long as she lives.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

THE DRUM ON SHIPBOARD.

It Plays an Important Part in the Daily Routine of Duty.

"The Last of the Drums" is the title of an article written by Lieutenant Con Marrast Perkins for St. Nicholas. Lieutenant Perkins says:

In the navy as well as in the army the drum is hallowed and glorified by traditions of victory; and from the day Paul Jones ran up the first flag of our country, with its liberty-tree and its motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," down to the present, a man-of-war's drummer, though the smallest mite on board, has always played an important part in the daily routine of our nation's floating bulwarks.

From the rolling of "gun bright-work" in the morning, and the long-drawn, solemn beat to "quarters," to the last incident of the day—"taps," or "extinguish lights"—the drum retains its place here; and the little Marine drummer, with his baby face and red coat, is the last to carry his drum proudly at the head of marching men, and to blend its martial rattle with the blare of the trumpet, which has usurped the place of the fife.

These boys are enlisted at Washington, and are taught in the music-school at Marine headquarters, after which they are drafted to the several Marine

Anecdote AND Incident

Mexicans are not very fond of Spaniards, and jokes are constantly cropping up in Mexico illustrative of the arrogance of the Spanish character. One Spaniard in Mexico runs as follows: A Spaniard arrived at Vera Cruz and stepped ashore just as an earthquake occurred. Putting on a benign smile, he said: "Tremble not, Earth, I am not going to harm thee."

A man had been up for an examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there were any text in the whole Bible he could quote. "And Judas went out and hanged himself." "Is there any other verse you know in the whole Bible?" the examiner asked. "Yes," "Go thou and do likewise." There was a solemn pause, and the proceedings terminated.

A gentleman had left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the sobs and the protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by a lady's garments. To his protestations her lofty reply was: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the director's wives?" "Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife, I should still protest."

David Hartley, member of Parliament for Hull in 1779, was called "the dinner-bell," because his rising had a similar effect in emptying the House. One day, when he had wearied everybody out, he moved that the riot act should be read, as a document to prove serious assertion. Burke, who had been bawling with impatience for hours, burst out, exclaiming: "The riot act, my dear friend! to what purpose? Don't you perceive that the mob has already quietly dispersed?" But the sarcasm was utterly thrown away.

There is a certain passage for the double-basses in one of Beethoven's scores which was at one time believed to be almost impossible of execution. Habeneck once conducted a performance of this work in Paris, and gave the passage in question to the "cellos. Berlioz, who was a devout worshipper of Beethoven, met Habeneck soon after, and asked him when he meant to give the passage as Beethoven intended it to be given. "Never as long as I live," said Habeneck. "Well, we'll wait," replied Berlioz; "don't let it be long."

"When I was out West," says a business man quoted in Hardware, "a young man registered at the hotel and proceeded to make things lively. The next night he played poker with the landlord and cleaned him out; the next night he came home drunk and whipped the cabman; the third night he went up and down the halls singing at the top of his voice and dinged the chambermaids to come out and embrace him. In the morning they asked for the key of his room and gave him his bill. He looked it over, and then said, with surprised pathos, 'Don't you make any account to ministers?'"

In the Court of Sessions, in Scotland, the judges who do not attend, or give a proper excuse for their absence, etc., by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced; but it is common, on the first day of the session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the lord president. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, the president mentioning it, the late Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield said, in his broad dialect: "What excuse can a stout fellow like him have?" My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Xantippe, replied: "Has he? That is a grude excuse indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

In the daily dry-as-dust of the Fair will case, there is little of humor, despite the desperate exertions of the penny-liners to make it seem so. But over the desert ways of witnesses and testimony there flashed, the other day, some legal lightning which was not unamusing. Attorney Wheeler was objecting. Attorney Wheeler generally is. "The whole case is unnecessary," said Mitchell; "I move to strike out that mis-entendre." "What is that?" said Attorney Delmas, with an air of extreme civility. "French," replied Attorney Mitchell; "I thought you were familiar with the language." "I am," replied Attorney Delmas; "it was the pronunciation I was not familiar with."

Brahms was a hearty eater, and particularly fond of Italian cookery. One day he and Dr. Billroth, the eminent Austrian surgeon, visited Herr Wichmann in Rome and were invited to a breakfast alla romana. The host's cook, Mora, did her prettiest, and the wine complimented her efforts. "That's the wine that Horace drank!" said Dr. Billroth, enthusiastically. Brahms's thoughts were on the vintners he had just enjoyed. In jovial humor he raised the question whether it was not his duty to take back with him to Germany a wife who could provide so admirable a meal as Mora. Finally Wichmann, with mock seriousness, presented himself to Mora as a suitor for her hand in behalf of a great German artist. "Moreover, he is a musician," he explained, "and you surely are fond of music, for you sing about the house all day. What say you?" Mora's answer was classic. She looked at Wichmann, then at Brahms from top to toe, and, with an energetic gesture, replied: "Sono romana, nata al Ponte Rotto, dove sta il tempio di Vesta, non sposero mai un barbaro." ("I am a Roman, born near the Ponte Rotto, where the Temple of Vesta stands—I never will marry a barbarian.")

Jules Verne. If, meeting him without knowledge who he was, I had been asked to divine his profession, I would have said he was a retired army general or a professor of physics and mathematics or a cabinet officer—never an artist, says a writer in the Chantiquan, in speaking of Jules Verne. He does not show the burden of his almost 80 years. He has somewhat of Verdi's build, with a serious, kindly face, no artist-like vivacity in look or word, very simple manners, the imprint of great sincerity in every fleeting manifestation of feeling and thought, the language, the bearing,

the manner of dress of a man who considers appearances of absolutely no account. My first sensation after the pleasure of seeing him was one of stupefaction. Apart from the friendly look and the affable demeanor I could recognize nothing in common with the Verne who stood before me and the one that had a place in my imagination. My wonder even increased when, induced to speak about his works, he spoke of them with an abstracted air, as he would have done of some else's writings, or, rather, of things in which entered no merit of his, as he would have spoken of a collection of engravings or coins he had acquired and with which he occupied himself from the necessity of doing something rather than from any passion for the art.

The Old Gardener. "Do you remember," asked the owner of a large country place, "a man in one of Stockton's stories whose great ambition was to own a dictionary? Well, I have just that fellow in my employ now. My gardener might have furnished the original, in that respect at least, for the character the writer was describing. I always noticed Michael's passion for long words, but it was by accident that he revealed to me one day how much he would like to have a dictionary of his own in which he might hunt up his beloved polysyllables. I gave him one, and after that his conversation was more resplendent than ever. He was not always quite sure of his ground, but he invariably succeeded in producing an impressive result. On one occasion, I remember, my next neighbor had quietly appropriated several bushels of my early-bought apples, which grew unfortunately near to the boundary line between the two places. It was not a matter worth making much fuss about, yet I should have liked to stop it, and in talking it over with Michael I said, half to him and half to myself, 'I wonder what would be the best thing to do?'"

"Well, sir," said he, "this is what I think: You'll just do nothing whatever at present. You'll wait till them late russet apples of his are ripe and then you'll gather a heap 'o' them some night and retaliate the compliment."

"Michael always had a grudge against this particular neighbor anyway, and held his gardening ideas in especial contempt. So one day, when I chanced to be the first to discover that Mr. — had cut down one of his most beautiful hedges to make room for something else, I hastened to tell Michael and got his opinion upon the desecration. He had a deep, genuine affection for all growing things, and his eyes glowed wrathfully when he heard of the murdered laurel bushes, even though they grew outside of his domain."

"What do you think of the performance?" I asked.

"Mr. —," replied the old fellow, speaking slowly and emphasizing every word, "the man that would do that ought to be excommunicated from the church and denied Christian burial! Coming from a good Catholic like Michael, I think this will stand as a pretty severe sentence."—New York Tribune.

New Surgical Treatment. A hospital has been opened in London for the treatment of wounds, ulcers and kindred ailments by oxygen gas. The new method of treatment was suggested by the Zulus. When they are wounded, they climb an eminence and expose their wounds to the pure air of the mountain-tops. After the Russo-Turkish war, it was noticed also that the invalids sat with their wounded limbs bare on the deck. Scientifically considered, and with the addition of oxygen—one part of oxygen to one part of purified air—that is the principle now adopted at the Oxygen home. Boxes are filled with the mixture at the gasometer and attached to the chambers, which infuse the wounds. When a London Mall representative visited the hospital, a merry little lad, afflicted with discharges from the ears, was running about with a tube in each ear, attached to a gas-bag, hung like a school-satchel across his neck. A man with a diseased eye, wore an appliance little larger than the ordinary shade. Patients lay in bed with diseased limbs inclosed in glass cases, fed automatically with the mixed gas. Comparisons with the photographs of the original wounds showed that remarkable improvements had been effected in a very short time.

Simplicity of the Boer. They are telling this anecdote in London to show the simplicity of the Boer: A Boer farmer asked £70,000 for a piece of land, but this amount the would-be purchaser affected to consider too small.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will pay you £100,000 in hard cash."

The Boer assented, and on the following day, when the deed of sale had been duly signed and witnessed, the purchaser produced two bags of sovereigns, and counted out the contents of the smaller of the two.

"Here," said he, "is the £100."

"Yes," said the Boer.

"And here," pursued the other, counting out the contents of the second bag, "is £1,000."

"Yes," said the Boer.

"Well, that's a £100,000."

"Yes," said the Boer, and the bargain was completed.

Beat the Gate. "Where are your tickets, gentlemen?" asked the doorkeeper of a theater to a line of men who had confronted him in "Indian file."

"It's all right," shouted the man at the tail end of the line. "I've got the tickets. They're six of us with me. Count 'em as you go in."

"In you go, gents," said the doorkeeper, and he balled off five, who immediately mixed with the crowd within. Then Cerberus turned to look for the holder of the tickets, but he had disappeared, and five men saw the performance, safe from identification, in the tremendous throng of people.—Tribune.

A Discard. "It was careless," mused the advertising manager, in a melancholy tone. "To what do you refer?"

"The manner in which they put that prima donna's opinion of our cure for a cold on the same page with an announcement that has a sore throat and cannot sing."—Exchange.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Convention. "Convention sets meets and bounds for your ambition." The words kept sounding in her ears, even now that she was alone, as if her startled misgivings had found voice to take them up and repeat them over and over.

She thought of the hops and dinners that filled her life.

"Meats and bounds is good," she remarked, and laughed quietly.—Detroit Journal.



Not His Fault. "I'm de victim of misphaced confidence. Mrs. Appleblossom—How so?"

"Tramp—I were a clerk in er bank 'n dey lef' \$10,000 in me charge. My term jes' expired.—Detroit Free Press.

Represent No One. "May I ask," said the visitor to the Senate gallery, "who these gentlemen represent?"

"Nobody," replied the guide. "This is the United States Senate."—Philadelphia North American.

It Was Settled. "When me and Jane was marrit," said the old man, "the first thing I says when we got to the house wuz: 'I guess the first thing fer us to do is fer us to settle who is goin' to be boss.'"

"And did you settle it?" asked the youth.

"We didn't."

"You didn't?"

"No. She done all the settlin' uv it herself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Matter of Weight. "But Helen certainly was a great girl," persisted Hector. Agamemnon sneered.

"By Troy weight, possibly," he retorted, not without a suggestion of acrimony.—Answers.

Why Johnny Lost His Job. "It's your wife at the telephone," said the office boy.

"Tell her I'm out for the afternoon."

"He says to tell you he's out for the afternoon, mum."—Detroit Free Press.

An Irish Bull. The servant girl in writing a letter unfortunately blotted it. To save the trouble of copying it she added a postscript: "You will find several blots in this letter but that is not my fault; they were made in the postoffice."—Boston Traveler.

Hoped It Would Last. "Above all," said the throat specialist, "the lady must talk as little as possible."

"Doctor," eagerly asked Mrs. Gray-mall's husband, "is there any hope of it becoming chronic?"—Tit-Bits.

Abreast. "This bosom," she coldly remarked, "has never known love."

"A breast of the times," he faltered, and shuddered.—Detroit Journal.

The Cheerful Idiot. "I wonder," said the philologist boarder, "why a fight is called a scrap?"

"Because it is a broken peace," the Cheerful Idiot explained, with his usual promptitude.—Indianapolis Journal.

Wanted to Change It. De Bangs—I bought a shirt at this store. Can I change it at this counter? Saleslady (somewhat embarrassed)—Well, er, don't you think you had better go where you can have more privacy?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Knows It All. Visitor—Come now, Frank, I'm really interested in the electrical business, and I want you to tell me all there is to know about it.

Proprietor—All right, Mr. Granger, say that boy here who began work day before yesterday.—Boston Transcript.

Her Cruel Way. He (earnestly)—I trust you understand me, Miss Eleanor; I don't see how I can make myself any plainer.

She (hastily)—Oh, Mr. Bumps, please don't try to.—New York Tribune.

Love's Sacrifices. "How do I know that you really love me?" she asked. "What assurance have I that you would be willing to make sacrifices and endure hardships for my sake?"

He looked at her in reproachful astonishment and exclaimed: "What more can you ask? Haven't I for six months refrained from laying violent hands on your little brother?"—Washington Star.

Satisfactory Explanation. "They say that Batch hasn't a dollar in his name."

"That must be the reason he has never been able to get any woman to accept it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Followed Instructions. Mudge—This watch has been stopped for two or three days. Jeweler—Lemme see it. There is nothing the matter with it except that it has not been wound.

"I thought maybe that was it. I remember you told me to wind it up just before I went to bed and I haven't been to bed for three nights."—Indianapolis Journal.

Valuer. Mrs. Porkcash (affably, having spent the whole afternoon looking at pictures, without buying one)—My dear, Mr. Canvas, I wonder, now, if there is anything vamer than you artists about your pictures?

Four Artist—Our efforts to sell them, madame.—Brooklyn Life.

Sublime. Jennie—How did you enjoy yourself crossing the ocean?

Clara—Immensely. Of course there was nothing to see but sky and water, but the landscape was sublime.—Judge.

And Hence She Didn't. He—If I should kiss you would you scrown?

She—Indeed I would, if it were not for startling poor mamma.—Detroit Free Press.

Settled It. She declared herself one of those bashful, timid girls who can never sit still or decide what to do with her hands.

He answered by putting an embracing arm about her waist and taking both of her little hands in his.—Detroit Free Press.

The Mysterious Glare. "People who see airships are not so numerous as they were a short time ago."

"Yes," replied the victim of chronic skepticism, "but just you wait till the lightning bug season comes in."—Washington Star.

Exactly. "They tell me that you have a new science abroad," said an old friend to the theatrical manager.

"Yes, the company's walking back from Hobsville now."—Detroit Free Press.

Need of Caution. Mrs. McInty—An' phat did th' doctor say wos th' matter wid y'r eye, Patsy?

Small Son—He say-ed thur was some foreign substance in it.

Mrs. McInty (with an "I-told-you-so" air)—Now, maybe ye'll kape away from thim Oytallans.—New York Weekly.



Rides a Tandem. "Baron, do you ride a bicycle?"

"Yes, but on account of my servant, only a tandem."—Flegende Blaetter.

Turned up Yet? "Anything turned up yet?" asked the friend.

"Nothing but the noses of everybody I tackle," said the man who was looking for a place.—Exchange.

Mean Thing. "A dinner such as we have had today," said the elderly boarder, "makes me feel like a young man."

"Indeed," was all Mrs. Hashcroft deigned to reply.

"Indeed. When I think of that lamb we had for dinner I feel that if that was lamb I must still be a boy."—Washington Star.

A Rothered Litterateur. "What is the matter?" inquired the officer.

"The enemy has stolen a march on me!" replied the general, in great agitation.

"Are you sure?"

"Almost. Either that or else I have mislaid the manuscript."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Best Wheel for Him. Barrow—"That's a dandy wheel you have there, old man. I'll take a little spin on it some day. By the way, what kind of a wheel do you think I ought to ride?"

Marrow—One of your own.—Brooklyn Life.

He Was Engaged. Owner of the Show—What did you say your specialty was?

Applicant for Job—I am a crack and fancy shot with pistols.

"Does your act take well?"

"Does it? I have made a hit every place I've exhibited."—Cincinnati Tribune.

No Earthly Use for 'Em. "I don't see why so many cranks are trying to invent a flying machine. There's no earthly use for them."

"No; that's true; they are meant to navigate the air."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

His Choice. It is said that Charles Wesley was sometimes easily annoyed, and on one occasion, at a conference, he became so irritated at the prolix remarks of a speaker that he said to his brother: "Stop that man's speaking. Let us attend to business."

But the offender was relating his religious experience, and though it was at so great a length, John Wesley evidently thought that no one had a right to interfere with it. He was therefore allowed to continue, but the moment came when Charles could contain himself no longer.

"Unless he stops," he whispered to John, "I'll leave the conference."

By this time John was enjoying the man's simple story, and he only turned and whispered to some one sitting near:

"Reach Charles his hat!"

Railway Accidents in Europe. The railroad companies of Great Britain carried 800,000,000 passengers in 1885, of whom 380 were killed. During the same year, in the city of London alone, 580 persons were killed by falling from buildings or out of windows.



SHE COULD SEE HER FATHER'S ENGINE.

pressure. Keeping a close watch on the track ahead, the intrepid girl left the throttle and, opening the fire-box door, replenished the fire. Just as the last scoopful of coal was thrown in, and the door closed the runaway shot around the curve into view, and starting the engine back, the girl watched closely for a chance to catch the now rapidly moving train.

Down the heavy grade went engine and cars, the distance between them rapidly growing shorter. On a little piece of straight track, a little over a mile from the dangerous bridge, Jessie decided to take the last desperate chance, and as the engine reached the desired point, only a few feet ahead of the flying ore cars, the girl gave the engine a light touch of the airbrake and then, with mighty impact, the heavy train struck the engine, then the airbrake lever was sent to the "emergency notch," but so great was the speed of the train that even that did but little to slacken the speed and that awful curve at the bridge was almost in sight.

Jessie almost lost her nerve as she thought of that deadly place. She knew the big engine would never round it at its present rate of speed.

Suddenly the escape valve of the engine opened with a mighty roar, telling her the powerful machine was straining and quivering under the pressure of nearly 200 pounds of steam, and then a favorite axiom of her father's came to mind: "If air won't hold 'em, give 'em steam."

One supreme effort of the strong young arms and the reverse lever of the black giant was thrown over, the sand pipes were opened and with steady hand Jessie opened the throttle, throwing a mighty force against the heavy train.

stations at navy-yards, or distributed to vessels in commission all over the world.

They are enlisted at from 14 to 10 years of age, and are bound over to serve in the Marine Corps until 21, when they are honorably discharged.

While serving on men-of-war, they swing in hammocks and mess with the Marine Guard, and in all respects are treated as if they are men; in action they serve at the great guns as powder-boys—"powder-monkeys" as they are sometimes called. The duty of a powder-boy is to pass charges from the magazine to the battery.

Drummers are distinguished from the private soldiers of the Marine Guard in full-dress uniform by a scarlet tunic with white facings and shoulder knots—the only dress in our service like the traditional red coat of "Tommy Atkins." As a joke upon this distinctive uniform, it is called "Tommy's uniform." It is related that when the British were seen approaching Bladensburg, during the war of 1812, a wag in the American ranks shouted, "Great Scott! boys, here come the music. I guess I won't wait for the army!"

Everything Else. Bacon—I hear your friend has been very unfortunate.

Egbert—Yes; he failed in business.

"What was the cause?"

"Expensive wife."

"And did he lose everything?"

"Everything but the wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

It doesn't amount to much if a divorced man has a living wife, but it is a mighty important if a divorced woman has a living husband.