

# THE DRAGON

By A. E. HALLER

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ELIJAH P. JOPP was an American from "way down" somewhere, but exactly where doesn't matter. He was in the show line and had got hold of a real paying freak. This was nothing less than a dragon—not a crocodile or an alligator faked up with green paint and gilding, but a genuine medieval, fire-breathing, princess-slaying dragon, with a voice that could be heard ten miles off when it wasn't muzzled and an appetite like a smelting furnace.

Elijah P. Jopp had found a curious looking egg one morning when he was prospecting for gold in an unknown part of the country. He would have been better pleased if he had found a nugget; but, if he had only known it, that egg was going to prove worth fifty nuggets to him. When he returned home four months later in a very bad temper, owing to his not having found the gold mine for which he had been looking, he put the egg in an incubator.

For all he knew, the egg might have been lying where he found it for months before he picked it up. As a matter of fact, it had been lying there for more than a thousand years. The chances were against the incubator making anything of the job of hatching; but, what with Elijah knowing nothing about incubators and the incubator knowing nothing about dragons' eggs, the experiment was successful, and in due time the egg was hatched.

Its first meal was off its fellow lodgers in the incubator. It then burned its way through the inflammable part of its foster mother and was free. Elijah was at first inclined to administer capital punishment for these offenses and would have done so if he had known how to set to work. He did make an attempt with a hatchet, but the infant dragon blew its nose, and Elijah retired with his trousers singed and his legs scorched.

He judged it wiser not to come to close quarters after that, but retired into the house and brought his revolver. The first bullet flattened itself on the dragon's steady hide; the second glanced off and found a billet in the eye of Elijah's cow. He then decided to forgive the dragon, which bore no offense and indeed liked its owner none the worse, imagining that Elijah's attempts on its life with hatchet and revolver were intended simply as an amusement for its unoccupied hours.

Soon it became tame and followed him about like a dog. He did not let it out of his hand, for it would probably have made a meal of it had he been in more senses than one, and, besides, it always cooked its food by breathing on it before satisfying its appetite, which caused Elijah to become proficient in throwing, as he found it advisable to make a habit of feeding his pet at a range of about fifty yards. It was fortunate that the dragon attached itself to Elijah, or trouble might have ensued. It had a soft and engaging disposition, and after a time he could do anything with it and even punished it by means of a crowbar when the infant mortality of the village began to attract the attention of the insurance offices. This was in the dragon's early days. By the time Elijah had got it sufficiently under control to join a traveling circus at a large salary it had settled down into quite a respectable member of society and was content to accept whatever sustenance was offered it instead of helping itself.

Elijah toured with the circus in his native country for some time and made a nice little sum of money. Finally the

concern was broken up by the disappearance of the proprietor. There was nothing to account for it. Business had been good and domestic relations all that could be desired. The theory of *subtle* was scouted on all sides. Besides, where was the body? Elijah's dragon showed its grief at the untimely occurrence by refusing all food and going to sleep for two days. Then the proprietor's watch and chain were found in a corner of its cage, and spiteful things were said and regrettable accusations made against it. Elijah, on behalf of the dragon, was very much hurt and told the widow that unless she withdrew her insinuations he should go away and start a little circus of his own. The widow refused to withdraw, so Elijah did and made more money as his own manager than he had ever made in his life before.

About five years after the dragon was hatched Elijah P. Jopp found himself making an extended tour of the continent of Europe and drawing crowded houses everywhere. The dragon was Elijah's best friend now and had been trained to do a lot of showy tricks. Elijah would fill his pipe, and the dragon would light it for him. Elijah would then take a piece of iron, hold it in the dragon's breath until it became red-hot and hammer it into a

horseshoe, using the dragon's back as an anvil. A live sheep was brought on the stage. There was a strong smell, such as fills small houses at dinner time, and the sheep had disappeared. The dragon would finish up the entertainment by roaring (by kind permission of the mayor and corporation), and the local aurist would retire to a villa in the country in less than a twelvemonth.

Elijah and the dragon were very happy together and were simply coming along when one fine morning, after a successful performance in a little town in the Black Forest, Elijah woke up to find that the dragon had disappeared. He ran around the little town wringing his hands, and the crier did the same with a bell, but nobody had seen or heard anything of the dragon. One of the burgomasters had missed his wife, but that was all. He behaved in a very gentlemanly manner about it and made no fuss, but even if he had claimed damages there was nothing to connect the dragon with the mishap. No tidings came from the country around. The dragon had simply vanished.

Elijah was a very unhappy man. It was not so much the loss of his income that troubled him, for by the help of the dragon he had already made his pile. It was the loss of his friend, his constant companion, his inside companion, so to speak, and all that made life worth living to him. With the indomitable will of his countrymen, he set out on a search for his dragon, but he went with a heavy heart, for sharper than its own teeth was the pang that its desertion had caused him.

The dragon in the meantime, traveling by easy stages and picking up a fair living by the way, had arrived at the kingdom of Dummelutia and set up a house in a convenient swamp a few miles from the royal city of Putzenheim. Its presence in the neighborhood soon began to be felt, and the land in the vicinity of the swamp depreciated rapidly in the real estate quotations. The dragon, freed from its civilizing intercourse with Elijah, reverted to the habits of its ancestors and continued to surprise the population of the kingdom of Dummelutia with surprising celerity. It had entirely lost the popularity which it had gained under the wise control of its master and was now looked upon as something little better than an embarrassment. As a freak in a museum it had been a decided success; as a fatal disposition and a cemetery rolled into one, it was a failure.

When it had been settled near Putzenheim for a week the inhabitants of the city were publicly warned against going near the swamp. When it had been there a fortnight they were encouraged to do so, for the dragon, becoming lonely through the lack of society, made an expedition and saved one or two worthy citizens the expense of a funeral. After a month's experience of its healthy appetite matters became serious, and the standing army of Dummelutia was sent out to engage the monster. It marched away from Putzenheim one summer's morning, banners flying and trumpets braying, and by dint of forced marches arrived at the swamp about tea time. The dragon was delighted. It had been left so much to itself that it was quite down to the mouth. By nightfall half the brave and gallant army of Dummelutia were similarly situated and the other six had returned to Putzenheim to resign their commissions. Then the king took council of his advisers and issued the following proclamation:

Wanted—A St. George to slay the dragon. Reward, usual-daughter's hand and half kingdom.  
FERDINAND R.  
The neighboring kingdoms were thrown into great excitement by this proclamation, which was spread far and wide. Princes by the score came thronging into the royal city of Putzenheim and were entertained night after night with costly banquets by the king. But by the end of the month the palace had settled down again to its usual state of weak tea and board wages. Some of the princes had seen the dragon; others had seen the princess. In either case the result was the same. Not one of them had got any further than a nodding acquaintance with the redoubtable beast. All of them had lost interest in his habits after that and had either run away or tried to. The princess had failed.

Then came the turn of the cranks. They didn't want royal banquets and were not so expensive to entertain in other ways. One said he was a magician and could exorcise the dragon. No one knew quite what he meant, but it was generally agreed afterward that the dragon had done most of the exorcising. Another said he could charm it out of the kingdom by his flute playing. He might have succeeded with the dragon, but as he insisted on practicing beforehand the inhabitants saved him the trouble of trying and deprived the brute of a meal at the same time.

The enterprising vendor of a patent rat poison then tried his hand. He watched his claim to the princess, having a wife on hand already, but said he could make use of the other part of the reward. He was willing to supply the goods required gratis as an advertisement. He sent one of his travelers to start operations with a hundred tins. The traveler saturated a sheep and left it near the dragon's home in the swamp. The dragon had been a trifle indisposed for a few days, but managed to make way with the sheep. The poison seemed to revive it, much to the chagrin of the traveler, and it became more of a nuisance than before. The traveler wired to headquarters for a thousand tins and dressed an ox with the condiment. The dragon swallowed the spiced beef with avidity and found out who was responsible for the treat, the traveler having waited to see the effect of the dose. An advertisement was put in the papers by the firm for a pushing agent to take the traveler's place, and the cost of the eleven hundred tins was written off the books. The cranks had failed.

Another meeting of the council was called. "We can't go on like this," said the lord chamberlain. "Half the army is gone, and the factories are being closed. Your majesty must act, and act promptly."  
"We have acted," said the king, "and nothing has come of it. We have offered a very large reward—our daughter and half of our kingdom. We have

done all we can." The king always spoke of himself in the plural. He considered that he owed it to his position. "There is one thing that is always done in these cases and that has not been done," said the lord chamberlain. "What is it?" asked the king.

"The princess must be sacrificed." The king grew thoughtful. "Do you really think so?" he asked.

"It is the only course left to us." "It doesn't seem a bad idea," said the king. "But we are not quite sure how her royal highness might take it." "Your majesty can command."

"Yes; there is that. We can command—of course. We say, Sploshstein, just come here a minute. You'll break it to her, won't you?"

"Well, your majesty, it would come better from you, I think."

"Oh, Sploshstein, just think of a father's feelings!"

"If the worst came to the worst, we could mobilize the army to take her along, couldn't we?"

"Do you think there is enough of it left?"

"What—six brawny men, the gallant army of Dummelutia, not enough to take one?"

"I mean one simple maiden a couple of miles?"

"Well, we should think it might do perhaps. You arrange it all, Sploshstein, just as you think best. We must be off now. We're just to go round the corner to see a man about a dog. Good-by."

The lord chamberlain pulled himself together and went to see the princess. She tumbled to the idea directly, and with white robes and three flowers and the weeping maidens and being allowed to choose what she liked for breakfast. She was a sentimental woman and had little doubt that a St. George would turn up in the nick of time to save her from the dragon and marry her afterward. They had no trouble with her at all. The king objected at first to having to fall on her neck before leaving her to the dragon, but he wanted the whole thing over as quickly as possible—but it was pointed out to him that if he didn't do his part he would spoil the whole performance, so he consented.

The ceremony went off very well. The stage manager of the Royal Opera House arranged the details and was congratulated on his success by the whole of the press. They got together a dozen virgins to stand by in the way, and the station master's little daughter offered the princess a magnificent bouquet of choice hot-house blooms. There was a band, but the less said about that the better. The princess enjoyed herself thoroughly. She was more popular than she had ever been in her life. The whole population of Putzenheim turned out to see the end of her, but the concourse thinned off a bit as they neared the swamp. However, nothing was seen of the dragon.

The proceedings were a little hurried when they reached the margin of the swamp, but the princess was duly chained to a tree—she would have preferred a rock if there had been one—and then the king tucked in his robes and scuttled back to his royal city as fast as his legs could carry him, followed by the lord chamberlain and the rest of the cast.

The king reached the palace first and went in by the back door, as his feet were rather muddy. As he passed through the kitchen the servant told him that a man was waiting to see him in the passage by the umbrella stand.

"What is his name?" asked the king.

The servant wiped her hand on her apron and produced a card. On it was printed "St. George."

"He has come," said the king. "We knew he would. Show him into the best parlor and light the stove."

The king went upstairs to change his boots and then went down into the parlor to receive his honored guest.

"St. George, we believe," he said politely as he entered the room.

"That's right," said the stranger. He was a tall, thin man, with a goatee beard. He was dressed in a suit of broadcloth and had deposited a stove-pipe hat on the table beside him.

"You have called, we believe, about that little matter of the dragon?"

"I guess you've about figured it out correct."

"You are prepared to rid our kingdom of this pestilent monster?"

"I am prepared to do it right now, terms being satisfactory."

"Do we understand that you insist on the reward?"

"You bet!"

"I thought perhaps, being in that line of business—"

"Won't do, Ferd. Where's the gal?"

"Well, unfortunately, we have just led her out to die, but—"

"You have, have you? That's mighty awkward for her. What's the poor girl been doing?"

"She hasn't been doing anything. She's a sacrifice for the dragon. We thought perhaps if we gave her up it might be satisfied and go home."

"Well, I guess it won't be the dragon that's gone home. We shall see what's happened when I get there."

"We should like to know when you intend to get there."

"Depends. Got a map of her face?"

"We have a photograph taken by a traveling artist a month ago."

"Bring it right here."

The king left the room to comply with the king's request and returned with the best that the itinerant photographer had been able to do for the princess.

"The saint took it. A spasm of pain passed across his face."

"So that's the princess, is it? Well, I guess old fire bellows can wait until tomorrow. Now, what about the kingdom? Got the books handy?"

"The accountant general has them," said the king. "He will be happy to show them to you, we have no doubt. You will find them all right, we think."

"I guess I'll just stop round and see the gentleman," said St. George. "There's no hurry. If everything is satisfactory I'll sail in and settle old blowhard tomorrow and take over half the concern then."

The king had no objection. He directed the saint to the accountant general's house. "Sauerstrasse," he said—"the third house. It is called Braeside."

The saint put on his hat, and the king let him out by the front door.

"Well," he said when he had scrutinized the royal *statem* of double entry. "I guess there's money in it. It ain't been worked proper. That's going to begin tomorrow. What the firm wants is push, and in the man to make things hum."

The next morning he unpacked a suit of armor and put it on. The livery stable supplied him with a charger at half a crown the first hour and 2 shillings an hour after that. The populace turned out to see him off, but he declined all offers of company and rode toward the swamp alone.

"I guess I'll give the old beast something for clearing out like that," he said to himself as he rode along. "But he'll be pleased to see his old master again. Kill him? Not quite. But I'll see that he doesn't break out again."

As he neared the swamp he caught sight of one solitary blasted tree. It was the one to which the princess had been tied. Of her there was no sign, but at the foot of the tree was stretched the glittering form of the dragon.

Elijah P. Jopp, for St. George was no other than the intrepid American, approached with a beating heart, calling out the many endearing names he had given his pet during the time of their companionship. The dragon slowly moved its scaly tail, but did not bow toward him, as he had expected. Elijah's heart sank, and putting spurs to his horse, he galloped up and dismounted at the foot of the tree. The dragon turned a fast glazing eye upon him and would have lashed his hand if it had not been trained never to do so. It was plain that it would not live many minutes. Elijah threw himself on the ground in a passion of grief and took his heavy head in his lap.

Over that last harrowing scene a veil must be drawn. In a quarter of an hour Elijah rose again and, wiping away his tears, mounted his horse and rode slowly back to Putzenheim, leaving the dragon dead on the grass.

## A HISTORICAL DUEL.

THIRTEEN SWORDS MEN SLAIN BY ONE MAN BEFORE AN ARMY.

A Scene More Exciting Than Any Battle in the Annals of Modern History—Ten Thousand Witnesses to the Terrible Work of One Sword.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly and but keeps cool and collected in danger we will relate a historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, one of the great masters of the beginning of last century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the Thirty-second regiment of French Infantry. The First regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental esprit de corps and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments, in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow and to re-establish discipline. They decreed that the master-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the center a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never by a bull fight, excited to witness a phase of the contest. It is before 10,000 men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong. His black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd. He is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command. His name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principals. A deathlike silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Jean Louis lunges repeatedly at Giacomo, but in vain. His every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance and crosses and caresses his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis, a Florentine trick, often successful. But with extraordinary rapidity Jean Louis has parried and respites quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo; "a mere scratch." And they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls forward on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade; then, with the point of his sword on the ground, he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the First regiment has just been carried away a corpse, but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary starts before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a riposte and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body lies before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. He is tall and strong. He is not tired, "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely held Jean Louis' play and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks; then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need we to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited yells and roars of an army.

At the request of the Thirty-second regiment's colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis after much pressing consented to stop the combat, and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the ministry of war—Lippincott's.

The Charge Sustained.  
"You charge this man with being insane," said the court. "On what do you base the charge?"

"Well, your honor," said the witness, vainly trying to choke down his emotion, "this man is a pumper. My pipes were out of fix. I sent for him. He fixed 'em in fifteen minutes. When I asked for his bill he said that was all right, because it didn't take him long, and he had another job in my neighborhood anyhow."

"A hopeless case!" exclaimed his honor as he signed the commitment.—Baltimore News.

Canals in England.  
Canals in England date back to an early period, for the Romans built two in Lincolnshire—the Foss dike, forty miles long and still navigable, and the Cner dike. The first British made canal was constructed in 1134 by Henry I. and joined the Trent to the Witham. It was toward the end of the eighteenth century that the greatest amount of energy was expended in the building of canals, mainly due to the Duke of Bridgewater and the skill of his engineer, James Brindley. In the last decade of that century a canal mania

## WOMAN AND FASHION.

A Stylish Coat.

The plain and stylish coat here illustrated is on the military order and is made of cadet gray cloth and trimmed with brass buttons, giving a very effective and smart garment. This coat



ON THE MILITARY ORDER.

is almost tight fitting and shows a marked straight front effect. The epaulet over the shoulder passes into the cape, both being decorated with brass buttons. This cape is decorated with several rows of stitching, and down each side of the straight fronts are several broad tucks. The sleeves are plain and small and are finished with elaborate stitched cuffs.

Variety in Fashions.  
Individual taste has free rein this year in every department of fashion. A woman may wear velvet, cloth or zibeline for her gowns; may wear linen, silk, wool or cotton vesting for her shirt waist; she may wear russet or black shoes and choose velvet, lace, silk or felt hat, all to suit her fancy. And in coats the same thing holds true with but few exceptions.

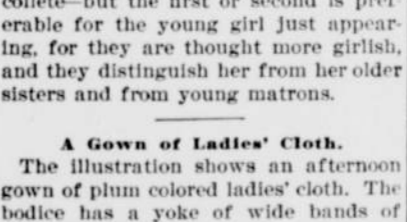
The black silk coat, once omnipresent, has suffered an almost complete extinction. Even covert coats are out, except for morning wear and shopping. The materials now in favor are velvet, heavy smooth cloth, zibeline and fancy cloakings.

Fur coats are always good style, and more of them will be worn this year than ever, for the reason that the many fantastic conformations allowed will permit many women to have their half worn fur garments made over at small expense with low priced furs.

Gowning a Debutante.  
The simplest gown for the young girl just appearing in society is considered the smartest. After her first two or three appearances she may wear as elaborate gowns as she pleases, but at first she will stick to sweet simplicity. Youth and simplicity are twin sisters in the matter of dress, and the wise girl who has discovered this fact never again forgets it.

The debutante's gown is almost invariably white, though occasionally a dash of two colors is used if the style of the girl requires it. The neck may be finished in any one of three ways—the high neck, the surplice or the decollete—but the first or second is preferable for the young girl just appearing, for they are thought more girlish, and they distinguish her from her older sisters and from young matrons.

A Gown of Ladies' Cloth.  
The illustration shows an afternoon gown of plum colored ladies' cloth. The bodice has a yoke of wide bands of



FOR AFTERNOON WEAR.

shirring, over which is a very effective collar of panne velvet. High girdle, cuffs and tabs on skirt are of velvet, having garniture of crocheted buttons. Shirred bands form the hip yoke.

Laces Much Used.  
Laces of all kinds are very much used in blouse trimmings, and the entire waist of lace is by no means out, though it is not so new this year. Some beautiful silk and liberty satin waists have deep transparent yokes and cuffs of handmade lace. These may be worn either with or without a silk slip beneath.

Cause For Worry.  
She—Why do you look so worried, Bertie? Did papa object?  
Bertie—No. But he said: "It's all right. You'll soon find out it's useless to object when Nell is set on anything."

Uncertain.  
He—Was that you I kissed in the conservatory last night?  
"About what time was it?"—Life.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

## THE WILY RED MAN.

Some Instances of the Indians' Quickness of Wit.

Numerous instances of the red man's quickness of wit are related by those who have had dealings with him. A Canadian chief was looking idly on while some Englishmen were hard at work improving property newly acquired from the dusky tribes.

"Why don't you work?" asked the supervisor of the chief.

"Why you no work yourself?" was the rejoinder.

"I work headwork," replied the white man, touching his forehead. "But come here and kill this calf for me, and I'll give you a quarter."

The Indian stood still for a moment, apparently deep in thought, and then he went off to kill the calf.

"Why don't you finish your job?" presently asked the supervisor, seeing the man stand with folded arms over the unskinned, undressed carcass.

"You say you give me quarter to kill calf," was the reply. "Calf dead. Me want quarter."

The white man smiled and handed the Indian an extra cent to go on with the work.

"How is it," asked the Englishman one day after a series of such one-sided dealings, "that you so often get the better of me?"

"I work headwork," solemnly replied the man of the woods.

A white trader once succeeded in selling a large quantity of gunpowder to one of his tribes on the assurance that it was a new kind that the white man used for seed and if sown in especially prepared loam would yield an amazing crop. Away went the Indian to sow his powder and in his hope of making money from his fellows was careful not to mention his enterprise.

When at last, however, he realized how he had been duped he held his tongue for a year or more until the trickster had completely forgotten the occurrence. Then he went to his boxer's store and bought goods on credit amounting to a little more than the price of the planted gunpowder. He had the reputation of a good payer, and his scheme worked easily. When settling day came, the creditor called promptly.

"Right," said the Indian slowly—"right, but my powder not yet sprouted. Me pay you when me reap him."

CURED BY SARCASM.  
A Lesson In the Use of Simple Terms in Letter Writing.

A few months ago the son of a railway director was through his father's influence given a position of some importance on a large railway. He was fresh from Cambridge, and in the ordinary which he from time to time issued to the men under him always made use of the longest, most unusual words. This habit led to some rather expensive blunders, and the matter coming before the general manager, he wrote the young official the following letter:

"In promulgating your esoteric cogitations and in articulating your supercilious sentimentalities and amicable philosophical or psychological observations beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communication possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensiveness, a coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flutulent garrulity, jejune babblement and astinine affectation. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have an intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without the domineering or thronical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent rapidity. Shun double entendre, purulent jocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say, and don't use big words."

The young official took the gentle hint and changed his style.—London Tit-Bits.

Doing Europe.  
Facilities for traveling nowadays are so accelerated that it is possible for the tourist to pass through five European countries in fourteen hours, barring accidents—namely, England, France, Belgium, Germany and Holland. Take the express from Charing Cross to Dover and cross over to Calais—two countries. Then with the intercontinental express you proceed to Brussels—three countries. From the Belgian capital by train to Aix-la-Chapelle, which is German territory, making the fourth country, and after allowing time for a meal a drive to Vaals, in Holland, makes the fifth country—and all in fourteen hours.

An Odd Collection.  
An entertainer who visited the Fiji Islands and gave his performance before the natives had the following receipts for one night: Four sucking pigs, 800 coconuts, 1,000 of a common class of moonstone collected on the beach, 40 pearls, 23 model canoes, 200 yards of native cloth, 42 Fiji costumes, 3 whale's teeth, hundreds of sharks' teeth, one or two cart loads of beautiful coral, war implements, such as spears, knobsticks and knives, native mats and pillows and 7 grog bowls.

The Polite Germans.  
We Germans are not only the most polite, but also the most ceremonious people in the world. Without ceremony it is not possible for us to present a friend, to take a seat in a restaurant or to drink or even to utter a single word. Consequently a people like the British, which ignores and utterly disregards these customs, must appear to us a herd of lubbers.—Frankfurter Zeitung.

The Catastrophe.  
"Did you hear about the catastrophe down at the Browns' last night?"  
"No. What happened?"  
"Why, Mrs. Brown gave the baby a bottle to play with, and while she was in the kitchen it fell out of the cradle and broke its neck."  
"What the baby?"  
"No; the bottle."

A Fearful Dream.  
Robbs—Old Titewadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep.  
Dobbs—Does he fear burglars?  
Robbs—No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away his money.