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"Made In Germany."

Apparently one of the chief results of the idictic "made in Germany" act is to render importers of foregin goods specially anxious to pass themselves off as British manufacturers, says London Truth. Here is a good example: The label round a matchbox extensively sold in London and the provinces bears a sort of trademark in the shape of a sailor's head, with the legend "England's heroes" and the following inscription in red and black letters:

"Manufactured by Martin Harris & Co., Ltd., Stratford, London, E.

"Support English Workpeople only by using English made matches."

This covers three sides of the box. The fourth is covered by a piece of sanded paper to strike the matches on. Remove this paper and you find underneath the further and still more interesting notification, "Printed in Germany."

How He Answered Them.

A well known artist received not long ago a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, and all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular the artist sat down and wrote the following letter:

The —— —— Dried Fruit Company:

GENTLEMEN—I am offering a prize of 50 cents for the best specimen of dried fruit and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender. Very truly yours, —— ——.
—Bookman.

A Pilgrim.

An inspector of schools was one day examining a class of village school children, and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered, "A man what travels from one place to another." The inspector, with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh, but please sir, I meant a good man!" I may mention that no one enjoyed that cheerful jest more than the inspector himself. It made him merry for days.—New York Advertiser

A Peculiar Dutch Custom.

A peculiarity among Dutch farmers who live at a distance from a town is to have a coffin in readiness for their burial. It is by no means uncommon to see a still sturdy old patriarch going to an outhouse and gravely contemplating that which is to hold his body when he shuffles off this mortal coil. This characteristic has also appeared in President Kruger, who has recently imported a coffin, and at a cost, too, of £100.

LOSS OF THE LIZA JANE.

It Happened at Sea and Was a Remarkable Occurrence.

It was night—midnight—not at Asbury Park, but on the rolling ocean off Cape Horn. The ocean had been rolling more or less for three days—three days of terrific tempest, which had tossed the good ship Liza Jane as a bull tosses a yellow pumpkin when he's fighting mad.

The Liza Jane rolled and staggered and plunged forward into the gigantic waves which broke on her bows and sent the spray flying 50 feet high. The men on deck had to cling to life lines, and the carpenter stood ready with a hunk of putty to stop a leak at the peril of his life. Even the cook, who had been at sea six months, had never seen such a storm in all his born days. Not one man of all that crew had the slightest hope of ever reaching New York and dining at Delmonico's.

Of a sudden the captain and mate were missing from the deck. Two minutes later they were discovered seated at the cabin table. The crew thought they had gone to consult the chart, but that's where the crew didn't sniff the right brand of snuff.

"I'll deal," said the captain as he picked up the cards, and the next minute each had five pasteboards before him.

The mate discarded and drew two. With a fiendish chuckle the captain drew a full house and sneeringly exclaimed:

"Shiver my timbers, but what'll you do?"

"I'll bet $10," calmly replied the mate as the gale above them seemed to increase in intensity.

"I'll go $10 better!"

"I'll make it $100!"

"Two hundred!"

"Five hundred!"

"A thousand!"

"Say, Jim!" whispered the captain as he leaned forward, with the light of avarice in his eyes, "I'll bet the Liza Jane ag'in your farm!"

"Done, old man!"

"A full house, and the farm is mine!"

"Hold on, old man—I have four aces, and the Liza Jane belongs to me!"

It was true. And the tempest howled and howled, and the waves rolled and rolled and rolled, and that's how the good ship Liza Jane was lost at sea off Cape Horn.—New York Sunday World.

A Belated Warning.

Chorus From the Bank—Hey, mister, yer ken be pinched for swimmin in dis pond!—Up to Date.

A Literary Problem.

Salesmen in bookstores are so much accustomed to having people mix up authors and titles that an inquiry for Noah Webster's orations or Daniel Webster's dictionary no longer disturbs their equanimity. But a clerk in Chicago was surprised not long ago when a young lady came into the store and said to him:

"I want to buy a present of a book for a young man."

"Yes, miss," said he. "What kind of a book do you want?"

"Why, a book for a young man."

"Well, but what kind of a young man?"

"Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties!"—Youth's Companion.

An ordinary brick weighs about four pounds.

ON A POSTER BLUE.

Said a Beardsley boy to a Bradley girl
Whom he met on a poster blue,
"I haven't an idea who I am,
And who the deuce are you?"
Said the Bradley girl to the Beardsley boy:
"I'll tell you what I think.
I came into being one night last week
When a cat tipped over the ink."
—Robert B. Peattie in Clack Book.

SWEETHEARTS ONCE.

"What!" exclaimed the laundress, pausing in counting the linen. "You do not know what has become of Camille?"

The young man in his shirt sleeves, who was searching the disordered chamber for cigarettes, stopped short and replied:

"Certainly not. How should I know? It is so long since—and then," he added, with an air of bored indifference, "what does it matter to me?"

"Oh, but I know where she lives—and happily too!"

Then, changing her tone as she tied up her bundle, she said:

"However, if you do not care about hearing"—

Maurier took long whiffs of his cigarette. He had the day before, after reading his brilliant thesis, received his diploma and was now an M. D. In another week he would return to Trivas, his native city. The name and memory of Camille, the milliner, who had been his sweetheart for a year, at the end of which he had brusquely cast her off, were not altogether indifferent to him.

"Camille! Oh, yes, that was a long time ago!" he said as he looked at the laundress, a good, ugly soul from Versailles, whom he had employed since his early student days.

"Not so long, after all," said the laundress. She was looking at him now, her hands on her hips, her keen face expressing a sort of maternal interest. She was not to be so easily imposed upon. She resumed:

"You were rather cruel to the poor little woman, weren't you?"

Maurier shrugged his shoulders almost imperceptibly as he took from his closet a bottle of cognac and two glasses, saying, as he filled them:

"I broke with her when I found the matter taking too serious a turn; that is all. One must have amusement. But to compromise a career—ent! To your good health, Mother Legrain."

The laundress as she drank the brandy said:

"It does not prevent her being happy now."

As she did not continue, after a short silence Maurier, curious, asked:

"What is she doing, anyway?"

"She is married. What do you think of that? To a fat haberdasher—a handsome shop, really—Aux Trois Princesses, Place Clichy."

"So much the better."

"And three children—loves—round and rosy as apples. You would never recognize her," said Mother Legrain insidiously.

"Do you still see her?"

"Not longer ago than a week, M. Maurier. I was at my door, Rue Morgue, when she passed with her husband and children. They had come to Versailles to visit the chateau and the park. She stopped and talked with me a full minute. And dressed! Not as she used to be—oh, no! One could see that her husband was well to do."

And satisfied, when Maurier feigned to yawn, that he was inwardly piqued to interest, she slung the bundle of clothes over her shoulder with a "Good day, M. Maurier—until Monday—good day."

Maurier prepared to go out, indulging in the following monologue:

"Ah, me, poor Camille! Well, it is better so. She has found a chance to—has got married, in fact. Curious I should so entirely have lost sight of her! She was pretty, was Camille—a trifle thin, but a good girl and full of droll humor; a piquant face, always dusted with poudre de riz, and her silky hair like an aureole about her head. How the years fly! And she is married, and I am a doctor, ripe for patients and domestic life. Really, I am not curious, but it would be quite amusing to see her again—to see her in her new surroundings. And who knows? She loved me when I sent her from me and afterward wrote me heartbroken letters. She lives in Place Clichy, eh? Stop a minute—bah, she must have forgotten me! Still, does a woman forget when she has suffered? No. It would be queer if, after all—What have I to risk? I leave Paris in a week. I'll go to see her. My heart tells me to try my luck."

With these edifying reflections Maurier went down and took the Odeon-Clichy omnibus, upon the top of which he sat humming until he reached his destination, Aux Trois Princesses. In the windows looked out upon the world an artistic arrangement of silks and linen, a forest of walking sticks and umbrellas and gorgeous cravats. Although not large, the shop indicated prosperity.

Maurier hesitated, suddenly embarrassed, not daring to enter for fear of encountering the husband or perhaps a clerk. At length, however, he entered.

Camille was behind the counter. He recognized her at once. Her fair face was dusted with rice powder, as it used to be. Her silky hair formed a nimbus about her head, as he remembered it. She raised her eyes and glanced at him expectantly, but with no sign of recognition.

"You wish something, monsieur?"

This greeting was unlooked for. He stammered:

"I would like some collars and neckties."

She came out from the counter, saying, "The clerk is at breakfast, but I will show them to you."

She did not look at him, opening the boxes as though she had never seen him, as though he were a passing customer, absolutely unknown. He felt actually timid. She played her part without affectation.

"These ties are the most worn. Here is an English article of very good quality and extremely reasonable."

Maurier stood mute and undecided.

"If she remembers me," he thought, "she must think me a prodigious fool."

And believing that he saw hovering about the corners of her lips an indefinable smile—a smile which he well knew—he said to himself, "She is paying me back, that's certain." So he, too, began to smile, a foolish, fatuous grin, which was promptly extinguished as he realized that she was not looking at him, but seemed to be absently waiting until he should make his choice of a cravat. Finally he said desperately:

"I will take this, and this, and that."

"Is there nothing else? Monsieur wished to see collars."

He nodded. Why did he not speak? He was alone with her, the clerk at the midday meal, the husband absent, and he could not say the words which were strangling him:

"Camille, it is I. Don't you remember me?"

Yes, undoubtedly she did. Again there flitted across her lips that half smile so familiar to him. Certainly she knew him.

"What size?" she asked.

He made an awkward gesture of ignorance. She unrolled her tape measure and placed it in a businesslike manner around Maurier's neck. For a second, as she stood before him, their faces were so near together that he could have kissed her.

"Fifteen," she said, opening some collar boxes for him to choose from. He picked out four boxes; then, still unwilling to go, asked to see some umbrellas, after which he bought a muffler and some handkerchiefs. Camille had not once flushed, paled or otherwise betrayed herself. Nevertheless, that she recognized him he would have been willing to wager his right hand.

"Is there anything else?" she asked again.

"That is all."

While paying for the articles an idea suddenly occurred to him.

"Might not these purchases be sent to me?" he said.

"Certainly, monsieur. What address?"

He looked at her scrutinizingly while she composedly wrote in a large book. Then he said very distinctly, "Robert Maurier, M. D., 15 Rue Cujas."

"Cujas," she repeated tranquilly.

For a second he had the foolish hope that she would herself bring the packages, but he was speedily undeceived.

"The boy will deliver the order to-night or tomorrow morning."

"I shall count upon receiving them promptly," said he, "for I am quitting Paris."

She replied, with mechanical politeness, "Oh, they shall be sent in time!"

"Good day, monsieur."—Parisian.

Dominos In a Lion's Cage.

A game of dominos in a lion's cage was the novelty recently offered to the bewildered gaze of the visitors to a menagerie. The players were the "tamer" and a worthy citizen who, on the strength of a bet, had entered the habitation of the king of beasts. Seated quietly at a table which had been brought in for the purpose, the pair got on very well for a time, the lion watching their movements apparently with intelligent attention. He seemed, however, to arrive at the conclusion that the game was a poor business, after all, for instead of allowing the two men to finish it in peace he suddenly made a dash at the table and sent it spinning with the dominos in wild confusion into the air, much to the horror of the onlookers, who feared that a shocking catastrophe was impending.

The amateur, however, was not slow in taking the hint. On the contrary, he lost not a moment in bolting out of the cage, and the relief was general when he succeeded in putting the bars between himself and the demolisher of the table. The lion appeared to be a very magnanimous creature, for during the next performance he allowed a friend of the fugitive domino player to pay him a visit and actually condescended to accept from him a piece of meat presented as a propitiatory offering. As, after doing justice to the morsel, he began to regard the intruder with wistful eyes, and by other signs and tokens to manifest an inclination to make a closer acquaintance with him, the tamer promptly intervened and another strategic movement to the rear was executed, fortunately with success.—Paris Letter in Chicago Chronicle.

The Youthful Kaiser and Mr. Frith.

Although Professor Knackfuss is usually credited with assisting the kaiser in the production of his surprising pictures, the German monarch owes his earliest introduction to the mysteries of art to an English painter. The first time the kaiser handled a brush was at Windsor, when Mr. Frith was painting the picture of the Prince of Wales' marriage for the queen. All the royal personages gave sittings to the artist, and the kaiser, then a little 4-year-old prince, spent several mornings in the room where the picture was being painted. To keep the child quiet, Mr. Frith gave him some paints and brushes and allowed him to dabble on one of the unfinished corners of the canvas.

As the natural result of this very injudicious proceeding the prince's face was in a very few minutes covered with streaks of green, blue and vermilion. The sight of his smeared face terrified his governess, who begged the artist to remove the colors, and Mr. Frith, armed with rags and turpentine, had nearly completed his task when the pungent spirit found its way into a scratch upon the child's cheek. The future kaiser screamed with pain, assaulted the eminent painter with his fists, and hid himself under a large table, where he yelled until he was tired. Mr. Frith declares in his "Reminiscences" that the little prince showed a most unforgiving spirit and revenged himself afterward by sitting on badly that the painter failed altogether to produce a [illegible]