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NO. 38.

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HE WAS WELL MADE UP. of a Wonderful Hit Made by

the Late Bill Nye. James Whitcomb Riley tells a quaint 105,000; Webster (international), 125,000; Cen- story of his former lecturing partner, Bill Nye. It was the opening of their joint season. They had both been rustibrown as berries. Nye looked much like an Othello in his sunburned make up, and Riley suggested to him the application of some "liquid white," a cosmetic much affected by the gentler sex of the

profession. Nye sent for the preparation, and never having used anything of the kind before he filled the palm of his hand with it and carefully smeared it over his countenance. There was no mirror for I read as follows: in his primitive dressing room, and Riley was beautifying himself on the

other side of the stage.

The "liquid white" dries out somewhat like whitewash, and when Nye appeared before the audience he was a sight to behold. His head looked like a frosted top piece on a wedding cake. His face, white as the driven snow, was expressionless and blank. The audience shrieked, and when he came off from his first selection they demanded his reappearance. He obliged them to howls of laughter. Again he made his exit, and again was redemanded by the up-

roarious audience. Believing he had made a hit, he was about to return to the stage when he was caught by the arm by Mrs. Nye, who cried, "William Edgar Nye, what have you got on your face?"

"Nothing but its usual expression, Expression! Fiddlesticks! You're a fright,

cried his wife, and leading him to where there was a piece of broken looking glass showed him how he looked.

Nye was mortified, and catching sight of Riley, just about going on the stage, he would have undoubtedly followed him on and been revenged but for the intervention of Mrs. Nye.

His head was scraped, combed and washed, and his next selection was read without "a hand" from the audience. Moreover, the story is a fact and not a press agent's concoction. - Detroit Free

A Problem.

"De doctor says yo' mus' drink lots o' chicken broth, Epbram," said Mrs. Johnson, "an stay in out o' de night

"Huh!" answered ber husband scornfully. "Whar he 'spects I'm gwine ter cit de chicken broth frum ef I has ter stay in nights, huh?"-Town Topics.

As He Viewed It. Towne-I don't see how it comes that shipwrecked sailors often starve to

Browne-Why not? Towns-Well, I came across about two weeks ago, and I don't feel like eating yet .-- Brooklyn Life.

"Can you mention the most famous

dates of the war?" "Guess I can. There's Feb. 7." 'Feb. 7? What happened then?" 'Thunder! I'm gettin things mixed. Thet's th' day I was married."-Cleveand Plain Dealer.

The Hawaiian Alphabet.

There are but 12 letters in the Hawaiian alphabet. These, with their pronunciations, are: A (ah), e (a), o (o as in ho), u (00), h (bay), k (kay), l (la), m (moo), n (noo), p (pay), and w (vay). The missionaries added a thirteenth, t, but the natives won't have it, and continue to pronounce, for instance, the name of the root from which poi is made "kara," although the mission-aries have it "tara.' Every vowel in a word is distinctly sounded, except that the vowels "ai" are sounded "i," as in English. Waikiki, the beach in Honolulu, is properly pronounced "Vi-keekee." There is a great difference in the speech of the high and low caste natives. The first call their island group "Ha-va-ee-ee," and the latter begin it all right with "Ha," but contlude with a guttural grunt, and the word heard most, "Aloha," sounds soft and beautiful on the lips of the first, but is a lazy, good natured grunt as the

latter speak it.

Alcha is in their limited vocabulary at once a greeting and farewell, a formal expression of regard and of deep love. In the latter case it is increased in warmth and depth of meaning by modifying adjectives annexed instead of prefixed, as "Aloha nui," "Aloha nui loa," or even "Aloha nui loa kea!" —and then it is time to speak to papa.

—New York Herald.

How She Won Over the Judge. A woman resident of Detroit relates an interesting tale of Kansas justice years ago. It was after her wedding trip that her husband was called to Kansas on business and a real estate dealer, out of spite, had him arrested. The prisoner was taken before a local justice of the peace. The incensed bride insisted upon attending the trial, and while it was in progress'she so far forgot herself as to deliberately level her opera glasses upon the justice, who dashed under the table and shouted:

"Deperty, disarm that woman!" The officer secured the glasses and cautiously laid them before the magistrate, who promptly fined the woman \$1,000 for contempt of court. With gracious dignity she asked the right to defend herself, and, going up to the bench, she explained that the glasses were not harmful, and had the justice look through them, and after a few pretty words of apology she presented them to him. He hit the table a mighty blow to reconvene court, and fined the prosecuting witness \$25 "fur insultin a visitin lady and gent in contrariety ter law and eterket."—New York Tribune.

Blunders In Songs and Programmes I suppose all composers have had a laugh over the extraordinary mistakes which sometimes occur in the first proofs of their songs I remember, years ago, writing a very sentimental love song in which the line occurred:

I've never once regretted the vow I made that My feelings may be imagined when found they had printed

I've never once regretted the re And once the following amusing mistake occurred in the programme of one of my own concerts. A well known singer and very good friend of mine was down to sing my two songs, "To Mary" and "Crabbed Age and Youth." But the newspaper announced some-thing very different. Not content with drawing up a programme of my concert, it drew up a programme of my future,

> Mr. Blank
>
> Ty Maude Valerie White.
>
> Crabbed Age and Youth. To Marry -Cornhill Magazine.

Remenyi Found a "Gaynloos." The late Edouard Remenyi appear to have been the "discoverer" of Johannes Brahms, who was a boy of 19 when the Hungarian violinist found him in Hamburg in 1853. They went on a concert tour, so the story goes, and fetched up at Weimar almost penniless. Liszt invited Remenyi to stay at

the Altenburg. "I have plenty of room for you," he "You have perhaps a servant with you?" "Oh, no! I have a gaynioos" (genius).

"A what?" "Master, I have here with me the greatest composer since Beethoven, and I have come to solicit your protection for him.

"Very well. Bring along your gaynicos, and we will see. Liszt saw, and after him others also found their vision cleared.

The Eagle and the Stars and Stripes I should like to call attention to one of our London churches. Little Trinity, in the Mincries, though very interesting both to English and Americans, is been the burial place of the Dartmouths. Before the Washingtons left England these two families were united by marriage. On the wall of Little Trinity church may be seen the stars and stripes as the coat of arms or banner of the Dartsmouths, and the eagle as the coat cf arms of the Washingtons, afterward to become the flag and the emblem of the great nation across the Atlantic .-

His Mistake. Gallyer-What mistakes men do

make! I was just reading that Columbus thought he had discovered the la-Aspley-There are worse mistakes than that. When I married first, I thought I had discovered paradisel-

Brooklyn Life. Medical science has made little progress in Turkey Missionaries bave frequently found people ill from sn allpot neglected in order that the Divine will should have its own way

An injury to the tongue is repaired by nature with more rapidity than is the one with any other part of the sys**WE LEAD**

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A JOKE ON THE TEAMSTER.

He Roughly Ordered General Sherman to Brush His Mules. A good story is told of one of General Sherman's Missouri teamsters. He had just joined the service, a raw recruit,

and was assigned the task of driving a

six mule team. When the army halted

for the first night, he was wearily unharnessing his team. "Hello there," said the wag of the tompany in passing. "What do you mean by taking care of those mules yourself? Why don't you have the

"Why, I thought every man had to take care of his own team," said the bewildered teamster.

"You bet he doesn't. We've got a hostler for that. There's his tent right over there. He's a lazy, contrary old cuss, and he may not want to do it, but you swear at him and he'll move off at double quick."

The Missourian strode over to the tent indicated, which happened to be

General Sherman's headquarters.

'Here, you son of a gun," he roared

flercely, "get out of here and brush

those mules." Needless to say, the teamster spent the evening in the guardhouse.

A pious old Indiana farmer was assigned to the duty of teaming, probably by mistake. The roads were muddy, and the rest of the teamsters were literally bombarding oaths. It was against the old man's principles to swear, and he held his peace, albeit in impotent rage. At last one of the hind mules balked and refused to advance a step. The old man used every endeavor to urge the beast along, but to no purpose. At last he roared in a loud and solemn voice: "Oh, Lord, you know where this mule ought to be as well as anybody. This whole army knows where he ought to be this minute. He knows where he

ought to be. I know where he ought to be, oh, Lord, and if he doesn't move in a minute I intend to say so, by gum." -Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Incident In the Grand Old Mau's Career In the Commons If Mr. Gladstone seldom indulged in sarcasm, it was not because he lacked the gift-for he possessed it in a high degree-but because he forbere to use it. To hurt an opponent's feelings gave him pain and when he did it unintentionally he would sometimes cross the floor of the house, and, sitting for a few moments by the side of the man whom he had just demolished, say something to assuage the wound. One of his most persistent, but never ill natured, critics was the late Sir John Pope Hennessy, who told me the following story to il-

lustrate this generous trait in Mr. Glad stone's character. Sir John prided himself on his knowledge of chemistry and in one of the debates on the commercial treaty with France he made a speech exposing, as he believed, a serious chemical blunder in the treaty. Mr. Gladstone followed, "and soon turned me inside out in the not, I think, so generally known as it most amusing manner," said Hennessy deserves. The thurch in question has in relating the story, "proving as if he had been a chemist by profession, that it was I who had blundered egregious-

Having thus disposed of his critic, Mr. Gladstone went and sat by him for a moment. "I hope you don't feel hurt, Mr. Hennessy." he said. "Your speech was ingenious, and it may console you to know that the emperor of the French made precisely the same objection that you have made. The fact is, both you and he know a good deal about chemistry, but not enough to keep you from going astray." - Canon McColl in Fortnightly Review.

A Former Chinese Fleet.

It consisted chiefly of old junks which had not been in the water for more than 20 years. During this lengthened period the sea had receded, and the land had formed to the extent of more than a mile, the consequence being that these ancient vessels were high and dry, their masts, sails and gear had rotted away from the long exposure to the sun and rain, the paint had peeled from their sides, and, in some cases, the very anking had been stolen for firewood. "Pioneering In Formosa," by W. A.

HE STUTTERED.

Thereby Arousing the Indignation of the Man Who Heard Him. General Merritt has a brother in Illinois who is one of the best politicians in the state. For many years he sat in the legislature and then became distin-guished for a mind of the humorous

bent and amplitude of Lincoln. A striking trait in Tom Merritt's character is the delight he takes in telling stories on himself-stories of the kind that are intended to make a fellow chase around the corner or to have some very important business to transact

when told on one by a friend.

Just to keep his hand in Tom Merritt has put in circulation recently the alleged facts of a humorous experience at St. Louis that will bear repetition. It should be remembered that this eldest trother of the three Merritts stutters hopelessly and extracts droll enjoyment from the embarrassments he thus

causes others in conversation. Not long ago, upon going to St. Louis on a business trip, Merritt's sister urged him not on peril of his life to return from the city without a talking parrot, of which she wished to make a pet. After having attended to his own affairs he set about executing the command of his sister. Finding a notion store where several parrots were for sale, he went in and looked them over with great care and patience. Finally one clever lookg green bird of amus his fancy, and he called the proprietor.

"S s s ay," asked Merritt, pointing out the parrot of his preference, "c-c-c-an th-a-at - oo - p-p-par-r-rot (whistle) t-t-t-alk?" As the last syllable of the query es-caped the Illinois statesman the proprie-

tor had grown lurid under the gills. "Well," was the furious reply, "if he couldn't beat you I'd kill him."—Chicago Chron' 'e.



_Well. I'm sure you are very kind little girl to bring me these beautiful strawberries. I hope you did not pick them yesterday-Sunday? Little Girl-No, I picked them this morning-but they were growing all yesterday. - Nuggets.

A Cautions Admission "Look here," exclaimed the Spanish editor almost tearfully, "I've got to

give my subscribers some news. You can't keep the truth from the public forever, you know. You may as well break it to them gently, by degrees. "Well," answered the censor after long reflection, "I don't know but you're right. You might intimate in your next issue that maybe the Auglo-

as we have been leading them to suppose."-Washington Star. Good Reasons For Failing. Citizen (looking up from the paper)
-What do you think of this? A plumber in this city bas failed.

Saxons didn't get so much the worst of it in that old invincible armada affair

Wife-I don't wonder. We had a very mild winter, tollowed by a bot

"What has the hot summer to do "I presume he had to take ice."-New York Weekly.

A Fancied Immunity. "Weren't you afraid of the bullets?"

she asked of the soldier. 'Not a bit," he answered. "You felt as if you had a charmed

"Not exactly. But after I got my system thoroughly lined with hard tack I was reasonably confident that no bullet was going to renetrate far enough to do much damage."-Washington Star.