

THE SOUTH WIND.

Wind that sings of the dreamy South
When the pale first blossoms woo the bee.

A COOL SCOUNDREL

My profession isn't a popular one. There is considerable prejudice against it. I don't myself think it's much worse than a good many others.

gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business—he's met with reverses since and at present isn't able to go out—was looking around for a job, being at the time rather hard up, as you might say.

The door was chilled iron, about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went on steadily enough; only stopped when Jim which, as I said, wasn't his real name—whistled outside, the watchman toddled by.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and go home. You can look up and wait till Mr. Jennings comes. I don't suppose you will try to fix the lock to-night."

I told him I shouldn't do anything more with it now, as we could get in before morning. "Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man," says he, as I swung the door to again.

Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was coming up the street. "Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night."

"I will," says he, and we both went to the front door. "There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this man has been fixing the bank lock and I want you to keep a sharp lookout to-night. He will stay here until Mr. Jennings returns."

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as I stood on the step with the watchman. "Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."

I went back to the bank, and it didn't take long to throw open the door and stuff them bonds into the bag. There were some boxes lying around and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had.

I looked at my watch and see it was just a quarter past 12. There was an express went through at half past 12. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top of the bonds and walked out to the front door. The watchman was on the steps.

MICHAEL G. MULHALL, FAMOUS IRISH STATISTICIAN.

Michael G. Mulhall, whose death was recently announced, was perhaps the best known statistician of the present day. Mulhall was born at Killiney, near Dublin, sixty-four years ago, and his career was full of adventure.



MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

I suppose I did turn sorter red when I see them bonds. "Are you satisfied now?" says he. I told him I was, thoroughly, and so I was. So I picked up my drill again, and gave him my lantern to hold, so that I could see the door.

In the meantime the adventurous youth had disappeared and was discovered in front of the wolves' cage trying to excite them in the same way. He was led from the garden and warned to keep away.

About a year ago a serious disturbance at the zoo was due to the dashing of a mirror in front of the lions' den. At that time the lions, with the exception of one or two of the wildest, were kept in one cage. A visitor held a mirror in front of them one afternoon and the beasts were thrown into panic.

Among the Henrys, Georges, Williams, Charleses, Jameses, Edwards and a few others, are names enough to fit out the largest family of boys. Then there are a few Bible names that are favorites. John, David, Peter, Stephen and Andrew being the most popular.

No mistakes will be made and nothing furnished to cause a laugh if parents will give their children good old English or Anglo-Saxon names. There are some very musical and sonorous names among the Spanish, Italians, and old Romans, but the child would not thank his parents in after years if they compelled him to carry one of them through a little boy who was named Gammalel and always called "Gammalel" by his parents, shook off the incubus very early by falsely telling his teachers that he was John.

It used to be believed that the ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is on record.

Most Wild Animals Take Fright at Their Own Reflections. A glance at himself in a mirror yesterday frightened Big Ben, the zoo's largest lion, so badly, says the Philadelphia Press, that the keepers in charge feared he would do violence to himself.

The Dutch settlers at the Cape of Good Hope called the native Hottentots because the Caffre language seemed to be a perpetual repetition of the syllables hot and tot.

GEN. PALMER, THE NEW COMMANDER OF BRITISH FORCES IN INDIA. Maj. Gen. Sir Arthur Power Palmer, who by King Edward's approval has become permanent commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, has been for a long time commander of the Punjab frontier force and provisional head of the imperial service.

in such a fashion, but brought up against the bars with force enough to throw him to the floor. Surprised at the appearance of the invader, he filled the house with his roars. The keepers ran to the cage and endeavored to quiet him, but he continued the uproar until exhausted.

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Two inmates in a Glasgow asylum, working in the garden, decided upon an attempt at escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent, they approached the wall. "No, bend down, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll climb up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll give you a hand up too."

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GENERAL PALMER.

NAMING THE BABIES.

GIVE THEM GOOD, PLAIN, HONEST ENGLISH COGNOMENS.

Fad for Diminutives and Fancy Names Is Abating - Fewer Myrtles, Rays and Maymes - Select Appellations from Your Native Tongue.

A clergyman who baptizes a great many babies asserts that the fancy names for girls which have caused so much disgust among sensible people are going out of date. There are fewer Carries, Emmas, Ellas, Mamies and Sadies and more Carolines, Emelines, Elizabeths, Marys and Sarahs. This is pleasing, as it indicates that parents are growing in sense.

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HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day - A Budget of Fun.

Justifiable in His Case. "Do you go to the theater in Lent?" "Yes; I'm such a pessimist that nothing amuses me."

Compulsory Outlay. "Is Bibb a good neighbor?" "No; he's very unpopular, because he paints his house every spring, and that makes everybody in the block have to do the same."

Another Literary Guess. "I've got a theory." "What is it?" "I think the same hand that penned 'Billy Baxter's Letters' wrote 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters.'"

More Home Rule. Ennepek-My dear, according to my views of bringing up children—Mrs. Ennepek—Never mind about your views. I'll attend to bringing up the children; you go down in the cellar and bring up a bucket of coal.

Not Guilty. He-E-I thought you said your father said he wouldn't let you marry a lawyer? She-Papa heard you at work in court the other day.

Only Estate of Its Kind. "There is one point to which I wish to call your attention," said the owner of a fine old colonial palace to a prospective purchaser.

Exhausting Maine's Birch Forests. At the present rate of the manufacture of spoons and other articles the immense white birch forests of Maine cannot last many years.

Telling the Speed of a Train. When traveling on a railway you can tell how fast the train is going by the following method: The telegraph posts along a railway line are placed thirty to the mile.

New Hotel for Boston. The biggest and most costly hotel in Boston is to go up this season on the site of the Brunswick. It is to be in elegance a rival of New York's Waldorf-Astoria.

What He Talks Through. Myer-What's Windham's telephone number? Gyer-Six and seven-eighths. Myer-Why, there aren't any fractional numbers in the telephone book. Gyer-But there are in hats.

Those Loving Girls. Maude-I didn't think you would be able to recognize me after a three years' absence. Clara-You have changed considerably, but I'd recognize that hat of yours a hundred years from now.

Citing an Exception. Smith-Kindness always conquers. Jones-Oh, I don't know. I once knew a man who tried it on a mule. Smith-Well? Jones-His funeral was largely attended.

GOOD Short Stories

These Real Estate Men.

Brown (angrily)-I thought you said that was a fine ducking shore you sold me. I was there at Washington's birthday and there wasn't a duck in sight.

Natural History. "Pa, what makes a rabbit wobble its nose so?" "I can't tell you, Jimmy." "I know; it's because it hasn't got 'nough tall to wobble."

Horrid Man. "Harry, did you buy me that hat I wanted?" "No, Marie, I bought a new cooking stove." "You selfish thing!"

Feminine Charity. Bess-Miss Oldham would certainly make a brave soldier. Tom-Why do you think so? Bess-She never deserts her colors.

Honest Dealer. "Is that marble?" asked a customer, pointing to a small bust of Kentucky's famous statesman. "No, sir," replied the conscientious dealer, "that's Clay."

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At a Matinee.

The Girl-Beg pardon, sir, does my hat trouble you? The Man-I can see nothing else. The Girl-Then I'll tell you what to do. Just keep your eye on me, and when I laugh, you laugh-when I cry, you cry.

Ready to Believe It. "What is the name of this station?" asked the passenger from the East, who had been looking wonderingly out of the car window. "Dauphin Park," replied the passenger from the suburb just beyond. "That explains it. It must be nice to fish for them from the windows of the dwellings."

The Viewpoint. "Golf," said the ex-bicyclist, "is a fine game, but it doesn't amount to much in the way of exercise." "Golf," remarked the ex-gambler, "is splendid exercise, but it's an infernally poor game." -Chicago Tribune.

Taking No Chances. "Yes; he has proposed by letter," she explained. "Now do you think I ought to mail my answer immediately or keep him in suspense for a while?" "Mail it!" exclaimed her dearest friend in a tone that had a trace of spitefulness in it. "If I were you I'd telegraph it" and there was an emphasis put on "if I were you" that came near breaking a friendship that had extended over several years. -Chicago Post.

Needed Help. Landlady-Will you have another help to the chicken, Mr. Blithers? Mr. Blithers (star boarder)-Yes; unless I get help I'm afraid my jaws won't stand the strain. You see I never practiced mastication as a physical feat. -Ohio State Journal.

Changeable Ever. Yeast-I can always tell what the weather is going to be by my wife. Crimsonbeak-Igged! Is she as fickle as that? -Yonkers Statesman.

In the Mexican Household. The arrangement of furniture is much more formal than in the United States. It is a very common sight to see a splendidly furnished parlor with a row of straight backed chairs all alike with their backs against the wall and as close together as they can be placed clear around the room.

Mute and Blind Americans. The number of deaf-mutes in the United States is over 111,000; the number of totally blind is 88,024.

Next to a love affair that doesn't pan out, a woman's greatest disappointment is in when a doctor she recommended, failed to effect a cure.

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