

### THE OLD HOUSE.

It stands in a desolate, weed-grown garden.  
Where once the rose and the lilac grew,  
And the lily lifted a waxy chalice  
To catch the wine of the summer's dew.  
The grass creeps in o'er the mossy threshold,  
The dust lies deep on the rotting floor,  
And the wind, at its will, is coming, going,  
Through broken window and open door.  
Oh, poor old house, do you grieve as men do,  
For the vanished things that were yours of yore?  
Like a heart in which love was one time tenant,  
But has gone away to come back no more.  
Do you dream of the dead as the days pass over,  
Of the pang of parting and joy of birth  
In hearts turned dust? Ah, that dust is scattered  
By winds of a lifetime to ends of earth!

See! Here by the path is a little blossom,  
It lifts to the sunshine a fragile face,  
It springs from a root that some dead hand planted  
A century back in the dear home place,  
Little thought they whom the old house sheltered  
That life would fade as the leaves that fall;  
They had their day and are all forgotten—  
The little flower has outlived them all!  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

### A SACRIFICE.

THE young man stood with his hands thrust into his trouser pockets.  
Mrs. Langley sat on the lounge sobbing hysterically. Her husband, Colonel Langley, strode up and down the room, angrily displacing various chairs and tables, while the boy's cousin, for he was not much more than a boy in years, tried to pacify the trio.  
"All right, sir; go your own way; go your own way and be—"  
"The last word was lost as the door slammed behind the irate Colonel.  
"O, Ted! How can you be so foolish!" said Mrs. Langley, brokenly.  
"How can you dream of marrying a vulgar, uneducated dancer?"  
"Mother," replied the boy, sternly. "I love Madge Baptiste, and whether she be a dancer or a duchess, a millionaire or a retired shopkeeper's daughter, it can matter to no one but myself if I really love her."  
The mother recommenced her hysterical cries. The cousin, a fair, pretty girl about his own age, went to him and rested her hand on his shoulder. "Teddy, say no more now, but come with me. Let us think the matter over calmly."  
The next evening Gwendoline stole quietly from the house and drove to the theater where Madge Baptiste danced nightly.  
It was dusk when she arrived. She sat up her card, telling the commissionaire that her business was urgent. He returned with the information that Miss Baptiste would see Miss Harper for a few minutes. Then she found herself in a small and dainty dressing-room. Clouds of soft, silken petticoats lay here and there. A large jar of flowers stood on the mantelpiece, and the dressing table was covered with silver powder boxes, scent bottles, and "make-up" utensils. Photographs of actors, painters, and poets stood in every available corner; old programs in wooden frames and one or two etchings hung on the walls.  
Before a large mirror stood Miss Madge Baptiste arranging her hair.  
"Ah, come in, Miss—Harper. Excuse the untidy state of the room. I think you'll find a chair. Let me see, I don't think I have met you before—perhaps you are a journalist, or—"  
"No, I haven't ever met you before," stammered Gwendoline. "I—came—I think you know my cousin, Mr. Langley." She felt her face growing red. She did not know why she blushed, but this vivacious, beautiful girl frightened her. She had expected to find such a different woman—a vulgar, ill-bred woman.  
"Mr. Langley? Teddy! O, yes, I know him well. So you are his cousin? Pleased to meet you—he is not ill, I hope."  
"No, he is not ill."  
"O, that's all right. Ted and I are fond of each other, you know; in fact, we think of getting married soon—at least, he thinks of it. I didn't know he had a cousin, such a pretty cousin, too!" with a laugh; "he kept that a secret."  
"I really came to speak about it—about this marriage," said Gwendoline, nervously. "You know his people—"  
"O!" Madge Baptiste turned sharply from regarding herself in the mirror. "I understand! They have heard—perhaps he told them; he said he should. They object—ah? And you?" She drew a chair opposite the girl, and sat down, and rested her arms on her knees with her face between her hands.  
"I am only his cousin—we have been chums always. I said I would see you, and tell you that his father and mother were angry; that he was merely a boy and—"  
"Yes, yes—I know—don't go on." She looked Gwendoline up and down. She saw her youth; she guessed the real reason of her visit. "Ted is a boy in years, I know, but he is a man for all that. He is 22 and I am 23. Besides, I am only a dancer, and he is Colonel Langley's son. Please understand, I have no wish to marry him—if his parents object. I will tell him he must go away and not see me again. I shall miss him at first, I expect. A dancer's life is a lonely one, you know. She has so few friends, and unless she—"  
"Ah, there is the call boy. Well, good-by—and if I don't see—Teddy—again—say good-by to him—for me."  
But Miss Harper had risen, and was holding Madge Baptiste's hands in hers, while two tears ran down her cheeks. "O, don't, please! How cruel you must think me! I didn't mean to—I really didn't. But his mother was so unhappy, and I thought you were a—"  
"I mean, I didn't dream you really cared for him. He shall marry you! I know

### THREE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.



The new shirt waists show great variety of style. Many are cut with yoke, but almost as many are without. Some have the yoke both in front and back. The fashionable shirt waist is unquestionably the white one, both thick and thin ones, made in great variety. The plain shirt waist of madras or heavy linen has little fullness in front; some are made with pointed, some with plain yokes at the back, but the majority have no yoke at all. The waists are all made to give the long-waisted effect in front. The sleeves are a little larger than those of last year, and the fullness is arranged at the top to give the broad-shouldered effect. The more elaborate waists are attractive, and most of them differ in the back. They have lace collars, while the cuffs are finished with a little edge of lace and are really nothing but a band around the wrist. All kinds of stitching, tucking and fancy buttons are used.

he loves you—" and then she burst out crying.  
"Miss Baptiste! Curtain's waiting! Hurry up!" yelled a small youth at the door.  
"Let it wait; can't come!" replied the dancer, curtly. Then in a soft gentle voice to Gwendoline: "Don't cry, dear, you have been ever so kind. I know you meant well in coming. But I don't think I had better see him again; you'll make a much better wife than I—"  
There was a suspicious break in her voice.  
"No, no," said Gwendoline, between her sobs, blushing violently; "I never thought of that—I only care for him as a sister," but as she said it, she realized that she lied.  
"Come, dry your eyes—why, I'm beginning now! What a pretty pair we are! Poor Ted! Why here are two girls each trying to make the other marry him—"  
"You—you will marry him. Promise! I shall never forgive myself if you don't. I did not know you were so good and so beautiful—"  
"Why, how do you know it now? Perhaps I am only humbugging you."  
"You are not—I see it in your eyes. You will marry him—won't you?"  
"What will father and mother say?"  
"O, I'll interview them," laughed Gwen, drying her eyes.  
"Even as you interviewed me? Yes, I will marry Teddy if you really wish it, but not else. I couldn't hurt such a good little thing as you."  
And then both women began to cry again, holding each other's hands.  
The manager had to announce that Miss Madge Baptiste was unable to perform that night.  
And Miss Gwendoline Harper also announced, in Colonel Langley's drawing-room, that Madge Baptiste and her cousin Ted, that Madge Baptiste and her cousin Ted, that she would help them through the ceremony.  
And Ted kissed her and said she was a brick, and the Colonel hoisted the white flag.  
And after it was all over, Gwendoline sat in her bedroom holding a photo of her cousin in her hand. And her tears splashed dimly on the faded portrait. "I hope she will love him—as much as I love him," she said softly.—Madame.

### HE HAD NO CASE.

The Judge Gives Reasons for Ruling Against the Paris Green.  
Justice does not always follow, for now and then a judge will unbend and illuminate his decisions with the light of humor. Sterling B. Torrey, judge of the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Kentucky, is such a magistrate. Here is the decision which he rendered in a suit brought by a farm-hand against his employer to recover damages for having poisoned himself with Paris green, which he was ordered to put on potato-bugs. It was a hot day, and the man had turned back his shirt at the throat, exposing his chest to the poison. The judge said:  
The plaintiff exceeded the scope of his employment in sprinkling Paris green elsewhere than on the potato-vines, as his special and exclusive agency was to kill the bugs basking in the shade of said potato-vines; the plaintiff's act in allowing the defendant's Paris green to come in contact with his flesh, instead of with the flesh of the bugs, was unauthorized and ultra vires; the mental and physical suffering was the result of his own wrong in misapplying the defendant's Paris green to purposes other than those for which he was employed to apply it, and besides, is damnum absque injuria; the plaintiff, in opening his clothes and exposing himself to the Paris green, was guilty of contributory negligence; the plaintiff knew as well as the defendant that Paris green was poisonous. If he did not know that Paris green was a poison, the suit should not have been brought in his name, but by a guardian.  
Milk Kept in Frozen Chunks  
There are but few cows in Labrador. No wonder. The natives procure their milk for the winter and then kill their cows. The milk is kept in barrels, where it freezes and never thaws until the spring. When one wishes any milk he has simply to go to the barrel and cut out a slice.  
Citizens of Albemarle County, Virginia, have organized the Jefferson Memorial Road association for the purpose of building a public boulevard between Charlottesville and Monticello, where President Jefferson lies buried. The road will be two miles long, and is expected to cost \$20,000.

### EPICUREAN CHINAMEN.

Their Tables Have the Best American Markets Afford.  
The food bought by the Chinese living in America is often quite as expensive as that of the whites. Instead of living almost altogether on rice and chop suey, as is the general impression, Chinamen, being quite as fond of meat as Americans, buy pork, beef, and chickens. Chop suey is made to sell to curious white persons who visit Chinatown, in the vicinity of every large city where there is any considerable Chinese colony, there are truck gardens devoted to raising vegetables exclusively for Chinamen from seed brought from their native land. These vegetables are unknown to Americans. But the Chinese also consume large quantities of the finer kinds of American vegetables.  
The Chinaman has a sweet tooth, also; and in the best Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and other large cities, the best of

### OSTRICH DRIVEN TO SULKY.



Ostriches can travel at great speed. This has long been known, and the day may not be far distant when ostriches will be seen in all large cities drawing sulkies and other light vehicles. The ostrich shown in this picture was trained in Florida and proved from the start very docile and intelligent. When he was backed between the shafts of a carriage he did not "kick" or "kick," as many a young horse is apt to do, but stood stolidly, as though his ancestors for generations had been obedient to the bit and bridle. After he was harnessed it took a good while to impress on his mind the fact that he would not be allowed to speed as fast over country roads and streets as he would naturally do in a desert, but even this he learned in time, and now it is said this wonderful bird is fully trained and can draw a sulkie for many miles at an extraordinary speed.  
The achievement of this ostrich is of unusual interest to owners of ostrich farms, and some of them are preparing to train several of their young birds as this ostrich was trained. They argue that a race between ostriches, harnessed to sulkies, would be a most novel sight, and in view of the great speed of the birds, that such a sport would certainly become popular.

### MISQUOTED BY MANY.

Interesting Comparisons of the Perversions and the Originals.  
Even the least scholarly of us nowadays are prone to quotations, though we might not indulge ourselves quite so often "if we believed a little more thoroughly that a little learning—usually misquoted—"knowledge"—is a dangerous thing, and that it is not safe to quote a phrase unless you are familiar with the work in which it occurs.  
Take, for instance, "the ever-tenor of their way." "Gray never penned such a phrase in his 'Elegy.'" What he wrote was "the noiseless tenor of their way." Nathaniel Lee also suffers in "when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war." What he wrote was "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."  
Again, how often is "but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil" (James 3:8) rendered "the tongue is an unruly member!"  
"Charity shall cover the multitude of sins" (I. Peter 4:8) is usually distorted into "charity covereth a multitude of sins."  
We were wont to talk about "speaking the parting guest," too, whereas, Pope, in "Satire II," wrote "speed the going guest."  
The champion case of nonsense put forward as sense, however, is probably the crime which is continually being committed against Butler's "Hudibras." "A man convinced against his will will hold the same opinion still." Of course, what Butler wrote was "He that compels against his will is of his own opinion still"—a slight difference in sense as well as words, surely.  
A passage of mercy from Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is usually given as "falleth the gentle dew," whereas the words writ by the bard are "dropped as the gentle rain."  
Again, the "Romeo and Juliet," "that I shall say good-night, till it be morning," is in 99 cases of 100, misquoted as "that I could say good-night until to-morrow."  
We are also fond of saying "the man that bath no music in his soul," but the correct phrase is "the man that hath no music in himself."  
Even Milton does not escape, says the Baltimore Sun. His "fresh woods and pastures new" ("Lycids") is usually misquoted "fresh fields and pastures new." In "Henry and Emma" Matthew Prior wrote "line by degrees and beautifully less," though we are wont to render the phrase, "Small by degrees and beautifully less."

### HABIT OF SAVING.

The Old Reliable Road to Financial Independence.  
In July of last year the individual deposits in the national banks in this country amounted to \$3,228,000,000. The deposits in the savings banks in the country at the same time amounted to \$2,597,000,000. The savings banks of the world had \$8,908,340,000, representing 63,070,000 depositors. The average individual account for the world was \$14.24. The average individual account for the United States was \$189.30.  
It should be said in a time of prosperity that no habit is more valuable to cultivate than that of saving. Prosperity avails a man nothing, unless with it he has strength of character to save in proportion. Dickens has a character in one of his books that every "he prospers he treats himself, so to say; indulges himself with some extra expenditure as a reward. That is likely to be a tendency with too many. It is the old truism about 'prosperity being more likely to start the man than adversity. No man can prosper that does not spend less than he makes. He cannot greatly prosper unless increasingly he spends less proportionately than he makes. While money-making is a positive achievement as much as the creation of anything is, frugality is something that need wait on no gift, but may be practiced by all.  
Whether a man be rich or poor, whether he be gifted mentally or emotionally or be dull, there is for every one in his life the lesson of self-denial to learn, and as this life is an exceedingly practical thing, the basis of self-denial might almost be said to lie in material savings. Where a man has not the ability to increase his income he should decrease his outgo. He that does this will soon begin to get a margin. The process of saving is slow, but it is sure. It can literally work wonders, and once started it grows like the rolling snowball. The smallness at the beginning should be no discouragement. There is an opportunity for the man that can save 10 cents a week as well as for the man that can save \$10 a week. The way is long, and to begin with may be difficult, but persistence in it makes it easy. Life is more a matter of habit than of intention, and the habit of thrift can as easily be cultivated as the habit of prodigality.—Indianapolis News.

### RETARDS PASSAGE THROUGH WATER.

Normally this gate lies close against the side of the vessel and offers no resistance to the progress through the water, but when the proper signal is given from the pilot house the engineer starts the mechanism which released the clamp securing the forward edge of the gate, the latter immediately flying open, until it is at right angles to the course of the ship, where it is sustained by the braces at the rear.  
The brakes are arranged in pairs and two or more sets may be applied to one ship. They offer no hindrance to the movement of the ship through the water as long as they remain closed, but afford a valuable addition to the reversed propeller in bringing the ship to a quick stop in times of danger.

### A SLOW PROCESS.

Cooling of the Earth as Relating to the Length of the Day.  
Professor Woodward, in the Popular Science Monthly, has lately given an account of his researches on the progressive cooling of the earth and its relation to the length of the day. Does the length of the day vary? Was it formerly shorter than now? Will it, in the future, be lengthened? The answer depends upon the mass of the earth, which varies, since meteoric dust perpetually falls upon the surface and thus increases the quantity of matter; and on its volume, which becomes smaller as the mass is progressively cooled. Laplace concluded from the data at his disposition that there had been no sensible change in the length of the day for 2,000 years.  
Woodward has repeated his calculation with new data, and concludes that the duration of the day has not changed as much as half a second during the first 10,000,000 years after the beginning of solidification of the earth's material. When the cooling of the earth finally reaches its term the change will be marked. Professor Woodward's result is that the ratio of the change of the day to its initial length is two-thirds of the product of the loss of temperature multiplied by its cubical contraction. For example, if the primitive temperature of the earth was 3,000 deg. C. and if its cubical contraction was that of iron, the day will be finally reduced about 6 per cent—that is to say, by about an hour and a half. The lapse of time necessary to bring this about is enormous. Three hundred thousand millions of years are required, according to Woodward, for 95 per cent of the total contraction to take place. The length of the day will not be sensibly affected, on the other hand, after the expiration of 1,000,000 of millions of years. The fall of meteoric dust tends to increase the mass of the earth, and thus to change the length of the day, but to effect due to this cause is not above one-two-hundred-thousandths of the effect of secular cooling. Twenty millions of small meteors, weighing on

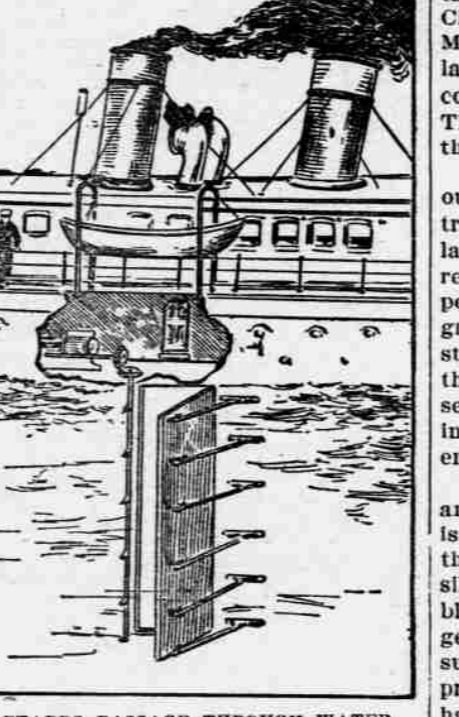
### FRIENDS THOUGH FOES.



LORD METHUEN AND GEN. DELAREY. During Lord Methuen's stay in the Boer camp Gen. Delarey was unremitting in his courtesy, and personally expressed his great sympathy with his distinguished prisoner.

### BRAKE ON THE STEAMER.

Many a serious accident on the water might be avoided if vessels were fitted with a device for bringing them to a stop as quickly as possible when the danger appears. Louis Lacoste of Montreal, Que., has designed an apparatus for this special purpose, which is illustrated herewith, the picture showing the central part of a steamer with the brake mechanism attached in operating position.  
The brake proper consists of a hinged gate of considerable width, attached to the side of the ship to extend vertically downward from the water line.



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### WHY HIS STOVE WOULDN'T HEAT.

Uncle Billy Had a Novel Plan to Keep Down His Coal Bills.  
That ignorance is bliss and that the loftiest men should be the humblest are two somewhat irrelevant axioms which often are most interesting when traced to their remote point of conjunction.  
"Out in the cemetery the other day," a matter-of-fact elderly man remarked: "I noticed that Uncle Billy's tombstone needed straightening up. A touch would do it, and as I pulled it into position I couldn't help smiling. Now I was not smiling at the crooked tombstone, but at an early recollection—an episode in connection with this same Uncle Billy."  
"He was a fine man and a power in his community, but he had been frugally reared—all our first settlers had to make economy a science, you know; and even after Uncle Billy had grown wealthy in the wholesale dry-goods business, he still practiced the most rigid methods of saving, by which he had accumulated money. I was a clerk in a stove store, as we used to call them, when he was quite an elderly man, and at an early recollection—an episode in connection with this same Uncle Billy."  
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"Well, he bought a new stove from us, a fine library stove—no furnaces at that time in the ordinary homes in this city. In a day or two he dropped in to complain that the stove wouldn't work—didn't throw out enough heat to warm a cat. He was droll. Uncle Billy was—but he had a fine, country bearing, too. The firm sent me out to his house to see what was the matter with that stove. At the door Aunt Sarah met me and said in a low tone: 'William, if you will make your Uncle William take a peck of bricabrats out of that stove I think it will hold coal enough to warm the room.'"  
"Sure enough, the stove was half-full of bricabrats. It was Uncle Billy's frugal idea that all stoves held too much coal for their own good, and that he could cut down his coal bills by a deep layer of bricabrats in the bed of the stove. I took them all out, of course; he blinked painfully as I did so. Then I made a rousing fire and Aunt Sarah soon had to open a window to cool the room."  
"Another nephew inherited the bulk of Uncle Billy's wealth," said the matter-of-fact man, according to the Detroit Free Press. "I see his name now and then in Boston's most fashionable social register and hear of his elegant seaside cottage life and I wonder—yes, I do wonder how he would feel if he knew of Uncle Billy's scheme to save money for him by burning bricabrats."

### SALMON P. CHASE'S CARRIAGE.

Still Preserved in the Shop of a Washington Dealer.  
The carriage which was in 1862 the handsomest equipage in Washington, and which transported through its streets the reigning society queen of that day—the daughter of Salmon P. Chase, or, as she is now remembered, Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague—has for the last eighteen years occupied an inconspicuous place in the salesroom of Thomas E. Young's carriage house in that city.  
The huge vehicle is now quaint and out of date in many ways, though traces of its departed elegance are not lacking. A well-worn footboard in the rear gives evidence of the military appearance of two liveried footmen who gripped with tenacity at the black strap handles in order to maintain their equilibrium. In front is a box seat for the driver, draped somewhat in the fashion of a hearse of the present day.  
The interior of the carriage, with its ample seating capacity for six persons, is lined with heavy lilac satin, while the handles and door latches are of silver and ivory. The carriage is jet black and its heavy running gear, together with its ponderous body and substantial trappings, gives the impression that it is looking with haughty disdain on the glossy traps which surround it in the salesroom, never admitting for a moment that its former glory has been lessened a whit by the vagaries of fashion.  
Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave the carriage in trade for a more modern vehicle about eighteen years ago. Its value now is simply that of a relic, but in the estimation of Mr. Young this value is increasing each year.  
Mr. Young also has stored away in his lofty Seward carriage, which is an exact counterpart of the carriage shown at Buffalo as the equipage of Abraham Lincoln. This, with the carriage of Gen. Tecumseh Sherman, says the Washington Star, he purchased about twenty years ago.

### PRaise FOR TEAMSTERS.

They Is a Hard and Disagreeable Trade.  
"Talk about hard work and patience," said a bookkeeper who ought to have been a preacher, "you ought to sit where I do all day long and notice what goes on outside of warm, comfortable offices. Every time I look up from my books a teamster is going by on the street; and let me tell you, gentlemen, there is no class of men in the business world who are more exposed to the weather and bear their hardships with more patience."  
"Day in and day out I've watched them in all kinds, from the boy who drives a grocery wagon to the coachman on the box. Yes, he's a teamster, too, and I repeat what was just said—they can teach patience to the rest of us. With heavy loads, weary or obstreperous horses, rough or slippery roads or strewn pavements, nine out of ten are the men for the occasion, and pull through their day's work with fidelity to duty and credit to themselves."  
"All winter I've watched a steady stream of teamsters hauling cross-ties over to some railroad yards. The loads have been heavy, and the men have had to go slow—slow enough to freeze on their wagon seats, one might think. In most cases the sturdy horses have not been driven out of a walk, and I've marveled at the endurance and patience of the drivers."  
"No out-of-door job is an easy one in our Northern winters," concluded the bookkeeper, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and riding for hours on a heavy, springless wagon, going forward at almost snail's pace, must test the mettle thoroughly."

### His Explanation.

A group of men were sitting in the smoking room when the talk turned upon the war in South Africa. Several of the men had seen service, and, although some of them were strangers, conversation was brisk and entertaining.  
"Well," began a soldierly looking fellow, "I've been in South Africa myself, and had a very interesting time. 'Ever get very close to the Boers?' some one asked. 'Rather! I once took two of their officers.' 'Unaided?' 'Certainly. And the very next day I took eight men with their horses.' 'All wounded, I expect?' remarked a listener, with a suspicion of a sneer. 'You didn't get hurt, of course?' 'Just a scratch, that's all! And the day after I took a lot of transport wagons, and followed that up by taking a Boer kraal and a big gun.' 'Mister,' said the disagreeable man of the audience, 'I have seen some of the finest specimens of anything you can call to mind, but frankly you are the only legitimate successor of Baron Munchausen that I've ever met!' 'Oh, no, I'm not that,' said the story-teller modestly with a good-natured smile. 'I'm only a photographer.'

### AGED DOG COMMITS SUICIDE.

"There's old Tige; he's 15 years old, really blind, and a nuisance," said the proprietor of the hotel at Alford, Pa., the other day. "I haven't the heart to kill him, but if some fellow will shoot him and bury him up on the hill, I will give him a dollar."  
A barroom lounge immediately accepted the offer, and left for his home to get a gun. Old Tige arose from the floor near the stove, gave a pitiful whine, and went out of doors. In half an hour the man returned with a gun, but the dog was nowhere to be found. A persistent search all the afternoon failed to reveal his presence, and the barroom crowd gave up the chase at nightfall.  
Next morning the milkman discovered the mangled body of old Tige on the railroad tracks. He had committed suicide to escape being shot to death.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Knitting Legislator Frowned Down.

Mr. Cathcart Watson, the member for Orkney and Shetland, who employed his spare time in knitting stockings in the smoking-room at the House of Commons, has recently abandoned his practice. Mr. Watson used to explain to inquirers that his eyesight was very bad, and that, as he could not be always reading, he took up knitting as a pastime. The innovation, though quite an innocent one, annoyed a number of old Parliamentary hands, and of late Mr. Watson's knitting needles have not been in evidence at Westminster.—London Mail.  
Young man, if in doubt as to the propriety of kissing a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt.  
Mind your own business—unless you are able to employ a private secretary.