JUST A LITTLE BIT OF BABY

Just a little bit of baby,
  Twenty pounds and nothing more;
See him floor his giant daddy,
  Weight two hundred, six feet four.

Just a little bit of baby;
  And beauty? Not a trace;
See him stealing all the roses
  From his lovely mother's face.

Just a little bit of baby;
  Ignorant as he can be;
See him puzzle all the sages
  Of his learned family.

Just a little bit of baby;
  Walking? No, nor crawling, even;
See him lead a dozen grown-ups
  To the very gate of heaven!
—Good Housekeeping.

Aunt Meg's Column

"HARRY, I can sum up your case in three words," said Lancaster.

"The fact is—and you cannot deny it—you're in love!"

Ellington started.

"How on earth did you find that out?" he muttered.

"Experience and casual observation," replied Lancaster, shortly. "By the way, I saw Milly Holsworth to-day." Then, with a grin, "Um, I thought I wasn't far out. She's a nice girl, Harry, and a clever one. Women nowadays who are good looking and can earn their own living are in great demand in the matrimonial market, so I'm told, and I can quite believe it."

"Yes," groaned Ellington, "but when a man has only a paltry twelve hundred and fifty a year the idea of—er—er—even proposing to a lady who can buy him up might give rise to unpleasant comments—h'm!"

"Personally, I should try my luck. 'Faint heart, etc., you know. You never know what may transpire. Say you decide to see how absence might affect the case and to wait till your return to England. She might be snapped up in the meantime. Perhaps the steamer might founder, and—and——"

"Don't, Lancaster, don't!" shuddered Ellington. "Your advice, old chap, I fear has not advanced the improvement of the outlook at all."

"Then the only course that remains

"HE RESOLVED TO TRY AUNT MEG."

open for you is to consult Aunt Meg," sighed Lancaster.

"Aunt Meg! Who is she? And what's she got to do with it?"

"Aunt Meg is a lady connected with a popular publication entitled The Daisy, whose official duty it is to receive and reply to, through the columns of the aforesaid journal, all questions that may be submitted to her notice on the all-important theme of love and its attendant trials, misunderstandings and vagaries in general."

"Consult Aunt Meg!" the words seemed to ring in Ellington's ears for some time after the departure of his friend Lancaster.

"A precious fool I'd be thought," he mused, "supposing I was idiot enough to trust my private affairs to the tender mercies of a modern lady journalist, if the story leaked out. Certainly one might write under a nom de plume or initials, but then I don't believe in such rot."

Half an hour's meditation, however, served to put matters before him in a different light. He reflected that the journal in question bore a very high character, and he resolved to try Aunt Meg.

After due destruction of various sheets of note paper, his communication was at last fairly neatly transcribed and ran as follows:

To "Aunt Meg," Daisy Offices, 420 Fleet street, E. C.:

Madam—I trust you may be able to successfully advise me as to my actions in the following matter: To be brief, I am aged thirty and am in receipt of an annual income of twelve hundred and fifty dollars as private secretary to a titled gentleman, who is to depart on a voyage of indefinite duration in three weeks' time for his health's sake, and I am to accompany him. A month ago I made the acquaintance of a charming lady about my own age, and we have met at various intervals since.

As you will already have surmised, I am deeply in love with her, though I have not as yet declared my passion. As far as I am aware, from the statement of a friend, she is in receipt of an income exceeding mine by two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, derived from her employment, the exact nature of which, however, owing to the shortness of our acquaintance, I am unfortunately in ignorance of, beyond that it is something in a city office.

I have every reason to believe that my attentions, such as they have been, are not altogether distasteful. What would you advise me to do? Ask her now and risk a slender income, or wait till I am in more affluent circumstances, which chance is slightly remote at the present outlook? H. A. E.

Two Saturdays passed and left him in the deepest depths of despair, owing to the non-appearance of a reply to his communication.

In the meantime he met Mildred Holsworth on two occasions at the house of a mutual acquaintance and once was almost on the verge of a declaration, but checked himself in time to save making himself an arrant ass, as he termed it.

It was with feverish excitement that he opened the last issue of The Daisy published before he left England. Eagerly he scanned the page sacredly set apart for the benefit of "Aunt Meg" and her amorous amblings.

Yes, it was there at last!

H. A. E.—Waste no time, but go and ask her at once. If I judge rightly from the tone of your letter, you need scarcely have any apprehension as to the nature of her reply. As to monetary matters, a girl who cannot comfortably manage and be happy on the united income doesn't deserve a husband at all.

It was all over. The last slipper had sped its course in the air and disappeared through the window of the compartments which had the honor of accommodating the happy couple, and the last handful of rice lay whitening the platform like a miniature fall of snow.

"I'm so glad it's all over at last," sighed Mildred Ellington as she threw herself wearily back among the cushions. "But the whole affair was a complete success and went off without a flaw."

"Yes, darling, quite complete, except for the absence frm the ceremony of one to whom I owe a great deal of my present happiness—in fact one of your sister strugglers in the field of literature. Milly, I've a confession to make. I know you'll think I'm an awful fool, and perhaps be angry, but promise me, Milly, beforehand that you will forgive me."

"I'd promise you anything, Harry. It—it can't be anything dreadful, I'm sure," falteringly.

"Then read that and put me out of my misery."

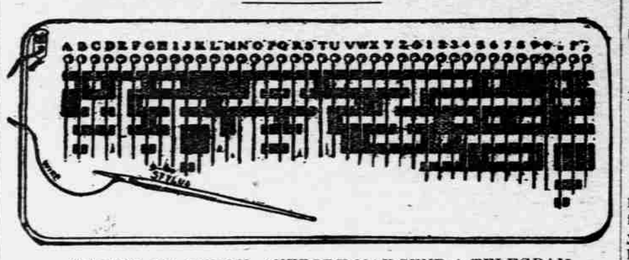
And taking from his inside breast pocket a copy of The Daisy containing Aunt Meg's advice, which he had so successfully acted upon, he opened it at the fatal page and handed it to her.

"Harry," she said quietly, pushing it away, her eyes filling with tears the while, "I—I know what you mean now. She—she was there, and—and you saw her."

"I saw her, Milly?" ejaculated Ellington, utterly taken aback by her answer.

"Yes, Harry, and you see her now! I—I was Aunt Meg at the time, and knowing whom your question concerned replied accordingly. I, too, meant to confess all to-day, and you have made it easier for me to do so. Kiss me, Harry, and say you forgive me."—Waverley.

HOW EVERYBODY MAY TELEGRAPH.



DEVICE BY WHICH ANYEODY MAY SEND A TELEGRAM.

Martin Armstrong, station agent on the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe road at Kenny, Texas, has invented an appliance by which any person may send a telegraphic message without knowing anything about telegraphy. The apparatus is intended primarily for use in educating people to be telegraphers, and with it they can without a teacher, master the secret of dots and dashes that go to make up each letter of the alphabet according to the Morse system.

The outfit, which can be carried in the hand, consists of a sounder key, such as is used in all telegraphic work, a small dry battery, a transmitter, stylus, and the wires that connect the various parts. It is the transmitter that is the wonderful thing about the whole apparatus. This is simply a piece of wood about twelve inches long and eight wide. Extending along one side of the board are all the letters of the alphabet, followed by the numerals 1 to 0, and the punctuation characters. Under each one of these characters there is a little hole or depression in the wood. Below these holes again there is a geometrical pattern formed by strips of metal set into the wood, with a minute groove leading from each character through the metal strips, and the wood that at intervals breaks their continuity.

The stylus, which looks like an ordinary pencil, and all the other parts of the apparatus are connected with the battery by wires. The novice sets the apparatus on a table before him and takes the stylus in his hand. Inserting its point in the groove running from the letter he wishes to make he draws it toward him. As it moves the sounder clicks the letter. This is done by the stylus passing over the metal strips and forming an electrical connection, which is broken for longer or shorter intervals necessary to make a letter by the intervening spaces of wood between the metal strips. A few weeks of practice on this instrument and the novice knows the sound of every letter, and it is only then a matter of practice to receive and transmit in the usual manner. The sounder gives him his opportunity to practice this, and if he is ever in doubt as to his correctness he can verify his work by producing the letter with the stylus.

Telegraphers say it is the most ingenious as well as the simplest arrangement they ever saw by means of which to learn telegraphy. Railroad men who have looked at it value it from another standpoint. One general manager of a railway says it will prove of great value in railroad work. By having one on every train, in case of a wreck the conductor will be enabled, by throwing a wire over the telegraph wires along the road, to at once communicate with the train dispatcher of the division, telling where he is, and the nature of the casualty. The conductor need not know anything about telegraphy to transmit a message slowly, but with perfect accuracy.

Dogs as Life Guards.

In a short time, says the European correspondent of the Baltimore American, quite a number of Newfoundland dogs will be added to the corps of officers who patrol the Seine as life guards. The dogs are young, magnificent fellows, and have been in special training for some months. Their education has been carried on in an indoor bath built for the purpose, and recently several exhibitions have been given before members of the municipal board of police for the purpose of demonstrating the dogs' fitness for their work of rescue. In the early spring when the dogs take their places among the ranks of gallant rescuers, kennels will be built for them at intervals along the river. The work of education will then be carried on regularly, the dogs being taken through their paces just as the horses of the fire department are exercised every day. In the recent exhibitions these noble animals showed themselves splendidly qualified for their work by their quickness, their powers of endurance when attacked by would-be suicides and their power to sustain for a considerable time the weight of a human body.

Many Varieties of Rice.

More than twenty varieties of rice are known in the Philippines; but, though this cereal is so important to the natives, not enough of it is produced to supply their needs, and large quantities have to be imported annually.

Undoubtedly.

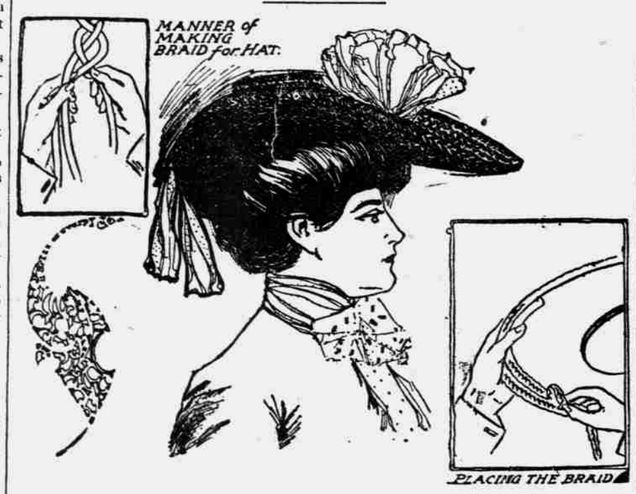
"That's a novel occupation," ejaculated Mr. Dinsmore, looking up from his paper.

"What is?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore.

"Writing fiction."

The industrious man likes those with whom he works better than those he meets in "society."

TO MAKE A SWELL HAT AT A SMALL COST.



A swell hat, made after an exclusive imported model, is within the scope of any girl with nimble fingers. The most rudimentary knowledge of sewing only is required. One needs not know even the first principles of millinery. By the expenditure of $1.25 in cash, a little patience and about three hours' labor, this seeming miracle can be wrought. The following is the manner of its performance:

Two yards of chiffon or mousseline de soie in any becoming shade may be had at 49 cents per yard. Sometimes it can be purchased as low as 29 cents at special sale, but in that case it is more apt to be tumbled and shop worn. So the best economy is to purchase the fresh, crisp goods, as a great deal of the effect depends upon the dainty appearance of the hat when finished. Therefore $1 should be allowed for the material. A buckram frame at 19 cents, one spool of mercerized cotton at 6 cents completes the list of moneys expended. Now comes the skill, patience and other necessaries in the building of the Paris hat.

Cut the chiffon into lengthwise strips, about an inch in width. Turn in the edges neatly, and join them with what is known as a "blind stitch." You have then a number of long bands. Braid three together, after the manner in which you plait your hair, and then sew the braided band round and round upon the frame until it is completely covered. The short "streamers" in the back are made of chiffon about three inches in width and four and six inches in length. They are trimmed all about the edges with the braid work, and the same idea is carried out in the "pompons" which are used for the front of the hat. This effect is obtained by double box pleating goods, finished off similarly to the floating ends in the back.

Another very pretty style is to make loops of the braided chiffon, doubling the ends and forming rosettes. One can vary the color. All white, pale blue, rose or salmon tints would make beautiful "Summer girl" chapeaux, or white with black choux, or reverse, for black and white has renewed its perennial hold upon feminine hearts in millinery as well as costumes.

Crowns and brims may be of contrasting colors or may match, and the same holds good with the trimming used. If one wishes to go beyond the $1.25 limit flowers or wings may be added, but very desirable results can be secured by the use of the chiffon only.

DO NOT READ DICKENS

FEW YOUNG PEOPLE KNOW HIS FAMOUS CHARACTERS.

Expensive Illustrated Editions of His Novels Are Still Frequently Called For, but Cheap Editions, Which Betoken Popularity, a Drug on Market.

"The sale of the works of Dickens has been gradually but surely diminishing during the last ten or fifteen years," said a book dealer. "The finely bound editions are, of course, still in fair demand by persons engaged in assembling libraries of their own, but the cheap, popular editions have for some years been more or less of a drug on the market. The young people, even those who are omnivorous readers of fiction, scarcely ever ask for a book of Dickens.

"I re-read two or three of Dickens' books every year for the fun of the thing, and I know of plenty old fogies of my age who do the same. The young people who fail to familiarize themselves with Dickens deprive themselves of a lot of diversion. The Dickens characters are around us everywhere. There are very few odd or quaint eccentricities of human beings that Dickens didn't touch upon, and one who has these characters in the works of Dickens stored away in his mind scarcely ever gets through a day that he doesn't meet up with somebody or other in the flesh who recalls some corresponding or similar type in Dickens. Who, for instance, doesn't know any number of Micawbers, who, like the original of the species, are always waiting for something to turn up? Haven't we all been thrown into contact with numerous Dick Swivellers? Hasn't every one of us with any experience in the game of life met and loathed at least one Pecksniff? Haven't we all been imposed upon and bored by a Chadband?

"And yet, if you mention the name of one of these wonderfully portrayed characters of Dickens in the presence of a roomful of young people of to-day it is 5 to 1 that they will stare at you and wonder what you are driving at. Just try it on and see if I am not right. I'll just mention an example of this. My sister-in-law, a quiet, elderly woman, was humorously describing at dinner a few evenings ago the garrulousness of a trained nurse whom she had employed a short time before. There were eight young men and women, their ages ranging from 18 to 22, and all of them considered pretty well educated for their years, at the table.

"'That nurse must have been Sairey Gamp reincarnated,' said my sister-in-law, in concluding her narration.

"Well, the middle-aged and elderly folk at the table all chuckled at the comparison, of course, but every one of those eight young people looked blankly at my sister-in-law, plainly wondering what in the world she meant.

"'Who was Sarah Gamp?' finally asked one of the young women.

"My sister-in-law, realizing the utter hopelessness of endeavoring to draw a proper portrayal of Sarah Gamp for the benefit of persons who had never become acquainted with that amiable character, was forced to recommend the young woman to read 'Martin Chuzzlewit.' The young woman solemnly made a note of it, and she got the book from me the next day, confessing that she had never read a solitary work of Dickens from cover to cover. She found Dickens so dull, she said! And I have heard many young people of the present generation say the same thing—that Dickens seemed stupid and prosy to them. How they can say such a thing, much less experience the feeling, is quite beyond me.

"Thackeray, too, perhaps a keener, if less mellow, writer of fiction than Dickens, is sadly neglected these days. There is little or no call for his books. The uprising generation seem to have no interest whatever in Thackeray. They all know about Becky Sharpe because a play written about that demirep has been produced in recent years, but they appear to know no more about Arthur Pendennis, or Capt. Costigan or Barry Lyndon, or even Henry Esmond, than they do about the characters in the mystery plays of the middle ages.

"If the young people were to devote themselves as assiduously to Dickens and Thackeray as they do to the balderdash which seems to form their mental staple," concluded the book dealer, according to the Washington Star, "they would develop into better men and women for it."

THE BIG FISH THAT HE LOST.

A California Fisherman Declares It Was a Giant Striped Bass.

John George, a fisherman of Point San Quentin, Cal., was given a battle for his life the other day by a giant fish, which he declared was a striped bass. The fish overturned his boat and George would have been drowned had not help arrived.

George dragged his net for bass near San Quentin point on a recent morning. When he commenced to haul his catch aboard his heavy salmon boat he found that he had captured a giant bass. For more than an hour he clubbed and gaffed the monster, and at last succeeded in getting a rope through its gills. He then started to row his catch to the wharf.

After he had gone a short distance the fish revived and in its desperate efforts to free itself the boat was overturned and its occupant thrown into the water. Charles Allison, the agent at San Quentin, saw the fisherman's peril, and procuring a boat went to the rescue. George and Allison made every effort to right the former's boat or tow it ashore, but owing to the current they failed, and at last were compelled to cut the floundering fish loose in order to save the boat and nets.

George, who is one of the best-known fishermen on the bay, says the San Francisco Call, insists that the immense fish was a striped bass.

A Touching Tribute.

"The most touching compliment I ever received," remarked a well-known soprano, the other day, "was paid to me by a poor old woman, who must have amused those who heard her. I had sung two solos at the evening service of a fashionable church, after which I boarded a car. The old woman, whose clothes indicated great poverty, got in and sat down beside me, her face fairly shining with pleasure as she recognized me.

"'Lady, I want to tell you how I likes your voice,' she exclaimed in rather broken English. 'It goes right to my heart, and makes me so happy, just as if I'd heard the angels sing. I thank you.'

"Of course I thanked her, but the funny part was when the conductor came for our fares. The old lady counted out ten pennies before I could pass over my nickel.

"'Two! Two!' she said to him, as she nodded t me. 'I wants to, lady, for I likes your voice so much; I likes your voice.'

"So, while I felt that perhaps the poor old soul could ill spare her extra pennies, I let her make the sacrifice because of the evident pleasure it gave her, and no compliment I ever received has touched me more deeply than her oft repeated words, 'I likes your voice.'"

THE SINGING VOICE.

The Best Rules for Keeping It in Good Condition.

The greatest choir in the world is said (and we believe with truth) to be that attached to a monastery at St. Petersburg, erected in honor of Alexander Nevski, patron saint of Russia. It consists of about thirty monks, chosen from the best voices in all the Russian monasteries. It is really worth a journey to St. Petersburg to hear that choir sing.

A contemporary speaking of them announces that they believe that the eating of carrots has much to do with sustaining the strength and sweetness of their voices. Great singers are often great cranks. A list filling a column might be made of the things which they have credited with having a fine effect upon their voices; and the list would be very contradictory, some warning others against what their equals have commended. If it be true that carrots tend to make such singers as these or to improve voices, there are many reasons why the fact should be made known in this country, where from the climate or other causes voices are undergoing an unfavorable modification. Really fine bassos are difficult to find, and a great musical authority affirms that tenors are growing scarce. If this continues predominant voices will be of the class which a poor, inorant woman whose husband was a good singer but very ill-tempered, tried to describe. Being asked whether his voice was tenor or bass, she answered: "He says it is barytone, but at home it is bear-i-tone." The best diet for the voice is that which keeps the digestion perfect and all the organs and muscles employed in respiration unincumbered.

They Left.

"It does me good to see a smart Aleck get the worst of it," said the communicative conductor to the man on the back platform. "There were two of them on my car yesterday, and their game was to scare people into thinking that they were just recovering from smallpox. They talked loudly about it for the benefit of the other passengers, and the more nervous ones, especially the women, began to grow apprehensive.

"'Yes,' said one, 'my case was a pretty bad one, the doctors said.'

"'So was mine,' replied the other fellow. 'It seems good to get out of the Municipal Hospital, doesn't it?'

"'That's what it does,' said the first one.

"Sitting next to them was a man who had been taking it all in. At this point he leaned over and said:

"'Say, when did you fellows get out?'

"'Only yesterday,' loudly remarked one of the kidders.

"'Is that so,' exclaimed the man. 'So did I. What ward were you in?'

"Well, say, those fellows jumped off the car as though it had been struck by lightning, and you couldn't see their heels for dust."

Very Peculiar.

"That Miss Bradish is one of the most peculiar girls I ever saw. She and I met in London last winter, and we've been very good friends ever since until a couple of weeks ago. Now she barely speaks to me. I can't account for it. We were talking one evening about clever women. We both agreed that talented women are seldom beautiful."

"You probably made some remark that she didn't like."

"No; I was careful about that, and she showed no sign of her unaccountable coldness until I asked her whether, if she could have her choice, she would prefer to be talented or beautiful. She never answered the question, and has been different toward me ever since. Most peculiar girl I ever saw!"

Totems and Mascottes.

The totems cherished by some of the Indian tribes suggest the French mascotte. A "totem" is the generic word for a class of material objects which a savage regards with superstitious awe, under the belief that between him and every member of the class there exists an intimate relation. The totem may be a wolf, a beaver, a buffalo, a salmon a snake, the wind, birchbark, the leaves of trees, the sun or the snow. But whatever it happens to be, the connection between it and its protege is mutually beneficial. The totem protects the man, and the man testifies his esteem for his protection by not killing it should it be an animal, and not destroying it should it be a plant.

The Plucky Baboon.

One day a German traveler and his companions while in Abyssinia fell in with a band of baboons in a valley. The apes all hurried away before the travelers, all except a poor sickly creature, which sat upon a rock and howled and trembled with fear. The dogs of the travelers made a rush for the spot but before they could reach it an old baboon darted down the hillside, picked up its poor companion from under the very noses of the dogs, who scattered rather than fight the newcomer, and carried it off.

Hypocrites pay cream and live skim milk.

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

FOR three months the huge posters in red and blue ink have flamed forth. There is the "Blood Sweating Behemoth of Holy Writ," with an open mouth six feet square; there is "Mme. Lisette, Gorgeous Queen of the Hoops of Fire," clad in pink tights, leaping through billows of flame; there is the "Unsurpassed, Unparalleled, and Unequaled Union of Unique and Mighty Monsters" leering out through bars of iron; there are a hundred other marvels, any one of which is enough to throw the small boys into spasms of excitement.

When the first bill goes up they all begin to make plans for going to the circus. In divers ways they begin to get together the money needed for a ticket. They save rags and old iron; they cut lawns; they pick strawberries; they chop kindling and carry in wood. Every penny is saved. To the children the coming of a circus is the greatest possible incentive to industry and economy. This is a virtue which, strangely enough, the modest circus manager has been slow to claim. And then finally comes the parade—which is really better than the circus itself. The "show-lot" is always on the flats at the other end of Main street. You get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and hurry down to see the circus "get in" and unload.

Perhaps if the fates are kind you get

THE PARADE PASSES UP MAIN STREET.

a Heaven-sent chance to carry buckets of water until your back aches for a ticket of admission to the show. That makes you an object of envy to all your fellows. You stay and watch the canvasmen drive their pegs, rig their poles, and build a canvas city while the ordinary man would be marking off the site. You see the animals fed and your eyes stick out like hard boiled eggs when a beautiful young woman with red cheeks and a short white lace dress is let into the cage with the lions.

Finally the crisis comes. From the far off end of Main street a wild strain of unearthly music sweeps up the packed street. It is the steam calliope in action—an instrument which sounds like a score of tug whistles blowing at once. At the sound all the horses in hearing rear and plunge and their owners rush frantically out to wrestle with them. Meanwhile the town marshal is running down to the street to have the calliope turned off before the town is torn to pieces.

Far ahead of the rest of the procession ride two men in a shiny victoria, drawn by two white and two jet black horses, wearing silver mounted harness with yellow reins. One of the men is a quiet looking person in a modest suit of black clothes and a black slouch hat. He owns the show, but he cuts no figure in the eyes of the populace in comparison with the gorgeous and glittering individual who rides with him. This latter wears a red waistcoat with blue polka dots, white spats, shining patent leathers, and almost white frock coat and a tall silk hat, on which the sun plays in splendor. His ample paunch is crossed by an enormous gold chain, which meanders also once or twice around his neck. In his big red necktie shines a diamond greater and more brilliant than the Kohinoor.

Twice in each block as he proceeds in his triumphal progress up Main street, this glittering personage rises to his feet and lifts his silk hat, revealing a bald head as shining as his hat. He opens his mouth and out of it comes a voice like the blast of a trumpet.

"Come one! Come all!" he bellows. "On behalf of the management I am authorized to announce that immediately before the performance under the large canvas Mme. Lissette will perform the unparalleled and stupendous feat of dancing the skirt dance while suspended in midair on a slack rope stretched between the top of the wagon factory and the roof of the vinegar works. Entirely free, gratuitous, and complimentary. Without money and without price the gifted little lady will disport in midspace. Come one! Come all!"

Then he would make a bow and sit down, while the small boys gasped with awful admiration and envy.

Then you start on the dead run up Main street to get the seat in the second story window over Brown's grocery which has been reserved for you. Already Main street is packed with people. One row is sitting down on the curb, with their feet in the gutter. Behind them stand other rows reaching back to the front of the stores and then climbing to points of vantage on the tops of dry goods boxes. All the windows are full, anxious mothers clutching with nervous hands the waistbands of small children, who do their best to fall out into the crowds below whenever a stray strain of music comes floating up from the direction of the circus lot.

If you have earned a ticket or have an extra quarter in your pants' pockets you buy a big bag of peanuts, the shells of which you throw down from your high perch on to the heads of the people on the sidewalk. When the shells strike you turn your eyes away and look as unconscious as possible.

Now the town marshal emerges from the crowd on the other side of the street, dragging by the collar a young man who is denounced as "one of them city thugs." He starts down the center of the street with his prisoner, followed by a street full of excited men and boys, to whom an arrest is as exciting as a declaration of war. It is the marshal's day to shine. He gets to within a block of the lockup, under the engine-house, when a farmer's team, frightened half to death by the unusual noise and by the swift approach of the crowd, breaks away from the hitching post at the curb, stand up on their hind legs, and start to paw holes in the atmosphere. Without stopping to think the marshal drops his hold on his prisoner and grabs the horses. The pickpocket slips away to safety, but the horses are stopped from running away.

A dozen times there are false alarms that the parade has started. Each time the crowd along Main street surges into the street, and up the street come the huge gilded cages full of cooking utensils and baggage, with tightly closed sides and big signs warning the crowds to "Beware, Dangerous." Up comes the den of lions, with the lady in pink tights sitting on a cracker box in the midst of them. Up comes the clown, riding on a little donkey that stops every fifty feet and kicks up solemnly, while the crowds roar with laughter. Up comes everything belonging to the circus that can walk or be moved on wheels. Then the last wagon swings round the corner and the crowd flows into the street behind it.

There is always the awful possibility that father won't let you go to the circus. Once there was a small boy in a country town who had got hold of 50 cents and wanted to go to the circus so badly that he fairly ached all over. But his father said: "No, I don't believe in going to too many circuses. You're too small to go alone, and I can't spare the time. You'll have to stay at home."

The small boy, desperate with disappointment, ran away and went to the circus with another youth in similar straits. They got their tickets, went in, looked at the animals, and then took their seats in the circus tent. Between the acts they looked around them. Presently the small boy, glancing up, saw his father sitting six rows higher up. At the same instant his father saw him. Neither of them gave any sign of recognition, and neither referred to the subject afterwards. Only by the fact that he was not taken out into the wood shed after he got home was the small boy certain that he had not been mistaken.

As a rule you didn't stay to "the grand vocal, instrumental, and terpsichorean concert in the main canvas immediately after the conclusion of the performance." With the afternoon concert over there was still the evening performance to look forward to. Then the town relaxed back into its normal condition.

A Musical Staircase.

A staircase has just been invented which plays tunes as it is walked up and down upon. A series of pins are pressed by the feet and play gongs and drums, while others are connected with collapsible chambers which blow trumpets and other similar instruments.

Velocity of the Wind.

At the height of one mile the average velocity of the wind is four times as great as at the earth's surface.

Talent is of no use to the man who hasn't the courage to use it.