

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

An elevator is a "lift" in England; a "help" in France and a "drop" in Scotland.

There are said to be several gypsies in New York that are worth over one hundred thousand dollars apiece.

A priest in the State of New York claims to have cured a case of genuine, undoubted hydrophobia by putting the patient into a vapor bath of very high temperature until he was completely sweated out.

A rose-colored report from Panama says that "work on the canal goes on fast, and now that the lock system has been definitely adopted, the belief is strengthened that ships will pass through on the day fixed by Count de Lesseps."

It is reported that it has been found unprofitable to ship from the East to the West all the printed material used by the Postal Department when the paper can be bought and the printing done in St. Louis and Chicago quite as well. So branches of the Government Printing Office are to be established in these cities.

A little Buffalo girl was not feeling well, and her parents suggested that she might be about to have chicken-pox, then prevalent. She went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning went into her parents' room, looking very serious, and said: "Yes, it is chicken-pox, papa. I found a felder in the bed."

Prominent ladies in Washington society have decided to present to the City of Paris a statue of General Washington, in acknowledgment of that given by France to New York in 1876. It will be the work of an eminent American sculptor, and cast in this country, that it may in every sense be a purely American gift.

An interesting legal question is likely to arise over the finding of a jar containing \$12,000 at Holman station, Ind., by Smith Stewart on a farm which he had rented. The landlord claims the money on the ground that it had been buried by his sister, now deceased. The collection includes some coins over two hundred years old.

An English family has a custom of feeding wild birds regularly after breakfast. Opening the dining-room window, they ring a bell, and immediately all kinds of birds, and sometimes even squirrels, come to the feeding place. A curious result of the custom is that numerous applicants are seen each morning waiting the sound of the bell, like so many patients at a hospital.

In Germany the average duration of the life of gardeners, mariners, and fishermen is fifty-eight years; butchers, fifty-four years; carpenters and bricklayers, forty-nine years; shoemakers and tailors, forty-four years; compositors and lithographers, forty-one years, and laborers, thirty-two years. Of the professions the average lifetime of clergymen is sixty-seven years; teachers, fifty-seven years; lawyers, fifty-four years, and physicians, forty-nine years.

A Methodist brother, a licensed exhorter on Martha's Vineyard, was teacher of an adult class in Sunday school. The lesson was on the crucifixion. "We read here," said the teacher, "of two male-factors. I have studied the Bible quite carefully, but have found no mention of female-factors. Will each of you during this week search as thoroughly as you have time, to see if there be any reference to female-factors in any part of the Scriptures?"

Two Maryland inventors have discovered and perfected a substitute for the pendulum in timepieces. It consists of a hydraulic escapement, itself a piston or plunger that is propelled upward and downward once in twenty-four hours through a cylinder filled with mercury. There is no noise except when the clock strikes. The invention supplants the discovery of Galileo, and, it is claimed, will eventually revolutionize the clock manufacture, through cheapness and perfection.

The medicinal qualities of onions have lately been made a subject of discussion by medical men. One writer says: "During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity, or any mother, to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scarlatina anginosa, etc., where onions were freely used."

When Rosa Bonheur, who paints in male attire, appears in the streets of Paris, she is a large, elderly lady, rather plainly dressed in black, her gray hair tucked under a close bonnet; and unless for the peculiar strength of her face and her piercing, attentive eyes, it would not be noticed that she differed from any other woman in the crowd, except that she wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. She originally dressed as a boy to attract less attention when she went to study animals at the stables, cattle-yards and menageries, which were visited chiefly by men.

Dealing in Human Bodies.

He was an undertaker traveling East and had formed the acquaintance of an affable gentleman in the car, with whom he became confidential.

"One of our embalming processes is— You have never had any experience, of course, with human bodies?"

"Sold many a one," said the affable gentleman.

"What?" exclaimed the undertaker, against. "You're not a resurrectionist, are you?"

"No; I'm one of the managers of the Chicago base-ball club."—Chicago Tribune

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.

A Bold Undertaking Carried Through Under the Stress of Excitement.

It is often the case that persons under excitement carry through undertakings which they would otherwise think beyond their ability. The adventure of a Scotch fox-hunter among the mountains of his country goes to prove this most conclusively. He was once tempted to follow his hounds into a desolate and dangerous region, at a time when it was more than usually hazardous, as the ground was covered with a thick coating of snow. Thoughtless of the perils about him, he surmounted one difficulty after another, until at length the clamoring pack brought him to a ridge of frozen snow, so narrow at its upper edge that he could advance only by sitting astride of it and pushing himself forward with the united leverage of hands and feet. In this way, however, he succeeded in making the passage. But not long afterwards his dogs lost all trace of their fox, and, baffled and wearied, he gave up the chase. Retracing his steps, he was once more at the ridge of snow, and now first became aware of the perilous nature of the path he had chosen. On one side the drift reached down to the edge of a precipice, more than a thousand feet in perpendicular height; and on the other side, in one unbroken sheet, sloped down to a distance of five or six hundred feet.

Now, it often happens that obstacles surmounted, perhaps with ease, under the flush of hope and excitement, become magnified when failure has subdued the spirits. Though the ridge of snow had been passed with safety but a little before, it now presented a barrier before which the courage both of hunter and hounds quailed with trepidation. As he looked down into the depth below, on either side, he almost shuddered to think that he had crossed such a place; but the thought that it still lay between himself and home was more unpleasant still. Darkness, however, was coming on apace, and he knew full well that if he would not pass the night on these snowy heights the passage must be made again.

Urging his dogs forward, therefore, he prepared to follow them; but his own want of confidence appeared to have extended to his dull companions, and though unable to speak or remonstrate, they obeyed with instinctive reluctance. The leading hound, however, had not advanced far when he lost his footing, and in spite of every effort to recover himself, rolled down one of the steep banks of snow before mentioned. The fox-hunter watched his hound, until in the waning light it was almost out of sight; but then, seeing that the fall was arrested by some level surface, where it now stood, apparently without hurt, he determined rather than face the danger of the narrow ridge before him, in the gloom of evening, to follow his hound's example, knowing, from his acquaintance with the locality, that if he once gained the lower ground the greatest difficulty in his way home would be past.

Calling back the rest of his pack, therefore, he rolled up his plaid, and seating himself upon it as a cushion, began to slide down the snow in the direction of his four-footed precursor. But thus to shoot a steep slope five or six hundred feet in length is no trifling performance, and not without hazard. How he reached the bottom he has never been able to remember from that day to this. He recollected launching himself forth on the snow, then followed a wild rush through the air, a choking sensation and a giddy feeling of bewilderment, and his next moment of consciousness was as he lay half-buried in the level snow at the foot of the slope, his hounds gathering about him, and all of them, like himself, uninjured.—Youth's Companion.

Paper for Building Purposes.

The use of paper fabric for building purposes—by the term paper being meant broadly a flexible sheet made of vegetable or other fiber, which has been reduced to a pulp, and then pressed out and spread and dried—is now advocated by some builders on the following grounds: First, continuity of surface—that is, it can be made in rolls of almost any width and length, is flexible, or by gluing several layers together may be made stiff, and will stop the passage of air because there are no joints; second, it has no grain like wood and will not split; third, it is not affected by change of temperature, and thus has an advantage over sheet metal as roofing material; fourth, whereas, in its natural condition it is affected by moisture, it may be rendered waterproof by saturating with asphalt, or by a variety of other methods; fifth, it is non-resonant and well fitted to prevent the passage of sound; sixth, it is a non-conductor of heat, and can also be made of incombustible material, like asbestos, or rendered fire-resisting by chemical treatment. The combination of paper with other substances and solidifying the mass by pressure renders practicable production of a material capable of replacing wood for many purposes, and not least among its characteristics of adaptability is the ease with which it may be made into sheets of any width and thickness, that will not warp or shrink from heat, cold or dampness.—N. Y. Sun.

Ethel—"Did you go to Italy?" Harriet—"Oh, my, yes! We stayed there two months." Ethel—"What do you think of the lazzaroni?" Harriet—"Oh, it's awful. I tried some the first night I was there, but it doesn't suit my taste at all."—Life.

WATCH DIAL MAKING.

A Few Modern Uses to Which Photography Is Put.

Watch dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of the former cost. They all used to be painted by hand. Now a hundred are made in the time formerly required to produce one, and each of the hundred is better than the one would have been. The dial is copper, covered with enamel. Upon that they lay a sensitized coating of albumen and bichromate of potash. A large drawing, say twelve inches in diameter, of the design, figures an I dots that it is desired to put upon the dial is photographed down to the required size, which makes it so very fine that whatever inaccuracies may have been in the drawing are almost beyond discovery by the microscope. The negative thus made is exposed to the light in contact with the gelatine-coated watch dial for three to five minutes. Electric light is just as good as sunlight. Where the light has acted the gelatine is made insoluble. The dial is now inked over with common lithographic transfer ink. Next, with a clean sponge moistened with a little gum water, the ink and gelatine are wiped off the dial from all parts except where the lights have acted, and to those it adheres, leaving the design in clear black upon the enameled plate. But that design would easily blur and rub off by wear. Another process is necessary to make it permanent. A metallic enamel powder of any color—black, blue, red, green or purple—is dusted upon the dial. It sticks to the inked portions, but nowhere else. Then the dial is put in the muffle and fired. The enamel powder melts into the white enamel base and the work is complete. A watch company paid \$2,000 for that process. By it they can turn out for 10 cents each dials that in the old way of making would have cost \$1 apiece.

By that same process, with some trivial modifications in certain directions, photography is also employed now in putting pictures, monograms and other designs upon porcelain and china; but there is yet a field there for further improvement in the use of colored enamels in that branch of photographic decorations.

Photography is now used also for the production of the most beautiful engraved pictures and designs upon plate glass for car windows, screens, etc. A plate of glass, having been coated with sensitized gelatine, has transferred to it a picture. The soluble parts of the gelatine, those upon which the light has not acted are readily washed off. When those remaining are dry the plate is subjected to the action of a very fine sand blast. The most delicate dots and lines of the gelatine protect perfectly the glass beneath them, but elsewhere the particles of sand grind the glass and make it opaque. When that has been done the gelatine is readily dissolved and removed, leaving the picture complete. It is a rapid, easy process, and may be so handled as to give charming results. The picture for transfer must be in dots and lines. The half-tone pictures directly photographed from nature or from oil paintings can not be so employed.—N. Y. Sun.

On the Judge's Side.

A case was being tried in the west of England, and at its termination the judge charged the jury, and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed, and no verdict was brought in. The judge's dinner-hour arrived, and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry he learned that one obstinate jurymen was holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that in his charge to them he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of eleven men of wisdom was unfit and disqualified even again to act in the capacity of jurymen. At the end of this excited harangue a little squeaky voice came from one of the jury. He said: "Will your Lordship allow me to say a word?" Permission being given, he added: "May it please your Lordship, I am the only man on your side."—Argonaut.

Didn't Like the Humor.

Frankish Man (to wife)—I wonder what could have given me such a cold? It surely wasn't coming out too soon after taking a Turkish bath.

Wife—That's just exactly what it was. Why, you ought to have more sense than to act that way.

Man—I don't think it was the Turkish bath.

Wife—But I know it was.

Man—But I am confident it was not, for, you see, I have never taken a Turkish bath.

Wife—I don't know about that, but I do know one thing. You've got less sense than any man I ever saw.

Man—Why, Mary, I just wanted to be a little humorous.

Wife—Well, then, why didn't you be? To be humorous is to be pleasant, and if you had wanted to be pleasant you would simply have said 'I know that a Turkish bath couldn't have given me this cold, for I have not taken one.' Then, having arrived at a perfect understanding, we could have talked of something else."—Arkansas Traveler.

Howard (in boastful spirit)—"My father gets a hundred dollars every day?" Beatrice—"Papa! That's nothing. My papa holds a whole handful of diamonds every night."—Tid-Bits.

HABITS OF BIRDS.

An Observer States That They Can Sleep With One Eye Open.

Birds do not cough and sneeze, but they dream and snore, making the most distressing sounds, as if strangling. They hicough—a very droll affair it is, too—and they faint away. A goldfinch being frightened one night, a his struggles was caught between the wires, and gave a cry like the squeak of a mouse in distress. On my assisting to his relief, he slipped out into the room, and flew wildly about till he hit something and fell to the floor. He was picked up, and his fright re-terminated in a dead faint. The little roared drooped, the body was limp, apparently perfectly lifeless, and he was in his cage ready to be buried in the morning. He was placed carefully on his breast, however, and in a few moments he hopped upon his perch, shook out his ruffled feathers, and composed himself to sleep.

One feat sometimes ascribed to man is in the case of birds a literal fact—they can sleep with one eye open. This curious habit I have watched closely, and I find it common in nearly all the varieties I have been able to observe. One eye will close sleepily, shut tight and appear to enjoy a good nap, while the other is wide awake as ever. It is not always the eye toward he light that sleeps, nor is it invariably the one from the light. The presence or absence of people makes no difference. I have even had a bird stand on my arm or knee, draw upon one leg, and seem to sleep soundly with one eye, while the other was wide open. In several years' close attention I have been unable to find any cause either in the position or the surroundings for this strange habit.

No "set old woman" is more wedded to her accustomed "ways" than are birds in general to theirs. Their hours for eating, napping and singing are as regular as ours. So, likewise, are their habits in regard to alighting places, even to the very twig they select. After a week's acquaintance with the habits of a bird, I can always tell when something disturbing has occurred, by the place in which he is found. One bird will make the desk his favorite haunt, and freely visit tables, the rounds of chairs, and the floor, while another confines himself to the back of chairs, the tops of cages and picture-frames. One old hermit thrush frequented the bureau and looking-glass frame, and the top of a card-board map which had warped around till the upper edge was almost circular. On this edge he would perch for hours, twitter and call, but no other bird ever approached it. Still another would always select the door-casing and window-cornice.

Every bird has his chosen place for the night, usually the highest place on the darkest side of the cage. They soon become accustomed to the situation of the dishes in their cages, and plainly resent any change. On my placing a drinking-cup in a new part of the cardinal's residence, he came down at once, scolding violently, pretending to drink, then looked over to the corner where the water used to be, and renewed his protestations. Then he returned to the upper perch, flitting his tail and expressing his mind with great vigor. A few minutes passed, and he repeated the performance, keeping it up with great excitement until, to pacify him, I replaced the cup. He at once retired to his usual seat, smoothed his ruffled plumage, and in a few moments began to sing. A dress of a new color on their mistress makes a great commotion among these close observers, and the moving about of furniture puts the tamest one in a panic.—Atlantic.

No More Birds in Bonnets.

Ladies are no longer to wear birds on their bonnets and hats. Thus it has been decreed by fashion. The benevolent edict comes just in time to save the last remaining members of the race of humming birds and birds of paradise. The great forests of India, Brazil and the banks of the Mississippi have been ransacked, and have yielded up their treasures of winged jewels to adorn the feminine headgear. Now at last there is to be a truce to the massacre, and the pretty denizens of the woods may sing and fly awhile in peace. To estimate the extent of slaughter perpetrated for the sake of womankind's adornment, we may take the statement of a London dealer, who admits that last year he sold two million small birds of every possible kind and color, from the soft gray of the wood pigeon to the gem-like splendor of the tropical bird. Even the friendly robin has been immolated to adorn the fashionable bonnet.—London Queen.

Mad Over Vegetarianism.

A man mad over vegetarianism was a curious inmate of a Pennsylvania hospital. The sight of any animal, bird, insect or reptile, slain at the hand of man, would send him into paroxysms of hysteric rage. He would wear no shoes, in order to kill the fewer animalcule as he walked. Every shoe or woollen article of clothing that came in his reach he would destroy; a funeral would fill him with frenzy, for he held that the dead should be carried into the woods and covered with leaves; while his vegetarian ideas as to food were equally pronounced. On every occasion possible he would slip off his coat grass, each blade of which he would carefully wipe in order to preclude the destruction of an insect.—Boston Budget.

Women in Washington Territory can vote. Those who take advantage of the privilege are called ballot girls.

SMALL BOYS' CLOTHES.

Summer Suits for Little Fellows from Two to Six Years of Age.

Baby boys, eighteen months old, are dressed in nainsook and white cambric frocks, made plainer than those for girls; for instance, their yoke slips are of thick white cambric with a hem six inches deep without tucks, and the yoke is tucked without insertion, then they have sacque-shaped cambric dresses with three box plaits down the front and back, with the sides of the waist cut off and the skirt gathered there; a cambric sash is at the back, and the only trimming is the embroidered cuffs and a little turned-over collar, parted in front and back, and worn with a throat bow of blue ribbon. The skirts of these little dresses reach to the top of the buttoned boots of cashmere or of kid worn with them.

Boys of two or three years wear white muslin, or pique, or colored gingham, or Chambery frocks, made all in one piece, with a full skirt gathered to a plain waist, which is quite round and of natural length—not too short, as they were made last year. This little waist buttons behind, and has a sash of the material six inches wide sewed in the seams under the arms, and tied in a flat bow behind; the front of the waist is given a boyish jacket effect by being nearly covered with a jacket of the material set in the shoulder, arm-hole, and under-arm seams, then opened down the middle to disclose a row of thickly set pearl buttons (small shirt buttons) on the waist. Hamburg edging two inches wide is put on the jacket down the fronts and along the edges; this is quite flat, with the scallops turned up. The skirt has two breadths of the material, with a hem four inches wide, and is long enough to reach half-way between the knees and the tops of the shoes—a good rule for the length of dresses of most children over three years of age. Short white socks are to be worn in midsummer, but at present black stockings are most used. Black or tan-colored kid-buttoned shoes.

Walking coats, twenty-two to twenty-four inches long, for the smallest boys, are of white diagonal cloth, with round waist, box-plaited skirt, and round collar, fastened by large pearl buttons, and with white watered ribbon belt in front only, beginning with a bow on each side seam; other bows are on the throat and wrists. Their hats are white cloth toques, or Turkish crowns of light-colored cloth starting in a band of colored straw. In summer, walking coats are made of cordurette (the thick striped cotton) and of pique.

Boys of four to six years wear one-piece dresses of white or colored pique, made with a kilt skirt, sewed to a pique waist, pointed in front as a vest, with a pique jacket set on, and turned back in revers at top. The back of the waist has box plaits (under which it is buttoned), and a belt two inches wide, and slightly curved, hides the join of the back and kilt; two button-holes on each end of the belt fasten to buttons set on the ends of the under-arm seams. Similar pique dresses have the skirt in nine box plaits, and the front, instead of being a pointed vest, has a Louis Quinze blouse-vest set on in a full puff of white embroidered lawn, with a row of insertion down the middle. Deep round collar and cuffs of all-over embroidery and edging. A buff pique dress of two pieces has a kilt, with the silesia waist covered in front, as a vest, with striped embroidered white muslin; then the jacket slopes away to show this, and its edge is cut up in eight battlemented tabs that are finished with a white wadding-cord. A row of closely set small pearl buttons trims each front edge of the jacket, the collar and the cuffs.—Harper's Bazar.

THE RESULTS CAME.

A Sagacious Colored Man Makes a Few Reliable Predictions.

"What are you doing here?" asked a policeman of a colored man who had his eye glued to a knot-hole in an alley fence on the Brush farm the other morning.

"Waitin', sah."

"For what?"

"Results."

"What results?"

"Man sent me up to whitewash de kitchen ceilin'. Woman said she'd do de job herself an' save fo' bits."

"Well?"

"She's mixed de liquid, sah, an' hunted up an ole brush wid about fo'teen hairs in it. Now she's gittin' ready. She's tied an apron ober her head, stuck a broom-handle in de brush, an' is luggin' de pa'll into de house. Now de hired gal is puttin' all de chairs into doahs."

"Any thing else?" asked the officer after a long wait.

"Just a minute, sah; de results ar' almost heah."

Another minute went by, and then there was a wild yell from the house, followed by a crash, and the man at the knot-hole chuckled:

"Just like I figgered! De woman appears. Boaf eyes ar' full of lime, an' when she fell off de chair she almos' busted ebery bone in her body. Now de hired gal has come out. Now de woman in de nex' house runs in. Now de victim sots down on a box an' dey ar' rubbin' her eyes wid a rag. Now de hired gal runs into de house to ring up de police an' de fire engines an' de doctors, an'—"

"And what?"

"Til call again arter dinner an' dey'll welcome me wid hostile arms an' give me de fo' bits an' frow in an ole suit of cloths!"—Detroit Free Press.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, spends a great deal of time playing tennis. The boys speak of him as Dr. Jekyll while he is in the classroom.

Mme. Munkacsy, wife of the painter, has been so impressed by her husband's glowing account of America that she has made up her mind to pay this country a visit at the earliest opportunity.

The late Chief Justice Waite was seventy-two when he died. Justice Bradley is seventy-five, Matthews sixty-four, Harlan fifty-five, Blatchford sixty-eight, Gray sixty, Field seventy-two and Lamar sixty-three.

Countess Walderssee, wife of the nobleman who enjoys such an intimate acquaintance with Crown Prince William of Prussia, was formerly Miss Lea, of New York, daughter of David Lea, a banker of the American metropolis.

Miss Frances E. Willard believes that "American men are the best and truest who live, because they are masterful and masters of themselves." Notwithstanding this flattering estimate she declares that not until Portia is the lawyer and woman is in the jury box will there be a possibility of bringing culprits to justice.

An armor of jewels, worn by Mrs. Hicks-Lord at a reception in Washington recently, is said to have eclipsed any thing previously seen there in the way of personal adornment. Her famous \$250,000 necklace encircled her throat. She wore a pair of earrings probably not equaled in this country, and her bodice was a perfect mass of jewels.

Kaiser Wilhelm used to sign himself "Wilhelm: Imp. Rex." and every one wondered thereat. Why not in full, "Imperator et Rex?" Or, if abbreviated, why not "I. R.?" He voluntarily explained it one day to one of his ministers. "I sign myself in that way," said he, "because I feel that I am only partly Emperor, while I know that I am altogether a King."

The Rothschilds are always operating in precious stones, and just now are said to be cornering rubies. The finest rubies come from Burma, and the Burmese ruby mines are among the richest spoils of the British conquest of that country. The Rothschilds are, according to report, strong enough to corner the new supply, being allowed special facilities by reason of their financial hold on the British Government.

Laura Bridgman is now an old lady. Her wonderful history and achievements ought to shame some of our more gifted women. But her record bids fair to be surpassed by that of a little girl in Alabama, Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind. The Perkins Institute for the Blind, through Miss Sullivan, a graduate, is sending light to this darkened mind and fine intellectual powers are developing in the unfortunate little pupil.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

He—"Do you sellense in high license, Fannie?" She—"What kind of license—marriage license?" He changed the subject.—Washington Critic.

Boarder (looking over breakfast table)—"Liver—is that all there is for breakfast, Sarah?" Sarah—"Shure, sorr, there's liver enough for six."—EPOCH.

Son—"Papa, how do they catch unatics?" Cynical Father—"With diamond necklaces, decollete dresses and fourteen button kid gloves, my boy."—N. Y. Mercury.

Judge (to prisoner)—"It seems to me that I have seen your face before." Prisoner—"I shouldn't be surprised, Judge; I used to tend bar down at the Bald Eagle."—Texas Siftings.

Paracelsus located the soul at the pit of the stomach. A blow in the stomach is likely to double one up, which accounts for "two souls with but a single thought."—Texas Siftings.

Little Harry (home from school)—"I say, mother, we had our singing lesson to-day." "And how did you get on?" "Teacher said I sang like a bird." "Really! What bird?" "Like a crow."

"Tommy," said his aunt, "I hear your grandmother gave you a watch on your birthday. Was it a hunting-case watch?" "No," replied Tommy, who is seven years old. "It was a bare-faced watch."—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Dumley (proudly)—"Yes, I participated in one great battle of the rebellion, and, if I do say it myself, I was one of the men who led the way."

Featherly (admiringly)—"What battle was it, Dumley; Bull Run?"—N. Y. Sun.

The Georgia negro has no faith in banks. He lays all his money out in clothes and hair oil, and the news of a bank suspension causes him to exclaim: "Bust away, but ye can't hurt dese lavender breeches!"—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

"Bromley, I've been going through my last winter's vests." "Find any bills in the pockets, Darringer?" "Yes, one." "Good! A fifty dollar bill, I hope?" "No; a bill for \$19.23." "But there isn't a bill of that denomination." "Oh, there isn't, eh? Bromley, it was a wash bill."—Philadelphia Call.

"What have you been doing for a living lately?" asked a very tough looking citizen of a man who looked like as if he might be a boom companion. "Burglarizing." "What was your last job?" "I tackled the residence of a real estate agent last night." "Had any luck?" "Yes, first-rate." "What did you get?" "I got away without buying a house and lot."—Merchant Traveler.