

THE BABY'S BEAD.

I am only a bit of amber
That dazzles the baby's eyes;
But the light in my innermost chamber
Is the light of the pristine skies.

THE NEWLY WED.

A Pullman Porter Tells How He Spots
Them—Evils of the Rice Habit.
It is a Pullman porter, who is talking
to an attentive scribe.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN BITS.

DISMEMBERED PHOTOGRAPHY HAS
BECOME QUITE A CRAZE.
Pretty Hands, Necks, Shoulders, Elbows
and Feet Copied for Friends—A Detroit
Artist Talks of the Fad—Proud of His
Wife's Pretty Foot.

Let Down a Notch.

The street car wit is named legion. He
delights to stand on the platform and
make remarks which he believes are
funny.

HUSBANDS, STAND UP!

AMBER THINKS IT IS TIME SOME
ONE TOOK YOU IN HAND.
Two Ways of Acting When You Come
Home—Things You Should Do and Those
You Should Not Do—Of Course This Don't
Mean You, but It Fits Your Neighbor.

THE FIRST PARTING.

"Come, Eva, kiss mamma good night, and go with
nurse to bed.
What, tears? for shame! a moment since you
would be good, you said.

Hereditary Taints.

One result of the labors of physiologists
has been the clearing of the mental
vision, and the gradual comprehension
of the great, pervasive and potential fact
of "heredity."

Her Father's Poor Cigars.

A well known congressman, who loves
a cigar, good or bad, had a box in his
library which was bad, and his daughter
quietly threw them away.

The Pope a Great Chess Player.

The pope has a weakness for chess.
He is a very fine player, and in the
amateur ranks is said to have few
superiors in the knowledge of gambits
and openings.

The Best Fire Resistors.

Investigations of fire ruins show that
porous terra cotta bricks and blocks best
resist fire, water and frost; next to these
in the order of fire resisting qualities being
the various concretes, or some of
them, and burned clay work.

His Heart Was Listening.

One night when one of Mrs. Hodgson
Burnett's sons was about five years old,
he fell asleep in his mother's arms.

Correct Pronunciation.

I heard the other day that a prominent
clergyman recently lost a call to a leading
church because when preaching a
sermon as a candidate he pronounced a
single word incorrectly.

Not Inquisitive.

There was dust on his back and grime
of two weeks' standing behind his ears,
and as he stood on a corner, yesterday,
he was heard to remark that he was
from Lansing.

Method in His Silence.

"Belton told me he had borrowed some
money from you. I was surprised, because
I never heard you say anything
about it."

Rattlesnake and Cow.

Horses and cattle, it is frequently said,
rarely, if ever, suffer death from the bite
of a rattlesnake. But a hunter in the
Potomac valley came upon the evidences
of a double tragedy which goes to disprove
this opinion.

Japanese Oranges.

Japanese oranges are different from
our ideal of an orange as they can well
be, separating from the peel almost as
easily as a grape, dividing into sections
at the slightest pull, each section like a
separate fruit, dissolving its piece into
your mouth with flavor of cherries,
leaving no pulp behind.

Use Both Hands.

Recently, from my close attention in
many years' capacity at the circuit court,
I have been suffering from partial or in-
cipient paralysis of the right hand, or
what is otherwise known as pen paralysis,
the result, of course, of constant
writing with that hand.

Gladstone's Predictions.

The most remarkable man of our time
is the Hon. W. E. Gladstone—great in
statesmanship, great in finance (he won
his spurs of political knighthood as
chancellor of exchequer), great in oratory,
greatest of all in literature.

Let Down a Notch.

He has recently published an article
on "The Future of the English Speaking
Races." It reads like a chapter in the
"Arabian Nights."

Let Down a Notch.

One hundred years ago the English
speaking peoples of the world numbered
15,000,000. These were distributed thus:
In Great Britain, 12,000,000; in American
and other foreign lands, 3,000,000. Today
the number has multiplied seven fold
and stands at 105,000,000.

Wedding Fees.

Said a well known clergyman the other
day: "I think the clergy have too
much to say about the smallness of some
of their wedding fees. There is no
earthly reason, in the first place, why a
clergyman should receive any fee for his
services on such an occasion. If fees are
to be given at all, they would be
much more appropriate when a clergyman
is asked to officiate at a funeral,
which in some cases may consume several
hours of his time. But, granting that
a wedding fee is allowable, my experience
is that such fees are as a rule
too large rather than too small. I have
officiated at the weddings of a great
many mechanics and workmen, and
and in a large majority of instances the
grooms have given me \$10. Some of
them have given \$15 and even \$20.

Don't Be Afraid of 'Spoonin'.

And next, how do you entertain your
wife evenings? If you were invited into
a neighbor's house to spend a couple of
hours with his wife and daughter, how
would you entertain them, I wonder?
Why, you would put a pony in your
bottomhole, and slick up your hair, and blow
a little perfume out of the atomizer all
over yourself, and throughout the evening
you would overflow with bright
anecdotes and be so racy and charming
that after you had gone away everybody
would say: "What a perfectly delightful
man Mr. Perkins is! What good company!"

Let Down a Notch.

There is so much excellent advice given
to wives, suppose, for a change, we turn
around and read the husbands a nice
little manual of correct behavior. It is
high time some one took them in hand,
but, although I have had my eye upon
them for a good while, I have been
bothered to find a ripe opportunity.

Let Down a Notch.

You bolt into the house, and the first
thing you say is: "Why isn't supper
ready? I'm as hungry as a hound!"
"Great Scott! Can't you keep that child
quiet?" or, "What's the use of burning
so much coal? Turn off the damper!"
You are enough to ruin a Vanderbilt!
That's the keynote of the song you sing,
and yet you think it is dreadful if she
ever makes a remark harsher than the
bleat of a lamb. Suppose you had been
a hansom cab driver, a board of trade
man, cook in a restaurant, cash boy for
a dry goods house, a kindergarten teacher
and a hospital nurse all combined for the
whole day long, wouldn't you be more
tired, and wouldn't there be more excuse
for your irritability than when you have
simply attended to a single systematized
branch of business.

Let Down a Notch.

Several years ago an artist of Dresden
persuaded a locksmith there to give up
his trade and become an artists' model.
It was a good thing for the locksmith,
who is now the famous "muscle man of
Dresden, whose magnificently developed
body makes him probably the most
reputed model in the world. In order
to preserve for future artists an exact
duplicate of his extraordinary figure,
the director of the Royal Saxon Porzellan-
fabrik at Meissen, recently invited
him there that a cast from life might be
taken of the upper part of his body. It
is said that "his muscular development
is so complete and detailed that even the
least and slightest cord of every muscle
stands forth prominently, and his whole
body looks as if it were woven together,
or plaited like basket work. His muscles
have such a hardness that they feel to
the touch as if they were carved in
wood."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Let Down a Notch.

Probably the most unique railroad pass
issued this year is that of the Silverton
Railroad company of Colorado. It is a
thin silver plate, about the size and shape
of passes in general use. On the upper
left hand corner of the face of the plate
is a vignette showing a curve of the road
between Silverton and Ouray. The pass
is rolled from silver bars and stamped,
the vignette and lettering, with the exception
of the president's name, being in
relief. The name is intaglio, and is gilded,
as are the vignette and scroll. The
number of the pass and the name of the
person to whom it is issued are engraved
by hand.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Let Down a Notch.

A novel idea is the fitting up of a
steamer in England as a "sea going hospital."
This is for the benefit of the
deep sea fishermen, who are subject to
sickness and accidents, and often have
to endure great suffering before they can
be taken ashore for treatment. One
steamer has already been prepared and
dispatched on this mission and another
will be sent out as soon as it can be got
ready.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Let Down a Notch.

The iron crown of Lombardy consists
of a broad circle composed of six equal
plates of beaten gold, joined together by
close hinges of the same metal. Within
is the iron band which gives it a name.
It is about three-eighths of an inch broad
and a tenth of an inch thick, and is said
to have been made out of the nails used
at the Crucifixion, and given to Constantine
by his mother, the Empress Helena,
to protect him in battle.—New York Tele-
gram.

Let Down a Notch.

A letter was dropped into the letter
box at the Auburn postoffice recently,
bound for Boston, with the stamp fast-
ened on with a pin. It was pushed
through the stamp near the right side,
thence through the envelope and its con-
tents to the back side, and back again to
the front. It was stronger than the com-
mon lot of pins or it would never have
stood the pressure.—Boston Herald.

Let Down a Notch.

Master Burrill was an old time teacher
in the town of Fairfield. A writer in
The Somerset Reporter says that he used
to punish naughty whispering girls by
"bearding them"—that is rubbing his
unshaven chin with a week's stubble on
it down their pretty cheeks. It almost
took the skin off.—Lewiston Journal.

Let Down a Notch.

Brayton Ives, the well known finan-
cier and society man, is a bibliophile.
This may not seem to be an expensive
pursuit, but Mr. Ives manages to spend
a good deal of money upon it. Only
the other day he spent some \$1,800 upon
a rare copy of an early edition of the
Holy Writ.

Let Down a Notch.

There is so much excellent advice given
to wives, suppose, for a change, we turn
around and read the husbands a nice
little manual of correct behavior. It is
high time some one took them in hand,
but, although I have had my eye upon
them for a good while, I have been
bothered to find a ripe opportunity.

Let Down a Notch.

This awful silence pained the street
car Touchstone, and the iron was ground
deeper into his soul by a young man who
stood next to him and who turned and
said: "You are mistaken, sir, about that
musical instrument. It is a mechanical
device, and one who is not a musician
can play it." Then he went on to give
the funny man a description of the hand
organ, and wound up by saying: "Your
mistake is perhaps natural, but when you
have lived here in the city longer
you will learn all about these things."
The funny man alighted at the next
corner, and the smokers all shook hands
with the young fellow who had picked
him up so neatly.—Chicago Herald.