

# MAJOR RUMSEY.

It was the proud boast of Mrs. Maltworth, widow of the late Captain Robert Maltworth, of the Cavalry, proprietress of the Esmeralda Hotel, Seabreeze, that in each of the twelve years during which she had owned and managed the establishment on the shore at Seabreeze she had successfully brought two young people into relations with one another that had resulted in matrimony. To tell the truth, Mrs. Maltworth was a born matchmaker, as many a young lieutenant could have witnessed.

Mrs. Maltworth was one of those rare individuals who can sink their own discomforts and smile on the pleasures of others. It was largely due to this fact that the Esmeralda had prospered, and during the season its rooms were flooded with young people bubbling over with holiday spirits, who joked and laughed together as if the office and the counter were nothing more than mere imaginings which would not reappear at the expiration of a brief fortnight.

But Mrs. Maltworth and her two daughters were growing desperate. The season was rapidly growing to a close, and as yet no two young people had been attracted to each other. To be sure, there had been one or two mild flirtations which had excited considerable expectation, but they had not "developed" and had expired before the participants left Seabreeze.

"Here's a letter from a Major Rumsey, my dears," said the widow one morning. "He wants to come next Monday with his son and daughter to stay—why, he doesn't say how long he will stay?"

"Who is he?" inquired the elder of the Misses Maltworth, a prim young lady of 25, whose living interest was centered and circumscribed in the cutting down of expenses at the Esmeralda.

The widow passed the letter to her. "He writes from Shoreham, you see, and that is very select. We shall have to put him and the son in the second floor front and his girl in the room opposite ours."

The younger daughter nodded approvingly. She was a pretty girl, who had all her mother's amiability and tenderness mixed with her father's soldierly pride.

Major Rumsey duly arrived with his son and daughter. He was a middle-aged gentleman whose hair was generously sprinkled with gray, labeled military from head to foot, and possessed of a bluff, hearty voice that instantly won the widow's heart.

"I always feel thoroughly at home with army gentlemen," she confessed to him ere he had been in the house half a dozen hours. "You see, I'm a soldier's daughter and married a man who carried a commission."

"Madam," replied the Major, "you surprise and honor me."

"Yes, my poor husband, Captain Maltworth, of the Cavalry."

"What!" roared the Major, springing from his chair. "Your husband—old Bob Maltworth of the Cavalry?"

"The same, sir."

"My dear Mrs. Maltworth, this is indeed a pleasure. I and old Bob—Captain Maltworth, were mates together before—Have you never heard him speak of his old friend Rumsey?"

"Bless my soul, my dear lady," continued the excited Major, walking to the window. "Fancy coming across the widow of my old friend; the world is, after all, quite a little place; now, isn't it?"

The opening of the door and the entrance of Mabel caused him to turn round.

"Mabel, my dear, this is Major Rumsey—and he is an old friend of your poor papa's."

The Major bowed to the fair young girl before him, while she blushed and murmured, "How do you do in so pretty a manner that the Major was on the instant charmed and captivated."

That evening there was a merry party in the widow's little drawing-room, which excited considerable curiosity among the other boarders. There was much laughter and just a few tears on the part of the hostess, and that night young Harold Rumsey dreamed of a blushing blue-eyed girl who had called him "Mr. Rumsey" no end of times, although he would have given anything to have been called Harold.

The visit of Major Rumsey, Mr. Harold Rumsey and Miss Eleanor Rumsey (to quote the Seabreeze News) was decidedly a time of unqualified enjoyment. The happiness of the three suffused through the whole of the Esmeralda Hotel, and the proprietress was heard to remark that never in all her life had she seen so jolly a company as her boarders at this period. The visit lengthened from a fortnight to three weeks, then to a month, and still the happy trio said nothing of leaving.

"It does my heart good to see these young people living so happily," said Mrs. Maltworth. "It makes me feel young myself, I confess."

The Major was standing at the case, looking away over the sea. Outside the promenade was almost deserted, for the days were growing cold and sunless, but at the end of the thin line of beach, where it was cut off by the cliff that jutted out, he could see a woman and a man seated. Her hand was clasped in both of his, and as the old soldier watched he saw her head droop lower—lower.

"Mrs. Maltworth," he said, scarcely above a whisper, "come here. You see those two young people away there? They are our young people."

Together they watched the two, who, all unconscious that they were observed, were telling one another the sweetest story in the world.

The widow was the first to speak. "I felt sure it would come," she cried. "Fancy, this is the thirteenth year without a break!"

"The thirteenth year!" thundered the Major. "Do you mean to tell me that the girl has for thirteen years—"

"Major Rumsey!" interrupted the little woman. And then she explained, and explained so well, that her listener became as enthusiastic as herself, and swore with a characteristic military oath that he could have desired no better mate for his lad.

Suddenly the widow started up.

"O, dear!" she cried in dismay. "It mustn't be. I was forgetting it's the 13th, and that would be unlucky. It was on the 13th that my poor Robert—"

"Nonsense, my dear madam," growled her listener. "Surely you don't believe in that old woman's tale!"

"But Robert—on the 13th—"

"—Robert," the Major thundered, and immediately apologized. "I forgot myself. What I wanted to say is this: Why should we risk the happiness of our boy and girl?"

"Why, indeed?" murmured the lady.

"Suppose, for instance, two other people found they could join forces with advantage and advance on the enemy's line better together than singly. Suppose, I say—Mrs. Maltworth—Helen—what do you say to taking me?"—and here the Major flopped down on his knees in most unilitary style—"me—an old half-pay officer without a friend in the world. Now, what shall we say?"

And like the soldier's daughter and



"YOU SURPRISE AND HONOR ME," SAID THE MAJOR.

the soldier's widow that she was, the blushing proprietress of the Esmeralda answered "Yes" with precision.

"This is how it is that the Esmeralda is 'under entirely new management,' and the young people who congregate there in the summer speak regretfully of the old days—the days that are no more.—Buffalo News.

### OFFICER WORSTED FOR ONCE.

Policeman Failed to Arrest Two Drunken Men and a Big Dog.

Ever since he joined the force Policeman Andy Murray has made a specialty of the arrest of "drunks," a line of duty for which he seems to be peculiarly fitted, and in the exercise of which he takes great delight. It was because of his reputation for always landing his man at the nearest patrol box unassisted that he undertook to arrest two intoxicated individuals single-handed on Monday night, and thereby came to grief. Andy was standing at 22d and Diamond streets shortly after dark when he saw an oddly assorted pair leaning up against the gate of the Odd Fellows' cemetery, both evidently under the influence of liquor. One was a man attired in full dress, wearing a high silk hat, who was holding a big Newfoundland dog by a chain. The other was a bicyclist, who was apparently too far gone to ride, but who still held on to his wheel.

Patrolman Murray grabbed each by the shoulder and started for the patrol box, but the prisoners wanted to argue. The trio came to a halt; the dog ran around them a couple of times, wagging up the chain, and then suddenly, springing at a cat, made a wild dash for the other side of the street. The unsteady prisoners fell over like tenpins, dragging their captor with them. In his fall Murray jammed one foot through the spokes of the bicycle's front wheel and, unable to extricate himself, he lay at the bottom of the heap until a brother officer came to his assistance. He now acknowledges that he bit off more than he could "chew."—Philadelphia Record.

### The Wealthiest Beggars.

The wealthiest living professional beggar, Simon Oppasich, an Austrian, was born without feet or hands, and sympathy for his infirmities brought him a large fortune in the shape of alms. In 1880, when he was 47 years old, he had saved \$12,000, and in 1888 he had increased his fortune by speculation to \$25,000 in cash and about \$40,000 in Trieste and Parenzo estates. Since then he has quadrupled his wealth by speculation on the bourse.

When Tori, a well-known Italian beggar, died last year, bank books, securities, gold and silver, and other articles, to the value of upward of \$80,000, were found in his rooms. His heirs were two nephews, who had been existing in a state of miserable poverty for years.

A beggar who died in Auxerre, France, in 1895, was found to have bonds to the value of 1,000,000 francs in an old trunk and 400 bottles of wine of the vintage of 1790.

The French seem to be a generous nation, for in the same year an old woman, who lived in a wretched garret in the Rue de Sevres, Paris, died, leaving Government securities representing an annual income of £210, all made by begging.

A beggar named Gustave Marcolin, of Avignon, died in November, 1892, and left £20,000 in French Government bonds, to be divided equally between the city and the Bureau de Bienfaisance, the great French charity society.—London Mail.

### A Serious Matter.

Truant scholars do not attend in Switzerland. If a child does not attend school on a particular day, the parent gets a notice from the public authority that he is fined so many francs; the second day the fine is increased; and by the third day the amount becomes a serious one. In case of sickness, the pupil is excused, but, if there be any suspicion of shamming, a doctor is sent. If the suspicion proves to be well founded, the parent is required to pay the cost of the doctor's visit.

At a million Thanksgiving dinner tables a million housekeepers said when the guests got around to pie: "I expect that pie is scorched a little on the bottom."

### HUMOR AND KINDNESS.

#### The Shah of Persia Unwilling to Face Our Artistic Wit.

The people of America pride themselves on being able to see the humorous side of life, and smile a little superciliously at those more sober people who take themselves and their circumstances too seriously; but like every other good thing a lively sense of humor may be abused, and when it leads a nation to make its guests wish themselves anywhere else rather than in America, it has certainly gone a step too far.

It is said of the late Shah of Persia that in his desire to know more of the world he would have come to America, but he feared that the Americans would make fun of him. Possibly his staying away showed that he had already gained a little knowledge of the people of whom he wished to know more, for just the fate he dreaded befell the first and last envoy from Persia to Washington—His Excellency Hassan Ghoully Kham.

This representative of a less civilized land did not find his sojourn in America altogether to his liking. The Americans were amused at him, and they let him see it. In appearance he closely resembled a mulatto, and his attire was not of a modest style. His ears were decorated with large earrings, and his jewelry was of the loquacious character. His ways, too, were queer, and the newspapers found him a good subject for humorous remarks. They made fun of his name and of his oddities, and although he could speak but imperfect English he knew that he was being made the butt of jokes.

At last things came to a climax. At the house of a distinguished resident he was refused admittance by a colored servant, who took him for a Virginia negro, and this slight, coming after many other things that had tried his temper, proved too much for his equanimity. In a rage he proceeded to the State Department, to lay his grievance before Secretary Blaine.

"During my stay in your country I have been annoyed, and treated in a way that a representative of Persia should not be," he said, "and the newspapers cartoon me, make verses about my name, and hold me up to general ridicule."

"But you should not mind that," said Mr. Blaine. "Our President has to put up with cartoons, and the ridicule of the comic papers."

"Yes," replied the minister, "your President has to stand it, but I don't, and I shall return to my government."

To some souls such humor assumes another aspect. Ernest Renan, in writing of his sister Henrietta, tells a story of her that shows her to have been singularly wanting in that kind of humor which could in any way hurt the feelings of its subject. He says:

"I remember that as we were going in boats to a fête in Lower Brittany our boat was preceded by another in which were some poor ladies, who, wishing to deck themselves for the occasion, had hit on rather unfortunate and tasteless arrangements, which excited the mirth of the people who were with us. The poor ladies perceived this, and I saw my sister burst into tears. It seemed to her barbarous to make fun of good people who were trying to forget their misfortunes in an hour's gaiety. In her eyes abused persons were to be pitied, and she stood up for them against those who ridiculed them."

### Unfortunate Heroine.

One of the eccentricities of the English language was lately brought to the notice of a New England woman by her Swedish maid. The girl had attended a night-school for some weeks, and was much delighted with her attainments in English. She expressed her wish to try her knowledge of the language by reading a story, and her mistress recommended for her perusal one called "A Modern Cinderella," in a magazine. It was short, simply worded, and appeared not to present any linguistic pitfalls.

"Did you like it, Bertha?" asked the mistress when the magazine was returned to her.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl, slowly, "but I am sorry she had so much trouble and dose glass eyes, too. My brudder, he had one glass eye, and it was vera hard for him."

"Why, I didn't remember about her having glass eyes," said the mistress. Bertha unfolded the magazine, and pointed with a respectful finger to the following undeniable proofs:

"As Polly moved about the kitchen, doing her work, her eyes suddenly fell on the letter which lay unopened in her aunt's lap."

"Keep your eyes where they belong," said lady sharply; and poor Polly colored with shame.—Youth's Companion.

### "Monte Cristo" Outdone.

The increase of wealth has been prodigious since the time of our civil war, especially in America. When I was a boy, any one who had one hundred thousand dollars to his name was considered fairly rich; but at present people think little of a trifle like that. Even in Europe, where fortunes are gained much less rapidly than with us, a property must now be many times larger than in the first half of the century, before it begins to dazzle society. I suppose some of you have read "Monte Cristo," and you know that few things were too extravagant for the imagination of Alexandre Dumas. He meant that his romantic hero should lead the whole world in giving him, and probably thought of giving him the biggest bank-account ever heard of. But Monte Cristo was worth only a fraction of what several real men now living can show. This was not the sort of mistake you would have expected from Dumas. It would have cost him only a stroke of the pen to multiply the hoard in the Mediterranean island a hundred times; but although his novel was written when he was 40 years old, he could not foresee that his fiction would be utterly distanced by solid facts before he died.—St. Nicholas.

### Just Filled the Niche.

The Heiress—The man I marry must be very handsome, afraid of nothing and clever. Money's no object to me. Mr. Broke—Doesn't it seem like fate that we should have met?—Harper's Bazar.

A married woman can't be happy without creating the impression that she has risen above her troubles.

### THE EFFECT OF THE COLORS.

#### Mental Elevation or Depression Caused by their Tones.

There are colors that are refreshing and broadening, others that absorb light and give a boxed-up appearance to a room, others that make a room with a bleak northern exposure or with no exposure at all appear bright and cheerful; some that make a room appear warm, some that make it cold.

If a ceiling is to be made higher leave it light, that it may appear to recede. Deepening the color used on the ceiling would make it lower—an effect desirable if the room is small and the ceiling very high. Various tones of yellow are substitutes for sunlight.

The thermometer seems to fall six degrees when you walk into a blue room. Yellow is an advancing color; therefore a room fitted up in yellow will appear smaller than it is. On the other hand, blue of a certain shade introduced generously into a room will give an idea of space. Red makes no difference in regard to size. Green makes very little.

If a bright, sunny room gets its light from a space protruded upon by russet-colored or yellow-painted houses, or else looks out upon a stretch of green grass, it should be decorated in a color very different from the shade chosen if the light shade comes from only an unbroken expanse of sky.

If olive or red brown be used in conjunction with mahogany furniture, the result is very different from what it would be if blue were used. Blue would develop the tawny orange lurking in the mahogany.

Red brings out in a room whatever hint of green lurks in the composition of the other colors employed.

Green needs sunlight to develop the yellow in it, and makes it seem cheerful.

### Ate During the Naval Fight.

It seems that Admiral Schley and Captain Cook sat down to dinner while the Brooklyn was chasing the unfortunate but gallant Colon. There's the American assurance for you. At the close of a tremendously important battle, which settled a war and changed the map of the world, the commanders on the United States flagship, pursuing at top speed the last of the enemy, whose guns still belched defiance, sat down to dinner, which, no doubt, was served in style and with a strict regard for gastronomical etiquette.

"I will have a bit of the tomato soup," remarked the admiral. "Ah, that must have been a five and one-half-inch shell, eh, captain?"

"Sounds like it—pass me the celery," replies Captain Cook.

With the cheese and black coffee and cigars the enemy is overhauled and driven ashore, the Spanish sailors dotting the sea like drowning rats and the aged Corvera tearing his beard in the agony of disaster. Then, after quaffing a chartreuse, the American admiral appears on deck and orders all boats lowered and all efforts made to save the lives of the saturated Spaniards.

There ought to be fairly good material in this incident for a light opera. There was nothing half so naive or amusing in "Pinafore."—Kansas City Star.

### The Stage in Shakespeare's Time.

John Churton Collins, the distinguished essayist and Quarterly Reviewer, has been lecturing on the theater of Shakespeare's time. The typical theater then was of wood, circular or hexagonal in form, being elevated externally on the general structure of the old amphitheaters for bull and bear baiting. The interior was fashioned after the manner of an inn yard. The pit was surrounded by the sun, while the actors were protected by a thatched penthouse. The scenery was supplied by the imagination of the audience, but what was lacking in scenery was made up in noise and bustle, things being kept very lively in that direction. The most numerous class among the audience were roistering apprentices.

On the stage and in other parts were fashionable dandies, swashbucklers, writers and actors. These, it is interesting to know, always had a free pass. The play lasted two hours on an average, and considering the noise and the smells which accompanied the performance, one was, Mr. Collins presumed, not sorry when "the actors dropped on their knees to pray for the queen."

### A Youthful Financier.

"Mamma," said a little fellow after he returned from church last night, "does the Lord keep books against everybody on earth?"

"Yes, my son," the mother answered, "in the great record of time the acts of every one are registered. If we do good, it is to our credit, and if we do evil it is on the debit side."

"Then, mother," the little imp asked, "how much discount will the Lord figure on the nickel with a hole in it I put in the contribution box to-night, and will I get credit for the face value and be charged with the discount?"

The future financier was hustled off to bed as soon as evening prayer was over.

### Earthquakes.

When an earthquake occurs the entire crust or surface of the earth experiences some effects of the disturbance. An earthquake in Calcutta which was accurately recorded gave a basis for determining the speed of transmission of the wave of disturbance due to the shock. The disturbance was registered at the Edinburgh Observatory, thousands of miles distant, and gave a speed of transmission of six and two-tenths miles per second for the heavier shocks and less than two miles per second for the lighter ones.

### Charivari for the Rabbits.

English farmers, who know it is against the law to use ferrets to drive out rabbits, place in the burrow a rubber hose with a tin horn on the end inserted. They then blow the horn and bunny comes out in quick order.

### Bareheaded Spaniards.

There are parts of Spain where the hat is unknown except in pictures. The men, when they feed a covering, tie up their heads and the women use flowers.

### Before Columbus.

Prof. Proctor asserts that 100,000,000 people lived and died in America before Columbus' discovery.

Pleasure that isn't shared with another loses half its power to please.

### GUM CHEWING.

#### A Russian Traveler Who Will Go Home and Tell About It.

S. Hanflum, 50 years of age, blonde gray, whiskered, voluble, and all the way from St. Petersburg, Russia, is at the Brown Palace Hotel. To the surprise of a caller, who had never seen the gentleman before, Mr. Hanflum turned, and, with an expression of delight upon his face, exclaimed:

"Ach, my friend! I am full with delight. You are ze zientleman from Molt-boorn rich I meet on ze high mountain, ze peak of—vat you call boem? Ah! Pike, ze peak of Pike. Eet ees wis ze greatest pleasur I see you."

When gently told that he was mistaken he could hardly believe it.

"Ees eet poeseb? Vell, eet ees remarkable ze ryzsambance."

His accent and veraculous were peculiar. Sometimes he talked like a German, sometimes like a Frenchman. His manner was wholly French.

"Yes, sair," said he in answer to a question. "I am a resident of St. Petersburg. I was born in Warsaw, Poland, but I leev in R-russia tairy yairre. My name ees Jairman, but I am not. Eet ees only ze name vich ees Jairman. Deed you notice zat name? Hanf, you see, meene hemp, and blum ees flyver; zat ees atsoom yairr hemp-flower. Zat ees pretty, ees eet not?"

It was, and his visitor admitted it.

"I haf been in America soome veecks, and haf noticed many 'tings to pleece me and soome vich do not. Now, zat seengular custom of eating gum. Zat ees ze most remarkable. Eet ees not far me to wonder. All ze time zey bite, bite, bite, chewing zis gum. So many, too!"

And Mr. Hanflum held up both hands and arms like a pair of exclamation points.

"On ze car from Boofalo to Neek-eera zair was a young ledly seeing in front of me ating zis gum—wizout stop, sink of it! All ze time! I ask: 'Vat ees zis zat zee people all eating?' I vas to! I purchase soome of ze leedle stuf and put in my mouze—Pa-ah! I shpat beem out. Eet ees like medecene and vorse. And eet ees so ogly! I wonder so much as zis mees-er-able habbet, and eet seeme to be ze habbet dees-teenkteef, nyacoon—ees eet zo?"

The impeachment was admitted with grief.

"And ees zair no r-rymedee, no cure for zees ter-raible sing? No? Zat ees said."—Denver Post.

### LITERARY LITTLE BITS.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's latest novel is called "I, Thion, and the Other."

It is said that George Moore has almost finished a sequel to "Evelyn Innes."

Dean Farrar is busily engaged upon a new book, to be entitled "The Life of Lives; or, Further Studies in the Life of Christ."

Anthony Hope has just finished a novel which is devoted to a delicate and penetrating study of Disraeli. It is a new development in the novelist's career and will be anticipated with great interest.

Professor R. G. Moulton's method of presenting in modern literary form the several parts of the Bible appears to good advantage in his "St. John," especially in indicating the dramatic movement in the book of Revelation.

Eden Phillpotts' new novel, "Children of the Mist," is a story of life on Dartmoor, and extends over a period of ten years. As in "Lying Prophets," Mr. Phillpotts tried to draw a faithful picture of a girl, so in this book, we are told, he has attempted to depict a boy.

Contrary to the experience of most translators, whose fate it is to reap little of honor and less of pay for their painstaking work, Jeremiah Curtis, the translator of "Quo Vadis," is said to have realized \$25,000 as his share of the unprecedented sales of Sienkiewicz's masterpiece.

Edmond Rostand, author of "Cyrano de Bergerac," has written to an American friend disclaiming the contemporary references to the American nation attributed to him by some newspapers. In point of fact he has every reason to feel amably disposed toward Americans, as he is receiving large sums of money all the time from the success of the play and the book. The press translation by Miss Gertrude Hall pays him a royalty on every copy sold, and the publishers announce the thirteenth thousand already. The success of Mansfield's production, moreover, is netting M. Rostand something like \$100 a day.

### Yankee Ingenuity Did It.

Only a few years ago practically all the canned peas consumed in this country were imported from France, the famous petit pois. At that time it was deemed impossible to produce the required quality in this country, consumers desiring firm, even bright green, goods, and though sulphate of copper was used in securing that color it made comparatively little difference with the trade. American packers, however, experimented with the object of producing a pea the equal of the French article, and how well they succeeded is now an old story. Starting with good seed, and under careful cultivation, the American pea now equals the imported product of France, and our packers have built up an industry which has become an important feature of the great canned goods trade of the country. The careful selection of seed has resulted in a variety having all the desirable qualities of the French product and requiring the addition of no coloring substances to make them attractive. American canned peas stand on their merits. Wisconsin and New York are the leading pea-packing States, although others are rapidly developing the industry.

### Beat the Circus.

Tickets were sold to more people for a circus at Los Angeles than the tent would hold. A man who had paid \$4 for two seats which he could not get to used not alone for the return of his money, but for \$4 paid in carriage hire, and he won a verdict for both, with \$6 more to cover the costs of the trial.

Every politician believes he is good enough for any office.

### HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

#### STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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

**An Object of Parent.**

"It is money that makes a man important."

"I don't know; it seems to me I'm of more importance when I haven't any money."

**Aristocracy of Doidium.**

"My doll can shut her eyes and go to sleep just lovely."

"Huh! My doll never goes to sleep at all; she's got no snailner."

**A Wonderful Woman.**

"Hobson dotes on his mother-in-law."

"Just to be peculiar?"

"No; at Christmas she always sends him something that his wife can't use."

**Working-Class Cats.**

"Those new neighbors must be very ordinary people."

"Why?"

"Their cats catch mice."

**Pity.**

His voice was hoarse with emotion. And did she pity him?

Ah, yes! Generous girl that she was, she handed him an entire box of lozenges that some distributor had left upon the doorstep the day before.

**Unmistakable Proofs.**

"Why do you think he is a self-made man?"

"Because he wears chin whiskers instead of mutton chops."

**Merely a Feaster.**

"No, I thank you. I prefer to stand." The stout woman who was standing

### An Easy Guess.

Mr. Blunkus—Why do you think Mildred and young Puckelich are engaged?

Mrs. Blunkus—After he went away last night I smelled paper burning in the kitchen stove and this morning I found a piece of an envelope addressed to her in another's handwriting.

**Success.**

"Is he a successful man?"

"Yes, very. He has been mixed up in three bank failures and succeeded in keeping out of the penitentiary every time."

**Evidently a Failure.**

Singleton—My congratulations, old man; no more sewing on buttons now, eh?"

**Widely—No, indeed!** I wear a belt now. It keeps me so busy supporting a wife that I haven't time to sew on buttons.

**Getting at the Facts.**

Insurance Agent—Pardon me, madam, but what is your age?

Miss Antiquate—I have seen 22 summers.

Insurance Agent—Yes, of course; but how many times did you see them?

**Feminine Diplomacy.**

Hattie—Would you call Nell a beauty?

Ella—Well, that depends.

Hattie—Depends on what?

Ella—Whether I was conversing with her or some one else.

**Failed to Conciliate.**

As the conventional young man sat talking with the conventional young woman the conventional stern father came in.

The young man would fain be sociable and at ease.

"The open door—" began he.

"The front door is open at this minute," said the father.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Too Weak a Comparison.**

At last, after many dangers, she had

### TRAINING SCHOOL.



"What's the cause of the infernal racket in the next room?"

"It is Schmidt, the dog fancier, who is breaking in some dogs intended for musically inclined mistresses."—Muggendorfer's Blaetter.

up in the crowded car looked straight ahead of her as she made this remark.

The men sitting down glanced furtively at each other.

"I didn't hear anybody offering me a seat," she said, still looking straight at the front end of the car, "but I took it for granted somebody had done it."

Six men slowly rose up.

"No, I thank you," she said, without looking at any of them. "I've been standing for fifteen minutes. It won't hurt me to keep it up a little longer. I get off at the next crossing."

Then six men sat down again, much relieved.

She had overestimated them.

**Getting Back at Her.**

"Yes, Mrs. Pank, I can understand why you wouldn't live in a small town."

"What do you mean?"

"Anybody can live in a city, but it takes people who have mental resources to enjoy life in a small town."

**Well Fortified.**

"We never suffer from cold hands when we go out."

"Are you so robust?"

"No; but my wife has her muff and I carry the poodle."

**It Was Natural.**

She (after the honeymoon)—I've often wondered, dear, what you ever saw in me to cause you to make me your wife.

He—That's a strange coincidence. Do you know I've asked myself that question a hundred times since we've been married?

**Shows Effort.**

"I always appreciate it when Bibbs is pleasant to me."

"Why?"

"Because it is hard work for him to be pleasant to anybody."

**Going In for Exercise.**

"What did Bess say in her letter to Santa Claus?"

"She said she wanted a pair of skates and a piano."

**He's Caught the Craze.**

"Bobby, what kind of a sled do you want?"

"I want one that's pretty enough to haul girls on."

**Figuring It Out.**

"Have you any idea how old Mrs. Wexford is?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but she must be pretty well down in the 20s yet. I heard Mrs. Bloxham say the other day that she didn't believe the lady was a day over 35."

**Museum Excitement.**

"The two-headed girl got up another rumpus this morning."

"What was she mad about?"

"One of her heads picked out a hat just like that which the other one had."

**The Saving Clause.**

"Don't you get tired of so much Shakespeare at your club?"

"Well, we always have tea."—Detroit Free Press.

**Pleasant for Jinks.**

Jinks—They say married people grow to resemble each other.

Mrs. Jinks—Well, I know it's quite impossible for a married woman to keep her good looks.—Larks.