



A Changed Man.

THEY were standing before a perfume shop in Bond street as I passed them—two young ladies of manifestly good society, so refined was their appearance and so perfectly correct their attire. I could not help half turning, and who should they be but that archtease of a cousin of mine, Sybil Vane, and her bosom friend, Gwen O'Hara. It was Sybil that had spoken, and she said:

"Fancy that little fool throwing herself away on a man like that when she knows he only wants her for her money."

"What little fool and what man?" I asked, as I raised my hat by way of apology for the intrusion.

"Oh, you men! You never know anything," said Sybil, when she had recovered from the shock my question had evidently occasioned.

"Then tell me," I rejoined, "you never have any secrets from me, you know—at least, not for long."

"Why, Honor Beaumont and Capt. Faulkner, to be sure."

"Are they engaged to be married?"

"Of course they are, and he hasn't a penny, while she has a mill—ion."

"Well, she's a very handsome fellow, and she is—passable."

"They say he cheated at cards, that he's in everybody's debt, and is nothing short of a mere adventurer. And yet Honor Beaumont has accepted him! I say it's really too bad of her."

entirely disclaim all responsibility in the matter. I have simply given effect to Miss Beaumont's wishes, and the final issue of them must rest entirely with yourself. If you please, we will go to the adjoining room, where Miss Beaumont awaits us."

"We found her seated near a window. She did not rise, but simply bowed, and I saw that her face was pale, and that it wore an expression of apparent enforced calm."

"Fritz, I told you last night that people are saying that you are marrying me merely for my money. It matters little to me now whether they speak the truth or not. If they do, then, whether or not you become my husband, is the light gone out of my life indeed. You know, Fritz, how I love you! If you can have done this cruel thing nothing can undo it now. If you have designed to beggar me, under the pretext of affection, husband or no husband, fortune or no fortune, can make no difference to me. But it shall never be said that you actually did marry me."



"I CLASPED HER IN MY ARMS AND WE WENT TOGETHER."

I had known Faulkner for some years, and I am bound to say I had very little to urge in his defense. He had never been actually caught in any nefarious proceeding, but it was known that he had run through most of his friends, and that he was wonderfully lucky at faro, and that he was anxiously looking for an address.

The wedding took place, and about four months afterward Captain and Mrs. Faulkner were back in town, apparently the happiest people to be found in all Belgravia.

As for Faulkner, he seemed completely changed. There was a manliness about him that one never noticed before; his eyes wore a frank expression that was truly refreshing to see. He was clearly devoted to his wife, and they seemed to perfectly understand and trust each other. What could it mean?

Gradually I got to really like Faulkner. He made a splendid host, was a pattern of the domestic virtues, and impressed one as being the soul of honor. Our acquaintance finally ripened into a close friendship, and the intimacy developed until at length I found myself—how I know not—on terms of real confidence with the man whom, only a few months before, I had been inclined to look upon very much in the light in which he was regarded by my cousin Sybil.

One evening he expounded the mystery.

"Shall I tell you the story of our courtship, Jack?" he asked.

"As you will, my dear fellow," I replied, "if it isn't too sacred a subject for a third party."

"That's just it—it is a sacred subject, as you will see."

He lit his cigar and proceeded:

"All that the world thought and said of me before I was married was true, and more than true. I was a 'regular bad lot.' And it is true also that in proposing to Miss Beaumont I was actuated by the most mercenary motives, and those alone."

"All that I wanted was her money—her money, Jack—do you hear me? The world said so, and the world was perfectly right. I had plans as to what I would do with it. My chief anxiety was to prevent her getting any inkling of the truth, and so I never ceased to dance constant attendance on her, and especially to withdraw her as far as possible from her lady friends. All went well until one evening at the Villiers' ball she took me to one side, saying:

"Fritz—she always called me Fritz rather than Frank—I want to speak to you."

"What is it, darling?"

"You are not to call me darling any more till this matter is cleared up."

"What matter, dear?"

"Just this: People are saying that you are marrying me merely for my money. Is that so?"

"Of course not. I love you for yourself."

"Stop, stop! I am going to put you to the proof. You know my solicitors—Messrs. Hopkins & Dicey, in Lincoln's Inn?"

"Yes."

"Well, meet me there to-morrow at noon, sharp. And now, good-night."

"I clasped her in my arms and we went together."

for my money, and so, Fritz, I have asked Mr. Dicey to draw up a deed which—well—And here the poor darling broke down completely and could say no more.

"The deed, Capt. Faulkner," said Mr. Dicey, with frigid solemnity, "is an uncommon one; I know, indeed, of no precedent. But it relates that, in consideration of Capt. Francis Arthur Faulkner, of the Second Life Guards, releasing Miss Honor Beaumont, of Hertsfordshire, from her engagement to marry him, the said Miss Honor Beaumont herewith makes over to the said Capt. Francis Arthur Faulkner all her real and personal property, as scheduled herewith, save and except the residence known as The Grove, Isleworth, in the county of Middlesex, and as much of her Midland Railway debenture stock as will suffice to provide an annuity of \$1,500 a year."

"I turned half mechanically to Honor. She was still calm and pale, but her eyes were brimful of tears.

"It is impossible!" I exclaimed, and just at that moment something seemed to struggle within me, for out of the depths of my sinful heart there came welling the tiny, feeble remnant of the little good it ever held.

"I felt as if I could give not only love but life to that noble woman who had proposed to herself this mad, this fearful sacrifice in order to put to proof the sincerity of the man she loved. Disregarding the presence of the man of law, I clasped her in my arms, and we—yes, Jack, we wept together."

"I treasure now that sacred parchment which awakened to new life the little good that was left in me—which aroused the deadened sense of unselfish love and gave me riches greater far than my villainy had ever dreamed of. Do you wonder, Jack, that I am a changed man?"

And that was the sequel of the conversation in Bond street.

An Inch from Death.

A correspondent of the Detroit Free Press relates a peculiar experience which happened to a friend of his during a stay in Burma.

We were sitting on the veranda of our bungalow one evening, enjoying our after-dinner cheer. Finally my friend arose and sauntered into his bedroom.

Usually lights were placed in all the bedrooms, but this evening, for some reason—probably the moonlight—the servant had not performed his duties. I could hear my friend fumbling about on his dressing-table, and then suddenly he gave a cry of horror and rushed out to the light.

"I have been struck by a snake," he gasped, and his face was deadly pale.

"Where is it? Quick! Show me!" I exclaimed, as I whipped out a knife.

He held out his right arm. There was no mark on the hand, which I examined critically, but on the cuff of the shirt were two tiny scratch-like punctures, and two tiny globules of poison sinking into the starched linen and leaving a sickly, greenish-yellow mark.

"You've had a close call, old man," I exclaimed, with a sigh of relief; "and now let us settle the snake."

We found him coiled up on a small mirror, which lay on the table, and an ugly-looking reptile he was, too, ready to strike again.

He was a very poisonous snake, known as the Debone Russell, but after my friend had done with him it would have been difficult for any naturalist to have placed him in his proper genus.

When a man concludes he is too smart to work, he comes to the conclusion that has made more thieves than any other one thing on earth.



"WHAT LITTLE FOOL AND WHAT MAN?" I ASKED.

"In a moment she was gone. I passed a sleepless night, and with great difficulty nerved myself in the morning to keep the mysterious appointment.

"Old Dicey—I call him that because he is now one of my dearest friends—received me coldly.

"I have been favored, Capt. Faulkner," he said, "with some very extraordinary instructions from your client—your niece—Miss Beaumont. I must

FARMER WASHINGTON.

Employments in Which Our First President Passed His Declining Years.

"Grandpa is very well, and much pleased with being once more Farmer Washington," wrote Nelly Custis, March 12, 1797, four days after Washington and his family had arrived at Mount Vernon. John Adams had been inaugurated President and Thomas Jefferson Vice-President, and Washington had been present at the scene. After President Adams had delivered his speech and taken the oath of office, he retired. Then there was a little scene which illustrated Washington's appreciation of good form. Vice-President Jefferson, instead of retiring from the hall immediately after President Adams, waited for the ex-President to follow his successor; but Washington, a master of courtesy, insisted on the Vice-President's preceding him. Reluctantly Jefferson yielded.

John Adams wrote to his wife that Washington seemed to enjoy a triumph over him. "Methought I heard him say, 'Ay! I am fairly out and you fairly in! See which of us will be happiest!' In the chamber was a multitude—and I believe scarcely a dry eye but Washington's."

Farmer Washington began at once repairing the Mount Vernon mansion, surrounding himself with masons, joiners and painters. He wrote to his old friend, Oliver Wolcott:

"To make and sell a little flour annually, to repair houses (going fast to ruin), to build one for the security of my papers of a public nature, and to amuse myself in agriculture and rural pursuits, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe."

"I begin my diurnal course with the sun," he writes to his former Secretary of War, James McHenry: "If my hirelings are not in their places at that time I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition. Having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; the more they are probed, the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years."

"By the time I have accomplished these matters breakfast is a little after seven o'clock is ready; this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employ me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely see smiling strange faces, come as they say out of respect for me. Pray would not the word curiously answer as well? And how differently this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board!

"The usual time of sitting at table, a walk and tea, bring me within the dawn of candlelight; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes, and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year."

"At no period of my life," he writes again, "have I been more engaged than in the last six or eight months."

Housekeepers will appreciate this lament: "The running off of my cook (a slave) has been a most inconvenient thing to this family, and what rendered it more disagreeable is that I had resolved never to become the master of another slave by purchase, but this resolution I fear I must break. I have endeavored to hire, black or white, but am not yet supplied."

He read the Signs.

The old-time Pomp and Caesar, who flourished before the civil war, knew many of the secrets of the families they served. One old colored man tells with much delight the story of the courtship of his present employer, then his "young mas'."

"I never 'ought nuffin' 'bout his gwine co'tin' any ob de Carr' or de Pomey young ladies," says the old man. "He use to be back and fo'th, in and out de Carr' and Pomey houses, jess like he belong dar."

"And when he'd go a-calling in de evenin', and I'd say, 'Mas' Tom, don't you like to change de boots you wore all day, and put on dese nice shined ones?' he'd laugh like he was mighty 'mused, and say, 'Dat ain't de end I wants to shine, Pomp!'"

"But finally, one day, I got to hear 'bout a Miss Lathrop from de Norf dat was visitin' de Carr's; and one night young mas' he dress up all fine, and den he look down at his boots, 'bout shone like a glass, and he say, 'Pomp, is dat de bes' shine you can gib my boots?'"

"And I look at him sober and say, 'Mas' Tom, dat ain't de end you want to shine, you done told me over'n over again.'"

"And de red come up in his face, and he say, 'I reckon if I shine at bofe ends all I can, I won't be too bright fo' some folks.'"

"So ob course I saw how 'ings were, and when de 'gagement came out two weeks after dat, it wasn't no mo than I jess natchely looked fo'."

Swarms of Sea Wolves Mysteriously Learn of a Banquet.

The presence of any large quantity of easily obtainable food is always sufficient to secure the undivided attention of the shark tribe. When "cutting in" whales at sea I have often been amazed at the incredible number of these creatures that gather in a short space of time, attracted by some mysterious means, heaven only knows from what remote distance. It has often occurred to us when whaling in the neighborhood of New Zealand to get a sperm whale alongside without a sign of a shark below or a bird above. Within an hour from the time of our securing the vast mass of flesh to the ship the whole area within at least an acre has been alive with a seething multitude of sharks, while from every quarter come drifting silently an incalculable host of sea birds, converting the blue surface of the sea into the semblance of a plain of never-fallen snow.

The body of a whale before an incision is made in the blubber presents as smooth, rounded surface, almost as hard as India rubber, with apparently no spot where any daring eater could find foothold. But, oblivious to all else save the internal anguish of desire, the ravenous sea wolves silently writhe in the density of their bodies for a place at the banquet feast. Occasionally one pre-eminent among his fellows for enterprise would actually set his lower jaw against the black roundness of the mighty carcass and with a steady, sinuous thrust of his lithe tail, gouge out therefrom a mass of a hundredweight or so. If he managed to get away with it the space presented a corrugated hollow where the serrated, triangular teeth had worried their way through the tenacious substance, telling plainly what vigorous force must have been behind them. But it was seldom that we permitted such premature toll to be taken from our spoils.

The harpooners and the officers from their lofty positions on the cutting stage sleep scores upon scores by simply drooping their keen-edged blubber spades upon the soft crowns of the struggling fish, the only place where a shark is vulnerable to instant death. The weapon sinks into the creature's brain, he gives a convulsive writhe or two, releases his hold and slowly sinks, followed in his descent by a knot of his immediate neighbors, all anxious to provide him with prompt sepulture within their own yawning maws.—National Review.

Scientific Experiments Give Rise to Absurd Stories.

The popular notion that the eyes of the dead sometimes retain complete images of scenes that have been enacted before them at the moment of death has received fancied confirmation in late years by experiment, and there are some who, from reading careless or exaggerated accounts of these experiments, might get an impression that science had placed upon this notion the stamp of approval. The following note from the Lancet (London) gives us the basis of all such stories. It says:

"Under the title of 'In Dead Eyes,' an evening contemporary recently made a statement which carries its own confutation with it. It is to the effect that a physician and enthusiastic photographer, being desirous of testing the amount of truth in the theory that dead eyes retain complete images, had carefully examined the eyes of hundreds of dead people, and though he had never seen anything like a distinct picture mirrored he had certainly distinctly traced both letters and objects on the iris of the eye, and that when the photographic test was applied these images became visible. In one case a capital letter of peculiar form was shown which could be traced to a testament held in the hands shortly before death. In another case a numeral was distinctly pictured, which was traced to a clock face in the room. The article in question continues: 'The chief scientific paper of France only the other day gave full particulars of a case where a woman who died in one of the hospitals had two numbers, 10 and 45, mirrored in the iris of her eyes.'"

"These absurd stories originate in the well-known experiments of Kuhne on the visual purple of the retina, in the course of which he showed that by making special arrangements the cross-bars of a window focused on the retina could be brought into relief. The enthusiastic photographer, if he be not misguided, ought to have known that no well-defined images of the external world are cast upon the iris and none, therefore, could be preserved. The surface of the iris is far too uneven to act as a mirror. Moreover, as no arrangements were made to prevent the further action of light after death, they would, if formed, be certainly obliterated as the image on a photographic plate would be if permanently exposed. The only mode in which an image impressed on the retina could be rendered visible would be to adopt the method of Kuhne, namely, by exposing the eye previously kept in the dark for a minute or two to an illuminated object, then extinguishing it, opening it, and immediately plunging it into a solution of alum. The image develops in the course of twenty-four hours."—Literary Digest.

No Shooting Allowed.

Thanks to wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park. The result, says an English tourist, is charming. Hundreds of lithe chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scampered impudently about or peered at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lurid eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the rank grass. We were fortunate enough to see a fine specimen of the wolf tribe. He stood, a beautiful creature, and watched us out of sight, showing only curiosity, not fear. Another time we perceived a doe and fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here, at least, man was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party, yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after-dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsels for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact.

Anticipating the Empress.

The salient point to note in the following story, now creating much amusement in the Old World, is the striking resemblance Germany's Kaiser bears to less illustrious husbands in his quickness to explain, excuse and make amends for a shortcoming before his wife has a chance to question him about it.

Not long before he started on his journey to the Holy Land he paid an unexpected morning visit to the Austrian ambassador, Herr von Szogyeny-March, and after seating himself comfortably in an armchair, his majesty said: "Come and have a chat."

The conversation which followed was most entertaining, and when the Emperor thought of the time, he suddenly jumped up, looked at his watch, and exclaimed: "I didn't know it was so late! Have you a telephone? I must say good-bye to the Empress, as I have only just time to catch the train for the maneuvers."

The ambassador offered to do the telephoning, but the Emperor insisted upon doing the ringing and the hailing himself. Then, speaking to the Empress, he said: "Don't be angry, dear. I chatted too long with Szogyeny, and must drive direct to the station, so I cannot give you my parting kiss, for which I am sorry, Good by, dear."

Womans Workers.

There are in Germany no less than 2,000 women marble workers, 370 female blacksmiths, 300 petticoated masons, 147 female tinners, besides 50 roadmakers, 53 slaters, 19 clockmakers, 7 armorers, all of the gentler sex, and also 3 lady chimney sweepers, and a number of quarrywomen and female workers in sewers.

Pay-Rolls of Columbus Crews.

The bills of payment of the crews who composed the caravels of Christopher Columbus on his expedition for the discovery of America were recently discovered in the archives of the Spanish navy.

Advantages of Worrying a Little.

Don't join a Don't Worry Club. Don't try not to worry a little. While contentment is a pleasing virtue, the people you know who are contented would be better off if they worried more. Absolute contentment and indifference to the possible troubles of to-morrow will lead any one to the poor house. The cow doesn't worry, neither does the clam; but people are built to worry, and it was intended that they should. On the other hand, if you worry much it will land you in the insane asylum. It is the insane asylum on the one hand and the poor farm on the other. The point is to worry just enough to keep out of both of them.—Atchison Globe.

The World's Wheat King.

The wheat king of the world resides in Argentina, according to the Boston Traveler. He is an Italian emigrant, named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 90,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with the grain.

SHARKS EATING A DEAD WHALE

Swarms of Sea Wolves Mysteriously Learn of a Banquet.

The presence of any large quantity of easily obtainable food is always sufficient to secure the undivided attention of the shark tribe. When "cutting in" whales at sea I have often been amazed at the incredible number of these creatures that gather in a short space of time, attracted by some mysterious means, heaven only knows from what remote distance. It has often occurred to us when whaling in the neighborhood of New Zealand to get a sperm whale alongside without a sign of a shark below or a bird above. Within an hour from the time of our securing the vast mass of flesh to the ship the whole area within at least an acre has been alive with a seething multitude of sharks, while from every quarter come drifting silently an incalculable host of sea birds, converting the blue surface of the sea into the semblance of a plain of never-fallen snow.

The body of a whale before an incision is made in the blubber presents as smooth, rounded surface, almost as hard as India rubber, with apparently no spot where any daring eater could find foothold. But, oblivious to all else save the internal anguish of desire, the ravenous sea wolves silently writhe in the density of their bodies for a place at the banquet feast. Occasionally one pre-eminent among his fellows for enterprise would actually set his lower jaw against the black roundness of the mighty carcass and with a steady, sinuous thrust of his lithe tail, gouge out therefrom a mass of a hundredweight or so. If he managed to get away with it the space presented a corrugated hollow where the serrated, triangular teeth had worried their way through the tenacious substance, telling plainly what vigorous force must have been behind them. But it was seldom that we permitted such premature toll to be taken from our spoils.

The harpooners and the officers from their lofty positions on the cutting stage sleep scores upon scores by simply drooping their keen-edged blubber spades upon the soft crowns of the struggling fish, the only place where a shark is vulnerable to instant death. The weapon sinks into the creature's brain, he gives a convulsive writhe or two, releases his hold and slowly sinks, followed in his descent by a knot of his immediate neighbors, all anxious to provide him with prompt sepulture within their own yawning maws.—National Review.

Scientific Experiments Give Rise to Absurd Stories.

The popular notion that the eyes of the dead sometimes retain complete images of scenes that have been enacted before them at the moment of death has received fancied confirmation in late years by experiment, and there are some who, from reading careless or exaggerated accounts of these experiments, might get an impression that science had placed upon this notion the stamp of approval. The following note from the Lancet (London) gives us the basis of all such stories. It says:

"Under the title of 'In Dead Eyes,' an evening contemporary recently made a statement which carries its own confutation with it. It is to the effect that a physician and enthusiastic photographer, being desirous of testing the amount of truth in the theory that dead eyes retain complete images, had carefully examined the eyes of hundreds of dead people, and though he had never seen anything like a distinct picture mirrored he had certainly distinctly traced both letters and objects on the iris of the eye, and that when the photographic test was applied these images became visible. In one case a capital letter of peculiar form was shown which could be traced to a testament held in the hands shortly before death. In another case a numeral was distinctly pictured, which was traced to a clock face in the room. The article in question continues: 'The chief scientific paper of France only the other day gave full particulars of a case where a woman who died in one of the hospitals had two numbers, 10 and 45, mirrored in the iris of her eyes.'"

"These absurd stories originate in the well-known experiments of Kuhne on the visual purple of the retina, in the course of which he showed that by making special arrangements the cross-bars of a window focused on the retina could be brought into relief. The enthusiastic photographer, if he be not misguided, ought to have known that no well-defined images of the external world are cast upon the iris and none, therefore, could be preserved. The surface of the iris is far too uneven to act as a mirror. Moreover, as no arrangements were made to prevent the further action of light after death, they would, if formed, be certainly obliterated as the image on a photographic plate would be if permanently exposed. The only mode in which an image impressed on the retina could be rendered visible would be to adopt the method of Kuhne, namely, by exposing the eye previously kept in the dark for a minute or two to an illuminated object, then extinguishing it, opening it, and immediately plunging it into a solution of alum. The image develops in the course of twenty-four hours."—Literary Digest.

No Shooting Allowed.

Thanks to wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within the boundaries of the Yellowstone National Park. The result, says an English tourist, is charming. Hundreds of lithe chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scampered impudently about or peered at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lurid eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcernedly through the rank grass. We were fortunate enough to see a fine specimen of the wolf tribe. He stood, a beautiful creature, and watched us out of sight, showing only curiosity, not fear. Another time we perceived a doe and fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here, at least, man was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party, yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after-dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsels for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact.

Anticipating the Empress.

The salient point to note in the following story, now creating much amusement in the Old World, is the striking resemblance Germany's Kaiser bears to less illustrious husbands in his quickness to explain, excuse and make amends for a shortcoming before his wife has a chance to question him about it.

Not long before he started on his journey to the Holy Land he paid an unexpected morning visit to the Austrian ambassador, Herr von Szogyeny-March, and after seating himself comfortably in an armchair, his majesty said: "Come and have a chat."

The conversation which followed was most entertaining, and when the Emperor thought of the time, he suddenly jumped up, looked at his watch, and exclaimed: "I didn't know it was so late! Have you a telephone? I must say good-bye to the Empress, as I have only just time to catch the train for the maneuvers."

The ambassador offered to do the telephoning, but the Emperor insisted upon doing the ringing and the hailing himself. Then, speaking to the Empress, he said: "Don't be angry, dear. I chatted too long with Szogyeny, and must drive direct to the station, so I cannot give you my parting kiss, for which I am sorry, Good by, dear."

Womans Workers.

There are in Germany no less than 2,000 women marble workers, 370 female blacksmiths, 300 petticoated masons, 147 female tinners, besides 50 roadmakers, 53 slaters, 19 clockmakers, 7 armorers, all of the gentler sex, and also 3 lady chimney sweepers, and a number of quarrywomen and female workers in sewers.

Pay-Rolls of Columbus Crews.

The bills of payment of the crews who composed the caravels of Christopher Columbus on his expedition for the discovery of America were recently discovered in the archives of the Spanish navy.

Advantages of Worrying a Little.

Don't join a Don't Worry Club. Don't try not to worry a little. While contentment is a pleasing virtue, the people you know who are contented would be better off if they worried more. Absolute contentment and indifference to the possible troubles of to-morrow will lead any one to the poor house. The cow doesn't worry, neither does the clam; but people are built to worry, and it was intended that they should. On the other hand, if you worry much it will land you in the insane asylum. It is the insane asylum on the one hand and the poor farm on the other. The point is to worry just enough to keep out of both of them.—Atchison Globe.

The World's Wheat King.

The wheat king of the world resides in Argentina, according to the Boston Traveler. He is an Italian emigrant, named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 90,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with the grain.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Humorous Sayings and Doings Here and There.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are odd, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Lap.

The Eskimo girl shivered.

"What, sit on the ground?" she exclaimed, evincing much confusion.

"Why, the very idea! And right before everybody? Te, he!"

All this in Lapland, where the modest maiden has obviously to be especially careful what she does, lest she get herself talked about.—Detroit Journal.

Up to Date.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never let myself down to one man."

"Perhaps," he replied, sarcastically, "I'll organize a syndicate you will consider our offer."—Good Housekeeping.

Near Relationship.

Clarence—Ally claims to be directly related to Lord Littlehead.

Ethel—Dear me! How is that?

Clarence—Why, the same girl promised to be a sister to both of them!

Golden-Hence.

A man who once met Ralph Waldo Emerson at the house of a friend tells of the characteristic way in which the Concord philosopher blunted the edge of a compliment.

"Oh, Mr. Emerson," said a young woman of the party, "I was so delighted to know that people all over the country are grateful for the things you have said!"

"Thank you," said Emerson slowly; "but it is for some of the things I have not said that I feel most grateful."—Youth's Companion.

A New Monopoly.

Hardfast—Hello, Honeydew! Haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?

Honeydew—I'm living in Chicago, trying to make an honest living.

"Well, old boy, you ought to succeed. You haven't any competition."—Life.

Alighting.

Wife—A few of us enthusiastic bicyclists in this part of the city have organized a little social club for the winter. Can't you suggest some appropriate name?

Husband—Call it the "Peddlers' Union."

Art.

Guest—That's a very fine picture, Mr. Packinham.

Mr. Packinham—Well, it ought to be. I paid \$50 for the frame alone.

A Generous Soul.

Mrs. Wiggins—John, what on earth are you saving up all those old broken bottles for? Why don't you have the girl dump them into the garbage can?

Mr. Wiggins—Those, my dear, are for charity. I got to talking to the glass dealer in one of the museums the other day, and he told me that he had hard work keeping body and soul together on his salary, so I'm going to give him a basketful of that stuff for a Christmas present.

A Good Sign.

"By George! there is an office holder who must really be an honest man!"

"Why do you think he is honest?"

"There is no talk of running him for a second term in order that he may be vindicated."—Cleveland Leader.

Hard Puzzle to Solve.

"Are you good at working out puzzles?"

"No, indeed. I have been married twenty years, and my wife is as much of an enigma to me as ever."—Ohio State Journal.

Just Filled the Bill.

The waitress—The man I marry must be very handsome, afraid of nothing, and clever. Money's no object to me.

Mr. Broke—Doesn't it look like fate that we should have met?

Another Way to Go.

"Miss Hilland—er—I know what I want to say, but—er—I don't know how to express myself," began Mr. Homewood.

"Express yourself, Mr. Homewood," Miss Hilland cut in, "won't the railroad people let you travel as a first-class passenger?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Future Diplomat.

Little Harry—Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Little Frankie—You bet. I wouldn't get half as many things for Christmas if I didn't.

Knew Their Significance.

Henry Peck—It's curious that in selecting war jewelry men favored cartridges and women swords.

Mrs. Henry Peck—Not at all! The sword is the weapon of command!—The Jeweler's Weekly.

An Unfortunate Interference.

Biddereau—Did you attend the lecture of Prof. Headhead on "Grip, a Malady of the Imagination?"

Biddereau—He did not lecture.

"Why not?"

"Down with the grip."—New York Weekly.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Such a Chance for Showing Off.

Laura—I never wished but once that it was proper for women to smoke.

Flora—Good gracious! When was that?

"When I first got an engagement ring."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Holiday Reflection.

"A Christmas tree is a good deal like a wife."

"How's that?"

"It's the trimmings that cost."

Off the Name Piece.

"What did Dr. Dingsay say about these insanity tests with the thumb?"

"He said they were only another form of insanity."

A Creditable Start.

"Do you think the United States will be handsomely represented at Paris?"

"Why not? Our commissioner general is very good looking."

An Economical Version.

She—What do you mean by giving me an imitation Russia leather pocketbook?

He—Imitation is the sincerest flattery, is it not?

Subtle.

"What a nickname," said one chum to another as they walked down the avenue. "Why under the broad canopy did you ever take to calling her 'Revenge?'"

"Because she's so sweet, don't you know?"

A Poor Shot.

"Don't be too hard on him now," remarked one club man to another, "he assures me in the most positive manner that he always aims to tell the truth."

"Well, I'll be charitable, but if that fellow always aims to tell the truth, I just want to say that he's a worse shot than any Spaniard that ever went to war."

Confirmed.

"Do you have any faith in this idea that aneladies can be transmitted by kissing?" asked one of Detroit's young society men of another.

"Well, sir, I was mighty skeptical till the other night. I kissed my best girl for the first time in my life and I've had palpitation of the heart ever since."

Saved Her Conscience.

"What do you think of your new neighbors?" asked the hostess of the "sweet" old lady who was calling.

"You know that I never speak unkindly of any one. I have nothing to say of her; but I will say of her husband that I feel very, very sorry for him."

A Winning Way.

Ally—Well, old boy, I've just touched Reggy for another tenner.

Charles—What! And got it? How on earth do you do it?

Ally—Oh, it's very easy. I just casually mention his resemblance to the Prince of Wales.—Tid-Bits.

Trade Rivalry.

Base outrage, presumably perpetrated by a rival tradesman.—Ally Sioper.

A Great Discovery.

Mrs. Read—Isn't it strange?

Mr. Read—What, my dear?

Mrs. Read—There never yet has been a strike in an alarm clock factory.—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Difference.

"After all, what's the difference between fame and notoriety?"

"When the crowds see a famous man approaching they whisper, 'Here he comes,' but when the notorious man appears they say, 'Get on to 'im!'"

Exactly.

"I think," said the civilized statesman, "that we had better arrange for a joint administration of your unhappy country."

"I think I understand," said the native. "It is something like you would administer a joint of mutton; you get the meat and leave me the joint."—Indianapolis Journal.

More Trouble.

Mrs. Peck—There goes a man that you might well envy.

Henry—Why? He's married, isn't he?

A Possibility.

She (with a sigh)—I see that Miss Astor is to marry a duke.

He—Oh, well, I wouldn't waste any sympathy on her. Who knows? She may love him.

His Conundrum.

Merry Andrew—Can you tell me the difference between a man and a monkey?

Busy Man—How much do you weigh?

Merry Andrew—A hundred and forty-eight pounds.

Busy Man—A hundred and forty-eight? I weigh 153. The difference is just fifteen pounds.—Cleveland Leader.

Emperor Rebukes a Woman.

A curious relic of bygone days may be seen on a house in Berlin. Two blacksmiths lived opposite each other in that city whose trade rivalry became the talk of the neighborhood. One day, the Emperor, William I., who was fond of going about the city disguised as a farmer, in order to "feel the pulse of the people," rode up to the door of one of the blacksmiths to have his horse's shoe fastened. A daughter of the rival blacksmith, to show her contempt for this customer, put out her tongue and distorted her face with a horrible grin. The Emperor called together the wood-carvers of the city and offered a prize for the most hideous face of a woman they could devise, and when he had selected the most ugly specimen produced—one with a tongue lolling out of its wooden mouth—he rode over with it to the blacksmith's shop. There, to the consternation of the young woman, he ordered that fury's head nailed over the door as a warning against petty spite.—Detroit Free Press.

A writer says sleep is conducive to beauty. Perhaps it is, but we have seen some rather homely policemen, nevertheless.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

Humorous Sayings and Doings Here and There.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are odd, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

Lap.

The Eskimo girl shivered.

"What, sit on the ground?" she exclaimed, evincing much confusion.

"Why, the very idea! And right before everybody? Te, he!"

All this in Lapland, where the modest maiden has obviously to be especially careful what she does, lest she get herself talked about.—Detroit Journal.

Up to Date.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never let myself down to one man."

"Perhaps," he replied, sarcastically, "I'll organize a syndicate you will consider our offer."—Good Housekeeping.

Near Relationship.

Clarence—Ally claims to be directly related to Lord Littlehead.

Ethel—Dear me! How is that?

Clarence—Why, the same girl promised to be a sister to both of them!

Golden-Hence.

A man who once met Ralph Waldo Emerson at the house of a friend tells of the characteristic way in which the Concord philosopher blunted the edge of a compliment.

"Oh, Mr. Emerson," said a young woman of the party, "I was so delighted to know that people all over the country are grateful for the things you have said!"

"Thank you," said Emerson slowly; "but it is for some of the things I have not said that I feel most grateful."—Youth's Companion.

A New Monopoly.

Hardfast—Hello, Honeydew! Haven't seen you in an age. What are you doing now?

Honeydew—I'm living in Chicago, trying to make an honest living.

"Well, old boy, you ought to succeed. You haven't any competition."—Life.

Alighting.

Wife—A few of us enthusiastic bicyclists in this part of the city have organized a little social club for the winter. Can't you suggest some appropriate name?

Husband—Call it the "Peddlers' Union."

Art.

Guest—That's a very fine picture, Mr. Packinham.

Mr. Packinham—Well, it ought to be. I paid \$50 for the frame alone.

A Generous Soul.

Mrs. Wiggins—John, what on earth are you saving up all those old broken bottles for? Why don't you have the girl dump them into the garbage can?

Mr. Wiggins—Those, my dear, are for charity. I got to talking to the glass dealer in one of the museums the other day, and he told me that he had hard work keeping body and soul together on his salary, so I'm going to give him a basketful of that stuff for a Christmas present.

A Good Sign.

"By George! there is an office holder who must really be an honest man!"

"Why do you think he is honest?"

"There is no talk of running him for a second term in