

THE STORY OF A RAZOR.

YOUNG Mr. Johnson had already several razors when he bought a set of seven, each marked with a day of the week and arranged in order in a case. His beard was not heavy—indeed, his mustache was pale and wispy—but he was extremely neat, and he insisted on shaving himself. He argued that it was necessary to have many razors to have one always ready. There were the razors that his father had used before him, they were of French make, a handle with several extremely thin blades; there was a fat razor of boarding school days that was included in a swap of a sled for a banjo; there were razors of English and American make; but young Mr. Johnson's favorite was white-handled, and it was to him as the apple of his eye.



YOUNG MR. JOHNSON.

They were happy, especially Sunday mornings when Mr. Johnson did not leave the house. They breakfasted late, and it was one of the wife's amusements to watch her husband shaving at his leisure. Those days he chose his white-handled razor. She would laugh at him when his face was covered with lather; she would keep saying, "Don't cut yourself, dear," and when his chin and cheeks appeared, smooth and shining, she would throw her arms about him, and cuddle against his breast, and say, "I never could love you if you had a beard," and then she would kiss him in the neck. And Mr. Johnson, holding the razor in the air above his head, would smile complacently.

They were happy in this foolish fashion for a year or so. One morning Mr. Johnson did not leave the house, although the day was Tuesday, not Sunday. He did not shave himself; in fact, he had not shaved himself for two or three days. The next week a barber came and brought his favorite razor, and Mr. Johnson was clean and smooth for his coffin.

At first Mrs. Johnson insisted that her husband's things should remain just where he left them. And so in the bath-room the straps and the boxes and the brushes and the soaps were ready to be used, and the razors were in order. The white-handled one was nearest the glass, and the others acknowledged its claim.

Mrs. Johnson would look at these things, and tears would come to her eyes. For the first month she kissed the white-handled razor daily. Her sister Maria, who had come to live with her—"until I die," said Lucy, "for I know I shall follow Harry soon"—discouraged her in "such nonsense." And gradually Mrs. Johnson began to find pleasure in life. One night when Mr. Mortimer called she was persuaded to play a waltz, and she even sang a pretty song, entitled, "Love for Eternity."



"DON'T CUT YOURSELF, DEAR."

Mr. Mortimer's calls were frequent. He was a thick-set fellow, with a lustrous black beard. His vitality in a room stirred the pictures on the wall; chairs and sofas were uneasy until he had made a wise choice. He was prosperous in business and fond of farce-comedy. When he was dressed for a call or a dinner he smelled of musk. Mrs. Johnson became accustomed to him, and at the end of a year and a half she was Mrs. Mortimer.

The wedding was quiet, and even the bridegroom was comparatively quiet. There was a journey; New York and Washington hotels entertained "Mr.

Mortimer and lady," and the routine of daily life began in the flat in which young Mr. Johnson had reigned. Sunday came, and Mr. Mortimer dressed leisurely. After he had had his bath he strolled about in the bathrobe. He glanced at the newspaper, he cleaned a pipe, and then proceeded to bring out fresh underclothes and linen. Lucy in morning gown following him from room to room. Mr. Mortimer was putting on a boot. "Hallo!" he exclaimed, "I forgot to trim my corn!" He went into the bathroom, took the white-handled razor, and, stooping over, began operations. Lucy laughed and kept saying, "Look out, dear; don't cut yourself." And when he had pared almost to the quick, she said: "If I were you I'd keep that old razor for your corn. Perhaps you might sell the others. You'll never need them. I don't see how a woman can marry a man without a beard—he isn't a man." And she nudged against his breast and kissed him below the right ear. A discreet maid coughed near the door and said: "Breakfast is served."—Boston Journal.

LAST LONDON "CHARLEY."

Who Still Goes His Rounds and Calls on the Elying Hours.

An incident which has just occurred has brought to the minds of a Holborn police inspector and a few other Londoners one of those amazing incongruities of which London life can furnish so many examples.

Who would suppose that in the heart of London, within sound of the underground railway, and within sight of the motor car, a genuine "Charley" still goes his rounds and calls the hours in a loud voice the long night through?

This comedy—if you like to call it so—takes place with unfailing regularity in Ely place, Holborn. No spot could be more appropriate for the perpetuation of such a custom than this ancient precinct, where John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," drew his last breath, and where, if we are to believe Shakespeare, "good strawberries" ripened in the garden of the bishop of Ely, whose chapel still lifts its ancient, though much hidden, walls in Ely place.

After the reversion of the property to the crown in 1762 various arrangements were made whereby Ely place remained a private precinct under the government of commissioners. These commissioners still exercise their rule, which is fortified by acts of parliament, and their watchmen have legal power to arrest misdemeanants within Ely place and hale them to the nearest police station.

The night watchman in Ely place is required to cry the hours from 11 p. m. to 5 a. m. Nor may his duty be perfunctorily discharged. Four times along the length of Ely place must his cry of "parst eleven," or "parst twelve," etc., be heard. No policeman enters Ely place night or day unless specially summoned. Nor is the "Charley" who keeps watch and ward there within closed gates at night a guardian of mere empty offices.

Adjoining the place, and out by the aforesaid commissioners, are the Ely-news dwellings. Here sixteen families are resident, and this little hive of humanity, as well as caretakers of Ely place proper, are under the "Charley's" direct protection, and have their slumbers punctuated by his melodious cries.

An Elephant's Teeth.

Whoever has looked inside an elephant's mouth has seen a strange sight. Elephants have no front teeth, and the tusks are not teeth at all, but are the remains of the permanent molars, which are all they have, two above and two below on each side, huge yellow molars as wide as a man's hand, and about two inches thick. Over these hay or fodder is sifted by the queerest, ugliest tongue that is literally hung at both ends, having no power or movement except in the middle, where it arches back and forth from side to side, shifting up against the roof of the big mouth like an immense wrinkled pig serpent.

There is nothing stranger than the working of an elephant's tongue, unless it be the working of his breathing apparatus when he sleeps. Elephants, like human beings, have two sets of teeth—the milk teeth, which are small-pointed, and when the South is scourged with the disease the rarer is for a frost. By the use of liquefied air the temperature may be reduced to any degree desired, even to 200 or 300 below zero. The cost of the operation is not excessive, and the machinery is not complicated. All that would be needed, aside from the apparatus, would be a well insulated room to keep the heat out.

The recent gift to the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology of the famous "Calaveras skull," reawakens interest in that remarkable relic of antique man. The skull was found in 1866, imbedded in gold-bearing gravel in Calaveras County, California, at a depth of 127 feet. Above it were four beds of lava that had flowed from a now extinct volcano vent. The late Prof. J. D. Whitney (whose sister, Miss Maria Whitney, made the gift to the museum) was convinced of the genuineness of the discovery. The owner of the skull is supposed to have lived in the Pliocene epoch, a period so remote that the most ancient dates of history seem quite recent in comparison.

The Oldest Postal System.

We find the first recorded postal system in the Persian empire, under Cyrus the Elder, but it is clear that Rome, of all the ancient States, possessed the best organized system of transmitting letters through its numerous provinces. All the great Roman roads houses were erected at a distance of five or six miles from each other. At each of these stations forty horses were constantly kept, and by the help of the relays it was easy to travel one hundred miles in a day. These services were intended for the State only, it being imperative to secure the rapid interchange of official communications.

In the time of Julius Caesar the system was so well organized that of two letters the great soldier wrote from Britain to Cleopatra at Rome the one reached its destination in twenty-six and the other in twenty-eight days. Private citizens had to trust to the services of slaves, and it is not till the end of the third century that we hear of the establishment of a postal system for private persons by the emperor Diocletian, but how long this system remained history does not say.

Traveler from frontier district, striking hotel where advanced fashions have obtained, observes with an expression of pleased surprise the finger-bowl set before him at the close of his meal. "What's that for, waiter?" "To wash your hands, sir." "I wish I'd a-know'd it fore I began my dinner."—Good Americans.

A STRANGE DINNER PARTY.

Host Continues a Dinner Party While His House Burns.

There is a familiar saying that a lady should be mistress of herself, although china fall, but to be master of himself and his dinner-table while his house is in flames is a degree of self-control granted to few. Grace Ellery Channing, in her book, "The Sisters of a Saint," tells of a certain gentleman of colonial times who appears to have been endowed with even that measure of Puritan self-repression.

The Royal Commissioners, then in Boston, were bidden to a dinner on Christmas eve at the stately Bristol residence of John Wentworth, a man of great natural parts and of a noble and lofty bearing. The table, set forth with old plate and damask, was loaded with good cheer of all kinds. The host gave the customary signal for the dinner to be served in the words: "Friends, you see your dinner!"

As the visitors' lips opened to make the response demanded by etiquette, a servant rushed in with the announcement that the house was on fire. Sternly bidding the startled guests to stand down, John Wentworth commanded the servants to take out the tables and set them upon the lawn; then the chairs were also removed.

"The air will be kept outside. Bring hither the wraps," said John Wentworth. But the flames had already consumed them. "Bring whatever you can find, then," and the slaves returned with their arms heaped with curtains and table-cloths, and these strange wraps were hastily donned by the company.

"To the tables," commanded Wentworth, and at the word the panic-stricken guests trooped forth from the now blazing house and seated themselves about the table upon the wintry lawn. The host repeated the greeting.

"And a very good dinner we see!" was the tremulous response.

In vain the guests essayed nervously to eat and drink; dainty attempts at gaiety died away in the ever-increasing roar of flames; but Wentworth kept up an easy flow of conversation, pressing upon his guests the various dainties with all the concern of a man who had naught weightier upon his mind.

Now and again the sound of a falling beam would be echoed by a falling glass from some shaking hand. As the last glass shivered to the ground it was answered by a dull crash; the last wall of the house sank and fell.

Wentworth did not turn his head.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet.

It has been calculated that ordinary gunpowder on exploding expands about 9,000 times, that is, fills a space much larger as a gas than when in a solid form.

In the American Museum of Natural History, in Central Park, New York, the skeleton of an ancient American rhinoceros, found in an old river bed in Phillips County, Kansas, has been mounted. It measures 10 feet 2 inches in length, and 4 feet 1 inch in height.

The rare element, gallium, which was discovered in 1875, in rock from the Pyrenees Mountains, and which takes its name from Gallia, the old Roman appellation for France, has recently been added to the list of substances occurring in the sun. Prof. Hartley and Mr. Ramage, of Dublin, have recognized its spectral lines in sunlight.

According to the results of an inquiry among the beekeepers of Germany, human beings may acquire immunity from the effects of bee stings simply by being stung a sufficient number of times. In some cases thirty stings suffice to impart the desirable immunity; in other cases as many as 100 stings must be endured before the victim ceases to suffer serious inconvenience from the attack of bees. Occasionally a person is found who is naturally immune to the effects of bee stings, while others are not able to acquire immunity by any amount of heroic experience.

The experiments to be tried with liquefied air in the treatment of yellow fever will be observed with deep interest by the scientific world. The yellow fever bacillus succumbs to cold weather. It will not survive the freezing point, and when the South is scourged with the disease the rarer is for a frost. By the use of liquefied air the temperature may be reduced to any degree desired, even to 200 or 300 below zero. The cost of the operation is not excessive, and the machinery is not complicated. All that would be needed, aside from the apparatus, would be a well insulated room to keep the heat out.

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The supposed earthquake was an avalanche, which came down the backbone of a "cleaver" lying between the two branches of Mowitch Glacier. The top of this "cleaver" has an elevation of ten thousand feet. It extends several

thousand feet down the mountain side, terminating where two glacial branches come together. The avalanche started near the top of this cleaver and swept the rocky surface to Mowitch Glacier proper. Down this it sped to where the glacier terminates with precipitous icy walls, over which it leaped into a great chasm below. A large part of this glacier was carried down with it. Driver says millions of tons of rock, ice and snow tumbled down.

Settlers about the mountain thought a terrific earthquake had occurred when they heard the report and felt the jar which followed. Some watch ed Mount Ranier to see if there was to be an eruption. But the great snow field which had existed where the avalanche started had fallen down, and the path of the avalanche and broken glacier was plainly seen.

BEWARE THE THIN BANANA.

Information that Every Lover of This Fruit Should Have.

When you are buying bananas never buy the long thin ones unless you want fruit which will pucker your mouth. No matter how well ripened these thin bananas may appear to be, they will always be found both sour and acid. This is because the bunch which contained them was picked too soon. The banana grows fastest at first in length. When it has reached its full development in that direction, it suddenly begins to swell, and in a few days will double in girth. It is at the end of this time that it begins to ripen naturally, and the effort of the banana importer is to have the fruit gathered at the last possible moment, and yet before the ripening has progressed enough to tinge the bright green of the fruit with yellow. A difference of twenty-four hours on the trees at this time will make a difference in the weight of the fruit of, perhaps, 25 per cent, and all the difference in its final flavor, between a puckery sour and the sweetness and smoothness which are characteristic of the ripe fruit. To get the bananas to our market in good condition requires fast steamers, which must be provided with ventilation and other means of keeping the fruit from ripening too fast in the hold. Much of the finest fruit does ripen in the few days of passage, and this is sold to hucksters for street sale.—New York Sun.

Delicious Papaws.

Real lovers of that peculiar fruit, the papaw, which grows so luxuriantly along the river bottoms of the great Middle West, do not hesitate to pronounce it the most delicious and altogether satisfying edible that nature turns out. It has been happily described as a "natural custard," its rich, golden-yellow pulp admirably carrying out the simile. Many persons cannot eat it at all, and many others have to acquire a liking for it.

A man from the far Northeast, who was visiting a cousin in Ohio in early October, was shown one day a fine, large specimen of the fruit.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Break it open and see," was the reply.

He broke it in two, inspected it, and smelt of it.

"Well?" he said.

"Taste it."

He did so.

"Faugh!" he exclaimed. "What kind of game are you trying to play on me?"

"I am merely giving you a chance to eat the most toothsome dainty that grows in the world," rejoined the cousin.

The next day the visitor tried again to eat a papaw. He could tolerate it, but that was all.

"You'll be eating them by the handful before you go back East," said the cousin.

On having some bearing on the outcome of this prediction it only remains to be recorded that when the visitor returned home, a week or two later, he took along with him a half bushel of papaws, carefully selected and packed in a box, and that, on his arrival at the ancestral mansion, he is said to have placed alongside the framed motto in the family sitting-room, "What Is Home Without a Mother?" a similar, but smaller one: "What Is Home Without a Papaw?"

Two Epigrams.

Two old English epigrams were reprinted in a London paper of comparatively recent date, for the amusement of the readers. The first referred to a worthy but tedious sergeant, given to making long speeches.

He had a rubicund countenance, and in the full-dress costume of the court of his day was a notable figure. One day when he was especially long-winded, an acquaintance wrote these lines:

The sergeant pleads with face on fire,
And all the court may rue it;
His purple garments come from Tyre;
His arguments go to it.

The other epigram was written at the time when a certain Dr. Reed was allowed to ventilate the House of Parliament by a system of alternate blasts of cold and hot air. He was supported by Sir Robert Peel in this enterprise. Some wag wrote to the London Times:

Peel's patronage of Doctor Reed
Is very natural indeed;
For no one need be told
The worthy, scientific man
Is acting on the premier's plan
Of blowing hot and cold.

The First Typewriter.

The first typewriter was a machine with raised letters, invented by Henry Mill of England, in 1714, for the use of the blind; but beyond marking the era of mechanical writing machines it was of no value, and for nearly 140 years no step forward was made. Nearly all the improvements, and certainly the credit for the general introduction of the typewriter, belongs to America. To-day there is one firm in this country which manufactures more than fifty styles of machines, in all languages and even in business ciphers. In these last the keyboard is lettered as usual, but the characters are printed in cipher.

Slightly Inconsistent.

Some of the cheap novel writers are in a hurry to get their pay, otherwise they would revise their work, and not allow such startling statements as the following to appear in type:

"I grew up to manhood without ever knowing what the love of a parent really was, as my mother died when my eldest brother was born."

A great many of the men who claim to be self-made were evidently interrupted before the job was completed.

LEGAL EXAMINATION.

How One Lawyer Was Admitted to the Bar.

"Counselor Bill Brien tells the following story of how he passed his examination as counselor at law and obtained his license:

"I had my papers filled out and walked over to Judge Joe C. Gill to pass my examination and have my papers signed. It was in the afternoon, and Judge Gill, as everybody who knew was aware, was an ardent and successful turfman. At that time he had Orphan Girl in training for the Maxwell Hotel Stakes, to be run at Nashville, and Brakeman, who was thought to have a pretty good chance of winning the Merchants' Stakes at St. Louis, both races being set down for the same day.

"I walked into his office with my papers in my hand, and looking up pleasantly the Judge greeted me as follows:

"Good morning, William. I understand you want to pass your examination and be a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir; that's what I'm here for this morning."

"Were you out on the track this morning to see the horses' work?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see that Kentucky crack, Lelox, and my mare, Orphan Girl, work?"

"Yes, sir, they both went a mile, and you know this track was a bit slow. Orphan Girl finished up strong and swinging all through the last furlong in 0:47, and Lelox was all out, and had the boy kicking him in 0:47 1/2."

"I reckon my mare has a pretty good chance for the Maxwell."

"It looks like a certainty. Lelox is all she has to beat, and he's as good as done already."

"What kind of a plan would it be to send Alcock to St. Louis with Brakeman for the Merchants' Stakes?"

"The horse is good now, and he has nothing to beat over there. Land him in St. Louis all right, and it's as good as a walkover."

"I think I'll send him. Let me see—ah! I thought I was forgetting something; we forgot all about the examination; hand me your papers, William, and see me sign them."

"Counselor Bill" walked out with his duly attested license, and a short time later Judge Gill won the Maxwell House Stakes and the Merchants' Stakes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Guns of the Future.

We have become familiar with smokeless gunpowder, in idea at least, and we are aware that it makes not nearly so much noise as the old-fashioned sort. But silent cannon, which emit scarcely a flash, are still a novelty—not a welcome one either to soldiers. Colonel Humbert of the French army has invented this boon and patented it.

The experiments carried out by the Hotchkiss company are said to be most promising. In some of the most wonderful contrivances that the month of the gun shall shut automatically the instant its missile has emerged. Thus the flame and the report are bottled up. The announcement may probably be true—one does not venture to doubt a marvel of the ingenuity alleged nowadays. This also would make for the extinction of war. It is remarkable that the latest improvements tend, upon the whole, to assist a defending force, rather than the assailants. Repeating rifles and smokeless powder, machine guns and balloons, all strengthen the hands of those who have to repel an attack, themselves more or less under cover. But if the art of war, in its highest flights, be intuitive, what very exceptional men the great generals of the future must be! Without smoke or flash, or even sound to indicate the position of a battery which decimates his troops at a distance to be reckoned in miles, an ordinary mortal would be distracted. Doubtless, if this invention prove to answer, it will be applied to small arms also. The French are agitating now for the abolition of universal compulsory service, upon the ground that Germany will never attack them. In a few years, apparently, no nation will dare to invade another.—London Standard.

On His Nerve.

"That was a strange experience," admitted the traveling man when some one had recalled the incident to him. "I'll tell you on the level that it converted me to the theory that there is a destiny that shapes our end and that the fellow who is willing to drift is not such a chump after all."

"As the boys say, I was on my uppers. No one questioned my ability on the road. I could sell goods to men who had no real use for them, and you'll admit that to be the supreme test of a drummer. If I had one forte above another, it was that of selling stoves. I could get rid of a hard-coal burner in a soft-coal district, and I could place a consignment of wood stoves in the middle of a prairie district.

"One morning I waked up in the modern Troy of New York, without a cent and without a job. To most men the situation would have been as cold as a polar expedition, but, as intimated, I'm a fatalist. After jollying the bartender for a patriotic cocktail and the barber for a shave, I went to the nearest stove factory. The clock struck 12 just as I entered the place. Before the handsome young man at the desk could say a word I had told him that I was on time. I think the remark was the inspiration of an extremity.

"We'll not stop to discuss terms at this time," he said. "You have an hour in which to catch a train. Here's your expense money. It is a new route, but it will serve to try you out. I was knocked daffy, but I took the money, caught the train, and sold stoves right and left. In a week I had a letter from the house asking who in the world I was and where I came from. The other fellow, for whom I was mistaken, had shown up and claimed the job, but they told me to fire away, and they raised my salary. I'm with 'em yet."—Detroit Free Press.

Hard Luck Story from Kansas.

When the Kirby bank failed in Abilene a Santa Fe conductor had in it \$2,000, which represented the savings of many years. In the course of time he received \$1,000 in dividends from the bank receiver, and this sum he deposited in the Cross bank at Emporia, which in turn failed.

The woman who always wears a smile is faultlessly dressed.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

NUMEROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Driven to It.

She—And did you go away to fight because you loved your country so much or because you were afraid of being jeered at if you didn't go?

He—To be honest with you, neither of those reasons was responsible for my going. A life-insurance agent had found me out and that was the only escape I could think of.

Out in Dakota.

"No," said the lady who had recently arrived from the East, "I haven't come here for the purpose of obtaining a divorce. I have no—"

"Oh, well," replied the lady who had been there long enough to know all about it, "don't let anybody know and perhaps you can get into society anyway. I shall not expose you."

The Womanly Woman Again.

"And what is your definition of the womanly woman?" asked the inquirer.

"A womanly woman," said the gent from the lake shore, "is a woman who dearly loves whatever husband she happens to have."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Novel Manuscript.

"That's a good sized hat of yours, John."

"Ah, Master George, I bought that hat twelve years ago to bury the Missus in."—St. Paul's.



Unmasked by Science.

The "lady" professor suddenly reached forward and deftly plucked a long, light hair from her husband's coat.

"Wretch," she cried, "whose is this?"

"One of your own," he answered, stoutly.

"We will see," she haughtily observed, and speedily vanished through a door labeled "laboratory." For an hour or more the sound of clinking tubes and glasses was faintly heard through the heavy partition.

Then the door suddenly opened and the "lady" professor stood on the threshold.

Her face was blazing.

"Villain!" she cried, "it was bleached."

But he was gone.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Model of Propriety.

Jack—Miss Upton is the most circumspect young lady I ever met.

Tom—How so?

Jack—She refused to accompany me on the piano the other evening without her chaperon.

Where She Got Even.

He—Women ask such foolish questions.

She—Why do they?

That woman goes along there asking me if I knew when the last train left.

"What did you say?"

"I said I didn't know, and then she asked me if I could give her an idea."

"Well, that was foolish on her part; that's so."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Was Surprised.

The Pimley entertained the pedro club a few evenings ago, and after tea Mr. Pimley put on his dress suit.

Little Percy eyed him suspiciously while he was dressing, and finally said: "Papa, you thald you wath going to thity home thith evening."

"So I am, my dear little boy," Percy's papa replied.

Little Percy clapped his hands, jumped up and down, and in great glee cried: "Oh! And wth that thult on?"—Cleveland Leader.

Looking for a Nest.

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed, "and then she didn't do a thing but hasten to the open piano and softly begin singing, 'I Wish I Were a Bird.' They are looking for a nest now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Brain Food.

"Say, Weary, I ain't see you lookin' so well fer a dog's age. What you been doin'?"

"Fillin' up."

"How?"

"Readin' these here holiday menoes."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Amability Assured.

The opposition manager was trying to get some campaign material to use against the Mormon candidate, and was interviewing one of his wives.

"Does your husband treat all of you well?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Does he treat us well?" was the response. "I should say so. If he doesn't we won't get our relatives to vote for him."—Washington Star.

A Novel Swindle.

A well-known Italian confectioner in the downtown district was last night made a dupe in a novel swindling scheme that cost him \$50. A stranger came to his fruit stand and while looking over some bananas suddenly lost his glass eye among the fruit. After searching for a while, he went away, saying that if the Italian found his eye he should take it to his hotel, and there he would receive \$100 for it. A few moments later another stranger came along. The Italian saw him grasp the glass eye while examining some fruit. That was too much for the owner to stand, and he offered the stranger \$50 for the eye. The offer was accepted, but when the Italian took his prize to the hotel there was no one there to reclaim it. He notified the police of the swindle.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Profitable Russian Business.

The manufacture of steel rails has been so profitable in Russia that rail rolling mills have paid from 60 to 70 per cent dividends.

New York's Bill for Perfumery.

New York pays \$1,000,000 a year for perfumery.

Her Meaning and His.

Scribbles—My new book will be out soon. I hope you will lose no time in reading it.

Miss Cutting—Indeed I won't. I lost several hours reading your one.

Evidence.

"Why do you think she is married?"

"I saw her pass a mirror a moment ago without stopping to see whether her face was still there or not."

His Wish.

Mrs. Peck—Yes, they missed something from the counter where I had been making some purchases and as I was leaving the store a detective halted me and led me back to the office, where they told me that I was suspected of being a shoplifter.

Mr. Peck—Well, that was awkward, to say the least.

Mrs. Peck—Awkward? For about a minute I was simply speechless with indignation.

Mr. Peck (regretfully)—Oh, I wish I had been there!



Patsy (proudly)—Dere, Muggs, could yer mudder hand out sech a neat bunch of upper cuts as dat?—New York Journal.

Wanted Company.

Patient—No, doctor, there isn't any particular pain, but somehow I feel as if I were going to die.

Doctor (who has been called out of bed at 2 o'clock in the morning)—Let me feel your pulse. (After a moment.) Have you made your will?

Patient (alarmed)—No, but—

Doctor—Who is your lawyer?

Patient—Mr. Studis. Why, doctor, do you think—

Doctor—Then you had better send for him. Who is your minister?

Patient (still more alarmed)—Rev. Mr. Saintry. Am I—

Doctor—I think he had better be sent for.

Patient (badly frightened)—Oh, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?

Doctor—No, I don't. There's nothing at all the matter with you, but I hate to be the only man who has been made a fool of to-night.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

How a Story Rolls Up and Travels.

Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.—That Mrs. New-comer is so fond of her children. The other day when I called she was blowing soap bubbles for them through a common clay pipe.

Mrs. B. to Mrs. C.—That Mrs. New-comer is so funny. Mrs. A. saw her amusing her children with a common clay pipe.

Mrs. C. to Mrs. D.—That Mrs. New-comer smokes a common clay pipe.

Mrs. D. to Mrs. E.—That Mrs. New-comer smokes a horrid pipe. I don't see how any woman in her sober senses could do that.

Mrs. E. to Mrs. F.—That Mrs. New-comer smokes a pipe and drinks awfully.—Roxbury Gazette.

Beauties of Ancient Art.

"The Coming Storm."—From a recently discovered Pompeian painting.—New York Journal.

The Fool and His Money.

"Optimism," said the sorry fool, "is seeing the green side of a \$5 bill."

"And what is pessimism?" asked his friend.

"Seeing neither side of a \$5 bill."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Starting Him Right.

"Ah!" sighed the sentimental youth, "would that I might install a sentiment in your loyal heart—"

"Sir," interrupted the practical maid, "I'd have you understand that my heart is no installment concern."

Looking for a Nest.

"I dearly love birds," he gently sighed, "and then she didn't do a thing but hasten to the open piano and softly begin singing, 'I Wish I Were a Bird.' They are looking for a nest now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Brain Food.

"Say, Weary, I ain't see you lookin' so well fer a dog's age. What you been doin'?"

"Fillin' up."

"How?"

"Readin' these here holiday menoes."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Amability Assured.

The opposition manager was trying to get some campaign material to use against the Mormon candidate, and was interviewing one of his wives.

"Does your husband treat all of you well?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Does he treat us well?" was the response. "I should say so. If he doesn't we won't get our relatives to vote for him."—Washington Star.

A Novel Swindle.

A well-known Italian confectioner in the downtown district was last night made a dupe in a novel swindling scheme that cost him \$50. A stranger came to his fruit stand and while looking over some bananas suddenly lost his glass eye among the fruit. After searching for a while, he went away, saying that if the Italian found his eye he should take it to his hotel, and there he would receive \$100 for it. A few moments later another stranger came along. The Italian saw him grasp the glass eye while examining some fruit. That was too much for the owner to stand, and he offered the stranger \$50 for the eye. The offer was accepted, but when the Italian took his prize to the hotel there was no one there to reclaim it. He notified the police of the swindle.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Profitable Russian Business.

The manufacture of steel rails has been so profitable in Russia that rail rolling mills have paid from 60 to 70 per cent dividends.

New York's Bill for Perfumery.

New York pays \$1,000,000 a year for perfumery.

Her Meaning and His.

Scribbles—My new book will be out soon. I hope you will lose no time in reading it.

Miss Cutting—Indeed I won't. I lost several hours reading your one.

Evidence.

"Why do you think she is married?"

"I saw her pass a mirror a moment ago without stopping to see whether her face was still there or not."