

MAKING READY.

In Case Anything Happened They Wanted Things Fixed. "Is everything ready?" he asked anxiously. "Everything," she replied, with an effort at self-control.

The Logical Conclusion.

He was leaning dejectedly against a lamp-post, contemplating immensities, when I accidentally brushed against him.

Art in Austin.

Miss Dauber, a Harlem artist, having finished a picture of a sunset which looked very much like an exploded vermilion factory, took the book under her arm to Mr. Smith's gem store on one Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Doomed to Bachelorhood.

Friend—I say, Jack, why don't you marry and settle down? "You can't."

Precedent Behind Him.

"Say," said the manager expostulatingly, "don't you think it is about time you took on a few new gags? These chestnuts you are getting off has whiskers a foot long."

A Sudden Sunday Closing Movement in Central Africa.



—Truth.

Describing the Murder.

"Here," said the ancient inhabitant, "is the place where the murder was committed."

PICTURES AND EYES.

How to Adjust the Letter to Properly Observe the Former. The observer, in order to see a picture to the best advantage, must adjust his vision to that of the artist who produced it.

A most useful appliance for viewing pictures is the so-called stenopaeic slit. This is merely a slit one or two millimeters in width in a card or thin plate of brass.

I would recommend this simple device to any one who has not already experimented with it. Thus, by adjusting our own personal equation of eyesight to that of the artist, we literally obtain his point of view.

STAMBULOFF'S SPIRIT.

Called the Bismarck of the Balkans Because of His Courage.

The late M. Stambuloff, ex-premier of Bulgaria, used to be called "the Bismarck of the Balkans."

With that M. Stambuloff sprang into the saddle and dashed away to the battlefield, while the Russian agent sent to his friends to come to his house to celebrate the defeat of the Bulgarian armies.

Questions of Health.

The popular notion, that an athlete, because of his athleticism, is a healthy man is a delusive one. Muscular development is not an affair of the constitution.

Caffeine.

Caffeine, the active principle of coffee, was discovered by Runge in 1820. In a pure state it takes the form of long silky needles.

Superstitious Formality.

"Sorry, madam, but you will have to get someone to identify you."

UNLUCKY TO SAVE FROM DROWNING.

Some Queer Superstitions of People the World Over. It seems strange that swimmers should be superstitious, yet it is so, nor is it alone the small boy who sees his companion sinking into a watery grave without attempting to rescue him.

In Great Britain the belief that you must not rescue a drowning person is most prevalent in Cornwall and various parts of Scotland.

The Bohemian fisherman shrinks from snatching a drowning man from the waters, fearing the water demon will take away his luck in fishing and drown him before he gets to shore with the would-be victim.

THE SARGASSO SEA.

A Wonderful Region in the Atlantic Which No Man Has Explored.

The surface of the Sargasso sea seems like a perfect meadow of seaweed. It is supposed that this enormous mass of gulf weed may have been partly grown at the bottom of the shallower parts of the sea and partly torn from the shores of Florida and the Bahama islands by the force of the gulf stream.

Nor is this all, for at least two-thirds of all the infinite flotam which the gulf stream carries along with it in its course sooner or later finds a resting place in the Sargasso sea.

Mistress of Style.

An article in a periodical calls attention to the degree of M. S.—Mistress of Style—as that most coveted by all women, outranking, at least so far as admiration is concerned, all the A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s in existence.

His Logic.

Sunday School Boy—Isn't there lots of life in ginger, teacher? Teacher—Yes.

It Soothes Him.

After a man has pounded on the door for half an hour it makes him feel pleasant to be asked by his wife if he wants to come in.

Where He Was at Fault.

"I don't see why I am so neglected," said the habitual criminal as he looked out between the bars of his cell.

A Sure Sign.



"Hush, there are visitors in the drawing room!"

"How do you know?"

"Listen! Papa is saying 'my dear' to mamma."—Punch.

He Was There and Knew.

"Yes, I was at Chickamauga," sighed the robust man as he mopped an impudent tear from the corner of one eye.

"Wh— Grant? Did I say Grant? I meant Sherman, of course! Glorious old Bill!"

"But Sherman didn't reach Chattanooga until the light on Mission Ridge."

"Who didn't?"

"Sherman."

"Who said anything about Sherman? Did I say Sherman? O-o-o-h! You mean at the time of Chickamauga. I belonged to Sheridan's cavalry. Thought I said Sheridan."

"But Sheridan commanded a division of infantry at that time!"

"Look here, youngster, you're getting too smart. You've studied your fool fake books till you think you know more about the war than a man who was in it. Why, you young rascal, I was one of the first men out!"

And the smart Aleck youngster was ready to believe that he was.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is never easy to confess your faults, and even a child is not to be blamed for trying to smooth the way for her self.

"Mamma, do you like to hear stories?" she began.

"Yes, my child."

"Shall I tell you one?"

"Yes."

"Will you be much interested?"

"Certainly."

"But it is not a long story."

"Never mind. Tell it to me."

"Well, there was once a cologne bottle—and I broke it!"—New York Dispatch.

A man with a painful expression of countenance sat on a goods box.

"Are you ill?" some one asked.

"No."

"Have you lost anything?"

"Never had anything to lose."

"What's the matter, then?"

"I'm sittin' on a wasp."

"Why don't you get up?"

"Well, that was my first impulse, but I wop to think that I was hurtin' the wasp as badly as he was hurtin' me and concluded to sit here awhile."—Spare Moments.

With a \$10 rod and a \$6 reel, with a \$2 line and a \$4 creel, a bookful of \$2 and \$4 flies, away with his \$12 ticket he hies. Thus he spends \$40 ere he starts out, and returns in a week with 10 cents' worth of trout, and the sum he won't supply the \$39.90, not but he is shy.—San Francisco News Letter.

Just What He Wanted. "I left a letter on my table when I went out. Where is it?"

Valet—I hope you won't mind, sir. I thought it would do nicely for my sweetheart, so I posted it to her. Your Christian name is the same as mine!—Lustige Blatter.

No Blame at His Door. "If any of my customers gets fevers, it won't be my fault, by jinks!" exclaimed the honest milkman, pouring half a gallon of boiled water into his can.—Chicago Tribune.

Increasing the Pressure. "I think my employer is encouraging my suit for his daughter's hand."

"How do you figure that?"

"He's cut my salary \$3 a week!"—Chicago Post.

WILD FLOWERS.

Oh, beautiful blossoms, pure and sweet, Aglow with dew from the country ways. To me, at work in a city street, You bring fair visions of bygone days—

A STately OLD MANSION.

The Home of Sarah Orne Jewett, the Novelist, at Berwick, Me.

I wonder if there is another such house in New England as the home of Sarah Orne Jewett, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

"I found these things here," Miss Jewett says, "and I hope to leave them when I go into the unknown."

Could Not Make Tibet.

Mr. Wilson relates an amusing story of an officer who determined to enter Chinese Tibet by stratagem. This officer managed to cross the frontier at night, and so escaped the frontier guard.

All Weathers Suited Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson stoutly poohpoohed the notion of the effect of weather on the mind. "To temperance," he wrote, "every day is bright, and every hour is propitious to diligence."

Distinctions.

"Money makes a heap of difference in the world," said the philanthropist.

Her Choice.

A woman who has traveled largely in Japan mentioned in the course of a lecture the fact that the Japanese language does not contain an impolite word; hence there is no swearing in that happy land.

The Diamond.

None can tell where the diamond goes to in combustion. Burn it, and it leaves no ash, the flame is exterior like that of a cork, and when it has blazed itself out there remains not even so much as would dust the antennae of a butterfly.

At Gibraltar, during the most famous of its sieges, the French commander, learning that Elliot's men were suffering from scurvy, sent them as a present a boatload of carrots.

Dreamland is located in the lottery office.—Florida Times-Union.

EPHRAIM AND THE BEAR.

How He Killed a Yearling in a Fair Fight Without Weapons. Old Ephraim Hatfield, father of Ann and Elias Hatfield, of McCoy Hatfield feud notoriety, was a born fighter.

One day a Cuff yearling bear was treed, and as Ephraim was climbing out of a place of safety old man Hatfield cut a piece of the animal's tail with a quick blow of his knife, and the bear came down.

The animal got its paws around Ephraim, and they fought, rolling in every direction, until it was almost impossible to distinguish man from bear in the cloud.

"Go it, pap! You've got 'em! Give it to 'em, dad!"

But the boys thought the old man would never have a better opportunity to realize his ambition and whip a yearling bear and kept the dogs away. Finally Ephraim, seeing that he was not to have assistance, began to use his feet and hands with an energy born of despair, and in half an hour he succeeded in choking the animal to death.

A GAME OF NINEPINS.

In an imperial city lately a criminal was condemned to be played at ninepins. While his sentence was pronouncing he had the temerity to offer a request to be permitted to play once more at his favorite game at the place of execution, and then he said he would submit without a murmur.

As the last prayer of a dying man his request was granted. When arrived at the solemn spot he found everything prepared, the pins being set up and the bowl ready. He played with no little earnestness, but the sheriff at length, seeing that he showed no inclination to desist, privately ordered the executioner to strike the fatal blow as he stooped for the bowl.

The executioner did so, and the head dropped into the culprit's hand as he raised himself to see what had occurred. He immediately aimed at the nine, conceiving that it was the bowl which he grasped. All nine falling, the head loudly exclaimed, "I have won the game!"—From the German.

His Account With His Dentist.

Brown has the reputation of being one of the most miserly of men, but he plumes himself on his inexorable sense of justice. For 15 years he wore a denture \$22 for filling a front tooth with gold, refusing to pay it because he said the bill was exorbitant.

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