

According to the census, Boston should be eating 25.07 per cent more of beans than she ate in 1880.

Wagers are sometimes laid by the partisans of a cause because that's their way of aid and abetting.

In a way the treatment of the oyster is reminiscent of the old Scriptural law of retaliation: "A knife for an eye."

A new Maryland industry is raising Belgian hares for the market. May no worse hair-raising story ever come from that locality.

We are a creditor nation all right, but we are particular as to the line of credit we extend. For instance: The Sultan of Turkey would not be accommodated.

The Shah of Persia has purchased sixty bicycles and seven automobiles. His highness must be contemplating the living of a fast life in the future.

A Yale professor claims to be able by means of hypnotism to cure drunkards of their thirst. The drunkards are reported to be running over one another in their hurry to get out of Connecticut.

If it's true that men who suddenly appear in other sections of the country change their names, the same thing has been observed of the American road bird when it migrates from place to place.

Phrenology and palmistry are out of date. Character, it is said, is now read by the lines in the soles of the feet. This seems to be getting down to the foundation of things. It will probably be found that the shoemaker is responsible for more bad character than has heretofore been supposed.

The loss and waste through negligence is incomparable. The mechanical genius and business energy of our age is devoted in large measure to the economies of doing things. If any one shall say that inventions in machinery have reached the limit, which is far from a safe prediction, no one can say that the occupation of making men has reached the limit. Men, as never before, are a necessity of business.

The value of negative blessings, so to speak—the things that do not happen—is seldom taken into account, yet one might not unreasonably figure them as "assets." For instance, an insurance expert estimates that two and a half million accidents, involving a money loss of one hundred and seventeen millions of dollars, take place in this country every year. Turning this statement about a little, it would seem that the people who met with no accident last year saved thereby, on an average, forty-six dollars and eighty cents!

Conditions in Porto Rico have greatly improved since the American occupation of the island. An efficient telegraphic system has been established, and roads are in process of construction which will make all parts of the island easily accessible. The judiciary has been reformed; schools have been reorganized and improved; an efficient police force has put down brigandage—once the curse of the island—and rendered life and property generally secure. Improved sanitation has had marked effects in promoting public health, and under the new order of things, it is safe to assume that, as time passes, the island will enjoy a prosperity hitherto unknown in its history.

To Americans the Lord Chief Justice of England is usually by a name. The late Baron Russell of Killowen, however, was almost as well known and quite as sincerely respected in the United States as in Great Britain. He had visited this country twice, the last time to deliver a most thoughtful and suggestive address at the International law. Even before his elevation to the highest judicial office in Great Britain, he had won universal recognition by the mastery skill with which he had exposed the Piggott forgeries in the London Times, and vindicated Parnell, the Irish home rule leader. He represented Great Britain in the Berling Sea Arbitration, was a member of the Venezuela Tribunal, and on the death of Lord Herschell was chosen to succeed him as President of the Joint High Commission. These duties kept him in close touch with American statesmen and lawyers, whose confidence he won and kept by his courtesy, fair-mindedness and profound legal knowledge. His death was a loss to international comity, and to the whole body of English-speaking people.

Society people are interested in the announcement that the American Society of Professors of Dancing in convention assembled has officially and formally put the ban of its displeasure on rag-time music and hop-waltz. Hereafter, if the professors of the terpsichorean art are obeyed, dancers will glide over the polished floor of the ball room to the slower and swinging measures of more dignified music, and the jerky two-step is to be transformed into a dance of graceful and easy movement. So far as the poetry of motion is concerned, there can be no doubt that the banishment of rag-time and the hop, skip and jump style of dancing will be an improvement. It has always been difficult to admire an aggregation of animated rubber balls bouncing over the floor to the inspiring strains of "Ah, There, My Lady," and similar up-to-date musical compositions. At the same time it is more than doubtful whether even the weighty influence of the American dancing masters will be sufficient to drive rag-time music entirely out of the field. Most people like a lively time, and the American people as a whole are too nervous and mercurial in temperament ever to go back to the slow and dignified measures to which our grandfathers walked through the figures of the stately minuet.

Steven O'Meara, the brilliant editor of the Boston Journal, believes that

there is too much worship of precedent and too much depreciation of the present in comparison with the past. The earlier and better days of the republic in a speech he questions the better days of "the Fathers." To establish his point Mr. O'Meara makes numerous citations from history. Washington heads his list of the sages of illustrious men with his declaration that "speculation, speculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration." Patrick Henry had little hope that "a people possessing so small a share of virtue and public spirit" would accomplish much. Alexander Hamilton characterized the constitution as "a frail and worthless fabric." Reformers are constantly bewailing the existing corruption in politics, but Mr. O'Meara believes with Mr. Masters that "in illustrating and gerrymandering in stealing governments and legislatures, in using force at the polls, in colonizing and in distributing patronage to whom patronage is due, in all the frauds and tricks that go to make up the worst form of practical politics, the men who founded our State and national governments were always our equals and often our masters," though they lived at a time when "universal suffrage did not exist and when the franchise was everywhere guarded by property and religious qualifications of the strictest kind." Mr. O'Meara cites the fact that great difficulty was experienced in obtaining an escort at the funeral of Samuel Adams, owing to "political enemies, in view of which he is led to say: "Find in the last thirty years a single word of personal contempt or bitterness hurled by one candidate for President at another. There is none such, and if it had been uttered the guilty man would have fallen low in the esteem even of his own party." Yet such expressions were common in the days of "the Fathers."

In some respects the politics of our day is better than that of a hundred years ago. In some respects it is worse. There are more temptations in modern politics, and, human nature remaining about the same, there is more corruption of a certain kind than in the earlier days. Nevertheless, the world of politics is growing better.

SWELL INDIAN GIRL. Miss Tookah Turner, a Highly Accomplished Quarter-Breed Cherokee. The most beautiful Indian girl in the West, according to photographers, is Miss Tookah Turner. She is a quarter-breed Cherokee girl, and lives at Muskogee, I. T. Her father is a wealthy merchant. He is a white man, while her mother is a Cherokee Indian. Miss Turner is highly accomplished, having graduated from several colleges and schools of music and art. She is considered the swiftest dresser of any of the girls of the Cherokee tribe, and that is saying a great deal. Some of her clothes are made in Paris. She has a fine collection of diamonds and jewelry. Miss Turner has none of the features of an Indian, and one would not believe she was part Cherokee unless told of the fact. She is proud of her ancestors, but it is likely she will marry a white man, as most of this class of girls do.

Paid Well for the Work. Not long since a large manufacturer telegraphed to a London expert locksmith requesting that an expert locksmith be sent at once to his place of business, a town about fifty miles from the city. Upon reaching his destination the expert, with his kit of tools, repaired to the establishment and was informed that the vault, an old-fashioned affair, which locked with a key and which contained the safe and books of the concern, could not be opened. The man examined the lock and then the key, opened his kit, took out a bit of wire and began to dig a mass of crumpled, dust and lint out of the key. Then he inserted it in the lock and, when the proprietor with a sickly smile looked up, turned the implement and opened the door.

Where Isinglass Comes From. The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian sea, and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of twenty-five feet, and from its air bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing it has the reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and in the world's markets it has practically no rival. A great deal is made along the Amazon in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the refining of liquors and similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residue, while the inferior variety will show threads of a fibrous tissue dark in color.

A line of excursion boats is now plying on the Dead Sea. Yes, on the Dead

"YOU PUSH THE BUTTON."

CHAUNCEY ALPORT, got into the way of not sleeping nights, through sheer listlessness, he said. He took no interest in his food, either, and his fellow-clerks down at the Hitchcock stock works said to one another that if a trial sheet of Alport's were to balance they'd fall dead of surprise. The young man himself knew to a reasonable degree of certainty why he could not work better, and why the hours after work dragged even more lamely than those in the office. The truth was, he could see no future ahead. He was at that point of his career where he looked with distrust upon everything relating to himself. He had grave doubts about his ability to become anything more than a clerk on a small salary. He didn't believe he would be able to maintain the agreeable social position to which he was born, and he was absolutely sure that the girl he loved would never accept him.

The girl he loved was Violet Gilder-sleeve. She lived in the low, long, Elizabethan house just beyond the outskirts of town. Here, half hidden among trees, the beautiful house seemed to droop through life in spite of the eager commercial town just beyond it, and into Violet's days there appeared to come nothing but beauty and contentment and whatever was refined and leisurely. She was in a elegant, serene lives, all taking money as a matter of course, and Chauncey Alport felt choked by the complacency of their manners and by their matter-of-fact prosperity. To take Violet from a life so placid and full of grace to the toll, and worry, and poverty that must be the lot of his wife was out of the question.

That she loved him, that the long Sunday afternoons on that shady lawn, talking of music and books, and, best of all, of themselves, had been as absorbing to her as to him he felt in the innermost consciousness of his soul. But this was all the more reason why he should not indulge himself in the



THEY INQUIRED ABOUT HIS PHOTOGRAPHS.

luxury of her society. If he alone was to endure the pain in sweetness and run the risk of ultimate despair and bitterness he might continue to indulge himself in her society. But he could not involve her in this suffering. The only thing for him to do was to break off their romance. It must be an interrupted and forever unfinished tale. And because of this resolution he hoped at his desk, forgot to sleep, and had no interest in his dinner.

"It's your turn for a vacation, Alport," his employer said. "You've been looking under the weather. Go off to some place you've never seen or heard of and get a change of air and ideas. Everybody needs shaking up once in a while. I've a friend who'll fix you out for transportation if you like. Come, shut up your book and make a holiday of it, and go home and pack. Get out of here to-morrow morning. Fellows is back, and he'll do your work."

Chauncey Alport was surprised at himself. He dropped the burden of the work as if it had been a pebble's pack strapped upon him. He put from him with bitter distaste the recollection of his poverty and the dull drudgery of the office. It seemed as if lightheartedness was coming back to him again. He thanked his employer almost tearfully, and got his desk in order ready for leaving. Just then Fellows, his associate, but freshly returned from his vacation, came in.

"I hear you're getting out of here," he said cordially. "Yes," responded Alport. "The truth is I'm so near done for that there's no use in my staying. I do everything wrong and am in everybody's way. If my vacation doesn't set me up I don't know what will become of me."

"O, a vacation acts like a miracle when a man gets fagged that way. Got some good novels? I'll get some out of my case—I picked out a rare lot before I started. And, say, take my camera with you."

permeance to snap that little machine at the wonder of green, impetuous water in its eternal passion. But he did it, and he laughed. He found health and strength out in the fields during his vacation. He became aware of the sweetness of the earth; and he was no longer averse to life. He slept well and ate well, and came home eager to renew his work and determined to endure his sorrows gallantly. If he must always drudge, then he would do it without complaint. If he must live without the woman of his love he would bear it as other men had borne similar sorrows, with philosophy. He was ashamed of himself for his supine surrender to ill-fortune.

Everybody congratulated him on his improved appearance. Violet Gilder-sleeve, bending forward from her perch, nodded at him in a commendatory way, and called out that he must come to see her. He flushed, feeling the old pang at his heart, and gave an evasive answer. He knew that he dare not accept that invitation. Now that life beat so strongly in his veins again, and that he felt so full of potential happiness, he dared not visit her, lest in spite of his guard set upon himself he should tell her of his love. It was a hard and inspiring condition—his poverty. The worst of it was that she would never understand. She would think him selfish and coarse and cruel. She would remember those exquisite evenings, with their air of insinuating tenderness, and bluish at the recollection, because of his silence. He could hardly endure that she should be so humiliated. But there seemed no other way but silence.

Down at the shop they inquired about his photographs, and he said that he thought in the interests of artistic photography they ought never to be developed. But Fellows, who was an enthusiast, would not have it so. He insisted upon seeing for himself the results of his friend's first experience with a camera.

So 100 preposterous prints came back from the developers. Dogs with their tails out, human creatures that looked like monsters, landscapes blurred till even Corot would have refused to call them the handwork of the creator, cows who had neglected to fore-shorten themselves, and hills that were a disgrace to their kind and seemed to have been skipping like little lambs at the time of having their pictures taken, presented themselves to the jeering comment of the office force.

Then, from among these monstrous things, appeared one amazing, beautiful print, full of poetry and motion and light. It was the photograph of Niagara Falls. The fringes of lace-like mist that decorated the great downpour of shadowy water, was there as though it flirled in the summer wind; the whirlpool at the foot of the fall seemed to leap and rise and fall again, with growling and a madness of fear. The wind of the waters appeared to come from this dead thing. A hush of admiration fell upon everybody. It seemed almost a miracle.

Fellows picked it up reverently. "It's the best picture of the Falls ever taken, my boy," he said. Alport looked at it incredulously. "It can't be that I took that," he said. "There's some mistake." "You pushed the button," some one quoted. "Nature did the rest on this occasion."

The excellence of the photograph was borne witness to presently by the photographer, who came down to inquire if he couldn't buy the plate. Fellows winked Alport to refuse, though when the price offered began to ascend it was hard to resist the temptation.

"You send that on to the railroad manager and see if they won't use it for an advertisement," said Fellows. "But don't give up the copyright—you must get it copyrighted, you know. This will come out gloriously in a transparency."

Alport caught the enthusiasm from his friend and began, like the sensible fellow he really was when he was not badgered by fate, to push his advantage. He did this so well that at the end of three months he was the possessor of \$10,000 made from his lucky and exquisite picture.

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.

Taxon—Do you have an alarm clock at your house? Paxon—I don't have to have; we've got twins.

The Return Trip. "Will you have plenty of fresh fruit at that farm where you go, Alice?" "Yes, Arthur says he will bring a big basketful every night."

His Disposition. "Is Wigston so terribly jealous of his wife?" "Oh, yes. He goes all to pieces if she even speaks cross to another man."

A Joke. Willie—Say, did you propose to my sister last night? Featherstone—Eh—Ah! Why, Willie? Willie—Cause everybody in the house has been causing the life out of her.

Financial Hospitality. Lady—Don't you serve leed lemonade at this bank? Cashier—Oh, yes, madam; but not to people who draw money—only to depositors.

Not for Farmer Green. Farmer Green looking at the cable sign—Not on your life. Then derved bunco chaps won't find me so easy. My valise is goid to stay shet, by gum.—Chicago Inter Ocean.



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Had an Object. "After I had watched a colored man fishing in a pond for forty minutes without pulling up his hook," said the traveler, "I asked him if he thought there were any fish there to be caught." "No, sah, I reek n't," he replied. "But you seem to be fishing." "Yes, sah." "But perhaps you are not fishing for fish?" "No, sah."

"I waited ten minutes for him to explain, but as he did not I finally asked him what particular object he had in view." "De objek, sah," he repeated without taking his eyes off the pond or moving the pole—"de objek of my fishin' for fish whar dere hain't any is to let de old woman see dat I hain't got no time to pluck up de hoe and work in de truck patch!"—Washington Post.

Often the Case. Askington—Fricklesmith is a very versatile chap, isn't he? Toller—Oh, yes! He makes a different kind of fool of himself almost every day in the week.—Puck.

A Good Thing in Certain Cases. Mrs. Henpecke (reading)—It says here that this new elixir of life will make a man live for 200 years. Mr. Henpecke—If I was a bachelor I'd buy a bottle!—Puck.

A Bad Case of Blues. Softleigh—I—aw—have weally put in the entlaid day at—aw—hwalid labor, doncher know. Miss Cutting—Is it possible? Softleigh—Yaws; not—aw—manual labor, but bwalin work, doncher know, which is the—aw—hwalidest of all. Miss Cutting—Yes, it must be—for you.—Chicago News.



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More Forcible. "I've noticed," remarked the cerygman, pointedly, "that the man who goes to sleep in church is generally very wide awake at the baselaid game." "Yes," returned the hardened sinner, "the delivery is different, you know."—Philadelphia Record.

Not a Complete Job. Wife (sternly)—Well, sir! What's the matter with you? Husband—Why, m'dear, to seee shee gash turned up 'on you waitin' up f' me jush took my breath away. Wife (billy)—Too bad it didn't take away your staggur, too.—Philadelphia Press.

At the Seaside. Heroic Girl—What has become of that handsome man who cheered so loudly when I rescued the little boy from drowning? Friend—He is over there on the veranda, proposing to the girl who screamed and fainted.—New York Weekly.

His Personal Rights. "Now that you are wealthy, Mr. Comstock," said the man who dealt in pedigrees and the like, "you really should adopt a corn of arms." "I'll do as I darn please," retorted Mr. Comstock, hotly; "if I want to go around in my shirt sleeves that ain't none of your business."—Philadelphia Record.

Out of the Question. Jackson—Why don't you get some of your friends to help you out? Jumpooze—Because I am so poor I can't afford to accept favors. The people who confer them expect too much in return.—Life.

Sure of It. "Do you really think that you love my daughter as a husband should?" "Love her? Why, I would give up my bicycle for her." "No cards."—New York Herald.

Gloating in the Gloom. "When you rejected me last evening," asked young Spooonmore, "had you heard, Miss Quickstep, that my rich uncle had cut me off without a shilling?" "No," she said, with tears of tender compassion in her eyes, "I had not. Believe me, my friend, I am so—" "Well, he hasn't—and I've got another girl." And in the pale moonlight he was seen to leer horribly.—Chicago Tribune.

She Was. Clara—What a pretty bonnet you have on! Irene—Yes, but I'm over my ears in debt for it.—Chicago Tribune.

Two Close Friends. Early in life, when but a 20 old puppy, he was brought to the farm in Westbury, Broome, Me. He was a deep interest in whatever the farmer did, and followed him around the station wherever he went. He often pulled a rope that was used to pull the bell around the ring. The bell was a great weight used to pull vessels in a tugboat. He was attached to its tongue and was near the platform that was used to pull the bell.



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Not Enough to Hurt. First Boarder—I wonder what makes this strawberry shortcake so heavy? Second Boarder—Don't know, but it isn't the weight of the strawberries on top, anyhow.—New York Weekly.

She Expected Too Much. "Look here, sir," exclaimed the maid en lady, "I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly." "Well, madam," replied the dealer, "it's a very young bird; it'll learn to swear more perfect when it's a bit older."—Philadelphia Press.

Out West. Broncho Pete—Say, Bill, what'd y' think o' that young doctor what's jst come here fr'm d' East? Think thar's any stuff in 'im? Brawny Bill—Sure, Ain't he a doctor? Aw, he's killed his man all right.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Human Nature. "There are very few people who don't get interested in a good scrap." "That's right. I think there are a number of advocates of universal peace who would be somewhat disappointed at an abrupt termination of the Boer war."—Harper's Bazar.

Exclusive Information. "Say, pa, what's a bachelor?" "A bachelor, my son, is a mighty lucky fellow, but don't tell your ma that I told you!"—Der Flah.



He (after the fiftieth piece)—I could just die playing the banjo. She (amusingly)—I could just die listening to you.

Her Finance. Mag—Now dat she's got so rich I s'pose she's shook Billy Casey dat used ter be her steady company. Kit—Not much. She lets him take care of her roll now. Mag—Git out. Kit—Dat's right, I sez to 'r: "Is Billy yer steady company yet?" and she drawed 'erself up 'n sez: "Mr. Casey is my financier!"

Love's Labor Lost. Softleigh—I—aw—have weally put in the entlaid day at—aw—hwalid labor, doncher know. Miss Cutting—Is it possible? Softleigh—Yaws; not—aw—manual labor, but bwalin work, doncher know, which is the—aw—hwalidest of all. Miss Cutting—Yes, it must be—for you.—Chicago News.

A Shining Mark. Borrower—Easy, is he? Grapher—Well, I should say, I wrote to him once and asked him to lend me \$2. It seems I spell "two" double o, and forgot to cross the t. He sent me \$10.—Philadelphia Press.

Promises of Winter. The meanest man yet revealed himself at one of the railroad stations the other evening. He was about to start on a three weeks' vacation at the seashore, all by himself, and his worn-looking little wife and two children were down at the station to see him off. "Never mind," said he to his worn-looking little wife, as he started through the gate, "just you wait until the cold weather gets here, and if things come my way I'll let you get that jacket of yours trimmed with astrakhan!"—Washington Post.

Difficulties of Latitude. "Social conditions in these Dutch republics were not all that could be desired, I fancy." "No, indeed. Just imagine June brides occurring in winter!"—Detroit Journal.

Thessaly's Postage Stamps. There has been a great run on the new postage stamp for Thessaly, which the Turkish government has caused to be circulated. These stamps are of the value of 5, 2 and 1 piastres and of 20 and 10 paras, and so eager were collectors to possess the new stamps that on the third day following their introduction those valued at 5 and 2 piastres were all bought up, and changed hands at 18 shillings. The stamps of smaller value brought 4 shillings. The traders in these stamps were Turkish officers and civil servants, who, now that the evacuation of Thessaly is taking definite shape, evidently thought the first and only issue of stamps by the Turkish government was an opportunity for making money not to be thrown away.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Qualified for the Work. "So you think he would make a weather man, do you?" "Good! Why, sir! he's the same old-fashioned man that ever lived." "But what has that got to do with it?" "Got to do with it! Great Scott, why, he can stand more cold than 'kicks' and answer more fool questions without forgetting to smile than any other man in the whole 'Linn!"

Judging by Other Instances. "You think we ought to give the publication of this novel, 'The Success,' a cautious reception?" "Why?" "Because it is written by a girl who deals with subjects of which she knows very little."

Gambetta's Supervision. Gambetta was so supervising that certain hours of the day were others unalloyed that he could not commence any important business or start on an important journey without consulting a famous business card as to the auspicious hour.

When a girl finally lands a young man, she is as proud as a peacock. "You can always please a woman by saying that she freckles like a peacock."—New York Herald.

"DOG WATCH" IN EAST

A clever Collie who acts as a watch dog for the American house of Biddleford, Me. is the name of the faithful watchdog who keeps vigil there night and day. His master is Frank Orcutt, keeper of the light on the waves beat ceaselessly on the shore, and the passing of the life on rocky Wood Island, and down the coast of the state to break the monotony of the naturally takes a great interest in the matter.

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"SAILOR" SALUTES A TUGBOAT. seized the rope in his mouth and pulled. The bell rang clear and loud. Sailor was delighted, and pulled busily till vigorously and pulling the ring of the bell started the tugboat of a vessel or steamer. This fact resulted in his being a prisoner. When he saw the tugboat coming he anticipated being in ringing the bell.

As the years have passed he kept on ringing salutes to passing vessels and steamers. Indeed, he hurt if not permitted to give a customary salute to passing tugboats whose course taking him past Wood Island are announced. See Sailor tugging vigorously at great bell tongue.

They reply with a will and ship's bell or horn, and in the steamers a heavy triple blast is blown back to the canine watcher of Wood Island, who gives a new meaning to the good old sea term "dog watch." Sailor may be said to have spent the prime of life, but he is still in the height of his vigor and is in the color is black, marked with white spots, and has a white spot on his forehead. Sailor has had his picture taken and is now in the hands of the photographer. "Snapped" him. The picture was recently published in a London magazine.

A Tame Wildcat. From the Kansas City Journal a pleasing account of a tame wildcat, the property of a Chicago gentleman. The cat, which is as large as a small bulldog, and according to proud owner, could whip any of those iron-jawed beasts in ten minutes, is as docile and gentle as a kitten.

Trapper James Wilson, whose cabin is situated in the white pine Minnesota woods surrounding the geon Lake, captured his eyes were so small that they were only open. He trained it for three months, feeding it with codfish, milk and bread, and today, in the Chicago home, it plays about in an amusing gait, standing on its hind legs and looking at the eyes out of the window, with the air of a horse and wagon, and in his bricker moods on a wild leapings about the office.

A Junip of a seven-foot party, not quite the limit of its endurance, a spring of ten or eleven feet to top of a desk to a stack of books which it lands without consulting to topple over, is one of its favorite feats.

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