

ANGLERS' SONG.

Away, away, to the brookside green,
In the morning's earliest flush,
By the bubbling brook where the alders lean...

TURKEY BANISHES THE TYPEWRITER.



The customs authorities have prohibited the entry of typewriters into Turkey, and 200 machines in the custom house have been ordered returned to the consignor.

MEN OF MONEY.

Good Fortune of Vanderbilt—George Gould's Financial Experience.
When William H. Vanderbilt received the greater part of the estate of his father, Commodore Vanderbilt...

ONE LITERARY CATASTROPHE.

Destruction of China's Encyclopaedia an Irreparable Loss.
News comes that the Orient has been robbed of its most famous collection of knowledge, the monumental "Encyclopaedia Maxima."

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.

A WORKING GIRL.

THE sentiments you have been expressing, my dear Roy, observed Albert Lestrange with the patronizing manner justified by his seven years' seniority...

Because rank and wealth have duties as well as privileges, replied Albert. And foremost among them is that of making a suitable matrimonial alliance.

"You are young, my dear Roy," said his brother, pityingly. "Wait until you are my age and you will look differently at things."

"I shall never agree with you on that point, that's certain," answered the younger man, "for it's my opinion and always will be that a man who marries a woman that he doesn't love ought to be kicked."

"How can I thank you?" observed the girl, whom the young men had had time to notice was uncommonly pretty.

"It was a great deal to me I can assure you," said the girl with a merry, tripping laugh, "for unfortunately I was carrying all my worldly wealth with me."

"Why not?" asked Roy, astonished. "She is evidently a lady." "That she has been well educated I will not deny," answered Albert, "but the works for her living, Roy. Did you not hear her say that she was overworked, and that she carried all her worldly wealth in her pocket?"

"So your fair friend has gone away at last," said Albert at dinner time. "Thank heaven that she did not entangle you in a matrimonial alliance."

got her address in London and permission to call on her the first week in October. The hours dragged themselves away, and on the first day of pleasant shooting, in spite of his brother's remonstrances, Roy left home for the great metropolis.

Two days later Albert followed him to town. It was but a forlorn hope, but it occurred to him that he might persuade the girl—for a consideration of course—to be merciful and release his brother from any foolish promises he may have made.

As Albert did not know much about London, he determined to seek the assistance and advice of his uncle, Lord Torchester, but on his arrival at Torchester House he found that a garden party was in full swing.

Lady Torchester greeted him with a few kind words of welcome and he passed on to his uncle. "Hello!" exclaimed the latter, "what has brought you up to town?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, Roy has been inveigled by some typewriting girl, and I've come up to see if I can get him out of the mess, and as I thought you would be able to help me, I—"

"The same, Mr. Lestrange," answered the smiling girl. "And perhaps you will permit me to present my future husband, Mr. Roy Lestrange! By the way, will you be best man?"—Ally Sloper.

HAD BAD LUCK WITH TEETH.
Misfortunes of a Woman Who Required the Services of a Dentist.
A dentist enjoying an extensive practice among the fashionable people of the South Side relates this peculiar experience of one of his patrons:

Youngest and Oldest of Kings.
Europe has a new little King who has a double claim to distinction. He is the youngest of ruling kings, and at the same time the lineal representative of the oldest reigning family in Europe.

QUER STORIES.
A railway engine is equal in strength to nine hundred horses. If the world be divided into land and water hemispheres, London is the center of the land, New Zealand of the water.

Two Hundred Years Old.
On the 29th of December, 1902, the Russian press will have the opportunity of celebrating its two hundredth anniversary.

Scarcity of Tin Ore.
The scarcity of tin ore in the world is pointed out by Geologist B. G. Skertchley, of Australia, in a published monograph.

Table.
Now the Hs being sensitive to ridicule, passed as they were about to enter the gates of the city.

His Own Superstition.
Hicks—You say you haven't a single superstition. Would you ever start on a journey on Friday?

Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, who made her first success with "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "The Farringtons" and "A Double Thread," has completed a new novel entitled "Sirius."

Henry Savage Landon's new work, "On the Road to Pekin," will be published in this country, and promises to be an interesting and elaborate history of recent and present conditions in the Chinese Empire.

Stephen Phillips' new drama, "Elysium," will not be the first play on the subject, poetical or otherwise, Nicholas Rowe, who for four years was poet laureate (1714-1718), wrote in 1704 or 1705 a play with "Ulysses" for its title.

Arthur Lawrence published some time ago a volume entitled "The Life Story, Letters and Reminiscences of Sir Arthur Sullivan," written with the composer's approval.

On one of the Indian reservations in New York State is a toy factory which employs several hundred Indians all the year around. The toys manufactured here are being shipped all over the world.

The Egyptian reed, which was used for making the pens found in Egyptian tombs, is a hard variety growing to about the diameter of an ordinary goose quill.

Man loves to kick with might and main, Had sounds best fit his mouth, He'll first complain about the rain And then about the drouth.

Mrs. Brown—My husband never says anything to me about the way his mother used to cook. Mrs. Green—That's something unusual. I wonder why he doesn't?

Guest—What precautions have you here in case of fire? Hotel Clerk—We have fire escapes from every floor. All you have to do is to make your way to one of them and fall off.—New York Weekly.

Peasant—After you've let the case drag along now for three years, you've lost it for me! Lawyer—Hm! That's what I get for my good nature—I might have let it drag along for three years more!—Heiterer Welt.

Pupil—Where is Athens? Teacher—You mean Athens, Johnnie. It is in Greece. Pupil—No, I don't mean Athens. I mean Athens, the place people get blown to in boiler explosions.—Baltimore World.

Buffet—My wife is subject to nervous headaches; can't stand a bit of noise. Buffet—Too bad! Buffet—Why, I even had to sell my new golf suit.—Ohio State Journal.

John says he'll have his graduation papers purty soon. "What's he been a-larnin' of?" "Greek, an' Latin, an' French, an' German, an' 'so forth."

Hubbard—Thank heaven, housecleaning is over. Wife—Yes, dear, but the pictures are yet to be hung.—Ohio State Journal.

Mr. Fijit—Our friend Epicure has gotten out a new cook book. Mrs. Fijit—That's nice; is it going to be dramatized?—Ohio State Journal.

"I wonder where the entrance to the subway is," said a lady standing on Tremont street on her first visit to Boston. "I don't know, I'm sure," replied the lady who was with her, "but let's go over here. Here's a door with a sign 'exit' over it."—Somerville Journal.

"I've shown you our entire stock of gold and silver watch-chains." "Well, they ain't the kind I want," replied the cranky customer. "I don't propose to buy what I don't want."

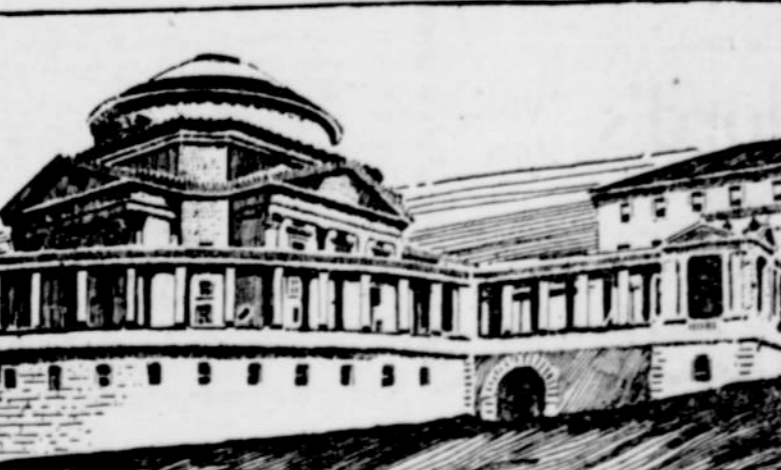
"What do you think of the Chicago professor who says he never kissed a pretty girl?" said one young woman. "Oh, I don't stop to think," answered the other. "I have no time to listen to other people's troubles."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Brown—My husband never says anything to me about the way his mother used to cook. Mrs. Green—That's something unusual. I wonder why he doesn't?

Mr. Backward—Well-er-yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller. Miss Coy—To find out when you will marry, eh?

Mr. Backward—Why-er-yes, I— Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune-teller's fee toward the price of the ring?—Philadelphia Press.

AMERICAN HALL OF FAME IN NEW YORK.



The American Hall of Fame was dedicated in New York recently in the presence of a distinguished assemblage of representative citizens from many parts of the country.

The idea of the Hall of Fame was conceived by Chancellor MacCracken, to whom it was suggested by the seal of a building which would round out the beauty of the university quadrangle.

