THE LOST GARDEN.

"Somewhere in the distant southland
Blooms a garden—lost to me—
Warm with poppies burning fragrant,
Drowsy fires I may not see.

"Subtle shadows flit and beckon
Down dim pathways bound with yew,
Where a white wraith wanders lonely
'Twixt the darkness and the dew.

"In the ruined walls that echoed
Once to happy-hearted moods,
Now the stealthy, lightfoot lizards
Unmolested rear their broods.

"And beneath the oleanders,
No clear voice sings, as of old;
But the fleet caressing sunbeams
Whisper secrets to their mold.

"Though I follow as the southwind
Fares his way through wood and plain,
Though I question hill and valley,
I shall never find again

"My lost garden—where lie buried
Joys that swift the glad hours sped;
Only one could bid me enter;
Only Love—and Love is dead!"
—Ainslee's.

THE LITTLE WIDOW

IN the sunshiny room of Mrs. Endicott there was a buzz of conversation and the sound of snipping of scissors, and it was evident that the Embroidery circle of Huxbridge was in conclave. Mandy Nichols occupied the chair by the window, and as she raised her head from the bit of satin on which she was working an impossible flower, she gave an exclamation.

"Here is Mrs. Hemenway," she announced, "and the little widow just passed her in her carriage and bowed to her."

"The impudent thing. Did Mrs. Hemenway—oh, here she is," and the hostess arose to greet her guest, who with much rustling of stiff silk entered the room.

"So glad you came, dear," cried Mrs.

"HELEN RECEIVED A NOTE."

Endicott. "But you look rather upset."

"That impertinent little minx just bowed to me as I was entering your gate, Mrs. Endicott."

"The idea!" "Impudent!" "Horrible!" came from the different parts of the room.

"But I glared at her," added Mrs. Hemenway, triumphantly.

"I saw her talking with the minister last night and I shouldn't wonder but that she will sing in the choir," said one.

"If she joins the choir, then I leave. I won't sit in the same bench with a singer of French songs," said another, the leader of the choir.

"And the way she runs after the men," spoke up Mrs. Endicott. "My husband declares she is the brightest little woman in town."

"Oh, a man always falls in love with a woman when she is French, a widow and a little mysterious. Mr. Endicott is not the only man who admires Mrs. Sartoris," ventured Mandy with a look in Mrs. Hemenway's direction. Unfortunately that woman intercepted the look and her whole figure set in stiff, rigid lines. And in a short time the circle broke up.

Helen Sartoris was a young widow, who, with her 4-years-old child and two maids, had taken up her residence in Huxbridge some two months since. The good people of the town called upon her and their calls were dutifully returned, and the widow seemed charming until it was discovered that the men of the town were raving about her. Then the women froze in their manner towards her, and after a few wretched days, filled with snubs and cold glares from her erstwhile friends, the little widow laughed at her persecutors and their snubs and became deeply gracious to the male relatives of these same women. Of course, this was the worst possible course for her to pursue—but she was a woman.

The grounds of Mrs. Hemenway adjoined those of Mrs. Sartoris, so that it was not wonderful that Guy Hemenway should see the widow in her garden and fall in love with her pretty little self. And Helen, her short married live having been loveless and cold, welcomed the new tender feeling in her heart for Guy Hemenway.

When Mrs. Hemenway reached home that afternoon she was much excited over the hint she received from Mandy.

"I hear Mrs. Sartoris is joining the choir," she said.

"Well, she ought to. She has a delightful voice."

"Have you heard her sing?" inquired his mother, sharply.

Guy recovered himself. "Yes, often, to her little girl in the garden here."

"Ah, you do not know all about that woman. Her poor child! She neglects her, leaves her to the care of the servants while she reads French novels and bleaches her hair. They say she actually beats the child. One might expect cruelty from a person with green eyes."

"Mother!" broke in the young man.

"Oh, men do not believe it. Of course not. But to think of a woman ill-treating a little child——" but her son had left her and the old woman returned to the house.

On the other side of the bushes a woman knelt with white, sad face, her arms clasped tightly about a small reproduction of herself in white muslin. The child moved in her arms and the woman's face lost its strained look.

The next morning Helen received a note from Mrs. Hemenway asking her to call. At first she was inclined to refuse, but instead she waited until late in the day, and then donned her fluffiest, most frivolous looking frock and entered the Hemenway home in her gayest humor. But the gayety vanished when Helen saw how ill Mrs. Hemenway appeared.

Her hostess motioned her to a chair and began icily: "I sent for you to appeal to your honor regarding my son. I——" but the rest was never finished. as Mrs. Hemenway swooned, and would have fallen but for Helen's strong young arms. She sent a servant for the doctor, and then did her best for the woman who had insulted her. The physician arrived, and at the same time Guy Hemenway. One glance at the patient, and the doctor said bluntly: "Small-pox."

Helen went white to the lips, and put her soft hands to her pretty, flower-like face. The maids fled from the room.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Sartoris," said the doctor, "but I will have to isolate you until I am sure you have not caught the infection."

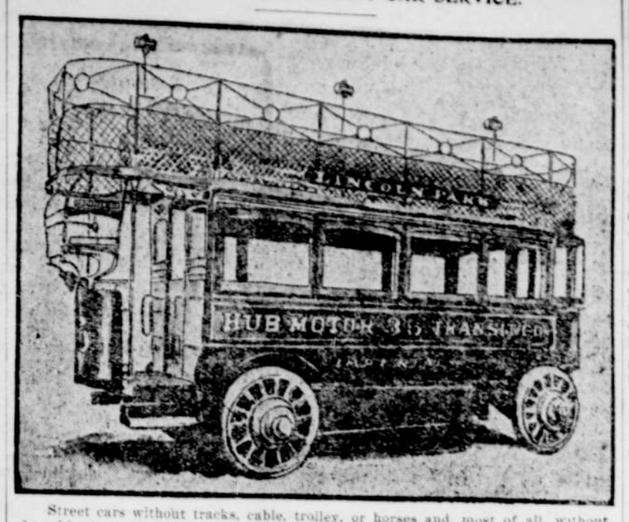
The little widow looked at her enemy as she lay helpless, looked at Guy as he tried to take her from the room, and thought of Bebe.

"It would be easier for you to look after us together," she said, bravely, though her face was still white, "therefore, I shall stay with Mrs. Hemenway if you will promise to look after my little girl."

* * * * *

And weeks later, when Mrs. Hemenway took her first drive her son held the ribbons, while a little auburn-haired child sat at his side, and Helen, now Mrs. Hemenway, looked after the older woman's comfort.—Philadelphia Item.

AUTOMOBILES FOR STREET CAR SERVICE.



Street cars without tracks, cable, trolley, or horses and, most of all, without franchises, soon will be running regularly on the streets of Chicago. The first one of the omnibus automobiles has started on its regular route between Jackson boulevard and Lincoln Park. It is the first automobile in Chicago to carry forty or more people. The passenger on the "Imperial" may take his choice between two decks. No matter where he goes, the promoters of the omnibus line declare, he will be provided with a seat. The omnibus is thirty feet long. It is equipped with four driving wheels with motor hubs, the tires being of solid rubber.

From a beginning with one vehicle and one route the company promises to extend its service to carry passengers on a number of routes into the heart of the city. From the moment every seat in an omnibus is taken the vehicle will become an "express car," say the promoters, and will make no stop on the route until the first passenger reaches his destination. The cabs are to be lighted and heated by electricity and electric push buttons are provided at every seat. The strength of the driving wheels is expected to enable each omnibus to carry a trailer. Each wheel is a driving unit, the two front wheels being steering wheels as well. The storage battery system will be used and the vehicles will be charged at the end of each run, which will not average more than four or five miles. The Hub Motor Transit Company is incorporated for $1,000,000.

BIRDS THAT KILL RATTLERS.

Road Runners of Arizona a Deadly Enemy to the Snakes.

In a country where a quarter of a century ago a rattlesnake was to be found under every rock and in every hillock, the reptile is rapidly becoming a rarity. With his human relative, the Apache, the rattler is disappearing from Arizona and is now found only in the most isolated districts.

To the advance of civilization and the unremitting warfare of the road runner and the king snake may be attributed the extermination of the rattler. Wherever irrigation has found its way, the rattlesnake has been driven to higher ground, and there the prospector and miner have slain him whenever and wherever found. The road runner, that long-legged, feathered warrior, the fighting cock of the desert, has done his part, and has done it well.

Much resembling, but more lightly constructed than the fighting cock, the road runner is one of the most dreaded enemies of the rattler. In fact, so great are his snake-killing proclivities that heavy penalties are provided by the territorial statutes as a protection to him from the gun of the hunter. Apparently immune from the venom in the poison sac of the rattler, the road runner attacks the largest snake with impunity, and has never been known to lose a fight. Frequently, indeed, the road runner has been known to battle with and kill a pair of large diamond rattlers, whose total weight was five times that of his own.

Not so common an enemy to the rattlesnake, but no less deadly, is the king snake, a large species of the bull snake family. Rarely seen in the lower countries, but often found in the Northern forests and higher mountains, the king snake wages constant warfare on the rattler, and when his great lithe form coils around the body of the rattlesnake, the life of the later is a matter of only a few seconds.

CHASING AFTER FIRES.

A New Wrinkle in the Insurance Business Said to Pay Well.

The latest thing for fire insurance agents to do is to be on the spot looking for new business while old business is burning up. One of the canvassers of a New England company began to make money so rapidly a few months ago that some of his competitors tried to find out how he did it.

They learned that he made a specialty of following the fire engines, and if the fire happened to be in a tenement house or flat, he waited until the flames were subdued and reaped a harvest by insuring the other tenants and neighbors. Most people are apt to be so badly scared by a fire near their home that if not insured they are glad to take out policies on the spot. It didn't take the other agents long to catch on, and it is said that the other day after a fire twenty-one agents wrote seventy policies in the immediate neighborhood.

"It is a great scheme," said one of these agents yesterday. "All one has to do is to hit the iron while it is hot. Don't talk insurance to any of the tenants or neighbors while the fire is going on, because they are likely to be too excited to think of anything but their personal safety. When everything is quieted down and the fire engines are going away is the time to jump in with your proposition. Of course, none of the larger companies permit agents to get business in this way, but there are countless small underwriters who never question the source from which an application comes so long as the risk is not unusual. This chasing after fires is one of the new wrinkles of the fire insurance business. A profitable one, too."—New York Sun.

PHILIP C. SHAFFER.

New Imperial Potentate of the Mystic Shriners.

Philip C. Shaffer, the new imperial potentate of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, is a native of Philadelphia, and one of the best known men in that city. He has just entered upon his fifty-first year and for more than one-half of his life has been a Mason. Upwards of seventeen years ago he joined the Shriners, and for twelve years he officiated in the post of Oriental Guide of Lu Lu temple in Philadelphia. For three years he was the potentate of the temple, and he was elected to the office of the deputy imperial potentate at the last meeting of the Shriners. Mr. Shaffer, as may be imagined, is one of the most enthusiastic of the Shriners in the country. He is devoted to spirit and purpose of this order, and few men have more mystic friends than he has in his home city and throughout the country. It was believed from the beginning that he would be promoted from the second highest to the highest office in the order. Mr. Shaffer is prominent in the furniture trade of the city of Philadelphia.

P. C. SHAFFER.

A Remarkable Family.

John Chandler, who resides in Allen County, is the father of twenty-nine children, twenty-one of whom are living and have families. These twenty-one children have an average of five children to each family, thus making Mr. Chandler the grandfather of 105 persons. But this is not the full extent of his offspring, for he has thirty-five greatgrandchildren, so it will be seen that Mr. Chandler stands pater familias of 162—an achievement rarely equaled. It is certainly not paralleled when the fact is considered that the members of this large family are all living.

Mr. Chandler is a remarkable man in several other respects. Although 75 years of age and residing in the hills of Allen County, he reads current literature and keeps himself informed on the leading topics of the day. His eyesight is perfect, and he reads the finest print without the aid of glasses. He is an expert rifle shot, and spends a great deal of his time squirrel hunting. He cast his first ballot for a Presidential candidate in 1848 for Taylor, the Whig nominee, but for the past fifty years has voted the Democratic ticket. His wife, who is three years older than he, is hale and hearty.—Bowling Green Times.

Small Beginnings, Big Results.

The Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for colored students started in a little shanty with one teacher and thirty students. At present there are about 1,100 students and eighty-two instructors. Starting with no property the institution now owns property valued at $350,000, including more than 2,000 acres of land and forty-eight buildings. Practically all of the buildings have been erected by the labor of the students themselves.—Collier's Weekly.

Cents and Nickels in Demand.

According to United States Treasurer Roberts, cents and nickels are now being used to a much greater extent than ever before.

Science AND Invention

The sun is nearer to the earth in winter than in summer; the northern hemisphere of the earth is turned from the sun, however, so that the sun's rays strike at an angle, not directly as in summer.

The French art critic, M. Arsene Alexandre, has discovered that our machinery shows a distinct beauty of racial type. The national character is clearly marked, he thinks even in our locomotives. This theory is an ingenious one and is worthy of elaboration.

According to the distinguished French anthropologists, Gabriel and Adrien de Mortillet, there was a junction between Europe and America by way of the British Isles, the Faroes, Iceland and Greenland in what is known as the Chellean epoch, which is supposed to have ended a hundred and fifty or sixty thousand years ago.

Some curious botanical experiments made at a zoological laboratory at Naples are reported by Hans Winkler. A flowerless aquatic plant, that grows normally with its roots in the sand and leaves in water, was inverted, specimens being placed with the leaves buried in the sand and the roots floating in the water in strong light. The roots changed to stems and leaves, the buried parts becoming roots.

In 1895 a French chemist discovered rays emanating from the element uranium, which possessed the properties similar to the Roentgen rays. Recent experiments by the Berlin High School of Technology proved that a new element is responsible for the Becquerel rays—and the interesting fact has been observed that these rays render almost every transparent substance luminous in the darkness. The rays make it possible to tell genuine diamonds from artificial ones in the dark.

The size of eggs among nesting birds ranges from that of the ostrich to that of the humming-bird, it being primarily dependent on the size of the bird, but also on the condition of the young at birth, the eggs of birds whose young are born feathered being proportionately larger than the eggs of those whose young are hatched naked. The period of incubation is more or less closely related to the size of the egg, being about fourteen days in the humming-bird and forty-two in the ostrich.

A London electrician, W. Duddell, recently gave an exhibition of a novel musical instrument, composed of a series of electric arc lights, which played a popular air. When the current is passing through solid carbons they give off a musical sound, and by placing a shunt across the carbons, connected with a keyboard, Mr. Duddell was able to vary the sounds through the scale of two octaves. The keyboard served to vary the self-induction and capacity in the shunt circuit, and by employing four arcs in series, the intensity of the sounds was made sufficiently great.

The Reverend Father Grison, of Stanley Falls, Africa, writes that Europeans have a very inaccurate idea of tropical temperatures. He passed eight years at the equator on the Pacific coast, he says, and never saw the mercury above 85 degrees, while at Stanley Falls the maximum is 90 degrees, and the nights are delliciously cool. On the other hand, there are frequent tempests of indescribable violence, and Father Grison has counted 66 lightning flashes in one minute, the thunder being continuous, and has seen 10 thunderbolts strike within a radius of a few hundred meters in the space of two hours.

A PECULIAR DEATH SENTENCE.

Curious Phraseology Used by a New Mexican Judge.

Probably the best anecdote of Judge Benedict is that told relative to his sentence of death pronounced upon Jose Maria Martin, who was convicted of murder in the District Court of Taos County, New Mexico, under a state of facts showing great brutality, and with absolutely no mitigating circumstances, says the Taos Cresset. Judge Benedict said:

"Jose Maria Martin, stand up. Jose Maria Martin, you have been indicted, tried and convicted by a jury of your countrymen, of the crime of murder, and the Court is now about to pass upon you the dread sentence of the law. As a usual thing it is a painful duty, Jose Maria Martin, for the judge of a court of justice to pronounce upon a human being the sentence of death. There is something horrible about it, and the mind of the Court naturally revolts from the performance of such a duty. Happily, however, your case is relieved of all such unpleasant features, and the Court takes positive delight in sentencing you to death.

"You are a young man, Jose Maria Martin, apparently of good physical constitution and robust health. Ordinarily you might have looked forward to many years of life, and the Court has no doubt that you have, and have expected to die at a green old age; but you are about to be cut off in consequence of your own act. Jose Maria Martin, it is now the spring time, in a little while the grass will be springing up green in these beautiful valleys, and on these broad mesas and mountain sides flowers will be blooming, birds will be singing their sweet carols and nature will be putting on her most attractive and gorgeous robes, and life will be pleasant and men will want to stay; but none of this for you; the flowers will not bloom for you, Jose Marie Martin; the birds will not carol for you, Jose Maria Martin; when these things come to gladden the senses of men you will be occupying a space about six by two beneath the sod, and the green grass and these beautiful flowers will be growing above your lowly head.

"The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from this place to the county jail; that you be kept there safely and securely confined, in the custody of the sheriff, until the day appointed for your execution (be careful, Mr. Sheriff, that he has no opportunity to escape and that he be at the appointed place at the appointed time; that you be kept so, Jose Marie Martin, until (Mr. Clark, on what day does Friday, about two weeks from this time, come?) (March 22, your honor)—very well, until Friday, the 22d day of March, when you will be taken by the sheriff from your place of confinement to some safe and convenient spot within the County (that is in your discretion, Mr. Sheriff; you are only confined to the limits of the County), and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and the Court was about to add, 'may God have mercy upon your soul,' but the Court will not assume the responsibility to ask an all-wise Providence to do that which a jury of your peers refused to do—the Lord couldn't have mercy upon your soul. However, if you affect any religious belief, or are connected with any religious organization, it might be well enough to send for your priest or your minister, and get from him—well, such consolation as you can; but the Court advises you not to place any reliance upon anything of that kind.

"Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner."

SLOWEST SHIP IN THE WORLD.

Characteristics of a Vessel That Had Had a Wonderful Career.

The slowest sailing vessel in the world, the Italian brig Anita S., which was twice given up as lost on voyages from South America to Baltimore, recently arrived at Nantes, France, from Martinique, in the West Indies, after another unusually long voyage of ten months, says the Baltimore American. This vessel has also been 103 days from Rosario to Santos, 166 days from Buenos Ayres to Plymouth, 122 days from Cardiff to Montevideo, 205 days from Paysandu to Baltimore, 108 days from Brunswick to Paysandu, 234 days from Paysandu for Baltimore, and 84 days from Baltimore to Maranham.

On a voyage from South America to Baltimore the Anita S. was three months at sea without a man on deck who understood navigation which usually occupies about fifty days. When a month out from Montevideo a knot in one of the planks in the hull under the water line fell out, and a big leak was opened. It required the best efforts of the crew at the pumps to keep the vessel free of water. The cargo had to be shifted to tilt the vessel and bring the leak above water, when the hole was plugged up.

The labors of the mate in the perspiring hold overheated him, and his sudden change to a cooler atmosphere on deck made him ill, and he was laid up in his bunk many months ago with what seemed to have been pneumonia. This deprived the vessel of its executive working officer. Later while Capt. De Rosa was running along the deck he fell and broke a kneecap. He was obliged to go to his berth. This deprived the brigantine of her two officers, both of whom were confined to the cabin. There was not a man among the crew who understood navigation. The vessel was sailed by members of the crew, who consulted the sick officers in the cabin. As a result, the voyage was prolonged and the provisions ran short.

On another occasion the brig was over 100 days getting from Baltimore to Brazil. She was five days sailing down the bay. The Anita S. is the only deep-sea vessel steered by a tiller seen here in years. Her cabin is below deck. She was recoppered before she sailed from Baltimore. It was then observed that the Italian oak frames placed in the vessel when she was built at Cassano, Italy, in 1876, were still sound and strong.

Changes in the Holy Land.

Yankee ingenuity and commercial vigor are doing wonderful things in the Holy Land, says the Washington Post.

Until a few years ago, it was said that if one of the prophets had returned to the scenes of his earthly activities he would have had little difficulty in recognizing them, except for the change in the character of the population. The hills and valleys of old Judea had otherwise taken little note of the flight of the centuries.

But our consuls write to the Department of State that times are changing even in Palestine and Syria. The railway from Joppa to Jerusalem, at first an experiment, has been put upon a paying basis, and other lines which will connect it with points of interest up and down the valley of the Jordan have been projected, or are actually in course of building. In Jerusalem there are now electric lights, telephones, phonographs, sanitary plumbing, modern stores, and, in short, most of the comforts of civilized life.

Trolley lines are talked of to connect Jerusalem with Bethany, Bethlehem, the Lake of Galilee, Samaria, Jericho, Nazareth and other places made familiar through Bible history. With the introduction of these insignia of modern activity, the Palestine of the past will vanish.

Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's tooth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple-tree."

The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful, and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner.

Orange on the outside and deep crimsons within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden, and to warn against its noxious proprieties.

The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing, its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Treats Himself Occasionally.

"He's too miserly to live."

"I admit he's sparing enough generally, but he gives himself a treat on holidays and Sundays."

"He does?"

"Yes. On these occasions he always reads some of the most tasty recipes he can find in the cook book."—Philadelphia Press.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS 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.

An Expensive Luxury.

"Yes," said the reformed man to an impecunious friend, "why don't you give up some of your expensive luxuries? Now, for instance, look at me. I gave up smoking about a year ago. I decided I could do without it. Last month I made a calculation as to how much I had saved up to date, and it amounted to a considerable sum. I then opened an account in one of the many New York savings banks, and——"

"Could you lend me $10" broke in the other impetuously. "I'll pay you back——"

"And the bank failed yesterday. Er—you haven't such a thing as a cigar about you, have you?"—Judge.

Behind Her Back.

Nell—Do you think that is all her own hair?

Belle—No; part of it is her sister's. At least I saw her sister buying some just like it.—Philadelphia Record.

Bound to Kick.

Sharpson—You made $13,000 clear last year, and yet you're complaining of your hard luck!

Phlatz—Well, blame it, look at that "13!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Secret Divulged.

He—But you've known her all your life; how old is she?

She—I'll tell you, but it's a secret, mind. She is just at the age when one doesn't look it!—Life.

His Exalted Mission.

Woman of the House—You've been here half a dozen times and got nothing. You ought to have learned something by this time. What do you keep on coming for

Tuffold Knutt (with impressive dignity)—I ain't no common tramp, ma'am. I'm around studyin' conditions.—Chicago Tribune.

He Raised Them.

"That's Gilders. He's made a big pile."

"Yes, and there was a time when he had to depend on my brother Jack to bring up his children."

"Nonsense! When did that happen?"

"Often. The kids used to run in pretty frequent to their father's office, which was in the buildin' where Jack was elevator man."—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing New.

The Hog (with paper)—Well! well! Wonders never cease! Human beings are now taking mud baths.

The Gobbler (the last of his flock)—It isn't at all uncommon for human beings to make hogs of themselves.—Puck.

Emergency Ability.

"Women have no originality—no inventive genius."

"Nonsense; I've seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hat pin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willing to Try Solitaire.

Miss Oldley—It is too bad that it takes two for a wedding!—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

His Pa Explains.

Bobby—Pa, when does a man get too old to learn?

Father—When he gets too old to marry, my son.—Puck.

Of a Certain Kind.

"Skewjaw is quite a recluse, isn't he?"

"O, yes—considered subjectively. He plays the clarinet."—Chicago Tribune.

Lost in the Crowd.

Tess (meeting Jess on the street)—What's the matter?

Jess—I've just lost something, and I can't think just what it is.

Tess—It wasn't your——

Jess—O! I know now. It was that little Mr. Snipp, who was walking with me.

Tess—Then it was nothing, after all.—Philadelphia Press.

Why He Consented.

"Keeter says his wife is doing her own cooking now."

"That accounts for it. He finally let me write him up a life insurance policy this morning."—Philadelphia Press.

Only Time They Are.

"Miss Passay says she can never get any shoes to fit her."

"Oh, pshaw! She just says they don't because she likes to go to the shoe store and see a young man at her feet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

May Millinery.

"Harold, how do you like my new foliage hat?"

"Harriet, you must hear the truth; you look like a plant stand."—Detroit Free Press.

A Family Exposure.

"I never see you lounging in the hammocks, Mr. Subbs."

"No; these gay, front-porch hammocks are for company and for ornament; the old rope thing the folks let me swing in is around in the back yard."

Slow Talker, Perhaps.

He—I know I'm late, dear. You see, I was detained a couple of hours by an old friend who just got back to town after a long absence. I had to tell him all I knew.

She (snappishly)—I don't see why that should have kept you so long.—Philadelphia Press.

Well Recommended.

Mistress—You say you are well recommended?

Maid—Indeed, ma'am, I have thirty-nine excellent references.

Mistress—And you have been in domestic service.

Maid—Two years, ma'am.—Glasgow Times.

Averting a Sarcasm.

"You seem very self-satisfied to-day," said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered Willie Wishington, "but don't let that influence. Everybody says I've got dreadfully poor taste."—Washington Star.

So Sudden.

"That Miss Fortysummers is subject to fainting fits.'

"Is she?"

"I started to ask her to join me in a glass of soda water the other day, but when I got to the word 'join' she keeled right over in my arms."—Ohio State Journal.

Automatic Exertion.

Polly—What is it you like so much about croquet, Dolly?

Dolly—Oh, it is such a lonely, restful game; the stupider one feels the better one can play.

Obliging.

"Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl."

"I wish you would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us!"—Punch.

Surprised.

"I want you to come around and take a look at that horse you sold me the other day."

"Good heavens, is that animal still alive?"

A Chance for Trouble.

"Throwing an old shoe after a bride and groom means that all ill-feeling is thus thrown away."

"Yes, but suppose the old shoe should happen to hit the bride."

Under Control.

The Count—Your daughter, madam, says she es pafectly willing to have me.

The Mother—Yes. She is very dutiful.

Consoling.

Penelope—I'll just ruin my complexion going in bathing so much.

Perdita—I wouldn't care. No one will notice it.

Hopeful.

He—Do you suppose we will ever have enough to get married on?

She—Surely. Why, Jack, we don't need a million. A couple of hundred thousand will do to start on.

Exasperating Amiability.

"Amiable people are often so exasperating."

"Yes; I wonder if that is what makes them feel so amiable."

Not Without Excitement.

"You are not addicted to any kind of athletics, are you?"

"Athletics? Gracious, man, I earn a good living for a family of seven."

Carried It Too Far.

"Nothing that is produced in this country is ever quite good enough for Mrs. Willoughby," declared Miss Frocks. "Everything must be imported."

"That's true," added Miss Kittish. "She even carried her prejudice against domestic goods so far as to marry an imported husband."

Search for Knowledge.

Jinks—Hello! Well, I swan! Studying a book of etiquette, eh?

Old Gruff—Yep.

Jinks—Want to learn how to treat folks politely, eh?

Old Gruff—Naw. Want to find out whether folks are treating me politely.—New York Weekly.

Criticism.

Uncle Josh—Didn't the President warn Congress ag'in' bein' extravagant?

Uncle Silas—Yes; but he oughtn't to have let 'em know there was so much money in the Treasury.—Puck.

The Rabbit Fired the Gun.

"Brer Rabbit" has been outdone in real life, and a West Virginia rabbit family has a hero. The incident occurred in this wise, according to the Chicago Tribune:

Peter Frees and his son Louis went out rabbit-hunting in the woods near Parkersburg, West Virginia. Their dog soon chased a cottontail into a pile of brush, and Louis rushed up to get him out. He put his gun on the ground, and taking up a long pole, began to punsh in the brush-pile to dislodge the rabbit.

Finally bunny ran out in an unexpected place, straight over the gun, which was cocked. His hind foot struck the trigger, sending the charge of shot into Louis' leg, and some of it into the dog. The boy yelled, the dog howled, and in the midst of the excitement bunny got away.

A Figure of Speech.

Even when a man says that he is hungry enough to eat a horse his wife knows that he will find fault, in nine cases out of ten, if the dinner isn't all exactly right.—Somerville Journal.