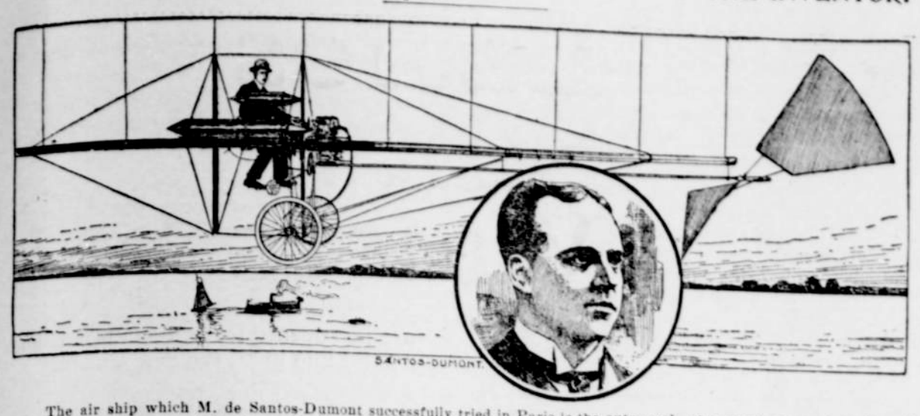
MODEL OF SANTOS-DUMONT'S AIR SHIP AND A PORTRAIT OF THE INVENTOR.



The air ship which M. de Santos-Dumont successfully tried in Paris is the outgrowth of several years of work and experiment on the part of the inventor. This machine was only recently completed. Work on its construction was kept profoundly secret until it was ready to sail. The illustration shown herewith is reproduced from a photograph of the ship finished by the inventor last year. It is very much the same in size and construction as that used by Santos-Dumont. This apparatus is suspended from a huge cigar-shaped balloon not shown in the picture. The motor is a gasoline engine, which drives the shaft of the screw. The aeronaut sits in the saddle and starts the motor by means of a pedal and chain gear, as in the case of a motorcycle. The gasoline is contained in the upper cylinder and in the lower and larger cylinder is a reservoir of water which is used as ballast. The capacity of the balloon which floats this apparatus is 11,781 cubic feet, and the motor gives sixteen horse power. The inventor has been working upon his idea for many years. He is a practiced aeronaut and has had a long experience as a balloonist.

THE MIRACLE.

The bells of hope to him rang clear,
The pride of youth reigned in his heart,
He scoffed at failure, dread, and fear.
Valiant was he to serve his art.
"My pen shall speak to all mankind;
The world shall know my fame," he said.
He wrote. The world to him was blind,
His message, from its birth, lay dead.

Mature, he labored on in faith,
While kindness took the place of pride;
His dream of fame became a wraith
That mocked him in the eventide.
"My pen shall speak but to the few—
The few that value worth," he said.
He wrote. The little world he knew
Spoke fair, but left his words unread.

When years had stolen faith and hope,
When fame seemed worthless in his eyes,
The aged man, a misanthrope,
Forsook his quest of honor's prize.
"My pen shall speak to one alone—
I'll write but for myself," he said.
He wrote. And from his heart the stone
Of failure vanished as he read.

And then a miracle was done.
The thing he wrought for secret store
Went to the world, and one by one
Elusive honors sought his door.
"I wrote the tale my heart found true,
Unmindful of the world," he said.
And as he passed from mortal view
Fame placed her wreath upon his head.
—Success.

ONE TOO MANY.

"JIM, I want you to meet Elsie Everton," was the way Mrs. Tom began.

"Matchmaking," grunted Jim, "will be the death of you yet, Sallie."

"I could not die in a better cause. Have you ever seen her?"

"Once. She was driving with Hobart."

"Oh, then you know all about it."

"I know Hobart," dryly.

Mrs. Tom nodded.

"But," she deprecatingly reminded him, "he is fascinating; quite the man to attract a young creature unaccustomed to his type. She was just from school."

"I thought that all the girls' schools now were colleges."

"No matter; they don't teach how to read Bert Hobart."

"So Miss Everton took private lessons, eh?"

"They were engaged," Mrs. Tom announced briefly, "and he jilted her."

"It is a way he has. You want me, I suppose, for a sort of soothing-syrup?"

"Oh, she doesn't need soothing-syrup, or tonic either; not she. Of course," musingly, "she is in a proper wrath against herself. A girl so sets her heart, you see, upon crowning a real king. It is the very prettiest among her castles in Spain; and there's nothing like the humiliation of having throned the wrong man. But what is the use"—leaning back resignedly among the cushions of her divan—"of talking to a man about that?"

"Do you suppose a man never wants to kick himself?" asked Jim.

"He wants to kick the other party first."

"Am I to infer that a woman does not?"

"You may be sure of it. Her indignation against herself swallows everything else. The foe in such cases is beneath attention. But," with a vexed little grimace, "that complacent smile of Hobart's is certainly exasperating. It would do me good to have him thoroughly learn that Elsie Everton has his little soul's measure and wouldn't marry him to save his life."

"Oh, she wouldn't, eh?"

"Not," energetically, "to save her own life."

Jim quoted—

"'The case of Betty Baxter,
Who rejected a man before he axed her,'

and skeptically smiled.

"As I said," retorted Mrs. Tom, bristling, "the matter is much too deep for a man's understanding."

"Then why," Jim laughed good naturedly, "are you prodding me with it?"

"Because," suddenly gracious, "you are a valuable ally. Elsie is coming to visit me and——"

Jim flung back his head to break in with a jolly laugh.

"And Hobart is to witness my devotion and grow madly jealous. Oh, Sallie, Sallie!"

"You know very well," said Sallie, beaming on him, "that your attentions make any girl the fashion. Hobart and a dozen others will follow your lead. I want Elsie to have a good time."

"Scalping a lot of poor fellows that never did her any harm; that's a girl's idea of a pleasant time."

"You'll help, dear?"

"Oh, I'll be polite to your guest, of course."

"Of course," gleefully, "we'll soon have him subdued."

"And married?"

"Well," slowly, "it's really wonderful how much a woman will forgive."

Jim chuckled.

"I am glad," was Mrs. Tom's next remark, "that the trellis at Hobart's is being cleared away; it obstructed the view."

Jim stood up.

"Shall I go over," he inquired, "and discover how far——"

"I know," she interrupted. "He can see every man that comes up the steps, all the flowers that come, every drive she takes and I'll see to her clothes, they make such a difference."

"Poor man," Jim said, with a comical grimace. "I'll go and have a smoke with him."

"If he should ask you," Sallie called after him along the hall, "about a report that she flirted with him, say you heard it."

"I say, Sallie," Jim remonstrated over his shoulder, "bar fibs."

"There really is such a report," Mrs. Tom assured him. "I started it myself."

"Good Lord deliver us," said Jim.

"It will get him in a proper state of mind."

"I dare say."

"Do you really mean to marry her to Hobart?" asked Tom, who had been an amused witness of this little chat between his wife and her brother. She waited to hear the front door shut, then smiled and touched a finger to her lips.

"To Jim," she whispered, and passed the finger from her lips to his.

"I see," genially, "and I'll join the game."

"Oh, will you?" rather startled. "How?"

"I'll be one of the rivals. A married man can get very much in the way when he wants to."

"But, Tom, it really isn't necessary. With Jim in the lead, there'll be rivals enough."

"The more the merrier," gaily. "I'll help."

"It's ever so good of you," said Mrs. Tom, and hummed a little tune in the pause that followed.

About two weeks later Jim was hurrying along the sidewalk one day when Mrs. Tom's trap drew up alongside.

"I was going to you," he said, as he stepped in, "with news."

"News?"

"Yes. Hobart is meeting your expectations. We happened in at the florist's together, and he grinned so offensively that I judge you may feel quite sure of him."

"You were both ordering flowers for that girl?"

"You don't suppose that I am going to back down for a cad like Hobart, do you?"

"But you look and talk as if he were successful."

"Well," sullenly, "I'll not take his grin for it."

Mrs. Tom faltered a bit over her next question

"Is—is any one else in the running, do you think?"

"No; unless—. You're not quarreling with Tom about anything, are you?"

"He's in the plot," with a faint laugh.

"Acts his part," drily, "pretty well."

"He does everything well," said Mrs. Tom, but she was pale.

"He pays a good price for orchids, too."

"He was at the florist's with you?"

"He was. And his grin," sulkily, "was very like Hobart's; and he went off humming that idiotic jingle—

"'The lion and the unicorn
Fighting for a crown;
Up jumps a little dog
And knocks them both down.'"

"Tom is so bright," said Mrs. Tom. To which Jim grunted, and the drive was finished in silence.

That night Miss Everton went to her hostess for a bit of confidence; she was prettily flushed and shy.

"You persuaded me," she began, "to let Mr. Hobart speak, so—I did."

"Yes?" Mrs. Tom answered coldly.

"But, oh, Sallie, I do feel small about it. Don't you think, dear, that a different sort of man, a man who thinks of me at my best, would hate to know I did it?"

"A different sort of man?"

"Oh, very different," demurely; "you," with a shy, bright glance, "think so, too."

Righteous, astonished wrath gathered in Mrs. Tom's eyes; but a knock interrrupted. With the opening of the door came a rainbow gleam of orchids.

"Oh, glorious!" cried Miss Everton.

There was a basketful of the rare, spidery beauties. The servant waited, looking to his mistress, who was pale and silent.

"For Miss Everton?" she said at last.

"For you, madam."

She went hurriedly past him and down to the smoking room. Jim and Tom were there. Flushed and a little out of breath, she ran to Tom.

"Don't get up," settling an arm comfortably over his shoulder and looking across to her brother. "I only want to tell Jim that Bert Hobart has been rejected."

"You're sure?" cried Jim.

"And I wish," with a peremptory nod, "that you would go up and ask Elsie if she'd like a—a glass of wine, or anything."

Tom began to laugh, but met his wife's eyes with tears in them, and stared instead.

"I'm so glad," struggling with a happy sob, "about Jim and Elsie."

"Nonsense; you mustn't fib to me, Sallie. What's the matter?"

The only answer was a long breath of content. Later, however, there came a retort question.

"What did you mean by that 'little dog' jingle?"

This had to be somewhat elaborated, and then Tom finished his interrupted laugh.

"Why, I was helping the plot," he said.

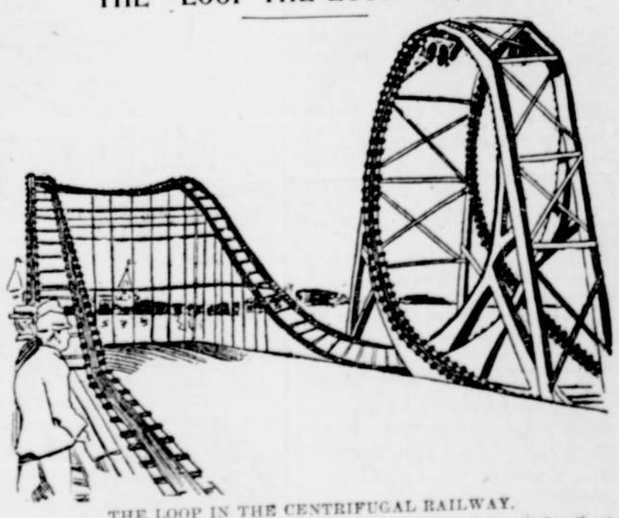
"Oh, yes. And I am ever so much obliged to you," with another sigh of peace; "ever so much; but next time, dear, you needn't bother."—Town and Country.

Why, Indeed.

Why should the millionaire boast because he started in life a barefoot boy? Half the people in the country did that—and the other half started in as barefoot girls.—Somerville Journal.

Some dogs can be taught to stand on two legs and beg just like a man.

THE "LOOP THE LOOP" CRAZE.



THE LOOP IN THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.

The "flip-flap," or "loop-the-loop," is the latest sensation, designed for those for whom the old scenic railway with its sudden curves was not swift enough. It applies a scientific principle to the conveyance of a carload of human beings around the inside of a track describing a perpendicular circle—and they don't fall out. To describe it more familiarly, the people in the car are in the position of the water in a pitcher which is whirled rapidly above, its mouth downward part of the time. Why doesn't the water pour out? is the natural question. Well, it doesn't have time. Not exactly. In fact, the force driving the water ahead is so much greater than the force of gravity drawing it down that it cannot fall. The people in the loop-the-loop rush down a grade at such speed that they cannot fall even when they are upside down in the loop, because the momentum they have gained sends them onward, presses them into their seats in the car and holds them there until the car is once more bottom side down.

The sensation in the flip-flap is not pleasant. The traveler feels as if a giant hand had been placed on his head and was squeezing him down in the seat. Rushing along at a great rate, the car is suddenly caught in an upward circle, runs up, back and down, before the people seated in it lose their forward impetus. It's very scientific, but not very pleasant either to see, indulge in or think of. Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister at Washington, tried it once. He said once was enough. At Coney Island it has been suppressed by the police.

LAZIEST MAN IS DEAD.

PASSED HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN ANDOVER, CONN.

Never Worked from His Birth to His Death, Invented a Valuable Device to Save His Own Labor and Finally Sought an Easy Demise.

The laziest man in New England is dead.

Joseph A. Bingham was 50 years old and never in the memory of any acquaintance had he done a stroke of work. He was born, reared, lived and died in Andover, Conn. Bingham was so lazy, says the Boston Post, that the sight of a woodpile, saw-horse and saw made his head ache. The sight of men at work caused him to have fits. He usually took them under the shade of a big elm in front of the town tavern. He never washed his face, combed his hair, wore a collar nor laced his shoes. All these little minor things required some degree of animation, and Bingham abdorred animation.

Born of well-to-do parents, he was supported by their wealth as long as they lived, then a legacy was left him in trust, which the selectmen doled out to him. He boarded at Andover inn for years, until his money was gone, then the scene shifted to a little house provided by the selectmen. Here it was charged that he was too lazy to cut the wood given him, too lazy to draw water from the near-by well, too lazy to tie up his shoes. It was too much work to put on a collar, and as for cooking a meal with material all given him—well, he would starve rather than do it.

Several years ago, when he became a town charge, an effort was made to get work out of him, but it proved a flat failure. He was let out to a farmer to assist in threshing grain. Bingham was given the position of taking away the shucked straw after it has passed through the whirling thresher. He watched the machine work for a few minutes and then, with a hammer and nails and two or three pieces of board, rigged up a device which, when attached to a crank on the feeder, served to carry the discharged straw away to the dump. This single effort prostrated Bingham and he took a nap forthwith.

Some one recognized the value of the new device, and the idea was patented in Bingham's name as a joke. A short time later an agent for a threshing machine company came to Andover and woke Bingham up. The agent found him under his favorite tree asleep, as usual. The agent talked; Bingham looked disturbed. The agent wanted the use of the patent; Bingham wanted to be left alone. Finally the exasperated agent, getting no replies from the lazy man, raised his bids by degrees from $50 to $500. Bingham turned over and settled himself to take a well-earned rest. Then the agent gave him a paper to sign, but Bingham was sleeping the sleep of the weary. The agent gave up and left town. Bingham slept on. His sleep was never disturbed by the thought of the fortune that knocked at his door.

For the first time in 25 years he looked into a mirror. What he saw there was his own reflection. He walked out and deliberately began a nap in front of an approaching train. It ended his life easily. No exertion on his part was needed, as there would have been if he had used a pistol, rope or poison.

NEW SEEDLESS WATERMELONS.

Secret of Raising Them Said to Have Been Discovered in Colorado.

Former State Senator Swink has been working on the seedless melon proposition many years. During the long winter nights he sat up and wrestled with the great problem, "How can it be done?" Often daylight found him examining minutely and microscopically the seeds he had cut and hacked and desiccated, in his efforts to determine how to get along without them. And early one morning about five months ago, so it is related, Mr. Swink came bounding into breakfast after one of his all-night sessions and startled his wife and children by shouting in a perfect spasm of glee: "I've got it! I can do it!"

Then, it is said, he rushed away without explaining to his astonished family what on earth he meant.

But Mrs. Swink is reputed to have said: "Never mind; father knows." And as "father" stands quite well in the estimation of his family, the mere knowledge that he knew was quite sufficient for all. Swink selected certain kinds of seeds, planted them at certain unusual distances apart and began to watch for the first signs of their germination. After spying on the plants as they grew, it became known that he had really put some momentous enterprise on foot.

Later Mr. Swink brought and laid before his family and friends a huge, long green melon, and, dividing it clearly at one stroke of his big knife, displayed to them the pink interior of a splendid emerald sphere without a single seed. This was but the small beginning of a great end. Of course, Mr. Swink will not reveal the secret process by which he cut off a melon's hope of posterity and at the same time renders its fleeting presence here most beneficent and beloved.—Denver Post.

HE JOINED THE SHOW.

But Twenty-four Hours' Work Without Sleep Was Too Much.

"I haven't been to a circus for forty years," declared the well-known business man with a chuckle, according to the Detroit Free Press. "The fact is that I always feel like leaving town whenever I hear that one is coming, for fear that I might meet the man to whom I hired out as a circus hand in the days when I was young.

"I suppose there is a period in every boy's life when his only ambition is to belong to a circus. I know there was in mine, and I had it satisfied in the shortest time on record. A small show had pitched its tents on the village green in the little town where I lived, and I desired to adopt the profession right then and there. I applied to the boss for a job and was accepted on the spot as a razorback. What is a razorback? Well, he is a member of the loading gang. You unload in the morning and raise her back at night. I was simply appalled by the amount of work that came my way, followed by such profanity that I never hope to hear again. I was kept on the jump till midnight, when we had the outfit all loaded up, and I breathed a sigh of relief, which quickly gave way to one of despair when the boss told me to drive the wagon that had the tents loaded on it. In those days the only means of traveling was by wagon.

"'Say, mister,' said I, timidly, 'when do we sleep?'

"'Sleep?' he roared; 'we don't sleep here!'

"I felt that was a fact, as I knew we had an all-night's ride ahead of us, with the weary work of unloading as soon as we did arrive. But, as far as I was concerned, tired nature gave out and I was sound asleep before we had gone a mile. I awoke just as day was breaking and found myself on a lonely country road and without the slightest idea where I was. From a country boy who chanced to come along I learned that the town I was supposed to be headed for was thirty miles away, and that I was getting farther away from it every minute. When I realized my position my teeth commenced to chatter. But suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to me.

"'Say,' said I to the boy, 'do you want a pass to the show?'

"'You bet,' said he.

"'Well,' said I, 'drive this wagon to the town where the show is and I will see that you get in. One of our elephants has escaped and I have got to capture him.'

"Then I made for home. I never heard what they did to that country boy when he arrived. I hope they didn't kill him."

Science AND Invention

The period of five seconds between a flash of lightning and thunder means that the flash was a mile distant from the observer. Thunder has never been heard over 14 miles from the flash, though artillery has been heard at 120 miles.

It is said to be only a question of time before the Bermuda Islands will sink under the ocean. The geological theory is that the islands are merely the remnant of one large island. The subsidence within a comparatively recent period has been from 80 to 100 feet.

The earth revolves on its axis once in 24 hours. Millions of years ago the day was 22 hours; millions of years before, it was 21 hours. As we look backward into time we find the earth revolving faster and faster. There was a time, ages ago, long before geology begins, when the earth was rotating in a day of five or six hours in length. In the remotest past the earth revolved in a day of about five hours. It could revolve no faster than this and remain a single unbroken mass.

The Russian people are fond of tea, and efforts are being made to develop important tea plantations in the Caucasus. Nearly half a century ago it was found that the tea-plant could be grown in gardens on the shores of the Black Sea, but at first it was cultivated only as a curiosity or for ornament. Since 1890 plantations of considerable extent have been formed, and while the cultivators have not succeeded in imitating the fine flavor of Chinese, Ceylonese or Indian teas, yet the demand among the peasants for tea of some kind is so great that even the Caucasian variety finds a market. The Russian government is trying to encourage the cultivation.

The city of Paris is being rapidly supplied with a system of public clocks worked by compressed air under electrical control. The entire area of the city is divided into sections about a mile and three-quarters in radius, and in the center of each section is a substation provided with a reservoir of compressed air, from which air-pipes extend to all the clocks included in the section. By means of electro-magnets, energized every minute with currents from a commutator controlled by a master-clock at the central station, the air-pipes are intermittently connected with the reservoirs, and thus the compressed air, once every minute, drives forward the hands of the clocks.

It is generally known that some species of birds are able to imitate the songs of other birds, but a more surprising fact is related by a French naturalist, Monsieur Coupin, concerning a sparrow which learned the shrill chant of grasshoppers. The insects happened to be confined in a cage hung beside the sparrow's cage, but it was not until a year afterward, when again the bird and the grasshoppers were neighbors, that the sparrow was heard imitating the notes of the insects. All the rest of its life, and long after the grasshoppers from whom it had taken its lessons were dead, the sparrow continued to intermingle with its own songs the peculiar music of its lost friends.

"Plus" Man Ever in Demand.

The "plus" man is one who is more than appears on the surface, bigger than he looks, stronger than he seems, abler than he shows in ordinary affairs, better than the world judges him, constantly rising to great occasions and accomplishing more than is expected of him, writes Victor Smith in the New York Press. There are many such men to whom great occasions never come. There are a few whose "plusness" has a chance to illuminate the earthy every day.

Perhaps the finest type of "plus" man was President Lincoln. Grant, too, was plus. It might be confessed that plus, in the sense used, is nearly synonymous with successful. In commercial life Mr. Morgan is heavily plus. In railroading William K. Vanderbilt and Edward H. Harriman have loomed up rather suddenly as plus. Commodore Vanderbilt and Jay Gould were plus. Croker is plus. Odell is plus.

In the contracting line John B. McDonald is heavily plus. It is not every man of affairs who can take hold of a $35,000,000 job and carry it along successfully without losing a pound of flesh from worry. Plus men seldom worry. They have great nerve but no nerves.

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.

"Young man," said the stern parent, "do you think you will be able to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

Now this young man thought for a moment, and then replied:

"Well—er—I think so, with one exception."

"Aha! And what may the exception be, sir?"

"I don't think I could be so infernally stingy with the gas."—Denver Times.

A Fine Imitation.

"James Henry, are you intoxicated?"

"I deny 'mphatically horr'ble accusation."

"Then it is the finest imitation I have ever beheld."

True Resignation.

The Spinster (an invalid)—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven?

The Parson—Yes. I believe so.

The Spinster (resignedly)—Oh, then I'll tell the doctor he needn't call again.—Chicago News.

Honesty Pays.

Jim—Honesty is ther best policy arter all.

Bill—How?

"Remember the dog I stole?"

"Yep."

"Well, I tried two hull days to sell 'im, an' no one offered more'n a dollar. So I went, like a honest man, an' guv him to th' ole lady what owned 'im, an' she guv me $5."—New York Weekly.

Medical Assistance.

Specialist—Your nerves are affected; you need exercise; walk to business every day.

Sick Man—I do walk to business every day.

Specialist—You do? Well, you ought to have more sense—that's what ails you—overstrain. Now, behave yourself rationally and ride every day—$10, please.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Saving Money.

Mr. Hardhead—I saved a big pile of money to-day.

Mrs. H.—That is lovely! How?

Mr. H.—Instead of suing a man for what he owed me I let him have it.—New York Weekly.

A Natural Death.

District Visitor—But, Mrs. Brown, haven't you had a doctor?

Mrs. Brown—No, ma'am; my 'usband 'e don't 'old with no doctors. 'E says, says 'e, as I'd better die a natural death.—Moonshine.

The Beam and the Mote.

Mrs. Dorcas—There can be no excuse for a man who goes fishing on Sunday.

Miss Cleek—Not in these days, at any rate, when there are so many opportunities to play golf.—Puck.

Beyond Recall.

"We never remember the faces of those we love most dearly."

"That's so. To save me I can't tell what a hundred-dollar bill looks like."

First Bystander—Who's the swell?

Second Bystander—Oh, that's Old Man Cauliflower. He raised an acre of real potatoes.—St. Paul Pioneer Press

A Testimonial.

"Dear Doctor: When I began using your hair medicine three months ago you assured me that my hair would not trouble me much longer. I take pleasure in stating that you spoke the truth. Could you give me the address of a good wig maker?"—Baltimore American.

Took Her at Her Word.

Mrs. Smith—Don't you hear me ask for a dollar?

Mr. Smith—I do.

Mrs. Smith—Then why do you only give me 50 cents?

Mr. Smith—Because you told me yesterday to believe only half that I hear.—Judge.

A Great Artist.

Miss Shoddie—Why, maw, just come to this side of the room and look at that portrait of paw that Dauber painted.

Mrs. Shoddie—I see the face looks sort o' greasy. That shows what a great artist Mr. Dauber is. Your paw sot for that picture in August.—New York Weekly Sun-Times.

In America.

"Are there, indeed, so many eligible young women in America?" asked the count.

"There are countless thousands!" replied the other.

No Legal Redress.

"More than half the pickpockets are women."

"Oh, come now; that pretty severe——"

"But it's true. The only reason they escape arrest is because they don't pick anybody's pockets but their husband's."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Gems.

Clerk—This cook is described as a jewel, although a bit set in her way.

Housekeeper—Have you no—er—loose jewels?

A Real Benefactor.

"My dear doctor, I cannot thank you enough for performing that operation on my uncle."

"I did the best I could."

"I know it, I know it. By his death two whole families are now living in comparative ease."—Judge.

The Crowded Front Row.

Scribbs—You used to have some literary ambition.

Stubs—Yes, years ago; but fame is so common now that I wouldn't have it.

More Space Required.

Mr. Gooph—When I die, I don't want anything but the truth about me carved on my tombstone.

Mrs. Gooph—I am afraid we will have to put up a stone wall, then, instead of a monument.—Baltimore American.

His Comment.

Mrs. Gaswell—The Czar of Russia now has four daughters.

Mr. Gaswell—Oh, the dear little Czardines!—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Just the Same.

Bobby—Mamma, if God is as good as you say He is why doesn't He always answer our prayers?

"He does, Bobby, when they deserve to be answered."

"Well, I prayed that I might not steal any more jam out of the butler's pantry, but it didn't make any difference."—Life.

No Appearances to Keep Up.

"Didn't you go away at all, Mrs. Dash?"

"No; Mr. Dash said he was so well fixed now that we could afford to stay at home if we wanted to—so we did."

Not for Him.

General—Stop that reporter.

Aid—What! Don't you want to have him send home an account of your heroism?

"No. I don't want to be an American hero for a week and a punching bag for the rest of my life."—Life.

Sentimental.

The capitalist colored when we spoke of the check that hung in a neat frame over his desk.

"A bit of sentimentalism!" said he. "The first billion I ever made!"

After the Honeymoon.

He—I can't let you have your own way in everything. I must draw the line somewhere.

She—Very well. I'll let you know where you'd better draw it.—Puck.

Proper Place for It.

Customer—See here, waiter! I found a button in this salad.

Waiter—Yes, sir; that's part of the dressing.—Philadelphia Record.

Roundabout Good Luck.

Fate surely must be something of a wag—
Some favors that she sends us come zigzag.

Alarming Forgetfulness.

Bridget (10 p. m., to sick sister)—Norah, darlint, Patsy lint me his alar-rum against gittin' up early in th' marnin', but I do be thot dead wid slape whin Oi wake up Oi'd not be hearin' wan wurd it 'ud shpake. Cud Oi sit it yer solde av th' bed, an' will yez warn me when it rattles in th' marnin'?

Norah—Shure, an' I will.

Norah (5 a. m.)—Biddy! Biddy, darlint! Biddy! Shure, th' rattlin's done this long since.

Bridget (five minutes later, slinging the clock into a closet and slamming the door)—Git in there, yiz singin' haythin, an' thot's too good for yez!

Norah—Phwat did yez do thot fer?

Bridget—Phwat fer? Well, thin, Oi'm jist remimberin' thot th' bould-faced dago woke yez up, too.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Marriage Question.

Mrs. Benham—Not one woman in a thousand marries the man she wants.

Benham—She doesn't want to marry the man she wants; she wants to marry the man some other woman wants.—London Tit-Bits.