ANENT MOTHER GOOSE.

Dr. when I was a little boy,
With ringlets flying loose,
I loved before my finest toy
The rhymes of Mother Goose;
And now, though my bald headed days
Have turned my whiskers white,
I read these ancient baby lays
With all the old delight.

I read them with the same old joy,
And fancy flowing free,
Unto my golden headed boy
As they were read to me.
He claps his hands and, all a whizz,
His features glow and shine,
Until the thoughts that now are his
Are those that once were mine.

Perhaps when he, like me, is old,
He'll take upon his knee
His little child with curls of gold
All floating fair and free;
And read him all these rhymes abeam
To make his spirit glad,
And for a fleeting moment dream
About his dear old dad.
—Munsey's Magazine.

Married to Order

WHEN Theodore Clayton stepped down the gangplank of the lake steamer to take the Center Harbor stage for Sandwich he was in a peculiar state of mind, and there seemed to be a sufficient reason for this. His father had actually ordered him to go up to a little summer resort in Central New Hampshire and do nothing more or less than marry Jean Weston!

"Theo," the senior Clayton had said, "it is high time you were settled down in life. You've dallied about in nearly every country on the face of the globe, you've met all classes of women, and you've failed to bring home a wife. Now, I want our firm to continue under the same family name long after both you and I have gone to meet our illustrious ancestors on the other side. I would have been eminently satisfied with any choice of a wife I feel sure you would make, but you have failed to make this choice after every opportunity in the world and I believe you never will do it unaided.

"I have in mind a young woman whom I shall expect you to marry. Her name is Jean Weston. I have seen her; she is attractive; about your age, and eminently suited to you as a life companion. I have two reasons besides all this why I want you to marry her. She is the niece of a young woman whom I was about to marry when she died, and she has an ample store of health and the world's goods. Now——"

"But, father," put in the astonished Theo, "how do you know she will have me? How do you——"

"How do I know! How do I know!" sputtered Clayton senior. "I've arranged all that. Her father would be pleased with the match—he knows you—and his daughter has your photograph, over which, from reports, she seems to be enraptured; besides, do you want me to think a Clayton would doubt his ability to win any bride he had set his heart upon? You——"

"But, father," again interposed the astonished and perplexed son.

"But me no buts,' young man. You've had your fling and a good one, too. Now do not doubt my ability to choose for you, who, evidently, cannot choose for yourself. You'll find Miss Weston stopping at the Hollywood House, up in Sandwich, New Hampshire. Run along, now; pack up your best suits and your golf clubs and start. Send me reports of your progress."

This, then, explains young Clayton's peculiar state of mind as he approached the Center Harbor stage, in which he was to complete the journey to the bride-to-be of his father's choice.

"F'yew want tew go this trip you'll haf ter set up on them air mail bags," said the driver of the ancient vehicle to Theo; so he clambered up and perched himself like a watch dog over Uncle Sam's mail sacks, where he proceeded to enjoy a cigar.

The nasal jargon of the stage driver below attracted his attention, however, and he was soon deeply interested in learning that an elderly lady could be accommodated with a seat upon an empty egg crate placed between the two top seats of the stage coach if her daughter would not object to "settin' up thar with that feller on th' mail sacks."

Theo was pleased to see the young lady accept this only alternative and ascend gracefully over the rear wheel to a position beside him upon the mail sacks.

She brushed a few willful locks of her hair back from her forehead with an easy gesture, and as Theo made a move as if to throw away his not half consumed cigar she exclaimed:

"Oh, don't stop smoking on my account, please; possession gives you this attractive place by nine points of the law, I believe, and, besides, I adore the odor of a good cigar!"

"Thank you," said he, and soon he commenced to marvel upon the strangeness of his errand, which was naturally occupying about all his thoughts at that time. He had implicit faith in his father's judgment and never had he considered for a moment the idea of disobeying him since he left his 'teens, hence no such thought occurred to him at this time.

"Ah!—Ooooo!!!"

Theo awoke to his surroundings in time to see the young lady beside him slipping, mail sack and all, towards the coach wheel below.

Grasping her firmly with one hand and the mail sack with the other he quickly brought both back to a place of safety.

"You were evidently moved with the contents of those letters," he remarked cheerfully. "I was absent in a day dream or I would have prevented your fright. If I am to guard against young ladies taking away whole sacks of Uncle Sam's mail I must keep a better watch."

His companion was blushing furiously and with downcast eyes she murmured a word of thanks. Then Theo saw that he had not removed his arm from her waist. It was his turn to become embarrassed as he took his arm away.

"I think," he hesitated. "I think it time we introduced ourselves," and he handed her his card.

She was gazing down over the side of the coach upon the huge wheel that but for him might have crushed her, and she became pale.

"You and your novel toboggan would have slid over the wheel, not under it," he said, divining her thoughts as he held towards her his card.

Flushing once more, she gravely read the name, and as gravely handed him her own from out her pocketbook.

Then it was his turn to do the lightning change act with his features, for he read: Miss Weston.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but if your first name is Jean I think I know you; that is, I know of you," and he looked at her expectantly.

"Why, yes, that is my name," she answered, with a puzzled air, "but I must add, Mr. Clayton, that I never saw or heard of you before, to my knowledge."

"She's a cool one," said Theo to himself; "doesn't intend to admit in any manner that the whole affair is cut and dried. Well, I must say the old man is a 'corker' for sure. His judgment is all O. K. I won't let on. If she wants to pretend that this never-heard-of-you-before business I'll help her out."

"I may be mistaken," he replied aloud, "but I merely thought I heard of a Miss Jean Weston. However, I am well satisfied, now that I know a Miss Jean Weston. Do you make the entire trip on this stage?" he asked, by way of changing the subject.

"No, I am only going to the Lower Corner, as the place is called. We are to stay at the Laurelwood House; it will be our next stop," replied Miss Weston.

"Why, that is where I am going," Theo blandly assured her. "The splendid golf links attached to the house attracted me."

Miss Weston murmured something confusedly, for she knew that part of the country well, and was aware that the only golf links in the county were attached to the Hollywood House grounds, ten miles from the Laurelwood House.

A few days later Theo's father received a letter from his son, which contained the following:

"Have met Miss Jean Weston, and am charmed with her. She is stopping at the Laurelwood House, ten miles from the Hollywood, where you said I would find her."

A fortnight later, Clayton, Sr., received another letter from his son, in which he was assured the affair was proceeding in a most satisfactory manner.

This was wholly true, for Theo and Miss Weston were the best of friends, with every prospect of becoming more than friends in a short time. One day they were making a trip awheel and stopped at the Hollywood House for dinner.

"Oh, look, Mr. Clayton, cried Miss Weston, "here is my namesake!" and Theo was speechless and nearly breathless as he gazed upon the Hollywood register at the name: Miss Weston.

"I must see her," cried Theo's companion, which was but echoing his own sentiments.

The waiter told them when she came into the dining room.

"Miss Weston is highly cultured. It is almost aggressively stamped upon her whole being. Fair to look upon, but evidently unlovable. So this is the wife 'pater' picked out for me," was Theo's summary.

"Stuck up and no better looking or attractive than I!" This was Miss Weston's summary of her namesake, while she said aloud:

"Beautiful, is she not?"

"'Not as beautiful as thou,'" promptly quoted Theo.

That night "his Miss Weston" as he called her, accepted him, while Miss Weston No. 2, who had his photograph, yet did not recognize him that day with his summer beard, was waiting at the Hollywood and wondering where her ready-made wooer could be, and why he did not show up, as per previously arranged plan.

This note Theo sent to his father:

"I have been accepted by Miss Jean Weston, and the marriage is to take place at her home the coming Thanksgiving. This is obeying you to the letter, and if not satisfactory let me know at once."

His reply was:

"Good boy! I knew you could do it. Am both satisfied and pleased. You may tell Miss Weston my present to her will be a check with five figures upon it. You have my warmest consent and the knowledge that a Clayton never goes back on his word."

And he never did go back on his word, although when he learned what Theo meant by "obeying him to the letter" there was at first a stormy scene, then the old man smiled sheepishly and gave his son a warm handclasp.—Indianapolis Sun.

Tolstoi's Honest Criticism.

If the test that Count Tolstoi applied on one occasion to his sons were made universal, criticism might possibly be more honest than at present, but it would not be agreeable.

A lady's singing having displeased Count Tolstoi's boys on one occasion, they retired to another room and showed their disapproval by making a noise. Their father stood it for a time, and then followed them into the other room.

"Are you making a noise on purpose?" he asked.

The question was a close one, but was presently answered by a doubtful "Yes."

"Does not her singing please you?" asked the count.

"Well, no. Why does she howl so?" responded one of the boys.

"Do you wish to protest against her singing?" asked their father.

"Yes."

"Then go into the room and say so. Stand in the middle of the room and tell every one present," replied the Count. "That would be rude, but upright and honest. Your present conduct is both rude and dishonest."

Modern Postal System.

The comparatively modern origin of the present postal system, not only in Great Britain, but all over the world, is shown by the fact that King Edward is the first British monarch whose accession has made the issue of freshly designed postage stamps necessary.

Pensioners in Nevada.

The State in which there is the least number of government pensioners is Nevada, in which they number only 275. There are 800 in Wyoming and 850 in Utah.

There is some reason for it if a man snarls at you; probably the man he met before you kicked at him.

Who substituted the word roast for criticism?

CHAPEL ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF HEROES WHO WENT DOWN WITH THE MAINE.

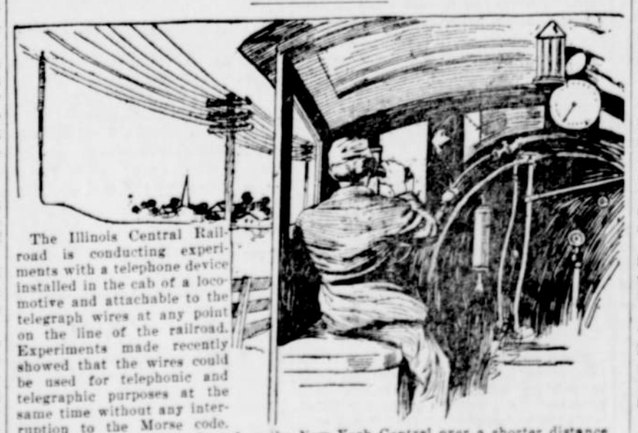
THE United States Government, in memory of the terrible catastrophe in Havana harbor, has erected a most beautiful chapel on the campus of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

MAINE MEMORIAL CHAPEL.

February 15th, 1898, is a day ever memorable to the American people as a day of great sorrow and anger. News most shocking flew over the wires from one end of the land to the other. In the harbor of Havana our proud battleship Maine had suddenly been demolished by some submarine explosive force, and with its shattered iron form 254 brave marines had sunk instantly into the deep wet grave.

Thus the Maine will ever occupy a prominent place ih history. Through this sad and fearful event was not the immediate cause of the Spanish-American war, it nevertheless was the most deplorable prelude of the ensuing conflict and the dire signal of the collapse of Spain as a world power. With the Maine there were lost seventeen times as many lives as in the two great naval battles of this war, the brilliant victories of Dewey off Manila and of Schley off Santiago. A nation but honors itself when honoring those who have sacrificed their lives in her behalf. And the men of the Maine who, without warning, went down in their cabins mortally wounded to fight a short, grim battle with the overpowering element, died in the service of their country no less than the gallant hero who bleeds and falls and dies in the pitched battle of the open field.

ENGINEER TELEPHONES FROM HIS CAB BY MEANS OF A NEW DEVICE.



The Illinois Central Railroad is conducting experiments with a telephone device installed in the cab of a locomotive and attachable to the telegraph wires at any point on the line of the railroad. Experiments made recently showed that the wires could be used for telephonic and telegraphic purposes at the same time without any interruption to the Morse code. Experiments already conducted on the New York Central over a shorter distance than on the Illinois Central gave results which were satisfactory. The usual telephone receiver and transmitter are placed in the cab of an engine. When it is desired to communicate with the nearest station the train is stopped and a rod containing wires attached to the cab is hooked on one of the telegraph wires. The separation of the telephonic and telegraphic currents is accomplished by means of individualizing condensers, which ground the telephone current through the engine.

CZAR'S PRIVATE LIFE.

TAKES GREAT PLEASURE IN HOME SURROUNDINGS.

Russia's Ruler Seems to Take with Greater Zest to His Position as a Husband and Father than to That as a Great Potentate.

Anyone who has had the privilege of staying at a palace belonging to the reigning house of Russia immediately recognizes its mighty magnificence, and soon experiences its hearty hospitality, and yet, if his stay has been even only of brief duration, neither of these features will impress him more than will his imperial host's home life.

It might almost seem that the Czar does not really care to be a potentate; his tastes are much more academic than monarchic, and he appears to avoid all kinds of public display. On one occasion, while returning from the family annual holiday at Copenhagen, conversation turned upon a difference that had, just at that time, sprung up between the Danish king and his parliament.

"Well!" exclaimed the then Czarewitch, "a king's bed is not always one of roses; that is plainly to be seen. There are many more pleasurable occupations than ruling refractory subjects, and so far as I am concerned I have no great desire to be either emperor or Czar."

The Czar's sociability extends to his servants, and he imitates the late Queen Victoria in having colored attendants. One of these, James Hercules, hails from the West Indies, and is very anxious that no one should forget—not even his imperial master and mistress—that "he is a British subject." The faithful black fellow is a great favorite with the Czar's children, who frequently commandeer "Jimmy," as they call him, for participation in their nursery sports.

The Czar is always considerate to his servants. "You are not looking well to-day," he will say; "it pains me to see you like that. You had better take a rest." And forthwith the attend is excused from duty.

One cannot remain long in the palace without noticing the English atmosphere that pervades it; and Christmas is not allowed to go by without indulgence in those essentially English dishes—rost beef, plum pudding, and mince pies—which are specially prepared by an English member of the household.

The Czarina is expert with both brush and pencil; this latter accomplishment, backed by a taste for caricature, is often used for the purpose of amusing her friends, who, in addition, at times receive from her deftly painted cards as silent reminder that she has not forgotten them.

Although no boy has, hitherto, blessed their hearth, four girls have been born to their imperial majesties—Olga, the eldest; Tatiana, Maria, and the more recently arrived baby, whose sex was such a disappointment to the Russian nation. The care of these children devolves upon Miss Edgar, an Irish lady, and two Russian undernurses.

In their play-room the mighty ruler of all the Russias is frequently to be found gambolling with his young daughters; while he never allows a night to pass, when he is at home, without making his way to kiss them before seeking his own room.—Pearson's Magazine.

MULE WAS A GAME ANIMAL.

Traveled a Hundred Miles a Day for Five Days to Save a Fortune.

Judge J. E. Guinotte will be asked to appoint a guardian for Lynn Hays, one of the most picturesque of the few remaining "old-timers" of Kansas City. Mr. Hays is very old and has grown childish, so that his heirs think this step necessary for the protection of his estate.

"The name of Lynn Hays will recall to many an old resident the famous ride of one of the Hays boys on the Santa Fe trail in 1857. It was a ride upon which depended $64,000—a race with a stage coach from Bent's Ford, in Colorado, to Kansas City. This distance of more than 500 miles was covered muleback in five days by one of the Hays boys—there is some difference of opinion as to whether it was Lynn or his brother "Up"—and the $64,000 was saved. The rider, covered with dust and foam, and almost spent with loss of sleep and fatigue, tumbled from the exhausted mule in front of the bank, made his way to the cashier's window, and secured the money a few minutes before the bank closed. An hour later the stage arrived with the letter informing the bank that Russell, Majors & Waddell, upon whom the drafts were drawn, had failed.

The story, as it still lingers in the memory of John C. Gage, is as follows: In 1857 John Campbell was in charge of the freighter's train on the Santa Fe trail. He had a large force under him and he and they were employed by Russell, Majors and Waddell, who at that time, the railroads not yet having reached the west, did all the freighting for the army.

It was at Bent's ford, on the north side of the Arkansas river, not far from Las Animas, Campbell had just received these drafts and the stage, which had already gone out, carried a letter notifying the bank that this great firm had gone to the wall. If the stage could only be beaten into Kansas City the $64,000 would be saved. But how beat it? Every fifteen miles the stage met a fresh relay of horses and pushed forward, night and day, at a swinging trot.

"Up," said Campbell to Hays, "Old Sam here is a splendid saddle mule. He was never known to tire. Can you take him and make that trip?"

It meant 100 miles a day through a wild, sparsely settled country, with long stretches of the trail in which neither food nor drink was to be had. A moment Hays hesitated, but only a moment. "I'll ride him, John," he said.

Then began the race that was afterward to be talked about all over the country. For the last three days of the ride Hays was afraid to stop to snatch an hour's sleep unless someone was by to wake him. When he felt that he could not endure it any longer and was already falling asleep in the saddle he overtook some campers and got them to watch him while he slept and wake him in an hour. He got in here in the afternoon just before the bank closed and the stage arrived that night.

"It was a very remarkable animal," said Mr. Gage, "probably the most remarkable animal for long-distance travel in the world. When I came to Kansas City in 1858 I had heard of that wonderful ride and went to see the mule within a week after my arrival. He was an ordinary-looking sorrel animal—a very active, nimble mule for many years. I have no idea how long after that he lived, but he must have reached a very ripe old age.

"Campbell used to tell me that he had old Sam for fourteen years prior to 1860 and that there hadn't been a year of that time that he didn't ride him across the plains."

Judge Guinotte remembers the mule distinctly. "There's hardly an old settler that doesn't remember old Sam," he said. "Old Sam died only about eight or nine years ago, I think, but for many years he was pensioned off and out of active service."—Kansas City Star.

FIND JASPER MINES IN WALES.

Rich Deposits of the Rare Stone Have Lately Been Discovered.

A new source of wealth has recently been brought to light in the mountainous regions of Wales—mines of jasper of almost fabulous richness. Although the name of jasper is almost a household word, through its frequent use in poetry and the Bible, it is so rarely seen nowadays as to attract attention when exhibited. It occurs in an extensive range of colors—red, yellow, brown or even green. In ancient times green was the most common form; now the red shades predominate. In some parts of the West, notably at East Sioux Falls, S. D., a variety of pink quartzite occurs which is sold to the trade as jasper. The supply of jasper still comes from Egypt and India, as it did in Biblical times. Its occurrence is so rare that jasper is used in such small articles of value as seals, small vases, snuff boxes, etc.

Announcement is made, however, of the discovery of a deposit of jasper of surprising extent in North Wales, near the little fishing village of Pwlheli. The amount of jasper at this point appears to be inexhaustible, and whereas it was formerly regarded as a semi-precious stone it can now be hewn out in fifty-ton blocks. The color of the stone in this deposit is said to be very fine, the prevailing hue being a cherry red with variegated pieces. The specimens already cut and polished show a fine grain, take a high finish and are not affected by acids. Pillars and blocks of jasper suitable for church and bank adornment may soon be available, as a determined effort is being made to develop the property.

CHICKERING HALL.

Another New York Landmark that Must Pass Out of Sight.

Many old landmarks of New York are disappearing rapidly, and now Chickering Hall, where so many distinguished men and women have trod its spacious platform in the twenty-six years or so of its existence, must go. The property has been sold for $900,000, and an eleven-story building is to be erected on the site. Chickering hall has been an important auditorium for more than a quarter of a century. The opening concert there was given by Von Bulow, the pianist, followed by Ole Bull and Emma Thursby. Famous singers that have appeared there were Anna Louise Cary, Clara Louise Kellogg, Brignoli, Campanini, and, in fact, nearly all the lyrical stars that were in this country up to a few years ago. Eminent lecturers that have discoursed to immense audiences included Henry Ward Beecher, T. Dewitt Talmage, Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough, Canon Kingsley, Charles Dickens and George Augustus Sala. Many art sales have been held in the old hall, the most important being the Morgan sale in the spring of 1886, at which priceless pictures were sold. Chickering hall is very large, and, at 18th street and 5th avenue, is in a central and convenient situation. Commerce is drawing art out of lower Fifth avenue and it is only a question of time when even Carnegie hall, at 57th street, will be "downtown."

Its Winter Sleep.

An Italian naturalist kept a dormouse in his study, where he could watch its actions when the time of its winter sleep came. On the 24th of December, when the thermometer was about 40 degrees—that is, 8 degrees above freezing point—the dormouse curled himself up among a heap of papers and went to sleep. On the 27th of December, when the thermometer was several degrees lower, Mr. Mangili ascertained that the animal breathed and suspended his respiration at regular intervals; that is, after four minutes of perfect repose, during which he appeared as if dead, he breathed about twenty-four times in the space of a minute.

When the thermometer fell nearly to the freezing point, the intervals of what appeared suspended animation were six minutes. As the thermometer became higher—that is, as the weather was less cold—the intervals of repose were reduced to three minutes. As the winter grew intensely cold, the times of perfect repose, during which no breathing could be perceived, became much longer.

Within ten days of the time of its falling asleep the dormouse awoke and ate a little, food being provided on the shelf near him. He then went to sleep again, and continued to sleep and wake at about these intervals throughout the winter. As spring approached his sleep became lighter, until the warm days caused him to shake off his drowsiness altogether.

His Ring.

Mr. Lothario—Who was that girl you just spoke to?

Mr. Benvolio—Why, was her face familiar to you?

Mr. Lothario—No, but one of the rings she's wearing was. I must have been engaged to her once.—Catholic Standard and Times.

When you present a letter of introduction to a man, be sure his name is spelled correctly. If it isn't, he may take advantage of the fact to disown it.

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.

"I am familiar with every rock known," boasted the old bachelor geologist.

"Indeed!" rejoined his married sister. "How about the rock of the cradle?"

Another Point of View.

Miss Elderly—Never in all my life have I lost my self-possession.

Miss Flypp—But if some man had asked for it doubtless it would have been different.

Very Unwelcome.

Sandy Pikes—You don't look very pleasant, pard. Did yer get a hand-out at de last house?

Billy Coalgate—Yes, but de hand dat cum was in de shape of a closed fist.—Chicago Post.

Victuals Versus Bonnets.

"I grow tired of providing for the inner man."

"And I am weary of providing for the outer woman."

How Else Could They Go?

Hook—It doesn't take long for money to go, does it?

Nye—No, it doesn't. I had three $20 bills the other day and they went like sixty.—Philadelphia Record.

A Financier.

"Did Smiley marry his wife for her money?"

"No; he married her for his money."

"How's that?"

"She sued him for breach of promise and got $50,000, so he patched things up and married her."

It Depended.

Collector—Is Dr. Smith in?

Servant—Do you wish to pay a bill or leave one?

Had Not Changed.

She—You used to say I was your life.

He—Yes—life is so uncertain.

Very Likely.

Ida—That egotistical dude says when he leads other people follow.

May—Yes, the other people are his creditors.

What He Did.

"And you think that you deserve a meal?"

"Yes, mum; yer see I have bin helpin' to clear away de work of de blizzard."

"What? Why, you haven't touched the snow shovel."

"No, mum, but I have bin standin' here blowin' me breath against de kitchen window till all de frost has melted."

A Mild Reproof.

Mrs. Bingo—You must be careful what you say to the cook, dear, or she will leave.

Bingo—Why, was I hard on her?

"Were you? Why, any one would have thought you were talking to me."

The World Moves.

Uncle Josh—Why, yess; they have agricultural schools where they teach scientific farmin'.

Uncle Hiram—I s'pose some day they'll have schools where they teach scientific bunko steerin'.—Puck.

A Misunderstanding.

Hicks—I thought you said there could be no question as to Brown's veracity.

Wicks—Well, there can't. He is an unmitigated liar.—Somerville Journal.

Naturally.

Visitor to Jail—Warden, that man in that cell must be sick.

Warden—Well, he did sorter have a pinched look, didn't he?

A New Arrival.

The Gopher—I can't get the snow off you.

The Guinea Fowl—Those are the polka dots on my plumage.—Life.

Before and After.

"Boo-hoo-oo!" sobbed the young wife. "Tom d-doesn't love me any m-more."

"How do you know he doesn't dear?" asked her mother.

"B-because," replied the y. w., "before we were m-married he said he would d-die for me, and now he w'won't even get his life insured in my f-favor."

Custom-House Duties.

"We all owe certain duties to our country."

"Ah, then, you have also been abroad."

Could See Four Figures.

Oculist (presenting his bill)—I think your sight has greatly improved.

Patient—My sight didn't need improving to see a bill as large at that.

Disillusion Coming.

One afternoon the pessimistic Mrs. Glimps learned that the price of coal had jumped 20 cents on the ton, and in the evening she gloomily greeted her husband with "coal is up."

"Is it?" he exclaimed; "how kind and thoughtful you are, dear. All the way home I was dreading that I should have to fetch up the coal myself."

Too Poor.

Cholly—I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter.

Her Father—I'm very sorry, young man, but circumstances over which I have no control force me to say no.

Cholly—What are the circumstances?

Her Father—Yours.

As to Cleanness.

"Yes," said the ticket agent, "our road will take you through clean to Chicago."

"Through clean, eh? Then it doesn't go by way of Pittsburg, does it?"

Close Call.

Clara—I had an awful time when I refused him.

Maud—How do you mean?

Clara—Why, he took it in earnest, and I had to explain that I didn't mean it.—Town Topics.

Dealer Was Wise.

"Why do you want me to pay in advance? Are you afraid I won't bring the horse back?"

"No, not at all. But you see the horse might come back without you."

Grub Street Up to Date.

Jobson—It doesn't seem quite right to call Scribbler a literary hack. He makes a lot of money.

Dobson—Well, call him a literary automobile, then.—Somerville Journal.

Saving Doctors' Bills.

"Very thoughtful of that department store manager."

"What's that?"

"Why, he filled up a booth to distribute pepsin tablets to all the ladies who had sampled the twelve varieties of health food."

Useless Objects.

Roderick—What is more useless than a snowplough in Jamaica?

Van Albert—Why, a sprinkling cart in Venice?

Ye Ancient Joke.

Even in those days all boys were mischievous.

"Look," said Ham, pointing to the camels that were moving in the long line of quadrupeds. "Are they not unsightly beasts?"

Thereupon the camels got their backs up and they've carried humps ever since.

An Awful Jolt.

He—I met a pretty girl this morning and she looked at me in a way which led me to believe she was trying to make an impression.

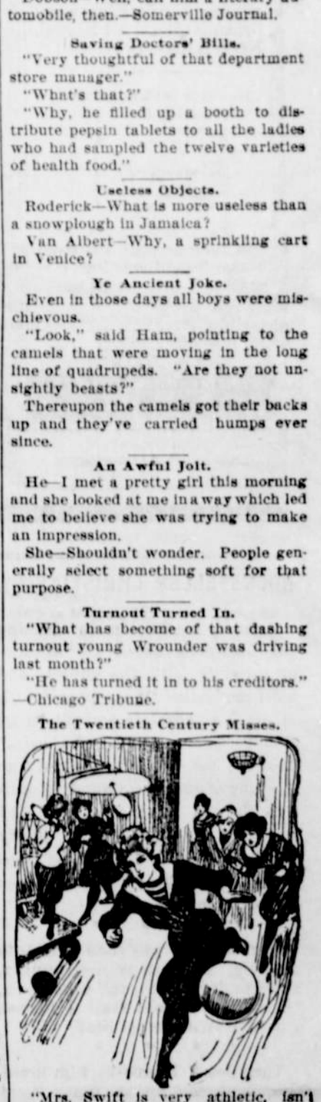
She—Shouldn't wonder. People generally select something soft for that purpose.

Turnout Turned In.

"What has become of that dashing turnout young Wrounder was driving last month?"

"He has turned it in to his creditors."—Chicago Tribune.

The Twentieth Century Misses.



"Mrs. Swift is very athletic, isn't she?"

"Well, I should say so. Mr. Swift has had her in court three times for hus band-beating!"

Victim of Hard Luck.

Brown—I'll match you for the drinks.

Green—Not me. I couldn't win a smile from any one in a thousand years.

Domestic Bliss.

Husband (angrily)—Of course I realize that it is hard for you to hear the truth, especially from me.

Wife (calmly)—It is indeed, dear. I hear it from you so seldom.

Gradations.

"He is a very precocious boy, isn't he?"

"Oh, very. He could read Greek and Latin at 9, knew differential calculus at 10, philosophy at 11, and at 12 he was tackling Henry James and Meredith."—Town Topics.

The Modern Play.

"Your friend the theatrical manager has gone abroad, I believe."

"Yes, he's off scouring the continent for new attractions.

"Ah, and the American public will get the offscourings as usual.—Philadelphia Press.

Taken Seriously Now.

Bunker—I used to get considerable amusement out of golf.

Ascum—Ah! then you don't play any more.

Bunker—Yes, indeed. I was referring to the time before I began to play.

The Way Out.

She (scornfully)—I despise you from the bottom of my heart!

He (cheerily)—Oh, well, there is always room at the top.—Puck.

Something.

The Millionaire—After all, my money hasn't brought us happiness.

His Wife—But it has made us objects of envy.—Life.

Fraudulent Giants.

The teeth and bones of the fossil elephants found in Europe were formerly assigned to giants, and many remarkable stories were circulated regarding what was supposed to have been an extinct race of men "with teeth weighing from four to ten pounds." The last of these finds, which was believed to be the remains of a giant of the genus homo, was discovered during the reign of Louis XIV. and was referred to as the giant of Dauphine.

These gigantic remains were discovered by a surgeon, who stated they were inclosed in an enormous sepulchre covered with a stone slab which bore the inscription, "Teutobochus Rex," and that in the vicinity there were also found coins and medals, all of which showed the remains to be those of a giant king of Cimbri, who fought against Marius and was slain. It was afterward proved that the surgeon discoverer of these gigantic remains was as great a fraud as the man who manufactured the plaster cast known as the "Cardiff Giant."

A man is always on time when he has an appointment with a pretty girl.