

A woman does not begin to command until she has promised to obey.

I guess mine will be a real Panama. It is to cost about \$40,000,000.—Uncle Sam.

Measure a man by his every-day conduct rather than by his extraordinary exertions.

Hands up. How many of you know what they are fighting about down in Venezuela?

Men are continually going up against schemes that look like more money and less work.

The man who isn't being fooled by anybody else generally puts in a good deal of time deceiving himself.

The new King of Saxony is 70 years old. There seems to be one place left where the boys aren't getting all the good jobs.

With the eagerness with which Boers and British are falling on each other's necks, it is evident that each is grateful for the help given to let the other go.

Rockefeller's recent investment of a large sum of money in a bicycle factory may be taken as an indication that he begs leave to differ and is willing to back it up.

An exchange says that a person's chances of being struck by lightning are very slender. The use of the preposition "after" in place of "of" is suggested as an improvement in that state, ment.

An eastern physician says that members of his profession can be bribed and that "they will do a lot for money." Here is a man who knows he has his price and does not wish to be selfish about it.

The Sultan says Turkey has books enough, for which reason he will not permit the publication of any more in that country. It will now be necessary for the Turkish poets to become captains of industry.

Emperor William says that when a German can look into the eyes of the empress he ought to have inspiration enough to last him a lifetime. How nice it must be for her if the emperor talks like that when company is not present.

Whenever the courts of this country shall administer justice with the same promptness, certainty, fearlessness and with as little regard for persons as is the case in the courts of England, after which ours were patterned, lynching will cease in the United States, but until then it will be a standing reproach to the people and their machinery of justice.

A Wilmington, Del., belle is "the most talked-about woman of that city," because she rode astride at the horse show. Woman indeed remains in barbaric bondage so long as she cannot do a sensible thing without being rendered conspicuous. Health, safety and good form all demand the abandonment of the awkward and antiquated side saddle. It is time to increase with the release of the horse from carriage services, women everywhere ought to revolt against the barbaric prejudice which deprives them of the best enjoyment and best benefits of this noblest of exercises.

It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself helps, for its temperature is about 45 degrees Fahrenheit, at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than 98 degrees. So a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher. That is why the Legislature has authorized the park authorities of New York City to plant trees in the tenement districts. If the air can be made cooler and purer by the trees fewer children will die of heat ailments. As 4,000 more children die in New York during June, July, August and September than in any other similar period in the year, the importance of adopting every known means to save life is undisputed.

Every town occasionally puts on a play for the edification of the public which is not announced on the billboards. A village in New York renders the following performance in the Baptist church: The play opens at the church picnic. The minister, an unmarried man, is the villain. Moreover, he is susceptible. Captured and cornered by the church organist, he discourses all the day long of love's young dream. And now the villain appears. The organist's steady company shows up. He behaves rudely and his wrath is as the wrath of Achilles. The next act is brief but tragic. It is on the following Sunday. The jealous lover lays for the preacher and wallops the ecclesiastic sorely. Then comes the curtain raiser in the police court with the villain in the dock. The populace, rent into opposing factions according to creed, fill and overflow the right and left wings of the stage. Here the telegraph instrument stopped. But it is easy to guess the sequel. Questioned by the judge, the prisoner glares at the minister and the organist and lowering his voice to the floor, huskily exclaims: "Not guilty!" Pursued by the inexorable law he goes to the calaboose rather than pay his fine while the minister and the organist marry and live happily ever after. The only defendant in the entire entertainment is to be found in the failure of the preacher to flail the jealous young son of Belial who attacked him.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier just prior to his recent departure to Europe spoke of the Alaskan boundary question as a serious danger to British and American relations and a "menace of open conflict." It need not become a menace,

however, unless the British government seeks to make it such. It is Great Britain, not the United States, which in this instance is seeking to alter boundary lines. Briefly stated, the British contention is that the boundary of southeastern Alaska, instead of following a line ten marine leagues (thirty-four and one-half statute miles) from the coastline proper, leaps from headland to headland at a distance of ten leagues from the outlining capes and promontories. Such a line would bring the British boundary much nearer the Pacific and would give Great Britain control of important estuaries and fjords leading to the sea. This claim, which was never advanced until 1858, is not supported either by the original treaties, by the maps and charts of cartographers or by any argument recognizable to reason. The United States possesses in this territory precisely what the Russian possessions were prior to their purchase and the meaning of the original treaty negotiated between Russia and Great Britain in 1825 is unmistakable. It must be patent to the State Department that there can be no yielding of American rights on this point. The boundary question, it is said, is about to be brought up again for final negotiations. Whatever may be required to secure a common survey of the boundary and a friendly demarcation of the line with scientific accuracy should be done; but from the essential point of issue there can be no recession. The evidence in support of the American claim is overwhelming.

The great value of salt as an antiseptic and the fact that nature appears to have made it an essential ingredient in the food of nearly all animals have made the medical profession very hospitable toward new theories or discoveries regarding its therapeutic qualities. The doctors in fact are never unprepared for the announcement of some extraordinary cure effected by the use of this widely distributed compound. That pneumonia can be cured by pumping an 8 per cent sodium chloride solution at temperatures ranging from 120 to 130 degrees Fahrenheit into the lungs, however, naturally taxes the credulity of most physicians. This achievement was announced by Dr. W. Byron Coakley, of Chicago, in a paper read by him before the American Medical Association at the recent convention at Saratoga. That such a saline solution would be death to all bacteria and would also have an antiseptic effect upon diseased tissue will be readily conceded. It is a question of getting the solution into the lungs in such a way that the patient could stand the treatment. Dr. Coakley claims to have solved this problem by the use of an instrument invented by himself, which introduces the solution into the lungs through punctures made by a fine gold needle. After the salt solution destroys the bacteria and cools to the temperature of the body it is claimed that it is absorbed in the blood and does not clog up the lungs. In doing this it protects the red corpuscles against destruction by the poisons of pneumonia. Physicians are naturally skeptical regarding the effectiveness of this treatment, for the reason that in the attempts that have been made to wash out the lungs with salt solutions the patients have been unable to stand it. The demonstrations before the association at Saratoga, however, are claimed to have shown the Coakley method to be a success. If future tests should more fully establish the effectiveness and practicability of his treatment Dr. Coakley will have scored a great advance in medical science and will have conferred a great boon upon humanity.

It takes time to extract all the juice from the advertising. That is why one cannot become successful without starting with enough capital to keep the machine in motion for a long enough time to secure the full benefit of what has been done during past months. It usually takes from six months to a year to get up a steady motion that will afterward keep things going along largely by its own momentum.—Advertiser.

Former Governor Thomas M. Waller of Connecticut gives the following sensible views on the subject of advertising: The professional etiquette that prevents the soliciting of law business by discreet and proper advertising works a hardship, especially in large cities, upon young lawyers and gives an unfair advantage to old ones who have become known. Why should not a young lawyer, struggling to gain practice, have the right to advertise his profession and a specialty, if he has one, without any more loss of character than merchant princes, like ex Postmaster General Wanamaker, suffer from advertising their wares? If lawyers' services were honorary only, as in theory if not in fact they anciently were, there would be an artificial reason for the strained etiquette I speak of, but as fees are now legally recognized and can be sued for and even contingent fees are legal and not contemptuous, why should not legal business be sought for in the same way that any other business is?

Lady Visitor—(to little girl)—What became of that little kitten you had here once?
Little Girl—Why, haven't you heard?
Lady Visitor—No! What is it?
Little Girl—No!
Lady Visitor—Lest?
Little Girl—No!
Lady Visitor—Poisoned?
Little Girl—No!
Lady Visitor—Then whatever became of it?
Little Girl—It grew up into a cat.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Excitable Paris. Not Satisfied with the Humdrum Life of the Republic. What is the cause of the separation of Paris from the rest of the country? We believe the cause to be that Paris

QUEER JOBS FOR BOYS

TASKS THAT MESSENGER LADS ARE ASKED TO UNDERTAKE.

Engaged to Air Babies or Dogs, Assist Inebriated Individuals, Accompany Nervous Shoppers, Keep Tern in Barber Shop, and Do Other Odd Duties.

"They're finding new stunts for the messenger boys right along," remarked the manager of a local district messenger office the other day. "Airing babies and dogs, taking care of jagged individuals, accompanying out-of-town women on shopping expeditions, and jobs of that sort are now old stories for the kids. But every once in a while something new for them to do turns up." "A couple of Saturday evenings ago a business man well known along F street dropped in and handed me one that I'd never heard of before in connection with the messenger business. "I want to get shaved over at Blank's," he said, mentioning a well-patronized barber shop, "in about three-quarters of an hour. The place is always jammed up with fellows waiting for their over-Sunday shaves on Saturday evenings, and I've had some wearisome waits there. I wish you'd hike a kid over there for me to nail a place in the 'next' row for me. He can let on that he's due for a haircut, and I'll drop around about the time he's called to the chair."

"I sent a boy over to the shop, and it went through all right. The youngster peeled his coat and kept a wary eye out that he wasn't skipped in his turn. A couple of minutes before the boy was due to be summoned to a chair he saw the 'next,' the business man who had rigged up the little scheme dropped in, and when the lad was called by the barber the man just slipped into the chair and the boy donned his coat, with a grin, his task accomplished. The business man told me afterward that two or three of the waiting men in the shop started to register kicks over the transaction until it was explained to them, when they calmed down and laughed over the idea. "During the races at Benning a race-track man, wearing a lot of jewelry, put a new one over. When he got up to the desk he leaned over confidentially and said to me: "I want you to send a kid down to So-and-So's pawnshop with this ring, removing a fine three-stone diamond ring from his left hand. I want two hundred on it—and have the boy hurry."

"I sent one of the larger boys on the errand, and he returned promptly with the \$200 and the ticket. The racing man had observed me smile a bit over my scheme, and he smiled along with me. "Well, it does look a bit flimsy, doesn't it?" said he. "But the racing bunch are traveling around the streets to see what they can see all the time, and if any of them happened to spy me going into or coming out of a pawnshop the word would get around that yours truly was on the crags, which wouldn't suit my game a little bit—see?" "Not long ago I had another novelty here. A department official that I know well walked in with a shoebox under his arm. "Say, I'd like to me, have you got any kid around this plant with No. 8 feet?" "All sizes," said I. "Good thing," said the man, opening the box and pulling a fine pair of patent leather shoes out of it. "I want you to pick out a boy with No. 8 feet and have him jog around town for a day in these infernal contraptions. I bought the shoes yesterday. They slipped on all right when I bought them, but I almost died in 'em at the theater last night. They sort of drew around the instep. If you've got a youngster that can stretch 'em for me I'll pay right for the merchandise, although I'd hate to have to take a chance on paying the kid's relatives for his life in case he failed to survive the ordeal."

"I handed the shoes over to a tidy lad provided with feet that fitted them snugly enough, and the boy wore them around for the day without any discomfort. The man came in for them that same evening, and the next evening he dropped in to say that the shoes fitted him immensely, and that he hadn't been bothered a little bit by the drawing inlets after wearing them all that day. "A very much frustrated man came phoning in here before 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning last," continued the manager, "and leaning over the Washington Star, and addressing to the desk, and addressing me in a voice of suppressed wrath, mingled with emotion, he said: "I want you to assign a messenger boy to meet me at the main exit of the War Department at precisely 4:02 this afternoon. Pick out a boy with strong lungs, one that can holler so that he can be heard four miles. If you've got one like that in stock, instruct him to walk up to me, when he sees me emerging from the War Department, and get a powerful, unbreakable clutch on my coat tails. Then he is to holler with all his might 'Forty feet of garden hose!' forty feet of garden hose!" and keep right on hollering the same all the way from the War Department to the store where I've been due to buy that confounded hose for the last ten days. I've forgotten it every time, and now I'll be darned if my wife'll speak to me at the table on account of it. "I wouldn't take a chance on going home to-night without that miserable forty feet of garden hose for my money, and that's why I want you to pick out the most persevering rambunctious, leather-lunged son of a gun that you've got on your pay-roll to bowl 'garden hose' at me sixty times a minute from the instant I break out of the War Department building until I walk out of that store with the garden hose under my arm. If the boy is arrested for disturbing the peace I'll pay his fine, and gladly; I'll be eternally homesick if I'd let a little thing like that freeze me when it comes to having my home broken up."

Excitable Paris. Not Satisfied with the Humdrum Life of the Republic. What is the cause of the separation of Paris from the rest of the country? We believe the cause to be that Paris

is bored. The republic may be all that its admirers contend, but to her it appears to have another and less charming quality. It is humdrum. Parly from her history, partly from being the rendezvous of all that is ambitious, vain, and esurient in France, and partly from the "genius" which gradually molds the people of every great city, Paris thirsts for an element of the dramatic in politics which the republic is unable to supply. Its rulers have no fancy for grand conats; they are not seeking war, but protective alliances; they are the center of no splendors; and they give no subjects for excited talk. They prefer, in fact, that government should not be scenic, while Paris prefers that it should be. She is, therefore, dull; and Paris, when she is dull, is discontented, and ready to accuse any government, no matter what, and seek relief in a change of governors, no matter whom, if only they will give her lively times. So far as can be perceived, she rather despises all the pretenders. She has no candidate for the dictatorship. If she wishes for war in the abstract, it is not for any particular war. All she knows clearly is that she wants something to be done which will make the world stare, and give to herself the feeling she most enjoys—that of being fully alive. The respectable public which the provincials approve, because it gives them order and justice, slow but fairly steady improvements, and plenty of local expenditure on roads and useful buildings, does not and cannot give her this, and therefore Paris frets, and anatomizes the government, for which all the while she has no practicable alternative to offer. She will continue to fret, we fear, until events in some way grow exciting, and her fretfulness will always be a cause of anxiety to her rulers. They know it, however, and they keep a strong control on her movements, and while France supports them they will move forward in a fairly determined way. France has probably never had a better government than the present, or one more solicitous to secure her permanent well-being, and it is highly to her credit that the majority of Frenchmen have perceived this, and have voted what is at least a consent that it shall continue to go on.—London Spectator.

A GREAT SMOKER.

President McKinley Always Fond of a Good Cigar. "President Roosevelt doesn't smoke at least not in his office during business hours," said an attaché at the White House. "In fact, I have never seen him smoking anywhere, and I understand that he does not indulge in tobacco in any form. Yes, President McKinley was an inveterate cigar smoker and was rarely without a cigar in his mouth during his working hours in his office. I remember that he was sensitive to newspaper suggestions that he was smoking too much. For instance, some of the yellow journals occasionally published a story that he was threatened with cancer because of his constant smoking. He didn't like this. "At another time I remember that a newspaper man wrote a story describing President McKinley at work at his desk. In the story was something about the blue wreaths of smoke curling upward toward the ceiling. Mr. McKinley called this young man in his office and requested that he say nothing in the future about his use of cigars, as it would surely lead to stories of disease from excessive smoking. Mr. McKinley, during his long service in Congress, smoked a good deal, and the habit grew with him after he entered the White House. He found pleasure in a good cigar, and when talking or thinking he had a lighted cigar handy. He had a special brand of cigars that he bought and paid for despite the fact that admiring friends throughout the country sent him hundreds of boxes of the best cigars ever put up. After we had acquired Cuba and the Philippines, box after box of the finest cigars made in these countries used to reach the President from army officers and friends. Very few men ever remember to have seen President McKinley at the head of the Cabinet table unless he had a lighted cigar in his mouth or one lying on the table nearby."

Room for Chicagoans.

"Oh, we're booming right along," said the Chicago man, as he talked to a Pittsburger in the smoking compartment of a Pullman sleeper. "I suppose you noticed the city directory puts us well above the 2,000,000 mark in the matter of circulation. "Yes," said the Pittsburger, "your directory man is surely a wonder as an estimator." The Chicagoan ignored this and continued to remark: "Of course, you have seen something of the fast train that is to run between Chicago and New York?" "Yes; you are glad of that, I suppose?" "Surely." "I thought you must be. It adds to your facilities for escaping from Chicago, you know." Then the Chicagoan relapsed into discomfited silence.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

Telephoning Through the Earth.

Among the most interesting experiments in telephoning without wires are those of Monsieur Ducretet, a French scientist. He places an ordinary telephone transmitter in direct communication with the ground, and, at a considerable distance away, on the other side of some buildings with thick walls and cellars, he has a receiver connected by one wire to the earth and by another wire to a small metallic sphere let down through an opening to the floor of the catacombs beneath Paris. When words are spoken into the transmitter they are heard in the receiver with much greater clearness than in an ordinary telephone. Monsieur Ducretet is continuing his experiments at increased distances. If the young man in the case is in love and the girl isn't he makes a fool of himself; but if the girl is in love and he isn't he makes a fool of her.

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A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing rooms with me. "I have my eye on a suite in Baker street," he said, "which would suit you down to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?" "I always smoke 'ship's' myself," I answered. "That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?" "By no means." "Let me see—what are my other shortcomings I get in the dumps at times, and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am sulky when I do that. Just let me alone and I'll soon be all right. What have you to confess now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of each other before they begin to live together."

I laughed at this cross examination. "I know a bullup," I said, "and object to rows, because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vices when I am well, but those are the principal ones at present." "Do you include violin playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously. "It depends on the player," I answered. "A well played violin is a treat for the gods; a badly played one is a nuisance." "Oh, that's all right," he cried with a merry laugh. "I think that may be considered the thing as settled—we may, if the rooms are agreeable to you." "When shall we see them?" "Call for me here at noon, tomorrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered. "All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel. "By the way," I asked suddenly, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?" My companion smiled an enigmatical smile. "That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out." "Oh, a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very quaint. I am much obliged to you for bringing this mink in man, you know." "You must study him then," Stamford said, as he bid me good-by. "You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he learns more about you than you about him. Good-by." "Good-by," I answered; and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

CHAPTER II.

We met next day, as he had arranged, and inspected his rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting. They consisted of a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a single, large, airy sitting room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows. So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession. That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus. For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage. That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings. Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways, and his habits were regular. It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning. Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting room, and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him; but now and again a reaction would seize him, and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes, that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic, had not his temperance and cleanliness in his whole life forbidden such a notion. As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased.

His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so exceedingly lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing, rarely uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night. On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes, that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic, had not his temperance and cleanliness in his whole life forbidden such a notion. As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased.

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Presently, however, I found that he had many acquaintances, and that there was one little fellow, rufous, dark-eyed fellow who was introduced to me as Mr. Lestrade, and who came on three or four times in a single week. One morning a young girl called, fashionably dressed, and stayed for an hour or more. The same afternoon brought a gray-headed, seedy visitor, looking like a Jew pedler, and who appeared to be much excited, and who was closely followed by a slipshod elderly woman.

On another occasion an old white-haired gentleman had an interview with my companion; and on another railway porter in his velvet uniform. When any of these nondescript individuals put in an appearance Sherlock Holmes used to beg for the use of my bedroom, and I would retire to me for putting me to this inconvenience. "I have to use this room as a place of business," he said, "and these people are my clients."

It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember, that I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast. The breakfast had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared. With the unreasonable petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a curt intimation that I was ready. Then I picked up a magazine from the table and endeavored to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast. One of the articles had a pencil mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it. Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of the Dead," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate systematic examination of all that came in his way. It struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and of absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions and exaggerations were far-fetched and exaggerated. The writer claimed for a momentary expression, a twitch of a muscle, or a glance of the eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts.

"The Book of the Dead," as it was intimated in the case of one of my friends, to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid. So startling would his results appear to the uninitiated that, until they learned the reasons by which he had arrived at them, they might consider him as a necromancer. (To be Continued.)

The Marrying Age.

The marrying age, according to statistics, is steadily advancing. This accounts, perhaps, for another fact, that women are beginning to look younger and more girlish in the shady twenties and the early thirties than they used to do. Twenty-five years ago a woman of 32 who was unmarried would have been regarded as a hopeless old maid. Now she is quite a girl at that age and her marriage is still thought of. If we continue to grow old in this fashion the very name "old maid" will disappear from our vocabulary, if indeed it has not done so already.

Speaking of Royalty.

Damocles had been invited to dine with the King of Syracuse. On taking his seat he instantly saw the sword hanging by a hair above his head. "I suppose," he said to the king, "you call that the hair apparent." Dionysius, pretending to see no humor in the remark, replied: "I don't know about that, my boy; but if it falls upon your head it will make some crown prints." This shows that the ancients were not averse to joking, even under trying circumstances.—New York Times.

True Philosophy.

Few men are better known in the down town district of New York than James Reilly, the man who is almost an exact counterpart of the late General Grant. Mr. Reilly was long connected with a leading navigation company and is very wealthy. He is now arranging to buy three hearse, which will permit the free use of the funerals of poor persons. "For," says he, "nothing so engages me as to hear of an undertaker granting the last penny of a poor woman for the burial of her husband's child."

First Woman to Win Scholarship.

Miss Helen E. Wallace, a brilliant student at the Melbourne, Australia, university, has been awarded the Shakespeare scholarship of 150 pounds. This is the most important scholarship in the gift of the university, and it has never before been won by a woman.

The Vanishing Weight.

"This trunk is overweight." "Now look here, let me give you a tip—"

She Was Prepared.

He—I don't see why a woman shouldn't lay something by for a rainy day as well as a man. She—Why, they do. I have a lovely rainy day skirt.

In Memory of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's long association with the Strand, London, is to be commemorated by placing a beautiful stained glass window in St. Clement's Dane chapel.

Beth's Surprise.

Beth was delighted with her aunt's new changeable spring gown. "Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "the colors of Aunt Mary's new silk dress are all extemporaneous!"—Judge.

A Wise Girl.

Alice—How long should a girl know a man before becoming engaged to him? Grace—Oh, long enough for him to propose.