

SHAKE HANDS WITH FATE.

'Tis a sad old world, and a bad old world, It is scarce worth while at all; Its sorrows cling and all its friendships...

JASPER DANE'S CALLER.

THE door creaked very slightly, but it jarred on Jasper Dane's nerves. He looked up with a frown. "Is this Mr. Dane?"



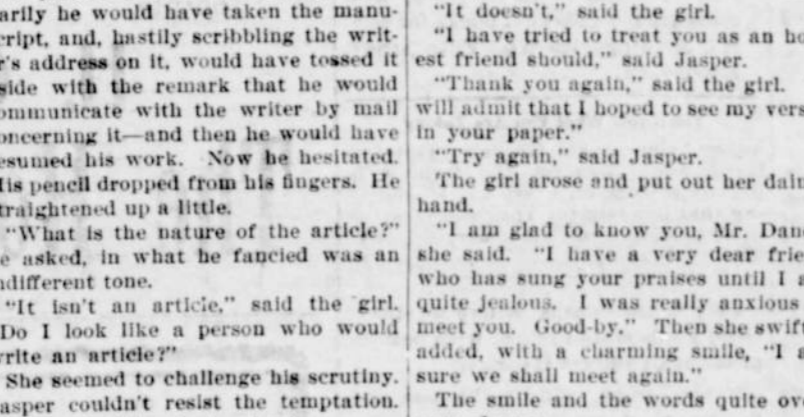
"SORRY MY JUDGMENT SEEMS HARSH," Jasper sighed and stared at the half-written sheet before him. "Are you sure it is the editor you want to see?"



To give your photographic paraphernalia a thorough overhauling and cleaning up. If you use a hand camera, take off the front and clean out the dust that you will be surprised to find it contains.

The recent action of the Paris Salon in admitting photographs in competition at its next exhibition is bound to exert a stimulating and very beneficial effect upon photography all over the world.

They are of the old school where sentiment reigned. Nowadays we bluntnly cut it gush. "But it's not all bad, is it?" queried the girl.



"I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I remind you that you haven't stated your business with me?" The girl looked into his eyes with a clear, frank gaze.

IS YOUR THUMB MAD?

It is an infallible revealer of the Presence of Insanity. The thumb is the most tell-tale member of the human body, and it is a well-known device of employers of a large amount of labor to carefully scrutinize the thumbs of every applicant for a position before finally employing him or her for any position in their business.

THEY ARE LOOKING FOR THINGS.

Persons Who Go Along the Street Watching the Sidewalk. "The 'lost and found' columns of the newspaper is responsible for a rather peculiar habit," said an observant citizen, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The snap shot fad will soon be a thing of the past. Amateurs to-day are putting brains into their pictures. While brains and work are necessary to make artistic pictures, a good outfit is also essential.

MISSION OF THE CHEAP CIGAR.

Method in the Madness of Selling for Absolutely Low Prices. "So you are going to try to force us retailers out of the business?" exclaimed an irate little cigar man, exhibiting indignation and addressing the manager of one of a number of cut-rate cigar stores.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SAND.

They Tell a British Hunter Things Hidden from the Ordinary Mortal. For a long series of years Mr. Lucy, the famous English hunter, has made such a close study of the footprints of the denizens of the forest in many lands that he can tell those of twenty-five species of lions, of the same number of different members of the ante-lope family, of panthers, hyenas, crocodiles, baboons and many other animals.

FARMS AND RAILROADS.

Profits on Agriculture Not So Small After All. A special census bulletin gives the value of farm property, including machinery and live stock, as \$20,514,001,628. The total value of farm products for 1989 was \$4,739,118,752, and the gross income from the farms was \$754,177,706, making 18.3 per cent on the value of the property invested.



A recent number of the New York Independent contained a poem by Whittier entitled "Eternity," which is not included in the poet's complete works.

Mrs. Eugene Field once asked her husband to watch some pies for her a minute. On returning, she was surprised to find the oven door wide open, and the meringue flat.

A correspondent writes to the New York Times as follows: I doubt if literature contains more healthy, wholesome books than those of Mrs. Wiggin and Miss Jewett. Their writings as a whole are safe and elevating to put into the hands of young and old.

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE LINGO.

Narrowly Escaped an International Complication in Germany. A Harvard graduate tells this story on himself. Says he: "The summer after graduation I was traveling alone through Germany. Before landing in the country I had thought that I knew considerable about the language, having spent two years in the study of it, with a fluency of Goethe and Schiller.

WOMEN AT GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

The number of women students at the German universities is increasing. At Berlin 265 inscribed their names for the summer. The number of male students is always higher during the winter in Berlin, and so it is with the women. Last winter there were 611 of them—the highest figure as yet attained.

BIG GAME IN MEXICO.

Exciting Hunting Tales Told by Civil Engineer of Life in Coahuila. A civil engineer recently returned from the hacienda of Jimulco in Coahuila, an immense property containing over 2,000 square kilometers, tells some stirring tales of shooting wild game.

On this same hacienda are both wild dogs and wild burros, the latter being remarkably swift and hard to take. Some time ago a pup was caught and tamed, developing into a fine watchdog, but through every effort was made to secure a mate for him it has not been possible.

It is not generally realized that the mountain lions of Mexico will attack a man, but several recent encounters show them to be as dangerous for men as for beasts. One of the moscos in a recent hunting party had but one hand, the stump of his left arm bearing witness to a terrible struggle with a lion he had shot and then approached, thinking the brute was dead.

Logical.—Pat—"Fwaw's th' rason Clancy do be after havin' a tin weddin', O! wonder?" Mike—"Faith, an' it's because he's been married to his own woman tin years, O!m thinkin'."—Chicago Daily News.

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In her lover's arms a woman weighs but a feather; in her husband's, a ton.—Life. Teacher—"Tell me, Bobby, what are the two things necessary for baptism?" Bobby—"Water and a baby, 'a'm."—Tit-Bits.

Well Connected.—De \$ tie—"You say she has good family connections?" Gumbusta—"Yes; she operates a Nob Hill switchboard."—Ev. "What do you expect to be when you become of age, my little man?" asked the visitor. "Twenty-one, sir," was the bright one's reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

Patience.—And she married that book agent, did she? Patience.—Yes. The one who talked so much? "The same she married to reform him."—Yonkers Statesman.

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Whispered.—"Say, old man, what is a 'summer girl'?" "A 'summer girl' is a rack to stretch shirt waists on; inside is a receptacle for lobster salad and ice cream, while outside is an attachment for diamond rings."—Life.

She.—And you say you can tell by the stars if he loves you? Why, I didn't know that you ever scanned the skies. Belle—I don't; but I scan his love letters. He is one of those fellows that marks a star for ever!—Life.

Mrs. Rubba—"I suppose that when you get out you will be a better man?" Second-Story Steve—"Oh, yes, mum. I'm rapidly masterin' de finer plin's, an' I expect ter go in fer bank robber' wen I gets out."—Chicago Daily News.

Rarely Industrious.—"How is Ann Matilda making out as postmistress at Elm Crossroads?" "Getting along fine. To-day she read twenty posts, held nine letters up to the light and opened four newspapers."—Chicago News.