

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...

With light in your glance and right in your glance, And your lips in a curve to the sky; A spring in your walk and a ring in your talk...

'Tis in yourself is the demon elf, 'Tis in yourself is God; And you'll never stray from yourself away...

JASPER DANE'S CALLER.

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

"This Mr. Dane?" A young woman was framed in the doorway. Jasper's frown slightly faded as he caught sight of her.

"Mr. Dane, the editor?" Jasper, pencil in hand, bowed again. The young woman advanced into the apartment.

"You are much younger than I supposed you to be," she said. Jasper's eyes opened wider.

"I am not quite sure that I ought to take that as a compliment," he said. He even smiled. Then the pressing character of his work reminded him.

"It's the very first time I was ever in an editor's sanctum," she said, as her glance took in the dingy walls and the littered desk.

"How can I serve you, madam?" inquired Jasper. The girl looked at him and she looked at the chair beside his desk.

"Thank you," she said, and sat down. "What is the nature of the article?" he asked, in what he fancied was an indifferent tone.

"Do I look like a person who would write an article?" "You are not a bit encouraging," she said. "It's the better way," said Jasper.

"And yet you write verses yourself," said the girl. "And get them printed, too." "Perhaps it is because I haven't a friend honest enough to dissuade me," said Jasper.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you have not told me how I can serve you." "No," she said, "I haven't."



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 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.

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.

"By no means," replied Jasper. "The execution is good. If the fripples and affectations were dropped it would be very passable. If you would heed my advice—they never do—I might be tempted to ask you to try again."

"Thank you again," said the girl. "I will admit that I hoped to see my verses in your paper." "Try again," said Jasper.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Dane," she said. "I have a very dear friend who has sung your praises until I am quite jealous. I was really anxious to meet you. Good-by." Then she swiftly added, with a charming smile, "I am sure we shall meet again."

"LINAS LAMSON." Dane softly whistled. So this was Lamson's little girl, this splendid young woman! How charming she was, and how friendly. Had he hurt her feelings? What a brute he was!

"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 situation before finally employing him or her for any position in their business.

Specialists in nerve disease, by an examination of the thumb, can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this long before it is visible in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there, an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb center" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed.

One hundred and fifty landladies have been summoned at Vienna for taking in boarders without the permission of the police.

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.

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.

George W. Cable's new book, "Bylow Hill," is rather severely handled by many critics. He is somewhat out of his "sphere" in dealing with New England character and conditions.

Marion Crawford does most of his work in America, and takes his vacations with his family at his Italian home in Sorrento. He has, however, a work den of a curious sort in Italy.

An intimate friend of the late Frank R. Stockton has written of him: "Mr. Stockton's work was all wholesome, not so much because he would not be so as because he could not help it. He was himself clean and wholesome in his mind and soul."

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."

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.

"Nothing of the kind," replied the manager, bustling about his work. "And the tobacco trust has put you up to this and is footing the bills!" said the cigar man's second explosion.

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.

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 1889 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.

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marks of a man walking in his socks. The track of a full-grown grizzly measures as much as eighteen inches in length. The trail of the American musquaw bear is easily seen by the practiced eye, as he continually trends in the same path, beating out defined roads for himself.

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.

Antelopes abound, but great care is necessary in approaching these wily creatures, owing to their habit of always placing one or two on guard while the rest of the herd is feeding. The sentinels, faithful to their duty, remain with head erect, peering and sniffing to the four points of the compass, and give a swift alarm the moment an enemy appears in sight.

Not long since a party of young men were hunting the javali, or wild hog, and, coming up with a number, one of the hunters succeeded in killing one and dismounted to secure it, writes a correspondent of the Mexican Herald.

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', Oi wonder?" Mike—"Faith, an' it's because he's been married to his old woman tin years, O'm thinkin'."—Chicago Daily News.

Whispered.—"Say, old man, what is a 'summer girl'?" "A 'summer girl' is a rack to stretch skirt 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 platts, 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 postals, held nine letters up to the light and opened four newspapers."—Chicago News.

A woman who is spending the summer in Pennsylvania writes of a sign displayed in the window of a small shop in the village nearest her. It reads: "For Sale—Second-hand furniture, teeth, and ice."—Washington Post.

Bill—"Talk about blood-and-thunder pieces, wow!" Jill—"Is it?" Bill—"You bet! Why, there are seven men killed just after the curtain goes up." Jill—"Shot?" Bill—"No; the star comes in on an automobile!"—Yonkers Statesman.



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.

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.

In Need of Treatment.—He says he fell in love with her at first sight. "Perhaps I can be of service to him. I know a first-class oculist."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I saw Johnson going home with my new book under his arm." "Yes, just built him a house and his wife wanted some bric-a-brac in red and gold to scatter around." "Oh! Mr. Porter, doesn't that train stop here?" said an old lady, as the express dashed through the station. "No, mum," said the porter, blandly; "it don't even hesitate."—Life.

Couldn't Get Within Range.—"One of these guns can throw a projectile sixteen miles." "It wouldn't do me any good. My mother-in-law lives thirty miles from here."—New York Sun.

Mae—I got even with Bessie for snubbing me. Ethel—What did you do? Mae—I told that young man who calls on her that she used to be the best debater in her class at school.—New York Sun.

She—I know some couples that quarreled a good deal at first, but got along pretty well later on. He—Oh, yes. Some people take matrimony like rheumatism—they get so they don't complain much.—Puck.

Pretty Loud.—"This necktie," said the salesman, "speaks for itself." "Speaks for itself?" repeated the customer, as he took in the loudness of the design; "I say that it positively yells!"—Baltimore Herald.

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Continuation of the 'JOLLY JOKER' column with various humorous anecdotes and short stories.