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The Milestone. Men and women, a shifting crowd, we hasten by. Less cheerful moves a summer cloud across the sky. Beyond by the broad highway is set the milestone worn and gray. The time who will its legend read, the time who will its legend read, the time who will its legend read.

LEAPED TO DEATH. In southern Dalmatia there is a bit of coast stretching from Cavtat, Ragusa Vecchia, to Sutornia, which is called Konjave, and is noted for and wide for its beauty, its climate and the valor of its men. Faces and forms of antique Grecian mold are by no means rare among the inhabitants of this picturesque region, but its neighbors, the Herzegovinians and the Bosnians, are not at all prepossessing in mien or feature.

At the middle of the last century, while Konjave still formed a part of the republic of Ragusa, the family Radovic settled in the frontier village of Ujevce. The possession of this hamlet had long been a bone of contention between the Bosnian vizier and the republic of Ragusa. The little republic had been forced to give up her struggle and abandon Ujevce to the Turks. The villagers were naturally dissatisfied with the result, and Minko Radovic, the head of the family, was in league with the Bosnians. He persuaded his neighbors to consider themselves citizens of Ragusa, and to resist with arms every attempt on the part of the Turkish agas or boys to collect taxes.

Minko had two daughters. The elder Kosara, was a lovely girl of 17; the other, Ljubica, a child of 12. Kosara was the latest maiden in the village, and had no end of admirers among the young men. Her most eager suitors were two friends of her father named Stanko and Toma. Stanko was a refugee, who, for some reason, had fled from Turkish vengeance and found an asylum in Ujevce. His ugly, weathered face, and his air of a man of vicious cunning, and there was nothing in his appearance or disposition to win upon the young girl. Toma, who started out as a purchaser of more agreeable character, but still he was nothing more than a good friend to Kosara. She was still heart-whole, and, as her father made no effort to induce her choice, she was free to let Toma receive any encouragement.

Things stood in this way when one bright September morning a Turkish Aga, in control of the country, came to Ujevce and demanded the deshera (death) and the harass (poll-tax). The three friends acted as spokesmen for the villagers, and, finally, declared that Ujevce belonged to Ragusa, and would never pay taxes to the Turks. The enraged agas drew his sword, but before he could make use of the weapon Stanko stepped forward and, with one stroke cut off the officer's head. Minko and Toma, for their part, threw themselves upon his companions and, with a few blows, laid them out. Stanko promptly set to work to plunder the bodies.

They found a rich booty. The pockets of the fallen agas were full of money, and Stanko, who was a miser, was very rich with precious stones, and the horses were richly caparisoned with silver-mounted harness and gold-brocade cloth. The loot was taken to the house of Radovic to be divided. Stanko, who was a miser, was very rich with precious stones, and the horses were richly caparisoned with silver-mounted harness and gold-brocade cloth. The loot was taken to the house of Radovic to be divided.

Putting on a love of a hat and a dear, dainty little wrap that hugged her close, she started out to purchase the necessary outfit. Reaching the book store she looked out from under her drooping plumes and contentedly asked for a book on the very last ink. When placed on the counter before her it was like an elixir, so many grand possibilities flashed through her head. "And now I wait a pun. On being asked if there was any make she preferred, she hesitated and then said: "Yes, but I must forget what it is. It's like vermillion, or varnish, or verdigris, or verdancy, now?"

"Really, I don't know," replied the puzzled clerk. "You must be looking for something quite rare." "Yes, I am, but I've got money to buy it if I only knew what it was." "By the way," questioned the inspired clerk, "could it be vermillion?" "Yes, that is it. I knew I'd find it. A versatile pen is what I'm looking for." "I am sorry, miss, but we have none in stock. They are very rare, and we have little left for them. You see the points are all dipped in grey matter and attic salt, and—"

Grey! Well, then I don't want one. Return it to me, please, and I'll take it near me," and turning she walked away unconscious that she was robbing the world of a literary gem. "Detroit Free Press."

A Prolific Playwright. Speaking of Boucicault reminds me of how little we really know about the man who wrote a class of plays, and I think of H. Stiegle Mackaye, although yet a young man, less than forty-five, has written and produced twenty-five different plays, nearly every one of which has been a success. He has nearly a dozen plays in the repertoire of his local theatre. Besides this vast amount of work he has built three theatres and opened them with his own productions. Yet not more than one theatre in a thousand who will look at his wonderful play of "Paul Kautav" and his still more remarkable one "The Grand Knaves," which he recently wrote for Stuart Robson, can recall three plays from this remarkable man's pen.

A COLLEGE GIRL'S FIGHT. All About a Cushion and One of the Ideas. First One Ever Seen. In order to keep peace with the progressive spirit of the times, says the Philadelphia Times, the two highest classes of the Women's Medical College, Twenty-first street and North College avenue on Thursday indulged in a regular college fight. The dispute arose over the ownership of a beautiful green cushion which a dignified senior captured from a less dignified junior and intended to use for her own special comfort.

At 3 o'clock on that eventful day this young lady entered the lecture-room carrying the cushion on her shoulder. Arriving at her place she threw it upon the bench, and sitting on it, said to her companion: "Oh, my, but that is comfortable!" A few minutes later the members of the lower class, assembled in their department, and the possessor of the cushion missed her comfortable seat and informed her classmates, who with one voice said: "We'll have that cushion."

The owner of the cushion, followed by her comrades, walked up to the Philadelphia Times, the two highest classes of the Women's Medical College, Twenty-first street and North College avenue on Thursday indulged in a regular college fight. The dispute arose over the ownership of a beautiful green cushion which a dignified senior captured from a less dignified junior and intended to use for her own special comfort.

When quiet had been completely restored the owner of the much-coveted cushion quietly stepped down to the desk of the professor, and returned to the place with pride which she did not figuratively but literally, sat upon.

There were a number of us in one of the London taverns, made famous by Dickens, when a great big fellow slouched in and made himself very disagreeable with his mouth. One of our party was a man from Boston, and some way or other he and the big man came to exchange words. The first we heard of the row the big man was saying: "You Yankee is great on the brag, and that's all you can do."

"You Yankee is great on the brag, and that's all you can do," said the big fellow. "Well, I dunno," replied Boston. "But I do. When did you ever do a blooming, blasted thing?" "How about 1776?" "Never heard of it!" "I have, sir. That's where 600 red coats licked the life out of 4,000 bragging Yankees!" "I guess not," said the Yankee. "Not! Does you dare to dispute the Liverpool Kid?" "You'd better read what history says."

"I have done that ere, you blooming idiot, and it says how all you Yankees run at the first fire! Don't it, now?" "I never heard that it did." "Don't it say that?" "The big fellow had pushed up his sleeves and put up his fists, and it was plain that a row was on hand. He was big enough to out up two such men as Boston, while he had friends to look out for the rest of us. Our companion therefore took the most prudent course and acknowledged that history might say so, and probably did say so. This satisfied the big fellow, and he turned away and glared at a Frenchman, also a tourist, who had come in later. After a long stare he walked up to Crapo and shouted: "Blas't yer blooming parley vons, but we've always licked ye out of yer boots on land and sea!"

"You speak yer big lie!" shouted the Frenchman, but in a minute. "What! Call the Liverpool Kid a liar to his face?" "Ay, and I shall now give you my awful bleek!" "Johnny got out of his coat in a jiffy, danced around with his hands up, and to our utter astonishment the Kid went right down into his boots and slunk out of the room, having no more pluck than a hen. We sat there for five minutes before any one spoke. Then it was the Boston man, who said: "Just think of it! I can lick six fellows like that banty Frenchman, and yet the big duffer made up his mind to two wars of independence and Banker Hill on top of them!"—N. Y. Sun.

Richard Hoops of Osage City, this county, is beyond question the best person in the State of Missouri. He is a negro, and lives alone in a small hut on the banks of the Osage River, just below the Missouri Pacific railroad bridge. He is 119 years of age, and in appearance somewhat resembles a mummy, his skin being parchment-like, but he is full of life and energy and is in full possession of all his faculties. In the summer and fall he finds work as a farmhand, and what he earns in this way is eked out by the aid of his skill with rod and reel, and by the sale of his living. During the last fall he contracted with a farmer to grub out the stumps in a large field and faithfully carried out his obligation to the letter all the labor himself. "Uncle Richard" has a good memory and can recall incidents that happened in his boyhood, just after the Revolutionary War. He remembers having seen on one occasion Gens. Greene and Wayne and other heroes of the War of Independence, whose names he can not recall now. He was born in Chatham County, South Carolina, and his master's name was William Hayden. He came to Missouri in 1843, and for the last twenty-five years has been living alone in Osage City. As stated, he lives all alone in his hut, and so far as he knows himself, has no relatives living. He is very economical in his methods of living, and the head of a large catfish furnishes him with soup for over a week. The old fellow is quite an interesting talker and is fond of recounting the events of the early part of the century. Jefferson City (Mo.) Tribune.

WIT AND HUMOR. Best place for a boil—In the tea kettle.—Boston Bulletin. The "old soldier's" home—The establishment for the aged.—Boston Bulletin. Irish nationality wouldn't stand—founded on a sham-rock.—Pittsburg Chronicle. "Do you think I'll get justice?" "O, no. You're all right. They'll acquit you."—N. Y. Sun. A farmer who doesn't know how to run a newspaper has been discovered in Nebraska.—Philadelphia Inquirer. We live so fast nowadays that it keeps the reeling angel busy putting down "breaks."—Brooklyn Magazine. "Let us learn French Goshin." What do you mean by that? "Well, I don't know 'tisn't English, you know."—Harper's Bazar. There is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he hasn't at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.—Texas Siftings. Teacher—"Now, children, by what is the earth divided?" "Tommy (whose father is a kicker)—"By the tiller!"—Epoch. "Don't be a good deal like us—they are hard on when alone, but they make trouble when they get together."—Narradown Times. An exchange exclaims: "In these days of roguery a man must have lost his wits to endorse a note. At any rate he is not to lose his balance."—Philadelphia Press. Minister (to choir leader)—"I see you have dispensed with Mr. Deemton's services." Choir Leader—"Yes, sir; I thought a change of bass desirable."—Pittsburg Chronicle. Minnie—"So he kissed you, did he?" "Mama!—Once, Minnie—'Yon'don't say! Well, the smartest man on earth is liable to be a fool in his own eyes."—Terre Haute Express. Quills (meeting an old classmate)—"Well, old fellow, how goes it? Lots of patients, I suppose?" "Squills (crossly)—"Yes, lots of patients!"—Lawrence American. "Is there any question more disagreeable to you than, 'Where did you get that hat?'" "Well, I should hate like thunder to be asked where I got this umbrella."—Philadelphia Inquirer. Wickwire—"You say you are acquainted with Brown? Yalshoe—He is a particular friend of mine. Wickwire—If he is a friend of yours he surely can't be so very particular."—Terre Haute Express. Visitor to Editor—"Could you send an entirely original poem on the Narcotic Weed?" Editor—"I could, of course, but as long matches are so cheap I don't see the use."—Lippincott's Magazine. Kansas Farmer—"Got any—any molasses jugs?" Storekeeper (briskly)—"Yes, sir—new kind just in; tin top to the neck, hold about the size of a rubber cup, so the molasses won't get out."—N. Y. Weekly. Bluster—"Yes, ahem! My correspondence is, ahem! remarkably large. I receive, ahem, on an average 300 letters a day." Conley—"Why, ah, thunder don't you pay up, then?"—Lawrence American. Clerk of Bookstore to Proprietor—"What's the price of this book?" Proprietor—"That book is an infidel work." Clerk—"It is not a Bible; it is an infidel work." Proprietor—"O, I see. Four dollars."—Washington Post. Quaved—"There is a man who doesn't care any more for his life than a small boy does for his clothes." Curtis—"Disappointed in love?" "Love? Bosh! No; he's a writer of funny paragraphs."—Philadelphia Inquirer. Ted—"I hear Mrs. Bellair is married again. Isn't it rather soon after her first husband's death?" Ned—"Yes, but there were extenuating circumstances. Her second husband was the undertaker who buried her first."—Epoch. Undertaker (to new assistant)—"Go down town and get me a pair of trousers to charge it to. New Assistant (to himself)—"Jewellike! That's the kind of a man I like to work for. I'll make it two, for luck."—Minneapolis Couriers. Miss Plympton—"After all, Mr. Broughton, what is the advantage of having ancestors in the seventeenth century?" Mr. Broughton—"O, a great deal. They can't hang around and annoy your social aspirations today."—Harper's Bazar. Little Edith—"Mamma, did you say that Heaven is a perfectly dreadful place?" "Heaven?" "Mamma—Yes, my child." Little Edith—"You can play that you're out, though, can't you, mamma, when people call that you don't want to see them?"—Lodge. Mr. Fangle (looking over the house he has just moved into)—"I wonder who lived here last?" Mrs. Fangle—"I don't know, but the lady was a Christian." "How can you tell?" "I know it rubs in the cellar."—Lippincott's Magazine. Benedict (after a conjugal tiff)—"It's too bad a man can't have a wife made to order." Mrs. B.—"Well, I think you ought to be satisfied, that's all I seem to be good for, to you." Ben.—(deviously)—"What?" Mrs. B.—"To order."—Philadelphia Press. What a beautiful tribute was that paid to a departed citizen of a Western town! The editor of a local paper has written that "J— was a honest man; he was a true man; he was one of the best trout fishermen in this section."—Kearney Enterprise. Saitor—"I do not see why you refuse to allow me to pay attention to your boots, when I have plenty of wealth, and besides, I am just in the prime of life." Parent—"In your prime, eh? Well, then, you are all ready to be fired, so get it."—Kearney Enterprise. "Is Mr. Smith a very religious man?" "I guess you'd think so, if you saw a more devoted man in all my life. He attends all the pari fairs, takes shares in all the raffles, and when it comes to a lottery, he is in every life of the church."—Boston Transcript. The tired wife was struggling along, overburdened with parcels. "John," she wearily and accusingly said, "when we were single you didn't allow me to carry bundles." "That was because you hadn't so many of them," was his unfeeling reply.—Detroit Free Press. He had asked her the momentous question with great warmth. "You know," he said, after a pause, "I can't give you a soft answer turneth away wrath." "That's very true," he replied, with a

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What's the matter now? "Why, I sent him a story, and asked him, in case of his return, not to fold, but to return it flat; and he wrote that it would be impossible to return such a story as mine in any other way."—Harper's Bazar. Paving Teller—"I can't help it if your name is Maloney, you can't get the money on that check unless you are identified." Maloney—"Hould a bit wile yet, O'll bring Jim Maginins in an introduction ye to him, an' he's a kin o' o'ndentary to us both. That name, sir?"—Harper's Weekly. "Ma," said Willie, who had been to the missionary sewing society with his mother, "I feel very sorry for that little heather." "That's right, Willie, I am glad to see you show such a spirit." "Yes, I feel sorry for anybody that had to be wearing the clothes that you people were making today."—Washington Post. He Had One on the Squire. An amusing scene was recently enacted in the county court-room in Maine. The county justice, a big, pompous official, with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness—a little, withered old man, who had a red and wrinkled as a smoked herring. "What is your name?" asked the Justice. "Wi' Squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know or what I don't know, was the caution given with a malicious sneer. "I ask the question in my official capacity and you're bound to answer it under oath." With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name and the questioning proceeded. "Where do you live?" "Wal, I shinn't," ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life, and so's he," pointing to the Justice, "an' I gosh, to best him up." "Silence!" thundered the irate Magistrate. "Answer my question or I'll fine you for contempt of court." "Name by the witness, please, the witness named his place of residence and the examination went on. "What is your occupation?" "I'm a rag."

"Oh, git out, Squire! Jest as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the Summer season an' saw wood Winters!" "The clerk, who was a very one of the kind, said to the witness, "I know nothing about it," exclaimed the perspiring Justice. "Wal, Squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know anything about it, you'd better get out an' let somebody try this case that's got his head made of rags." The advice may have been well meant, but it cost the witness \$10.—Leicester Journal. Howwises must often have wondered where all the rags go to after they pass into the hands of any one of the several hundred ragmen who pass through the alleys with their monotonous cries, according to the Globe-Democrat. These rag collectors, who take them to wash houses where they are bought in bulk and then assorted by grades according to quality. There was a time when most of the rags were sent to paper mills. Now a very small proportion of rags are made into paper, straw and clay being the chief ingredients. Fine linen paper, so called, is made of rags.

Ninety per cent of the rags collected, however, go into the manufacture of "shoddy" of which cheap ready-made clothes are manufactured. This stuff is now made up into the brightest and most attractive patterns, and can only be told when new from wool by the expert and by experience with the weaver. I heard of one shoddy mill located at Newark, N. J., which has just increased its capacity to 30,000 pounds of "shoddy" per month, and they have been running overtime for a month. "Shoddy is king," say the wool men, and this accounts for the moral condition of the wool market.

A Springfield (O.) baggage-handler roughly jostled an elderly gentleman and made him "get out of the way." The elderly man was the superintendent of the road, and when he turned around the baggage-man crawled behind a trunk and kicked himself. Chief Justice Fuller's Activity. Chief Justice Fuller is a man of small size, smaller even than President Harrison. He wears long, flowing hair, which is almost entirely white. He is, however, of a very energetic disposition, and rarely sits perfectly still for a minute at a time. He turns over the pages of a brief in a hurry, whispers to an associate, or sends a page on an errand. He is always active, even when his colleagues apparently fall into a doze under the spell of some early but tedious barrister.