AN OLD SAW.

"Don't Sing Before Breakfast, You'll Cry Before Night."

A dear little maid came skipping out
In the glad new day with a merry shout;
With dancing feet and with flying hair,
She sang with joy in the morning air.

"Don't sing before breakfast, you'll cry before night!"
What a croak to darken the child's delight!
And the stupid old nurse again and again
Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

The child paused, trying to understand,
But her eyes saw the great world rainbow-spanned;
Her light little feet hardly touched the earth,
And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

"Never mind; don't listen, O sweet little maid!
Make sure of your morning song," I said;
"And if pain must meet you, why, all the more
Be glad of the rapture that came before.

"Oh, tears and sorrows are plenty enough;
Storms may be bitter and paths be rough;
But our tears should fall like the dear earth's showers
That help to ripen the fruits and flowers.

"So gladden the day with your blessed song;
Sing on while you may, dear, clear and strong!
Make sure of your moment of pure delight,
No matter what trials may come before night!"

—Celia Thaxter in Congregationalist.

A WELL BROKEN WILL.

Two years ago I was a hard working artist, quite content if a week's labor on black and white work brought me a moderate compensation. I had not an ambition beyond hanging a picture at the annual exhibition of the Academy. On this I had been working assiduously at spare moments. It represented a man sitting at a table with a jug of beer before him, the very picture of contentment. Under it was the sentiment: "If I had a fortune I'd never leave New York!"

This picture was a great success. People got to discussing whether if they had plenty of money it would be possible to fully enjoy life without leaving the island. I awoke one morning to find that one of these idiots who had taken a literal de lettre what I had merely intended as a joke had suddenly died, making his will in my favor, but coupling his benefaction with the proviso that I, Peter Van Pelt, should never leave Manhattan. If I did so the property, some thousands per annum, was instantly to revert to another of his fads, the Society for the Cultivation of Social Ethics.

You may imagine that, never having been able to afford any but the most meagre and temporary absences from the city, this proviso attached to the gift of several thousands per annum was one which didn't trouble me greatly. I only blessed my lucky stars that a crank like Mr. Marston had existed and had taken the extraordinary view that a man with plenty of funds at his disposal couldn't be perfectly contented in New York city. I at once notified the executors of my intention to accept the conditions of the legacy, and proceeded to enjoy life.

I threw up all my black and white work, neglected the art which had brought me my fortune, and exerted myself night and day in endeavoring to extract all the pleasure possible from my new position. I took apartments on the avenue, furnished them expensively, gathered around me a number of choice spirits, and for awhile actually succeeded in enjoying myself. I lived on the fat of the land. Things went along swimmingly for nearly a year. The only thing that marred my enjoyment of my new fortune was the perpetual espionage I underwent at the hands of the agent of the Society for the Cultivation of Social Ethics. He naturally wanted to catch me tripping.

He was a small, thin, stealthy man, with the most odious, yellow eyes. At first it was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether he followed me or not, but after awhile I got into a habit of glancing over my shoulder to see if he was there. I was nervous if I saw him and entirely miserable if he was not in sight. O, how I grew to hate him.

It was absolutely impossible for me to get rid of this fellow. He followed me everywhere. If I went to the theater and took a box he was sure to be there sitting in the parquet. If I took a seat in the parquet I had only to glance up to see him regarding me steadfastly from the balcony. I went into a restaurant, I ate with the consciousness that his eye was upon me. I never spent a dollar but I seemed to hear him cry:

"How much more good that would have done for the advancement of social ethics."

The fellow pursued me everywhere. Of course he was not always in sight, but there was the consciousness that he was perpetually dogging my footsteps. If I went down to the Battery or to one of the wharves in summer to get a little fresh air he was there, uttering not a word, but saying as plainly as possible by his looks:

"Why don't you give this thing up and take a trip into the country. You know this confinement is killing you, and what will be the use of your money then?"

I got rid of him for a whole night once by a ruse you will admit was rather clever. My man servant was not unlike me in size and general appearance. I dressed him up to closely resemble me and sent him over to Jersey City. The agent followed him, and that night I took the boat to Astoria and had a splendid walk in the country.

The very next morning, however, I could tell by his manner that he knew he had been tricked.

You may say what you like about the pleasures of the town. I tell you they come to an end at last. There came a time when I was nearly throwing up my contract and getting off somewhere out into the country. It was summer time. A party of my friends had just left that morning for Newport. O, how I detested the city and the hot pavements.

I went into Central Park. It was the nearest approach to the country I could find; but its trim rusticity only goaded my brain into thinking of shady lanes and real country meadows. Above the tops of the trees I could see the roofs of the houses. I was still in town.

I felt so aggravated on this particular morning that I had half a mind to sit down and write to the executors of the will and tell them I could hold out no longer. I was in the mental act of preparing this letter when I was aroused by a terrible noise beyond some bushes, and the sound of a female voice evidently in great distress.

To plunge through the bushes was the work of but a moment.

On a green plot of lawn a young girl in a light fluffy dress stood wringing her hands and bewailing vainly with her sunshade at a confused mass of fur, which I presently made out to be two dogs, engaged in a canine game of fisticuffs. It was all white and black fur, rolling over and over and snapping and biting and barking. It was from this mass that the terrible noise aforesaid proceeded.

I understand dogs—and carry snuff. It is a habit I acquired in Rome, where all artists use it.

"O, save my dear Benny!" cried the girl.

Not stopping to identify Benny I gave the pair of them the contents of the snuff box. Benny immediately tore himself from his opponent and the two animals set to sneezing furiously.

As soon as he would let her the girl picked up Benny and getting some of the snuff started in sneezing too. For a time there was a perfect chorus. "Ka-chug, ka-chug, ka-chug."

It was so infectious that I also said "Ka-chug."

Then the girl said, very coolly:

"O, is that you? Thank you so much. What a fortunate thing you take snuff."

"I am one of the old school," I replied, "and carry it in order to be in the fashion. If you would permit me to wash Benny I will do it with pleasure."

We took him down to the lake between us and washed him. I never washed a dog so thoroughly in my life. You see I began to be interested in her and wanted as much as I could possibly get of her society. I knew when I got through washing Benny I should have to leave her. So I nearly drowned the little beggar. I declared he was positively filthy. He was really a remarkably clean dog—but you know love is blind.

At last he was washed. Then a bright thought struck me; he must be dried. This we accomplished by sitting down on the grass and rolling the dog over between us, ball fashion. If he did not enjoy it I'm sure I did.

Then the girl got up and said very sedately:

"I think I must go now. It wasn't bad fun, was it?"

I declared it was splendid; that I could wash dogs and dry them all day with her.

I began to look around for a duenna of some kind, but to my surprise no one came. It began to dawn upon me that this supremely pretty girl with the charming eyes had no other protector than Benny.

It seemed to be my part—indeed I felt admirably fitted for it.

"Won't you let me see you home?" I asked. "You know Benny might meet another dog."

The girl burst out laughing.

"That's a pretty excuse," she exclaimed. "Besides, you don't know what a contract you'd have on your hands."

"Why?"

"Because I live a long way from here. I live in Brooklyn."

"That settles it," I replied, despairingly. "I might have known anything very nice wasn't for me."

"Very nice! Really, sir, you are complimentary. What do you mean, pray?"

"Simply that I would like like anything to see you home, and I can't—can't do it," I stammered.

"No, of course you can't do it on five minutes' acquaintance."

"And then the will, you know, prevents my doing it. Under the terms of the will, of course I can't leave the city. Why, what's the matter—let me explain, won't you?"

The girl had thrown up her hands in astonishment.

"To think that of all people it should be you!" she said at last, slowly.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you're Mr. Van Pelt, aren't you?"

"I am."

"You're the gentleman who painted the picture of the man with the jug of beer, who said he'd always live in New York. How do you like it?"

"I don't like it one bit, but who are you, and how do you come to know so much about my history?"

"O, I forgot. Of course you don't know me. I'm Bessie Marston."

"What, Mr. Marston's niece?"

"Yes."

I looked at the girl. Her gaze was bent to the ground. There was just a suspicion of moisture glistening in her dark eyes.

"And but for me and my picture you would have inherited all this money? By Jove, it's too bad. Here, I'll tell you what I'll do, Miss Marston. I'm sick of this life, anyway, and the money is yours by right. As long as it was only a question of its going to that infernal society I'd have stuck it out, but now the case is different. I'll go and see the executors to-morrow, Miss Marston, and surrender my claim."

"You will do nothing of the kind," she said. "Go back to your club and thank heaven my uncle was what people call a crank."

"I shall thank heaven for only one thing," I said. There was no one in sight. I looked at her and forgot that I had only known her for an hour or two. "I shall thank heaven for only one thing, and that is that I've met you. Now I can restore to you what is really your own. Do you think I would be so dishonest, knowing as I do now that I should be defrauding you out of your rightful dues to keep this money?"

She was sobbing softly to herself. "It was rather hard," she admitted, "to be thrown aside for a whim."

"Don't cry, little girl," I said. "I love you."

"That's impossible. You only met me this morning," she answered, laughing through her tears. "No, you must let go my hand."

But I didn't. I held it pretty much during the next ten minutes, by which time we had reached the park gate. And between you and me—I have got it yet.

If you ever see a small, thin, stealthy man with a pair of yellow eyes going around anywhere, you can tell him that Mrs. Van Pelt makes better use of her uncle's money than ever I did, and we are both so healthy and happy that the chances of its enriching the coffers of the Society for the Cultivation of Social Ethics are exceedingly small.—*Austyn Granville.*

Intelligent Water-Fowl.

An example of the intelligence of water-fowl is shown at Titusville, Fla., where for several years the shooting of duck has been prohibited along the city's front, and where, as evening comes on, thousands of ducks come swimming in toward their sleeping place until the water for many rods from the shore is literally black with them.

It's Her Own Fault.

"I would never have been an old maid," said a lady of forty to a N. Y. *Sun* reporter, "if I had known as much twenty years ago as I know now. When I was at a marriageable time of life I heard so much about unhappy couples that I was afraid to become a wife. But I have looked around in later times and have changed my mind on the subject. Last year I took up a list of twenty wives of my acquaintance whom I had known before their wedlock and to whom I spoke about their experiences in life. I found fifteen of the twenty were happily married, that four of them got along tolerably well with their husbands and that only one of them bewailed her matrimonial lot. The fifteen happy wives are amiable women, fond of their children and helpful to their husbands. About the unhappy one of them I can only say that she is a grumbler married to a growler and would be unhappy anyhow, and as to the other four the fault is not all on one side. I suspect that the twenty married women I have spoken of are fair specimens of wives in general, most of whom find by experience that it is marriage that makes life worth living. As I myself am the soul of amiability, I believe that I would have made a happy marriage if I had not been frightened by the stories I heard twenty years ago."

WIT AND HUMOR.

PLUNKIN' ERLONG.

Out on de stoop wher the sunshine strikes,
Lem and 'is banjo yo'n sush to fin',
Singin' softly de chunes he likes,
Wid no ber a kyah on 'is good ole min',
He mo' ter de ebening breeze dat blows
In time ter 'is song,
And jes goes
P'unkin' erlong.

He keeps sorter close ter his self, Lem does,
Lib'en er heap like de chunes he plays;
Po' yuh in min' of a time dat wuz—
An' sometimes I t'ink it's de life dat pays:
Dat yo're happier if yoh doesn't know
But de bustle an' throng,
But jes goes
P'unkin' erlong.

—Philander Johnson in Washington Post.

Sue—"So she married for love, did she?" He—"Yes; love of money."—*Epoch.*

One of the greatest of home comforts is the shirt which isn't made at home.—*Puck.*

A drouth is reported in the sixth ward. A talkative woman over there has dried up.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Spring is the seed time. To the fellow who is still wearing his last winter's clothes it is also the seedy time.—*Buffalo Express.*

Maud—"George told me last night I was his little duck!" Ethel—"He probably discovered that you were no chicken."—*Life.*

Primus—"Is Hemans useful in the church?" Secundus—"Yes; principal object of prayer, I believe."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

Men may be just as willing to hate you for your virtues as for your faults, but they seldom have the same opportunities.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

Malige—"Do you know what I would do if I had a million dollars?" Yabsley—"Buy your own cigars, perhaps."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Joe—"Why did they turn Harry out of the church? Did he get into bad company?" Tom—"Yes; he joined the choir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mrs. Gadd—"I hear Mrs. Dadd is going to move." Mrs. Gabb—"Yes, she moves every year since she got her new furniture."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

"Move forward a little!" roared the street car conductor. "I can't," gasped the man in front. "I don't know how to ride horseback."—*Harper's Bazar.*

He—"I met your father last night for the first time." She—"How did he strike you?" "Just like the rest of the boys. He wanted $5."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Foreign Guest—"The Indians are rather expensive, I presume." American Citizen—"No, not while we let them live; it's killing 'em that counts."—*Good News.*

Binky—"I say, Clarence, you might make me a present of that money I owe you." Clarence—"I'd like to, but I can't give what I haven't got."—*Men's Outfitter.*

A correspondent, who does not give his full name, sends us a poem headed: "Are You Weary?" We have read it attentively and can truly say we are.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Playson—"You can't kindle much of a fire with poker chips." Ante—"No; but you can create a blaze of excitement with them if you have a full hand."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"John," said the theatrical manager's wife, "what is meant by a wild-cat investment?" "My dear," he said solemnly, "it refers to the employment of a comic opera chorus."—*Washington Post.*

The incidental expense of presentation at court in England is said to be about $500. In this country a man who is presented at court can frequently get off for $3 and costs.—*Boston Herald.*

"The Superfluous Man" is the title of a recently published essay. This is the first time that the man who goes shopping with his wife has figured in serious literature, we believe.—*N. Y. Record.*

Mrs. Bingo—"There! I knew it. Those moths have got at your dress suit and eaten a hole right through your pocket." Mr. Bingo—"They must be female moths."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

De Bull—"De Lamb has just made $10,000 by a sudden turn of the market and is down-town whooping things up lively." De Bear—"Intoxicated with joy, I suppose." De Bull—"No; same old stuff."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

"Do brutes have a language?" asked the president of the Millville Literary Circle at a recent meeting. "Do they?" replied the secretary: "you ought to hear my husband when he loses his collar button."—*N. Y. Record.*

"Are you good at figures?" said the manager of the hotel. "I have systematically trained myself for hotel accounts," said the applicant for a position. "How?" "I never studied anything but addition and multiplication."—*Washington Post.*

In the Zoological Garden a stranger looking down into the bear-pit loses his hold and falls over. Policeman (hurrying up and seeing the bear about to seize him)—"Sir, don't you know that it is forbidden to feed the animals?"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Fancy Farmer—"Well, Patrick, I hear that you had a little encounter with my new Devonshire bull this morning." Patrick—"Yis, yer honor." Fancy Farmer—"Well, which came out ahead?" Patrick—"Shure, yer honor, it was a toss up."—*Boston Courier.*

The following query was recently addressed to a Philadelphia paper: "Will you kindly let me know through your paper how I can make an egg's shell strong?" And the Philadelphia paper did not know enough to tell him to keep the egg till the inside became "strong."

Watts—"How did young Biggars happen to lose his government position?" Potts—"Don't say anything about it, but it was on account of embezzlement. He was in the weather service, you know, and played in about $300 worth of the office wind in a game of poker."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Stout—"That was a very small piece of roast beef you brought me; I ordered an extra large cut." Waiter—"Dat was de large size, san. sir." Mr. Stout—"What's the difference, then?" Waiter—"When a gent'man orders de extra cut, sah, de cook puts it on a big plate an' I charges you 60 cents instead ob 40, sah."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

The following letter shows how a young gentleman made money by publishing a book of poems. The publisher wrote immediately after the book was published: "Dear Sir: Your whole edition has gone off, leaving a balance of £20 in your favor. Check inclosed. P. S.—There was a fire in the warehouse and the contents were insured."—*London Tid-Bits.*

There had been several moments of oppressive silence when Miss Cecilia remarked: "I do envy Miss DeGush." Charlie, who was in the act of lighting a cigarette at the gas-jet, looked at the fair Cecilia in some surprise and asked: "And why do you envy her, Miss Cecilia?" "Because," explained Cecilia, "I understand that she is a member of a Press association." The subdued light of a lowered gas-jet, a murmur of lowered voices and a sigh from Cecilia gave evidence that the winter of discontent had vanished.—*Chicago Times.*

HIS ONLY LOVE.

Why an Old Forest Guide Had Lived the Life of a Bachelor.

I had become strangely interested in the old guide, says Morris Waite in the Detroit *Free Press.* A silent man with stalwart frame, thick, gray hair and firmly-set lips, whose smile intensified, rather than lightened, the pensive sadness of his face. His words were few, and it was his custom when not engaged in active duty about the camp to sit aside and smoke his pipe, while his thoughts seemed to be far away.

I had managed to secure enough of the old man's confidence to obtain a friendly word from him now and then and I determined, if possible, to hear the story which I was sure he could tell.

With this object in view I pleaded surfeit of sport one day and remained at the camp when all the others, save the old guide, had gone out with rods and guns.

I succeeded in striking up a conversation, and with infinite tact and much patience I had induced him to speak of personal matters, and at last I asked him squarely if he had ever loved a woman.

The old man sat with his arms resting on his knees, his pipe in his hand and his eyes gazing far away. He cleared his throat, and in the stillness of the forest he related this brief story:

"I did love a woman once," he said, "an' I waited on her giddy for a long time. I was a free, wild chap them days an', though she loved me as much as I loved her, her folks kep' naggin' at her to give me up. I was rough, they said, an' not fit to marry a girl like her.

"Well, it went on that way, as I say, for a long spell; in fact, till I'd begun to hint thet it was about time we two come to a definite understandin', an' I guess she felt the same. I was seein' her home from a little sociable one night—lovely night; I remember now jest how we walked along in the moonlight till we got pretty nigh to her house, an' then she turned to me kind o' sudden like an' says, says she, 'Jim, I've b'en wantin' to ask you a few questions for a long time.'

"Her voice was kind o' trembly, an' I knowed somethin' was comin'.

"'Well,' I says, 'whatever you may ask you'll get straight, true answers, anyway.'

"'I thank ye for that, Jim,' says she, an' then after a minute she says: 'Jim, you know my folks don't like yer.'

"'Most assuredly they don't,' I says. 'After a little while she says:

"'They say you smoke.'

"'I do,' says I.

"We walked on a few steps, an' then she says:

"'They say you chew tobacco.'

"'They're right,' I says, 'I chew tobacco.'

"'An' they say, Jim,' says she, 'that you drink.'

"'I do,' says I, 'when I feel like it.'

"'They say you swear, too,' says she.

"'Yes,' I says, vigorously, on occasion.'

"'Well,' says she, kind 'o quick, 'I don't know as I'd orter marry a man with all them 'complishments.'

"'Then,' says I, 'you'll have to look further, 'cause I've got 'em, and I turned 'round an' went home an' I never called on her agin, 'though she'd a had me in a minute, I knew she would, an' be'n glad to git me."

The old man's pipe was in his mouth and that pensive, interesting smile was on his face.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"That's all," he replied.

He Went Down to His Office.

"My dear," said Mr. Blough, "I am not going out this morning. I have got a cold and it rains so I think I will stay in the house and finish examining those papers that——"

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Mrs. Blough. "I have wanted to get a chance to run out for a morning's shopping for some time, so I will go to-day, and you will see to things, won't you?"

"I expect the grocer's boy pretty soon. Tell him to bring some cheese and bread, and one-half pound of butter, the usual quantity of tea, three pounds of loaf sugar, and don't forget to say that the last coffee he brought was not the right kind. Then, when the dustman comes round, be sure you watch for him, and tell him he mustn't spill any more ashes on our walks.

"And the dressmaker will be in before noon. Tell her I can't be fitted till I get some new trimming for the bottom of my yellow skirt, and ask her to call on Thursday afternoon. Oh, and don't forget to tell the milkman to leave two pints instead of one. Tell him I'm going to make a pudding tomorrow. And the butcher will have to be paid. Give him $4.60, and tell him the sirloin he left on Friday wasn't tender, so I won't pay him full price for it.

"And the upholsterer is coming to see about doing over that chair in the back parlor, and say to him that I will come round and pick out the color I want in plush. And now I'll run out. You can have a nice quiet day, with nothing to disturb you; and you won't mind going out for lunch, will you, if I don't get back? Good bye—good bye, dear."

And Mrs. Blough went out.

Mr. Blough whistled softly. Then he said to himself:

"Somehow I don't think it will rain much."

And he went down to his office.

Hawaiian Superstition.

It is the custom for the Hawaiians to shave the right side of the head or beard at the death of the king, and many of the kahali bearers around Kalakaua's bier beautified themselves in this fashion. One old chap who crouched in the corner of the room had his beard chopped fancifully, so that the repulsiveness of his countenance was magnified. He was what the natives call a kanla, or prophet, and belonged to the race of kahunas. There were several of these gentry in the room constantly and they managed to make their voices heard in all the wailing. Kalakaua was several sorts of a kahuna himself and wrote on the subject at great length. It seems that shortly after he ascended the throne he was much terrified to learn that the kahunas, or "medicine men," were endeavoring to "pray him to death," whereat he hastened to declare himself the chief priest of all the Kahunas, and after that held monthly meetings in his boat house, which he named the "House of Wisdom." At these meetings, which were held behind curtained windows and amid the greatest secrecy, a species of Eleusinian orgy was carried on. There were present the kahuna maoli or priests, the kahunasanana or sorcerers, the kahuna uhane or ghost doctors and the kahuna pele or doctors of volcanoes.

Electric Lights in Coal-Mines.

A curious test is being made in the coal-mines of Cardiff. It is proposed to light the mines by electricity, but apprehension exists that the gases in the mines may be ignited and an explosion caused should one of the little glass globes about the light be broken. When the globe of an incandescent light is broken the light is at once extinguished—to the eye it seems to expire instaneously—and the point to be determined is whether or not the thing is so quick that gases may be ignited as they rush into the vacuum.

A FARMER FOR REVENUE ONLY.

He Had Never Bestroda a Horse, Touched a Plow, or Milked a Cow.

A comical story is in quiet circulation among the members of the Board of Supervisors anent some of the new appointments made at the Industrial School.

The central figure in the tale is the individual lately installed by the new administration in the position of "farmer" at the institution in question.

To this person, as the story goes, came Superintendent Kincaid, himself a new appointee, a day or two after they had both taken their places.

"Let's see, you are a farmer, are you not?" he inquired.

"That's what," replied the one addressed, taking his feet down from the parlor mantel.

"All right, then. What I wanted to tell was that the field below the house is in good condition for plowing now, and the sooner you tackle it the sooner it will be done. Better hitch up and go at it right away."

A dazed expression came over the "farmer's" face and he seemed for a moment at loss for a reply. At last he said something in the tone of a man recovering from a fainting fit:

"Do you mean I'm to plow that field myself?"

"Why, of course. Aren't you the farmer?"

"Yes, that's all right. All the same I never touched a pair of plow handles in my life, and as for plowing that field—why, I simply can't do it."

"Then you'd better learn very quick. It's your work and it's got to be done."

"Well, I'll not do it. I can't, and I won't."

And he didn't.

It is said to have been the next day, late in the afternoon, when Superintendent Kincaid again encountered his "farmer."

This time the latter official was reading a newspaper from which he looked up with anything but a pleased expression when interrupted.

"You don't seem to be doing anything," remarked the Superintendent. "Better take a horse, ride over to that field yonder, and drive up those cows. You'll have to milk them, too."

The farmer staggered to his feet, fairly gasping:

"I never in my life milked a cow," he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak. "How do you think I can do it now? More than that, I was never on a horse. Yet you ask me to get up on some wild beast's back and go and drive them up. You must think I'm a sort of living miracle."

"Well," said the Superintendent, with some pardonable impatience. "I should like to know how you came to be appointed 'farmer' to the institution. That's all."

"Well, all I can say," he answered, according to the accepted version of the story, "is that I got my appointment probably pretty much as you got yours. Suppose we drop the subject."

The subject is said to have been dropped.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

PLAYED STRIPPERS ON HIM.

A Card Sharper Suffers for Trying an Old Trick on a New York Drummer.

"No, siree," exclaimed my friend "Buck," who is a traveling salesman for a large Broadway importing house; "you don't often catch us drummers asleep. We're wide awake to the tricks of most all trades, I can tell you."

"The last time a sharper tried to down me was at Cleveland, O., a few weeks ago. He tried to work the stripper racket on me. I was seated in my room early one evening, when a little terrier dog ran in through the open door and began sniffling about. Pretty soon a well-dressed young fellow appeared at the door, and, apologizing for the intrusion, asked if I had seen a stray dog anywhere around.

"'Ah, there you are,' said he, espying the canine, 'always running away from me into other people's rooms,' he exclaimed. As might be expected, one word led to another, and very soon we were engaged in a general conversation. The talk drifted to cards, and then the stranger produced a pack. He had just learned a new trick which he would show me.

"'Now take a card and look at it,' said he. I did as directed, selecting the ace of clubs. 'Now put it back,' he said, handing me the pack. He then requested me to shuffle the cards well, which I did. He then took the pack.

"'There is your card,' he said at once, producing the ace of clubs. 'Very good,' said I, 'but I don't think you could do it again.' I then called his attention to a picture in the room, while I hurriedly examined the pack. 'No,' said I, 'I don't think you could do it again; not for $20.'

"'I'll see you,' said he, producing the money. 'All right,' said I, and the bet was made. I then selected a card—the ace of spades. He handed me the pack, requesting me to replace the card and shuffle them as much as I pleased.

"Now, I can handle the pasteboards myself, so while I was shuffling I just fixed the cards on the sharper so that he couldn't tell one card from another. 'There,' said I, handing him the pack, 'where's my card?'

"He took the pack with a smile of confidence and began to run his fingers over the edges. Then he began to look a trifle nervous. 'Come,' said I, 'produce the card or I take your money.'

"Well, sir, after he had fumbled over the pack for a few minutes I just pocketed his $20. 'Now, see here,' I said to him, 'you've been trying to play strippers on me, haven't you?'

"He never said a word for about two minutes. He then rose to leave the room. 'Say,' said he, as he was about to leave, 'you're a New York drummer for another twenty.' 'I'm not making any more bets,' said I. 'I knew it,' he remarked as he left the room.

"Strippers? Why, that's a pack of cards made slightly narrower on one end than the other—an almost imperceptible difference, yet enough to be distinguished by the touch.

"When you select a card the sharper hands you the pack so that you replace it upside down, the broad end among the narrow ones—see? He can then 'snake' it out without any trouble. It's a neat trick and hard to detect unless you have been initiated.

"Of course I knew what he was up to when he handed me the pack. I put the card in as he wanted it, and then, while I was shuffling, I quietly turned it around so that the ends were all alike.

"Did it cost me anything to learn that trick? Well—but I'm not giving myself away. I got $20 out of it back, at any rate."—*N. Y. Herald.*

Her Bent is for Mathematics.

Miss Nellie Whyte, who has just won the mathematical exhibition at Melbourne University, is just eighteen years old. Her teachers declare her to have wonderful genius for mathematics. Nellie Whyte comes of a talented family. Her father, Patrick Whyte, M. A., was for many years head master of a model school. Her eldest sister, Miss Bessie Whyte, took the degree of M. A. last year, and the second sister, Miss Maggie Whyte, passed for her fourth year's medicine in November, never once having had to go up for the supplementary examination since she began her course.

NEARLY BROKE HIS HEART.

The Experiences of a Lonely Fisherman on a Dull Day.

Friday was the luckless day of my own failure and broken heart, says Andrew Lang in *Good Words.* The water was still very heavy and turbid, a frantic wind was lashing the woods, heaps of dead leaves floated down, and several sheaves of corn were drifted on the current. The long boat pool at Yair, however, is sheltered by wooded banks, and it was possible enough to cast, in spite of the wind's fury. We had driven from a place about five miles distant, and we had not driven three hundred yards before I remembered that we had forgotten the landing-net.

But as I expected nothing, it did not seem worth while to go back for this indispensable implement. We reached the waterside, and found that the trout were feeding below the pendant branches of the trees and in the quiet, deep eddies of the long boat pool. One can not see rising trout without casting over them in preference to laboring after salmon so I put up a small rod and diverted myself from the bank. It was to little purpose. Tweed trout are now grown very shy and capricious; even a dry fly failed to do any execution worth mentioning. Conscience compelled me, as I had been sent out by kind hosts to fish for salmon, not to neglect my orders.

The armor—the ponderous gear of the fisher—was put on with the enormous boots, and the gigantic rod was equipped. Then came the beginning of sorrows. We had left the books of salmon flies comfortably reposing at home. We had also forgotten the whisky flask. Everything, in fact, except cigarettes, had been left behind. Unluckily, not quite everything; I had a trout fly-book, and therein lay just one large salmon fly, not a Tweed fly, but a lure that is used on the beautiful but hopeless waters of the distant Ken, in Galloway. It had brown wings, a dark body, and a piece of jungle-cock feather, and it was fastened to a sea-trout casting-line. Now, if I had possessed no salmon flies at all I must either have sent back for some or gone on innocently dallying with trout.

But this one wretched fly lured me to my ruin. I saw that the casting-line had a link which seemed rather twisted. I tried it; but, in the spirit of Don Quixote with his helmet, I did not try it hard. I waded into the easiest-looking part of the pool, just above a huge tree that dropped its boughs to the water, and began casting, more from a sense of duty. I had not cast a dozen times before there was a heavy, slow plunge in the stream, and a glimpse of purple and azure.

"He will not come again," I said, when there was a long, heavy drag at the line, followed by a shrieking of the reel, as in William Black's novels. But he soon came back, while one took in line, and discussed his probable size with the trout-fisher opposite. His size, indeed! Nobody knows what it was, for when he had come up to the point whence he had started he began a policy of short tugs—not "jiggering," as it is called, but plunging with all his weight on the line. I had clean forgotten the slimness of the tackle, and, as he was clearly well hooked, held him perhaps too hard. Only a very raw beginner likes to take hours over landing a fish. Perhaps I held him too tight; at all events, after a furious plunge, back came the line; the casting-line had snapped at the top link.

Presently I had another chance, but it all ended just as disastrously. I had borrowed an old fly from a farmhouse this time. There was a slight pull, such as a trout gives in midstream under water. I raised the point, and again the reel sang aloud and gleefully as the salmon rushed down the stream farther and faster than the first. It is a very pleasant think to hook a salmon when you are all alone, as I was then—alone with yourself and the Goddess of Fishing. The salmon, just like the other, now came back, and instantly began the old tactics of heavy plunging tugs. But I knew the gut was sound this time, and as I fancied he had risen to the sniggler I had no anxiety about the tackle holding. One more plunge, and back came the line as before. He was off. One could have sat down and gnawed the reel. What had gone wrong? Why, the brute had taken the old fly and had snapped the loop that attaches the gut.

Naming a Limit.

While waiting at the depot I noticed a colored man look into the room several times, and he finally beckoned to the African who had just filled the water cooler to come outside. The latter took a coupling pin with him as he left the room, and I strolled out to see what was on the tapis.

"Look-a-heah, Abraham!" said the first, as the two came together. "I has cum down heah prepar'd to hurt yo' mighty hard!

"Better look out for me, sah!" replied the second, as he waved the iron pin.

"Yes. I has come down prepar'd to hurt yo', but Ize gwine to give yo' a chance. Ize gwine ter be a gem'len, I is."

"What sort o' chance?"

"Ize gwine to let yo' pologize fur sayin' I was a no-account nigger."

"I'll nebber do it!"

"Look out, Abraham!"

"Doan' you jump on me!"

The man with the coupling pin was the smaller of the two, and but for being armed with that weapon would have been assaulted at once. The bigger man didn't quite like the looks of things, but he felt bound to retire honorably, and after walking around and finding the other constantly on guard, he said:

"I reckon yo' was mighty busy today?"

"Tolerable busy."

"Hain't got much time to study up?"

"No, not much."

"An' if you was broke all to pieces yo' fam'ly would feel powerful bad?"

"Who's gwine to broke me?"

"I is de puason dat could do it, sah, but owin' to my feelins for dis railroad an' yo' family, coupled wid de fact dat yo' is powerful lean jess now, Ize gwine to contain myself to some odder occashun. Look me in de eye, boy! Now, yo' listen; yo' either 'pologize to me widin de next fo' y'ars, or I'll gin yo' de moas' powerful batterashun any nigger ever heard tell of in de State of Sout Carolina! Fo' y'ars, sah—not anodder day beyan' fo' y'ars, and doan' you disreckolect it!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

Bank of England Notes.

Every one may not know that the Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. They are made at Laverstroke, on the River Whit, in Hampshire, by a family named Portal, descending from a French Huguenot refugee, and have been made by the same family for more than 150 years. They are printed within the building, there being an elaborate arrangement for making them so that each note of the same denomination shall differ in some particular from the other.

FOR MY LADY'S FACE.

Gratuitous Tips as to How She May Best Obtain a Most Enviable Complexion.

The subject of complexions is of perennial interest to the feminine heart, though most advice about complexions is very theoretical and seems chiefly based on the notion that the more disagreeable a thing is the better it is. A well-known society girl once lived a year on graham mush and practically nothing else (except when she went to dinner parties). She had a poor complexion when she began, and she had a poor one when she quit. Of course, however, that did not break her faith in mush, and because she was so careful of her skin she still went on refusing to dust her face with the little touch of powder that would have relieved its greasiness. It is always women with skins like sacking that are the most particular about preserving them from powder. Make-up is much worse than injurious; it is vulgar; it is low form. But here, as in a good many cases, the sin is in being found out. If a woman can help herself artificially so that you can't see that she is made up, why, you should be grateful for her good looks, that is all.

There is only one way to put on powder and that is to put on cold cream first, wipe that off with a dry cloth, and then put on the powder. It will do all powder can be safely expected to do—it will give a soft, youthful bloom to the skin and shade defects. The most touchingly native thing in the world is the way numbers of women paint themselves with liquids that turn a delicate violet tint and then come forth into the light of day with a full confidence that people will believe that God made them that color. Violet is fashionable, but not on the nose. Two sovereign laws can be laid down about make-up; it should be deceptive (and that means that there must be but little of it), and it must be washed off at night. Theoretically, of course, it is very bad to clog up the pores of the skin with anything, out, as a matter of fact, scores of women who make up keep their skins nice much longer than farmers' wives. Look at actresses! There is not another class in the world that can furnish such a number of young-looking women between 40 and 50 as Patti, Bernhardt, Lotta, Kate Claxton, Ellen Terry, and Sara Jewett.

How do they do it? It is not stage make-up that has kept all these women good-looking? No, indeed. They neutralize the make-up, and, the late hours, and the bad air of the stage chiefly by one thing—that is, keeping clean. Undoubtedly they owe a great deal, too, to the introduction of French cosmetiques as well as to Turkish baths. If you want to be safe on cosmetiques either get things from somebody who makes them or one whom you can personally trust. There may be some tricking and wire-pulling about them sometimes, but they still offer a thousand times better chance of purity and wholesomeness than things made in this too-too utterly free country. There has been a great awakening on the whole subject of physical culture, and the effect is apparent. Girls no longer lose their complexions before they pass out of their teens. Despite the disadvantages of our climate there are a number of women in Chicago of mature years who would compare well in point of freshness with Englishwomen of the same age.

The things necessary to cleanliness are, first, heat sufficient to induce perspiration, hot water, soap, and plenty of rubbing with a brush.

The face itself is generally greatly helped by a very gentle brushing, using at the same time some of the French or American soaps attested to by the Academy of Medicine.

There are some very strong and trying soaps popular now, which it needs the epidermis of a cool-beaver to use with impunity. It is marvelous how people believe advertisements. Don't trust them when it comes to the soap you use on your face—and don't let your face go without soap, either. It ought to be washed with it at least several times a week. There are skins so thin—not necessarily good—that they can not stand bruising; but don't presume that yours is one of that kind till you know it. The chances are that it will help it 50 per cent. All those ugly roughnesses you sometimes see on girls' arms and shoulders, when they are indiscreet enough to show them under such circumstances, will almost invariably disappear by brushing. The amount and force of it should be regulated by each person according to their own experience.

The fashionable woman appreciates more and more the value of massage in renewing and resting their youth. A woman in the full swim taxes herself very severely. Such women are always massaged after coming home from any festivity. Mrs. Private Circus Waterbury is massaged regularly every morning at 9 o'clock, and her attendant is a Swedish woman who is very popular. She was once a general maid of all work at $3.50 a week. She has succeeded chiefly through a genial manner and command of unlimited flattery. Mrs. Waterbury is not sick, but she finds massage a great help in keeping up her physical condition.

One thing in the massaging way you can do for yourself and it is extremely valuable. You can massage your face. Some knowledge of the usual massage movement is a help. The point is to very gently move all the flesh on the bones, and to gently knead every particle of it. When you are through you feel as if you had a new face, and the effort in keeping the lines and fallings in from becoming settled and fixed is great. You should rub your face outward from the nose and upward from the chin in washing, in oiling, in touching it all, because the tendency of the flesh is to fall in and downward. Two minutes a day will suffice.

As for all the lotions and appliances and dieting that the beauty books talk of, they give them a prominence disproportionate to their importance.

Finally, the favorite fad of the hour among luxurious Chicago women is to have themselves rubbed all over several times a week, after the bath, with cocoa oil. It is undoubtedly good for the nerves, nice for the skin, and nourishing as well.—*Chicago Times.*

Russian Ill-Treatment of Jews.

In the capital of a Russian province the wife of the governor met a poor Jew in the Jewish quarter in a very narrow street and in endeavoring to make way he happened to knock against her and almost upset her. He was arrested and brought to the governor, who sent him to the police station, where he was sentenced to twenty-five lashes with the knout, and received them. Next day his lawyer, a Jew, called on the governor and