What Drove Him to Enlist.

An American artist with whose name all lovers of good pictures are familiar was narrating some of his war experiences at his club a few evenings ago. He served during the last three years of the war and fairly won the distinction of being a brave soldier. "I am not disposed to boast of the motive that prompted me to enlist," said he to a group of deeply interested friends, "but I will tell you what it was. Soon after the war broke out I was induced by a persistent and smooth tongued book agent to subscribe for an expensive illustrated publication. It was to be delivered in parts, one part each month, and a payment of two dollars was to be made at each delivery. Well, after awhile I got tired of the thing and found the payments irksome. But I could not shake off the book agent. He became a nightmare to me, and finally to escape him I enlisted. Of course I had some inclination to go to the front anyhow, but the book agent was the direct cause of my enlisting.

"An exciting three years of service followed, but the end came and I was mustered out with thousands of others. I turned my face to the west, thinking that the best place to get a start in business. I went to Chicago, and, having engaged rooms in a lodging house, started out on prospecting tour. The first man to recognize me in that town was that irrepressible book agent. He cheerfully informed me that he had saved all of the 'parts' of the illustrated work for me and he would bring them to my lodgings the next day. But he did not, for I gave him a bogus address and left for New York that same night."—New York Times.

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Information.

The minutes had lengthened into hours, as often happens.

He felt that his fate trembled in the balance, yet he seemed powerless to help himself.

He feinted for an opening.

"When I look at that lovely hand"——

His voice trembled. He was desperate.

——"I wonder. Can you guess"——

She averted her face in confusion.

——"what I wonder?"

His indecision had fled. He was pleading with all the eloquence of youthful love.

"Can you guess what I wonder?" he persisted.

"Must I answer?" she faltered.

"Yes."

She turned to him frankly.

"Five and three-eighths, Mr. Snipperly, and three buttons."—Detroit Tribune.

Mean, Hateful Thing!

"Fred is in an awful fix. He proposed to me last night, you know, and"——

"And you accepted him?"—Life.

Meeting His Match.

"Ah! How d' y' do? Just come up to the city, I suppose?" asked the bunko steerer as he cordially extended his hand to the simple looking old farmer who was stumbling along with the crowd coming off the ferryboat at the foot of Liberty street.

"Waal, waal! Is this you? I'm mighty glad ter see yer!" replied the farmer, with evident recognition.

"Glad to see you," said the bunko man, a little puzzled. "How are all the folks?"

"First class."

"Crops been good?"

"Middlin tolerable."

"Here on business, I suppose?"

"Yaas. I wanter collect some money frum a man I've been shippin taters to fer a spell back."

"Then, of course, you want to get business off your mind first. So we'll go and collect your money, and then I want you to come and have a nice little lunch with me, Mr.—er—Warner," hazarded the bunko man.

"My name ain't Warner!" exclaimed the farmer in astonishment.

"What! Aren't you my old friend Deacon Warner of Redclay Center?"

"No, I bean't!"

"I am surprised! I recognized your face and your voice, and I don't see how I could be so mistaken."

"Waal, it do beat all that you don't remember me, Mr. Flasher. Don't you recollect ole Si Humsted, who boarded you and yer wife and children out at Skeetertown last summer and took you all in and treated you like one of the family? Why, my wife was speakin about you only last night, and sayin what nice, pleasant people you was, and how she hoped you'd cum out and stay with us this year, and"——

But the bunko man had fled. He suddenly remembered that the honest old farmer could give him points in his own business. —Puck.

A Case of Total Depravity.

"Mister," said the man whose clothes were spectacularly bad, "kin you give me a dime?"

"No. It's against my principles to give money to mendicants. But I will give you a meal ticket."

"All right, boss. Many thanks to yer."

He contemplated the piece of pasteboard closely and then remarked:

"Keep a supply of these, don't yer?"

"Yes."

"Cost 10 cents apiece?"

"That's what I pay."

"Purty heavy expense. Look here, mister, I'll tell yer what I'll do."

"I don't know that I care very much."

"But this is business, this is. I'll give yer this ticket fur a nickel, an yer kin have all the comfort uv bein charitable to the next man at half price. An what's more, I'll hev a job lot on hand right here fur yer tomorry evening at the same figures. Is it a go?"

And as his victim turned to look for a policeman he remarked in disgust: "It's no use. They ain't no sech thing ez financial ability outside uv Wall street, after all."—Washington Star.

Turning the Tables.

Aunt Ella—Here, Mabel, is an apple for Willie and you. Be sure you divide it generously with him.

Mabel—How do you mean generously, auntie?

Aunt Ella—Why, give him the largest half.

Mabel—I think I will let Willie divide it generously, auntie.—Brooklyn Life.

PIGTAILED KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD.

Extraordinary Daring of Chinese Brigands Who Attacked the Imperial Escort.

Brigandage prevails in China to a greater extent than in any country in the world and is by no means confined to the more sparsely populated regions, but is practiced in the vicinity of the largest cities, writes a Shanghai correspondent of the New York Herald. Traveling in the neighborhood of Peking itself has in late years grown quite dangerous from this cause—that is, for natives, for curiously enough the armed gangs of bandits whom I have myself met in the wilds of Mongolia, near the Amoor, without suffering any molestation, seldom attack the European wayfarer.

The daring of these pigtailed knights of the road, even at this late date, would put their confreres of Albania or Sicily to the

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

blush, and no exploit of any European bandit can hope to vie with the following audacious coup by a gang of desperadoes who have long infested the low range of hills lying to the west of Peking:

Recently the emperor and his court, attended by a retinue numbering many thousands of men and women, courtiers and soldiers, were returning from the palace by the large lake in the park of Yuen Ming Yuen, distant only eight miles from the walls of the capital, to the winter palace inside the Forbidden City, when in the night the tail end of this vast imperial procession was suddenly cut off by a well organized gang of bandits.

The main part of the procession passed on in blissful ignorance of the exciting episodes behind. Little or no resistance was made, the eunuchs and ordinary attendants being either too terrified by the bloodthirsty appearance of the brigands, or, what is quite as likely, were too good friends with them to fight, and a number of carts and litters containing the paraphernalia of the court, furs, vessels, ornaments, embroideries, etc., as well as over 4,000 ounces of silver in specie, were carried off by the robbers, who also captured several eunuchs, one or two of whom are said to be favorites of the emperor. Booty and prisoners were safely conveyed to the retreats of the daring marauders in the neighboring hills.

It was only next morning that the news of this outrage reached the city, when immediately great preparations for capturing the brigands were set on foot, some 1,500 soldiers being dispatched to hunt them down. Great efforts were made to keep the affair from the ears of the emperor as well as from the foreign residents of Peking, and it is very unlikely that the former will ever hear of it. The robbers, however, are likely to be shown that they have gone too far this time, and they are certain to be exterminated, so great is the commotion their extraordinarily daring exploit has caused.

SHE DRANK DEVIL'S BLOOD.

But That and Other Love Potions Failed to Restore Miss Besam's Lover.

She drank the devil's blood. But Sarah Besam's fickle lover never came back to her. So she had Solomon and Lena Bernstein, who had been selling her love potions, arrested. When they were arraigned in a New York police court, she told this story to Justice Koch:

"I was formerly engaged to my cousin David, a jewelry peddler. About seven months ago he started to keep company with another girl, and I worried myself about it considerably. I had a card given to me which gave the address of the Bernsteins and stated that they were fortune tellers. Thinking that they could tell me how to regain my David's love, I went to see them. As soon as I stated the object of my visit I had my fortune told, which cost me 50 cents.

"Then Mrs. Bernstein told me I must see her husband about my sweetheart. I was taken into a private room, and there Bernstein said, 'You must give me a dollar and one cent.'

"I did so, and he wrapped it up in wadding and placed it between the mattresses of the bed. I asked him what he did that for, and he replied that it was a peace offering to the devil; if it was taken away during the night, whatever I wished for would be granted. Then he charged me an additional dollar for his fee, and I left the house.

"Next day I called again and was told that the devil had taken the money away, but had left orders that I was to buy a bottle of his blood, or I could not get what I wanted. I was so eager to regain my sweetheart's love that I bought a bottle of the red fluid which Bernstein guaranteed to be genuine devil's blood, and for which he charged me $6.65.

"There were no instructions on the bottle, but Bernstein told me to meet David that night, get a silver spoon and give my sweetheart one spoonful and drink the rest myself. If I did this, he said, David would love me more than ever he had done.

"I carried out his instructions to the letter, although Davy did not seem to like the blood, nor did he love me any more. So I again visited Bernstein, and he gave me a bottle of black fluid. He told me to get up at 2:30 a. m., go into the back yard in stockinged feet and splash myself with the fluid when the moon would shine on me, and all my requests would surely be granted.

"I did as directed, but it was a cloudy night, and although I staid out for three parts of an hour and used the whole bottle of stuff the moon would not shine.

"Then I called on Bernstein again, and he sold me $10 worth of roots to make tea, which I and my lover were to partake of so that I would regain his love, but the tea failed to do its work. Altogether I spent $80 with Bernstein on roots, potions and love mixtures, but they were all unsuccessful."

Skirt Dancing In the Paris Bourse.

The skirt dancing craze has now seized hold of the Paris bourse, and the other day two young stockbrokers appeared en costume de ballet and gave free vent to sentiment and agility by their clever imitation of Italian and English skirt dancers, the dancing of Loie Fuller not being overlooked. Then the hat was sent round, and the proceeds of the impromptu affair, which reached a round sum, were given to the Children's hospital.

Objections to Endeavorers.

The members of the large and powerful organization which held a big convention in this city last July and has just been holding another in Montreal ought not to call themselves "Endeavorers." It is not a good or a euphonious derivative. If the principal noun in the name of their society were "effort" or "exertion," would they feel justified in terming themselves "efforters" or "exertioners?" The circumstance that the word referred to is convenient is not a good reason for employing it. It would be still worse, though, if as a substitute for it they should invent such an abomination as "Endeavorists."—New York Tribune.

Griggs—Did you ever realize anything in the German lotteries? Briggs—Yes; I tried five times, and realized that I was an idiot.

When a young man goes with a girl a long time a marriage should come off, or he should come off.