Limitations.

Once upon a time the Fates endowed a certain people with a sense of humor.

Eventually the people became aware of this, and their mortification thereupon was very great.

"For how," exclaimed they, "are we ever to become a world power now?"

Of course, patriotism might still be taught in the schools.—Detroit Journal.

A $10,000 Harness Set.

The young Egyptian khedive is said to possess the most costly set of harness in the world. It is made of black leather, with chased gold buckles and collars ornamented with the same costly metal. The pad cloths are also embroidered with gold, and the set is said to have cost $10,000. It is for four horses and is used on all state occasions.

Paying

"Did that mining stock you bought turn out to be a paying investment?"

"Yes," answered the mild-eyed man, after an ineffectual effort to cheer up. "It has kept me paying assessments ever since I first got hold of it."—Washington Star.

Not Always.

The Philosopher—The empty barrel gives the loudest sound.

The Politician—There's where you are wrong. During a political campaign a bar'l filled with boodle talks the loudest.

Slow.

Policeman—What are you trying to put that letter in there for? That ain't a letter box; it's a fire alarm box.

Mr. Wayback—I know all that, but that house over there is on fire, and I'm going to notify the fire department.

Jarred.

Professor Beeswax—According to this cookbook, you didn't make the omelet correctly.

Bridget—An' do th' book say anything about your not having paid me wages for three months?

The Way to Please Him.

"They say the way to please a man is to talk about himself."

"No; the way to please him is to let him talk to you about himself."—London Tid-Bits.

Fable.

Now the Horse, being sensitive to ridicule, paused as they were about to enter the gates of the city.

"You look so like 30 cents!" protested the Horse, regarding painedly the woman driving.

"Well, money's supposed to make the mare go!" retorted the woman, with a loud laugh.

Saying which she belabored the beast vehemently.

This fable teaches that the gift of speech is not of necessity fortunate. —Detroit Journal.

Cherry Batter Pudding.

Stone three cupfuls of ripe cherries. Beat two eggs light, stir into them a tablespoonful of melted butter and a pint of milk, then four cupfuls of prepared flour. Last of all stir in the cherries, well edged with flour. Turn into a greased mold and steam for three hours. Serve with a hard sauce.—Detroit Free Press.

It Would Seem So.

Rubberton—May I inquire what your business is, stranger?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Rubberton—Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger, but you're not the only man that's failed at it.

NOTED ITALIAN LEADER.

Remarkable Career of Signor Francesco Crispi Is Ended.

A famous statesman and leader in government affairs in Italy who was associated with Garibaldi and had much to do in the establishment and molding of the Italian nation passed away in the death of Signor Francesco Crispi at Naples. From early manhood to the time of his death Crispi was concerned in the conspiracies and agitations which have resulted in such great changes in political affairs in his country and it was largely due to his efforts that many beneficial reforms were carried into effect.

Crispi was born in the province of Girgenti, Sicily, Oct. 4, 1819, and obtained a sound education, finishing by studying law. In 1848 he become prominent because of the active part he took in the revolutionary movement at Palermo, he advocating with great energy the total separation of Sicily from the kingdom of Naples. The revolution failed and Crispi was forced to flee to Paris. From here, also, he was obliged to depart, the French authorities becoming alarmed because of his conspiracies. Going to London, he thought out the plot that eventually resulted in the liberation of Italy.

With the famous expedition to Sicily in 1859, headed by Garibaldi, he went as a volunteer, although many had pinned their faith upon Crispi as leader in this enterprise. With the success of the movement he was elected a deputy for Palermo in the first parliament of united Italy in 1861. He at once

SIGNOR FRANCESCO CRISPI.

became a leader in government affairs. In 1876 he became president of the Chamber of Deputies and minister of the interior and two years later, when Victor Immanuel died, no man enjoyed a more commanding influence in Italy than he. Now, his political opponents began to persecute him, with the result that in 1880 he lost royal favor. At once Crispi resigned his political offices and announced that he had forever retired from government affairs. Influence was brought to bear upon him, however, and he was persuaded to reconsider his determination and return to power. In 1887 he was chosen to the highest office he could attain, president of the council and minister of foreign affairs. His desire to better the condition of Italy and to make it great was then generally recognized and when, in 1889, an unsuccessful attempt on his life was made, all classes united in congratulating him on his escape.

In 1891, with bankruptcy staring the country in the face, Crispi's ministry was defeated and he retired. After the lapse of a short time the King called Crispi to the rescue, but hardly a year passed before he was again compelled to resign. Within a few weeks Crispi was again called upon to assume office and he served faithfully until his resignation in 1896, at the time of the excitement incident to the losses his administration had suffered at the hands of King Menelik II.

Since then Crispi had lived a comparatively quiet life, but still exercised a potent influence in national affairs. His whole career did him great credit and it can be truthfully said he was an honest man and one of the greatest statesmen and leaders Italy has even known.

A Disadvantage.

As a rule, tall men have bodies out of proportion to their lower limbs—that is, smaller than they ought to be—with the natural result that they are unable to bear fatigue, or to compete in the struggles of life with lesser men harmoniously proportioned. Army experience bears out these observations. In a long and fatiguing march the tall men usually fall out first, or succumb to campaigning, unless, as is very rarely the case, they have well-knit and symmetrical frames. A soldier between five feet five inches and five feet eight inches or nine inches is usually the man most capable of bearing the strain of life.

What the French Want.

Frenchmen do not want to rule—they want to live. The pursuit of life, of laughter, of charming sensations, of individual development of character—it may all be more important, more vital to human existence than the preoccupation to rule one's self and others, to make laws and to fight.—From Steevens' "Glimpses of Three Nations."

Not that Kind.

Dasherly—That Callow must be a model young man.

Flasherly—What makes you think so?

Dasherly—He's always telling people what a devil he is.—Kansas City Independent.

His One Chance.

An Atchison man who is very fond of rhubarb pie never got any to eat until this summer, when it was found that the new cook was fond of it. She cooks it for herself and the man gets a slice.—Atchison Globe.

COSTLY MINCE PIES.

Ruined a Boy's Damage Suit Against a Railway Company.

Johnny Foehl ate five mince pies at one sitting, and this little feast cost him exactly $5,000. His suit against the Camden & Suburban Railway Company for that amount for injuries sustained in being pushed from a car was progressing favorable to him yesterday in the Camden Court. Half a dozen doctors had sworn that he was an invalid as the result of the accident, when Willie Brower, one of Johnny's witnesses, in his rambling testimony told of Johnny's love for pies.

Counsel for the trolley company saw a glimmer of hope in this.

"Could he eat a whole pie?" was asked of Willie.

"Why, yes; he ate five within a few minutes last week," the boy replied.

The three lawyers who represented Johnny were on their feet in an instant demanding of the court to know what mince pie had to do with Johnny Foehl being injured by a trolley car. They wanted this portion of the testimony stricken out.

"Well," declared counsel for the trolley company, "any boy who can eat five mince pies at one sitting is not very much of an invalid."

The court admitted the mince pie testimony. Having got into the case, the pies remained to a finish.

Counsel for the plaintiff wanted to bring witnesses to prove the pies were small five-cent ones. They were willing to send for a pie to show the jury. The railway company's lawyers conceded that the pies were small, but contended that even so no invalid could eat five of them.

When all the testimony was in the court, relieving the jury, declared that Johnny Foehl had not made out a case. The mince pie testimony had been fatal to it.—Philadelphia North American.

Careful Cooks.

He—Our cook is so careful about thieves. She always locks the doors, even in the daytime.

She—That's nothing. Our cook always keeps a policeman in the kitchen.—Tid-Bits.

Ruined by House Cleaning.

Missionary—Was it liquor that brought you to this?

Imprisoned Burglar—No, sir; it was house-cleanin'—springe house-cleanin', sir.

Missionary—Eh!—house-cleaning?

Burglar—Yessir. The woman had been house-cleanin', an' the stair carpet was up, an' the folks heard me. —Tit-Bits.

Could Protect His Rights.

Uncle Hiram—I tell you what, that young Jorkins that's sparkin' our Mandy knows how to look out for number one.

Aunt Malaprop—Yes, he's no eyesore runnin' aroun' selling his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The Suffering Congregation.

Deacon—Parson, do you think it wrong for a preacher to steal his sermons?

Parson—Certainly I do.

Deacon—I think you are too particular, parson, too particular.

His Preference.

Oldham—Are you going to the lecture tonight on "The Girl of Today?"

Younger—Guess not. The girl of tonight is more attractive.

Her Fate.

Mind Reader—You're in love with a man. He has light hair.

Bridget—No. He has dark hair.

Mind Reader—Then he must have bleached it.

What Ailed Her.

The Rev. Dr. Thirdly—What's this? Weeping? I have come just in time. My dear young lady, you are undergoing a change of heart.

Young Lady—No — boo-hoo — my heart hasn't changed, but, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! His has!

A Paradoxical Talisman.

Judge—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

Wouldbeigh Juror—No, sir; haven't mentioned it to my wife.—Smart Set.

Out of Practice.

Boss (to workman)—Do you call that a good job? Have you ever served an apprenticeship?

Workman—Yes, twenty years ago.

Boss—What have you been doing since?

Workman—I've been out on a strike most of the time.

Never Too Late to Mend.

Naggs—Dear me, Jaggs, I'm sorry to see you in this condition. I understood you had quit drinking.

Jaggs—Yesh (hic), sho I'ave, ol' chap. Jush (hic) lef' off drinkin' 'bout (hic) minute ago, shee?

Limitations.

Teacher—Bobby, you must go and wash your face.

Bobby returns with mouth and nose fairly clean. His forehead is wet and dirty.

Teacher—Bobby, why——

Bobby—I did wipe it as high as my shirt would reach!

Music in Punkville.

"Did yer hear my daughter render that solo last night?"

"Yes."

"What did yer think?"

"Thought she'd do a sight better renderin' lard."

"What have you here?" asked the fresh young man of the waiter at a first-class restaurant. "Everything, sir." "Everything?" sneeringly; "have it served at once." "Hash for one!" yelled the waiter.—Detroit Free Press.

Well Named.

Harry—Say, she is your stepmother, ain't she?

Alice—I guess so. Anyway, she steps out and leaves me to work.

Thought He Was One of Them.

Manning—A year or two ago I advised Pitcher to write a book on the famous men he had met.

Boyd—And did he do it?

Manning—He wrote an autobiography.—Boston Transcript.

Nearly So.

"When a weak-natured man tries to brace up an' be firm," said Uncle Eben, "he usually doesn' 'complish nuffin' 'ceptin' to git low down obstinate."

His Prophecy.

She—Is that ice thick enough to support me?

Owner of the Pond—I don't know. I expect it to support me all next summer.