Multiplied.

Towne—See that man? Well, sir, he landed in this country with his bare feet and now he's got millions.

Browne—Gee whiz! He's worse off than a centipede, isn't he?

Clear the Track.

"John Bull is trying to down our locomotives."

"They'll run him down fast enough if he gets in the way."

Destructiveness.

Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist.

Subject—Neither. I'm a furniture mover.

Will Be Well Done.

Cuticus—What are you farmers preparing to do this year?

Haycede (absent-mindedly)—Summer boarders, as usual.

A Suburbanite.

Mr. Isolate (of Lonelyville, on evening train, embarrassed)—You may notice that nearly every suburbanite is bringing out either a new cook or waitress with him?

Mr. Brooklyn Borough (his guest, critically)—You might call this a "Cook's personally conducted excursion."

Heredity.

Irate Parent—I begin to see that I've got a fool for a son!

Philosophical Offspring—Ah, my dear dad, what a wonderful thing is heredity.

Drawing Card.

"My dear," said Rev. Dr. Gallory, "have you had the advertisement of my Sunday services inserted as usual."

"I've done better than that," replied his clever wife. "I've sent word to the society editors that Mr. and Mrs. J. Blugore De Vorse will very probably be present."

Encore.

"What do you think of that whisky?" asked the host.

"Well," said the guest, smacking his lips as he sat down his glass, "it reminds me of a good story."

"Let's have it."

"Oh, you misunderstand me. I merley wish to imply that it's worth repeating."

Doesn't Boast of It Now.

Nell—She used to boast that she was one of the charter members of the Woman's Suffrage Club. She doesn't appear to be so proud of it now.

Belle—Oh! she's just as proud, but you know, the club was organized 15 years ago, and she must have been at least 20 when she joined.

Frog Showers.

"A Cornell professor says that frog spawn can be carried up in the atmosphere and hatched out in the clouds."

"By gum, you bet I'll carry an umbrella the next time I go out."

Handicapped by Science.

"I understand that he has long been a student of political economy," said the visitor.

"He has," said Senator Glucose, and his economy in politics has kept him out of office. He thinks he can be elected without spending a cent."

Our Nation's Wealth.

Gold and silver are poured abundantly into the lap of the nation, but our material wealth and strength is rather in iron, the most useful of all metals, just as the wealth of a human being lies in a useful stomach. If you have overworked yours until it is disabled, try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will relieve the clogged bowels, improve the appetite and cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney disease.

The Shirt Waist.

The women claim their feelings hurt;
They're kicking up a fuss,
Because we men adopt the shirt
That first they stole from us.

Easier Job.

Mrs Cobwigger—Poor thing, she tried to reform her husband and failed.

Mrs. Dorcas—What is she triyng to do now?

Mrs. Cobwiggre — To reform the world.

Give Up.

A—Do you know of anything to do for seasickness?

B—Give up.

"That's just what I did when I was seasick."

Water Drinkers.

Lady—Bridget, did you give the gold fish fresh water today?

Bridget—Holy St. Patrick! Have the cratures drank up the whole bowl of wather Oi gave thim yesterday?

Each in Its Place.

Willie—Pa, is there any difference between a violin and a fiddle?

Pa—Yes, my son; If you hear it at a concert or an opera it's a violin, but when your next door neighbor plays it it's a fiddle.

Her Handwriting.

Brown—Hullo; what's the matter?

Green—O, I'm in an awful fix. I proposed to Miss Gray and have just got her answer.

Brown—And she's refused you?

Green—I don't know. I can't read her writing.

Not Hungry, But—.

Young Bride—Why, Charlie, you do not seem to be eating anything this morning. And I got up early to make these biscuits for you.

Charles—No, dear; I don't feel at all hungry this morning, to tell the truth. Your biscuits are very nice indeed. By the way, I wonder if there are any of those dog biscuit left that I bought for Nero Friday.

Danger Signs.

Dusty Dan—I hopes I won't run aginst ennybuddy in dis town wot'll make me take a bath.

Layaround Lucas—Let's go t'roo dis alley, den; look at dem guys sprinklin' wid hose down de street.

A Shrewd Fellow.

Swiggers—That man Killtime is a shrewd fellow.

Swaggers—Why?

Swiggers—He gave a lawn mowing party yesterday and had the guests cut the grass.

The Reason.

He—It's strange you members of the Vassar alumni don't hold class reunions.

She—Not at all. You may as well ask a woman her age as to ask her what year she graduated.

THE "BUSINESS DOCTOR."

Employed by the Large Department Stores in New York.

A unique calling has developed itself in this city. It may be called that of the business doctor. The business doctor is a man who goes to business houses and is allowed to examine thoroughly the whole working of the "machine." He finds out, for example, how the letters are opened and distributed, how orders are executed, how many people are employed, what is the exact nature of the work they do, what are the wages they are receiving, and so on. In the case of a large concern he may need a week to get a full possession of the facts, and he charges at least $60 a day for his work. When he has completed his investigations he draws up a report, and adds to it a number of practical suggestions. His object is to prevent waste, and especially to check the constant tendency in working expenses to rise year by year without any compensating advantages. One of the largest department stores in the city employed the services of a "doctor" recently. He found that the partners came down about 10 and opened the letters together. As their correspondence was enormous, the opening of the letters necessitated a waste of much valuable time. He therefore advised that a woman who was to be paid a salary of $1,000 a year should be engaged to open the letters before the partners arrived, and sort them, allotting each partner his own letters, so that when he came down to business he might deal with them immediately. This recommendation was adopted, and has been found to save a great deal of precious time, as was intended. He also advised the rearrangement of the duties of the assistants. Some were receiving too much, others to little.—New York Evening Post.

Pony and Rattlesnake.

A California farmer, who has three small children, owns a pony which is their constant companion. They have ridden him, rolled over him, fed him, and have come to consider him as one of the family. When the children went on an expedition and did not want to ride, the pony went along as if he had been a pet dog. A San Francisco newspaper tells the following story of the pony's presence of mind:

One day the three children went on a nutting expedition, and while they gathered the nuts, the pony grazed near by. Suddenly, almost beneath the feet of the nut gatherers, there was an ominous whir, and they saw with horror a huge rattlesnake coiled ready to strike.

The children huddled together, too much frightened to move, but as the deadly head went back, there was a quick trample of hoofs, a rush through the bushes, and the pony appeared.

With his four little sharp hoofs brought together he shot up into the air, landed squarely on the snake's coil, and was off again before the wicked head could strike.

The interruption had released the frightened children from the charm, and they ran a short distance away, and stopped to witness the contest. The rattler was wounded, but full of fight, and coiled again, and again the pony landed on him and got away safely. This time the snake's body was nearly severed in two places, and the snake was conquered. The pony walked round it, and, apparently satisfied, gave a cheerful whinny and returned to his grazing.

Had Fun with the Parson.

A clerical friend of mine told me a capital story of a Yale man who was the stroke oar of his crew and the chief athlete on the football field.

He entered the ministry and spent years in missionary labor in the Far West. Walking one day through a frontier town, a cowboy stepped up to him and said:

"Parson, you don't have enough fun. Take a drink!"

The minister declined.

"Well," he said, "parson, you must have some fun. Here's a faro layout. Take a hand in the game."

The minister declined.

"Parson," said the cowboy, "you'll die if you don't have some fun."

And he knocked the parson's hat off his head and hit him a whack on the ear.

The old athletic spirit rose; the science which had been learned in the college gymnasium and forgotten for a quarter of a century was aroused, a blow landed on the jaw of that cowboy that sent him sprawling in the street.

The parson walked over him as if he had been a door rug, picked him up and dusted the side of the house with him and then mopped up the sidewalk with his form.

As the ambulance was carrying the cowboy off he raised his head feebly and said:

"Parson, what did you fool me for? You are chock full of fun."—New York Times.

A Dream Dispelled.

The woman was standing in the doorway, shading her eyes with her hand. She called across the garden:

"You, Innocence Williams. Come in, honey, outen that hot sun. You'll burn yer little cheeks as brown ez a berry. Come in, Innocence!"

One would have expected to see a fairy-like creature rise, as from the heart of a flower, and drift dreamily over the violet beds. But instead, a gaunt, tall figure, with face browned and bonneted, shambled toward the house, dragging a dead rattlesnake by its rattles.

It was Innocence Williams. "Thar, mammy!" she explained, tossing the snake over the palings. "That makes ten I've kilt sence the fust o' June!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Bright Side.

"It is said that lobsters will be extinct in 25 years," remarked Hiland.

"Oh, well," replied Malket, who is very fond of lobster, "let us not worry about it. Let us look on the bright side. We may all die before that time."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Half Named John.

There are 14,000,000 Smiths in the world, according to a statistician. About half of them are of the feminine persuasion, and most of the other half are named John.

Waiting for His Man.

A preacher riding down a ravine came upon an old mountaineer hiding in the bushes with his rifle.

"What are you doing there, my friend?"

"Ride on, stranger," was the easy answer. "I'm a-waitin' for Bill Johnson, and, with the help of the Lawd, I'm goin' to blow his damn head off."

A Sarcastic Lawyer.

The late Henry W. Payne, of the Massachusetts bar, was once defending a charity case, in which a boy of 15 was charged with arson. He made a strong case to prove the defendant an idiot. After a charge from the judge, which was practically an order for acquittal, the jury brought in a verdict of guilty. The judge asked Payne if he would move for a new trial. "I thank you for your suggestion," was the answer, "but I am oppressed with the gravest doubts whether I have the right to move for a new trial. Your honor, I have already asked for and received for my idiot client the most precious heritage of our English and American common law—a trial by a jury of his peers."

Payne had an old quarrel with the Supreme Court, and never lost an opportunity of showing his contempt for that body. Once, riding from Boston to Cambridge with a load of law books, he was accosted by a young Harvard man with the remark: "You have quite a load, Mr. Payne. Law books, I suppose?" "Oh, no," was the answer, "only Supreme Court reports."—New York Tribune.

The Poor City Boy.

Oh, the city boy is bundled
In his heavy overcoat,
With his costly leather leggings,
With a silk thing round his throat,
And he slides upon the sidewalk
Where the ashes have been spread,
And imagines he is happy
On
his
bright
new
sled

There's a hill that's high and sloping,
In the country, far away,
Where a boy who wasn't bundled
Fit to smother used to stray;
With the swiftness of the lightning
Down the gleaming hill he sped,
And no ashes ever grate'
'Neath
his
home
made
sled.

Oh, I pity the poor city
Boy who never gets beyond
The narrow, ashy sidewalk
Or some hampered little pond,
Ah, the hill was high and sloping,
And the way was clear ahead
Where a country boy went coasting
On
a
home
made
sled.

First of the Vanderbilts.

The first of the Vanderbilts in this country was Jan Aertsen Van der Bilt, a Holland farmer, who came to the new world in the first half of the seventeenth century, and who settled in the neighborhood of Brooklyn, about 1650. As the name indicates, the family belonged originally to either the village of Bilt, a suburb of Utrecht, or the parish of Bilt, in Frisia.

"OPERATIVE WORDS" IN LAW.

What They Mean in Legal and Business Transactions.

"Operative words," said a member of the District bar, "are of the utmost importance in legal documents and in business affairs.

"Probably the most seriously important operative word in human affairs is composed of but three letters, and it appears in print thus: 'Yes.' When she says 'yes' to a man it means that she transfers her heart and hand, and formerly all of her property, to him who asks her to be, etc. This little word establishes the most important contract of society, and, while this contract may afterward be dissolved by mutual consent, if one of the contracting parties demurs and backs out a suit for damages is open to the other.

"In auction sales the property put up is anybody's until the auctioneer says 'gone' or 'sold' and the hammer drops. No matter how the sale is regretted, or how much the parties would like to retract it, it stands and the court will sustain it.

"In a will they are 'give, devise and bequeath.' Real property is 'devised' and personal property 'bequeathed.'

"In a note the borrower must 'promise' to pay, and in a bond he must 'bind' himself.

"In some States in a deed certain words are necessary to convey real estate. The courts have held generally, however, that the word 'grant' will carry a good title. In New York, for instance, the operative words constitute quite a formula, and are 'grant' bargain, sell, assign, transfer, set over and convey.' That's the old form. Now the words 'grant and release' are sufficient.

"In a lease the word 'let' must be used. They have an odd formula in New York, used for centuries, probably, consisting of 'grant' demise and to farm let,' and it applies to all kinds of property. In a quitclaim deed the word 'quitclaim' must be used.—Washington Star.

A Generous Admission.

"You're a little late, my love."

"A little late. But I'm all right."

"Yes my dear. Let me hear you pronounce the name of the Whitney horse that won the Derby."

"Eh! The Whitney horse? Well, I guess that's a horse on me."

"Never mind my dear. I can't pronounce it myself."