Put His Foot in It.

He came in late, stepped in without ringing, and, striding softly into the parlor, dropped into an arm chair with the easy grace of a young man who is accustomed to the program.

"By Jove!" he said to the figure sitting in the dim obscurity on the sofa. "By Jove! I thought I was never going to see you alone again. The maternal kangaroo never goes away from the menagerie nowadays, does she, Minnie?"

"Well, not amazingly frequent," cheerfully replied the old lady from the sofa. "Minnie's away flirting so much of the time now, I have to stay in."

Under the limes at the end of the old garden the moping cats complained to the moon much in their usual style, the watchdogs never sang more clearly, and the plaintive cry of the locomotive filled the night with poetry; but the young man didn't hear it all the same.

"And, by George!" he said to a friend fifteen minutes later, "if I did not leave my hat and my cane in the hall! Think of 'em? Forget 'em! Bless me if I knew anything. What I wanted was fresh air, and I wanted about thirty acres of it, and mighty quick, too. Phew!"

Marriage a Success.

Foreign Visitor—I am told that American marriages are generally happy.

Mr. Gotham—Oh, perfectly. The husband is devoted to business, the wife to society, and they hardly ever meet.

A Gentle Hint.

"It is the little things," remarked the boarding house landlady, "that annoy us most."

"Yes," rejoined the irreverent boarder, "these small steaks, for example."

Quite Unnecessary.

"Jane," said the boarding-house landlady, "pass Mr. Newman the salt for his egg."

"Never mind the salt, thank you," rejoined the latest acquisition to the fold, "this egg is none too fresh as it is."

SHEAR NONSENSE

"You can't do two things successfully at the same time." "I did." What did you do?" "Spent my money and my vacation."

College Girl—Oh, how my watch annoys me, ticking under my pillow. Her Chum—Why don't you get one of those silent midnight watches?

Sallie—What does Carrie do for a living? Hallie—She paints. Sallie—I knew that, but I didn't know she got paid for it.—Boston Traveler.

Mrs. Torker—Tommy, you must not interrupt me when I am speaking. Tommy—Then how'll I ever get a chance to say anything?—Life.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went out and rubbered. New neighbors were just moving in. "I'll just take a peep. My! their furniture's cheap!" she said, with a satisfied grin.

Magistrate—The evidence clearly shows that you threw a stone at this man. Prisoner—An' the looks of the man shows more than that, your honor; it shows that I hit him.

Mrs. Nurich—I think I'll take this watch. You're sure it is made of refined gold? Jeweler—Certainly. Mrs. Nurich—Because I do detest anything that ain't refined. — Philadelphia Ledger.

"My physician says that worry makes people thin." "I don't believe it," answered Miss Cayenne. "There is nothing that worries some people more than the discovery that they are getting fat."

First Lady (in an open car)—I'll bet anything it's going to rain! Second Lady—Nonsense! the sky's clear as a bell. First Lady—I know that; but why did those gentlemen give up their end seats, I should like to know?

Indian Killer (from New York)—Where's yer Indians? Colorado Jack—All dead. Indian Killer—Who killed 'em? Colorado Jack—Why, you see, young feller, they heard you was coming, and they laid down and died.

"Aren't you married yet?" "No." "Well, well! I thought you were engaged to a certain young lady in Scarborough?" "No. I was engaged to an uncertain young lady in Scarborough, and that's why I am not married."

Cassidy—I suppose ye heard the news about Flannery? Casey—Phat news? Cassidy—He was drownded this marnin'. Casey—I don't believe it. Shure, I was taykin' to him yistherday, an' he niver said a word about it.—Philadelphia Press.

"Well, what does he say?" impatiently asked Mr. Spotcash. "I'll tell you in a moment," replied his secretary, who was still struggling with the opening sentence of a letter from that German correspondent of the firm. "I haven't got to the verb yet."—Chicago Tribune.

"It must be a great satisfaction to have such a palatial apartment," said the old-time friend. "It is," answered Mr. Cumrox; "it's a heap of comfort to have a house big enough to wander away and get lost in when mother and the gals are giving a musicale or a reception."—Washington Star.

Lakeside (in Eighth avenue restaurant)—I see you have a sign requesting gentlemen to remove their hats. Waiter—Yes; we found it necessary. Lakeside—Just like New York. Why, out in Chicago we never think of sitting down to a meal without taking off our hats and coats.—Town Topics.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Upperton, "you are thoroughly familiar with the duties of a cook?" "Oi am, ma'am," replied the applicant. "Can you make a mayonnaise dressing?" asked the prospective employer. "No, ma'am; Oi only do plain sewin'," answered the cook lady. "Oi have all me own dresses made."—Chicago News.

Willing, but Hampered.—Rich Caller (who is making the round of the tenement districts—Well, I must go now. Is there anything I can do for you, my good woman? The Other (of the submerged)—No, thank ye, mem. Ye mustn't mind it, mem, if I don't return the call. I haven't any time to go slummin' meself.—Chicago Tribune.

"I had a good job last summer, but lost it on account of my fool absent-mindedness," said poor old Seldum Fedd, pessimistically; "I was actin' as de echo for a mountain hotel; an' I done all right till one moonlight night, when a smart guy from de city hollered, 'Hello, Smith!' I forgot myself an' answered back, 'Which Smith do yer mean?'"—Judge.

Jones—What is Newlywed Bigghed looking so glum about? Smith—Why, the gypsy fortune-teller just told his wife that she would have two husbands and that the second one would be a very fine sort of man. Jones—Ha, ha! And Bigghed thinks that is a reflection on him, I suppose? Smith—Oh, no! He thinks his wife must have been married before and never told him.—Tit-Bits.

Increase in Verse Rhyming.

A startling increase in occasional verse may be looked for shortly, for a new "Rhyming Dictionary" is on the point of publication; and the rhyme often suggests the idea. Lorin Lathrop, the deviser of the work, is well known in Bristol as a popular and efficient United States consul. But there are few who know the industry of his leisure, which has resulted in pseudonymous stories in newspapers and in cloth-covered novels. His own name is a Yorkshire one—of more than a century ago.

The Mean Man.

"De mean man," said Uncle Eben, "has a certain advantage in de fact dat while men admires de butterfly dey has a sho-nuff respect foh de wasp."—Washington Star.

You will never know how many people suffer with the earache until you go around with some cotton stuffed in one of your ears.

FIRST TELEPHONE MADE IN CHICAGO

Chicago is claimed as the birthplace of the telephone. At Michigan and Jackson boulevards, on the site of the present Stratford Hotel, in the old Gardner House, the first telephone was used in 1875.

The instrument was the invention of Henry C. Strong, a journeyman printer, and a veteran of the Civil War, who had served in the Ninety-third Illinois. Before the war he had learned telegraphy in New York City. It was during the war that the possibility of using a closed circuit on a Morse instrument and transmitting sounds of the human voice by it occurred to him. As early as 1872 he interested the chaplain of the regiment, Rev. C. M. Barnes, in his theory.

In 1875 he set up the instrument, which he called "the Goodyear single coil telegraph sounder," in the rooms of the Howser School of Telegraphy, in the Gardner House. To the amazement of Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Howser,

FIRST TELEPHONE.

who were present at the experiment, Strong succeeded in securing communication with a station he had established at the stock yards.

In May, 1877, Strong patented his model, which consisted of an electric speaking telephone, a permanent magnet in a coil of insulated wire with a metal diaphragm. In the meantime, in 1876, the Bell company had secured a patent on an instrument which had been invented in the same year. Strong's patent infringed theirs in no way, as the principle on which the Bell telephone operated involved the use of an electro-magnet, while the Strong instrument was connected with a permanent magnet.

In September, 1877, there was a fire in the United States patent office. At some time between May and December the Strong model disappeared. In December, 1877, the Bell Telephone Company put in commercial use a model which bears a striking resemblance to the Strong. The case of the Strong patent, vested in the Atlantic and Western Telephone Company, against the Bell Company, is now pending in the United States Circuit Court.—Chicago Journal.

HUMAN LIFE AND NATURE.

Existence of Man Depends on Many Things—Evolution of Plants.

It is not easy to apprehend the fact that human life on the globe is dependent upon such incidents as co-operation with birds or the collateral evolution of certain plants, says the New York Tribune. Yet it has been aserted by scientists that human life, if possible at all on the globe, would be at a very low stage but for the co-existence of three or four families of plants—the cereal, the solanum, the palm and the rose families. Wherever we turn we find ourselves in interdependent relations with these four allies. The palm alone, with its ancient representatives in the coal era, gives us not fewer than 1,000 varieties of valuable fruits and fibers. The solanum family gives us the potato, the tomato and tobacco; the cereal family gives us rice, on which one-third of the race mostly subsists; oats and corn for ourselves and our domesticated animals, as well as wheat and rye for bread, and the true grasses for animals. These last are simply undeveloped cereals. The rose family gives us nearly all the fruits in our orchards and gardens, as well as the noblest of the flowers that adorn our lawns. Some representatives of each one of these families are found over the larger part of the habitable globe.

An important evolution is still going on in plant life. We are more likely, however, to note the appearance of noxious plants than the development of those of sterling merit. These very weeds indicate a struggle for existence, in which struggle the oversight of man is required. Out of the crowding occasionally comes a plant of marvelous beneficence, like the potato. In fact, the greater part of human effort is exerted in selecting from what nature produces and destroying the poorer product. Most of the finer apples, plums and cherries could not have struggled into dominance over the wild and crabbed fruit without our assistance. We are still getting on with second-rate things in our gardens and orchards because we have not had wit enough to prevent some of the choicest from being lost.

Extending the Loan.

Old Mr. Dobson was nothing if not neighborly, but in the case of the Perkinses he really felt that a line must be drawn smewhere. It was the fifth time that week that little Sammy Perkins had been over to borrow something, and this was only Wednesday.

"Please, Mr. Dobson, mother says won't you lend her your lawn-mower for about an hour or two?"

Mr. Dobson scratched his head dubiously. "Well, sonny, 'deed I can't," he said, at last. "I'll be needing it now, straight through the summer, on and on. But I'll tell you what," he added, when he saw the youngster's downcast countenance. "There's the snow-shovel she borrowed last January; I'll let her keep that a bit longer."

A Freak of the Language.

"That's strange."

"What's strange?"

"The American college athletes were beaten in the long runs, and yet they won easily in the long run."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As Usual.

Small Boy—Pa's gone on a two weeks' fishing trip.

Inquiring Friend—Do you think he'll catch anything?

Small Boy—No, he's just gone fishing.

A girl who uses paint isn't necessarily the picture of health.

A fussy person quickly sours the milk of human kindness.

LOSS TO ACTRESSES.

No More Revenue to Them in Sale of Photographs.

Popular actresses made in the past from $300 to $1,500 a year on the sale of their photographs, but now this source of revenue is altogether lost to them.

"I drew from my photographer, up to ten years ago, a regular annual income of $800. I was under contract to pose only for him; he had the exclusive sale of my pictures, and on each picture that he sold he paid me a royalty.

"That is the way it used to be with popular actresses. They signed papers to the effect that they would pose only for one photographer, and he signed papers to the effect that he would pay them a royalty on each of their pictures that he sold. Thus they made easily from $5 to $25 a week.

"No such pleasant condition exists to-day. The change is due to that perfecting of the half-tone process whereby the magazines, the weeklies and the newspapers can reproduce photographs beautifully.

"As soon as that reproduction began the theatrical managers spared no pains to get photographs of their leading women printed, for they recognized that the publication of such photographs was an excellent advertisement. They ordered their leading women to pose for any and every newspaper or magazine photographer who presented himself, and they had additional photographs made for free distribution among the various publications of the land.

"Thus the actresses were forced to break their contracts with their own photographers. Thus, too, the sale of the pictures fell off. For these pictures, which formerly were rare enough and interesting enough to sell readily, were now become so common, through their reproduction in innumerable prints, that hardly anyone cared to buy them."—Newark News.

Took in the Lines.

Jack—Won't you write to me when I return home?

Ernestine—Hardly. You see, I have accepted Dick.

Jack—But even if you are engaged you can drop me a line.

Ernestine—No, when I catch a fish I stop dropping lines.

As Compared.

"I'm afraid that young man who is courting our daughter doesn't amount to much," remarked Mrs. Meekerton.

"Why do you think that, my dear?" asked the meek and lowly Meekerton.

"I really don't know why," replied Mrs. M., "unless it's because he reminds me so much of you."

SETTLING UP IN THE SOUTH.

Primitive Business Methods in Mountainous Part of Tennessee.

"I have just completed my first business trip through the South," said a New York commercial traveler whose territory heretofore has been the Northwest. "Except in the larger cities I found merchants doing business by the old methods.

"In some of the mountain towns the old credit system still prevails. I do not know just how they do it, but I think it is on some system of reciprocity.

"I was in a store in eastern Tennessee when an old family doctor came in to settle his account. The merchant owed him for professional services, and he owed the merchant for dry goods and groceries. After they had compared accounts, the merchant owed the doctor something over a dollar.

"'Shall we settle up now or let it go over on next year's account?' asked the merchant.

"'I reckon we'd better settle now,' was the reply. 'I have a patient up the creek that needs some cod liver oil, and as I haven't any, and you have, you can square by giving me the difference in cod liver.'

"'The cod liver is only a dollar, Doc, and I still owe you something over. Do you think of any little thing you'd like to make it even, or how?'

"The merchant's stock was general merchandise, including druggists' sundries. The old doctor looked around for a few minutes and then said:

"'You might make the balance in a porous plaster. I've got to put one on Jim Hoffington, who sprained his back yesterday trying to pry his wagon out of the mire.'

"The merchant got out the article and handed it over. Then he figured and said:

"'That leaves me five cents in your debt, Doc. How'll you have it?'

"'You might give me a nickel's worth of court plaster to make it even. I've got a case about a mile out where it'll come in handy.'

"And so the account was squared.

"Another thing I noticed in the Southern towns that I never saw in the North or Northwest, most of the newspapers print a chapter from the Old Testament in each issue. If not a chapter, they print a verse.

"I was told that in some of the settlements these chapters or texts were cut out by the subscribers and put into scrapbooks. They may have been stringing me about that."—New York Sun.

Do not fail to provide some means for ventilation during the night.

In the Wrong Places.

An angry woman walked into a grocer's shop in an Ayrshire village and banged a piece of some yellow substance on the counter. She spoke Scotch, of course, as Tit-Bits reports, but Americans will understand the words she used, since many an advertisement has made the kind familiar.

"This," she said, 'is the soap that does the washin' o' itself; the soap that makes every washin' day a kin' o' glorified feast; the soap that gets a' the linen white as snaw an' as sweet as a hazelnut, and lets the delichted hoosewife play wi' the children; an' here I've been scrubbin' three mortal hours wi' that lump an' got hae mair lather oot o' it than I could get oot o' a brick."

"I beg your pardon," said the grocer calmly, "but that isn't soap. Your little boy was here yesterday for half a pound of cheese and half a pound of soap. That's the cheese."

"The cheese!" exclaimed the woman. "Then that accounts for the ither thing."

"What other thing?"

"I lay awauk the hale nicht winnerin' whit made the Welsh rabbit we had fur oor supper taste sae queer."

A Logical Inference.

Little Bess—Who is that strange lady, mamma?

Mamma—That is Miss Goodwin, the philanthropist, my dear.

Little Bess—What is a philanthropist?

Mamma—It is a word derived from the Greek signifying "a lover of men."

Little Bess—Then I guess all women are philanthropists, aren't they, mamma?

A Cheap Funeral.

Housekeeper—Pretty specimen you are to ask for help! The dirt on you is an inch thick.

Tramp—Yes, mum; times are werry hard, mum, and funeral expenses comes high. I'm leavin' it on so when my time comes I won't need buryin'.

Works Both Ways.

Author—Truly, this is an unappreciative world. Why, if I had written what McFadd has written I wouldn't be famous like he is.

Criticus—I guess that's right. And if McFadd had written the stuff you grind out he wouldn't be famous, either.

Isn't that Thoughtful?

Tess—She used to say she didn't care how homely a man might be if he were only thoughtful.

Jess—Well, that's the kind she got for a husband.

Tess—Why, I heard he was anything but thoughtful.

Jess—He's full of thought for himself.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Those Loving Girls.

Amy—One can dress very nicely without spending much if one only has a little taste.

May—Then you ought to dress a good deal better than you do.

Amy—Why, pray?

May—Well, you don't spend much, and I'm sure you have but little taste.