

UNAPPRECIATIVE FRIENDS.

The Smoker of the Egyptian Variety a Victim of Other Men.

The smoker of expensive Egyptian or Turkish cigarettes is a man much to be pitied. Not because he is a cigarette smoker—that is a horrible offense at best—but because he is actually victimized and defrauded and maligned and traduced as well.

In the first place he is rarely if ever regarded as other than a common leather lunged cigarette fiend. The rank and file take him to be a consumer of rehabilitated cigar butts, or if they detect the (to him) delightful odor of the rich tobacco, which varies from other tobaccos, they at once put him down as a victim of catarrh, and probably inquire if he is smoking a "cubeb."

Nothing in the world so galls a smoker of Egyptian cigarettes as that accusation, unless it be the sneers of the men who smoke the two-for-a-cent dreadful variety of cigarette. The taste of the latter is so vitiated and their moral sense so blunted that they scorn the Egyptian cigarette as a thing of evil or ask for one in an offhand manner, as though it were one of the kind they are in the habit of inhaling into their own lungs.

These men can never be brought to a realization of the fact that the imported cigarette at four or five cents apiece bears the same relation to their kind as a twenty-five cent cigar does to "twofer"—two for five. Having extorted one from the victim they take a whiff or two, pucker and draw a wry face, and at the earliest convenient opportunity shy it into the nearest cuspidor, to the great disgust of the aforesaid victim.

Then there is another thing that grates upon the sensitive feelings of the smoker of imported cigarettes. It arises from the habit that utter strangers have of considering the little paper rolls as common property. When a box of cigarettes is opened it is almost tantamount to a general invitation to all present to smoke, like the tapping of the lid of a snuff-box was a hundred years ago. It is then the patron of foreign things wishes he had never been born, for steps up, and reaching forth a greedy hand says, "Say, mister, give us a cigarette, please."

Of course the only refuge for the highly cultivated individual is either to give up cigarettes entirely, carry two kinds to accommodate all tastes or prosecute his smoking of the Egyptian variety in the solitude of his own chamber or the quietest and most obscure nook of his club.—New York Herald.

Causes of Nightmare.

The most potent cause of bad dreams is worry, one of the most fatal disorders which attack mankind. For one who is injured or killed by hard work, 100 are struck down by worry. Girls who are preparing for examinations often worry themselves into a fever which prevents sleep or else causes it to be broken by horrid visions of unsolvable problems or impending failure. Remember also that we go to bed to sleep, and not to review the events of the day.

Don't think in bed. This may seem to be impossible advice in many cases, but it is certain that we can dismiss thought if we make a sufficient effort to do so. Reading in bed is a very bad habit, which ought never to be contracted, or if it has been contracted it ought to be given up resolutely. It is a habit sanctioned to some extent by the example of many eminent people, but it is radically wrong for all that.—Cassell's.

An Odd Death Custom.

One of the death customs of the ancient "Wends" was odd. They were most careful at the moment of dissolution to have no one present with the dying person. The doors communicating with the rest of the house were closed and the windows of the death chamber opened, to afford easy exit to the evil spirits who, with the good, leave the mortal at death. Otherwise these wandering and malicious spirits would seek habitations in the first person encountered in the house. Once outside they went to their own places of abode, and nobody was further harmed by them.—New York Times.

His New Gag.

The good lady opened the door to his knock and waited. "I'd be obliged, mum, for something to eat, mum," he whined. "Whew!" she sniffed. "You have been drinking; I can smell it strong as can be." "No, mum, you can't," he whined, as he held up his hands pleadingly. "That ain't liquor, mum; that's medicine, mum. I just got out of the hospital, mum." "Oh, you poor thing!" she apologized, and took him in, much to the success of his new gag.—Detroit Free Press.

The Rarity of the Atmosphere.

Calculations, based on the observation of the refraction of light, have caused it to be supposed that the air becomes so rare at the height of about sixty miles that the distance may be regarded as the limit to its sensible extent, but other calculations, made during the present century, of the distance from the earth at which meteors ignite indicate that the atmosphere extends to upward of a hundred miles.—Chicago Herald.

STAGE GLINTS.

Verdi has begun a new opera based on "King Lear."

Bronson Howard has gone to the Sandwich Islands.

Glen Macdonough's new play is called "Delmonico's at Six."

Mme. Duse is to remain at the New York Fifth Avenue theater until March 11.

Dixey is making arrangements to revive "Adonis" with several of the original cast.

Charles Frohman has produced 10 plays recently, nine of which are great successes.

Charles Overton has bought the English rights of Belasco and Fyles' "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

Bessie Bonehill says from London that she and Maggie Cline are now good friends, as they always have been.

Mrs. Minna Gale-Haynes has publicly announced her determination to retire from the stage at the end of the present season.

Lillian Russell is said to have the refusal of the rights for this country to the new opera upon which Gilbert and Sullivan are at work.

Walter McDougall, the clever artist of the New York World, and a Newark newspaper man, are collaborating on a spectacular play soon to be produced.

A theatrical writer in London has adopted the verb "to matinee," as meaning "to produce at a matinee." The new expression has the merit of conveying crisply what can only be otherwise stated in a roundabout fashion.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox dances almost as well as she writes.

Mrs. Samuel S. Colgate is considered one of the best dressed women in New York.

The decorations of Mrs. Potter Palmer's music room are copied from the Alhambra.

An Indian girl student at Haskell institute, Kansas, is named Jenny Feather. She is a bright, intelligent student and stands at the head of her class. Lord Ashburnham is very rich and is an intimate friend and firm adherent of Don Carlos of Spain, having acted as the latter's go-between in the recent dispute with the Comte de Paris.

Mrs. Lease, the famous Kansas woman whose oratory aided the Populist party's materially during the campaign, is a practicing attorney in the Kansas courts and the wife of a druggist in Wichita, where they reside.

Professor Garner, the monkey talk man, is in Africa inquiring and experimenting concerning monkey speech. He writes that he has gathered much valuable data and was about to begin his real work. He expects to start homeward about August of this year.

Gladstone has attained a greater age than any other prime minister of England. Lord Palmerston died at 83, Chatham at 70, Fox at 57, Pitt at 47, Canning at 58, Sir Robert Peel at 63, Earl Russell attained the age of 86, but did not hold office after he was 74. Lord Beaconsfield died at 77. Gladstone has completed his 83rd year.

RAILROAD JOTTINGS.

The Baltimore and Lehigh Railroad company has completed arrangements to standard gauge the road.

It is stated that train 90 over the Vandalia line in 1892 paid the largest per cent per mile run of any scheduled train crossing Indiana in either direction.

The 10-wheel locomotives on the St. Louis division of the Big Four are developing a high rate of speed. One of them, with unfavorable conditions of weather and track, averaged a mile in 48 seconds for a distance of three miles.

A road six miles long, called the Niagara Junction, is being built at Niagara Falls by the Cataract Construction company. The greater part of the line is now under way and will connect with the New York Central's Lockport branch.

An old project, that of building a railroad along the summit of the Palisades, has been revived. The scheme now is to run the road from a connection with the North Hudson County Elevated system at Guttenberg, N. J., to the north end of Bergen county.

It is the intention of the New York, Susquehanna and Western to establish a coal storage yard at Little Ferry, N. J., so that incoming coal trains can deliver cars there for distribution instead of turning them over to the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western at West End.

TURF TOPICS.

Out of 42 trotters that earned \$3,000 or better in 1892 20 were 4 years old or under.

The earning capacity of pacers on the turf is now said to be equal to that of the trotters.

One hundred and seventy-five declarations have been made from the American Derby, leaving 150 in.

Among all the colts and fillies by Rapier (2:11), pacing there is not a single pacer nor even a mixed gaited one. Trainer Bither says 2:07 is not near Kremen's limit. "He will trot in 2:05 this year as sure as preschin," says Bither.

The managers of the Trotting Club de Paris are compelled by the government of France to give no less than \$2,000 in purses at each of their meetings.

Hon. James White, one of Australia's greatest breeders, used to say, "We breed race horses every day, but a great race comes once in half a century."

Warren Carhart, aged 18 years, is the youngest trotting horse breeder in the United States. His 500-acre farm on the Los Angeles river, California, is stocked with over 40 trotters of Election, Santa Claus and Wilkes blood.

One of the candidates for the representation of a west country borough, in the course of a speech just previous to the general election, had occasion to refer to the flogging of children. Some folks nowadays, he said, objected to beating youngsters at all, but he agreed with the truth conveyed in that saying of the wise man, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

"I suppose I was no worse than other boys," he went on to say, "but I know I had some flogging myself, and I believe it did me good. Now, on one occasion I was flogged for telling the truth!"

"It cured you, sir?" said a voice from the back.—Million.

Parental Joys.



Father—I wonder where those new scarfs of mine are? They were here this morning.

Tonny—We've got 'em, papa. They make bully reins.—Harper's Bazar.

Buying a Stamp.

"How many stamps do you sell for a quarter?" she said to the stamp clerk at the postoffice.

"Twenty-five 1-cent ones or 12 2-cent ones, ma'am."

"Don't you give back the odd cent change?"

"Certainly."

"Are they the Columbian stamps or the old kind?"

"I can give you either."

"Don't the old style ones come a little cheaper now?"

"No, ma'am."

"I thought they would. They are out of style, you know."

"The government receives them the same as the new ones in payment of postage, and many people prefer them."

"But their red color doesn't match some styles of envelopes."

"I can't help that."

"Could you sell me a dozen of the old 2-cent ones for 15 cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"Could you on Friday?"

"No, ma'am."

"But that's a bargain day in the stores."

"Possibly, but not at the postoffice."

"When is your bargain day?"

"We don't have any."

"Not have any bargain day! Well, I never! And my husband told me the postoffice was run on business principles. Why, you don't know the first principles of business. I won't patronize such an establishment. I'll go across the street and buy a stamp at the drug store."

Which she did.—Exchange.

The Provost Was Angry.

Our minister was learned and warm hearted, but somewhat erratic and absentminded. He had a pony that had a great aversion to donkeys, and it was with the greatest difficulty that it could be got to pass one of those animals on the road.

One day when riding to Forfar he met near Quilkie an itinerant earthenware merchant whose stock in trade was drawn by a donkey. The pony reared and bucked and was only got past after a great struggle.

The minister, at the turn of the road a little farther on and before his mind was quite composed, met the provost of Forfar.

"A fine day, provost," said the minister.

"Yes, fine day, Mr. Allan," replied the provost.

"Do you think, provost, I'm likely to meet any more asses on this road?"

The provost used strong language in reply, though there was no cause for it.—Yankee Blade.

Reflected Glory.

"Who is that little man talking to all those people crowding about him? He's been attracting no end of attention to-night."

"Why, haven't you heard of Jinkins, the great explorer, just returned from his expedition into the very heart of Bungeo, where he had the most thrilling experiences?"

"Certainly. And you don't tell me that's Jinkins?"

"Oh, no! Jinkins isn't here. That's Jinkins, who claims he used to go to the same school with Jinkins!"—Exchange.

A Clever Reply.

"I have just been reading an interesting story of two men who were lost in the Adirondacks while hunting," said the beautiful Miss Hickins. "Were you ever lost, Mr. Tubbs?"

"Once."

"When?"

"When I first saw you, I was lost in admiration, and I may add that I have not since been found."—Tit-Bits.

Worse and Worse.

Penelope—It's dreadful! Papa wants me to marry a man I have never seen. Perdita—That's nothing! My father wants me to marry a man I have seen.—P. & S. S. Co.'s Bulletin.

The High Sleeper.

Whenever to the play she goes (Could ever heart be kinder?) She wears transparent sleeves for those Who have to sit behind her.—New York Press.

He Agreed With Him.

"Policemen are rather clannish, ain't they?"

"Yes, I've noticed them clubbing together frequently."—New York Press.

Had Been There.

She—What is the difference between grand opera and comic opera? He—Oh, \$4.50 a seat!—Yankee Blade.

A Story of Secretary Carlisle.

Mr. Carlisle is a masterly pleader before any bar. Kentucky judges look upon his appearance before them as a star attraction instead of a part of a wearisome routine of duty, and Kentucky literature has been enriched by many stories of the senator's legal career.

On one occasion Mr. Carlisle had an important case that the other side was sure of winning. Mr. Carlisle labored faithfully on his arguments and produced a speech that thrilled all auditors and deeply impressed the bench. The moment he had concluded the judge ordered court adjourned till afternoon.

The opposing counsel objected strenuously, pleading that it was nowhere near the dinner hour and that he was ready and anxious to proceed. But the judge was not to be moved.

"What," said he, "spoil the taste of such an argument as that? Never, sir. I mean to enjoy a good thing when I have the chance. The court will adjourn."—Mrs. McGuirk in Kate Field's Washington.

Forgot Their Tact.

Women are called the tactful sex.

Two women came to the Court Street theater on Saturday afternoon in search of a third woman whose father had died suddenly. The matinee was in progress and the curtain was up.

The doorkeeper bade them wait till the act was over, and then cautioned them against breaking the sad news to their friend while she was in the theater.

"Just tell her she is wanted at home," he said, "and get her out as quickly as possible."

In a few minutes there was a mighty noise from within, and the two women emerged supporting their friend, who was shrieking and thrashing herself about. She was taken from the building in a fainting condition.

Doubtless the scene was renewed at frequent intervals on the road home. The awkwardness of the messengers had added difficulties to their own task as well as spoiled the pleasure of a large number of people.

"There!" said the doorkeeper in disgust, "that's just like a woman. You can tell a man something, and he'll see the point of it, but women go all to pieces in emergencies."—Buffalo Courier.

Always on Hand.

Customer—Hi, waiter, a bottle of Hungarian wine!

Waiter (bringing the wine)—Do you prefer it tart or sweet?

Customer—Sweet Hungarian.

Waiter (shaking up the bottle)—So; there is a bottle of sweet.

Customer (astonished)—What are you shaking the wine for?

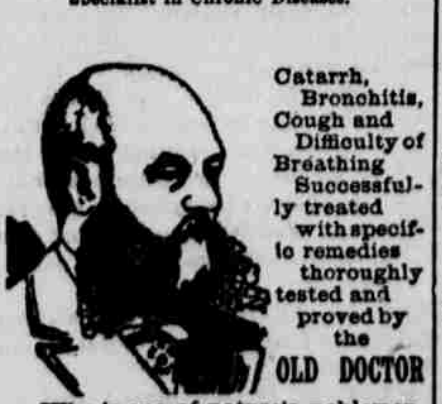
Waiter—You see the sugar lies at the bottom. When unshaken it is tart Hungarian wine!—Humoristische Blatter.

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