

It begins to look as if the emperor would have to strip Li Hung Chang down to trunks and tennis shoes.

RICE seems to be a very good diet to rear fighting warriors on, according to the latest advices from the Orient.

THE English language as it is printed is being enriched every day. To "un-employment" has succeeded "disemployment," and now comes "motoreer" for motorman.

DR. PARKHURST continues to harry the feelings of Superintendent Byrnes and calls for the selection of a thoroughly military man as the head of the New York police force.

THERE is a falling off in the number of students entering Princeton college this year, and it is attributed to the fame achieved by hazing in that institution last year. Not even foot ball has been able to offset this bad omen.

EXPERIMENTS show that a grain of wheat reproduces forty-fold. Every pound should bring forty. It, therefore, follows that much of our seed wheat is wasted when we sow one and one-fourth bushels an acre, and get from ten to twenty.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the French government has started for Madagascar to have an understanding with the Hova government. The same ambassador had an understanding with the king of Siam, the result being that that country is now little better than a French dependency.

THE board of awards of the world's fair, or the committees acting under it, examined over 200,000 exhibits and made 23,750 awards, from which only five prizes were made. That is certainly a creditable showing. There are ordinarily more appeals than that over the awards at a county show.

OUR country needs to study the system of forest guardianship practiced in Europe and Canada. The protection provided for in Germany, for instance, is almost perfect. The American pioneers have been a vandal people, cutting away forests without rhyme or reason, and paving the way for the very desolation from which their descendants are suffering.

PEREGRINE must be a girl's name in Pittsburg, for the Pittsburg Dispatch speaks of Peregrine White, the first white child born in New England as "she." Perhaps the oddest mishap that ever befell the name of Peregrine happened in a London newspaper account of the funeral of the duke of Wellington, wherein Sir Peregrine Maitland appeared among the mourners as Sir Peregrine Pickle.

THE arrest of Captain Henry Howgate, formerly chief of the weather bureau at Washington, in New York, after a thirteen years' search, confirms the theory that the safest hiding place is in a metropolis. Howgate, after embezzling \$360,000 of government funds, disappeared in 1879. The secret service agents of the government have been in search for him in every part of the inhabitable globe, but without success.

By mutual agreement this country and Great Britain undertook to protect the Behring sea seal fisheries from poachers and pirates of all nations whatsoever. The United States has maintained a fleet of nine vessels in the service at a cost of \$400,000, while Great Britain has kept but one vessel at a nominal cost. Owing to England's failure to do her part the patrol has been ineffective, nearly every poaching sealer getting away heavily laden with skins.

FRANCE has at least the virtue of perseverance in her colonizing efforts, and the army of 5,000 she is about to send to Madagascar to take possession of that island will be able to hold the capital beyond doubt. Four of the coast towns are now in French possession, and from these a successful advance can be made. But Madagascar in area is equal to four or five American states and is covered with dense forests. It will be a long time before France can open any large portion of its territory to settlers.

GOVERNOR O'BRIEN of Newfoundland is credited with being in favor of annexing to the United States rather than to Canada. Newfoundland is not, as many suppose, a province of Canada, like New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario, etc., but is separate and independent save in a certain ill-defined allegiance it owes to Great Britain. The shabby treatment received from the home government in the French shore matter has tended to alienate the Newfoundlanders so that it would scarcely require much more than a crook of Uncle Sam's finger to induce the codfishing country to become a part of us.

WITHOUT in the least derogating from the credit due to sanitarians for the great work they have in many ways accomplished for society, it is certainly not out of place to hint that it is just possible they have made some mistakes, and that their science is yet far from having spoken its last word.

WHEN a store is crowded with customers an impression is created that something is being sold there worth the buying. For this reason the crowd attracted to a store by advertising usually attracts another crowd.

It is now said that the composer of "Sweet Marie" wrote the song after having lost heavily at poker, and when a natural fit of sadness had fallen upon him. If poker is to be responsible for such attacks as this it will soon be given a death blow.

THE trip around the world costs little more in these days than people spend on a trip to Europe. And those who go around this year have the prospect of meeting with adventures in the war-like Orient beyond those to be hoped for in times of peace.

MATRONS AND MAIDS.

A FEW HINTS TO THE GIRL WHO IS ENGAGED.

Who Follows This Advice Will Be Beloved by All Who Know Her—How to Sweep a Room—She Must Be a Homemaker Still—Various Recipes.

If You Are Engaged. This thoughtful paper is intended not for the young person who has many scalps dangling from her belt and many "engagement" rings gleaming on her hand. It is exclusively for the young woman who has but one fiance on her hands, and that one a "serious" one.

It is probable, such is the unkindness of fate, that she is separated from the young man whose ring she wears. She will do well, says the New York Herald, not to make herself obnoxious to her family by indulging in long reveries and fits of absent-mindedness. She will endeavor herself more to the members of the household if she doesn't silk receive a letter from "him." Her family is not to blame either for the young man's derelictions or the delay of the mail trains. It is scarcely fair to her mother that she should be so absorbed in thoughts of "him" that she should absent-mindedly place the cut-glass dish in empty air or carefully secrete the dusters in the china closet. Her father will also appreciate it if she does not cut a hole in the middle of the newspaper tariff article in order to get the sentimental poem from the back of the sheet. She may endeavor herself to her brothers and sisters by not becoming enraged whenever their fraternal feeling leads them to tease her.

If the young man is on the scene of action there are many rules to be observed. She should not relate to him all the family quarrels, drag the family skeleton out of its closet, and still expect him to have the high regard for her kindred which he displayed before. She should not, on the other hand, feel aggrieved because her mother says that "it's a pity Charley is so thin," or her sister observes that she had never noticed Charley's freckles until such and such a time. The family is not such a wearing rose-colored glasses just because she happens to be.

It is not wise to see "him" too often. In the first place it will grow tiresome for the family. And in the second place it will grow tiresome to him and her. It will do that eventually anyway; but it is wise to delay the evil time as long as possible. She will enjoy his society and he hers for a much longer period if they do not begin by seeing too much of each other. Satiety and boredom go hand in hand.

Reconciliations are delightful episodes in engagements, but the wise young woman knows that anything which is too common loses its savor and charm. Therefore she avoids too frequent reconciliations by avoiding too frequent quarrels. She does not banish all her old friends, men and women, in order to devote all her time to "him." Friends who are dropped during engagements have an unpleasant habit of refusing to be picked up again when the lovers begin to weary of their solitude a deax. It is therefore well never to drop them.

On the other hand, she will be wise not to ignore "him" for other people. He may resent it. If he ignores her there is no question about the resentment. It is sure, swift, and terrible. There is one thing which the engaged girl must realize—that no matter what sentimentalists may write of the beauty and joy of the period between the proposal and the marriage ceremony—there is nothing less agreeable than worrying to both persons, more productive of boredom and disillusionment than long engagements. The "constant" lover is born about once in a century and generally dies before attaining the age of reason. Therefore it is wise for her not to put her own constancy or "his" to too great a test.

Order as a Fetish. A house in which there is no orderly routine is a very uncomfortable place, no doubt, but too much order may be equally disagreeable and wearing, the nerves of the family being rasped as were those of the people who lived with R. Wilfer's wife.

People to whom order is not the means to a desired end, but the end itself give themselves and others a great deal of needless trouble. A chair or a book out of place distresses them. A blur on the window-panes drives them to distraction unless they can at once remove it. A meal slightly delayed beyond the appointed hour loses for them its savor.

Order is their fetish. In vain their friends beg them to be philosophical, to try elasticity as a sort of buffer against annoyances. They shake their heads wearily and keep on fretting. And the fretting marks their foreheads and indents their lips and writes its records on their faces, while husband and children sigh for a little cheerful happy-go-lucky disorder. The daughter of the over-orderly mother is often, by the law of reaction, an absurdly unsystematic personage.—Harper's Bazar.

A Costly Fan. One of the most costly fans in New York is that owned by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. It is valued at \$2,000 and was painted by Leloir, who excelled in fan painting. A fan belonging to a New York lady and decorated by the artist Borra depicts a christening scene before a Spanish Alcaide, while another shows a charming skating scene in the Bois de Boulogne, painted by Leloir. Mrs. Hicks Lord owns some of the Beauties in the line of fans, which she wears suspended from her waist by gold and richly jeweled chains. Mrs. Jesse Seligman has a rare collection; so has Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who brought back from Paris several costly trifles, one formerly belonging to the Empress Eugenie. It is of tortoise shell, incrust with mother-of-pearl.

Invaild's Bed Pocket. A bed pocket is a new and acceptable gift for our invalid friends. It is in the form of a wall pocket, and if desired may have various compartments. It is to hang at the head of the bed, and is meant to hold the handkerchief, the comb, the brush, the hand mirror and all other necessaries which go to make the life of an invalid bearable. How often we have been uncomfortable for want of just such a place to keep our little belongings, to prevent the bed or table having a littered appearance and at the same time enable us to obtain any one of them without calling upon our faithful but often weary nurse.

How to Sweep a Room. A very careful housekeeper I know says: "For sweeping a room neatly there is nothing like newspaper aid. It saves so much labor." This is her method: Take a page of newspaper at a time, wet it in hot water and squeeze it until it ceases to drip. Tear into small pieces, of the size of your hand, and cast them all over the carpet. Then sweep, and most of the dust in the room will be gathered into the paper.

On matting use larger pieces of paper, pushing them ahead of the broom to take up any fluff there may be before beginning the regular sweeping. After a day or other heavy carpet, thoroughly swept, a sponging with ammonia and water will preserve its brightness wonderfully. About once a month, after sweeping, take a pailful of warm water, and add to it a tablespoonful of ammonia or turpentine. Two spoonfuls of the latter will do good, as it is an excellent preventive of moths. Go over the whole carpet with a large, soft cloth, or sponge wrung so as not to drip. It is surprising how rapidly the water gets absorbed. If the carpet is large, and much soiled or dusty, the water should be changed once or twice.

DEATH OF O'LEARY.

A COMMENTARY ON SOME MEN'S FEAR OF DYING.

A Medical Statement to the Effect That Most Men Die Without Fear When Their Time Comes and O'Leary Certainly Was Not Alarmed.

"Yes, it is a curious fact," said Dr. Collins, as he sat waiting for his carriage to come round one afternoon at the end of a visit. I was convalescent but not quite out of the doctor's hands, and we often protracted his professional quarter of an hour in friendly talk. "It is a curious fact, but either men have died in the past or death has lost his terror in our own time. I have attended many hundreds of deathbeds, and I never saw any one near his or her end who was afraid to die."

"I remember," he continued after a pause, "once hearing of a curious little conversation which took place in the H— hospital when I was house surgeon there. It was told me by the priest, who was a friend of mine. It was so light an episode as to be hardly worth repeating, but it touched me when I heard it and I think it bears on the subject we are discussing."

"Pray let me hear it," said I, and this, as well as I can remember it, is the story Dr. Collins told me: It was late one evening and the lights were turned down in No. 3 ward of the H— hospital. The patients were lying silent save for the occasional tossings and mutterings which told that restless minds and bodies were in vain pursuit of sleep. Sleep is very capricious in her visits to the sick—now and then she hovers over a bed, and the man lies flushed and uneasy, it is true, but unconscious of the world of pain which he will shortly wake. By some pillows she pauses just long enough to make the heads upon them fancy, as their eyelids close, that for once they have cheated the night; but after a troubled doze they start up again, painfully awake this time, and the next five or six hours rendered all the more intolerable by the mockery of rest which preceded them. Besides these delusive tricks sleep comes armed with other torments. Most people who have a special nightmare of their own, which visits them whenever fever has laid its burning touch on body or mind—some fantastic delusion which in hours of health and daylight they can discuss and even smile at, but which a rise of temperature transforms into the terror that waits for night.

The man who was lying on the bed at the end of the long ward was beset by the idea of wheels. There is something terrible about a wheel, as Ezekiel knew in his night-watches long ago, when he heard a voice cry in his hearing: "Oh wheel," and trembled at the words. This man could see quite well that great wheels were approaching him from every direction; the room was full of them. He was unable to move, volving quickly till he felt the bed clothes burn beneath him with the friction. Now he was himself again, but all around him they were turning, some swiftly, others very slowly, which was more awful still. There was one large black one drawing nearer and nearer to his bed, till it seemed as if it must crush him as he lay. He shrieked aloud with terror, but the wheel stopped beside his pillow and at his cry it changed into the doctor, who was stooping over him, and then from the doctor into the priest. Yes, it was the priest, but what was he saying? and with a desperate effort the wandering mind steadied itself for a moment and the phantoms fled back into the shapeless night behind him. Father Molloy stooped him over his pillow. "My son," said the priest gently, "your pains will soon be over; the church is always ready for you—have you anything on your soul to-night?"

"Faith, your reverence," said the man, in a faint dry voice, "it's a month since I have had a big drink, and it's an everlasting thirst that is on my soul, so it is; and may the saints be merciful to me, the man who brought me into this bitter, burning camp."

He was a drunken old gunner who had spent most of his life between the cells and the canteen, and, having found no rest in either, had drifted to that last refuge for forlorn ones, the H— hospital, where he had come to die.

The priest tried to rouse the clouded mind to a sense of the past and of the future, but it was a hopeless attempt. The past drifted before the dying man in broken visions of canteen revelries, and wild adventures, and comrades wickedly turned himself. The future was silent and held no promise that his spirit could seize—the gate of St. Peter refused to swing open when his life before him lay soiled and dim.

A day later Father Molloy came his rounds again and found an empty bed where he had knelt on the preceding night. "When did O'Leary die?" said he to the occupant of the next bed, "and how did he go at last?"

"Ah, your reverence, it was yesterday he died, and I was so pleased to answer the doctor, looking up at him from his own pillow as he spoke. "How was that?" said the priest. "You heard me talk with him, and I could get no good at all out of him. "Well, sir," said the man, "after you had gone he turns round to me, and, 'Jim,' says he, 'you heard what his riverine was saying as he lay on his back? Tell me, Jim, where do you think I'll be going when I die?' And he says to him: 'To hell, to be sure, and lucky it is for the likes of you to have a hell to go to.' 'Begorra,' he says, 'I believe you, Jim; and with that he turned over on his side and died quite peaceful.'"

Norsemen in the States. The United States board on geographic names has decided that the spot spot on the Massachusetts coast known as Woods Hole shall again be called Holes Hole. From 1702 until 1875 the place was known as Woods Hole, and the voters of the village asked the postmaster general to change the name to Woods Hole. It appears that a physician has brought out a novelty which consists of applying a rubber heel to walking boots, by which means the force expended in planting the foot on the ground is utilized to assist in progression of the wearer. According to the doctor's theory the harder a man brings his heel down on the pavement the easier will he walk.

BUGLER FOR CUSTER.

NOW DOING DUTY WITH THE TROOPS AT FORT MCHENRY.

He Tells the Story of the Famous Indian Battle—How His Life Happened to Be Saved by a Special Assignment—Finding the Escalante.

Now doing duty as bugler in battery D, U. S. A., at Fort McHenry, is John Martin, who was the bugler for General George A. Custer when that gallant officer and his devoted band were slain by Sitting Bull's murderous Sioux, in the Big Horn valley eighteen years ago. Martin was sent back with a message by General Custer just before the fight began, and in that way his life was saved. He joined the command in the Black Hills in 1874, says the Baltimore American, and of his subsequent experiences says: "In the spring of 1876, after wintering at Fort Rice, a large detachment from the Seventh regiment, U. S. I., was sent out to prepare for an expedition against the Sioux Indians under Sitting Bull, in Montana. Our troops started from Fort Abraham Lincoln on May 17, 1876, and well do I remember the day, and the brave appearance the boys all bore as they departed from headquarters. The entire distance, I judge, was between 500 and 600 miles and we were from May 17 until the latter part of June on the march.

"Our first halt, that is for any length of time, was at the intersection of the Powder and Yellowstone rivers, where we remained several days until the government supply boat put in its appearance. When we had been given our rations we resumed our march, and did not stop until we had come to the junction of the Tongue and Yellowstone, where we again awaited the arrival of the supply boat. General Terry and the companies of the Sixth and Seventh infantry, boarded the boat, and our cavalry was left to resume the tramp alone. General Custer took command of the troops at General Terry's departure, and through his orders we were directed to repair at once to Rosebud Valley, with strict instructions to each man to be supplied with ten rounds of ammunition. This was a signal of future trouble to all of us, but I know that every man was prepared for the worst, and went out of camp on the memorable twenty-second day of June, determined to fight to the last.

The regimental band which had accompanied us thus far was left at the Tongue river to return to the fort, and the Seventh regiment was an affecting one when General Terry and Custer held their final interview, and when after General Terry had issued his instructions to General Custer, the band played the favorite tune of General Custer, 'Garryowen,' and returned to Fort Lincoln. The Seventh set out for the valley, and on the evening of the 24th, after a long march of thirty miles, pitched camp and had just settled down to rest, when we were ordered to break camp and march till daybreak, and then we halted again. That danger was imminent could be easily understood by the commander's order that every man should stand by his horse, and eat a light breakfast and drink a cup of coffee. The men scarcely had time to swallow their meal when 'Forward' rang out, and once more we were on the trail of the wild and wily Sioux.

About five miles out from the morning camp, June 25, the officer's call was sounded and General Custer gave orders for the day. The regiment was to be divided into three columns, in which order they were to proceed. The Indians were now about ten miles ahead, and we were endeavoring to overtake them. The division of the regiment was arranged in this order: Five companies under General Custer to take the right flank; three companies under Major Marcus A. Reno to take the left flank; three companies under Colonel Benteen to assume the center, with orders to sweep everything before them, and the Twelfth company, under Captain McDougal, was to bring up the rear in the center. I was in General Custer's detachment, and acted as bugler of the guard.

The first attack by the soldiers was by Major Reno's forces, who reached the upper end of Sitting Bull's village about 10 a. m. June 25, and were driven back, losing two officers, several scouts, and about thirty men. General Custer was entirely ignorant of the mishap to Major Reno, and the lower end of the village being not far distant from General Custer's stand, he sent out a dispatch for help to both Colonel Benteen and Major Reno, anticipating a warm struggle between his men and Sitting Bull's warriors. I was chosen to deliver the message, and had to ride about 10 miles to reach the center. I rode with Major Reno's troops, and from there I proceeded to Major Reno. The messages to the officers were identical, and were signed by General Custer's adjutant, Cook. They read as follows: "Come on, Big village. Be quick. Bring packs. Cook."

"P. S.—Bring packs." "It was this assignment that saved my life," continued Bugler Martin, "for, as all know, no one who took part in the fight survived. As to the ride to Major Reno I remember that I rode with him on the retreat, and I remained with his forces, not daring to hazard a trip across the country alone. In the meanwhile General Custer was making his way to the upper end of the Indian village. "Benteen's men were also going in that direction, when they came upon the retreating lines of Major Reno's troops, and the two bodies of soldiers remained together. General Custer had gone to the village and the Indians who had defeated Major Reno's detachment, hastened to the upper end of the village, and the combined forces of the upper and lower parts of the village were much stronger than those of General Custer, and they hemmed us in. I had them completely at my feet. Of the battle I know nothing. I was a company commander, and I was in the company with Adjutant Cook's messages, and remaining with the companies of Major Reno and Colonel Benteen until General Terry came to our camp, when we moved toward the village, and after several days' search found the bodies of most of the slaughtered soldiers. I recall the scene very clearly, when several others and myself found the remains of General Custer, whose clothing had nearly all been torn from his body. He had two ugly bullet wounds on his chest and the other in the left temple. We discovered him lying between two dead gray horses, the head of the general resting on the stomach of one of the animals."

TURN OUT THE GAS.

Was Anxious to Do So, But He Couldn't—Had Any to Turn.

An old man with a knowing look and a big black satchel registered at a Buffalo hotel the other day and was shown to his room. He was quiet and remained in his room most of the day. At night he came down to supper and after that went out for a walk. He came back about 9 o'clock and went to bed.

In about twenty minutes a bell-boy came running down and told the clerk that there was a man up on the third floor, walking around in his night-shirt. The clerk hastened up and found the old man parading up and down the hall, swearing loudly. "Here," shouted the clerk, "what on earth's the matter with you?"

"I'm mad," replied the old man, "an I'm looking for gas." "Looking for gas? What in thunder do you want with gas? Going to commit suicide, or isn't electricity good enough for you?"

"Tain't that, mister," replied the old man as he edged into his own room: "tain't that. This here light I got in my room is all right enough, I s'pose, but I'm kinder riled at not findin' gas here."

"Let me ask you again what you want of gas?" The old man sat down on the edge of his bed. "Wal," he said, "it's just like this, I tain't bin 't the city for a good while an' Sile Soule, he's the man that owns the next farm 't mine, he says 't me when I cum away: 'Look out now sakes, an' don't blow out no gas.' That kinder gimme a turn, seein' as I read the papers an' know nuff 't cum in when it rains, an' I was guff 't turn out 't gas all right an' 'eglar an' take home a note from the proprietor of this here house tellin' in I had stayed here all one night. An' now, b'gosh, w'en I cum 't go 't my room they tain't no gas an' I might just as well gone down 't Cousin Jim's an' stayed all night an' saved a dollar. Sile Soule 'll be a talkin' at the store 'bout my not knowin' 't turn out gas an' I won't have nothin' 't say, for I can't prove but what I did blow it out, an' was rescued on my dyin' gasp."

And the old man wept bitter tears.

Old Subscriber—I called to pay you that \$6 I owe you. Editor: Ioftly—There was no hurry. You needn't deprive yourself.

Old Subscriber—In that case I'll defer it, as I really do need the money badly. Editor, rising—John, lock the door and if he makes a break for the window knock him down with the mallet. Now shell out that \$6.—Atlanta Constitution.

At the Bath. The Disconsolate One, to a friend: My Bertha has deserted me for another. I'm wretched. Don't you know some pretty girl or other without whom it will be impossible for me to live?—Elegance Blaetter.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Only one man in 203 is over six feet in height.

Speaking of bereavement, Jones affirms that no death ever affected him so sadly as that of his wife's first husband.

According to the report of the British income tax officials there are only 71 Englishmen with an annual income of \$250,000.

Make your dwelling tasteful and attractive, both within and without; the associations of the home of our early days have a strong influence on the future life.

A New York man, while fishing on Cobb's island, just off the coast of Northampton county, Virginia, a short time ago, claims that he caught twelve fish in two minutes.

Deerfoot, the appropriately named Seneca Indian, who was celebrated as a champion runner many years ago, is still living with his tribe on the reservation near Irving, N. Y.

Of all the declarations of love the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady, who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

While Rufus Smith of Oakland, Cal., was dressing one morning lately his feet became entangled in his trousers which he was trying to put on. He lost his balance and fell heavily to the floor, receiving injuries from which he afterwards died.

It is a rather remarkable coincidence that the name of the first criminal pardoned by M. Casimir-Perier, the new president of France bears the name of Perier. He had robbed, with two friends, his father's house, and aided in killing the old man.

HIS INSECTS.

The Peculiar Disappearance of a Collector's Box.

A young man with a passion for collecting insects and bugs rather carelessly placed a fine assortment of his captives in a package of unused envelopes which he placed in his desk. His sister had a remarkable memory for writing letters, and one day when she had finished an epistle to a friend she found that she had no envelopes.

She went to her brother's desk and helped herself to one of his. The next day she did the same thing and the following day also, until all were used up. Then she went out and bought a new lot just like those she used and put them in the desk. "There, he'll never know the difference," said she.

A few days later her brother came tearing in the room. "Have you seen anything of my insects," he said. "No, indeed," replied she, innocently. "I haven't seen them." He walked out of the room to search his desk again.

"Why on earth," said he to himself as he examined the envelopes, "should any human being carefully take all those insects out of envelopes? That's more than I can see."

"John! John!" came his sister's voice, "come here a minute." He went and found his sister reading a letter with a look of dismay on her face. "Where did you keep those wretched insects?" gasped she. "Why, I carefully put them away in separate envelopes in my desk. "Yes, and I've been sending them in my letters to Mr. Blank. Here they are. He returned them, saying he didn't see the point of some big bug or beetle being carefully enclosed in my epistles."

Now the brother is wondering why she blamed him for it.

Fate of the Foot.

The boot and shoe exhibit at a recent international industrial exhibition leads one to view with alarm the prospective fate of the human pedicel. The wide variety of ingenious shapes shown in boots discloses the fact that the human foot in modern times has ceased to have a shape of its own. The one principal which stands out most prominently in all the schools of shoemaking art is this: That there is but one recognized toe on the human foot. The other excrescences are not to be countenanced or tolerated. The definition approved by all the best modistes is that the human foot is a variable aggregation, consisting of four parts—the heel, the instep, the ball and the great toe. A generation or two more of culture and heredity under the Draconian law imposed by the foot artists will, doubtless see the human foot simplified and improved by the gradual elimination of four superfluous, useless and inartistic frontal projections.

An Unreliable Man.

"Look out for him," said Hostetter McGinnis, referring to a prominent Texas gentleman, "he is a hypocrite, and will play you a bad trick some day, just like he did me." "What did he do to you?" "What did he do to you?" I borrowed ten dollars of him, and the double-dyed scoundrel refused to make me any more. Look out for him, I say; you can't rely on him."—Texas Sittings.

A Beginning.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to start housekeeping?" "Yes, Darlingwood." "What have you got toward it?" "A wife."—London Tit-Bits.

TRIVIAL TOPICS.

He—Is Taddles going to marry the young lady he is with to-night? She—No; he's still devoted to his first love. He—Who's that? She—Himself.

Jollius—Hallo, old boy! Why, you're looking splendid. Been away on a vacation, I suppose? He—Yes, I have stayed at home, but my wife is away on hers.

Clerk—I would like to have my salary raised. Boggs gets \$6 more than me, and he don't do any more work. It's unjust. Employer—Yes; it is unjust. I'll reduce Boggs' salary \$6.

Sarcastic Barnstormer, after the bombardment from the gallery—I have eggs enough now, thank you. Will no one send up an accompanying ham? Gallery, with emphasis—It's on the stage now!

Gentleman—If you don't clear out this evening, I'll call a street porter and get him to pitch you out neck and crop. Hawker—Give me half of what you'll have to pay the porter and I'll go myself.

Jasper—Girls always want to marry for love but when they grow older they look after the money. Jumpuppo—You express yourself very ungalantly. Women never grow older. They simply grow wiser.

Fond Mother—Do you think my daughter will become a fine pianist? Prof. von Thump—I am afraid not, madame, but after another year's practice her fingers will be limbered up so dot she can make a brilliant success out a typewriter."

"Our hero sat in the corner of the railway compartment, devouring his newspapers," read Miss Myrtle Dolan from the latest acquisition to her paper-covered library. "He wore a 'four-in' what?' asked her father, with sudden interest. "His newspaper, the book says," replied Myrtle. "Go on, old wife." "Oh, 'tought 'twas a novel you were readin' an' now, his powers, he turns out to be a great writer."