THE KICKER'S KICK.

This world would be a funny thing if
built upon a plan
That suited kickers everywhere—woman, child and man;
'Twould be crooked, bulging, sadly
out of line affair,
And we would do a lot of things that
now we do not dare;
We'd "knock the stuffin' out of that,"
change this all about,
We'd turn the whole thing upside
down and also inside out;
And when we got it fixed to suit there'd
be an awful row,
And it's a cinch that we would kick
lots worse than we do now.
—Chicago News.

MY FRIEND DICK.

Dick Dana's companionship was much sought, by young and old, for the reason that he was what the world calls a "good fellow." He was of that happy disposition which holds the power to assist one to forget for the while at least, that there is anything but sunshine anywhere. Moreover, knowing him intimately and probably understanding him better than anyone, I am able to say that I have yet to discover his equal in unselfishness. He was one of those unfortunates whom everyone likes and no one fears and, as such, his life was largely spent in doing favors for people who accepted them as a matter of course.

By reason of his ability to please, to do and say the right thing at the right time, Dick was considerable of a factor in the rather limited circle of fashionable society of the town in which he was reared, and where he had wasted,through unambitious drifting, the early years following his college career. He was known to all as "Dick," and was never taken seriously by anyone. Anything he said was expected to have a laugh in it and passed for a joke whether it was so intended or not. That he had ability and talent was conceded, but lack of power to assert himself, spoken of by some as downright laziness, and by others more charitably disposed as indifference, discouraged even those who most courted his society.

I have just said that no one took him seriously, and yet, that is not exactly true. He was taken very seriously indeed by a girl who saw, or thought she saw, in his careless manner and laughing face, undeveloped possibilities for usefulness in an enlarged sphere—a career even—and when Dick himself made this startling discovery the sensation impressed him in a manner that was new and novel. He told me afterwards—I, who was his closest friend and was to have been his best man—that he did not realize exactly what had come over him until upon a certain night—I believe it was after the last assembly ball, when they were standing together at the foot of the great staircase, and Grace appeared so particularly handsome—his manner grew serious for once, and he scarcely knew what he was saying. But it is certain that he did not speak in vain, and it is probably equally certain that there was a tableau just at that time, with a soft lighting effect reflected from a dimly burning Moorish lamp, but of this feature he did not tell me. It is merely a draft on my imagination.

Grace Dixon's father was spoken of by the busines world as a successful man. By sheer hard work, including the manipulation of an occasional "corner," he had built a magnificent fortune and had surrounded his family with every luxury. He judged every man by his ability to make and keep "good, cold cash." "How much is he worth," was usually his first and generally his last question. He had absolutely no patience with the young men of the period who spent their time riding to hounds or playing golf, and he even threatened to cut off Tom's allowance because that worthy had dared to play centre rush on his college team.

I smile now when I think of the scene which must have followed the request of my friend Dick—a request plainly and straightforwardly put to the president of the Lakeside National bank for the hand of his only daughter. I had always known that Dick was nervy, but I had scarcely thought him equal to this. He went into the library that night knowing that the man he was to interview was prejudiced against him in particular and in general against his class of men. Moreover he must have known that of all his associates he was probably the most hopelessly ineligible for various reasons, but he did not hesitate. Of course there was a terrible storm. Dick told me afterwards that he had remembered often to have seen the same thing on the stage in melodrama, and the recollection that it always came out allright in the end was the only thing that served to brace him up, but it was a long siege, and came to a very unsatisfactory ending when the English servant, at his master's bidding, handed in from the hall an overcoat, a cane and a derby hat, and Dick recognized his property.

It was three days afterwards that Grace departed for another year at school in the city and Dick appeared as usual in his regular haunts, with the same hearty laugh and happy manner. Apparently there was nothing in the world to worry him, but I knew that back of that carelessness there was a great deal of hard thinking going on mingled with the first twinge of real sorrow he had ever known.

With the departure of his daughter, Arthur Dixon considered the matter settled. A year's separation, he figured, would work wonders. He had forbidden Grace to carry on any sort of correspondence whatever, and the rush of business soon relieved his memory in a measure of the affair. As is usually the case the separation was about the poorest plan that could have been suggested. Of course the father didn't know it—fathers never do—but it was true, and it was not later than Thanksgiving day that another storm shook the Dixon household at the discovery. Aunt Mary, spinster, had written Brother Arthur that Grace had confessed to her of an engagement. Again the banker began a nervous tramp up and down the library, whole Thomas discreetly absented himself from the room, and the family cat arched his back and sought refuge under the soft.

"I'll see that fellow, damn his impudence! I'll end the business this time or I'll end him!"

"But, my dear, I'm afraid Grace—" Mrs. Dixon was smothered.

"Don't talk nonsense, Nan," he continued, brooking no interruption. "Do you think I can allow myself to be made the laughing stock of the town? Why, the fellow hasn't a cent in the world. He's a regular fortune hunter — spendthrift and of questionable morals. I tell you the thing is not to be thought of. It's preposterous and entirely out of the question, and I'll stop it—do you understand—I'll stop it! I'll—I'll—"

"Thomas! Thomas!"

When the servant appeared he was sent, forthwith, to the club, bearing a message from his master for Mr. Richard Dana, requesting an interview at once.

An invitation to attend a levee of the prince of Wales could not have caused Dick greater surprise and yet you would not have known, from his manner, that it was anything more than an invitation to a dinner. He leisurely finished a game of pool, winning it, of course, and just as leisurely passed up and into the great, white pillared mansion, prepared for trouble and curious to know just what form it was going to take.

When Dick stepped into the library he was received in a manner which rather nonplussed him, and from which he very mistakenly took heart. The stormy anger and sharp tongue of the older man had, apparently, been overcome in some way, and in their place, a little courtesy and a voice less harsh was a great relief. A man of experience would have quickly detected the danger signal in the smooth manner of the financier and promoter, but not Dick. He had had very little experience with promoters.

"I have taken the liberty to send for you tonight, Mr. Dana, because I want to talk with you on a subject which ought to interest you very much. It is a thing which has been very much on my mind since our last—our last—well, I confess, rather unpleasant meeting."

Dick looked intently at the older man, who was carelessly toying with a pair of eyeglasses, and remained silent.

"It is a subject on which, very likely, I have no business to intrude, and yet, it continually suggests itself to me after—well, after what has passed between us, and let me say now—now that I have had time to consider everything—that in all your relations with my family you have conducted yourself most honorably and gentlemanly."

Dick was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable and nervously pulled at his watch chain, but the older man was quick to continue.

"What I want to talk to you about is —yourself and your future."

The two men faced each other and there was an interval of silence. Dick was trying to figure out just what had happened or was about to happen. The hope that the father was going to withdraw his objections to his suit no sooner occurred to him than it was dismissed. Dick knew him too well to believe that he would change his mind in that rtspect.

After a pause, adroitly drawn out to allow of the desired impression, the financier continued.

"Now, Richard, to get right down to the subject, I want to make you an offer. You have always had an eye for architecture and I am convinced that with careful study of the subject you can make a success of it. I am told that the suggestions you made when they were building the Parish house were most valuable and that led me to think the matter over—you see I have taken greater interest in you than you thought—and I have evolved this proposition which I want you to consider: I will furnish you with founds to the amount of six thousand dollars provided you will go to Paris and Rome and devote yourself faithfully to the study of architecture for two years. Upon your return I will probably be able to give you sufficient work to enable you to pay me back the money advanced, and I am convinced that with your brains and ability you can return to this country and be in reality—well architect of your own fortune. Now, what do you think of it?"

Dick was thinking very hard. On its face it was a magnificent proposition ,and just such a plan of which he had often dreamed, but there was closely associated with that dream the recollection of a girl's face. What would Grace say? and was this, after all, just a scheme to get rid of him?

Mr. Dixon was the first to break the silence, by saying, just as though it was a small matter which had for the moment slipped his memory—

"And, by-the-bye, Richard, of course that absurd engagement with Grace must be terminated. Grace is only a school girl, you know, and has been reared in luxury and all that. Of course you understand how impossible it would be for you to support her. I don't really believe there is any necessity to bring up that subject now, except that I would like to have it understood. Women are queer, you know, and Grace has large ideas of loyalty and love, and all that nonsense, perfectly ridiculous, I know, but you understand how it is with them."

Dick was standing now. His face was just a little flushed and there was a great brightness in his eyes. He was amazed at his own perfect self-control and his manner was taken for eagerness by a pair of crafty eyes which peeped over gold rimmed spectacles just as they had, on many other occasions, when the golden bait had been put out. When the younger man spoke, there was a perceptible trembling of his voice, but his manner was decisive and to the point.

"I think you are right about the engagement," he said, "it should have been ended before this. I think I understand you, however, but to make matters plainer, if you will allow me, I will put them in writing."

Dick sat down at the desk and after writing a few moments submitted the following:

"For, and in consideration of, the sum of six thousand dollars, paid to me this day by Arthur Dixon, Esq., to be spent in studying architecture in Europe, I hereby agree to put an end forever to the matrimonial engagement now existing between his daughter, Grace, and myself.
(Signed) "RICHARD DANA."

"That's a little shorter, said Dick, "but I think it covers the ground."

"It's certainly plain enough," the promoter exclaimed, "in fact, I may say that it is admirably executed," and the faint trace of a smile was discernible on his flushed face. He was wondering what his daughter would say when the true character of Richard Dana was thus shown to her. "The coldest blooded fortune chaser and all 'round rascal I ever heard of," he said, when Dick had gone; and as for the latter, he carefully folded a check and put it away in a convenient pocket with the calm demeanor of a broker who had cornered the market and taken about everything in sight.

It was four days after this interview when a messenger boy handed Thomas a message for his master. The president of the Lakeside National bank was enjoying an after dinner cigar and at peace for once. Everything had come his way in the financial evolutions of the day. All acknowledged his prowess. He had not lost a trick.

He carefully opened the yellow envelope with a paper knife, adjusted his spectacles and read the telegram several times, and then it fell from his hand and darted diagonally over into the open fireplace and went up with the flames.

"On Board S. S. New York.—Arthur Dixon, Esq.: Met Grace at 10 o'clock this morning. Have kept contract. We sail in a few moments for Liverpool. Grace sends love. R. DANA."

The Judge's Mistake.

Judge E. B. Martindale, of Indianapolis, Ind., owns one of the handsomest residences in that city—a large stone mansion hidden from the street by a thick grove of trees. It was in this house that one of the most exciting functions ever known in the Hoosier capital took place many years ago, for the first time. The judge, who was one of the leaders of society and at the same time was a pillar in the Presbyterian church, had issued invitations for a fancy dress ball, which at the last moment he had to withdraw because of the presence in this country of a large body of Presbyterian delegates from Great Britain on their way to an international conference in the west.

They were to be entertained at the judge's on the night set for the ball. It so happened that every guest received his notice save one, a merchant named Woodward, who was on a trip through the Northwest. It also happened that Mr. Woodward had hit upon the most startling disguise of any planned. He had bought a complete costume of a Sioux war chief and intended making up as nearly like the original as possible.

Mr. Woodward did not return to Indianapolis until the evening fixed for the ball, and, therefore, to save time put on his costume at his office and drove to the Martindale residence in his carriage, which he dismissed at the gate. Through the trees and shrubbery he glided stealthily until he reached the house. Looking through the window, Mr. Woodward saw some persons whom he knew and many who he did not, but every one was in ordinary evening dress.

"They've unmasked," soliloquized the war chief, "but I'll have my fun just the same." Thereupon, stepping on a ledge, he made one spring through the open window and landed in the center of a group of Scotch delegates, meantime brandishing a genuine tomahawk and uttering shrill and blood-curdling war-whoops.

The effect was astounding to the masquerader. Some of the guests fainted, others crept under the tables and sofas or fled to the upper stories of the house. It took only an instant for Mr. Woodward to discover that a terrible mistake had been made. In order to preserve his identity and make his escape he gave a few more whoops, executed a fearful dance, and darted out of the window into the darkness.

It was explained to the foreign guests that one of the Indianapolis Indian tribes was evidently restless, but that no further trouble need be feared. As for Mr. Woodward, his side of the story was not known for nearly twenty years afterward.

A clergyman in England is advocating the use of a concealed camera in the pulpit, says, by showing these photographs to the backsliding ones they would become so shamed that they would not be liable to repeat the performance. The suggestion is ingenious but it would seem the surest thing to keep the congregation awake would be an interesting sermon.

NEW ANIMAL LIFE.

Among the special circumstances created by the statical and dynamical conditions of the deep sea, organic life presents itself under aspects which appear strange to those who are accustomed to its appearance near the surface. I endeavored to obtain from all the levels of the sea as many samples of the species belonging to them as it was possible, but I had to find other apparatus than the old trawl used for former scientific cruises, which can only get animals fixed on the bottom of the sa, or hiding in the mud ,or possessing very slow means of progressing. Of course, I have used it a great deal, because no other instrument can collect for us certain fauna; but when it occurred to me that there must be in the deep waters some nimble animals able to escape such a net as a trawl, I first built a trap of special shape and very large, in order to attract these supposed animals, when rightly baited.

The trap is lowered to the bottom with a steel cable, and hauled up again after having been left there for a day or two attached to a buoy. The handling of this was very difficult in the beginning, and required several years of practice to be brought up to definite rules, but it has given most brilliant results, animals quite unknown coming into my hands perfectly well preserved against shocks, frictions and other causes of damage to which they would be liable in a trawl. One interesting fact that they have shown is the enormous numbers in which some animals exist in certain places.

As an example, I obtained one day in a trap that had been lying on the bottom at 700 fathoms depth for 24 hours, 1,198 fish, called Simenchelys parasiticus, which was only known by one or two samples in a more or less imperfect state. I have succeeded in sending these traps as low as 3,000 fathoms with complete success. On another occasion my trap brought up a new crab, one of the largest ever known, Geryon Affinis, and there were 64 specimens of it. Curiously enough, several of them, which had not yet found the entrance of the trap when it was hauled up, made the whole voyage of many hundreds of fathoms clinging voluntarily to the outside of the trap.

Lately I have obtained a certain number of large animals living in these intermediate depths, and belonging to the very interesting group of cephalods, by examining the stomachs of several ceteceans who feed upon them. Since the discovery of this interesting fact, I added to the scientific gear of my vessel a complete whaling arrangementa. This new method has given me the most remarkable animals of the whole collection; one especially, the Lepidoteuthis Grimaldi, can be classified in no actually known species, genus, or even family of his order. It was vomited in 1895, during the dying struggles of a sperm whale, but had, unfortunately, lost its head by the last adventures of its life. The fragment is about a yard in length, and the complete animal must have been over seven feet; adding the arms, we get a monster of colossal strength.

Its most remarkable feature is a cuirass of large prominent scales which cover its visceral bag; these are quite unknown with animals of that order. The vomitings of that same sperm whale, who covered two acres of the sea with his blood, contained another immense cephalod, a Cuciotuthis with arms as strong as a man's and carrying suckers armed with claws as powerful as those of a tiger;this animal is furnished with luminous organs. In 1897 another large cetacean that I was attacking with my whaleboats vomited a large fragment of a cephalopoh which was peculiar in being of viscid substance not unlike glycerine; no net could retain it, and we only secured it by dipping it up with a large tub as well as the mass of water in which it was floating. But it will be convenient to remind the reader that cetaceans divide themselves into two separate groups. One class, to which belongs the right whale or other marine mammals chased by whalers, feed upon very small animals that they absorb simply by moving about with their mouths open. They have no teeth, but a sort of sieve made of what is called whalebone.

Another group, to which belongs the sperm whale, is armed with powerful teeth, a single one weighing sometimes as much as six pounds. They live upon big prey, mostly cephalopods, as aforesaid. These cetaceans are ferocious, while the others have a much milder temper, and some of them, as the "Orca Gladiator," can be very dangerous to attack. Two years ago I chased a school of three of these, just off the Monaco Rock, and very soon one was struck by my whaler's harpoon.

While it was ending with violent struggles, the two others came alongside the whaleboat and seemed willing to fight for their companion. They swam around and around, sometimes so close that the men touched their enormous backs with their hands. I had to release at once that boat, and for an hour we were (seventeen men and three boats) engaged in a most grand wrestling. The result was that a second orque was killed by a spar stroke.

If we sight some wreckage—as a log or a barrel—we always find under it or near it fishes of good size and of different species that never seem to abandon this guide that they have chosen, and that takes them across the Atlantic. They are very easily caught with a fish spear, and the tunny fishe are hooked with a towline baited with a rough imitation of a squid. Many sailors wrecked on the Atlantic and abandoned for days and weeks on its apparently uninhabited wilderness have died of hunger among a most abundant and attainable food, and they could have been saved had they simply known it and possessed the very simple gear required. Therefore I think that all the principal boats of a ship ought to be permanently provided with a few lines and hooks and with a fish spear.

TREASURE STILL THERE.

"There are folks who imagine that every farmer is dead easy to swindle," said the broad-shouldered agriculturist while the lightning-rod theory was under discussion, "but they make a great mistake there. Any traveling swindler will find ten victims in town to one in the country. The farmer has to get his eyeteeth cut early in the game or lose his acres. There is hardly a day in the year that some one is not trying to get the better of him, and most of us can see through a stone wall as well as any other class. Lord save ye, but I'll bet I turn down more rascals in a month than any lawyer, doctor or merchant does in five years. Do you see these knuckles? Well, I brused them against a fellow's head only four days ago, and it was a rather funny thing. He was a well dressed, soft talking stranger and he drove up to my place and took me out to the barn for a private interview. I rather expected he wanted to sell me a gold brick, but he had a better thing. After a good deal of mystery he said:

'Mr. Thompson, there is a treasure of $100,000 in gold buried on your farm and if you'll give me $1,000 I'll locate the exact spot.'

"That trick is as old as the hills. I have turned it down twenty different times. You see, they always want their $1,000 in advance. Then they tell you not to dig until the moon is full, and so have time to get away. When they don't do it theat way they have a box planted for you to dig up. There is no key to it, and while the farmer is taking it to town to have it opened the fakir is traveling the other way. They won't wait for their thousand out of the box, and always have a good reason why. This chap said the hundred thousand was stolen from a bank years before, and his conscience wouldn't let him touch a coin. My conscience didn't come into the deal at all you know.

"I was just getting over a boil on my neck and was still feeling angry, and I determined to give that chap a lesson. He was willing to go with me and point out the field in which the treasure was buried. He led the way across the pasture to a cornfield, and said it was somewhere under the ten acres of soil. He was asking me if I could raise the thousand when I let drive at him. He went end over end and got up and started on a run. There was a barbed wire fence around the lot, with my old dog holding the only gate, and we had fun for about an hour. At least it was fun for me. He had some spunk and was a good runner, but he'll never forget that hour as long as he lives. I had been swindled on a patent gate, Bohemian oats, a parlor organ, Leghorn chickens and other things, and I made him pay up for all. When I wanted a breathing spell the old dog kept him on the run, and I got his hat and pieces of his coat, trousers and shirt nailed up on the barn door as a warnig to other chaps of his profession. He dropped a wallet with $60 in it and I don't hardly think he'll come back for it. I think he'll head for the west and a new set of people, and go out of the buried treasure business.

Napoleon's Troubles.

Napoleon Bonaparte, as first consul and as emperor, was the victim of a malady which caused him to seek the advice of the most distinguished physicians of Paris. It is a little shocking to modern sensibilities to read that these physicians, except Corvisart, diagnosed the distinguished patient's malady as "gale repercutee"—that is to say, in idiomatic English, the itch "struck in." It is hardly necessary to say that no physician of today would make so inconsiderate a diagnosis in the case of a royal patient. If by any chance a distinguished patient were afflicted with the itch, the sagacious physician would carefully hide the fact behind circumlocutions, and proceed to eradicate the disease with all dispatch.

All of which goes to show how easy it may be for a masked pretender to impose on credulous humanity; for nothing is more clearly established in modern knowledge than the fact that "gale repercutee" was simply a name to hide a profound ignorance; no such disease exists, or ever did exist. Gale itself is a sufficiently tangible reality, to be sure; but it is a purely local disease of the skin, due to a perfectly definite cause, and the dire internal conditions formerly ascribed to it have really no casual connection with it whatever. The definite cause, as every one nowadays knows, is nothing more nor less than a microscopic insect which has found lodgment in the skin, and it has burrowed and made itself at home there. Kill that insect, and the disease is no more; hence it has come to be an axiom with the modern physician that the itch is one of the three or four diseases that he is positively able to cure, and that very speedily. But it was far otherwise with the physicians of the first third of our century, because to them the cause of the disease was an absolute mystery.

"What a large head you have," remarked the loquacious barber to an Irish customer. "Why, it's twice as large as mine."

"But Oi suppose you're afther foindin' that head of yours large enough though?" queried the Irishman.

"Sure," replied the tonsorial artist "It suits me all right."

"Av coorse," said the son of Erin "Phwat's the use av a man havin' a big trunk whin he has no clothes to keep in it, Oi dunno."—Chicago News.

"Courtney Smith is writing a Scotch dialect novel." "What does he know about dialect?" "Why, he plays golf."

HEATING IN URUGUAY

Uruguay's inhabitants are not bothered by steam heating. They are not even vexed by big coal bills. They do not believe in heating dwelling houses at all. According to United States Consul Swaim, "it is very safe to say that 95 per cent of the houses have no heating arrangements whatever specially designed for the purpose. It is claimed by many of the inhabitants that heat is at no time required in the houses; that heat in the house is not healthy, but conduces to maladies of throat and lungs. Yet, during the winter season, from April to October, the dampness in the houses is far more unpleasant than crisp and snappy cold. With the frequent and heavy rains the walls become very damp, and clothing or books must not touch them or a mold will form. Such a condition has for one of its results an enlarged percentage of pulmonary troubles, and a death rate out of all proportion to the general salubrity of the climate. There are no chimneys for either fireplaces or stoves. A $14,000 residence, built this season, has for its only chimney a stovepipe set thro' the kitchen roof for the cook stove.

"The American style of heating stove is about the only one seen in the market, the smaller and simpler forms being used. They are popular with those who have their homes reasonably heated, but the demand is small, and only one house in Montevideo keeps a stock. The American oil stove has found a good market here, and the sole competitor is one of Belgian make, with first-class blue flame combustion. The Belgian stove sells at about one-half the price asked for the American, on account of the fact that the United States article is usually a combination of lamp and stove, and so comes under a different and higher customs classification.

"The native cooking stove is a very substantial affair of heavy wrought iron, made in local factories from imported plates. The stoves are good cookers and roasters, but do not bake so well. They are made with or without water reservoirs, and are very durable—something like the wrought iron range. About 50 per cent more fuel is used by these than by American stoves of the same capacity. They cost from $20 to $70, according to style of finish and completeness of the water outfit.

"Cook stoves have been imported for some years from the United States, and are gradually winning their way, especially in the European households. The fact that they save fuel tells in their favor, as coal costs from $10 to $14 per ton. The coal is all imported from Wales or the United States. Wood is even higher than coal, considering results.

"The duty is a serious drawback to trade in this line. It amounts to eight cents per kilogram (22.046 pounds) including the package. As the stoves must be well packed, the addidtional weight adds heavily to the cost, and a heating stove that could be bought at from $7 to $8 retail in any city in the United States must sell here for at least three times that amount, and then leaves only a fair margin of profit to the dealer. The United States cook stove sells at about the same rate as the one made in Uruguay, but the wrought iron article, with its power to withstand hard usage, has been so widely employed that only when the better methods, greater economy and generally superior character of the United States stove become known will our manufacturers win the market to any extent."

The Japanese Woman.

The chief duty of a Japanese woman all her life is obedience; while unmarried, to her parents; when married, to her husband and his parents; when widowed, to her son. In the "Greater Learning of Women" we read:

"A woman should look upon her husband as if he were heaven itself, and thus escape celestial punishment.

"The five worst maladies that afflict the female mind are: Indocility, discontent, slander, jealousy and silliness. Without any doubt these five maladies afflict seven or eight out of every ten women, and from them arises the inferiority of women to men. A woman should cure them by self-inspection and self-reproach. The worst of them all, and the parent of the other four, is silliness!"

The above extract shows us very clearly the position which women have, until quite recently, taken in Japan. As a German writer says, her condition is the intermediate link between the European and the Asiatic. On the one hand, Japanese women are subjected to no seclusion, and are as carefully educated as the men, and take their place in society; but, on the other hand, they have absolutely no independence, and are in complete subjection to their husbands, sons and other relations. They are without legal rights, and under no circumstances can a wife obtain a divorce or separation from her husband, however great his offense. Notwithstanding this, in no country does one find a higher standard of morality than among the married women of Japan. Faithlessness is practically unknown, although the poor little wives must often have much to put up with from their autocratic lords and masters. They bear all, however, silently and uncomplainingly, their characteristic pride and reserve forbidding them to show to the outer world what they suffer. We Europeans might well in many respects imitate, and still have much to learn from our little cousins in the far east.—Cornhill Magazine.

"Kirby has quit living in a boarding house and gone to a hotel." "And Why?" "He says he has nervous prostration from sympathizing with his landlady three times a day."