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Shaving Men in Bed.
 "Do we shave many people at their rooms?" said a prominent barber, in reply to an interviewer, who was under the punishing process. "Why, yes; I suppose each of my hands has five or six customers of the kind. They are mostly what you newspaper men term young men about town. The work is almost confined to Sunday afternoon. A young fellow goes out Saturday night for a good time, which he usually prolongs until early in the morning, when he finds himself loosed up, and the best thing he can find is a bed. He knows that with the amount of booze aboard he won't wake up until after the shops are closed. And if he chances to open his eyes in time he won't feel like stirring out. Still, he wants to be ready for Sunday night's fun, all cleaned up and scrapped.

Some of these jovial spirits tumbled to the scheme of having the barber come and wake them up and perform his work at their rooms. Then it got to be a regular thing. Others adopted the habit, until now the barbers all first class shops put in one to three hours every Sunday afternoon. It increases their Sunday money, and then, too, they are well treated. The customer arranges for his barber to bring a little flask and a cigar or two, and, of course, does the honors. A man can lie in bed, or, if he prefers it, recline in his easy chair, be fixed up, and at the same time listen to the current gossip. The pay! The established price is twenty-five cents, but some generous customers frequently give double the amount, particularly if the hand rubs their heads, starts the circulation and makes them feel good. This is the secret of how young men who you see to bed very late, check full make their appearance next morning as fresh as daisies.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Man Adopted by Rabbits.
 There is an old man out in Mound Valley who has been adopted by a lot of jack rabbits. Their friendliness and good feeling have become so obtrusive that the old fellow would be thankful if something would happen to alienate their affections. He is a sort of hermit, living all alone on his ranch, where he devotes all his time to cattle and horse raising. As he doesn't try to raise vegetables the rabbits could do him no harm, and so he has never tried to drive them away.

They soon became very tame, and, as the jack rabbit is rather an affectionate animal any way, they kept making more advances and trials of friendship until the old man has become quite sociable. When he goes out after his cows two or three dozen rabbits will come trooping along after him, leaping around him, running between his legs, and nibbling his fingers. Very often a drove of them will gather around his cabin and cut up all sorts of pranks in front of his door, leap on his bed, jump into his chair—if he isn't occupying the only one himself—and nose around among his kettles and dishes for something to eat. Several of the most intelligent he has singled out for special favors. He has taught them a number of tricks, such as jumping over a bar or through a ring, walking on their hind legs and jumping over one another like a log. But the rabbits have developed such a liking for civilization that they are about to take possession of his house, and have even begun to rear their broods in it, so that the old man hardly knows now whether he owns the house or simply lives there with the rabbits.—Nevada Cor. New York Sun.

Crazy Quilt Conversation.
 A Washington letter gives a clever sketch of the conversation which recently took place at the house of a matron who receives a hundred or two of people on the afternoon of "party day." "Crazy quilt conversation," the hostess declared it to be.

"If my language had been taken down this afternoon," she went on, "it would have been this:

"How do you, Mrs. Jones? Oh, Miss Brown, how is your dear mother? Mrs. Robinson, you must tell me the story you began the other evening at—Mrs. Smith will you not have a cup of chocolate? The young ladies will be delighted—Admiral, I am very glad to see you!"

"I hand over the admiral to the nearest person, and begin again.

"How do you do, Mrs. —? I haven't caught her name from the mumbleing body who brought her, so I mumble discreetly in my turn—the woman that hesitates is lost. I go on again.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bagges? Yes, it is cold—Oh, I love Washington! a beautiful city—won't you have some tea?"

"Four people from Florida have just come in.

"Oh, Miss Palmetto, I am so glad to see you! How long is it since we were in St. Augustine together?"

"I never shall know. She is swept away, and I see her from afar among the bobbing heads, like grain fields bowed by the wind, until my head swims. And so the afternoon wears on."—Washington Cor. Independent.

The Ventriloquist's Methods.
 "How are ventriloquist sounds produced, Mr. Duncan?"

"By muffling the tones of the voice and by varying the natural positions of the tongue and the soft palate. Most of the effects are produced in a falsetto tone. A great deal of the ventriloquist's success, however, depends on the imagination of the hearer. By means of skillful and apparently natural gestures the attention of the audience is diverted from the ventriloquist himself to a point from which the voice or sound is supposed to proceed. It is a fact that no one of the human senses is more easily deceived than that of hearing, because in listening to sounds we judge of their remoteness by comparing them to other sounds whose distances we are familiar with. Ventriloquial analysis is very hard. The ventriloquist effect is produced by the intonation of the voice and by obscuring the consonantal sounds and retaining unaltered the pitch and duration. You will hear every day remarks about 'talking from the stomach.' This is all nonsense. No sound can be made from the stomach. In fact, all sounds must be made by the vibration of the vocal cords."

"Do you ever have any fun at the expense of your audience, Mr. Duncan?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "It is impossible for a ventriloquist to produce an effect in front of him. His scope is confined to the floor beneath him and the space at the sides and in the rear."—New York Evening Sun.

When the Kaiser Died.
 One of the government astronomers has calculated the time of the German emperor's death as follows: The emperor died on Thursday, March 9, 1888, at 8:30 a. m., Berlin time; that is—the longitude of Berlin being 10 degs. 24 min. east from Greenwich—at 7:37 a. m., London, or "Greenwich" or "Cosmic" standard time; at 2:30 a. m., New York and Washington, or "Eastern" standard time; at 1:35 a. m., Mississippi valley, or "Central" standard time; at 12:35 a. m., Denver, or "Mountain" standard time; on Wednesday, March 8, at 1:30 p. m., Carson City and San Francisco, or "Pacific" standard time; at 1:30 p. m., Sitka (Alaska) standard time, and 7:30 Wednesday and Thursday, March 8-9, sub-Greenwich, or "Transition" standard time.—Globe-Democrat.

MEN TALKED ABOUT.

Personal Paragraphs Clipped from the Exchange—Synopsis of the Press.
 King Humbert of Italy drinks nothing but water at state dinners.

The late Chief Justice Waite was 73 when he died. Justice Bradley is 75, Matthews 64, Harlan 53, Blatchford 68, Gray 63, Field 70, Miller 72 and Lamar 63.

President Cleveland carries a photograph of his wife in his watch case. The watch has kept perfect time since the picture was inserted. Before that it was apt to be somewhat erratic.

Gen. Mahone is one of the notable people in Washington, who refused to bend the knee to the dress suit and the silk hat. He dresses as he pleases, and his attire is always picturesque if not strictly in accordance with the decrees of fashion.

Ben Butler is said to be an excellent cook, and he prides himself particularly on his skill in concocting a marvelous salad dressing, of which he alone knows the secret. He also has the knack of broiling a lobster in a way to tempt the palate of an epicure.

Prof. David Swing, the celebrated Chicago divine, is a diligent student. He rises before 6 o'clock each morning and rarely retires before twelve at night. His hard work is done in the forenoon. The professor is fond of clocks, and his collection is second only to that of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

Count Tolstoy's latest eccentricity for an aristocrat is to organize and place himself at the head of a temperance society at Moscow, called the "Society of the Temperate." The members are pledged not to drink intoxicating liquors of any sort, nor to sell them or offer them to anybody, but to labor to convince others, and especially children, of the dangers of intemperance.

Jefferson Davis resides in a typical southern home at Beauvoir, Miss., a great white building, with huge pillars supporting it and a wide veranda running quite around it. The house has a spacious hall and large airy rooms, so built that each can catch the sea breeze that comes off Mississippi sound. Extensive lawns stretch to the left and right, and handsome oak and magnolia trees give a grateful shade.

According to The Chicago Mail, Mr. H. W. Seymour, the new editor of The Herald of that city, used to be telegraph editor of The Chicago Times, when that paper was notorious for its sensational headlines, and it was he who put the caption "Jerked to Jesus" over the news of a hanging. But he did it only at Mr. Storey's dictation, and far from being proud of it now regrets that he ever did such work.

Signor Crispi, the premier of Italy, is thus described by an Italian deputy: "It is always difficult to know what he wants and what he means to do. He is a man of impulse, not apt to weigh his words or acts. His decisions depend in large part on the impressions of the moment. He gets excited easily, and is capable of doing the most foolish thing when angry. In the chamber of deputies he is master neither of his words nor gestures. The least thing is apt to ruffle him, and at any moment he may 'fly off the handle.'"

John Sherman is just two inches shorter than was Abraham Lincoln, and Sherman first met Lincoln at Willard's hotel in Washington. It was in February, 1861, and Lincoln had come on for his inauguration. Sherman called to see him, and Lincoln's first salutation on shaking hands was: "And so you're John Sherman?" He then looked over Sherman from head to foot, and said: "Well, I'm taller than you are, anyway. Let's measure!" The two then backed themselves up against each other, and the result was that Lincoln's head came two inches above that of Sherman. Senator Sherman has acquired the faint semblance of a stoop, but his thinness makes him look even taller than he is.

John Bright lives, when in the country, in a stately red brick house on the outskirts of Rochdale, Lancashire, called "One Ash." A maid servant answers the visitors' bell, and a collie dog trots at her heels. In London Mr. Bright occupies a house on Piccadilly, overlooking Green park, right in among all the great houses of that great town. The Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Wellington and the Rothschilds live within call. Mr. Bright does not wear the regular Quaker dress, though he attends meetings, and occasionally preaches. He always appears in black broadcloth. A high old fashioned collar encircles his neck, and is set off with a black silk tie. This style of dress is worn the year round, except when Mr. Bright goes fishing; then he gets himself up in true sportsman's costume.

Prince Henry, the Emperor Frederick's second son, smokes his pipe in the English fashion, and smokes it morning, noon and night. You could meet him, when he was at San Remo, strolling about after breakfast, with a well colored English short clay, or cutty. In the afternoon, he made just this sacrifice to fashion—he changed the clay for a briar root. It is related of him in San Remo that, going to church one Sunday afternoon, he started with his prayer book under his arm and his briar root well alight in his mouth. A young English friend of his, who was staying at San Remo, ventured on a mild remonstrance. "My dear boy," said the young English dandy, "you are not going to church with that thing in your mouth?" Prince Henry took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked at it. "I beg your pardon, old fellow," he said; "I forgot it was Sunday." He ran back home with the briar root, and resupplied with a meerschaum.

Roscoe Conkling's hair is getting thinner on the top of his head, and one with sharp eyes can see the outline of his skull back of the forehead. The scalp is of the ruddy tint, which makes the brow look a little fevered, and which deepens in color on his cheeks and neck, so that the man seems as if he were blushing. Still, it is only his usual healthful glow, heightened by the increasing whiteness of his hair. That famous curl over the middle of his forehead, which his caricaturists used to burlesque so sharply, has lost its old time glory, and has dwindled so that it is only a small fringe of its old self. There used to be told a story that Senator Conkling wore the curl to conceal a scar which he had received from a horse when a lad. The scar must have been small and slight, for it is pretty hard to see anything of it now that the curl has retreated.

A Night's Rest.
 "Will you allow me to sleep in the ten here lot back of the barn, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp.

"Certainly," responded the woman, kindly; "and here are a couple of mattresses in case it should turn cold before morning."—Late.

Comes Natural to Him.
 She (at the theatre)—"What a long, stately stride Mr. Ham, the tragedian, has."

He—Yes, I understand he has acquired that gait by traveling on every other toe.—Epoch.

Family Matters.
 Brown—I have always understood, Dumpley, that Lumley was a friend of yours?"
 Dumpley—Friend, naw! He's a relative.—Epoch.

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24	1	24	1
23	2	23	2
22	3	22	3
21	4	21	4
20	5	20	5
19	6	19	6
18	7	18	7
17	8	17	8
16	9	16	9
15	10	15	10
14	11	14	11
13	12	13	12
VAN DORN STREET.		STREET.	
12	13	12	13

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