

VICOMTE AND THE DENTIST.

An Unveiled-for Tale Which Was a Novel.

People are being greatly interested by the story of a misadventure which is said to have befallen a gentleman who had been paying his addresses, with what success will be presently seen, to a lady who had fascinated him by her bewitching appearance on a bicycle, says a Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph. He had noticed her in his frequent excursions in his motor car in the neighborhood of this city and being deeply smitten by her attractions had followed and made inquiries about her. The vicomte had ascertained that she was the wife of a dentist in practice here, but this discovery had not the effect of cooling his ardor. On the contrary, he had pursued the bicycle and its fair rider with more zeal than ever, until one day he availed himself of an opportunity to enter into conversation, and was informed to his infinite delight that he might call. Day after day he paid a visit to the object of his admiration, always selecting the moment her husband happened to be away from home. At last, however, he became so pressing in his attentions that the lady grew alarmed at her imprudence and promptly confided her adventure to the partner of her joys and sorrows, who, quite understanding the position in which she had thoughtlessly placed herself, sat down to concoct a little scheme of revenge. The next time that the gentleman put in an appearance he was admitted as before, but he had scarcely begun to pay the usual compliments when her husband walked quietly into the drawing room and blandly asked whether the visitor had not come for a consultation. Fancying that he saw his way very neatly out of the scrape the vicomte replied that one of his teeth was giving him a good deal of trouble and soon he was closeted with the dentist in the operating room. A glance into the mouth of the extemporized patient revealed the fact that there was not the slightest cause for a tete-a-tete of this kind, but a perfectly sound molar having been pointed out to him as the offender the dentist, rising to the occasion, declared that it was beyond a cure. A moment later there was a sharp cry. "Well! that did not take long to do. My fee is 20 francs," the operator calmly said. Paying the money the vicomte bolted out of the house a sadder and a wiser man and soon afterward peals of merry laughter were ringing in the drawing room which he had entered with a triumphant air only a few minutes before. Such is the story and people are smiling over it without searching very closely into its details.

NEW YORK OPINION OF BOSTON

Fast Reply of a Gotham Newspaper to a Critic.

From the New York Times: An amiable friend writes to us, lamenting what he mistakingly calls the "unkindness of certain remarks about Boston that have appeared in this column from time to time since the war with Spain began. His letter closes with the words: "Boston is the Athens of America; you can't deny that." Perhaps we don't want to. Let's see. Athens, like Boston, is a city with a great and glorious past. Athens, like Boston, more or less has produced many illustrious sons—soldiers and sailors of dauntless courage, philosophers with mighty minds, statesmen able to found nations in deserts, poets, sculptors, painters, architects, with whom rivalry seems almost hopeless. The world famed Athenians, like the world famed Bostonians, are all dead, and report hath it that in each of these towns the ghosts regard the living population with a consternation verging on despair, and give it lots of room on the sidewalk. Considering all this we are willing to admit our amiable friend's contention, if he really wants us to do so, and even to put his assertion in the most explicit form. Boston was to America what Athens was to Greece; Boston is to America what Athens is to Greece. Now, is he content, or does he realize that his plea was decidedly more "unkind" than our criticisms?

NEVER CLOSE THEIR EYES.

Snakes Always Keep These Organs Open in Sleep or in Death.

From the Saturday Post: One of the most curious facts with regard to snakes is that their eyes are never closed. Sleeping or waking, alive or dead, they are always wide open. This is because there are no eyelids. The eye is protected only by a strong scale, which forms a part of the epidermal envelope, and is cast off in a piece with that every time the reptile moults. This eye-plate is as clear and transparent as glass, and allows the most perfect vision, while at the same time it is so hard and tough as to perfectly protect the delicate organ within from the thorns and twigs among which, in flight from enemies or in pursuit of prey, the reptile so often hurriedly glides, as any close observer of the habits of the snake can readily discover.

Can't Tell Them Anything.

Biggs—"I can always tell a man that has been employed as a hotel clerk." Diggs—"My experience has been very much to the contrary." Biggs—"Indeed!" Diggs—"Yes; I can never tell them anything. They think they know it all."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Toilet Cut Glass.

Cut glass ornaments for ladies' toilet tables of various tints and set in pierced silver or gold are offered in numerous exquisite designs.

AN INFANT TERRIBLE.

She Made a Man Blush and the Girls Sighs.

"Literal children, or, more properly, children who take their shying literally, are holy terrors," relates a young man noted for his politeness to ladies, according to the Washington Star. "I was in a herdie the other day, which was much crowded, though no one was standing at the time. Presently a lady and gentleman got in and I gave my seat to the lady, leaving the old gentleman standing. Immediately a young lady sitting in one end of the herdie called to her little sister, a child of 8, perhaps, who was sitting near the door at the other end, to come to her and give her seat to the elderly gentleman. The child came willingly enough, and while the sister was reading her a lesson in manners a passenger got out and I took the seat. 'Never let me see you remain seated again when people older than you are standing,' closed the lecture, and the child was crowded, half sitting, half standing, between the older sister and the lady next to her. Two minutes later a pretty girl got in, and, of course, as the only gentleman in the herdie, I gave her my seat. No sooner had I done so, than that small terror was on her feet. "Oh, mister," she said in sweet, shrill accents, 'you take my seat; you're older than me.' And everybody laughed, of course. Trust a lot of giggling girls for that, for the only place on earth that I could have 'taken a seat' was on the sister's lap, from which the child had slid. I didn't take the seat, but I did take to the street and walked five blocks in a drizzling rain to get away from the giggle of those girls."

THE FROZEN BREEZE.

A Strange Phenomenon Observed by a Lover of Nature.

Did you ever see a frozen breeze? You might have seen one if you had gone with me into the country on a recent winter morning. This was the way it came to be frozen. All night long the air had been laden with mist. Over the fields, in the hollows, all through the woods, even on top of the hills, the fog hung heavily. All that time the wind blew steadily, but not fiercely, from some northern quarter. At nightfall the mercury fell below the freezing point, so that this mist, as it drifted through the trees, was frozen upon their branches and twigs. The elms, the oaks, and the other leafless trees took their ice-coating quite evenly; but the thick, impenetrable masses of the needles of the pine trees were covered noticeably only upon the sides toward the north or northwest, from which the wind came. The strong, steady breeze bent the branches to leeward, while it was lying them; and when the wind went down in the morning they all remained just there, leaning to the southward, leed and frozen to immovability, but looking just as if the wind were still steadily blowing. Even in the afternoon, when the rain began to fall, and the wind came from quite another quarter, that north wind of the night before still remained white and frozen over the pine woods—the pale, rigid corpse of a thing once keenly alive.—The Listener in the Country.

A Regular Artist.

She—Why do you insist that Jenny See is particularly accomplished? He—Because she can fry a doughnut so it will taste like angel cake.—Buffalo Times. In Paris, where pneumatic tires have come into use on some of the public cabs, it has been found that, owing to the reduced shock to the vehicles, the cost of repairs has been lessened 50 per cent, to say nothing of the saving to the nerves of passengers and others and to the muscles of horses. Anything that diminishes the noises of the city is a distinct gain to the comfort and health of the inhabitants.

Iron Visiting Cards.

Among the curious uses to which iron has been placed is that of visiting card. Many great iron manufacturers have had the metal rolled in sheets so thin that it has been successfully employed for this social use. It is interesting to know that the cards of Count Renard are one one-thousandth part of an inch thick, those of Baron Krup are one-eighth hundred and twentieth part of an inch, and Count Harrach's one-six hundred and fortieth part of an inch.

No Dust for Him.

"Young man," said the one who had wished him well, "have you utterly forgotten what you owe to the honored name you bear? Have you no regard for the sacred dust of your ancestors?" "They didn't leave me any," said the young man. "The only dust I get next to I cop out for myself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stringent Measures.

In order to check diphtheria, the health authorities of Greentown, Ind., recently ordered that all children under 18 be arrested if seen upon the streets. As there are only two cases of diphtheria in town, you can imagine somebody's growling.

New York's Costly Capitol.

As a last call the Legislature of New York is informed that if it will only "blow in" just one million dollars more the great Albany capitol will be completed. Up to date this mammoth toy has only cost \$21,653,511.

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That periodical vagary of stationery, brilliant red note paper, is again seen in the shops. It is sold by the sheet—an evidence of its little demand that is a compliment to the purchasing public.

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He (who has just been accepted)—"What is more delightful than a kiss?" She (blushing and in a whisper)—"Two."—Tit-Bits.

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