

**WHEN WOMEN VOTE.**

When women vote the air will ring with arguments on everything—  
They'll rack their proud, progressive souls  
To plunge us into mental holes.  
And speak their babies at the polls,  
When women vote.

When women vote each will find  
A duplicate in womankind—  
Their weaker sisters they will "bluff,"  
And with hairpins and powder puff  
The ballot boxes they will stuff,  
When women vote.

When women vote, this life will seem  
One large nightmare, fearful dream—  
Their modest wives will all grow rash,  
Their politics with ours will clash,  
And God knows who will cook the hash,  
When women vote.

When women vote, we men will be  
Best spectators of humanity;  
Like ghosts we'll fit from place to place,  
A hungry, thirsty, desperate race—  
For we'll have nothing left but space,  
When women vote.

—New York World.

**LOVER'S LETTER BOX.**

I had had a duel the preceding autumn in consequence of a little adventure which has nothing to do with the present story, and I was in a fair way to get into another, for I was paying court in furious fashion to a fair Italian, whom we shall call, if you like, Princess Miliflore.

The princess was a very beautiful woman, dark as night; but it was not a starless night, for she had eyes about which one could write volumes. She was about 30, and had a ferocious husband.

He could not abide me. She, on the contrary, designed to evince toward me an affection that was scarcely maternal, though she was my senior by some seven or eight summers. After having ventured, without sustaining serious injury, to tell her that I thought her very beautiful, and that her smile was simply maddening, I had come to the stage where one repeats such avowals in writing. The difficulty lay, not in writing, but in delivering the letters under the very nose of her husband, a bearded ruffian who never left her side.

Well, on a certain winter night, while all Paris was skating in the most august company, I took advantage of a moment when the princess had laid her magnificent blue foxskin muff down on a bench beside her to slip my epistle into it.

The princess saw my maneuver plainly, and the glance she gave me made it apparent to me that I need not fear she would denounce me to the police. Then we separated, for I saw the princess's eyes fixed on me with so queer an expression that I wondered seriously if she did not suspect something.

Mme. de Miliflore, a tall, supple woman—a little slender, perhaps—was an unequalled horsewoman and an indefatigable dancer; but like a true Italian, she did not shine on the ice. She even had a fall once that made me shudder; but she was on her feet again—once, safe and sound. She had not struck her head. However, though the victim of an apparently ordinary accident, she disappeared for a moment into the ladies' dressing room. Was she badly hurt? No. Five minutes later she glided out on the icy mirror again, more intrepid than ever.

During the evening I managed to get near her for a moment, and murmured to her in a voice tremulous with emotion: "Take care! If you should fall again..."

She looked at me with eyes full of mischief.

"Have no fear," she replied, "I have taken precautions," and she was swallowed up again in the throng.

An hour later a supper party was made up. The fair Italian was of the number, and, as you may imagine, I had arranged to be one, too. Presently we were ensconced in a salon of the Cafe Anglais. In our salon, which was lighted up as bright as day, everybody was in the jolliest humor possible, the princess above all. I remember that as she stood at the grate warming her adorable little foot at the blaze, some one nudged me and murmured: "Isay, old man, Mme. de Miliflore is not so thin, after all."

And to tell the truth, I was surprised and charmed at a certain opulence of figure which I had never observed before. But I was torn from my dreams by the princess's voice.

"My dear," she suddenly called out to her, "where have you left your muff?"

"That animal was the very incarnation of order."

Now that was a simple question, and perfectly legitimate in the mouth of him who asked it. But the princess blushed to her ears, while I felt my almost beardless face grow pale. I was even so imprudent as to glance at my accomplice, and I thought I read in her eyes an anguish easy to explain. The muff was a trifle—but the note!

After a seconds' hesitation she replied with a certain embarrassment: "I—I do not know. Perhaps it is still in the carriage."

Without a word the Prince went downstairs. I would have given a bale of fox-skins, of no matter what color, to have had the accused note in my pocket. As to the Princess, even at the moment of peril she smiled. Oh, these women! what nerve they have in the very face of death! I was already rehearsing in my mind's eye the episode of Francesca and Paolo, and I confess the role of Paolo had few attractions for me. Just then the Prince returned with an ominously impressive face.

"The muff is not in the carriage," he announced in a solemn tone.

I breathed again. It meant a few minutes' respite.

"Then," said Mme. de Miliflore, approaching the table with a more care than she had ever shown, "I must have left it out the door. In the meantime, while it is being found, let us have supper. I am dying of hunger."

If you will believe me, this strange woman ate with a hearty appetite. She was more beautiful and gayer than ever, fairly sparkling with wit and the life of the party.

To tell the truth, I had no appetite. The Princess even had the audacity to rally me about it.

"Come, M. de Clomat," she called out—I was at the further end of the table—"you are solemn as an owl tonight. Have you left your wits at the lake with my muff?"

My wits, they certainly deserted me. How could I have failed to think of the one thing to do? Fortunately, the Princess's ingenious phrase had put me in mind of it.

"The fact is, madame," I replied, "I am not very well. I feel quite chilly"—in truth, I had not a dry stitch on me—"and I am afraid I was imprudent in not going home directly. With your permission, and that of these ladies, I shall do so at once."

Two minutes later I was in a cab on my way to the lake in the Bois. Heavens! how far it is from the Cafe Anglais to the Skating Club, at 2 o'clock in the morning, with the thermometer 20 degrees below freezing point, when one is in a cab, and his head full of awful ideas!

"Evidently," said I to myself, "the husband suspects something. Tomorrow, that Othello will move heaven and earth to find his wife's muff—and my note. And a fool note it is, now that I think it over in cold blood. But one needn't write like Voltaire to get a woman into a horrible hole. I must find that muff. The Princess's gaiety was only feigned—I could see that in the look she gave me just now. Not only my life depends on it, but hers, too. Oh, the devil fly away with love!"

At the lake the last torches were being extinguished. The glittering arena was almost empty. At the buffet, in the dressing-room, on the ice, everywhere, my search was useless. I had offered 100 francs reward for the muff, but in vain. Many things had been lost that night: handkerchiefs, gloves, jewels and even—pardon my fidelity to detail—three or four circlets of silk elastic of various hues. That was all. There was no more sign of a muff than there was of the Venus de Milo, who had no need of a muff, and for an excellent reason.

Perhaps it had been stolen. Perhaps whoever had found it intended to deposit it with the police next morning. Perhaps it had already been left with some officer of the police. In any event, I must be before the Prince. Without losing another minute, I jumped into my cab again. The driver, half drunk with the cold and more than half drunk with the brandy he had taken to warm himself up, stared at me with a bewilderment as I ordered him to drive me to the nearest police station. There, after having aroused the unhappy man in charge, I charged him to deliver the famous muff only to me if it should be brought to him, promising him a goodly sum if he returned it to me. At three other stations I did the same. If I had had time, I would have visited all the twenty-four stations in the city. I intended neither fatigue nor cold. I must save a woman—an adorable woman, but not too clever. The idea of forgetting her muff in such weather! She would have forgotten her umbrella on Mount Ararat in the deluge!

One last precaution, and the most essential, remained to be taken. I absolutely must go to the prefecture of police. The first difficulty was that the Siberian cold—it was now 3 in the morning—had been too much for my driver. The unhappy man was dead drunk on his seat. I had to climb up beside him, gather up the reins, and drive his old nag with one hand, with the other passed around my Jehu, who was snoring away like a steam engine, emitting fumes that I feared would intoxicate me myself, by simple odor alone.

At the prefecture I had a relative, an uncle whom I never went to see, because he always read me lectures. The good man certainly did not suspect that he was going to receive his nephew that night. His functions being such that he might be called on at any hour, he lived in the same building. I had no scruples in having him aroused, so, after having set my driver near the stove to thaw, I interrupted into my uncle's apartment in such a disheveled state that the old man—who really loved me—seized me in his arms.

"My God, boy!" he cried. "What terrible business is this?"

"There has been no murder done yet, my dear uncle," I stammered, for I was so cold my tongue refused to do its work. "I have come to beg your aid to prevent the killing of two persons, in at least one of them you are strongly interested."

Thereupon, my teeth chattering like the clatter of a mill, I told him the story of the note and the muff.

My uncle began by giving me a twenty-minute lecture, which, however, had the virtue of giving me time to get warm again.

"And as for your discretion," he concluded, "this is no time for such foolishness. You must tell me the husband's name, in order to prevent his finding what he is looking for, and also what he is not looking for."

I had to give in. Besides, my uncle is the most discreet of men, and, to tell the truth, the princess has since had adventures much more renowned than that. I gave my uncle the princess's name and took my leave, having his promise that the muff should be delivered to me alone if it were brought to the prefecture; and, at about 5 o'clock in the morning I let myself into my rooms, after having walked home to restore the circulation of my blood.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, with a trembling hand, I rang at the princess's hotel. I had a plausible pretext—too plausible, alas!—to explain my early visit—that accused muff. In the course of my life I have had a cold

in the head, but the one I had that day exceeded the limits of belief.

"Madame," I said, sniffing like the waste pipe of a bath, "I have passed the night searching for it, or, at least, preventing your husband from finding it. The horse is foundered, the driver is probably dead, and I—I fear, am not long for this world. All that the most devoted forethought could—can—do is a sterutatory cataclysm that made the very strings of the princess's piano dance out me short. Astonished, the princess started.

"It is nothing," I said, with the calm that precedes new storms. "I sneezed."

"Heaven bless you," responded the princess mechanically. "But how is it you say you passed the entire night? I do not understand."

"The muff," I stammered.

At these words the princess broke into a fit of laughter which I punctuated with hoarse coughs.

"The muff!" she said at last, when she could control herself to speak. "Why, there it is."

She pointed out on a table a strange object, deformed by prolonged compression. "Where was it?" I exclaimed, bewildered.

"Where was it?" repeated the princess. "Never mind. Do you remember my fall upon the ice?"—Translated for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French.

**Cumberland's Great Trick.**

On the journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg, Cumberland, the well-known anti-spiritualist and thought-reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of fifty rubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland accepted to his request, and said:

"You are going to the fair at Nizhni-Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the amount of 20,000 rubles, after which you will declare your self a bankrupt, and compound with your creditors for 3 per cent."

On hearing these words the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse, and handed him the fifty rubles. Whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired:

"Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?"

"No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."—Podmokker Wochenblatt.

**Jolting Cure for Nervous Trouble.**

"It is a fact well known to specialists in nervous diseases," said a leading physician the other day, "that patients suffering from spinal troubles are greatly benefited by riding in street cars or in a wagon over a rough road. The noted Dr. Chareot took advantage of this fact to devise an ingenious form of helmet, which, when placed upon the head, caused rhythmic vibrations to be imparted to the entire body. I have at present a patient who is afflicted with an incurable disease of the spinal nerves, who has the usual train of symptoms of sharp, darting pains in the limbs, contractions of the muscles and stiffness of the joints. Every day for the past two years he has been accustomed to board a street car and go over the entire route two or three times. This practice never fails to relieve his most troublesome symptoms and insure a good night's rest. Since the introduction of the trolley he has some difficulty in finding a street car line with roadbed uneven enough to give the requisite amount of jolting."—Philadelphia Record.

**Expected Too Much for \$3.**

He was not of the upper-tendom in traveling circles for appearances, and the man with the diamond behind the hotel desk assigned him one of the poorest rooms in the house—one which was never given out except when the house was unusually crowded. The bellboy "showed the gentleman up," and the clerk had an opportunity to consult the bar, a thing which he had done about once or twice already that evening. In a few moments the guest had returned to the desk.

"What kind of a room do you call that?" he demanded, and he was white with rage. "That is the worst room I ever saw. Why, there are rats in that room as big as pig dogs."

He never "phased" the clerk. The latter turned around to the speaking tube and calling the engineer, said: "Turn about five more volts on my stud till I kill this cheap drummer," and then turning again to the guest, he said bluntly: "Rats, do you say? Well, what do you expect for \$3—white mice?"—Indianapolis Sentinel.

**A Missing One.**

A couple of neighbors were visiting the room in a museum where a large collection of various instruments of torture were on exhibition.

"I swan, Bill," said one; "they've got 'em all here, haven't they?"

Bill looked over the collection very carefully, and shook his head.

"No," he replied, "they haven't. I don't see nothin' of that squeaky old clarinet you practice on every night."

**Soup for a Queen.**

Those who would like to sip a soup of which the English Queen is specially fond must prepare one as follows: Take half a pound of pearl barley and set in a stewpan with three pints of veal stock. Simmer very gently for an hour and a half. Remove one-third to another soup pot, rub the rest through a sieve, pour it to the whole barley, add a half pint of cream, season with a little salt, stir till very hot, and serve.

**MOURNER ON A WHEEL.**

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**TYPewriter RIBBON.**

**A Large Industry Which Has Not Yet Reached Perfection.**

The manufacture of ribbons for typewriting machines is an industry which gives employment to a large number of people. On nearly all first-class typewriters these inked ribbons are used. There are at least forty different styles of American typewriters, and more than 400,000 machines are in actual use, says the New York Sun. As the average life of a ribbon is from four to six weeks, the number of concerns which seek to supply the market with this article is surprising.

They make ribbons of every conceivable color and variety, from six to ten yards in length, and capable of writing with copying or noncopying ink. Some ribbons are made which print in one color and show an entirely different color when the manuscript is copied by means of the letter press. For instance, a ribbon which writes black may copy blue or green, making the record much more legible on certain qualities of paper. The manager of a concern in this city which turns out several ribbons daily said to a Sun reporter that at a low estimate fifty plants engaged in the manufacture of the ribbons have been established in the United States this year.

Each manufacturer has a secret process for making his particular style of ribbon, and the secret is guarded with the greatest possible care. One maker in this city has each box and jar containing powder or pigment for making the ink distinctly numbered, and even the employe who mixes it is obliged to follow his printed instructions mechanically, and remains entirely ignorant of the composition he is using. One may witness the whole process and go away as ignorant as before.

The best ribbons have selvaged edges, which prevent their raveling and curling when in use. They are nearly uniform in thickness, though one ribbon is made of very thin texture to be used when an extra large number of carbon copies are desired, and the imprint of the type must be as clear as possible and free from blurs. The greatest care must be taken in selecting the cloth from which the ribbons are made. If the texture is woven too closely it will not hold sufficient ink, and if woven too loosely it will become clogged with ink and smirch the paper. Moreover, such a ribbon will fill the type of the machine and greatly annoy the operator.

A prime difficulty encountered by manufacturers is how to prevent evaporation of ink from the ribbon when it is in use and exposed to the air. This has been largely overcome in the last two or three years.

The man in charge of a large New York house which makes writing inks and typewriter ribbons said recently that the most noticeable thing in his trade was the decrease in the sale of ordinary copying ink. It is almost entirely supplanted by the copying typewriter ribbon, which gives far better results. Despite the great number of ribbons in the market and the constant efforts of expert chemists everywhere to produce one that will satisfy everybody, those giving all-round satisfaction are not easy to find, and dealers in supplies of this nature often have extreme difficulty in furnishing what is wanted. This country furnishes practically all the typewriter ribbons in use both here and abroad.

**The Erudite Policeman.**

The stranger from the country stood at the curbstone looking up attentively at one of Chicago's greatest sky-scrappers.

A police officer, with studious brow and thoughtful mien, stood by his side. "My! but that's a big building," said the stranger, with enthusiasm. "How high is it, officer?"

The policeman regarded the speaker a moment with keen suspicion in his eyes.

"Why do you ask, sir?" he inquired.

"So's I can tell the folks at home," said the stranger.

"Very well, sir," said the policeman, politely, "I do not at present know the height of the building, but will take pains to find out. Let us see. It's about one-third of the way up to that cornice on the fourth story, isn't it?"

"Yes, I guess it is," said the stranger, squinting at the cornice.

"And it's about 100 feet higher to that balcony on the eighth story?"

"That's what it is," said the visitor.

"And from there to the top cornice is about a third of the whole height, is it not?"

"Sure thing," said the stranger, smiling.

"Well, then," said the policeman, who was getting ready for his civil service examination, "allow me to figure for a few moments." And he pulled out a pad of paper and began to write rapidly.

"Let x," he said, "denote the entire height of the building. Then, by the facts already ascertained, we have the equation that one-third of x plus one-fourth of x plus 100 equals x, or the height of the building. Resolving this statement to its simplest form by multiplying the denominators with the terms of the equation, we find that 7x plus 1,200 equals 12x. Transposing the terms we find that 5x equals 1,200 and that x equals 240.

"The building, sir," said the policeman, shutting his notebook and bowing politely, "is just 240 feet high. I am glad to have been able to accommodate you."—Chicago Record.

**What Impressed Him Most.**

Here is a good story at the expense of Armour, the big tinned-meat man of Chicago. The Mayor of New York, while on a visit to Chicago, went over Armour's place. While standing with the manager at a window which overlooked a great yard, he saw a herd of oxen driven in. A few minutes later there was a great rattle and crash, which turned out to be the result of

hundreds of tins falling down a chute.

"What's in those tins," he asked the manager.

"Oh," was the reply, "they contain all that's left of those bullocks you just saw driven by."

"Indeed," said the enlightened traveler. "This is simply marvelous! Just wait a minute while I make a note of it. And producing a note-book, he rapidly scribbled down something, while the manager exchanged winks with an assistant working at a neighboring desk. When the New-Yorker got back to his hotel that evening he was interviewed by a Chicago pressman, who, among other questions, said, "I believe you have been to Armour's place to-day; what do you think of it?"

"Well," said the Mayor, slowly, "I was much impressed with Armour's concern. See—here is a note I made of the occurrence that struck me particularly," and producing his note-book, he turned to the entry that he had made at Armour's, and handed it to the reporter to read. It ran thus: "I have been about a good bit in my time, and have met some thundering liars, but never such thundering ones as Armour's folks."

**LOOKING FOR SMALL GAME.**

But He Started a Mountain Lioness and Had an Exciting Time.

Friday evening, just before dusk, Thomas Gibson, who lives in Cajon pass, participated in a hunting episode which was the most exciting in his years of experience as a Nimrod in the San Bernardino Mountains. He started out from Sugar Pine flat with a double-barreled shotgun, says the San Bernardino Sun, looking for small game, and accompanied by his dog, a cross between a hound and a coach dog. He had crossed the divide and about ten minutes before sundown was entering the head of Cable canon, when at the same moment he and his dog saw a mountain lioness ahead of them on the trail. Instantly the dog started after her and chased her a short distance down the canon, she taking to a short oak tree which stood less than thirty feet from the edge of a precipitous bluff. Gibson gave her a charge from one barrel, which was loaded with bird shot, and before he could fire again the lioness was on the ground.

The dog made an attack, and the next instant the animals disappeared over the precipice, fighting as they went down. The bluff is 250 or 300 feet high, and is naturally terraced at intervals of 50 or 60 feet. Before Gibson could reach the bluff, the dog and the lioness were at the bottom of the canon, apparently dead. The hunter made a detour, and just as twilight was closing in reached the animals. He thinks they must have struck the natural terraces in their fall, bounding from the one above to the next below. Every bone in their bodies seem to have been broken, but they were both breathing when he reached them. He ended their sufferings with his shotgun. The only mark of the fight which his dog snatched was a slit across the ear which had cut it in two. By this time twilight had faded into darkness, so Gibson built a fire, remained in the canon all night, and early in the morning started for San Bernardino.

**COMPROMISING A TENOR.**

Tsar Nicholas used to walk the streets of St. Petersburg alone, wrapped in a large gray cloak. It was forbidden to speak to him, but the Tsar sometimes forgot that a subject could not obey the prohibition if the Emperor addressed him.

Once the Tsar met in a park the tenor singer of the Italian opera, and exchanged a few words with him. The moment the Tsar was out of sight the police arrested the tenor. That evening the Tsar entered the opera, where, after a long delay, the manager announced that the tenor could not be found. Nicholas guessed what had happened, and sent an aide-de-camp to release the singer.

A few days after the Tsar again met the tenor, and began with an apology: "I was very sorry—"

"May I implore your Majesty," the Italian exclaimed, "not to speak to me! Your Majesty will compromise me with the police."

**LAST OF HER SPECIES.**

A story is told of Prince John Van Buren a few years before the civil war. The Whig and native American parties had disbanded. At a ball in Baltimore about 1858 or 1859 one of the belles of the evening was very outspoken in her political dislikes.

"I am not a Democrat, nor am I a Republican," said she.

"But what politics are you, then?" was the natural question of the bystanders.

"I would have you know," replied the lady, "that I am an old line Whig."

Instantly taking the lady by the arm, John VanBuren faced the assemblage and remarked: "Here, ladies and gentlemen, you may see one of the greatest courtesies in the whole country. This young lady says she is an old line Whig! The male of this species is extinct!"—Boston Budget.

**STRAUS'S GOOD WORK.**

The death rate among little children in New York City, which had been steadily increasing, has shown a decrease of more than 10 per cent since the inauguration by Nathan Straus of his sterilized milk charity.

**SEEMS RIDICULOUS.**

The theory that the remains of animals form the raw material from which petroleum is formed by nature is still held by some prominent scientists.

**MILLIONS CROSS IT.**

The foot travel across London bridge each year reaches to powder twenty-five cubic yards of granite.