

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Proceedings of the Day-After-Tomorrow and News Notes.

The Spanish campaign in Cuba is reported to have cost \$20,000,000 up to date and hasn't even carried a precinct.

Tacoma wants a world's fair in the year 1900. Tacoma, we believe, is a town somewhere out in the Northwest.

The medical congress holds that inebriety is a disease, and it is probably right. We notice that victims are constantly taking something for it.

Those Cincinnati hardware men who bought 100,000 kegs of nails last spring at 35 cents and have just sold them at \$2.40 can afford to open a keg.

The young man who successfully made love at the top of Mount Tacoma evidently impressed the young woman in the case that he had the highest regard for her.

The separation of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and her husband is evidence that a home may not be an earthly paradise even when the kids address their mother as "dearest."

An Ohio man has been given his liberty after serving forty-three years in the penitentiary. Imagine how an Ohio man must feel who has been kept out of politics forty-three years!

An Ohio minister sells advertising space on his church programs in such a way that a response to prayer and a business ad alternate. The next step in the progress of this interesting church will be the election of a circulation editor.

The New York Merchant Tailors' Society has decreed that cutaway coats shall be shorter. It is said that the new coats will just cover the rear suspender buttons of the wearer. Will the tailors cut the price of coats commensurately with this reduction in the amount of cloth necessary to make them—just enough to miss the pocket-book in the rear pocket?

Politeness costs nothing; it is very agreeable to other people; and, more than this, it pays. Wherever any one goes, he should make his best bow, look as well as he can, and be as attentive to others as is consistent with modesty and dignity; and, by so doing, he will gain friends. Give a man friends enough, and one may venture to say that his fortune is made.

A New York burglar broke into a Madison avenue house in that city a few nights ago, raked together more than \$100 worth of plunder, foraged in the pantry for victuals, ate a square meal, took a nap, and departed leisurely with his swag. He tried to sell the stuff next day to a police sergeant and was arrested. Even with the New York police one can take too many liberties.

Constant and persevering effort is the best cure for an unhealthy self-depreciation. He who thinks he can accomplish nothing, and makes no endeavor, will soon destroy whatever abilities he may possess, indolence and self-disparagement go hand in hand and act each on the other. But noble aims and steadfast industry will give a truer estimate of self and its powers; and they in turn will rapidly develop a well-grounded self-confidence.

The new territory opened up by the Russian railroad through Siberia is being occupied as fast as the road is extended. Last year 100,000 Russians left their homes and voluntarily took up their residences in the land of exile. Siberian soil is a rich, dark loam, and is more productive than the long-cultivated soils of Russia. It is probably from the new regions in Siberia rather than from the old wheat lands of Russia that the chief competition of American farmers in wheat production will come in future. It is expected that the new railroad to the Pacific will be completed in three or four years.

It is a national loss that has been sustained in the death of Prof. Chas. V. Riley, who was known throughout the country as one of the foremost entomologists in the world. He was only fifty-three years old, but for many years had been the leader in entomological research in this country. His work was especially valuable to farmers and fruit growers. The worst enemies that they have to contend with are insects. Within the years that Prof. Riley had been investigating them the number of destructive insects had greatly increased. Mr. Riley's death was sudden, occasioned by a fall from the bicycle which he was riding.

A voyage to the moon is the latest project which is seriously put forward as the crowning point of the exhibition of 1900. M. Mantola, its author, does not propose to carry passengers to the lunar regions in an aerial car, but he suggests to bring down the moon to the earth by means of a vision extending, say six miles from the earth. The plan is to construct a telescope nearly 200 feet in length. The objective glass will have a diameter of something over four feet three inches, the largest in the world. The central tube will be glass, horizontally, and the image of the moon will be reflected by what is termed a mirror plane, six feet in diameter and fifteen inches thick. The weight would be 1,000 pounds. The optical feature of the idea is that the image of the moon should be thrown upon a screen placed in a ball house.

enough to hold 600 spectators. Astronomers calculate that with an apparatus of these dimensions it will be possible to discern easily objects of the size of the Notre Dame Cathedral towers, and to distinguish the evolution of a lunar regiment. Should the opening of the twentieth century be signalled by volcanic eruptions in the mountains of the moon, visitors to the exhibition would have a grand spectacle.

The armored cruiser Maine is now in commission and the battleship Texas preceded her a short time ago. The entry of these two vessels into active service is an important event in our naval history. Their construction was authorized nine years ago, at a time when we had not an establishment in the country capable of turning out their armor, or the forgings for their guns. It was considered a great undertaking then to build an armored ship of between 6,000 and 7,000 tons, and it was many people regarded the Maine and Texas as white elephants, and predicted that they would never be finished. Now we have gone far beyond them. But although we should not think of repeating their designs the Maine and Texas are still powerful ships, infinitely superior to anything we had in the navy before their time. They should be serviceable for twenty or thirty years to come.

One of the most important as well as most interesting of the questions with which the people of this country have to deal is the question of the efficiency and sufficiency of the new navy. To a country like ours the navy is so vital that there ought to be neither division of opinion nor partisan nor sectional difference in dealing with it. Naval questions should be treated in this country with the same spirit as in England or France or Russia. Naval successes and evidences of naval supremacy should be hailed with the same patriotic pride. We have had such a success in the test at the Indian Head proving grounds of the armor and the frame of the new warship Iowa. In this trial a double-forged armor plate fourteen inches thick not only resisted the utmost penetrating power it was designed to resist, but also stood constructively the test of a seventeen-inch plate. This means that the Iowa will be a floating battery equal in resisting power to any land battery, and that if she had been in the place of the Chin Yuen at the battle of the Yalu River the battle might have gone the other way. No single shot could sink her. It is not too much to claim for the new navy that up to date it has furnished the history of naval progress with specimens of the best guns and projectiles, the best engines, the best armor, the best armament, the best cruisers, and crews and officers equal to any in the world. It looks now as if we were about to lead competition in the matter of battle-ships.

Those enterprising Colorado folk who dug up the remains of a fossil man believed to be 150,000 years old did very well, but if they had been more familiar with scientific facts they would not have put their figures thus low. As things go, 150,000 years is a long way back, but if the conjectures of some of our learned paleontologists be just 150,000 years is but a span of the history of the human family. There is evidence to believe that man, armed with stone spears, hunted or was hunted by the rhinoceros, the mammoth and the elephant primitively and was hunted to death by the ferocious fossil dog fish. Draper holds that the European man who witnessed the last glacial epoch upturned his face to the sticky sun at least 250,000 years ago, and there are not lacking scientists to maintain that the antiquity of the race is 10,000,000 years. "For," says Joly, "what are the 7,000 years which have elapsed since the foundation of Thebes with its hundred gates? What are the 5,000 or at most 8,000 years admitted by archaeologists as the age of the pyramids and the statues of Schara and Ra-em-ke? Of what account even are the sixty-six centuries attributed to the great pyramid of Sakara? All these dates, supposing them to be accurate and established by proof, are nothing in comparison to the geological ages during which European man left the traces of his dawn in industry, and even his own remains, which we find in the diluvium of the caves and valleys, perhaps even in the pliocene and miocene strata of the tertiary beds." One hundred and fifty thousand years, what youth! A mere infant fossil. The Colorado diggers have found no paleontological wonder. They have discovered the "new man."

The mosquito is hatched in May, and dies at the first sign of frost; a sort of summer girl, as it were.

A Burning Glass of Ice. Iceberg—that is, fresh-water-ice is hard and clear, so much so that few pieces of it are able to gather together into one center the rays of the sun, so as to produce a great degree of heat, just like a burning glass. By means of a lump wood has been burned, powder fired, lead melted and sailors' pipes lighted, the ice remaining clear and firm all the time, the rays meanwhile that passed through being so hot that the hand could be held in their focus only a few seconds.

Took His Coffin Along and Used It. About sixty wagon loads of Indians from Yankton agency passed through Chamberlain, S. D., recently, to attend a convention of North and South Dakota Indians, which is now in progress at the War Eagle agency under the supervision of Bishop Hare. One aged delegate from Standing Rock agency expected to die during the journey and took a coffin with him in the wagon. His expectations were realized, and he has been buried at Lower Brule.

SONG OF THE SUMMER TIME.

Sing me a song of the summer time, Of the fire in the corral and ruby clever, Where the garrulous bobolinks lit and chime, Over and over.

Sing me a song of the strawberry best, Of the black cap hiding the heap of stones, Of the milkweed drowsy with sultry scent Where the bee drones.

Sing me a song of the spring head still, Of the dewy fern in the solitude, Of the hermit thrush and the whippoorwill Haunting the wood.

Sing me a song of the gleaming scythe, Of the scented hay in the buried grain, Of the mowers whistling bright and blithe In the sunny rain.

Sing me a song of the quince and the sage, Of the apricot by the orchard wall, Where bends my love Armatage, Gathering the fruit of the windfall.

Sing me a song of the rustling, slow Sway of the wheat as the winds croon, Of the golden chaff and the dreaming glow Of the harvest moon. —Scribner's.

TARANTULA GULCH.

Honest John Cooler, of Walnut Creek, Yavapai County, told me a story of how Eb Jones discovered Tarantula gulch. It is so startling that it may seem improbable, but Honest John stands behind it and two six-shooters hang on to him. Address him at Walnut Creek for terms.

"Me and Eb Jones was perds way back in '76. Eb wasn't much on size, but he had more grit and gut up and git than any pard I ever had. More'n that, he had twice the left of him in luck. His luck was simply tremendous. We was prospectin' together on a purty fair layout on the upper Hassavampa, when the grub petered out. We elected Eb to make a forage on the next station and he bumped himself accordin'.

"The afternoon was so hot you cud fry beans on the bare side in the shade and when he reached the creek the sight of the water overcame him. He shed his hutes and pants and lay where the water cud tickle along his spinal column, and he was dreaming of his childhood days when he saw them pants going over the bank with two kyotes tied to 'em. He gets up smart and puts on his hutes and made after them kyotes cussin' fit to make it rain. The kyotes was onto him and put on steam, and if the durned critters had only come to some understandin' on them pants he never cud have overhauled 'em, but each of 'em had a leg of pants in his jaw and they cudn't swap opinions without lettin' out the pants.

"Just as Eb was concluding to make camp for a new outfit them kyotes come to a tree and each on 'em took the other side of it; consequently the pants held 'em till Eb got on deck. "If the critters had had sense enough to pull back or to let go they might have got away, but they both wanted all the pants on their side. Then they got the idea that the tree was in the game for the pot, and they slewed 'round and tried to pull up the tree and take it along with 'em. But the tree held on.

"Eb come up and shook in his boots to see the fun and the kyotes was so set on getting the tree that they didn't take no notice of him, and he laffed and 'fied so that he had to let his belt out.

"Eb he figgers up about what he'll do, and takin' a piece of rope out of his pocket he took their tails, which was stiff as crowbars with rage, an' tied 'em fast together.

"When they realized what was up them kyotes give a yowl so sharp it cut a limb off the tree, and they started off so sudden that the pants fell outen their jaws and their backs went up so high that they had to roll over to straighten 'em. Then they tried to go off in different directions, but they were lined for keeps. Then they swung round the tree and compared notes. They must have 'lowed that the game was purty rich. Eb was squatting on the ground just where he'd joined the critters, laffin' fit to bust, when all to once he was swung up over the ground and carried along on 2:40 time. It nearly choked him at first and he didn't know what to make of it. Then he realized that them kyotes had turned back together and was riding him on their tails. Eb had got a grip without thinkin' just as they struck him. Barrin' some rough ground, he got along fine.

"It was kinder dark when they started and purty black when they got there. Eb got there first. The kyotes was so scared that they didn't keep a good lookout, and when they come to an Indian tank they didn't see it until they were right on top of it; then they turned sudden in different directions and Eb slid off and rolled down about twenty feet before he stopped. When he stopped he stopped all over.

"He sat up when he cud and laffed so much that he had to loosen his belt again and take off his hutes. It was the most amousin' thing he'd struck since the circus come to Prescott.

"Then he figgered he'd better be git-tin' somewhat mighty quick. It was so dark he cudn't have seen daylight without a candle, an' he wandered about promiskus. "About midnight he hadn't got no bearings and concluded to camp for the night. Just as he'd done this he heard a snort like a frog with the nightmare. Eb thought it was I'juna. The only weapon he had was a jackknife in his back pocket, but he was dead game. He rolled himself to the edge of the tank and peered down, but cudn't see nothing. Then the tank bust and Eb lighted on top of something soft. "It was wed! He'd got back to the Indian tank. He was riled enough to

chaw steel, but it was no use kicking, so he struggled up and got onto country rock again as quick as he cud, and concluded he'd have no more amousinements till sunup.

Honest John called for another drink just then, and I ventured to ask him how Eb got back his pants, but he choked me off rather roughly.

"Who in Halifax is tellin' this story—you or me? Didn't you ever hear of dog's pants? Then what's the matter with kyotes having pants, and only one atween two of 'em? This yarn ain't about pants anyhow; it's about Eb Jones discoverin' Tarantula gulch, and that's where I'm aheadin'. Them other things is extr'y." Then John continued:

"When Eb woke up next morning he thought he was petrified. He was so heavy he cudn't lift himself. The clay had friz onto him.

"After a while he got a boost to himself and rolled over; then he drew himself up a bank for more'n two hours until he was kinder perpendikler, figgerin' to fall back and break himself up.

"It was a risky thing to throw himself down, as he cud as lief as not break his back as well as the mud, but he was desprate and hadn't no time to lose. P'raps if he'd thought rael hard on the subject he might've started a crack somewhere—probly in his head.

"He swung himself a little so's to fall even—and then let go!

"He kinder rattled inside as he touched the bottom, and was hopeful of gettin' out; more so as he felt that was some seams opened long the front. He wrustled hard to open up, and after a while the sweat kinder moistens the clay long his back and he was able to step out like a clam from its shell.

"After he'd shook himself some, he closed up the mud casing so that it looked, for all creation, like a petrified human. It was so naturally shaped that Eb felt as he oughter give it a decent plantin' for his own sake. So he scraped out a hole and puts it into it, and he takes a smooth rock for a tombstone and writes on it as follows, gee whis, as the lawyers say:

Within this shell of clay Dwell Eb Jones Jones! But Jones is gone away To kinder rest his bones.

"Several years after some tenderfoot uncovered that corpse and wanted to toast it over the country as a petrified Haseyaman, but when Eb knew on it he stopped their foolin'. It looked so like himself, even to the creases in his pants, that it seemed that they was tryin' to tote himself. He got it away from 'em, and sold it east for \$500.

"After he'd got out of his shell he kinder rested. The sun was hot an' he wondered what in Halifax kept his head so cool. He put his hand up and took a jump of about twenty feet, for his hair was gone—every timber of it—an' it's bald yet! The durned mud had friz to it an' it had come out without his knowin'. He was some troubled about losin' his hair, but it wasn't his style to cry over burnt beans, and then he figgered that he'd save somethin' on hair cuttin' an' other things. When he'd got over bein' bald he took a survey of the location, an' found that he was in a narrow gulch about half a mile long an' more or less broad. What struck him most was some beautiful croppin', the purtiest he ever seen, an' he calkerlated to sample 'em before he struck the river an' got bearings for somewhere. Just as he got movin' he heard a whirr an' a spat like as if a mountain lynx was around, an' he clumb up a boulder an' waited for the lynx.

"It was a lynx, sure enough, about the size of a heifer or rather larger. It was bigger'n a elephant, Eb says, but Eb was down below Wickeberg a spell, an' it spiled his morals.

"The lynx he crouched just below the rock, with his eyes fixed on Eb tryin' to ehonise him.

"Hypnotise him, you mean." "Yes, that's it. Well, the hipotomind didn't work worth a cent, so he stood up an' swung his tail till he'd got a good ready on, an' then he pulled the trigger.

"Eb saw him comin' and stuck his toes into the rock an' bung head down till the cyclone passed. The lynx he swished his tail agen swisher than ever, an' it struck agen a rock, an' he got mad at the rock an' tried to claw it to pieces, but it wasn't pullin' stakes for no lynx!

"Then he figgered to take a fier at Eb agen, who was sittin' up laffin' at the trick he'd played him, but he dove down agen purty suddin when the cyclone come back.

"This racket continued half an hour or less—Eb says six hours—an' his toes was about givin' out, when he got a new deal.

"Just as the critter was goin' to make another spring a tarantula about two feet high come out to sun himself, an' the lynx's tail caught him right in the jaw before he cud put up his hands.

"A tarantula two feet high? "Well, it's jes' as easy to call it six, as I remember seein' one six feet high.

"For the Lord's sake! When?" "On a shelf. But to continue.

"The tarantula was so mad he cudn't speak, but he laid himself out to get even, and he bit on to that tail so's he cudn't be shook off, and p'raps he cudn't let go his grip nobow.

"Now, the lynx had been jumpin' so frequent over Eb's rock that it had become second nater to him, and he cudn't keep from doin' it if he tried, so he jes' continued to spring backwards and forwards without thinkin', while the tarantula bit and bit till the plex'n begus to work and the lynx begun to swell.

"Eb he jes' got off his perch and laid on the ground, kickin' up his heels and shoutin', till he cudn't do so no more.

"An' the lynx kep' a swellin' an' a swellin' till it was as big as a house, and finally it swell so much that it got right enough to heat off in the air clear outer sight, with the tarantula still hangin' on.

"John," I observed, "that lynx was a cuter!"

"It was that, my friend! If it hadn't been for the lynx the yarn wudn't have been interestin', wud it?" "Well, about Tarantula gulch; have you come to it yet?" "I'm right there!"

"When Eb got so's he cud walk straight he looked at them croppin's and found them so good that he put back to camp without stoppin' for any amousinements, and we made a location there that was the corner stone of Tarantula gulch. And I've told you now how Eb Jones come to discover it.

"Some other time I may tell you more about it, but jes' now I'm tired." "I believe you are," said I.—Los Angeles Herald.

Driftwood Jones of Astoria. "Driftwood Jones, Astoria," a chubby, bald-headed little man wrote on the register of a down town hotel yesterday.

"Never heard of me, I reckon?" he asked, as the clerk filled in the number of his room.

"Oh, yes; often, sir," declared the experienced liar behind the desk. "You are as well known by reputation, sir, as Flotson Brown of Eureka."

"Is that so? Well, may be you've heard how I got the name Driftwood?" "No, can't say that I ever did. Been floatin' around a good deal, I suppose."

"No, I'm not much of a floater. This is the first time I've been outside of Astoria in twenty-eight years. Well, sir, I picked up that sobriquet by accident. I was running a barber shop in Astoria and some smart fellows thought they would play a practical joke on me, so they advertised in the paper that I wanted 400 men with boats. Well, it was just before the fishing season, when boats and men are plentiful and the river is running 'bout full with melted snow. About a thousand Finns, Danes, Swedes, Greeks, Italians and Norwegians—all fishermen—fought to get into my shop. I knew it wouldn't do any good to tell them it was a joke, for they wouldn't see the point and mob me, so I got all down on the wharf, back of my shop, climbed up a pile of lumber and addressed them. I reminded them of the fact they were lying idle and wanted work, and told them I would provide them with employment that would be mutually profitable.

"Now, gentlemen," said I, "I want you to pick up driftwood on the river. You take your boats, catch all the wood you can tow up to the beach. There you can cut it up and I'll sell it to the steamers and divide the profits even up with you."

"I told them to consider it, and blame me if about 800 of them didn't go to work catching driftwood and giving me half. I made \$500 out of it and ever since they have called me Driftwood Jones up there."—San Francisco Post.

To Clean Copper and Brass. Copper tea kettles and other household articles having polished surfaces, should not be allowed to get rusty, as rust will destroy the metal. If the surface be rubbed but a little every day, the labor of keeping them bright will be very light. In case a rust is formed on the surface, apply a solution of oxalic acid, which, well rubbed over tarnished copper or brass will soon remove the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the surface rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water, imparts a golden color to brass articles that are steeped in it a few seconds. To give a finer polish, go over the surface of the metal with rottenstone and sweet oil, then rub off with a piece of cotton or flannel, and polish with a leather.

Angry pedestrian (picking himself up)—The next infernal scoundrel—O, I see! It was a man on horseback. Never mind, sir. It didn't hurt me. I thought it was one of those darned bicyclers."—Chicago Tribune.

On May 15 a pure white crow was picked up near Sberburn Colliery Station, England. The bird, which is a young one, has the bill, feet and legs white.

Whist in a Lion's Den. In the Hungarian menageries a favorite sensation scene is for four whist players to sit down and play a rubber in the lion's den, while a fifth stands by to see fair play—on the part of the lions. I thought I had played what under all possible circumstances, and in company with the very strangest specimens of created beings, but this experience is beyond me. Some people are made nervous by folks looking over their hand, which (unless they are my adversaries) does not affect me at all, but I don't think I should like this from a lion; the greater attention he paid me the less pleased I should feel by the compliment. But Hungarian players do not seem to mind these things. The other day, however, it appears this very interesting performance was given once too often. The lions, with delicate forbearance, abstained, it is true, from interfering with the players, but they went for the fifth man, whom they doubtless considered superfluous, and made very short work of him. In spite of the selfishness that is often, though most unjustly, attributed to card players, the rubber at once broke up.

Good Reason. Two Irishmen, driving through the country, noticed that many of the barns had weather vanes in the shape of huge roosters.

"Pat," said one man to the other, "can you tell me why they always have a rooster and never a hen on the top of their barns?"

"Sure," replied Mike, "an' it must be because as the difficulty they'd have in collectin' the eggs."

In the same bar-room who says to another:

AN ANCIENT ELM.

It Stood for Centuries, and, Falling, Brought Ruin to a Railway Train.

For more years than anyone can remember an elm tree of extraordinary size has stood in the village of New Milford, Pa. It was there when the first settlers arrived, and as the woods were cleared away it was left untouched by the woodman's ax. Its trunk was nearly four feet in diameter and its branches cast their shade for more than a hundred feet around. When the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad was built through New Milford, more than forty years ago, the track ran close to the old tree, and the station was erected almost in its shade. Its great height and wide spread of branches offered a favorable mark for storm and tempest, but while other trees were uprooted from time to time this grand old tree defied the elements. It seemed as sound as it was when the pioneers first saw it, and was a famous landmark.

One night last week, as the locomotive of a west-bound freight train was opposite it, the great elm fell and crushed the engine. Not a breath of air was stirring at the time. The engineer, Timothy Connon, and his fireman were buried in the wreck of the locomotive, and several freight cars were piled up and mingled with the ruins of the tree and engine. Both the engineer and fireman were taken from the wreck, and it was found that neither had received as much as a scratch. Fred Ball, a brakeman, jumped from his car and was badly hurt. There was nothing revealed in the structure of the great elm to indicate why it should have thus fallen without warning. It had broken in two half way up the stem. Only one minute and a half before it fell the east New York express, No. 8, bound east, had dashed by, running forty miles an hour.

"It is not pleasant to speculate on what the consequences would have been," said a Delaware and Lackawanna official, "if that tree had fallen a minute and a half sooner."—New York Sun.

Will Make Governors' Shoes. The Governors of the different States of the Union have a very important personage looking after their interests just now, in the person of Harry J. Mooney, the "Brocton Shoemaker."

It is probably the first time in the history of the United States that there exists a genuine "Bootmaker to his excellency;" but Mr. Mooney is filling that position very acceptably. In his occupation the Massachusetts cobbler much resembles the famous bootmaker of Versailles, who followed his majesty, the Emperor Napoleon, everywhere and looked after the sovereign's footwear, but in appearance Mr. Mooney is the ideal type of the hardy New England mechanic.

Mooney's idea is original. It is his intention to visit the capital of every State in the Union and make a pair of fine hand-sewed shoes for the State's chief executive, "free, gratis, for nothing."

He started out from his native town July 30 last, without any money in his pocket, and vowed that he would live for twelve months on honest labor, well performed, and make boots for all the Governors besides.

Armed with a recommendation from Mayor Whittle, of Brocton, he first called on Gov. Cleaves, of Maine, and made that gentleman a pair of shoes. In return he received a letter of introduction to the Governor of Massachusetts, from whom, in turn, he got a letter for Gov. Bassell, of New Hampshire.

Mooney expects to bring a letter from every Governor to bring back with him, and possibly one from the President, if he is allowed an audience. He expects to reach the Pacific coast in about three months, and will return home by way of the Southern States.—New York Mercury.

Give Away Her Papa. "We had a number of distinguished visitors come in upon us not long ago," says Edgar William Nye, the North Carolina humorist. "We made them welcome and invited them to supper. I happened to be feeling particularly well that evening, and, if I do say it myself, I made myself exceedingly agreeable. After having recounted one of my most amusing anecdotes, I was pained to overhear the following conversation between one of our guests and my youngest daughter, a sweet child of 7 years:

"Turning to my daughter and smiling radiantly the visitor said: 'Your papa is a very funny man, isn't he, my dear?'"

"Yes," answered the sweet child, with charming naivete; "he always is when we have company!"—Chicago Record.

Bands in the British Army. The British army bands use the high pitch, the Queen's regulation running as follows: "In order to insure uniformity throughout the regimental bands of the service the instruments are to be of the same pitch as that adopted by the Philharmonic Society." The Philharmonic Society has recently decided to adopt the lower pitch, and, accordingly, the Queen's regulations will doubtless have to be amended. It is estimated by competent authority that the cost of altering the instruments of the army bands to the lower pitch would amount to between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000, but it is more than doubtful if any chancellor of the exchequer would spend so large a sum for such a purpose.

Hortense—"I suppose there is always something in life to spoil a man's happiness." Yas Jay—"Yes; if a man is poor he can't be happy, and if he is rich the chances are he will get married."—Brooklyn Eagle.