

THE NATTY BICYCLE GIRL.

Before she got her bicycle she sometimes used to make... The beds and wash the dishes, and help her mother to wash the dishes...

FOLLY OF WOMAN.

"Seriously, Eve, you don't think of going to the Orde-Lauriston's tomorrow night?" "Quite seriously, my dear Betty, I do."

"The woman's, if she's wise, to prevent his guessing that she does feel tired," Eve retorted. "I often marvel at folly of wives whom I overhear being their husbands to death with the tale of their petty ailments."

"My dear Eve," the girl protested hastily, "surely you needn't take that point into consideration. To begin with, you look years younger than Mr. Alonby. Everyone says so."

"So it is, but Holroyd has arranged for me to play round the Marpleton links with Naylor on Tuesday evening, and he thought I had better have a walk over the course first. So Monday was suggested."

"The demon is playing havoc with my nerve—after his accustomed fashion, I suppose, she thought on finding herself ready to weep because she had directed two envelopes upside down."

"What do you think of me?" "The frock's a dream," Betty responded with heartfelt enthusiasm. "I know—impatiently. 'But—myself? Do I look like the death's head at the feast of reason?'"

"You are quite right," Betty said. "You are a little over-ventured; I shall be better—presently. Some water from the fountain!"

"I suppose you saw Arthur Chaloner?" "I remarked, when the sayings and civilities of Sir John Mallinger and his colleagues had been sufficiently discussed."

necessarily upon her act of imprudence, she recalled the pride with which Walter had quoted the Russian diplomatist's flattering epithet, and congratulated herself that she had "made an effort."

When Prince Karakoff met her again, five months later, he was less lavish of admiration. "That lovely Mrs. Alonby of last winter?" he queried, shaking his bald head mournfully.

"I didn't suppose you would condescend so far," he stammered. "I'm not a first-class performer, you know."

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or gave it any more definite name—tided her safety over those terrible blank places! She insisted on returning to mingle at once with the crowd; and when Betty, an hour later, ventured a low-voiced remonstrance, pronounced on her friend's air of suppressed suffering, she was replied with:

"My dear, it's not civil to tell people they are too ugly to be abroad. If I had a cough which disturbed the company's peace of mind, I would retire at once. Thank heaven my ailments have never taken such tangible form!"

"It's nothing—over-ventured. I shall be better—presently." "Poor thing, she courted her fate! Her folly was decidedly criminal. She knew from Dr. Carmichael—whom it seems she had consulted without telling any of us—that her heart was all wrong."

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DINNER PARTIES.

Severals and guests are generally taken with the fork alone. Fruit tarts and sweets of the juicy nature render the use of a spoon and fork necessary, but whenever a spoon can be dispensed with, it is better to use the fork alone.

"The dessert is handed to the guests in the same order in which the dinner is served. After the wine has been handed the servants retire. Then the host should pass the wine around the table, beginning with the gentleman next to him. Gentlemen offer wine to the ladies sitting by them, but it is not proper to take a matter of form, for ladies very rarely take a second glass at dessert."

"Stopping a Runaway Horse. There was a mild bullhaloo on Superior street, and people who ran to see the cause noticed a black horse attached to a two-seated carriage scampering down the street on a dead run. As he flashed along several men made ineffectual attempts to scare him into a standstill by heading him off as far as they dared, and waving their arms and shouting, but he dashed by them all and even hauled him round, anyway, would whirl the light vehicle against a table car, but a man ran out from Wood street and frightened him from the track, and then seizing the carriage it passed, clutched at something and reversed aside another man ran out and caught him by the head, and the excitement came to a sudden end."

"A Rattlesnake Eater. Moses Henderson is a sly son of Africa and lives two miles from Americus, Ga., in a rocky field, where rattlesnakes are most plentiful. Moses makes a living by capturing snakes and selling them. Whenever he cannot sell a snake, this is the true story of what may be seen. Recently he killed a large one with eleven rattles on it. This was a fat snake and Moses ate it. The other day he brought a very large snake to the city, trying to sell it for \$10. The snake was very poor, and Moses said it would not do to eat, and he stuffed it and sold it for a good price. Every year Moses makes a good deal of money selling snake oil. He says that "right down in the venter of a rattlesnake is a fatty strain of flesh that makes oil, when fried with lard cures any case of rheumatism. It is strange to how many people he sells this rheumatic snake oil. He has a long list of certificates from people who have cured. Some of them are intelligent whites, who declare that the oil has cured them when all other remedies have failed. He sells a vial of the oil for \$1 and guarantees a lasting cure. Moses says his father was an African voodoo doctor and taught him how to cure all aches and pains with snake oil. The negroes of Sumner county venerate and fear him as a mysterious doctor who can cure when all else fails, and look upon his snake oil as something enchanted."

"To a young man who stood smoking a cigar on a downtown corner the other day, says the Chicago Chronicle, there appeared an elderly and important reformer of immemorial legend. 'How many cigars a day do you smoke?' asked the licensed meddler in other people's affairs. 'Three,' replied the youth, as patiently as he could. 'Then the inquiry continued, 'How much do you pay for them?' 'Ten cents each,' confessed the young man. 'Don't you know, sir,' continued the sage, 'that if you would save that money by the time you are as old as I am, you would own that big building over there?' 'The corner?' 'Yes, you own it!' inquired the smoker. 'No,' replied the old man. 'Well, I do,' said the young man."

REVENGE ON THE WIND.

Chicago has turned out another fresh in the shape of an artist who has invented a windmill, intended to cure pure, innocent cyclones, to the death. Mr. E. D. Betts, who has determined to cease drawing pictures and instead draw the winds of heaven to their untimely destruction, has spent much time on his invention, and has at length completed a trap which, he is confident, will puncture the most virulent cyclone that ever dodged around the saloons to hit a church. He has offered the results of his work to the government, and expects great returns, inasmuch as it will, if successful, put the question of the location of real estate in western states like Kentucky, and enable people in those localities to invite friends to dinner with some likelihood of being there to receive them.

"This may seem cruel and unympathetic to people in the east, but westerners consider the scheme an excellent one, and will adopt it. Proving a True Story. Some years ago, in a certain town in the north, a gentleman possessed of more money than education was asked to address the scholars attending one of the local schools some Sunday afternoon. The day arrived, says Spare Moments, and our friend was called upon. 'Well, children,' said he, 'I'm not used to public speaking, but I remember when I was a lad I was very fond of hearing a story. Shall I tell you a story?' The children assenting, he proceeded: 'Once upon a time, many years ago, there was a lad, a very good lad, who went regularly to Sunday school, and never missed. But one Sunday afternoon he was going to school, two bad boys met him and persuaded him to graze birdnesting wiv' em. So they went along by the river side, and by and by they came to a tree, and in the tree, on a branch which overhung the water, was a quarter of an hour over the wire the gentlemen rejoice the ladies in the drawing room, when tea is brought in. There is no rule as to the departure of the guests. The servant announces the departure is about 10:30. The hostess shakes hands with all her guests on their departure, and the guests wish one another good night if they pass in going to the door, but they do not take farewell of those who are not in the immediate vicinity. Gratuities should not be offered to servants by the guests. A call on the hostess should be made within a week or ten days by anyone invited to a dinner party, whether the invitation has been accepted or declined."

Made a Mistake. The Outlook says this story is true, and that, if you don't believe it, it can give you the names and addresses of the ladies to whom it happened. They got into a Royal Oak bus to go to Bond street, and presently a well-dressed man with a fine diamond ring on the middle finger of his left hand, came in and sat next to one of them. He carried a purse in a pocket that found itself in the near neighborhood of the newsmen's bejeweled hand. When the ladies got off and undertook to pay for their purchases in Bond street, they found that they had been robbed. The purse was in the pocket, but the thief had happened and contained was gone. In its place was a handsome diamond ring which had not been there before, and which was remarkably like the ring both ladies had noticed on the hand of the man in the bus. They thought the joke of the supposed thief in rather bad taste until, on taking the ring to a jeweler, they found that it was worth at least £40. Now they want to know whether the man was a mysterious philanthropist, a misguided humorist, an unscrupulous miser, or a plain lunatic."

Why He Wodn't. "Will you be kind enough to take that sack off the seat," said a gentleman who got into a train. "No, sir, I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the traveler, who was sitting on the other side of the seat. "Do you say that you are going to let that sack stay there?" "Yes, sir, I do." "In case you don't remove that sack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor." "You can call the conductor, engineer and all the brakemen if you want to, perhaps you had better stop and telegraph to the general manager about it." "The conductor will put you off the train." "I don't care if he does. I'm not going to take that sack from the place where it is." The indignant passenger went along the train, and soon returned with the conductor. "So you refuse to remove the sack, do you?" asked he. "No." "Do you persist in refusing to remove the sack?" "Because it is not mine." "Why didn't you say so at once?" "Because nobody asked me."

Down East Curiosity. It takes a Down East man to ask questions; but once in a while one of them finds his match. Jonathan overlook a gentleman who was traveling on horseback, notwithstanding the fact that he had lost one leg. His curiosity was awakened, as he rode alongside of him, to know how he chanced to meet with such a misfortune. "Been in the army, guess?" was the laudatory query. "Never was in the army in my life," the traveler returned. "Fit a duel, pray?" "Never fought a duel, sir." "Horse thrown you off, I guess, or something of that sort?" "No, sir; nothing of that kind." Jonathan tried various dodges, but all to no effect. At last, out of patience, he determined on a direct inquiry as to the nature of the accident by which the gentleman had come to lose his leg. "I will tell you," said the traveler, "on condition that you will promise not to ask me another question." "I'll be bound," agreed the eager listener, joyfully. "Well, sir," remarked the gentleman, "it was bit off." "Bit off?" cried Jonathan. "Well, I believe, I'd just like to know, powerful well, what on earth bit it off?" COSTLY FISH. "How much did those fish cost you?" asked the friend who met him at the pier. "They have cost me a dollar and a half in boat hire, half a dollar for minnows, half a dollar for the fish, a quarter for lunch money to the chap who sold them to me, a suit of clothes and probably my church membership," replied the Sunday fisherman with a sly look in his eye. "Chicago Tribune."