

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Notes.

Love is a disease that a preacher very often cures.

It looks as if a dispensary would do a good business in the nation's capitol.

France is organizing a north pole expedition. It is still two to one on the pole.

Professor Deltsch has come up for another round and has landed on the Kaiser in a new place.

Gen. Leonard Wood may induce the Filipinos to change their religion, but nobody believes that he can make them work.

Hetty Green calls her dog Dewey. People who think Hetty has absolutely no sentiment may be partially mistaken after all.

Seven hundred different dialects are spoken by the natives of Africa. That will be a great place for the dialect poet some day.

Jose Palma's escapement with a New York girl demonstrates the fact that not all Cuban treaties are balked in the United States.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is to be dramatized. We know a few actors who could play the part of the cabbages all right.

Gunners shoot through yellow spectacles with 39 per cent more accuracy than without. Yellow politics and yellow journalism are not so accurate as yellow gunning.

A national organization of dressmakers has declared against the shirt waist. But anything as smart and jaunty as the shirt waist will not mind a little thing like that.

A Minneapolis lady in Chicago fainted when somebody mentioned \$700 as the price of a gown she was looking at. Perhaps she knows how father feels about these things.

The Chicago alumnus of Augustana College has declared that "we must take woman as she is." That's what most of us have been doing right along, and we have been glad to get her on her own terms.

"Sow the wind and reap the whirlwind" simply means that if you persist in talking to that girl three nights in the week at present, later on she will talk to you every night of your life unless you stay out all night.

The word chaffeur will soon have a special meaning—one who runs down and runs away; one whose disregard for others' safety is in direct proportion to his regard for his own; one who lacks the courage of his destruction.

A young man who received \$1,000,000 as a wedding present a few days ago took it into Wall street for the purpose of finding out how the business is done. Money was a good deal easier when he walked back to his bride at the hotel in the evening.

Various contemporaries in the United States are belittling the czar's reform ukase with the assertion that it will amount to nothing unless the reforms are properly put into effect. They have not, however, gone so far as to claim that the ukas is no more binding than a platform pledge of our own happy land.

A millionaire who died recently in New York left an account-book filled with his "speculations" as apart from his legitimate investments. The total purchases and sales for the last three years approximated two million dollars. Two hundred and sixty dollars' profits remained to the financier's estate. The wonderful part of the story is not that the profits were so small, but that they were so large.

Say, when a fellow is eternally after something, and runs or is run by others, for every little picaune, tuppenny thing going, doesn't he remind you of a remnant scrap of soap? It is too small for use; you can't lather with it; it slips and slides around in the dish like a drop of mercury. The only thing to do with it is to chuck it into the slop pail. So, also, fire the chronic candidate. Or give him a hot stove and let him make off with it and stay put.

Natural woodlands are better regulators of water supply than are dams, reservoirs and ditches, and, besides, they are much cheaper. Moreover, intelligently cultivated forests can be made steady sources of wealth, whereas irrigation works and levees are perennial causes of expense. There are men who cannot understand that more crops can be raised if a proper proportion of land is kept in forest than if it is all cleared and cultivated; there are others who do understand, but who prefer quick profits to slower, though more permanent, gains. For such perversity there is no cure other than legislative assertion of the greater rights of the whole community—or the restraint of individual selfishness and ignorance by law.

Nothing is more ominous than the steady increase in the number of defalcations and breaches of trust. These always come with changes and altera-

tions in the conditions of business. When expenses increase faster than gross receipts and the margin of profits shrinks owners and managers inevitably begin to investigate leaks, to look into the corners, to examine books and accounts and to find just how things are. When this is done irregularities are sure to be uncovered, dubious practices are laid bare and defaulters find themselves suddenly discovered or so near discovery that they flee. A falling market plays its part also at such a time. Speculation ceases to be profitable. Losses replace past profits. Men who have risked their employers' money lose it or are tempted to pilfer on a large scale or small to save some venture near collapse. These various causes are all now operative.

"War is an anachronism—a relic of the stone age, when prehistoric man, adopting the only mode of argument known to him, fought for the possession of caves. When it is made too horrible to contemplate it will cease to be the resort of civilized nations." Dr. Richard Gatling, who died Feb. 25 in New York, wrote that opinion to a friend many years ago. Dr. Gatling was the inventor of the famous Gatling rapid-fire gun, the first "pepper box" designed for wholesale slaughter of troops. He was once a clerk in a St. Louis store. Witnessing the sufferings of wounded soldiers coming from the front during the Civil War led him to wonder if a remedy could not be found for the great world evil. When he took up the construction of his machine gun in 1864 his life was threatened by people who considered him a "public menace" and a wholesale murderer. General Butler used two of the first Gatling guns in the famous James River expedition. Abroad the invention was taken up at once and many similar mechanisms sprang from his idea.

The case of Mrs. Maybrick is undoubtedly one of the most celebrated in the annals of crime, and, like that of Elizabeth Canning and others of similar character, will long be discussed, though doubt will never be entirely cleared from it. One reason why she has had the sympathy of so many people on two continents is because it was felt that she had not had a fair trial. The judge who tried the case—Sir James Stephen—though he had been a very able man, was known for his severity in such cases and was undoubtedly then in the decline of his powers. A year or two later his mind became so impaired that he was retired from the bench. Notwithstanding the brilliant defense made by Sir Charles Russell subsequently the Lord Chief Justice of England, the judge charged so strongly against the prisoner that the jury was compelled to return a verdict of guilty, and Mrs. Maybrick was sentenced to be hanged. The outburst of indignation in England at such a sentence in a case admitting of so much doubt was so strong, however, that the home office commuted the sentence to imprisonment for life. Since then, now thirteen years ago, a persistent and well organized movement has been carried on both in England and America to obtain Mrs. Maybrick's pardon. The petitions sent forward from the United States were presented through our ambassador in London, though it was no case in which our government could interfere. Although there have been three or four changes in the British cabinet since Mrs. Maybrick was convicted, and at least four different secretaries of the home office, all of them able lawyers, none of them until now seems to have been influenced by the doubts that had been raised, but believed that she had been properly convicted.

"DIABETIC FLOUR" FRAUD.

In Most Cases It Is Not What It Purports to Be.

According to a Massachusetts State Board of Health report, of thirteen samples of diabetic flour, or flour prepared for the use of diabetics and purporting to be free from starch, only three samples, the product of one manufactory, were found to be free from starch, the other ten, or nearly 80 per cent of the samples collected, were found not only to contain starch, but in large quantities, seven being found with 60 per cent or more of starch. These were, in reality, but little better than whole wheat flour, and were sold at prices varying from 11 to 50 cents per pound. There are probably few of the better informed or general physicians who would not say "All the better for the patient, so far as his health is concerned," because bread that does not contain starch doubtless injures him more than the best-made, well-baked "crusty" when bread. There seems to be a deal of indefiniteness and a vast deal of difference of opinion among physicians as to these questions of bread and diet for diabetic patients. These differences do not show themselves so much in the text books, where there is general uniformity of advice. But when it comes to getting his bread the poor diabetic finds that the physician knows little or nothing as to the chemie and digestive qualities of the breads he can buy. The matter is left without oversight to the bakers and commercial agents, precisely where it should not be left, and much to the perplexity of the patient. No wonder that the diabetic's health fails when he tries to digest some of the "bread" he is advised to get! After trying it he can but think, if he does not know that this disease is a modern one, that the origin of the Scriptural injunction against giving a stone when bread is asked for arose from the experience of his poor ancient brethren in trying to live while conforming to the scientific diet list of those days.—American Medicine.

POSSE GETS HIM

SUPPOSED SLAYER OF JUDGE MARCUM CAPTURED

Taken Without Bloodshed.

ALLEGED ASSASSIN RETRAYED BY HIS RELATIVES

Uncle Swears Out Warrant.

Five Witnesses Ready to Testify to his Guilt—Prisoner an Athletic Young Man of twenty-eight years

Lexington, Ky., May 11.—The capture of Curtis Jett, charged with the assassination of J. B. Marcum in Jackson Monday, was accomplished without blood shed at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. He is now in the Clark county jail at Winchester.

Bearing a warrant which had been sworn out by Sam Jett, uncle of the accused, Sheriff McCord and a posse of seven left Winchester at midnight Saturday. They proceeded to the home of Mrs. A. Haggin, Jett's mother. Jett made no show of resistance.

Jett's stepfather A. Haggin, charges that when Jett reached his house last night from Jackson he proceeded to draw his pistol on him (Haggin) and ordered him to get out of the neighborhood. Haggin went to Richmond and swore out a warrant charging Jett with breach of the peace by assault with a pistol.

In the jail today Jett was communicative on all matters save the killing of Marcum. "I'll get out of this all right," was the only statement he would make that could be construed as a reference to the charge. He said he wanted to be tried in Breathitt county. He was bitter in denouncing his uncle, who had him arrested and said that the score would be evened up when he was at liberty. When asked in reference to the statement that five men would testify that he killed Marcum he simply sneered and replied, "What's that to you?"

To sheriff McCord he was equally non-communicative as to the Marcum tragedy.

Jett is twenty-eight years of age, athletic in build, with deep-set, keen eyes and has bushy red hair. That he submitted to arrest was an agreeable surprise to the officers who feared an encounter.

Jett denies that he drove his stepfather from home.

He will be arraigned Tuesday and it is supposed will be transferred to the Jackson district for trial.

BROTHER WAS NOT WILLING

Beatrice, Neb.—May 11.—Jimmie Walsh, of Lincoln, temporarily residing in Beatrice, had all arrangements made last evening to get married when his hopes of matrimony were rudely shattered and the wedding was declared off, all because of the interference of an unfeeling brother. Jimmie came here a few days ago to engage in the picture business of some kind. He met and became madly in love with a young lady of the city who reciprocated the feeling. It was a sure enough case of love at first sight and every thing was running smoothly until the trooper, Thomas F. Walsh, also of Lincoln, filed an objection. Jimmie was so elated over his good fortune that he had to confide in some body so he wired his brother that he was going to be married. And right there was where the brother got busy. He wired the county judge warning him not to issue the license, saying that Jimmie was a minor and that he was his guardian.

Jimmie had gone so far in his preparations for the wedding that he had called on Justice Inman who was to perform the marriage ceremony. Just before the county judge had closed his office for the day Jimmie reminded that to get married it was necessary to have a license, appeared before the judge and announced his errand. The judge flashed the telegram on the young man and regretfully told him that he could do nothing for him. And then the balloon went up. "My guardian indeed. Say that brother of mine is only eighteen years old while I was twenty one several months ago. If there was going to be any guardianship in our family I rather guess I'd be 'it.'" It was several minutes before the young man could realize what had happened, it was all so sudden and unexpected, when he left the court house to go and announce the sad news to his intended wife.

A DESPERATE STREET DUEL

Yazoo, Miss., May 11.—A desperate street duel took place here this afternoon between T. A. and E. M. Kelly on one side and B. R. Birdall, editor of the Yazoo Sentinel, and his two brothers-in-law, Gibbs and Doyle Dorsey on the other. T. A. Kelly was instantly killed by a bullet through his heart and his brother was dangerously wounded. Doyle Dorsey was fatally shot and died later. The trouble grew out of politics. T. A. Kelly was circuit clerk of the county.

SWEPT BY FIRE

OMAHA HAS REPUTATION OF CALAMITY AS 1900 BURNS OVER SOME DISTRICT.

Ottawa, Ont., May 12.—A fire suspected of being of incendiary origin, Sunday afternoon and evening destroyed hundreds of houses and millions of feet of lumber in this city. John White, who has just been released from the penitentiary after serving a term of imprisonment for arson, was caught near where the fire was first discovered. He was taken to the police station and will be charged with starting the conflagration.

The fire originated within a stone's throw of where the great Hull fire of April 26, 1900, was checked.

Two hours before the principal fire started two smaller blazes were discovered and quickly extinguished in the lumber yards near the Canadian Pacific railway. It was 3:30 when the third was discovered. When the brigade arrived at the scene it was found that the water main had been damaged and no water could be obtained.

When the brigade did get water the fire was utterly beyond control. It swept along over the same ground that the former fire had gone, the only difference being that it was going in the opposite direction. There is a large cliff which extends from the Ottawa river into the corner of Margaret and Preston streets. The fire area was on the flats below the cliff. At two or three points it came very near getting over the cliff, and had it done so nothing would have saved the city. At 9:30 last night the fire was under control and was confined to the following area:

The Ottawa and Parry sound railway on the south; Division street on the east; First avenue on the west and the Richmond road on the north. From the Parry Sound road to the Richmond road is about one mile and from First avenue to Division street is about one-quarter of a mile.

While the fire was burning fiercely among the lumber piles the whole brigade of the city which had been summoned were forced to remain idle. For an hour not a drop of water was thrown into the flames.

After leaving the lumber piles the flames swept over Pine street, which runs east and west, down Willow, Poplar, Anderson, Eckles, Somerset, Spruce, Elm, Maple, Albert and on to the Richmond road or properly speaking, Wellington street, where it was stopped, a short distance from the Canadian Pacific railway depot.

At 9 p. m. it was feared that the fire would get over the cliff, on the top of which is St. Jeanne Baptist church. The firemen, however, succeeded in keeping back the flames.

Fifteen million feet of lumber were destroyed. The loss on the lumber will be about \$300,000. The buildings burned were principally dwelling houses and stores. They were all built since the last great fire and were either solid brick or brick veneered as the city does not permit of any other kind being erected. The loss on the buildings was estimated at various figures at night. Mayor Cook said that there were from five hundred to six hundred families homeless or about 2,000 individuals. All the parties are supposed to be well insured.

The mayor said the city would oppose any aid being asked from outside Canada and personally he thought that the city should grapple with the situation without any appeal for outside help.

Mayor Cook estimated the loss on the buildings at \$300,000, making a total loss of \$600,000.

Mrs. Lillie Granted Stay

Columbus, Neb., May 12.—Judge Sullivan signed an order this afternoon suspending the sentence of Mrs. Lena Lillie until her case can be reviewed by the supreme court which will probably be in September. In the meantime she will be confined in the Butler county jail.

Injuries Prove Fatal

Nebraska City, Neb., May 12.—Herbert Meyer, a 7-year-old son of Henry Meyer, tried to cross the track of the Missouri Pacific ahead of the passenger train from Omaha at noon and was caught on the pilot of the engine and thrown some distance. His body was so badly bruised that he died three hours afterwards. He and a companion were coming home from school, and while they could see the train coming they thought to cross ahead of it. The other boy escaped unhurt.

Remains Brought Back

Wahoo, Neb., May 11.—(Special.)—The remains of Alfred T. Davis, who died last September while serving as a soldier in the Philippine islands, arrived today for burial. Deceased enlisted from this county two years ago and was the son of James N. Davis. The funeral will be held from the Methodist Episcopal church in Weston, Wednesday, at 2 o'clock p. m. Chaplain Malley is expected to be present and preach the funeral sermon.

DEAD LIE IN HEAPS

BRITISH DEFEAT TRIBESMEN IN STUBBORN BATTLE

PROPERTY IS CROWNED

DECISIVE VICTORY MEANS CHANGE OF POSSESSION

THOUSANDS ARE KILLED

Invading Force Outnumbered by the Natives, Who Fight With Fanatical Fury But Badly Repulsed

London, May 13.—Colonial Secretary Chamberlain announced in the house of commons today that as a result of the British military operations in the Sokoto and Kano districts, ending with the capture of the emir of Kano, 100,000 square miles of territory had been added to northern Nigeria, and would be administered by the government of that territory.

Interesting details have been received here of the capture of Sokoto March 14 by the British commanded by Colonel Morland. The engagement lasted two and a half hours. The British numbered about 500 men, with four quick-firing guns and four Maxim. The enemy's horse and foot was estimated to number 6,000 men, their rifles being armed with modern rifles and using smokeless powder. The British camped during the night of March 13 one and one-half miles from Sokoto, after a hard march of 100 miles from Kaura, with but little water and having passed through a difficult country. At daybreak March 14 the British moved out in square formation towards the valley in which Sokoto lies. Immediately after the British appeared over a ridge the Fulanis charged with fanatical bravery, undeterred by a withering Maxim and rifle fire. They had no proper leadership, but the isolated bands continued to advance over heaps of dead and dying, often only individuals reaching within a yard of the square, where, refusing quarter, they were shot down while shouting "allah" with their last breath. The main body of the natives were finally routed, leaving only a remnant of about thirty chiefs around the emir's white flag. These chiefs were defeated to the last, and their corpses were found hedging the standard when the British entered the city, which consisted mostly of thatched houses. Its semi-ruined walls extended seven miles around the place and were pierced by eight gates.

A few days later the populace returned and the Fulanis tendered their submission to Commissioner Lugard, who arrived March 19 and installed a new emir. The British then retired towards the coast leaving a garrison of two companies of infantry.

Panama Canal Company Not Worrying

Washington, May 13.—William Nelson Cromwell, general counsel of the new Panama Canal company, made public a statement regarding current reports affecting the company, including that emanating from Panama that the company had offered the Colombian government \$12,000,000 of the \$10,000,000 the company is to receive from the United States. The statement is as follows:

"The new Panama Canal company has not made a proposal to pay \$12,000,000 nor any sum whatever to the Colombian government nor to any parties whatsoever for or in connection with the ratification of the pending treaty. Statements to the contrary are absolutely without the slightest foundation.

"Up to this hour I have no confirmation of the report that President Marroquin has resigned, but if it were true the obligations of Columbia to the United States under the pending treaty negotiations would not be affected."

Gets Car Seats for Many Women.

He was a little old man with a "left over from last year" appearance, but when the crowd of shoppers entered the Sixth avenue elevated at Twenty-third street the female contingent of strap-hangers found they had an energetic friend. He wore an old silk hat and a bright pink rose fastened in the buttonhole of his shiny frock coat. There was a look of amiability in his gray eyes which did not find its inspiration solely with an evident acquaintance with the flowing bow.

A row of men characteristically oblivious to the line of feminine marionettes dangling back and forth in front of them occupied the seats. The defender of the fair sex promptly arose and with a courtly bow offered his seat to an elderly woman, who, lurching madly back and forth, was vainly endeavoring to keep possession of a number of bundles she carried. Then the entertainment began.

"Sure, and it's a pleasure, ma'am," the little man replied to the woman's thanks.

"It's no more than any gentleman would do."

He eyed the apparently unconscious row of men before him with an expression that raised a laugh in his corner of the car, and by good-natured grumbling he made them, one at a time, give up his seat to a woman. One man held out a long time, but finally relinquished his seat.

"Good boy, good boy," cried the little man joyously. "Now, we're all right. I've gone clear past my station, but I was bound to see you give up that seat. When a man smiles, though, I know he's got a soul. Good-by to ye all. I can always get along with the ladies, but once in a while I have trouble with a man. You see, I'm married and I have been well trained. I'm glad you're all comfortable. Now, don't worry. I won't get off till the train stops."

The little, old man, with his good-natured smile, his pink rose, and silk hat passed out into the darkness.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mere Myth.

"Welcome," cried a voice, as Charon's boat grounded on the Trans-stylian bench.

"Who are you?" inquired the newly arrived shade. "I can't see you at all."

"No wonder," replied the voice. "I never had even a ghost of a chance to exist. I'm the man under the bed that the old maids are still looking for."—Philadelphia Press.

Large Cork Pine.

A cork pine tree measuring seven feet in diameter was recently felled in Turner, Mich. Seven 10-foot logs were cut below in the first limb, the last being 27 inches in diameter. Two Indian tomahawks were found buried in the second log from the bottom.

When a woman is tough, she can make a man ashamed of himself.

EVOLVED A DRAWING ROOM.

Consin-in-Law Makes Some Changes in the Apartments of Her Relative.

My cousin-in-law, Clara, has done much for us in the short time she has been with us. For one thing, she has given us a drawing-room. This is the apartment which was formerly the parlor. The furnishings of this room are not costly. To be vulgarly confidential, a reference to the reminders sent out by the installment firm of Avenue A—whose cleverly worded announcements you may have noticed in the elevated cars—shows that it was a \$27.50 parlor.

Now, however, it is a drawing-room—which is a source of much gentle joy to all of us. Clara said "drawing-room" the very first day she came to us. When one of the family spoke of going into the "parlor" Clara regarded that one with an air of well-bred reproach that was more effective than argument. And so, one by one, we all fell into the use of the smarter term. I do not think the maid approved of this revision of title. By the way, we had been calling our serving woman "the girl," but Clara's advent changed all that, and she is now known, and properly known, as "the maid." As I said, I do not think she looked kindly upon the change in designation. In fact, I am sure she did not. She made believe to misunderstand and peered ostentatiously around the room for enclads and palettes and mahlisticks, and when questioned said she was looking for "them drawing things" Miss Clara said was in there.

The maid listened politely when Clara suggested the use of "drawing-room" as a term, vice "parlor," retired. She seemed to understand perfectly, but she never applied her understanding, taking an obviously keen though repressed delight in speaking of the "parlor."

Of course this could not go on. The upshot of it was that one afternoon when all the rest of the family were enjoying the matinee, Clara stayed home, she and the maid being the only occupants of the apartment.

We shall never know just what happened that afternoon, but when we came home the maid said "drawing-room" six times in five minutes. Clara made a well-bred effort to conceal her triumph.

I could not understand the capitulation until next day I met the maid on the stairs—it being her afternoon out—gorgeously head-dressed in one of Clara's most fetching hats. It was a very costly hat, as I happen to know, but Clara doubtless felt that the price she paid was none too high.

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