JANE JONES.

Jones & eps a-whisperin to me all

time An says: "Why don't you make it a rule To study your lessons an work hard an lea. An never be absent from school? Remember the story of Elihu Burritt, How he clumb up to the top, Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had Down in the blacksmithin shop." Jane Jones she honestly said it was so. Mebbe he did. I dunno. 'Oourse, what's a-keepin me 'way from the mot never havin no blacksmithin shop.

Bot never navin no blacksmithin shop.
See said 'at Ben Franklin was awfully poor, But full o' ambition an brains, An studied philosophy all 'is hull life, An acce what he got for his pains.
Se brought electricity out of the sky With a kite an the lightnin an key.
Se wo're owin him more'n any one else For all the bright lights 'at we see.
Jane Jones she actually said it was so. Mebbe he did. I dunno.
Course, what's allers been hinderin me is not havin any kite, lightnin or key.

Jane Jones said Columbus was out at the l: When he first thought up his big scheme. An all o' the Spaniards an Italians, too, They laughed an just said 'twas a dream. But Queen Isabelia she listen'd to him An pawned all her jewels o' worth An bought 'm the Santa Marier an said, "Go hunt up the rest of the earth." Jane Jones she honestly said it was so. Mebbe he did, I dunno. 'Qourse, that may all be, but you must allo

se, that may all be, but you must allow ain't any land to discover just now. —Ben King in Southern Magazine.

LITTLE CHERUB.

Surely never was there more gallant skipper than Captain William Innes of the rakish freighter British Prince, and never hardier boatswain than Charles L. Lastadius. The skipper is from New-eastle-on-Tyne and has followed the sea 58 years, or since he was 16 years old. He has a fine brown beard, and the resonant voice that comes through it might be heard above the strongest gale that ever thrummed on the British Prince's rigging. The boatswain is a young Swede, who has suffered shipwreck more than once. But the captain and all the ship's company never thought of him as a foreigner, but as a fellow sailorman with a big heart.

The British Prince when laden has less freeboard than the common freighter from Mediterranean ports. So when she breasts the wintry seas she sometimes buries her fo'castle head in the ferment. She had a rough voyage from Gibraltar, and her coal got so low in the bunkers that Captain Innes decided to put in to St. Michael, in the Azores, for a fresh supply. There he found stancher steamships than his that had lost lifeboats and headgear and had many inches of water in their holds.

The British Prince made good weather of it from the Azores until she was about 400 miles east of Sandy Hook. A gale came howling out of the southwest, combing up seas that, in the picturesque language of the skipper, looked like "granite cliffs." Darkness was just setting in. The cook wanted some fresh water and, like most cooks, being a landsman and somewhat timid, he asked the boatswain to get it for him. The pump of the fresh water tank is on the main deck under the forecastle head. It was hazardous to attempt to get at it while the seas were boiling as they were, but water must be had, and a sailorman and Boatswain Lastadius determined to get it. The sailorman got a bucket, and running forward dodged under the forecastle head. Boatswain Lastadius went ont on the flying bridge to take the bucket from the sailorman when the chance offered-that is, when there was little probability of a sea coming immediately aboard forward. The flying bridge is a board walk with a rope railing run between 2 inch iron tanchions, connecting the fo'castle head with the forward part of the hurricane deck. The main deck is seven feet below. The boatswain intended to reach down, grab the bucket and run aft along the flying bridge to the hurricane deck. leaving the sailorman under the shelter of the fo'castle head to take another chance between seas. "I had just got ready," said the boatswain, "to take the bucket, when the ship gave a plunge. I looked up, and there the port bow I saw such such a sea as I hope I may never see again. I knew it was coming aboard, and I knew I had no chance to get out of its way. If I ran aft, I thought, it would pick me up before I got off the bridge and carry me away. So I thought the best thing to do was to make fast to a stanchion of the fying bridge. So I wound my arms and legs around it, hugged as hard as I knew how and lowered my head to take the sea. "Everything seemed to give way when the sea hit me. I might just as well have caught hold of a rope yarn as that stanchicn. I thought it was all up with me and the British Prince until I found myself on the crest of a wave striking out for the ship, which was riding as if she had shipped only a bucketful. I struck the water maybe five fathoms off the starboard bow. I saw the form of second officer-Thomas Jones-on the bridge as I swept along the ship's He grabbed a lifebuoy from the rack, and I saw it come sailing toward me. It was a good shot, or I might not be telling about it now. The buoy almost ringed my head. I grabbed it and forced it over my shoulders and under my arms. "As I was swept aft along the starboard side of the ship I saw Captain Innes running forward. He saw me, too, for he shouted: 'Keep up a stout heart. We'll save you if we can.' But it was getting very dark, and I was three lengths astern before anything ships' could be done aboard the ship. My heart mank, and I gave myself up for lost. I when I saw her going ahead I stopped all effort to save myself. But it takes a long time to stop and reverse engines, and pretty soon I saw the ship backing to-ward me. "That made my heart bound, and I relled with all my might and tried to try h nake some headway against the seas, which sometimes turned me over and -hich I was afraid that the ship would against me, and that I would be

1.

of the sea. I shouted, 'Don't back on top of me,' as I thought they couldn't see me in the darkness.

"The ship drew nearer and nearer, the captain keeping me on the starboard hand. All the men had gathered at the starboard rail, and as the ship passed me they hove lines and buoys to me and shouted to me to keep up heart. I was once within half a fathom of the starboard rail when a sea swept me forward and clear around the bow on the port side. I was away astern in the darkness before the ship could be stopped, and I almost lost hope again. But I kept sing-ing out and could hear the voice of the captain and the cheers of the men coming down on the wind.

"The captain couldn't see me, but he took my bearings from the sound of my voice by a star, and coming around he steamed down toward me, and going around me came up on my starboard. I was full of salt water and so played out and cold that I hadn't much strength left when I saw all the men gathered along the port rail waiting to save me. The mate threw a life buoy and a line, and I caught it and put it on. I caught another line, too, fearing the first one might be carried away, and that's all 1 remember clearly until I heard all the men cheering. Up to then I thought I was still in the sea."

The captain was in his cabin taking his tea, as he puts it, when a man rushed to the top of the companion way and shouted, "Man overboard, sir!" The captain had just poised a piece of meat his mouth. Some skippers might have Innes got up the companion way and on deck as if his own son were the man who was overboard. He dimly saw the boatswain sweeping astern. As he passed the engine room on his way to the bridge he shouted to the engineer, "Stand by to stop those engines."

Then he flew to the bridge and laid his right hand on the "telegraph."

"Stop and reverse" were flashed to the engine room, and the captain's voice rang out, "All hands to starboard with lines and buoys!" All hands were there even before the summons came.

"Our only hope in saving him lay in picking him up with the ship," said the captain, "for no boat could live in the sea that was running. I have seldom seen anything like it. The gale was so high that it combed down the crests, and all the water we shipped was solid green. When I backed the ship down to the bo's'n, I saw him struggling bravely in the seas. He had the life buoy that the second officer threw to him under his arms, and his body was well out of wa-I determined to save him if he ter. could hold out until I could fetch him alongside. We missed him the first time, and he was carried forward around the bow to the port side. He kept up a lusty shouting, and we answered back.

"We were going ahead a bit, when he was whirled around to starboard, and as the night had well set in, and I could not see half a ship's length away, we soon lost him. But I turned on the bridge and got the bearing of his voice by a and got the bearing of his voice by a star, and I kept that star in sight when I dead in a lion's cage, but I believe that they were simply killed by the lion rollput the helm hard a-starboard and bore ing on them or stepping on them through down in the direction of the star. We had lost his voice altogether, but as we steamed past, so we came up with the wind again, with the bo's'n on our port hand. "We steamed slowly, so the men ranged along the port rail, each with a line or a buoy, had a chance at him. I knew by the cheer that went up that he was saved, and I felt like cheering myself. He was just half an hour in the water, and if he hadn't been a plucky man he would be there now. The poor fellow didn't know he was safe for a minute or so after he was hauled aboard. He clung to the rail so tightly that the men had to break his grip. He shook with the cold like a leaf. I took him below and gave him three glasses of brandy and some hot coffee. Then the steward rubbed him down with whisky, and he was good for work next morning."-Exchange.

THE KING HAS PETS.

THIS REFERS TO THE LION AND LIT-TLE ANIMALS HE LOVES.

ofessional Trainer of Wild Animals Tells Some Interesting Incidents - The Fearlesances of Pigeons Among the Kings

The way lions treat the tiny creatures of animal life is a study. It may be that there is some animal language, and that the legend of the little mouse which saved the lion's life by gnawing the net has become known to the denizens of the jungle and handed down as animal folklore, or it may be that the king of beasts has a positive contempt for anything eztremely small, but it is nevertheless a fact that lions will not attack tiny animals when they are put together. Professor Edward Darling, than whom there is no more profound student of a lion's in his calling. life and character in the country, has made many curious experiments with his five big beasts.

"I never saw a lion kill a rat or mouse," said Professor Darling, "and I have had many of them put in the cage with my five lions. My attention was first drawn to this when I was on my way from London to Batavia, in Java, on the ship Rotundo. I had my five lions with me, and in the quarter of the ship in which they were housed were many rats. One day I saw Leo, my favorite on his fork and was about to put it in lion, lying down and holding between his paws very loosely a monster ship rat. serenely finished the meal. But Captain I thought perhaps that the cat instinct in the lion had made him catch it and that he would probably play with it awhile, then eat it, and so I watched. Imaginé, however, my surprise when I saw him loosen the rat, and the rat made no attempt to get away, but ran up and over his gigantic paws and played with him.

"We were a long time making a trip and every day this ship's rat went into Leo's cage, and the two played together as gently as two little children. I made several attempts to capture the rat, hoping that perhaps I might take it ashore with me, but I could not succeed, and I promise you that old Leo did not like at all my attempting to interfere with his pet. When we got to Java, we had to take the lion out, and Leo had to lose his pet. He could have killed that rat a thousand times, but he never did it. "There was another instance subs

quent to this where Leo had a pet rat. which makes me believe that the lion has a real fondness for the rodent. It was in 1881 in Calcutta. We were playing at the Maidan, one of those gigantic places in far India, and when I went in to see my pets one morning I saw that Leo had found another rat for a pet. My five lions were all together, but this rat would play only with Leo. There were many to Newcastle? other rats in the place, but the other lions would not look at them. It seems to me to be a fact that the lions consider these little animals too small to be touch ed. I have known of rats being found carelessness, but lions never eat them.

"In Hamburg once I knew a case of a steamed toward the star we heard it sick tiger to whom it was deemed neces faintly over the rush of the wind and the sary to give some fresh, warm blood to swash of the seas. We caught sight of tone up his system, and to further this him too late to pick him up as we end a live rabbit was put in the cage times, and I suppose he finally got with the tiger. One would naturally crazy." suppose that the tiger would have killed it instantly, but such, however, was not the case. The tiger played with the rab bit for days before he would touch it. He finally killed and ate it. "Now, my theory is this: A lion, or a tiger, or in fact any wild animal kept alone, grows very lonesome. In their natural state wild beasts always run in pairs. They love companionship, and when put alone they become so lonesome that when another animal, even though it is a rabbit, is put in the same cage with them, they refrain from killing it so as to have its companionship. We have heard of many instances of men being alone-shipwrecked, if you like-making strange friends. Why not a lion? It always made me feel rather bad to think of this tiger in Hamburg killing his little friend. Still even men at times turn on their friends. "Now, there is another peculiar thing about hions," added Professor Darling, "and that is that they will not eat the flesh of a fowl. You might tempt them with a canvasback duck or the daintiest squab, but they would refuse it. This is a scientific fact. I have tried it many times. I remember once having a swan which had broken its wing. We killed it, dressed it carefully and threw it into the cage of the lions, but they would not touch it, and it finally had to be taken out and thrown away. I have repeatedly put pigeons alive into the cage, just to see what they would do. I have thrown grain down among the lions, and the pigeons have actually got down and hopped around the big brutes, even hopping on their backs, the lions making no attempt to disturb them, even seeming to enjoy their companionship. "Now, there is something strange about this which is rather difficult to explain. To my mind it argues that a lion is not brutal in his instincts. Savage he undoubtedly is. Fierce at all times, but fierce with justice. I believe every one of my lions has a conscience. I know every one of them knows the difference etween right and wrong. They know their wondrous power and are charitable. They would never attempt to iniure something which in no way could do them harm. The study of a lion-his habits, character and capabilities-is one of the most interesting I know. It offers a field as yet comparatively unknown, but the more one goes into it the more time one takes to find out just what a tion is and the more he is convinced that he has rightly been named the king of beasts."-New York Tribune.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

It Is a Profitiess Proceeding to Carry Coals

to Newcastle There are more ways than one, my son, of carrying coals to Newcastle, and in almost every case it is a profitless proceeding on the part of the person engaged in it.

Th refors, my son, have nothing to do with shat kind of traffic-that is to say, do not encroach upon another's preserves except to admire. Do not attempt to stock them with your own game.

When a man is a salesman in a dry goods store, do not attempt to instruct him by the ventilation of ideas of your own. If he be an actor, do not intrude upon him any of your amateur notions. If a clergyman, refrain from Scriptural citation and exegesis when in his company. If a professional humorist, resist, as it were the evil one, all temptation to facetionsness and paronomasia. If a mechanic, do not presume to give him points But, on the other hand, my son, do not

attempt to interfere with his speaking or his calling, profession or specialty. So long as you listen you make no mistake, and the wing of friendship molts no feather.

Give ear to the story of his experience at the counter, but interject none of your own; listen to and appland his spoutings, but spout not yourself; receive with be coming reverence his interpretations of holy writ, but meddle not yourself with that which the lay mind is not supposed to be able to cope withal; listen and laugh at his wit and whimseys, but hazard no joke of your own; attend while he relates his mechanical achieve ments, but vaunt not yourself in the same line.

It is a common mistake, my son, to suppose that because a man delights in talking about a certain something in which he is proficient, he loves to hear every babbler that falls in his way des cant upon the same subject; that becaus it pleases him to exalt himself in a given direction he likes to hear others in the same direction exalt themselves.

When a man knows a thing thorough y-or thinks he does, which amounts to the same so far as he is concerned-he is quite ready and willing to instruct others but he brooks no incursions by others into his peculiar domain. When he has finished the exposition of his wares, it is time for you to show up yours, provided of course they are of an entirely different line.

There must be reciprocity in the commerce of conversation, an exchange of complementary commodities. Each must give what the other lacks and receive in return that in which he is wanting, else

there can be no trade, no harmony. You would not ship oranges to Florida, ice to Nova Zembla or het air furnaces to Sahara. Then why carry coals

Therefore, my son, let each man paddle his own canoe as it best pleases him Admire, applaud, if you will-and it is your best hold-but don't put in your oar, though he be swamping .- Boston Transcript.

An Affecting Tale. Barber-Poor Jim has been sent to an

nsane asylum. Victim (in chair)-Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin over the hard

THE GENTEEL POOR.

"OH, THE PITY OF IT!" ONE EXCLAIMS WHEN CONSIDERING THEM.

Straining to Maintain a Position Beyond ple Who Manage to Get Along and Get Along by Managing.

Do you know that there is a class of people whosuffer and of whom the world never hears? I mean those whom we are apt to call the genteel poor. They are | good high hill. always with us. In my life I have listened to a great many queer stories about them, and they are really to be pitied. They are, many of them, single women of uncertain age, who are obliged to live on infinitesimal incomes and with an amount of style. They can't bring their ideas down to the level of their fortunes. They have always been used to certain things, and they must have or at least appear to have them. They can live only in a particular part of town, no matter if the rent consumes the biggest part of their funds, and they must do other things in just proportion. How do they do it? Why, with an amount of in-genuity that would be valuable in a bet-

ter cause. They "manage." That is the word. The genteel poor "manage" to get along and get along by "managing." Take a case that I happen to know about. They were a pair of sisters who

rented apartments. I am not sfraid to assert that they lived on samples. They went from one grocer to another and collected, little by little, almost all the things they needed for their meager menage.

Sample cans of soup furnished their table at many a midday meal. Their cracker jar was a wonderful mixture of different brands. They did so like a variety, they said. Their bonbon dish was replenished in a way that seemed little short of stealing. They would make periodical calls at various confectioners and at each take a bit of candy from the piles that were exposed to view. Hidden in a bag, or in a muff if it was winter, the aggregate of this booty when taken home formed quite a dishful and helped out at their afternoon receptions, which, in accordance with their ideas of hospitality and the traditions of their family, they always gave during the season.

I used to wonder how they felt when they knelt on Sundays before that gorgeous shrine which they affected and gave the response to that solemn admonition, "Thou shalt not steal," but I fancy they thought it was perfectly legitimate.

They always dressed in black, and I am sure I don't know how they "managed" their wardrobes. I suppose the bargain counters helped them out, and I fancy their gowns were sometimes made by a very swell dressmaker whom years ago they employed as a seamstress and introduced to their wealthy friends. By this the woman was enabled to get a footing, and no doubt gratitude prompted her to give them some help in the reconstruction of their wardrobes. But this was long ago. I wonder if

the younger sister, who now occupies a position as the wife of a wealthy man, is aware that I know all about the gown she wore when she met the man who emancipated her from the thraldom of etty economy I doubt it, but I do, and I am going to tell you. The two women had been invited to a dinner given by a swell friend. The elder could not go on account of ill health, but the younger must. Then came the question of what to wear. Everything had been exhausted, and there was no money for a costume. At last, in despair, the younger woman opened a trunk filled with clothing from the rectory-their childhood's home. She had it! Within its depths there was the black silk robe that her father had worn. It was heavy and of beautiful texture. Its ample folds would make a short skirt and part of a waist. While in a quandary as to what would fill out the deficiency she saw beneath the velvet pall that had covered her father's coffin. It had been the last loving tribute of a sick parishioner. Here were the train and another part of the waist. Did no thought of its association with the dead man or remembrance of the solemn service return to her, you ask? Not a bit of it. Beneath it, crumpled up in many creases, was the crape that had draped the altar. Behold what a costume was evolved! A long train of velvet over a skirt of heavy black silk trimmed with folds of crape, whose somber blackness served to make still whiter the neck displayed beneath the decollete corsage. She was elegant indeed, and at the dinner she played her cards so well that she captured an extremely eligible bachelor, and her struggles were over. But think of it! I know you'll say, "Oh, the pity of it!" You have often heard the saying: "God help the rich. The poor can beg.' I say the Lord's poor will be taken care of, but pity, oh, pity, the genteel poor!-Boston Herald.

THE BALLOON IN BATTLE.

How It Is Managed and Information Trans mitted and Received.

Balloon and wagon have formed a junction and are ready to start with the troops. Away goes the wagon, with the balloon banging on to its tail, while the Their Means-An Anecdote About Peo- attendant sappers on each side keep it steady. The train moves along at a good round pace, easily keeping up with or even passing the infantry, and makes for the particular spot at which it has been determined to commence balloon operations, which is usually on the top of a

An ascent is an easy enough matter and is soon accomplished. The balloon is securely fixed to the end of the wire rope, and the two men who are to ascend take their places. At the word of com-mand the men who have been holding down the car let go, and up shoots the balloon, unwinding the rope as it rises and allowed sometimes to ascend to a height of 1,000 feet. And suppose the officer receives instructions to move the position of the balloon, is it necessary to haul it down? Not a bit of it. A man is placed at the end of the wagon who carefully guides the connecting rope so that it cannot get entangled or run risk of being cut, and away goes the wagon, sometimes at a trot across fields and up and down hill, until the balloon itself is a long distance away from its original station. Next, suppose that it is neces-sary to lower the balloon. Is it needful to wind in all the wire rope that has been paid out from the reels? No such thing. The balloon is brought to earth in a much more expeditious manner.

A long, stout pole, in the middle of which is a pulley wheel, is laid across the rope. Half a dozen men seize the pole and run it along the rope, and their weight soon brings the balloon down to the ground. Passengers can then be exchanged, or any other operation can be carried on, and then the men run the pole back, and up shoots the balloon again many hundreds of feet into the air, without having been away from its exalted position more than a few minutes. But it is not necessary to lower the balloon in this or any other way whenever it is required that messages should be exchanged between those below and those above. There are various contrivances for doing this. Sometimes, for instance, a wire is attached, through which messages can be sent to a telephone. Another plan is to send messages down the wire cable. A little wire hook is fastened around the cable, and the letter or paper, weighted with a small sandbag, is sent fluttering down. The human voice. it may also be added, can be heard both from a considerable height and depth, so that verbal communication is not difficult if there is no wind .- Good Words.

Sensitive Horses.

Harsh treatment, though it stop short of inflicting physical pain, keeps a nervous horse in a state of misery. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, as a besotted but intelligent stable keeper once observed to me, "A kind word for a hoss is as good sometimes as a feed of oats."

A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a 3-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely sensi-

Showman Monk Pelted With Fruit.

A religious riot in miniature has taken place at Nantes. Some Catholic youths were passing through a fair when they caught sight of a booth labeled "Sanctum Sanctorum." The showman was dressed in the rough robes and cowl of a Capuchin monk and professed to show inside several relics or curiosities, including the apple which tempted Eve and the whale which swallowed Jonah. The youths, who were about 200 strong, called on the profane Barnum to desist from his mockeries, but he only redoubled his patter and directed more attention to his show. A neighboring orange merchant had to bear the conse ces of all this, for his stand was pilaged by the Catholics, who pelted the showman with the fruit of the Hesperides until he had to retreat inside what he had really to use as a sanctuary for his own protection. The police then came up and charged the rioters, who wanted to wreak more effective vengeance on the insulter of religion .- Paris Correspondent.

A Famous Wine.

The Emperor William's present to Prince Bismarck consisted of a dozen bottles of the famous Steinberg cabinet of the great comet year, which is the finest and rarest wine in the imperial cellars and remarkable both for its fragrance and for its strength. The gift is worthy of the occasion, for all such wine s ab lutely priceless, and it is probably only to be found in the cellars of the emperor and of the Duke of Luxem-burg, except for any stray bottles which may yet be hidden away in a few coun-

try houses. The old Emperor William sent half a dozen bottles of the same rine as a present to the queen in 1887, and it was brought over by the Emperor Frederick, then crown prince, against me, and that I would be perfor Frederick, then crown prince, and under by her propeller and ned or killed by the blades. I saw ropeller whirling in the air when-the ship went down into the trough since 1868.—London World.

Wanted a Plane

Wife-We must have a plano. We are neither of no ma cal

-I know, but what is home with Wife out a piano lamp?-New York Weekly.

"Hum! Not unlikely."

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good deal too. No money in this business any more."

"What's the matter with it?" "Prices too low. Unless a custom

takes a shampoo or somethin, it doesn' pay to shave or hair cut. Poor Jim! caught him tryin to cut a customer' throat because he refused a shampoo. and so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very melancholy Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?" "Y-e-s, sir."-New York Weekly.

African Anta Dr. Sharp gives the following extract

from Dr. Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi:" "We tried to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not because of attacks by the fighting battalions of a very small species of formica not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length. It soon became obvious that they were under regular discipline and even attempting to carry out the skillful plans and stratagem of some eminent leader. Our hands and necks were the first objects of attack. Large bodies of these little pests were massed in silence round the point to be assaulted. We could hear the sharp, shrill word of command two or three times repeated, though until then we had not believed in the vocal power of an ant. The instant after we felt the storming hosts over head and neck."-New York Ledger.

Count Primoli's Camera.

Count Primoli is a familiar figure in Parisian society, spending a portion of the season each year at the hospitable house of his aunt, Princess Mathilde, in whose salons he formed the acquaintance and acquired the warm friendship of the popular novelist, Paul Bourget. He is noted as being, with the possible excep-tion of the Duc de Morny, the most successful amateur photographer in Europe, and has spent enormous sums on various perfected apparatus connected with this particular fad.-New York Herald.

She Ought to Know.

Miss Imogen Guiney, who entered po-itical life to the extent of seeking the stmistress-ship of her town, says that woman can earn a livelihood at poetry-the statements of Ella Wheeler Wilcox notwithstanding.

A Compre "Your account has been standing

long time, Mr. Dukey.

"Then give it a seat, my dear Shears." "Very glad to, sir; shall we make it a secsipt?"-London Judy.

A Real Swell.

The tramp had called at a house where there had been a party the night before and had been given a very good meal at the kitchen table, with the lady of the house superintending the feast. She was a good hearted woman, and thinking the wanderer might appreciate a dainty she had added a dish of ice cream to the menu. She put a spoon beside it, and in a minute or two he was ready for it and she stood by to note his enjoyment.

"I beg your pardon, mum," he said as he picked up the spon, "will you be kind enough to give me a fork to eat this cream with?" and the good woman almost collapsed.—Detroit Free Press.

His Planets.

A young gentleman was passing an exmination in physics. He was asked, What planets were known to the an ionts?

"Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"-after a pause -"I think the earth, but I am not quite certain."- London Punch.

His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen in America, once made the mistake, through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness and remained so for the rest of his life.

In dealing with a horse more than with most animals one ought to exercise patience, care and above all the power of sympathy, so as to know if possible the real motive of his doing or refusing to do this or that. To acquire such knowledge and to act upon it when required is a large part of the ethics of horsekeeping .- Youth's Companion.

Abrogating the Fees.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction. of course, but he handicapped me with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the attorney. "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must apply to the legislature to get it changed."

"Um-er," he hesitated as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um-eryes, but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation .- Detroit Free Press.

Royal German Dinners.

A characteristic of all dinners given to the court and military officials by the emperor and empress of Germany is that there is always provided a dish of sweetmeats, which holds as well pictures of the royal pair and their children, each bonbon having a likeness painted upo 1 it. And when the hosts retire there is something approaching a scramble among the dignified officers and functionaries for one of these much valued souvenirs to take home to equally eager wives and daughters .- New York Times.

In the Fashion.

Mrs. Jackson Parke-What in the world is keeping you up so late? Mr. Jackson Parke-I am writing an article for the papers on "How I Killed My First Hog." These literary chaps, with their stories of how they wrote their first books, are not going to have the field all to themselves, not by a jugful.-Indianapolis Journal.