HE KNEW TOO MUCH.

AS A CONSEQUENCE HIS WEDDING COST HIM A LITTLE EXTRA.

He Was No Jay, on His First Journey Away From Home, and Didn't Have to Show His Tickets -- He Turned Out to Be a Pretty Good Sized Man After All.

C. F. Daly, general passenger agent of the Lake Erie and Western was standing one afternoon in the Union depot at Kansas City. The west bound trains had backed up on their allotted tracks and were receiving their passengers. A tall, well dressed man with a lady on his arm presently approached the rear sleeper on the Burlington train. Mr. Daly's experienced eye told him at a glance that they were bride and groom. Without hesitation or inquiry of any kind the man was proceeding to hand his bride up the steps of the Pullman sleeper when the conductor de-manded his tickets.

"Oh, I have got my tickets all right," replied the tourist. "I know where I am going, and I don't need to show my tickets to you."

"I am very sorry at having to inconvenience you," replied the conductor affably, "but my instructions are not to allow any one to get on my train without first seeing his tickets."

"There is no law to make me show you my tickets," growled the man. "I haven't got to, and I don't mean to, I tell you. I know where I am going, have got my tickets and am able to take care of myself. I am no jay. out on my first trip abroad."

"I am sorry," again replied the con-ductor conrecously, "but my instructions are peremptory. Stand aside, please, and let these other passengers into the car."

"Oh, show him your tickets, dear, and do not make all this fuss about so simple a matter," sweetly remarked the bride.

"No, I will not," replied the gentle-"I haven't got to, and now that man. my ire is aroused over this thing I don't propose to back down. I know where I am going and how to take care of myself.'

"There is our superintendent of car service. You may speak to him about this matter," said the conductor as he saw his superior officer approach. "If he says you can board the car without showing your ticket, why, it will be all right.

"What is the trouble here?" asked the car superintendent as he came up to see what the altercation was about.

'Your conductor demands that I show him my ticket before I board the car," replied the man. "I say I have not got to and do not mean to. I know where I am going and am able to look after myself.

"Have you got your tickets?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes, I have them in my pocket all right. I know what I am doing." 'Have you got your sleeping car tick-

ets?" "Yes, I have it all right in my pock-

et. It is for section 7. I know what I am doing, I tell you."

"Oh, well, let the man on the car." said the superintendent. "If he has his tickets, as he says he has, it is not worth while contending with him over the matter and delaying the other pas-

THE VIOLET.

It is in France in 1794. The month is May, and Mother Nature has just awakened from their winter's sleep the flow ers, the loveliest of her children. After such a storm as history seldom records the last waves of the revolution are sullen ly beating upon the land of the Burgundy rose and Bourbon lily.

By a quick combination of old royalists and Jacobins the new convention of Paris, though preferred by the people, is Rkely to be beaten by the mob. The 96 wards of the city on the Seine are ablaze with passion. The women who dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood that spurted under the guillotine when the last of the un-broken line of Louises died in the Place of Peace are full of savagery of the ancient days, and nothing but the red stream flow-ing anew can quench their mad thirst. The convention is in session. It is awed by the old royalist armies and the newer national guards.

One commander after another has gone over either in person or spirit to the ene-mies of peace. Barras, who leads the convention, is alert and ready, full of the fertility of expedients that characterizes the Latin race, but he can see no hope. The republic is lost, and mighty France, whose traditions of honor and glory for a thousand years have had one unbroken line in history, is to lose her place among the nations at last, for who shall be her deliverer from the awful cruelty of her own unnatural children?

The shadows of the soft May day were growing longer when Barras, the people's champion, left the heated hall of the convention for a little rest and thought, and his steps led him to the salon of a woman famous in those days-for she was beautiful, well born and patriotic-whom he tenderly loved. She was alone, and to-gether they spoke of the nation's danger, of the fear which filled each heart that the life of the republic might soon run out in a stream of blood.

"There is no longer a leader among us, chere amie," said the great statesman and orator, whose fervor and passion had so touched the people's hearts. "The end has come.

"Never despair. Perhaps the good God may help us," softly replied the gracious woman who was so dear to him-a woman to fill the ideal of such a man as her lover was; a woman brave with sweet heroism, tender and true.

"Bah, that good God-he is so long in coming!" said Barras. He had learned his theology from the great orator of the mountain who died saying, "Sprinkle me with perfume and crown me with flowers, for death is but an eternal sleep." "Nay, believe it not, mon ami," she

softly whispered. "Help will come.

"And you say you have no leader?" She spoke after a long silence in a musing way, thinking aloud. "Who are your com-manders then? Where is that droll little man you presented to me at Mme. de Stael's the other evening? He seemed to have brains an ourage, too-that little Corsican?

"Pardie!" said Barras, springing into new life. "Belle amie, you have given me a thought that may yet save France!" They talked very seriously for a few

minutes, and he returned to the convention full of a new hope. But before he had left the saloon he had written a little note addressed to "The General of the Brigade, Napoleon Buonaparte"-who spelled his name thus until after his coronation as emperor-praying his immediate presence at the convention, and a trusty servant was charged to deliver it personally into M. Buonaparte's hands and not to fail.

"I have sent for you, M. Buonaparte," said Barras an hour later to the small, pale faced man with whom he was earnestly talking, "because you are our last hope, and I will now present you to the

A MODEL SAVAGE.

King Khama Is an Autocrat of the Best Possible Type.

King Khama is a model savage, if a black man who has been thoroughly civilized by European and missionary influences can still be called one. He is an autocrat of the best possible type, whose influence in his country is entirely thrown into the scale of virtue for the suppression of vice. Such a thing as theft is unknown in his realm. He will not allow his subjects to make or drink beer. He has put a stop also to the existence of witch doctors and their wiles throughout all the Bamangwato.

He conducts in person services every Sunday in his large, round kotla, or place of assembly, standing beneath the tree of justice and the wide canopy of heaven in a truly patriarchal style. He is keen in the suppression of all superstitions and eats publicly the flesh of the duyker, a sort of roebuck, which was formerly the totem of the tribe and held as sacred among them 20 years ago. The late King Sikkome, Khama's father, would not so much as step on a duyker skin, and it is still looked up on with more veneration by his subjects than Khama would wish.

As an instance of Khama's power and judgment, it is sufficient for us to quote the sudden change of his capital from Shoshong to the present site, Palapwe. Shoshong was in a strong position, where the Bamangwato could effectually protect themselves from the Matabeles' raids under Lobengula, but it was badly supplied with water, and in dry seasons the inhabitants suffered greatly from drought. The change of capital had been a subject discussed for years, but Khama waited quietly until people began to think that he was against it and would never move. He waited, in fact, until he was sure of British protection, until he knew that Lobengula could not attack his people at Palapwe without embroiling himself in a war with England.

Then suddenly one day, without any prefatory warning, King Khama gave orders for the move, and the exodus began on the next day, and in two months' time 15,000 individuals were located in their new capital, 60 miles away from Shoshong. Under Khama's direction, everything was conducted in the best possible order. To every man was given his allotted ground, and he was told to build his huts thereon. Not a single dispute arose, and no one would imagine today that only a few years ago Palapwe was uninhabited.

Khama, in manner and appearance, is thoroughly a gentleman, dignified and courteous. He wears well made European clothes, a billycock hat and gloves; in his hand he brandishes a dainty cane, and he pervades everything in his country, riding about from point to point wherever his presence is required, and if he is just a little too much of a dandy it is an error in his peculiar case in the right direction.-Contemporary Review.

Teapot Collectors.

Tea was not known in England till the time of Charles II, but it is interesting to trace the gradual increase in the size of teapots, from the diminutive productions of the Elers, in the time of Queen Anne and George I, when tea was sold in apothecaries' shops, to the capacious vessel which supplied Dr. Johnson with "the cup that cheers but

SHORTHANDWRITERS

THOUSANDS TAUGHT STENOGRAPHY EACH YEAR IN AMERICA.

A Few Experts Receive High Salaries The Art Not a New One, as it Dates Back to Cicero, Who Used More Than 7,000 Characters-New York's Veteran

There are more stenographers in New York and its vicinity than there are lawyers or doctors. But not all of them are competent: A first class shorthand writer is very difficult to find, and if he is a fast writer he is sure of a good salary.

Shorthand writing as a means of earning a livelihood is not as lucrative as many other callings, but it affords a young man, if he is quick witted, a fine chance to watch the internal workings of a business house, and thereby helps him toward a business education such as he could get in no other way.

The only field that is highly remunerative is law reporting, but to become competent for this work requires years of assiduous practice, and the field of employment is limited. The highest salary paid to a court stenographer in New York is in the surrogate's court. Mr. Edward F. Underhill, probably the oldest practicing stenographer in America, holds this position and receives a salary of \$3,000 per year. He has been in the service since 1849.

The municipal departments and courts in New York city pay annually in sal-aries for stenographic services \$154,-000. This salary list includes 90 stenographers, 27 of whom are court reporters, each receiving \$2,500, and 19 \$2,000 annually as salary. In addition to this, however, all court stenographers are allowed by the code 10 cents per folio of 100 words, for furnishing copies of transcripts to the parties interested in any case when desired.

Up town at 333 West Twenty-third street the stenographers of New York have a club, where they meet each other socially. In connection with the club is a "classroom," where the members may practice the art of shorthand writing. Here nearly every evening are gathered scores of ambitious young shorthanders industriously driving their pens for love of perfection in their craft, while some one of experience reads or dictates. The classroom is provided with all the different styles of typewriting machines for the use of members when there is no dictation. The club also maintains an employment bureau. The club is open to either sex. In fact, it is the large membership of young ladies that gives zest to the social side of the club, which is one of its important features. In the winter the club gives receptions, entertainments, occasionally a dinner and once every year a ball.

In many of the public schools of the country stenography is a part of the training. An evidence of its recent remarkable growth is shown by a circular issued by the bureau of education at Washington.

Here it is shown that from July 1, 1889, to June 30, 1890, 57,375 persons received instruction in the art of shorthand in schools and colleges in the United States. Five thousand five hundred and fifty of these were in New York and Brooklyn. A similar circular was issued by the bureau in 1884, in which it was shown that during the year 1882 the number of pupils receiving such instruction was 12,470. It is therefore quite safe to say that the number for 1893 exceeded 75,000. But this number does not take into consideration an army probably equally large who receive instruction from some other source or from professional stenographers.

A WRECK.

A little 80 ton schooner ashore, almost in the identical spot off which one of the large lake steamers had grounded one year before. Up in a shady spot on the shore, just above the little schooner, was the wreck of a small shanty, likewise an evidence of the severity of the gale, it having come down upon the heads of its inmates

during the same night. These two--Ned Fairly and Fred Can-field-were camping in the open air since the disaster, and sleeping under the propped up roof, the interest in a gang of men working on the beached schooner being too strong for them to find time to patch up the shanty.

A tug had parted a 21/2 inch hawser try-ing to draw the Plow Boy off.

Captain Jackson, a short, sandy bearded man, with a very red face, was shouting orders and encouragement all day long. She was dug under and long beams used in attempts to pry her up and off, in the manner of the Mississippi steamboat men. On the fifth day of the little craft's

stay on the shore, she was deserted by the workers in a body. They held a council at the noon hour; asked for their pay, and when it was not forthcoming threw up the job.

At first Captain Jackson went and sat on the cabin house of his little vessel in apparent indecision. Toward night Fred saw him picking his way up the sand bank toward the ruins of the shanty

He had come to ask them if they would to Buffalo to try to raise the funds; he could not offer them provisions, for the last of the little vessel's stores had gone to feed the hands who had deserted her.

But the boys were only too delighted to exchange the tumbledown shanty for the snug cabin of the little Plow Boy, and they began shifting the hardtack, soups and other canned edibles of their store aboard cheerily.

The next night the western sky looked threatening. This was late in September, and fall gales might be expected at any time. Ned took a long look about before he drew the cabin slide.

By midnight the storm had broken, and the pounding, gushing surf made shouting the only mode of conversation practicable. The wind whistled through the rigging of the little vessel in long wails. decks-she could even be felt to sway at the blows of some of the heavier seas.

"Let's take a look out," Fred proposed. To have opened any of the cabin win-dows would have deluged the little apartment. The chums crawled down through the door into the hold and thence to the forward deck by way of the forecastle.

Climbing upon the bulwarks and cling ing to the forestay, a stirring sight lay before and about them.

The Plow Boy was as completely surrounded by water as though she were shore and all about her. It would have been a hazardous undertaking to have attempted to have gone ashore. "Fred!" halloed Ned in his companion's

ear suddenly, "this is as big a gale as she came ashore in, and the water's higher, because it's blowing down the lake. I've been thinking-are you in for a big trip?' "You don't mean we can do anything?" shouted Fred back.

"We might get her off and riding to the anchor if we could get the cable forward. The way it is made fast just now would only make her bow swing in further if she works loose."

Wet to the skin-more nearly drownedthey managed to reach the wheel, when, working knee deep in swirling water most of the time, they were able to cast off the her ear. heavy cable from the sheet bits at last.

Fortunately the ship's end of the long cable was still at her bow, so that they only had to cast the part they loosened overboard, or they might have been drawn

JURIOSITIES OF SEEING.

Remarkable Experiments Which Show How Easily the Eye Is Deceived.

Some very remarkable experiments, which any one, with a little care, may repeat for himself, have recently been made on the perspective effects of color. If on a screen of black velvet placed about 10 feet away large letters are pasted, some blue and some red, the letters will not appear to be at an equal distance from the eyes. To some persons the red letters will seem nearer than the blue letters, while to others the contrary effect will be manifested, the blue letters appearing nearer than the red ones.

To produce this curious effect both eyes must be used. When one eye is closed, the letters are all seen at the same distance. On opening the other eye one set of letters immediately appears to take a position in advance of the others.

The explanation offered is that a sort of stereoscopic effect is produced in the eye itself, depending on color. The image of a blue object is shifted by the eye toward one side, and that of a red object toward the other side, the cause of the shifting being the eccentricity of the pupil of the eye.

This eccentricity may be increased by holding a black screen close to the eye be shipkeepers for him while he ran down so as to cover one-half of the pupil. The effect is best viewed by screening both pupils at the same time. If on looking at blue and red letters on a black background placed 10 or 12 feet away you see the red letters nearer than the blue ones, screen off one-half of the pupil of each eye, on the outside, and you will then see the red letters retire behind the blue ones.

> If you screen the pupils on the side toward the nose, you will see the red letters advance apparently still farther ahead of the blue letters.

> If, on the other hand, you naturally see the blue in advance, screen the inner side of your pupils, and the red will come to the front.

It has lately been shown by Dr. A. Barrels and barrels of water were being D. Waller that very beautiful effects hurled upon the top of the cabin and her can be produced with one eye alone when, instead of letters, red or blue rings are pasted on a background of the opposite color. Placing red rings on blue paper and using the right eye with the inner side of the pupil covered, the appearance is that of circular red hillocks resting upon a blue ground.

To produce this effect in its highest degree the paper should be held to the left and sloping in that direction. When the outer side of the pupil is screened, afloat, the seas breaking far up on the the red ring become circular trenches in the blue paper .-- Youth's Companion.

Ineffectual.

In country places where amusement is not abundant and people depend upon each other for diversion, neighborly familiarity naturally flourishes, and the habit of "running in" to visit friends may be carried to an unpleasant excess. A family living in North Carolina found it something of a strain upon their ideas of hospitality to be obliged every day to entertain a tedious woman of 80. The favorite book or the necessary piece of work had to be put aside in order to shout bits of conversation in

At last the father, in desperation, planned to go into a sudden fit of temper in the presence of the obnoxious caller in the hope of convincing her that they were not pleasant people to visit. Accordingly one evening, when he returned from business and found the old lady present as usual, he began to talk loudly and in an irritated voice. Then, growing more excited, he stamped about the room, knocking furniture right and left and ended by going out and banging the door after him. The old lady knitted away quietly through the confusion, and when the man was gone she turned to the family and said in a comforting voice: "I reckon it was mighty lucky I was here, or you'd had to take it. But you needn't be frightened. I'll stay right here with you till he gets over it."-Exchange.

The conductor stepped aside and let the couple pass, calling the porter to take the satchel as he did so. Presently the train pulled out of the depot and was speeding across the prairies at a rapid rate, when the conductor began to collect the tickets in the sleeping car. As he did so he noticed that all the seats in section 7 were occupied, and he immediately surmised that there was a peg out of place somewhere, and that there would be more fun with the obstreperous passenger. He kept his counsel to himself, however, and went on with his collections. When he reached section 7, he took the tickets of the two parties occupying the seats opposite his bridal friends, saw that they were for that section-for the upper and lower berths respectively—and his surmise was thereby developed into a certainty. Without asking the man again for his ticket he passed through all the other sleeping cars on the train, took up all the tickets and found that every berth was occuied without leaving any for his friends.

'Tickets, please," demanded the train conductor. The man drew forth his pasteboards, and the conductor examined them closely.

"These tickets do not read over this road," remarked the conductor as he folded them up and handed them back. "This is the direct route to Denver

from Kansas City. Your tickets read round by Pueblo."

"What is the fare from Kansas City to Denver?" asked the man.

"The fare is \$18.15," replied the train conductor-"\$36.30 for two." The money was counted out without a word.

"Can you sell me a berth?" asked the man, turning to the sleeping car conductor.

"I am very sorry, but every berth on this train is sold. The best I can do for you is to put you in a chair car. There are a few seats still unoccupied there. Porter, take this gentleman's traps to the chair car."

On reaching the door of the car the man turned, and in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the car said:

"Conductor, at the suggestion of this lady, my wife, I want to make you a humble apology for my hoggishness for refusing to show you my tickets in the first place. There was no occasion for it. I thought I could take care of mycelf, but now I find I cannot. I have had to pay for my ill breeding, but no more than I deserve. 1 want to apol-ogize as publicly as the offense was ommitted. You have acted the gentleman all through this affair, and 1 now humbly apologize to you as I ought."-Chicago Post.

"Can you restore peace and order?" said the president to the young man before tion of "Boswell's Life," mentions a him. The members looked curiously on and listened. "So France has come to this," whisper-

ed one graybeard to his neighbor, "that her life and fate lie in the hands of a youth of 25"-who looked even less than his age -"only 5 feet 2 inches in stature, with hair combed low on his brow like a woman's? Farceur va!"

"I am perfectly aware of the difficulties in the path, but I am accustomed to success," said the young man, speaking with a strong Italian or rather Corsican "But one thing I must insist upon. It is that I must not be embarrassed by orders. I must have supreme command. That is all."

And bowing low to the people's reprentatives the little pale man, but 5 fe in stature, with gray brown eyes and bang-ed hair, left the hall, and the convention, with closed doors, proceeded to consider his proposition.

As Buonaparte left the hall Barras followed him for a last word. "Go to your rooms and remain there," said the politician in quick speech to the young offi-cer, "and I will send you the result as

"'It must be all or nothing," answered the other.

Just then a flower girl came up to them with her basket full of fragrant violets, and Barras bought a bouquet for the wo-man he loved. The little man's eyes soft-

"They always remind me somehow of home," he murmured apologetically as he gave the seller a sou and took a tiny gave the seller a sou and aquet. A thought struck Barras.

"Go to the salon of Mme. —," said he, "and remain there until 10. If I succeed for you, she will send you a violet.'

The young officer went as he was told. It was early, hours before the time of reception, but he was admitted. The salon was empty. Alone the young Corsican paced the spacious room. It was 7, then 7:30, then 8. At last the clock in the hall began to strike off 9. As its chimes ceased a servant entered the room with a bil-

"For the General Buonaparte, from Mme. ---.," said the man as he withdrew.

Rather listlessly Buonaparte opened it, and, lo! it contained only a violet .-- Exchange.

Arizona Rubies

The finest known garnets are obtained in the country of the Navajo nation in northwest New Mexico and northeast Ariona, where they are collected from ant hills and scorpions' nests by the Indians and by soldiers stationed at adjacent forts. ects and arachnids mentioned fetch The them to the surface from their burrows. The stones are known as Arizona rubies. They rival in beauty the garnets of the of Good Hope and weigh from two to three carats up when cut. By artificial light they are more beautiful than those from the cape. Most of them are of a rich red or claret tint, but some are yellow .-Boston Transcript.

not inebriates." Mr. Croker, in his editeapot . that belonged to Dr. Johnson, which held two quarts, but this sinks into insignificance compared with the superior magnitude of that in the possession of Mrs. Marrayat of Wimbledon, who purchased it at the sale of Mrs. Piozzi's effects at Streatham. This teapot, which was the one originally used by Dr. Johnson, holds more than three quarts. George IV had a large assemblage of teapots, piled in pyramids in the pavilion at Brighton. Mrs. Elizabeth Carter was also a collector of teapots. Also Mrs. Hawes, who bequeathed 300 specimens to her daughter, Mrs. Donkin. Among them are several belonging to Queen Charlotte. - Salas Journal.

White Blood Absorbing the Hawaiian.

The marriage of young American men to half whites is becoming quite frequent among respectable white families in Hawaii. It is of no use for the foreign parents to turn the cold shoulder. Ofttimes the half white girls are fully equal in intelligence, taste and domestic virtues to those who marry them. There will be more of these marriages, and the mixed blood will improve with growing prosperity and better education, and as the primitive influences and environments decrease with the lapse of generations. Indeed one way that the Hawaiian population is now decreasing is not so much by the disappearance as by the dilution or by whitening of the blood.-New York Evening Post.

The Obliging Juryman.

Some jurymen have too low an opinion of what some philosophers call their ego and are willing to depute their duties to an alter ego. When Mr. Justice Gould had been about two hours trying a case at York, he noticed there were but 11 jurymen in the box. "Please, my lord," replied the foreman in answer to the judge's natural inquiry, 'the other has gone away about some business he had to do, but he has left his verdict with me."-London Illustrated News.

Terrible Death of an Inventor.

A chemist named Liardet met a shocking death at Melbourne recently. He was engaged in his laboratory in some experiments with a powerful explosive, which he had just succeeded in inventing after years of patient labor and at an outlay of several thousands of pounds, when the substance exploded, with the result that the unfortunate man was blown to pieces, his mangled remains being projected right torough a wooden partition. - Melbourne Gatette.

Out of this vast army, however, but very small minority are either physically or mentally qualified to become court reporters or even office amannen-

Cicero is said to have been the inventor of shorthand writing, and the freedman, Marcus Tullius Tiro, his friend, the first stenographer, and he undoubtedly did use a method of shorthand writing as early as 60 B. C.

The first English treatise was by Timothe Bright, entitled "An Arte of Shorte Swifte and Secrete Writing by Characture, Inuented by Timothe Bright, Doctor of Phisike. Imprinted at London by I. Windet, the Assingee of Tim Bright, 1588. Cum prinilegie Regiae Maiestatis. Forbidding all others to print the

Dr. Bright in this work says: "Cicero did account it worthie his labour, and no less profitable to the Roman common weale (Most Gracious Soueraigne), to inuent a speedie kinde of wryting by character, as Plutarch reporteth in the life of Cato the younger. This invention was increased afterward by Seneca: that the number of characters grue to 7,000. Whether through inure of time, or that the men gaue it over for tediousness of learning, nothing remaineth extant of Cicero's inuention at this day.' Every stenographer who recalls the

efforts required to properly master the few characters used in the art today will not wonder that of Cicero's system, with its 7,000 characters, nothing remains at this day. It was not until 1642 that the art be-

came of any practical use, and it was first used in the house of lords in 1699 in taking testimony in a divorce suit. Stenographers were not regularly employed in parliament. however, until 1802.-New York World.

Undaunted by Defeat.

While female suffrage has carried the day in New Zealand, it has experienced defeat in South Australia, where the adult suffrage bill, which embodied the principle, was rejected in the popular house on the third reading, but only by a narrow majority. The friends of the cause, however, are not at all discouraged and will return to the battle with undaunted spirits till victory crowns their efforts. -- Melbourne Letter.

over the side in the attempt to carry it for ward.

Clinging to the bulwarks like parrots. they worked their way forward again, manned the windlass and took in the slack of the big line as much as they were able. Nor were they any too soon in doing so.

"Boom!" a great sea struck the little vessel and the boys felt her rise from the sand. The rushing power of water tried to sweep her down the beach and in, but the cable's resistance could be distinctly felt.

If the long line held, the boys knew it would draw the little craft off with every sea that tried to wash her farther in and down the dark shore.

With a thrill that set both boys shouting they soon felt the little Plow Boy rising, falling and pitching on the inrushing waves as she swung loose from the shorethe little schooner was off!

Then followed a night of heaving and rolling and backaching work at the pumps -for the vessel leaked quite a little-that Ned and Fred say they will never forget. They did not grow seasick, because there was no time to thisk of it. But they have since declared that they would not have missed the experience for worlds.

The storm eased up in the morning, when the lighthouse skiff brought old Captain Jackson out to them; nor was there ever a very much more pleased man than

They helped him sail her into Erie harbor, when he pressed them to be cabin passengers on her later run to Buffalo.-Convers C. Converse.

Lured to His Fate.

They sat in the parlor, gazing at the natural gas flames as they chased each other over the asbestus surface.

The two were Miss Bellefield and Mr. Van Braam, and the young man was in love with the young woman. He was doubtful of her feelings toward him, however, for she was not a girl to display her love, if she had any, until it was sought. The young man had not spoken. He dreaded the ordeal. He was fearful of the result. The conversation turned upon marriage, and in the course of the discussion Miss Bellefield said:

"In Burmah the women propose to the men.

"How I wish we were in Burmah," the young man replied, with a slight stress on the plural pronoun.

"It wouldn't do you any good if we were," replied the girl, and Mr. Van Braam did not linger much longer that evening .- New York Recorder.

Anonymous

"What's the most insultin ting yez kin do till a mon?" asked the janitor as one of the tenants entered the building.

"I don't know. I suppose an anonymous letter is about the most disagreeable thing known.

"That's it. f'll sind wan to Clanty. Be way of insultin me lasht noight he kem bound an cut the whisker off me goat. Oi'll wroite him an anonymous letther. That he can make no mistakes if he faels loike foightin, be gob Oi'll soign me name "Ill it."-Washington Star.

Commodores by the Hundred.

A fellow member of the cabinet called on Secretary Herbert one day shortly after the inauguration. His face was not familiar, and he was stopped at the door.

"Are you a commodore?" asked the messenger.

The cabinet member caught his breath and said he wasn't.

"Then you can't go in," said the messenger decidedly.

It took some explanation to set things right. The cabinet member was a 'commodore." but he did not know it 'Commodores," in the understanding of the navy department messengers, are not those of that official rank. Senators and representatives and all of such official positions and relations as entitle them to prompt admission to the secretary are "commodores."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Maine Stage Line.

There is a cross country stage line from Abbott Village, Me., on the Piscataquis river, to Bingham, on the Kennebec, the only intervening settlements being Kingsburg and Mayfield, both such small villages that they are scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding country. The length of the route is over 25 miles, and it is doubtful if there are many more than 50 occupied dwelling houses on the main road along the line.-Lewiston Journal.

An Observant Michigander's Discovery.

"Did you ever notice." said M. B. Church of Grand Rapids at the Nor mandie, "that the Washington monument has the exact dimensions of an ocean steamship? It has. It is 550 feet long and 55 feet at the base. Just compare these figures with those of the leading Atlantic liners, and you will find that they are just about the samelength 10 times the beam and depth. It is the outcome of symmetry."-Washington Post.