SARCASM IN SIGNS.

ADVERTISEMENTS THAT AT TIMES BECOME A MOCKERY.

Reminiscences of Men Who Had Seen Worse Days and Irritating Announcements When They Were Hard Up and Out of Employment.

The advance agent met the leading man of another show the other night, and, as they had not seen each other in seven years, there was a warmness about their greeting that was refreshing.

"Dear old Tom!" said the leading man. "I was thinking of you not five minutes ago. Sit down, you dear old fellow! I passed a bakery not five minutes ago, and I thought of you. Why, here's Willis! I was just saying to Tom that I never see a baker's that I don't think of him. Tom and I were poor once! Mighty poor too. I remember that we had been turned out of different homes on the same cold night and met each other for the first time by chance. We shared the comforts of a butcher's wagon that night and went upon a rummaging expedition the next day. We halted in front of a German bakery, half starved and disgusted with life generally. There was a huge sign in the window which said, 'There Is No Cake Like Ours.' We hadn't a penny between us, but Tom stepped in and asked for a sample of the cake. The Dutchman didn't appreciate the humor of the request, so Tom said, 'You may keep your cake, boss; but, say, give me a chunk of bread, quick, or I'll cut out your gizzard.' I'll never forget that cake sign because it took us hours to get away from the police who were attracted to the scene by the baker's cries for help."

"But that was not my only experience with a peculiar sign," remarked the advance agent after a hearty laugh. "The year before I went on the road for the first time I was in as hard luck as ever man was. I had pawned everything in sight and was almost starved. I found an umbrella in the hallway of a down town building, and the janitor told me to keep it. It was a fairly good rain shield, and I immediately carried it to mine uncle. I didn't know this particular relative, although I had formed the acquaintance of hundreds of his people. His place was on Sixth avenue, and he gave me 75 cents on it, which I gladly accepted.' As he was making out the ticket he said:

"'Do you want to save it from the moths?'

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'That will cost you 12 cents. Perhaps you would like to have it insured? It is always advisable, but it will cost you 12 cents more,' replied my friend.

"'All right,' I said. 'Take good care of it.' He could have eaten it for all I cared, for I never intended to redeem it. I was about to leave the place when I saw a big sign on the far wall. It said:

"'No extra charge for putting watches and jewelry in the safe in the office.'

"Watches and jewelry! It brought the tears to my eyes, and as I crawled into my 10 cent bed that night I thought of diamond necklaces, pearls and rubies of priceless value and—cake. Oh, the curse of some signs! How they mock the poor!"

They were all silent a moment, but the one addressed as Willis was the first to resume conversation, and he said:

"There's my friend, Big John Smith. Let me introduce him. Since you chaps are talking of signs and hard luck, let me tell you of the time that I had to leave my trunk at the old Stevens House, on lower Broadway, and light out by the shades of midnight to get away from a hotel bill that I couldn't pay. Everything I had in the world was locked up in that trunk, and as I could not remove anything without exciting suspicion I thought it best to keep out of jail by leaving everything behind me. I must have walked the streets at least a week famished and penniless. One afternoon I was passing along an up town street, hoping to die, when I happened to look up and saw a sign as big as my hopes were small. This sign read:

"'We Are Not Daylight Robbers. Trunks! Trunks! From the Battery to the Harlem Bridge to Your Room For 25 Cents.'

"If that sign was not the irony of fate in my case, I do not know what to call it."

"Oh, that's a small affair alongside of my experience," said Smith. "It is only a few years ago too. I had been unemployed for several months, and as I had six little shavers to take care of I did not have much trouble spending the little money I had saved. I didn't seem to have a friend in the wide world to turn to, and I spent my last copper for a paper to examine the employment column. It was about Christmas time, and I dreaded going back home to face the scolding landlord. I recall that I stopped in front of the Harlem office of a newspaper to see the holiday crowd go by, and as I did so I saw a sign that made my blood run cold. It said:

"'There Is No Reason Why You Should Be Idle. Insert a Want Ad. Four Cents a Line.'

"The pronoun was printed in immense letters, and I had the greatest trouble dissuading myself that it was not intended for me, and me alone. Of course it wasn't, but that sign burned into my memory, and I have thought of it innumerable times since."

"Oh, pshaw!" rejoined the leading man after a pause. "I suppose it is impossible to please everybody with public signs. I saw one in Buffalo once which said: 'Attention, blind men. Read this and be cured,' which referred to a new treatment for the blind. All signs cannot be expected to satisfy the ideas of everybody."—New York Mail and Express.

Hailed From a Rapid Town.

"One of the funniest experiences in my hotel life," said an old clerk, "was that in which a man registered his name without writing his town after it, as is the custom. When I called his attention to it, he said: 'I hadn't forgot it, but I feel a little bit timid about it. The last time I was away from home I registered the name of my town and the clerk asked me what state it was in. I got mad in a minute and wouldn't stay in the house. I went to another house and registered from Brooklyn, and the next day I appeared in the paper credited to New York. I showed it to the clerk, and he said he changed my place of residence on the book because nobody ever registered from Brooklyn.'

"I told the man he need have no fear of having the incident repeated in our place provided he wanted to write the name. He said he would think about it and asked to be shown his room, so I saw no more of him until late in the night. He then asked me if I had an atlas. He studied it minutely for a few minutes, measured distances with his two hands, like a farmer, and then he called me and pointed out the name of a town. I asked him if that was his.

"'It is the name all right,' he replied, 'but I don't know whether the town is still there. It is the boominest town you ever see, and when I left it was growin so fast that farmers in the adjoinin state were burnin their fences to keep the town from growin right over 'em.'" — Chicago Inter Ocean.

Was Queen Bess Handsome?

Sir Horace Walpole's description of the maiden queen, drawn from her portraits and from contemporary accounts, is not a very attractive one. "A pale Roman nose, a head of hair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster farthingale and a bushel of pearls are," he says, "the features by which everybody knows at a glance the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

But notwithstanding that she did not care for art and that, knowing her lack of it, she affected to despise bodily comeliness, still she loved to multiply portraits of herself. "In them she could appear really handsome." Yet if she has been flattered in the existing likenesses of her she must have been not merely plain, but a remarkably ugly woman. Perhaps the truth is that with the most courtly intentions the painters of the time did not know how to prevaricate.

"The queen," says a foreign observer, "is fair, but wrinkled. Her nose is a little hooked, her lips thin and her teeth black. She wore false hair and that red. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it until they marry." That the painters flattered her in some degree we must infer from that fact that she was fond of sitting to them, though she could not bear the sight of a mirror, which so enraged her that her attendants were obliged to hide theirs when she was present.—Art Amateur.

When Women Played Cricket.

The following is from an article in the London General Advertiser of 1747:

"On Monday last in playing the Women's Cricket Match the Company broke in, so that it was impossible for the game to be play'd out; and some of them being very much frightened, and others hurt, it could not be finish'd till this Morning, when at Nine o'Clock they will finish the same, hoping the Company will be so kind as to indulge them in not walking within the Ring, which will not only be a great Pleasure to them, but a general Satisfaction to the Whole. All Gentlemen and Ladies that have paid to see this Match on Monday shall have the Liberty of the Ground to see it finish'd, without any other charge. And in the Afternoon they will play a Second Match, in the same Place, several large Sums being depending between the Women of the Hills of Sussex, in Orange Colour'd Ribbons, and those of the Dales, in Blue. The Wickets to be pitch'd by One o'Clock, and to begin Play by Two."

Adding Insult to Injury.

He had been studying shorthand, thinking it might be a help to him in his business, and naturally he was interested in it. So it happened that when he did something to displease his wife and she started to tell him what she thought of it all he asked her to wait a minute.

"Wait a minute!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "Why?"

"I don't like to miss such a splendid chance for practice," he replied, reaching for his pencil and paper. "I'm training for a speed certificate, you know, and rapid dictation is just what I want. Now go ahead."

Both Glad.

Said Mrs. Gadabout, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith:

"Are you glad to see me again, Edith?"

"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too," replied the child.

"Is she?"

"Yes, m'm. She said she hoped you'd come today and have it over with."—Ohio State Journal.

Leeches.

It is claimed that 30,000,000 leeches are used annually in France and England alone. A single company in Australia used to export 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 a year to Europe and America. One Parisian capitalist affirmed that his leech crop returned him 15 to 1, and it is recorded that the monopoly of taking leeches in Morocco was once sold for $100,000.

Economy.

"Please, papa, give me a quarter to see the big snake in the menagerie."

"Morris, my dear, here's the magnifying glass. Go look at an angleworm."—Fliegende Blatter.

VANITY OF SAVAGES.

Red Men Love to Pose In Grotesque Attire Before the Camera.

As evidence of the extent to which the ornamental precedes the useful Explorer Humboldt noted the fact that the Orinoco Indians in fair weather strutted about attired in all the finery they were able to procure, their faces painted gaudily, their heads decked with feathers, their whole aim being to strike astonishment to the beholder and no regard whatever had for comfort.

When the weather was bad, Humboldt found that the same men would doff their clothing and carry it about to save it for display on future sunny days.

The same traits are seen today in the North American Indians, little modified by many years of intermingling with civilization.

That part of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, running from Second to Sixth street is the favorite promenade of visiting Indians. Portions of Second and Third streets, running off the avenue, are filled with boarding houses especially patronized by the redskins and especially avoided by the whites in consequence.

A number of photographers in the vicinity are the chief attractions of this neighborhood for the aborigines. Nothing so delights them as to strut gravely from their boarding houses to these art galleries to sit for solemn pictures at Uncle Sam's expense, the bill being charged in with necessaries incidental to a visit to the great father.

To deprive the visiting Indian of the privilege to sit for his photograph in full paint and feathers and a grotesque mixture of cheap ready made garments with blankets and bear claws would be the greatest hardship possible to the chieftains.

Showing the same disposition Humboldt noted, the visitors get themselves up more barbarously the closer they get to civilization.—St. Louis Republic.

A RARE VOLUME BY PENN.

Only Known Copy Is Owned by Quakers in Philadelphia.

The only known copy of Penn's issue of "Magna Charta," published in 1687 by the Bradford Press, is the property of the Meeting For Sufferings, a representative body of the Friends' yearly meeting in Philadelphia. Its title is "The Excellent Privilege of Liberty and Propriety; Being the Birthright of the Freeborn Subjects of England." The copy is not generally open to the public.

The peculiar significance of this book is that a half dozen years after Penn founded his colony he wished to have the colonists keenly realize that they would have to stand for their rights in the new country as well as the old, where they had been so cruelly persecuted. He wrote this book in order that they might be informed on the constitution of their local government and know what were the legal bases of their rights as citizens.

Curiously enough the only proof there is that this work was William Penn's is the statement made by Chief Justice David Lloyd in 1728, a great Quaker leader who was Penn's attorney general at the time the book was issued. Chief Justice Lloyd was also at that time an intimate friend of William Penn and consequently knew whereof he spoke.

The volume was reproduced in facsimile by the Philobiblon club in 1897 for a limited number of subscribers. The original volume, however, must always remain the rare thing that it is, one of the best expressions of liberty under law that the mind of the great founder could conceive.—Philadelphia Press.

After a Struggle.

"Georgie," said a fond mother to a little 4-year-old, "you must take the umbrella to school with you, or you will get wet. It rains hard."

"I want the little one," he said, meaning the parasol.

"No, my dear. That is for dry weather. You must take this and go like a good boy."

Georgie did as he was bid and got to school comfortably.

After school hours it had stopped raining, and Georgie trudged home with the remnants of the umbrella under his arm.

"Oh, Georgie, what have you been doing with my umbrella?" said his mother when she saw the state it was in.

"You should have let me had the little one," said he. "This was such a great one it took four of us to pull it through the door."—Leslie's Weekly.

Muzzling the Ox.

One morning our washwoman, a lady of color—very dark color—came hastily in and, without any preliminaries, exclaimed: "Sparatualism! What is sparatualism, Miss Cora?"

My sister explained as well as she could and asked why she wished to know.

"Well, you see," she went on excitedly, "Sarah—she's my daughter, you know, and she went last week to live with a lady what says she is a sparatualist, and she says if Sarah takes anything she'll know it. Sarah's going to leave!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Choice of Vowels.

He—You women have such a ridiculous habit of screaming "Oh!" on every occasion.

She—And you men have such a ridiculous habit of saying "I" on every occasion.—Indianapolis Press.

Lost Opportunity.

"And you didn't hear of it?" inquired Mrs. Gabbie.

"Not one word."

"Why, I've known it for a week, so I supposed everybody heard of it."—Philadelphia Times.

An Odd Coincidence.

"Late one night some years ago in a Western town," said an old telegraph operator, "I received a message which read, 'If you wish to see your brother alive, you will have to come immediately.' The message came from San Francisco and was addressed to an old man who lived across the street from the station, so I put on my hat and went over and delivered it, seeing that it was important that he should have it at once.

"The old man caught the train that left at midnight, and while he was buying his ticket he told me that the message referred to his brother who had left home 20 years before and from whom he had heard nothing during all that time.

"The next night a party called and asked if there were any messages for him, giving the same name as the old man who had left the night before. He must have noticed that I looked at him rather blankly, for he went on to explain that he had a brother in California who was sick and that he was anxious to hear from him.

"Well, it turned out that the message that I had received the night before was intended for him. He was a stranger in the town and chanced to bear the same name as the old man whom I had sent on a wild goose chase across the continent. Fortunately for me I was transferred to another town before the old man got back. That is all there is to the story except that it is true."—Detroit Free Press.

Sixteenth Century Apples.

Apples be so divers of form and substance that it were infinite to describe them all. Some consist more of aire then water, as sour puffs called Mala pulmonea; others more of water then wind, as sour Castarns and Pome waters. To be short, all apples may be sorted into three kinds, sweet, soure and unsavory. Sweet apples ease the cough, quench thirst, cure melancholly, comfort the heart and head, especially if they be fragrant and odoriferous, and also give a laudable nourishment. Soure apples hinder spitting, straiten the brest, gripe and hurt the stomach, encrease phlegm and weaken memory.

Sweet apples are to be eaten at the beginning of meat, but soure and tart apples at the latter end. All apples are worst raw, and best baked or preserved.

Philip of Macedonia and Alexander, his son, from whome perhaps a curious and skilful herald may derive our Lancashire men, were called Philomeli apple lovers because they were never without apples in their pockets. Yea, all Macedonians, his countrymen, did so love them that having neer Babylon surprised a fruiterer's boy they strived for it that many were drowned.—Dr. Thomas Moffett in 1575.

Plants That Intoxicate.

Bumblebees, butterflies and beetles are habitual drunkards. In some of the southern states insects alight on certain plants, drink heartily from the blossoms and fall to the ground stupefied. After awhile they rise and fly around, just as drunken men would do if they had the power of flying. Their antics are especially amusing unless one does not know what is the trouble. In this case the suspicion that the insect world has gone crazy is uppermost.

A scientist who had observed the drinking and its results collected a teaspoonful of the pollen to see if it would affect a man the same way. He swallowed it and in a few minutes found his pulse beating faster and a rise of temperature. Then he distilled some of the blossoms and gave himself a hypodermic injection in the arm. He became decidedly dizzy as a result. By further experiments he found an oil derived from these plants which affects human beings and animals alike.—New York Telegram.

The Rogue Saved the Judge.

A judge of the English high court was once arrested on suspicion of having burglarious designs on the house of a friend in Mayfair. The police officer charged him in the police station with loitering with felonious intent, and the prisoner's description of himself as one of her majesty's judges was received with a grin of sarcastic derision.

At that moment an old offender was brought in who happened to catch sight of his lordship's face, which he had good reason to remember.

"You here, my lord!" he exclaimed, with unfeigned astonishment. "Well, this beats cockfighting."

The rogue's unsolicited corroboration of the judge's declaration saved the situation, and his lordship was allowed to depart in peace.

Mike All Over.

Mr. Duffy—Mrs. Kelly, it pains me t' infarm yez thot yure hoosband has jist bin blowed oop bol a doinamoite carthridge. We found his head in wan lot, an his body in another lot, an his ligs in another lot, an his arms an fate in another lot.

Mrs. Kelly (proudly) — Begorrah, thot's Moike all over!—Harper's Weekly.

Exasperating.

"Gee whizz, how my wife does aggrawate me!"

"You surprise me. Surely she doesn't henpeck you?"

"No. It's her awful meekness. Whenever we have an argument and I'm in the right, she always sighs and says, 'Oh, very well, dear, have it your own way!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Inconsistent.

"You keep me waiting so long!" complained the customer.

"Madam," said the worried grocer, who was economizing in his business by employing only one clerk, "ain't you the woman that was in here yesterday kicking about short weights?"—Chicago Tribune.