Des.	Lot	Blk.	Amt
	5	5	$ 71
	9	5	47
	13	5	71
	14	5	11 80
	1	6	2 83
	2	6	3 07
	1	7	57
	2	7	11 80
	3	7	2 37
	4	7	47
	5	7	3 77
	6	7	3 77
	7	7	47
	8	7	47
	10	7	47
	13	7	28
	17	7	47
	18	7	28
s hf	19	7	15
n hf	19	7	24
	20	7	47
	1	8	8 24
	4	8	8 24
e 125	7, 8	8	2 83
	12	8	2 37
	13	8	2 37
	31	8	47
	32	8	57
	4	9	11 80
w 1 ft	6	9	05
	7	9	4 73
w 100	13	9	2 83
e 40	13	9	1 19
	17	9	8 24
	20	9	3 53
n 36	21	9	7 08
s 24	21	9	2 37
	22	9	7 08
	6	10	4 71
	7	10	4 71
n 12	11	10	88
s 24	12	10	1 19
	1	11	24
	1	12	5 90
	3	12	71
	1	14	47
	5	14	47
	3	17	38
	2	18	24
	1	19	33
	11	19	24
	5	20	7 08
	14	20	38
	8	21	2 37
	10	21	57
	11	21	57

Railroad Out Lots

	2		3 77

Subdivision Lots 6, 7, 8 and 9, Block 1, Railroad Addition

	17		7 08

Thompson's Addition

	2	1	10
	3	1	1 19
Pt Unplatted Land			2 37
	13	2	04
	14	2	04
	15	2	04
	16	2	04
	17	2	04
	18	2	04
	22	2	04
	1	4	2 83
	2	4	10
	3	4	04
	9	4	04
	10	4	04
	11	4	04
	1	5	04
	2	5	04
	3	5	04
	4	5	04
	5	5	04
	6	5	04

A. C. Johnson's Addition

	9	1	15
	10	1	1 89
	15	1	10
	16	1	10

Unplatted Lands in Burnett Village

Township 24, Range 4

description	sec	amt
pt nw sw	19	1 28
pt nw sw	19	33
pt nw sw	19	8 07
pt nw sw	19	2 57
pt sw sw	19	6 41

BURNETT VILLAGE

desc	lot	blk	amt
	2	1	2 57
e25, e25	6, 7	1	6 41
	8	1	64
	9	1	6 41
	15	1	33
	16	1	3 22
	17	1	33
	18	1	64
e20 w53	1	4	2 57
	5	4	14 44
	8	4	4 49
n10	10	4	12 83
w76	11	4	33
	4	6	1 92
	5	6	2 57
	6	6	2 57
	13	7	9 63
	14	7	14 44
	15	7	64
	8	9	8 03
	1	10	9 63
	4	10	64
	5	10	33
	7	10	33

McComb's Sub Lots

	3	1	7 70
s100 ne¼		6	33

Luikart's Sub Division Lot 1 Block 12, McComb's Sub Lots

	3		33

MEADOW GROVE

	3	1	24
	4	1	24
	6	1	4 24
	3	2	3 53
n hf	4	2	3 53
s hf	4	2	94
	2	3	47
	6	3	2 57
w hf	7	3	3 53
s50 e75	1	4	47
pt	4	6	94
pt	4	6	5 90
	1	7	5 90
	2	7	24
	3	7	24
	4	7	4 71
	5	7	1 19
	6	7	24
	7	7	24
	8	7	3 53
	4	8	4 71
	5	8	2 37
	6	8	24
	7	8	24
	8	8	24

Lewis' Addition to Meadow Grove

	5	5	2 83
	5	6	2 37

West Meadow Grove

	2		3 53

BATTLE CREEK VILLAGE.

In Highland Precinct

Western Town Lot Co Addition

	12	29	1 81
	1	30	6 32
	2	30	45
	8	30	45
	9	30	3 39
	10	30	45
	5	31	2 27
	6	31	2 27
	9	31	2 71
	10	31	2 71
	11	31	4 51

Pioneer Town Site Co Second Addition

	1	32	45
	11	34	1 81
	12	34	2 27
	4	37	3 39
	1	38	45
	2	38	5 66

Out Lot 4

pt	4		45
pt	4		45
pt	4		45

Battle Creek Village

	5	2	24

Des	Lot	Blk	Amt
	6	2	15
	7	2	15
	8	2	15
	5	3	1 81
	1	7	24
	2	7	24
	3	7	24
	4	7	4 51
	1	9	24
	2	9	24
	3	9	24
	4	9	24
	5	9	6 32
	6	9	24
	7	9	24
	8	9	24
	5	11	4 51
	6	11	24
e ½	6	13	1 15
	8	13	13 54
w 22	7	14	3 39
22x124	8	14	7 91
	1	15	6 78
	3	15	90
	4	15	7 02
e24 w30	6	15	9 03
e34	1	16	11 29
	3	16	2 27
	4	16	18 05
	5	16	5 66
n 54, n 54	7, 8	16	4 51
s58 e22	1	17	69
w26 e48	1	17	3 39
e34 w59	2	17	10 17
w25	2	17	5 66
e20	4	17	13 54
	5	17	6 78
	6	17	1 35
	7	17	90
	8	17	6 78
e36	1	18	1 15
e 10x52	3	18	45
pt	3	18	5 66
	4	18	4 51
	5	18	6 32
	6	18	45
e hf	7	18	24
	8	18	1 59
	1	19	82
	2	19	82
	3	19	4 89
	4	19	4 89
	5	19	3 39
	6	19	45
	7	19	2 27
	8	19	45
e hf	2	20	24
w hf	2	20	24
	3	20	1 81
	4	20	6 32
	5	20	3 39
	6	20	1 59
	7	20	24
	8	20	24
	1	22	45
e 48 s 40, n 48	2	22	69
n 84	3	22	67
n 84	4	22	5 19
	5	24	1 59
	6	24	69
pt, pt	7, 8	24	6 78
pt, pt	7, 8	24	6 78

Kimball & Blair's Addition.

	1	4	4 51
	2	4	24
	3	4	24
	4	4	1 59
	1	5	24
	2	5	24
	1	26	4 51
	2	26	4 51
	3	26	24
e 75, e 75, e 75	6, 7, 8	26	4 51
w 75, w 75, w 75	6, 7, 8	26	2 27
e 77	4	27	1 15
	5	27	4 51
	6	27	69
	7	27	3 37
	1	28	45
	2	28	45
	3	28	3 39
	4	28	2 27
	9	28	45
	10	28	4 51
	11	28	45
	12	28	45

Day's Addition.

	1	2	24
	2	2	24
	3	2	24
	4	2	2 95
	5	2	3 39
	6	2	4 51
	7	2	1 15
	11	2	15
	12	2	15
	13	2	15
	14	2	15
	2	4	24
	3	4	24
	4	4	3 16
	8	4	2 50
	9	4	24
	1	6	24
	2	6	24
	3	6	24
	4	6	24
	5	6	18
	6	6	15
	7	6	15
	8	6	18
	2	7	15
	1	8	18
	2	8	15
	1	11	15
	2	11	15
	3	11	15

F. J. Hale's Out Lots.

	2		09
	3		09
	4		09
	5		24
	6		1 81
	7		09

WARNERVILLE.

	1, 2, 3, 4	1	03
	5, 6, 7, 8	1	03
	9, 10	1	03
	11	1	03
	12, 13, 14	1	03
	15, 16	1	03
	1, 2	3	03
	3, 4, 5, 6, 7	3	06
	1, 2, 3	4	03
	4	4	51
	5, 6, 7	4	03
	8, 9, 10, 11, 12	4	06
	5	4	20
	1, 2, 3, 4	6	74
	5	6	03
	6, 7, 8, 9, 10	6	03
	11, 12	6	03
	13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24	6	11
	1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13	7	11

Des	Lot	Blk	Amt
	14, 15	7	$ 03
	16	7	03
	1, 2	8	03
	3	8	03
	4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14	8	11
	15, 16	8	03
		9	03
	1, 2	11	03
	3	11	51
	4	11	03
	5	11	03
	6	11	03
	7	11	03
	8	11	03
	1, 2	12	51
	3, 4	12	03
	1	13	03
		14	03
		15	12
		16	12
		17	12
		18	09
		19	18
		20	24
		21	24
		22	24
		23	24
		24	18
		25	24
		26	24
		27	24
	1, 2	28	68
	3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8	28	18
		29	12
		30	12
Park			17

Unplatted Lands in Union Precinct, Madison City.

Township 22, Range 1.

Description	Sec.	Amt.
pt sw qr sw qr	32	39
pt sw qr sw qr	32	7 81
pt se qr sw qr	32	33
pt sw qr se qr	32	1 83
pt sw qr se qr	32	3 17
pt sw qr se qr	32	3 15
pt sw qr sw qr	32	33

TOWN OF MADISON.

Des.	Lot	Blk.	Amt.
		2	10 71
		3	6 39

W. J. Barnes' Addition.

Des	Lot	Blk	Amt
	1, 2	89	$ 1 89
	3, 4	89	4 56
	8	89	4 70

J. F. Duncan's Addition.

	2		4 88
e½	3		3 78
	4		1 64

North Addition.

	1	21	98
	1, 2	22	2 54
	3, 4, 5, 6	7	7 49
	1, 2, 3, 4	21	10 94
	7, 8, 9, 10	23	9 68
	9	24	1 70

Fritz Addition.

		2	4 56
		3	3 71
		5	5 40
		6	1 95
	1	7	1 49
	2	7	3 13
	3	7	1 70
		9	5 55
s 55		14	2 35
		15	2 41
		18	5 40
		20	5 09
w hf		23	4 82
e hf e hf		23	5 09
w hf e hf		23	39
		24	4 10
		25	1 64
n hf s hf		26	53
s hf e hf		26	53
		27	1 75
		28	6 06
s115 w hf		33	65
n49 w hf		33	33
n½ w hf		34	4 30
s½ w hf		34	4 68
w hf		38	85
w hf		40	85

Northwest Addition.

	5, 6, 7, 8	70	2 03
	7, 8	77	2 73
	5, 6	79	2 08
	7	79	1 64
	8	79	2 81
	7, 8	80	1 18
	1, 2	82	1 18
	7, 8	82	3 38
	1	83	2 61
		87	2 67

He Noticed the Likeness.

A Parisian swell recently had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with.

"It does not bear the slightest resemblance to me," said he, "and I will not take it."

The artist protested, but all to no avail.

After the dandy had left the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of ass' ears and exhibited it in the window, thus altered, to the gaze of the curious public.

It hadn't been long exposed when the dandy entered the artist's studio in a towering rage, and, finding that threats amounted to nothing, he at last offered to buy it, even at a considerable advance upon the original price.

"It wasn't strange you didn't recognize your resemblance to the picture at first," said the painter, "but I knew you'd notice the likeness as soon as I added those ears."—Spare Moments.

Marriage by Halter.

Among ignorant people of English birth it is fully believed that a wife bought with money or goods is legally married if the purchaser leads her all the way home by a halter.

Mr. Baring Gould, the English antiquarian, tells of a village poet known to him who bought a wife for a half crown and led her 12 miles to his cottage.

The squire and the rector protested to the village poet that he was not legally wedded.

"Why, yes I be," he replied. "I'll take my Bible oath I never once took the halter off till she'd crossed the doorsill and the door was shut."

The latest instances of such wife sales occurred in 1858 and 1859, when women were sold in Little Horton and in Dudley. In these cases a blue ribbon took the place of the straw halter.

But, gentle ladies, the symbolic idea was the same.

A Laugh on Lord Kelvin.

A good story is related of Lord Kelvins' lecturing methods at the Glasgow university. As a professor of science he can use long words in such formidable array as would make a dictionary break its binding with horror. During a course of lectures once on magnetism, for instance, he defined an ideal magnet as "an infinitely long, infinitely thin, uniform and uniformly and longitudinally magnetized bar," and the misguided students vociferously cheered, which caused the professor to say, "Silence!" This definition was made and cheered, with the usual reprimand, frequently during the lectures. Once, near the conclusion, however, the students did not cheer, but Lord Kelvin, from force of habit, rapped out "Silence!" the same as before.

A Cute Lad.

A young Irishman once went to a kind hearted old squire for a recommendation. An elaborate one was written and read to him. He took it with thanks, but did not move.

"What's the matter with it?" roared the squire.

"Oh, nothin, sorr," said the lad quickly.

"Well, then, why don't you go?"

"Sure, sorr, I thought on the strength of a recommind like that you'd be wantin to hire me."—San Francisco Argonaut.

AN UNCANNY STORY.

ORIGIN OF THE "SOULLESS MONSTER OF FRANKENSTEIN."

The Interesting History of an Old Time Novel That Is Often Alluded to In Literature and at Times Quoted Incorrectly.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, has heard of the novel of "Frankenstein," though it is not probable that many persons read it nowadays. There are so many allusions to it in our literature, however, that one absorbs some sort of a notion of it so that he cannot help knowing that it is a weird and ghastly story about a monster, but whether or not Frankenstein is the monster even well informed people do not always know, showing that they never read the story.

Sometimes we hear allusions to "Frankenstein's monster," as in one of Charles Sumner's orations, where he speaks of the "soulless monster of Frankenstein, the wretched creation of mortal science without God," and sometimes the reference is to Frankenstein only, as if he were the monster. Of course Sumner, who was very particular in his use of figures of speech, was right. When Mrs. Deland, in her fine novel of "Sidney," makes Major Lee say that "Christianity is a Frankenstein," she suffers the major to talk nonsense.

The story of this weird novel and the circumstances under which it came to be written are decidedly interesting and may be told in a few words. The facts are as follows:

In 1816 Mary Godwin, afterward Mrs. Shelley, eloped with Shelley, and they took up their residence near Geneva, in Switzerland. They had Lord Byron for a neighbor, and the three passed much time together. Their conversation frequently ran on the occult and the mysterious, and Byron one day proposed that each should write a ghost story. All agreed and went to work, but it was not long before the two poets gave it up as a hopeless task. They could write poetry, but they could not write stories.

Mary persevered and completed her tale in the spring of 1817. When Byron and Shelley heard it read, they were surprised and delighted. It was bound to be the novel of the century! The name of it was "Frankenstein; or, The Modern Prometheus." It was immediately sent to London for publication and met with a great success.

Frankenstein is a Swiss youth, a student at the University of Ingolstadt, deeply interested in the study of chemistry and natural philosophy. He resolves to penetrate the mysteries of life and death and wrest from nature the secret of creation. After prolonged study he succeeds and discovers how to impart movement and animation to lifeless matter.

He then resolves to mold a colossal man, making him beautiful in form and feature and imbue him with life. He carries on his work in a studio far from the habitations of man, labors long and secretly, and at last the work is completed. There in the great room lies the form and semblance of a human being, perfect in all his proportions. Frankenstein relates the story:

"It was on a dready night in November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony I collected the instruments of life around me that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet.

"It was already 1 o'clock in the morning. The rain pattered dismally against the window panes, and my candle was nearly burned out, when, by the glimmer of the half extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open. It breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs."

Slowly the immense creature arose, and the artist, frightened at his own work, fled away. Then he returns to find his creation possessed of life and every attribute of humanity except a soul. Nowhere can it find human sympathy. It is out of harmony with all things about it, and after searching the world in pursuit of happiness it returns again to Frankenstein and demands that he make a companion with whom it can live in sympathy and love.

Frankenstein declines, and thenceforth the monster pursues him with hatred and revenge. It slays his brothers and sister, his friend and his bride. It follows him to Russia, to Siberia and into the Arctic ocean, and there creature and artist perish together. It is a most uncanny story to read o' nights.

Sir Walter Scott reviewed the novel in The Quarterly, but while admitting its power confessed he did not like it. "Our taste and our judgment revolt at this kind of writing." All the critics agreed as to its daring originality.—Chicago Post.

Domestic Sarcasm.

He (at breakfast)—My dear, the paper says there was quite a fire in our block early this morning. It is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

She—Well, don't let a little thing like that worry you.

He—Why, what do you mean?

She—Nobody will ever accuse you of building it.—Chicago News.

A Perfectly Natural Question.

"Pat," said his young wife, "I wish you wouldn't put your knife in your mouth when you eat."

"An phwere would yez hev me put it," said Pat in astonishment, "in me eyes?"—Harper's Bazar.

Flowers are the terrestrial stars that bring down heaven to earth and carry up our thoughts from earth to heaven, the poetry of the Creator written in beauty and fragrance.

POET BURNS AS A PUGILIST.

A Masonic Souvenir of His Fighting Ability Owned In Chicago.

A part of the Masonic altar that once brought the Scottish bard, Robert Burns, in dire disgrace before his lodge is now in the possession of a Chicago woman, Mrs. W. F. Funch of 4350 Sidney avenue, and is treasured by her as a family heirloom.

Mrs. Funch is by birth a Canadian of Scotch origin. In the days when her grandfather, George MacRae, was young he attended the same lodge as did Bobbie Burns and was one of the "lichts" of the town. One night before lodge meeting the poet and MacRae sat long together

Bousing at the nappy,
And gettin fou and unco happy.

And then arm in arm they sauntered slowly to the room where the Masons were wont to assemble.

All would have gone well had not Burns desired to show his Masonic brethren how good a pugilist he was, and he let go a heavy undercut at MacRae, arousing the latter's fighting blood, and the bout began, which resulted in MacRae being felled to the floor and Bobbie Burns throwing the four legged altar, or stand, at him as he attempted to rise.

Luckily he missed him aim, and the stand struck violently against the wall, shattering completely one of the legs.

At the following meeting the two friends were brought before the order for trial. A fine was imposed on them, and they were made to replace the altar. The broken one was thrown out, and as MacRae went home he carried the stand with him.

It is about two feet high and is of a style out of use today in the Masonic order. It has since been preserved in the family as an heirloom.—Chicago Tribune.

HE WAS A MASON.

Yet the Unfeeling Inner Guard Gave Him the Grand Laugh.

A well known Chicago publisher, speaking of scenes and incidents in that city in the trying days after the big fire, said: "The great fire was a thing of the recent past and the down town portion of the city a scene of the greatest confusion. About 9 o'clock in the evening, while on my way to my home in the west division, I was accosted by a man of respectable appearance, who asked me to give him the price of a lodging.

"'I'm not a beggar,' said he, 'but I'm in hard luck. A man told me that some Masons were in session over this way. If I could find them, I'd be all right.'

"'I happen to know a lodgeroom on Canal street, where there is a meeting tonight,' said I. 'Come along, I'll take you there.'

"The place reached, I conducted him up a long flight of stairs and knocked at a door.

"'I'm not a Mason,' said I to a man who seemed to be acting in the capacity of a guard, 'but I've run across one of your fraternity who seems to be in hard luck. I take it you'll be glad to do something for him.'

"Congratulating myself on having done a good act, I pushed my chance acquaintance forward and retreated toward the stairway. A whispered conversation ensued, when the guard exclaimed:

"'You're not a Freemason!'

"'No,' replied my late charge, 'but I'm a stone mason out of a job.'

"The roar of laughter that issued from the half open door made me wish myself a Mason. As it was, I hurriedly quitted the place."—Chicago Chronicle.

He Saw Her Home.

On a rainy afternoon not long ago one of the pretty young matrons of Connecticut avenue left the car from which she had ridden up town and darted through the drizzle toward her home, a few doors from the corner. She had no umbrella. A Willie of the characteristic type, who was riding in the same car, noticed that she had no umbrella. He was right after her with his own umbrella up and extended.

"May I see you home, miss?" he inquired languishingly, stepping up alongside of her.

She turned to him with a dazzling smile.

"Certainly," she replied. "Watch me." And she ran up the steps of her home and entered the vestibule door without looking back.

"The rude thing!" muttered the Willie, blushing to the roots of its wavy hair, as Laura Jean would say, and then it took the next car.—Washington Post.

Some Good Anagrams.

The following is a list of very remarkable anagrams:

Astronomers, no more stars; catalogues, got as a clue; elegant, neat leg; impatient, Tim is a pet; matrimony, into my arm; melodrama, made moral; midshipman, mind his map; old England, golden land; parishioners, I hire parsons; parliament, partial men; penitentiary, nay, I repent it; Presbyterian, best in prayer; revolution, to love ruin; sweetheart, there we sat; telegraphs, great helps.

Forcible Proof.

"What was your father whipping you for last night?" asked one small boy of another.

"Oh," replied the other, "we had an argument about my Sunday school lesson, and he was proving to me that the whale actually did swallow Jonah."—Troy Times.

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practiced in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.—M. A. Kelly.

Some people like to be generous just to brag about it.—Cleveland Leader.

IF.

"If I were a man," the woman said,
"I'd make my mark ere I was dead;
I'd lead the world with a battle cry,
And I'd be famous ere I should die—
If I were a man."

"If I were a youth," the old man cried,
"I'd seize all chances, I'd go with the tide;
I'd win my way to the highest place
And stick to honor and seek his grace—
If I were a youth."

"If I were rich," the poor man thought,
"I'd give my all for the poor's support;
I'd open my door, and I'd open my heart,
And goodness and I would never part—
If I were rich."

And lo, if all these ifs came true,
The woman a man, the man a youth,
The poor man rich—then all in truth,
This world would be, when we got through,
Just as it is!

—James Oppenheim in New York Sun.

A WOMAN'S VETO.

Why a Certain Naval Appointment Was Never Confirmed.

An incident which occurred during the first Cleveland administration illustrates the good feeling existing between the newspaper men and the chief of the bureau of naval construction. A certain correspondent, who was on particularly intimate terms with the chief, called at his office and was received with unusual cordiality.

Calling the correspondent by his first name, the chief said: "Look here, Blank, I want you to do something for me. Mr. ——'s appointment to a place in this department, after being fought through two congresses, has prevailed, has been signed by Secretary Whitney and only waits the signature of the president. You, of all men in Washington, can find out what action the president will take, and I think you know a way to prevent the document being signed."

The correspondent replied, "I think I know a way." He left the building and went for Miss ——, who was at that time doing Washington society for the Associated Press. To her he told the story and explained what he wanted done.

Miss —— obtained an audience with Mrs. Cleveland and told what she came for. Mrs. Cleveland went to the president's desk and singled out a paper with the remark, "There, I guess that is the one you mean." She then turned a corner of the document down and left it.

In the course of his work the president came to the paper and then, in a surprised tone, said to Secretary Lamont, "Dan, do you know anything about this appointment?"

Mr. Lamont did not know anything about it.

"Well," said the president, "Frances has evidently turned this down for a purpose. I guess it's all right." And the official signature was not attached.—Philadelphia Post.

Eccentric Balzac.

A correspondent of literature sends an interesting anecdote of Balzac to that journal: Leon Gozian used to relate how he met Balzac one day on the Boulevard des Capucines "dying with hunger." The novelist insisted on taking Gozian to a confectioner who sold macaroni patties. Forgetting his hunger, Balzac plunged into an appreciation of Cooper's "Lake Ontario" (newly appeared). Gozian noticed that the shop attendant, an English girl, had heard him address Balzac by name and was gazing at the author as though fascinated. She was astounded presently by the appetite of genius for macaroni patties, which disappeared by couples.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Balzac.

"Nothing, M. Balzac," said the English girl firmly.

Balzic was nonplused for a moment, then he pushed his precious copy of "Lake Ontario" into the girls hands, saying, "I can never sufficiently regret, madamoiselle, that I did not write that book."

Not His Kind.

Two members of a well established firm that does business in the wholesale district indulged in the following dialogue the other afternoon:

Junior Partner—Why didn't you give that man a chance? We need another clerk here, and I rather like his looks.

Senior Partner—I liked his looks, too, but he's no good.

Junior Partner—How do you know that?

Senior Partner—When a man who is looking for a job comes to me and says, "I suppose you don't want to hire any one today, do you?" that's enough. If he had anything in him, he'd come right out and say what he meant. If he supposed we didn't want to hire any one, why did he waste our time and his by coming in to bother us?—Chicago Times-Herald.

Triumphant.

"When you get in a crowd, my dear," said Mr. Winkles to his wife, "always look out for pickpockets."

"I'm not afraid of them, dearest," answered Mrs. Winkles. "They can't pick my pocket."

"That's just like you women," said Mr. Winkles, "always so sure. Pray tell me why you couldn't have your pockets picked."

"Because I haven't got any," answered Mrs. Winkles proudly.—Harper's Bazar.

Stretching to Rest.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers and also yawn; they open their mouths slowly till they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open.

Some musicians get along on their cheek, but the cornist depends on his lips.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The average walking pace of a healthy man or woman is said to be 75 steps a minute.

TAMED THE JOCKEYS.

THE MIDGETS EACH HAD A BAD CASE OF SWELLED HEAD.

A Spanking Over a Waiter's Knee Cured One, and an Unceremonious Tumble Into the Ocean Took the Insolence Out of the Other.

"It is a notorious fact," said an old horseman, "that successful jockeys are more afflicted with the big head than any other class of midgets you're liable to meet up with. On two occasions that I recall I've seen American waiters take prominent American jockeys down when the latter have become insufferable in their conduct. Some years ago an eastern jockey whose fame was spread broadcast throughout the racing world was taking dinner with a party of foolishly idolatrous friends at the Cliff House, outside of San Francisco. The jockey had been riding during the winter racing in and around San Francisco, and on this day he had won the swell event of the year on a rather no account horse. Consequently his hat was a whole lot too small for him.

"He was an insulting little chap at best, but on this occasion he simply let his tongue run away with his brains. His humor took the turn of joshing an old time waiter at the Cliff House who had been in California since the days of the Argonauts. The old man had long side whiskers, and the jockey made sundry and divers remarks to the waiter about the opportunity he was giving to the wind by wearing whiskers of that particular length, and the old man took the talk good naturedly without paying much attention to the touch of nastiness in the midget's remarks. Finally, however, when the wine had gone around pretty freely, the jockey reached up behind his chair as the old waiter was in the act of performing some little service for the men at the table, and, twisting his hand in the hair on one side of the old servitor's face, he deliberately pulled out a fairly large handful of the latter's whiskers.

"The old man leaped back with pain and indignation, the jockey laughing at him idiotically. Then the waiter coolly lifted the jockey out of his chair by the scruff of the neck, sat down and calmly deposited the midget across his knees, face downward.

"'Son,' said the waiter, 'there's something that you've stood in need of for a long time past, judging from your actions here during the past few months, and that something you're about to get and get good,' and he brought the palm of an ample hand down with a smack that sounded very pleasant indeed unto the ears of all the rest of the people in the room (except the jockey's friends) who had seen the beard pulling incident. Then he brought both hands into play, and the rataplan told of splendid execution. The jockey kicked and struggled, but he couldn't break loose, and he had to take his medicine. Then his friends at the table jumped to his rescue, and, quickly letting the jockey slide on to the floor, the old waiter, thoroughly aroused, jumped up and knocked them down one after the other. He just polished them all off in detail, and when he had got through with them he stood his ground. Then the manager appeared on the scene, and when he was told by a number of other guests, prominent men, what had happened he assisted in kicking the party out of the house.

"Another time a jockey who leaped into prominence with meteoric speed by reason of his winning two of the great events of the eastern turf in quick succession got the worst of it at the hands of a Coney Island waiter. I saw the incident myself. The jockey had had such a mighty accession of the 'I am it' spirit that he considered he could perform all sorts of mean little tricks at the expense of all hands and do the same with impunity. On this day he had won three straight races, and his imperiousness was something monumental. He took dinner with three bookmakers on one of the big Coney Island piers. The man who waited on the party was a bullet head, but a quiet, attentive man at that. He was removing some plates after the second course when the jockey picked up a siphon of seltzer and deliberately squirted half the bottle full in the waiter's face. The waiter wiped his face and his shirt front off with his table towel and then he walked up to the jockey's chair and said:

"'Have you had yer dip in de sea yit t'day, Freddy?'

"'No,' said the jockey, with an expression of surprise on his face, as if he wondered what was coming.

"'I t'ought not,' said the bullet headed waiter. 'Dat's de reason I'm goin t' let you have it now.'

"Then the waiter suddenly picked the famous jockey up, and before any of the men at the table could interfere he carried him over to the railing of the pier and dropped the midget horse rider into the water, about 15 feet below.

"'I jist want t' see if de little snoozer wit' de swelled nut kin swim as well as he kin ride a horse,' said the waiter, quietly watching the jockey come to the surface and strike out. The jockey could swim, and he made the beach without any trouble, but he didn't return to the pier."—Washington Star.

Missing Time.

What do people do with their surplus time? They used to weave the cloth their garments were made of and make them by hand. They now get them ready made at the stores. It takes less time to do every act of drudgery than it used to take. What becomes of the surplus time? If we have gained an hour over our ancestors, what becomes of it?—Atchison Globe.