10

AMONG THE WITS AND WAGS.

A Batch of Fun and Frolic Set in Smiling

Prose and Rhyme.

A ROLLICKING WAR BALLAD

Tops the Story of a Game, in Which

a Raw Decision Rocks the Hon-

est Umpire's Frame-Para-

graphs With Points.

A Mexican War Ballad.

"How are you, Colonel Kerrigan, how are

you, Colonel Pike, How are you, gallant gentlemen, and what do you reel like?

My stars, old Colonel Slaughter! and here is Colonel Blood !

And Colonel Holmes, and Colonel Ham, and

"How does the Fourth Ward rally, and does

she pine to go A-marching down to Texas, and the old Rio: And will you cross the river, and take the first turnpike,

That leads to Cher-u-bus-co, or what do you feel like?"

spake Colonel Pike, And Colonel Ham, and many more, as many

as you like, And they caused so much contention, and they raised so loud a roar, That you couldn't tell for minutes what colo-nel had the floor.

At last a martial voice was heard above the

mighty din, The lion voice of Colonel Pike, and thus he

did begin: "I'd like to dive in peon blood, way down at

And swim in gore from the Rio Grande to ancient Mexico.

"I should like to see the border, yet I'd rather

rest my eye, Not so much upon the Rio as upon a little

And all of my grim comrades unanimously

As a preliminary, we'd like to take a drink !"

He Thought He Was About Right.

"Say, young feiler, is this the road to Boilbug?" inquired a traveler of a hoos-

ier whom he met at the cross roads dig-

ging for angle worms. "You're 'bout right," replied the man,

without looking up, "Fine day for fishing," continued the

'Good many tish about these parts."

"Look here; are you guying me?" "You're 'bout right."

"You galoot, any one would think I had no sense the way you answer me." "You're 'bout right."

Men Are as Dear as Ever.

day, while enjoying his post-prandial ci-gar in the bosom of his family, "Are you

aware, Matilda, that flour has not been

so cheap before for thirty years as it is quoted to day?"

"That should certainly be an induce-ment to matrimony," responded the

thoughful mother. "Yes, mamma, but you know young

men are as dear as ever "' said Gwendo

line, as she glanced out at young Flip-

kins, who was wickedly flirting with that

There Are Couplers and Couplers.

First stranger (stiffly). Ah! you are a

Not a Yankee.

hateful girl from Philadelphia.

brakeman then?

clergyman.

Practical Mr. Jobson remarked yester-

'You're 'bout right."

"You're 'bout right."

El Pa-so,

traveler.

Colonel Bob McFud!

Puck

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1886 .-- TWELVE PAGES.

will." With characteristic good nature here every morning." asked the milk-Arienus consented. The ball room was man, "My contract calls for ten pounds, but well filled when he rose to speak, and pe-fore he had been on his feet a minute, he I leave twenty for good measure. How many quarts of nilk di you leave?" "I don't leave any. They, think they fore he had been on his feet a minute, he made an observation which provoked a roar of laughter, at which the landlord, his face white with rage, rose and ad-vanced toward the platform with the re-mark. 'One minute, Mr. Brown.' Ar-temus paused, and the landlord having taken his place beside him drew a re-volver from his back pocket and ad-dressing the audience, said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, the speaker is a partik-lar friend of mine and if he interrupted are getting two quarts of milk every day, but it's all pure cream." Just then a huge truck came bowling down the street. It ran over and in-stantly killed both the jeeman and mlik-Their last words were "We'll see each other in heaven. When He knew Her. lar friend of mine, and if he's interrupted agin d— me if I don't shoot. You can proceed, Mr. Brown." Artenus pro-ceeded, and although he gave them his funniest lecture, he reported that there St. Paul Herald: "Pa," said Johnny de Blank to his father the other evening after suppor, "did you know ma long be fore you were married?" "No," said DeB., glancing, askance at the lady sitting opposite, "I didn't know her till long after we were married." Base Ball Fun. THE DYING UMPTRE. Detroit Perce Press. An umpire of the league nines, Lay dying at the plate, And the gory rocks about him Told the story of his fate. He had made a rank decision. And the crowd, in frenzy deep, Had shuffled off his mortal coil By rocking him to sleep, The eatcher stood beside him As his life-blood eboed away, And swung his bat with vigor To keep the crowd at bay. The dying umpire beckoned, And the captain of the nine Bent over him in sorrow For he feared another fine. But the umpire's word came feebly As the crisis was at hand. His dimmed eyes were soon to open In a brighter, fairer land. Then he whispered low and sadly. "Call the game, it's getting dark; Let it end on even innings, So the last runs do not mark. "I have finished watching bases; I am numbered with the slain, And the cry of 'rats' will never Echo in my cars again. "Place my hand upon the home-plate; Let me have my little mask, Frame a set of resolutions, This is all I have to ask." The dying umpire faltered, His face turned toward the sun, one gasp, and all was over; It was his last home run. They buried him at twilight In a hole they quickly made, And no stone marks the lonely spot Where the weary umpire's laid. HIS BASE BALL MASK.

actress was singing a risque song. 'Turn-ing to a seedy man at his side, he said: ful craze and carries a catcher's mask with him nearly all the time. Does he "Clara is a darling, isn't she?" The seedy man didn't say anything. "She's better looking off the stage, though." continued the previous youth. "Do you know her?" interrogated the seedy one. "I should smile," responded the young man with a wink that was a whole Bocaecio's "Decameron" in its significance. "What sort of a girl is she?" "Oh, she's a lively one, likes her supper and bottle of wine after the show I'm pretty solid. Would you like to be introduced? "No, thank you; I know her slightly. I'm her husband." "Oh !!!!" "Give me two seats, please," said a deadbeat to John Halvin, of Cincinnati, the other evening. "I correspond for several papers.

"Very sorry, but can't comply." First stranger. I like to run down here on Sunday after a hard Saturday's work. "I can do you great injury if you refuse Second stranger. I prefer to run down here on Monday. On Sunday 1 have so much coupling to do.

take you in the office and read my new play to you." "Here-take this season ticket."

MATRIMONY IN SMALL SLICES.

Some Interesting Figures on the Cost of Love in a Cottage.

THE DECREASE OF MARRIAGE.

New Fashions in Weddings-Courtship in Southern Italy-Curious Tic-ups-Advice to Prospective Brides.

Pretty Enough to Wed. By A. O. H.

Here is a question the maidens are asking; 58 How can be make ovrseiner tair? One thinks that her cheeks area little too red; Another is puzzling her pretty head To know how to curi her straight hair. This lassie's checks are a little too pale;

How can sue make them red? And this little lady's hands are not quite As smooth and siender, and soft, and white "As a lady's should be," she said. And this one thinks she's a trifle too plump; And this one to use so it is to small; Another one thinks she's too small; Her teeth are not quite so bretty as pearls; And what shall we do for these poor, poor girls, That cannot be happy at all? And I, who look at them, cannot see Why they are dissatistied They look like a garden of roses in bloom; Yet over them all there is resting the gloom Of some fancied beauty denied.

This mystical secret is mine to impart; Listen, all who covet the power Of beauty's magic: The wonderful art Lies down in the depths of a gentle heart, And shines from the eyes every hour. The hands that do charity's gentle deeds Are white as the angels' above: And whether the cheeks be rosy or fair. It innocent blushes and health be there, They are pretty enough to love. If over the beautiful lips, dear girls,

But gentle words are said: And whether the form be plump or slight, if only the next is pure and light, You are pretty enough to wed. Too Poor to Marry.

St. Paul Globe: "That's all right, mused a blonde voung man a few even ings ago as he tilted back in his chair, and gazed sadly at a slip of paper he held in his hand. "That's all right," be in his hand. "That's all right," he said, "but when a man is poor I want to know how he is going to work it?" friend standing near saw the look of dis-may on the young man's face, and asked him what the matter was. "Well, you see," replied the first speaker, "for some time past I have been thinking of getting married, and had pictured to myself how nice and cosy it would be to have a home of my own and a nice little wife to receive me. But in an evil moment I figured up the cost of starting in, and now I shall never propose. I have not money enough and I won't run in debt for anything "Let me see your list," said the friend. The young man then handed over the

"Yes: she is sort of nervous, quick-temslip, the figures on which were as follows: bered woman, and if he doesn't get home ust the moment she thinks he ought to KITCHEN AND DINING BOOM. she flies at him and tries to scratch his face. Smith, however, gets the better of Tables.... Cuoboard..... her now. The moment he opens the front door and gets into the hall he puts Ice chest..... on his mask, and that protects his face Sundries 10 \$130 TED ROOM.

Sundries..... 10

PARLOR OR SITTING ROOM. Mirror and elock...... 25 160

475

\$705 "There it is," the young man said; "these tigures are as low as they can pos-sibly be made, and by the time you can get your house furnished \$1,500, at least, will be gone. It's all right to talk about starting in cheaply, but I would like to know how a man is going to. If he don't own the house he lives in there is rent to You will see that those figures only provide for the furnishing of three rooms. and a young couple just starting in wants at least four. This love-in-a-cottage business, where the only furniture consists of a bed, a pine table, two chairs, a stove and a lamp, may be all right for some people, but I don't want to marry girl and then take her to a place of that sort. My ideas are not at all extravagant, but I do believe in having things comfortable, and to a certain degree nice. - I do not think it just to take a woman from a comforable nome and place her in an almost bare house, where she will have to crimp and deny herself everything in order that she and her husband will not have to apply to the city for aid. It is an outrage to do so, and no fair-minded man will do so." "Many people live on a salary of less than \$40 a month, and yet manage to save money," suggested the young man's friend "That may be, but in nine cases out of ten you will find that such persons do not live-they merely exist. And in the other case the parents of the wife generally stand ready to step in and make good any deficiency. Suppose a man is drawing a salary of \$75 or even \$80 a month. Out of that he will pay about as follows," and 'another slip was pulled from the young man's pocket, which read this way. Meat Wear and tear. Clothes. Necessary small expenses. 15 Street car fare for wife Total..... 866 "There you have \$14 left, possibly, and many will be the time when this \$14 will dwindle down into nothing. Suppose the husband is sick a few days, or perhaps a few weeks, and the domestic purse is ow. Well-the grocer won't trust you, and the butcher says he must have each for what he sells. Oh, yes, this getting married on a small salary is line, but I don't want any of it. A man on a salary has no right to marry in the first place, for he knows not when he may lose his head, and in no business is that truer than in mine. Guess I will continue to board and live on tough beef steak, stale bread and the like, and let the laundry mingle my clothing for some time to come. Why, it takes all my salary as it is to support me alone."

"Is the lot of the young men who flatter but dare not wed lovely damsels of her stamp any more enviables". How often have I not r durned from a full dress rout, divested myself of the infallible "spike tail, ensconced myself comfortably with my slippered feet on the mantel, ired the final eigar-philosophized Through the enring smoke I see visions of the fair being upon whom I ve ex-pended my best afforts at persiflage only an hour since. I think how eazy it would be were she to be gazing at the dying embers of the hearth, sitting on a low stool by my side, and how tenderly Pd kiss those pretty shoulders that I but an hour since compared with those of the Venus at the Louvre. The picture is so enchanting I even seriously speculate upon the possibility of making it real. A little sober reasoning and it is all dissolved into smoke even like the cigar, the remnants of which I throw among the bindered area. I have seed a transthe blackened coals. I'm 28 and a string-gling barrister. The battle is not won. I've a reputation to make position to gain. Eve's fail daughters of to-day do not east their lot with struggling young men, win or lose, rise or go under. The young lady of the period is too well trained to do anything that it is not strictly good form, don't you know, and it is not good form to give way to senti-ment to the extent of marrying a man who has not wealth or position. If it is not an absolute drinking foreigner with a title, it is a 50-year-old millionaire, with a neek the size of her waist, that can successfully hid for the favors of the fair maiden of to-day. She will listen to your tribute to her beauty. She even grows a connoisseur in the matter of the quality of your compliments. She is not stupid and you must sharpen your wits in order to invent palatable food for her vanity. She waltzes with you, flirts with you, even indulges in tender little scenes with you; but marry you-dear, no, "he's such a dear fellow, but then he is so wretchedly poor, and one must wed a brilliant party you know." I do not know where the fault ies, but that marriage among the better bred people is becoming beautifully less cannot be denied. That the effect upon

both sexes is demoralizing is equally apparent. I know scores of young men with brains and education who shun soviety and the fashionable young woman for the reason that they well know that marriage cannot be thought of until much later in life with women in her sphere, and to follow in her wake an admiring swain is a thankless and costly task franght with more vexation than pleasure. The result is that in most large cities there are large coteries of young men-and usually the best ones, toowho live rather fast lives, and in conse-quence when they do marry, at a late day, are unfit to be husbands and fathers. I know scores of young men who would be willing to marry-and in many cases it would be their salvation-could they find young women of equal social attainments who would brave the struggle with them. The lives of most of these young men can be boiled down as follows A more or less-according to disposition -gay bachelor life; and, if not wrecked by the wayside, when they get fat, flabby and bald, a brilliant wedding with an ambitions bud, a short honeymoon, mu-tual disgust, big funeral, interesting young widow-tra la. The New Fashion in Weddings.

New York World: The fashion set by Mrs. Cleveland of going to her husband's home to be married seems likely to be followed. Miss Kingdon of Daly's troupe, on arriving in America, followed much the same course as that taken by Miss Folsom when she came home from Europe to wed the president. She remained in the city only a short while, and then went up to her finance's home on the Hudson at irrington to be made Mrs. Gould. Other s too, have done the same thing since Mrs. Cleveland made her new departure in this line. Society leaders are waking up to the fact that an old tradition is being infringed and are preparing to adopt strenuous measures to crush out this most undesirable new custom. It is all

be "a matter of fact that the greatest men who have lived were childless and wite-less men." This is explained by the dis-tractions of housekeeping and "the in-finite task of laboring to satisfy wives brought up with the idea that economy is meanness." The disposition to convert homes into costly museums of old clong breaches made form of old cluna brie-a-brae, useless furniture, unappreciated books, etc., instead "She makes nothing and wants every thong," one complainant puts it. "Liv nig costs too much," says another, sum ming up a thousand objections in one It may be observed, however, in regard

of studying to simplify and minimize the requirements of daily tiving, is another vice charged upon the modern woman. to much of this fault finding, that it proceeds upon a narrow view of life and it objects. A pretty effective reply to all is the contribution made to the discussion by a young lady who says: only to look around him to see that the married men are the most regular, tem-

perate, law-abiding and prosperous," sons of the Zankoff type ought not lightly

The Connecticut papers record a rather to be compared. A trustod friend and servant of Frederick, duke of Saxony (styled the Peacoful), he distinguished himself in a war waged by Frederick against his brother William; but in the end was taken prisoner and held to ransom for a sum of 4,000 florins, which he was obliged to pay out of his own resources. To reward Kunz for his devotion and recompense him for his loss, the duke of Saxony gave him a number of confiscated estates but with the under-standing that he was to keep them only until peace was made. The war, how-ever, came to an end sooner than Kunz had expected; and, declining to give up the property that had been intrusted to him, it was found necessary to evict him. Then he determined on the revenge to which he owes his celebrity in history. Frederick had gone to Lemsie, leaving present. his two sons at Altenberg, where Herr yon Kauffungen was warden; and in the

Advice to Maids About to Marry, Pittsburg Dispatch: There were more dies than men in the First Reformed which related largely to the many sides of matrimony, Mr. Woodside said;

"There is great danger in a peliever in christianity marrying an unbeliever. No christian ought to marry an atheistic or dolatrous wife, nor ought a christian woman have anything to do with an inidel. There is a danger in such marriages, threatening not only the comfort of the man or woman who makes the ad enture in this world, but their souls in the world to come.

say, and at first thought I might be in clined to agree, that a young woman ought not to marry an old man. A young woman ought to be careful in marrying an old man, to be sure, just as she ought to exercise caution in marry ing at all; but a notable example of the good results from such marriage is to be found in holy writ in the case of Ruth. of whom I have been speaking, who went with Naomi and married her son, though he must have been over ninety years of age at the time."

make much of their husbands' relatives, especially of their mother-in-law. Be-fore they married, the preacher said, women ought to make sure that they could accept their husband's relatives, and if they could not accept them they should not marry. To illustrate the evil results of marriage when this circumtance was not kept in view, Mr. Woodside instanced the unhappy termination of the Morosini-Schilling matrimonial

NEAR SIGHTEDNESS.

sonally, she willingly believed him. When her confidence in him seemed to

THE STEALING OF PRINCES.

The Famous Instances in History of Thefts of Royalty.

Attempted Seizure of the Sons of the Duke of Saxony-Cruel Fate of the Princess Tarakanoff-Arrest of the Duke d'Enghien.

When Zankoff and his fellow conspirators found themselves likened by a German newspayer to "Kunz you Kauffungen," they probably felt the same sort of urritation which, in the well known story, a Billingsgate fish-woman is said to have experienced on being called by Dr. Johnson an isosceles triangle. Kunz (or Konrad) von Kauffungen was, however, a man of considerable spirit, to whom per-

duke's absence the treacherous servant

seized the two princes and hurried with

them towards the frontier. He was not,

however, destined to reach it. He was

arrested, brought back, and, in the year

A Curious Marriage.

peculiar marriage which was recently solemnized in a New Haven justice's office. Elistic Crandall, of Wellsville, N. Y., appeared before the justice with a lady on his arm and briefly explained the nature of their quest. When the name of the bride was asked it was discovered that she, too, bore the name of Crandall, and further inquiry developed the fact that she was the divorced wife of the that she was the divorced wife of the auxious groom's brother. The home of the bride expectant had been in Alfred Center, N. Y., where but a short time be-fore the decree of separation had been issued by a court. Fearing possible trou-ble as the result of their unusual pro-ceeding if carried out in New York, the bride and groom journeyed to New Haven, where the ceremony was quietly performed. The husband of the blushing bride was not among the few witnesses

Presbyterian church yesterday afternoon when the Reverend Nevin Woodside talked very interestingly on "Ruth's En-treaty." In the course of his remarks,

1455, excented. Kunz von Kauffungen had committed his act of "Prince stealing," or Prinzenraub, as the Germans describe this special and happily very rare offense, partly from a scuse of injury, partly with a view to raising the wind; for it was certainly his intention to let the princes return to their father on being properly ransomed. Catherine II, of Russia, oned felt herself called upon to perform a lika act under far more difficult circumstan-

ces; nor in this case could there be any "I know that there are some people who question of ransom. Princess Tarakan-off, an aspirant to the Russian throne, had a considerable party among the Russians, who were not at all pleased to see the imperial power exercised by Peter III's German widow. Catherine on the other side could not brook the pretensions of her plans and meanwhile holding a little court of her own at Naples, where it seemed impossible to reach her. But the Orloff brothers were both devoted to the empress, and Admiral Orloff in an action directed by three English officers temporarily in the Rus-Mr. Woodside also advised wives to sian service-Captains_Elphinstone and Greig and Lieutenant Dugdale-had just destroyed the Turkish fleet in the bay of

Tchesme and had since put into Naples for repairs. Thereupon Orloff, "Orloff Tchesmensky" as he was now called-received commands to look after the Princess Tarakanoff, and by some means or other bring her to Russia. The order was not an easy one to execute. But Orloff was good looking and had engaging manners; the young princess was impressionable; and when the sucventure. cessful admiral declared that he not only espoused her claims but loved her per-

The Dangers from a Profligate Use

be sufficiently great, he invited her to an entertainment on board his flag-ship, at Medical Record: M. Francesque Sarwhich, according to Castera, the author cey, the well-known French critic, has written a little work which is worth the of "D'Histoire de Catherine II.," English consul and his wife were both perusal of physicians by virtue of its present, not merely as visitors, but as acharming style and the freshness and complices in the crime that was about to be committed. Castera's English transforce with which he describes the course and the dangers of near-sightedness. His book is an autobiography, so far as lator, it must be added, refuses to believe that an Englishman could be guilty of relates to his eyes. He begins: "I was born near-sighted, dreadfully near-"I was taking part in such a plot, and on that ground omits Castera's details on the subsighted. Many physicians assert that ject, which were precise, but, let us hope, persons are never born near sighted, but only become so. However, science may untrue. What happened to the unfortunate princess has been already forethink what she pleases, but I was born seen. Orleff's entertainment was myopic." nificent. It lasted some hours, and when The very day on which his infirmity was the visitors began to leave the princess, discovered is indelibly stamped on his memory, and his account of it is quite now engaged to be married to Orloff, still remained. At last, with the pretender worthy transcribing: "One day, prompted by a spirit of mischief, I got hold of the big silver spectacles which "One to the Russian throne still on board, the admiral weighed anchor, and a forthight afterwards delivered his victim into the my father always wore, and clapped hands of the Empress Catherine, who them on. Fifty years have passed since threw her into prison, there to remain then, but the sensation I experienced is keen and thrilling to this day. I gave a for the rest of her life. Napoleon had certainly less to fear ery of astonishment and joy. Up to that moment 1 had seen the lofty dome above me only as thick, green cloth, from the Duke d'Englien than had Caththrough which no ray of sunlight ever fell. Now-O, wonder and denght-I saw that in this dome were many little brilliant chinks; that it was made of my riad separate and distinct leaves, through whose interstices the sunshine shifted, imparting to their greenery a thousand tones of light and shade. But what amazed me most, what so enchanted me that I cannot speak of it to this day without emotion, was, that I saw sud-denly between the leaves, and far away beyond them, little glimpses of the bright blue sky. I clapped my hands in cestasy. 1 was mad with astonishment and delight. Very high myopia like Sarcey's is rare. but moderate degrees of myopia are very common: and morpia, as Sarcey states is increasing and spreading through Europe like some epidemic disease Among the ancients it appears to have been practically unknown. As evidence of this M. Sarcey refers to the ancient amphitheatres in which 30,060 spectators sat and viewed the games without a glass. Perhaps, to be sure, the moypes of days might nave learned to stay at home. However, that myopia is increasing there can be no doubt. In fifteen years the proportion of undoubted myopes in the Polytecnic school of France has risen from 30 to 50 per cent, and 80 per cent have to wear glasses. M. Sarcey urges his readers with profound emphasis to remember that myopia has a tendency to increase, unless numberless precautions are taken, and that all myopic eyes are weak eyes, to be looked after carefully by their professor. In his own case the result of overuse or misuse of his eyes, es pecially by attempts to get along with-out glasses, was that he lost the eyesight of one eye entirely through detachment of the retina, and that a cataract decloped in the other. The loss of the eye he attributes to the effects of studying when a boy in a badly lighted schoolroom, and he invokes all mothers to examine the schoolrooms. "If they be not fairly flooded with light take your son home again To leave him books is, if he has any tendency to this trouble, almost certain to lay up myopia for his manhood, if he be already my-opic, it is to assure him a blind old age." Sarcey's description of the development of his cataract and of its removal is vivid and dramatic. The operation was successful and he now sees distinct objects even better than before. The epilogue of his story is: "Remember that all extreme myopia ends almost infallibly in a entaract, and that nearly all myopia may become extreme if the eves are abused While Sarcey's views are somewhat tinc-tured by the bitterness of his personal experiences, his warnings are wise and experiences, his warnings are

THE BASE BALL GAME. Gorham Mountaineer. Of all the sports of present day that sway the nubli base ball takes the lead by far Of all the rest combined; There's music in a vachting race. There's pride in winning fame, at for downright keen enchantment All bow to the base ball game.

tell you. THE CATCHER DIDN'T NEED VACCINATION. Merchant Traveler: "You know the new catcher of the base ball nine? Yes. "Saw him down at the doctor's office the other day." "What was he there for?"

Second stranger (mildly). No: I am a years. "It is said that Capoul, the tenor, went into a hairdresser's shop in London re-Detroit Tribune: Chief Justice Smith, cently to secure the services of the proof Arkansas, who is stopping for the summer at the Crawford House, Windsor, prictor. "In what style do you wish your hair dressed?" asked the knight of the curlingtongues, who did not know his customer. Why, a la Capoul, of course. "Oh! that's very unbecoming; I'm sure it wouldn't please you."

was afterward no further "interruption.

As through this life we travel what amazing

things we see: The man is looking down who reads the bible on his knee: But he who from a whisky jug desires to take

a sup, While in the act of drinking is most surely

Queer.

Beston Convier.

looking up.

"Hams" and "Jays." "Do you pass the perfests" asked a seedy individual of the doorkeeper of the theater. "What is your profession?" "I'm a tramp." "Pass right in. You're one of us, I see."

First actress (to second actress)-"O, ut if you go into comic opera won't you feel dreadfully about wearing tights? Second actress (to first) -"But didn't I tell you I was going to visit some society people at Newport this summer, and after I've been bathing in the new-tashioned wits that all the swell girls are wearing there now, why of course I won't mind a ittle thing like comic opera tights."

Manager (preparing for the road, to property man)--"Well, Wiggins, have you got everything togethers" Wiggins-"Yes, sir, everything but them things the company is to present to them things the company is to present to you as testimonials, sir." Manager—"Well, get one paste dia-mond, new, and then go over to the Union Rectangle and try if you can't borrow their property gold headed cane, and then see if little Inkman has got the

ards. A recent young man of the genus dude

company's presentation speech ready. I want to begin rehearsing them on that usiness before we start out; there's no telling how soon we may need all our

stood in a theatre's foyer while a pretty

"Sorry, but you can't have them." "Beware! Give them to me or I will

"Getting vaccinated." "Vaccinated.-Why, great heavens! What does he want to get vaccinated for? He'd never catch anything in a hundred

Philadelphia Herald: "That's funny about Smith, isn't it? He has the bash-

play much? "Play? No, indeed he is too old and too rheumatic for base ball."

Then why does he carry a mask?"

from her nails. It is a great scheme, I

"On account of his wife.

"His wife!"

has with him his family. Fanny, his youngest daughter, is a bright pretty who has made many friends in the hotel. Among them are some children about her own age. "Where do you live?" asked one of

them the other day. "In Little Rock," was her surprised answer, and with the inflection and accent of one who had seldom been out of Little Rock.

'Where is that?' persisted the geographically ignorant and persistent friend.

'Little Rock, Arkansaw, United States, Amehicah," very decisively. "Why, then, you are a Yankee!" "Look a heah," was Miss Fanny's

quick, impatient answer; "you doan know. I'm not a Yankee''-with indescribable scorn-"we'se all demochats down thah."

Indeed He Was Ashamed.

Chaplain-"This is your third term in this prison. Are you not ashamed to have your friends see you here?" Abashed Convict-"Indeed I am. The

prison is disgraceful. The reception room smells like a taproom, the cells are dark as caves, the warden is no gentle man and the table is not fit to sit down to Ashamed to have my friends come here I am mortified every time I see them; but what can I do?"

One of the Best Bedbug Hunters in the Country.

"Well, Tom, how is it about marrying the widow Burrell?" "That's all right. I'm going to marry

her." "Well, 1 have no doubt she'll make

you a good wife-she has had considerable experience as a housekeeper. "Yes, she understands all about it. She's one of the best bedbug hunters in the country.

How to Write a Poem.

Lynn Union.

A bard who knows his business can bring on ard who knows his business can bring on the Delphic dizziness, stand upon the quaking tripod of the trembling, wild-eyed Muses, hitch the piston-rod of frenzy to his rhyming apparatus, and steam up his poetry motor with the real divine afflatus, just whenever and wherever and whichever way he chooses chooses.

Need not wait the Muse's benison, like old fashioned bards like Tennyson, wait the still, small voice of silence and the touch of inspiration; let him take his cyclopedia and his Webster's dictionary, pick out strange words unfamiliar unto Tom and Dick and Harry, such as syzvgy, sublapsarian, aeger, ratiocina-

Then, to highten the confusion, mix some eradite allusion hidden by the fogs of legend and by vapors allegoric, all about some Hindoo deity ten centuries before Buddha or some old Icelandie goddess, with a cognomen like Ghrudha or some Nineveh divinity obscure and prehistoric. prehistoric.

Then mix in, if you are able, all the tongues of ancient Babel, with strange Turan-ian accent and a Mesopotomian flavor have the poem polysyllable, polyglot, and very jinglish, tull of Sanscrit, Greek, Etruscan-but, O, don't drop into English ! make it meaningless and foreign, and 'twill catch the popular favor !

No More Interruptions.

New York Tribune: Artemus Ward said that once while on a lecture tour night found him at a small town in Ne-vada. In the landtord of the hotel he recognized a friend of his boyhood, who gave him a hearty greeting. Supper over, the landlord said to his guest: "Now, Brown, we hardly ever have any show of any kind in this place, and I don't think we ever had a lecture. Can't you give us your lecture up in the bail It will please the people mightily. and I'll take it as a great favor if you

A Romance in B-Flat.

Lafe. We'd discussed every modern composer, In the course of a friendly chat, When I casually ask if she knows a "Romance" by Van Thump in B-flat. 'No, really," she "couldn't quite say—er— If ever she'd heard it or not, so I jumped up and offered to play her A few bars from the piece on the spot. "Perhaps you had better postpone it." She answered in accents of fear: The piano-I blush when I own it-Has been out of tune for a year. I replied that it didn't much matter, Just to give an idea of the air, Then I opened the lid with a clatter,

And she fainted away in a chair. And when she had fully recovered-Which she did in a moment or more-That I never tell what I'd discovered She begged me to swear, and I swore. And now when I happen to call there

You don't catch me offering to play A "Romance" on her "Chickering" bedstead, For the thing "isn't built that way."

Talking at a Ball.

Texas Sifting: "What do 'you say to a lady when you are at a ball?" asked a young gentleman who went to a ball for time. Talk to her about her beauty," replied the friend, who had been there before. "But suppose she hasn't got any?" "Then talk to her about the ugliness of

other women who are present."

Not a Case of Mutual Insurance. 'lexas Siftings: A man of a speculative turn of mind went to a western town and started what he called a mutual accident insurance company. The first man who came in to collect damages was one had been injured in a railroad collision His insurance ticket was all right and he had been hurt badly enough. No getting around that.

"Were you travelling alone?" asked the agent.

No, my wife was with me." "Then you and your wife were mu-tually traveling together?"

"Was your wife hurt?" "Not at all. Through a merciful Provi-

dence she escaped. Then, my dear sir," said the insurance in, "you have no claim against us." "Why not?" man

"This is a mutual insurance company, and as you and your wife, mutually oc cupying a car sent, were not mutually hurt, you, of course, are not entitled to any damage, don't you see?

The man didn't see, but supposed it was all right if the agent said so.

The Danger Was Over.

Arkansas Traveler: "Look heah, Unk Rufe," said Dr. Jim, addressing an old negro, "yer knows dat I'se er graduate o' de medical ferternity, doan yer?" 'Doan doubt it.

I'se yer color, aint I?"

'Jis erbout.' 'Wall, den, why doan yer 'ploy me ez ver fam'ly 'zition' All de time yer wife's been sick yer neber hab sent fur me. Now, look heah lemme go ter see de lady an' I'll promise yer dat ef I doan do her no good I won't do her no harm. 'You mer go ter see her ef yer wants

tor 'All right; thankee, sah."

"Dar wuz er time when yer mout er done her harm, but you kain't do it "Why so?"

"Case de lady died dis mawnin', sah."

Altogether Too Good for This Earth. An ice nan and the milkman drove up to the door at the same time.

"How many bounds of ice do you leave | years.

A candidate for an office Can sometimes bid it in, But candidate for bases Must have the legs to win; e must be tender-footed, too, He may be sore and lame, But he's got to "get there, Eli," To score in a base ball game.

An umpire must be a man of perve, With grit and cheek to match Must call out fouls, and dead balls, too, And come up to the scratch; But if he's shy he'll wink his eye, When the pitcher takes his alm. And dodge the fouls amid the howls Heard in a baseball game.

It may be fun but I can't see Where all the run comes in In playing ball—or any game— For the side that doesn't win; You may laugh and shout at a put-out. Or kick, 't's all the same. But my heart beats for mourning kids 'That's left in a baseball game.

BASE HITS. A cool baseball player-The ice

oitcher. The baseball game does not always

come when it is called. When a baseball umpire in Missouri fails to give satisfaction they call seven pistol balls on him and send him to his

irst grave. When baseballists begin to kill some body besides the umpire it is easy to see that a change for the better is coming

over the national game: An exchange asks if ever a baseball player was ever elected to congress. Yes, out he made a short stop. Tommy-Say, Mr. Flatpurse, you aint much at playing base ball, are you? Mr. F. (who is paying his addresses to 1 mmy's sister)—Well, no. Tommy, I'm no expert; but why do you ask? Tommy-Oh, just 'cause I heard ma tellin' Julia that you was an awful poor catch. Burdette: At the close of a game of base ball in Chicago the players and spectators, in a singular fit of abstraction abstraction is of daily occurence in Chicago), had nearly emptied the in closure before it was remembered that they had forgotten to kill the umpire.

The crowd then returned and hanged him. They may sometimes be a little for getful in Chicago, but they never intentionally neglect their duty,

The Growth of New York.

New York Commercial Advertiser The city directory of 1786, when the population of New York was about 25,-600. 000, contained only 845 names, a very small proportion of the whole number of inhabitants The directory of this year contains 313,992 names, or about one in every five of the population within the municipal district. A century ago the northern limit from which names were taken was Roosevelt and Cherry sts. on the East side, and Dey st. on the West Now the northern limit is the side southern boundary of Yonkers, fourteen and a half miles from the city hall Among the names in the directory of 1786 are those of Bleeker, Brevort, Beekman, Cruger, Cortlandt, Desbrosses, Hamil-ton, Goelet, Jay, Livingston, Remsen, Roosevelt, Schuyler, Schermerhorn and Vandam. Many of the representatives of the old families of that day have entirely disappeared, and more of the rep-resentatives of the old families of the present day had not then emerged from the common multitude. In 1786 Phila-delphia was the metropolitan city and political capital of the country. What a wonderful growth New York and the whole nation has made in one hundred whole nation has made in one hundred

The Decrease of Marriage in Society, and Why.

"Lone Bachelor," in Boston Globe: In the Globe of a recent date was a reprint of a letter entitled, "A Belle's Lament." The fair unknown regrets seven weary years of social toil. She is twenty-four, and has been flattered and complimented. and with the slightest encouragement might now have been a loving wife. She says: "It is lamentably true that, like many another girl, my ears have grown so accustomed to compliments that they are only empty, meaningless sounds, for despite the victory a woman achieves every time somebody tells her she is beautiful, particularly when she knows there is truth in the assertion, the fact remains and overwhelms her like an avalanche from which there is no escape that among all the knightly gallants not one of the praiseful throng has the manliness or courage to ask her hand in mar-She points out the folly and figriage. ures the expense of this fluttering-around the light with out coming to the point business, and adds: "Isn't it simply heartrending for a girl of my years-and my qualifications, too, I may add-to contemplate? Is it any wonder 1 sit in my room every day, after a night of decollete dressing and silly waltzing, and shed bitter tears because, though men flatter, they refuse to think well enough

very well for people to applaud Glas stone: no doubt he will do a great deal of good in Ireland. But in American society the conservative party has the reins and means to hold them, and will allow no such concessions to young male radicals. This is the tone the leaders are adopting. It is true that crowned heads do not leave their dominions, but the royal consort is always espoused first by proxy in her father' home and does not enter her husband' except as his wife. This immemorial custom certainly assorts better with all traditions of maidenly dignity and modesty than the later fashion. which is receiving general condemnation from those who, while not rejecting the law, are also scrupulous in the payment of the tithes of mint, auise, and cummin exacted by the social world, ft used to be held quite necessary also that no man should ask a womaa for her hand under any roof but her father's, and some hold to that belief with tenacity even up to the present day. In both these conspicuous cases the bride had no father, but even then there seems no good reason why the groom should not receive his bride from the roof of her mother or nearest male relative. This fashion smacks too strongly of King Cophetua This fashion and the beggar maid.

Courtship in Southern Italy.

London Saturday Review: Sudden passions like those of Romeo and Juliet are the rule rather than the exception in the south, though they rarely have so tragical an ending. A young man catches a 5 glimpse of a girl and at once resolves to make her his wife; if it is at church, he follows her home; if on a balcony, notes the house and begins to haunt the street. If he is acceptable perhaps one day a flower will fall at his feet, though the girl knows that such encouragement is unmaidenly. A lover with a good voice and ear has an immense ad-vantage. He sings suatches of love songs as he walks below. of and if a voice above takes up the last note and gradually passes to another song, he may take heart. Whatever difficulties he may still have to encounter, an aversion on the part of the object of his affections will not be one of them. Very pretty flirtations are carried on in this way, the young lady at times mocking and teasing her admirer with fragments of satarica verse, and at times falling into something very like sentiment, but they are more frequent after than before the betrothal Even the most favored lover has in the meantime been seeking for some means of establishing a more direct intercourse with the object of his choice. He has made inquiries of the neighbors as to the character of the family and its intimates. and endeavors to obtain an introduction to one of the elderly ladies who frequent the house. To her he explains his wishes and his position in life, and he then begs her to plead his cause. If he is an eligible suitor, she is almost certain to con sent, as the mission is an interesting one and the position is considered highl honorable. She knows nothing of any little signs of favor the lover may have ceived, so her first visit is to the young lady who feigns shyness and a reluctance which it sometimes takes weeks to overcome. At least the envy is supposed to act thus; in fact, there is generally a per-fect understanding between her and the parents, though they pretend to know othing of what is going on. After the maiden has given what she considers a sufficient proof of her modesty, she yields The father is then consulted, the princi-pal conditions of the marriage contract are discussed and the betrothal takes place.

Vices Charged to Women.

Baltimore Sun: The expensiveness of feminine dress, habits and fancies is the text of many complaints. The bachelor's of me to marry me?" I truly sympathize ontgo, it is alleged, is not halved, but with the young woman; but let me ask: trebled for quadrupled "on assuming the timely and should be widely read.

erine the Great from the Princess Tara kanoft, and of all the recorded cases of "prince stealing," the one that ended with the mock trial and prompt execution of the stolen prince was certainly the most iniquitous. A new and very pathetic interest has recently been given to the story of the Duke d'Enghien's last moments by the publication of the letters of the Princess de Rohan Rochefort, to whom he was secretly married, and who crossing the Rhine from the Grand Duchy of Baden to Alsace immediately after her husband's arrest on Baden territory, remained in a village near Strasburg to await the news of his fate. After

the

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being taken across the river to Strasburg, the duke was allowed to write to his wife and, having in no way conspired (as he was accused of having done) against the life of the first consul, he seems at first to have anticipated no serious re-sults. "The papers found on me," he wrote, "and which were at once sealed up with my seal, are to be examined in my presence. As far as I remember, they will find letters from my relations and from the king, together with copies of some of my own. In all this, as you know, there is nothing that can compro-mise me any more than my name and mode of thinking could have done during the whole course of the revolution. the papers will, I believe, be sent to Paris and it is thought, according to what I hear, that in a short time I shall be freq. God grant it!"

Carried to Vincennes, the duke was tried summarily by coart martial, sen-tenced to death, and shot in the moat of the fortress, March 21, 1804. Immediately before his execution he asked for a pair of seissors, cut off a lock of his hair, wrapped it up with a gold ring and a letter in a piece of paper, and gave the packet to one of the officers in attend-ance, Lieutenant Noirot, begging him to send it to the Princesse Charlotte de Rohan-Rochefort. The lieutenant for-warded the packet to his commanding officer, General Hulin of the consular guard, who sent it to the prefecteur of police. Thus the duke's last wishes were not carried out. The packet was

First lawyer-"Ah, Dobkins, how did

Second lawyer -"Gloriously. It was a perfect success. Created a great sensa-tion. Papers full of it. Got lots of advertising out of it. I think it was the making of my future."

old fellow. I knew you had stuff in you. And, by the way, what did they do to your client ?"

Second lawyer-"O, they hanged him."

never forwarded to his wife.

The Greatest Fffort of His Life. you come out in that case you were just beginning ween I went away ?"

First lawyer-Good ! Glad to hear it,