A BOOTH AT VANITY FAIR.

Some of the Gay Gew-Gaws Spread Forth by the Wits.

A MOST AFFECTING CATASTROPHE.

Had Been Educated in Jersey City-Before the Angelus-A Wise Precaution - A Boy's Essay on Breathing.

Boston Times: There are large num-bers of visitors daily to see "The Angelus" at the Arena, and the spectator who likes to study human nature has many an opportunity to do so. Some who view the wonderful masterpiece and are awed by its religious spirit, kneel reverently before it. In the rear of such a group the other afternoon there stood a resident of the "interior" with his best The practical rather than the religious impressed him, for, turning to his companion, he remarked, "Say, Sal, is that feller poppin' the question.'

A Boy's Essay on Breathing. Old Homestead: We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our kidneys and the livers. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through the nose when we are asleep. Boys who stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get out in the fresh air. Boys in a room make bad air called carbonicide. Carbonicide is as poison as mad dags. A lot of soldiers were once in a black hole in Calcutta and carbonicide got in there and killed them. Girls sometimes ruin their health with corsets that squeeze the diagram. A big diagram is best for the right kind

Affecting.

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: "I was at the depot this morning when the express went out, and I saw one of the saddest partings I ever witnessed in my life." Yes?"

"Yes; a man's suspenders parted when he was running for the train."

Well Trained.

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Mr. O'Toole—Sure, Oi understan' yer afther lookin' for a mon, sor, an' so Oi made bould ter sthep in an' inquire th' sort of a mon ye do be wantin'; bein' as Oi'm

out o'a job jist at th' prisent toime.

Merchant—Well, I want a man who
doesn't know too much, and is in the habit of doing whatever he is told. Mr. O'Toole-That's me, sor. Merchant-Where were you working

Mr. O'Toole-In Jersey City, sor; inspectin' illections.

Bad Some Feeling.

Detroit Free Press: "I hope you can appreciate my position, sir," said a stranger who had asked a citizen for

"What is your position?"
"I have been free-lunching at a place
over here all the fall without buying a single glass of beer. I want to continue all winter, but my conscience upbraids me. I feel that I ought to sort of split the seasons in two by buying at least one glass."

His position was appreciated and he

A Wise Precaution. Bostonian: Jamser. What a wonderfully old man De Tanque is for a man

who has always been a drunkard? Flamser. Ho is somewhat advanced in years, but the cause of it is plain. Jamser. I don't see it. Flamser. They're afraid to admit him to the next world for fear he'll swallow

The Grand Bounce.

all the spirits.

Chicago Times.—"Why, what's the matter, Thinpate? You look as is you had lost your last friend," said Plumly.

"I proposed to Miss Diamondust last night, and never in my life was I so put t," replied Thinpate.
"Poor fellow! She rejected you?"

"No, but old Diamondust ejected me.

Mortification Set In. Chicago Times: "Our old friend, Colo-nel Stopbottle, is dead," said Bunker. "Colonel Stopbottle dead! Why, when

did that happen?" asked Dumphy. "I met him in Louisville, Ky., only three days ago, and he was the picture of health." "He drank a few bottles too many day before yesterday and fell asleep in a door-

way and some one, supposing he had fainted, threw a bucket of water over "And he caught cold, I suppose, and

"No, the shock to his nerves and his

Kentucky feelings were too much for Up With London Times.

Chicago Times: Bertie-Aw, Chawlie, me boy, ah you afwaid of goblins, deah fellah, o' ah you ill that you keep youah gahs lighted in bwoad daylight, ye

Chawlie-No, dear chappie, neitha, me boy. I've just received a cablegwam fwom Alge'non in Lunnon, and he wites that there is a Lunnon fog on, ye know;

Bertin-Ah, what clevah wit! How you do mawnage to keep up with the world, deah fellah!

He Tried a Conundrum.

Chicago Times: It was 11:30, but the young man could not tear himself away. In one of the pauses in the conversation the sound of snoring in some of the upper rooms reached the cozy parlor, and his face lighted up with the joy of a sudden

discovery.
"Miss Chuckster," he said, "why is your house like a good line of railway?" "I cannot imagine, Mr. Hankinson. "Because it is well equipped with

sleepers."
"Ha! Very good, Mr. Hankinson. Do you know why you are like a railway from Potato Hollow to St. Louis?" "No. Why?"

"Because," answered Miss Chuckster, sweetly, "you don't seem to have any terminal facilities."

A Gloomy Era. Why is the optimist so glum? Why is it the reformer freis? The girls insist in chewing gum. The boys in smoking eigarettes.

Receiving Him Into Society. Boy of the Neighborhood-Wot's yer

New Boy-Jim Hodge. Wot's yourn? Tom Kadger. Got any big brothers?

"Father and mother b'long to church? Yes, but I don't. I know wot yer

a-driven at. If ye want to fight I kin do ye in two minutes. (Adapting himself to changed condition of things). "Let's you an me go an lick Bob Burnham."

Her Feelings Touched.

Boston Traveller: She — O, aren,t you cruel, Mr. Hunt, to shoot the little birds! I think it is a shame to kill the dear sweet things, and I don't see what sport it can be.

"There is no 'but' about it! Some of Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg

those you've killed are real pretty, aren't they? Let's seel There are ten bluejays. O. Mr. Hunt, can't you shoot me two move? I want just a dozen pairs of blue jays' wings for an ornament I am

Strictly Proper. Chatter: Butcher-What can I send you up to day, Mrs. Styles? Mrs. Styles-Send me a leg of mutton, and be sure it is from a black sheep. Butcher-A black sheep!

Mrs. Styles-Yes; we are in mourning,

Not the Culprit.

Kansas City Times: An old negro strolled up to the window in the office of the Kansas City, Kan., commissioner of registration the other day and made application for registration papers. What is your name?" asked Assistant

Commissioner Arnold. George Washington," was the reply. "Well George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?" "No, sah, boss; no, sah I ain't de man, I ain,t done no work fo' nigh unto a

yeah.

Fob Burdette's Bright Son. Bob Burdette, the humorist, has a very brigh son who is truly "a chip of the old block." He has the same name as his father, and he is proud of both name and parent. Young Robert is sixteen, but has a keen relish for humor and literary work. When his father decided it was necessary for him to have a "den" in which to work. young Robert felt the necessity also in his case. Accordinly, there are two "dens" in the pretty Bryn Mawr home of the humorist, and in one of them works he future Burdette of humor and dom. He has in it all the editorial implements around him of a newspaper office, and each week publishes a paper for his own amusement. "Oh, it's com-plete," laughingly said his father to me recently. "He runs a regular news department of dispatches, has a marine column, and 'brevier' in regular shape. But the part of which he is most proud is his 'funny column' and this he writes himself. Oh, my, yes," laughingly con-cluded the geniel "Bob," "he is quite a humorist, I tell you. It fairly hurts him to carry all his humor around with

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bldg.

Picturesque Hardware. It is a singular fact that time, no less than distance, invests objects and institutions with an interest and picturequeness quite unsuspected in their own time, says the Age of Steel. Thus in our search for ideas about ornamental hardware we often find that we can do no better than copy the models of the past, since, we have discovered that many things once thought commonplace were in reality best suited to their own generation, and fitting to the times that gave them birth. American people are apt to sympathize with Artemus Ward and refuse to weep over an Egyptian jar simply because it is of "uncertain date," for in most matters our reverence dates no further back than our grandfather and his ways. Yet can not but acknowledge that for beautiful ideas our debt to antiquity is

very great. Take, for instance, the "colonial" style of ornamentation in fine bronze hardware. Its simplicity and its good taste can not fail to strike every educated observer, for it is a refined pattern and does not commend itself to the groundlings. It was a natural outcome of the simplicity of revolutionary life, and waited a century for its appropriate-ness to be fully recognized. Nor have we failed to be "early English" ere it was too late, and so to be in touch with the fading rage for Queen Anne cot-tages. For the more artistic the Renaissance period has been ransacked for ideas, and we have it in every nationality from the "only genuine Italian" Renaissance, through the French and so on to the Dutch school.

Nor have the exquisite Moorish and the fiored eastern schools escaped unnoticed and today are entering upon a new lease of popularity. The severely Gothic, the conventional Egyptian and the over-praised Japanese had their innings, and very long ones they were, but they are remembered now only as things that were—of modern ideas the most beautiful are copies from nature—a spray of evergreen, or a familiar flower that dominates and gives character to the whole design. It is a wise manufacturer of bronze hardware that marks this march of good taste and prepares himself ac-cordingly by gathering himself artists of experience and ideas wherewith to cater

to the retail men of the woolly west. Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg.

Mournful Undertakers.

The gentlemen who provide humanity with its last lodging require no cards to designate their calling or to indicate what they are ready to undertake for their defunct fellow beings. It is writ-ten on their faces, in their deportment, on their habiliments-all over them. They are their own cards, as a writer in the New York Ledger expresses it. If one was to meet an undertaker under the shadow of the pyramids or at Spitz-bergen there could be no difficulty in recognizing him as a member of the unereal profession.

Undertakers, as a rule, are moral, estimable men, but they certainly do differ in aspect and manners from the mass of mankind. There is an indescribable air about them, which, for a lack of a better word, we must call posthumous. Constant intercourse with the bereaved makes their voices mournful; for your undertaker ever assimilates his tones to those of his afflicted customers, and he thereby acquires a habit of talking as if he had lost all his friends. In like manner the "havior of his visage" becomes wee-begone past all remedy. His very smiles are only deadly-lively. Then there is a severe plainness about the cut of his black suit, which, to say nothing of its melancholy hue, is a rebuke to worldly vanity and a solemn hint that fashion and frivolity are as small account when his duties are to be performed. Nevertheless, the craft is a highly respectable one, and we have not a word to say against it.

Dr. Birney, nose and throat, Bee bld'g.

Pearl Hunting on the Mackinaw. A pearl hunting craze has been started

along the banks of the Mackinaw river, an affluent of the Illinois, which flows through Woodford, McLean and Tazewell counties, says a Bloomington, Ill., special to the Globe-Democrat. Recently two boys of Kappa obtained forty pearls from mussels taken from the Mackinaw, near Kappa. They took two of the gems to Peoria, where they were offered \$22 for them. This river bed is full of mussels, and it is believed that they contain countless pearls of much

Dr. Birney cures catarrh. Bee bld.g

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: Friend -That's an excellent picture of still life, Madder; but that loaf of bread is hardly

Artist-No; you see I had to eat my model to keep me alive while I painted the balanc of th epict ure.

THE BOILED SHIRT FASHION. Boston Gazette.

He was sitting on the sofa,
And the gaslight's glimmering glim
Half revealed the starting truth that

Just so close that 'round her waist He had reached, and natura There one single arm had placed.

She was luscious, sweet as honey Home-made hair she had, hung down On her neck, but he, strange creature, Wore an angry, full-grown frown.

What!" he hissed; "art growing colder? Has your love turned to ice-cream Are you giving me the shook-shook? Ha, false one, so it would seem!"

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!"
Said the maiden; "George, I do Love you just as much as ever, And," she blushed, "I think more, too!"

Then," said he, and humped his forehead Like the waves made by a tug, Tell me, why do you refuse to Let me give you just one hug!"

"George!" she faltered. "Stop!" he thundered; "No excuses, fickle one; Just the truth, the whole truth only-

That I want from you. Go on!" 'George,'' she said, "the reason that I Won't be hugged"—she clutched her skirt— Is—I'm afraid," she sobbed, "you'd rumple Up my boiled white linen shirt!"

A PSYCHICAL MYSTERY

G. W. Weippiert in Detroit Free Press: One may not be a believer in any of the forms of mysticism now presented to the world by societies of psychical research and similar semi-scientific and semi-religious associations; yet incidents seemingly beyond human comprehension occur every day, are recorded by the papers and dismissed without second thought. Sometimes a particularly striking episode attracts unusual attention. Metaphysical quacks attempt to explain it, and forthwith the intelligent part of the public ceases to interest itself in the phenomenon.

Knowing this to be the case, I have ways felt a delicacy about giving to the public a detailed account of the extraordinary case which came under my observation several years ago and whose truth I have no reason to doubt, as the two persons most interested in it enjoy the confidence of the entire community

in which they live. On the 18th of October, one of these persons, whom, for convenience sake. I will call George Smith, was on his way from Salt Lake City. U. T., to Omaha, Neb. He had left his home in a pretty Chicago suburb early in September, and was working his way eastward at the time of which I am writing. He had enjoyed the best of health. Business had been better than usual, and it is safe to say that on the evening of the day mentioned Mr. Smith enjoyed perfect physical health and his mind was free from worry and excitement. Hence his story of the strange occurrence, outlined in the following paragraphs, needs no jurther introduction, and the chronicler

retires in favor of Mr. Smith. THE SON'S STORY. "On the evening of October 18, 1886, I was on an overland train on my way from Salt Lake City to Omaha. I had taken some large orders in the Mormon capital and was in excellent spirits. After supper two or three of my fellow travelers proposed a game of euchre, in which I took a hand.

"We might have been playing two hours or more when i felt-or rather eemed to feel—the presence of a friend. I looked around but could not see any-one I knew. I asked my friends whether they had seen anyone approach me. As I had been losing game after game they laughed uproariously and turned my

question into a joke. "A new hand was dealt and the play progressed. The uncomfortable feeling which had possessed me a few moments before seemed to leave me. I took a new interest in the games and won two or three times in succession. I was conversing with the gentleman occupying the seat opposite mine and talking rather boastfully of the change in my luck when a soft hand was laid on my shoulder and I heard the voice of my mother saying, 'George, I want you.'

'I have never been superstitious, and on that evening I was perhaps freer from fancies than at any other period of my life. Still, when upon turning I not only heard the voice of my mother but actually saw her form standing by my side, her hand resting on my shoulder, I dropped my cards and become so awe-struck that speech failed me for some minutes

"At length I recovered from my stupor. I asked my companion what had become of the lady who had spoken to me. In reply they smiled. They had neither seen nor heard anything. I became angry, but they vowed that I must be laboring under a hallucination. "Upon reflection I was persuaded to agree with them. How could my mother, from whom I had received a etter but a few days before which was dated at her suburban home near Chicago, be a passenger on the overland train? What could have induced her to leave her family to make a flying trip across the continent?

"The idea seemed preposterous. Still, to make assurance doubly sure, I walked through the train, glancing at every female passenger. My search was, of course, fruitless.
"By accident I looked at my watch,

whose hands pointed to 9:10: I had not changed it to mountain time, consequently the mysterious apparition had shown itself to me at 9 o'clock Chicago

"I passed a troubled night. The vision haunted me, and sleep did not close my eyes for more than five or ten minutes at a time. The apparition did not appear again however. "In due time we arrived at Omaha

My first task was a walk to the depot telegraph office. As my mother had enjoyed the best of health at the time of my departure from home, I addressed message to her notifying her of my safe arrival at Omaha. In two hours I re-

ceived a reply: 'Mother died at 9 last evening. Come home at once.'
"Died at 9! At the precise moment when she called to me in the sleeping car of the overland express.

"For a few moments my fear, or whatever you may call the sensation, seemed even more painful than the sorrow I felt for the loss of the best of mothers. it her spirit which had sought me to cast a farewell glance at her son?

"Of course I left for Chicago on the next train. On my arrival at home I learned that my mother was stricken with an attack of apoplexy on the morning of her last day on earth. Toward evening she partially recovered. All the family was gathered around her bedside, excepting my youngest sister, Annie, and myself. At 8:30 o'clock she fell into a trance-like condition, from which she recovered as the clock struck 9. She then looked at everyone present, kissed her husband and children, and with the remark, I have seen George and Annie, expired.

"I have no comments to make on the Dr Birney; nose and throat, Bee bldg

connection existing between the vision in the railroad car and my lamented mother's trance. It is one of those things which the human mind cannot comprehend; and the mystery will seem still more profound to you when you have heard the story of my sister, whose experience was even more startling than

THE DAUGHTER'S STORY. "Every word George has told you, I believe to be true," said Miss Annie Smith, who was persuaded to supplement

her brother's narrative.

"At the time of mother's death I was visiting a friend in northern Indiana. On October 17 I received a letter from mother in which she informed me of many things of personal interest, and added, in a postscript, that I need be in no hurry to things return as her health has never been better. She spoke cheerfully of domestic affairs, told about several calls she had made the day before, and teased me not a little about a certain young man who, as you all know, will soon be my nus-

band.

"My visit had been very pleasant, and immediately after reading the letter I informed my friend that I could spend informed with her.

"A local fire company was to give an outdoor concert, the last of the season, on the evening of the 18th. As early as 7 o'clock a large crowd was gathered around the music stand, in the court house park, and at half past 7 my friend suggested that we walk down to the park, listen to the music and take a dish of ice cream, which was to be served in the wide corridor of the court house. "The suggestion met the approval of

every one in the house, and a few minutes latter we had joined the throng at the court house. Several gentlemen known to my friend asked permission to join our party and we were soon enjoying ourselves to our hearts' content. "The music was really good, the band which furnished it having won several prizes at different contetts. The mem-

bers of the fire company, clad in bright red shirts, gaudy belts and flaming helmets, went through their evolutions to the satisfaction of everybody. Enthusiasm grew loud on all sides and an invitation to buy ice cream received a hearty response.
"Among those who entered the court house was our party. We filled one side of a long table, and as the gentlemen

were very liberal in giving their orders it looked as though we would occupy our seats for some time. "The conversation was general. The gentleman sitting next to me, a lawyer of some note, related some of his experiences in the backwoods counties of Indiana, and drew funny pictures of the typ-

ical Hoosier and his peculiar ways until laughter drowned the remarks of the other speakers.
"I had a splendid time. The surroundings were so novel to one who had never spent any length of time in a country community, and the conversation which brought me face to face with men who had lived amoung a class of people wnom I had read and heard so much af-

forded me unbounded amusement. "Judge M--, the lawyer I mentioned a few moments ago, was just telling a very funny story, and as he had the fac-ulty of making a ridiculous thing still more ludicrous by assuming the facial expressions of his heroes and heroines I watched his face intently.

"Suddenly my sight grew dim, my surroundings seemed to change and I found myself in my mother's room at home. I saw her lying on her bed, gasping for breath, the color of death on her face, her eyes dimmed by a glassy vapor. I walked to the side of the bed, took her hand and bent down to kiss her lips. She suffered me to do as I pleased, and uttered, in a faint whisper, the words: 'Good-bye, Annie, God bless

"In the same instant my sight returned. I heard the words spoken by my neighbor as plainly as before, saw dirty walls of the court house corridor, and unconsciously laughed as merrily as

"The reaction set in, however, and as the clock in the court house tower struck nine, I fell from my chair in a

"Kind hands cared for me and when I recovered I was in my room at my friend's house. I related my experience. It was considered extraordinary, but ascribed to ordinary causes. The excitement of the evening, the cool atmosphere, the transition from the pure air of the park to the stuffy corridor, and many other circumstances were cited to prove that my indisposition and the flight of my reason, as they termed it, were brought on by natural causes. "I did not dispute their arguments,

but rather hoped against hope that they might be unanswerable. "My thoughts, however, remained concentrated on my mother's room as I had seen it in my vision, and when the door bell was rung vigorously at 11 o'clock I opened the door myself to admit the impatient caller, who proved to be the telegraph operator.

"The message he brought was for me. It read: 'Mother died suddenly at 9 this evening. Come at once.'
"I uttered a pierceing cry and fainted
in the hall. My friends cared for me as
well as they could, but did not again re-

fer to my vision in the court house corri-The next morning I left for Chicago arriving there a day in advance of my brother George, whose story has inter-ested you so much. It was some time before we exchanged our strange experiences, and since we have done so the mystery has become even more startling

The writer has nothing to add to the narrative of Mr. and Miss Smith, except that both came to his knowledge in different parts of the country. To pre-serve an accurate account of the weird incident, he subsequently called upon the two narrators and put their testimony in writing, as nearly in their own language as circumstances permitted. The only regret he has to express is that he is not authorized to publish the real name of the informants.

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Dr. Birney cures catarrh, Bee bldg

Two dashing young women these. They are the Misses Pullman, of the world. I say of the world, because, while their home is in Chicago, they know as many people in Boston, New York, London, Paris and Vienna as ton, New York, London, Paris and Vienna as in the Lake City, says a Chicago News New York letter. They walk as erectly as grenadier guards. They are superbly drossed but their clothing is not in any sense loud. They are both tall, averaging pretty nearly six feet in height; have rosy cheeks, clear skin, and constitutions made strong by judicious work in the gymnasium. They are seen very often at the opera in this city, go to the theatre frequently, and are known in many of the best houses on Fifth avenue. They spend their time at the Windsor hotel and whenever they visit this city their society is cargily they visit this city their society is eagerly besought by young men of the best families.

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Humboldt, in his Cosmos, thought he showed up the world. Suppose he had lived to know Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. But he didn't alas!

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