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SELECT THE BEST PLAN.

The question of Rapid Transit has reached a stage where a consideration of plans is the thing most in order. There cannot be too much consideration. The matter is one of such importance that there ought to be no mistake, and if anything like haste has to do with the acceptance of a plan it would be a remarkable thing if some mistake did not occur.

Everything should be weighed. Millions of money have to be expended in any plan that is adopted, and there should not be anything experimental that will involve the expenditure of more millions to correct what is found, on trial, to be faulty in its usefulness.

The proposed tunnel seems to offer many advantages. The prospect of dropping into the bowels of the earth, as it were, like miners, and shooting underground to one's place of business, has not all the attractiveness that could be desired. But every one knows how quickly Americans, and especially New Yorkers, can assimilate new conditions and become accustomed to them. So that æsthetic objections to a plan should not count much except to tip the beam where two plans of nearly equal merit are being weighed against one another.

Too much attention cannot be given, however, to the selection of the plan. Rapid Transit must be had, but it should be, as far as possible, of a kind which will be not only useful but agreeable.

A WORTHY BILL.

Senator ROESCH's bill providing for the employment of women as matrons in police stations is a good one. It was introduced at Albany Monday and should be passed. It is mandatory on the Police Board, which has shown an invincible opposition to the employment of women in this capacity.

A strong feeling exists in the community in favor of such a service in the station-houses. Ministers and women of refinement and benevolence advocate it heartily as a measure of protection for women prisoners. This sentiment is based on respect for the sex.

The reason why Gov. HILL vetoed a bill of this kind which was passed last year does not exist now. He was unwilling to command the police to do something which they might have had the grace to do voluntarily when authorized thereto by law.

The bill should pass. The dignity of womanhood demands fitting respect on all occasions, and this bill will secure it for the women who are taken to the station-houses. Often they are unfortunate rather than undeserving or vicious, and they should be protected from indignities.

THE DEATH OF KALAKAUA.

DAVID KALAKAUA, King of the Hawaiian Islands, died at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, yesterday afternoon of Bright's disease. He was inhis fifty fifth year and had reigned as ruler of the Hawaiian Islands since 1874.

King KALAKAUA was an easy-going, pleasure-loving monarch, who was accustomed to live in excess of his income. Hence financial troubles were of frequent occurrence with him, and frequently dictated his policy somewhat to the dissatisfaction of those most concerned. What consequences will follow in Hawaii on this death of its jolly monarch cannot be predicted very closely.

A German, after notifying his friends of his purpose, ended his life troubles by a dose of prussic acid. He was unsuccessful in business and was in love with a married woman. In one of the letters which he left he avowed that the latter was in no wise to blame for his suicide. He died by the light of a "death-lamp," having arrayed himself in his best clothes. Would not the number of suicides decrease if such deaths were to be absolutely unknown? The thought of what will be said about them seems to many suicides to be a partial incentive to the deed.

The Indians are to have an abundant beef issue to-day. Filling the Indian stomach well will no doubt placate Indian wrathfulness. Ten chiefs from the Ogallalas and Brules have been designated by Gen. MILES as the deputation which is to go to Washington and have a palaver with the Interior Department. Probably several wholesome truths will be told to that Department.

That was a melancholy suicide of the man who shot himself leaving a letter enjoining that beer should be bought for the refreshment of the mourners at his funeral, that his friends might be merry as he was, according to his own statement, when he died. The amount of merriment a man feels who sinks a bullet into his brain through disgust of life can be easily imagined.

Another Brooklyn schoolgirl has had her hair cut by the man who is a depredator with shears. He must be a bold fellow to attempt this business when similar outrages have so recently stirred the public to indignation. The Brooklyn police should run down this man. Otherwise none but the short-haired girls can go to school, except with fear and trembling.

The suicide of the Duke of BEDFORD has been declared by the verdict in the case as due to temporary insanity brought on by illness and suffering. If this be true—for in the case of a British aristocrat unpleasant facts are often cloaked—it is only another example of the impotence of wealth or position against the common woes of human kind.

It seems incredible that a very lively business at "thimble-rigging" should be carried on in Chatham Square, but this seems to be the case. Where are the police? Is it too much to expect that the force shall be as sharp as the sharpers?

A young woman in the West has had a new nose built into her face. It was made of cats' ribs. Apparently the new nose is a great success. Here is a triumph for surgery, surely.

A man and woman, each over seventy years old, were recently married and are on a bridal tour. Will the bride be able to conceal the fact that she is one from fellow-travellers?

SPOTLETS.

Society Item.—It is understood that the charming Otero presented one of her men acquaintances with a box at the French Ball

Accounts of the same ball seem to show that it was a very striking affair.

Isn't it tit for tat when a liar is re-lied on?

"For Bareance" was the motto of some of the fair ones at the French Ball.

"I yearn for you, my love," he sighed;
"Can you my love return?"
"Well, that depends," the girl replied;
"Just how much can you earn?"
—*Somerville Journal.*

The inventors of the air-ship must be very "fly."

A bad billiardist will "come up to the scratch" whether he is a bold player or not.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, it seems, will have to whistle for Russian applause.

The Indians probably consider the Ghost Dance as a heeling thing.

The wood chopper who gashed his foot with his axe said he objected to the cut on account of the hew.

WORLDLINGS.

The British Army costs the neat sum of $177,000,000 a year. This is $10,000,000 more than Germany pays for the support of her soldiery.

Vice-President Morton has a smooth-shaven face, his eyes are blue and his nose Roman. His mouth is large and firm. When he presides over the deliberations of the Senate he always wears a black frock coat that is buttoned up tightly. His cravat is dark and his collar high. His manners are precise and somewhat formal.

One of the best financiers in St. Louis is Mrs. Lucy V. S. Ames, who, since her husband's death, has managed his estate with great skill and practical good sense. She is at the same time a prominent figure in the best society of the Mound City.

Gen. N. P. Banks has passed forty of his seventy-five years in public life. He is now near his dotage, and the pension of $100 a month that he is to receive when his salary as Congressman stops next March will be all that he will have to live on.

The late George Bancroft was a man of medium height, lean and wiry. He was fond of driving out, and for years he had been a welcome guest at any Washington dinner table, from the President's down.

VAGRANT VERSES.

A Happy Germ.

Oh, I'm th' astigmatism germ,
Who works by day and night
On aged people and infirm,
Imparting sense of sight.

And I'm a wary, chary thing,
With manners wild and free;
I hit the pauper and the king—
They're all the same to me.

Nor can I ever be by man
Discovered. Dr. Koch,
Pasteur, the great Parisian,
My beauties can't uncloak.

For when they set about the work,
They find that I'm too fly;
I start from out my hidden lurk,
And bang 'em in the eye.

Oh, I'm the great microbe in
This whole wide, bloomin' earth.
My life is one ecstatic grin;
My days are naught but mirth.

I'm safe from interference for
Eternity to come,
And that is why I loudly roar
My merry tum-ti-tum. —*Carlyle Smith.*

A Roland for His Oliver.

"American conceit!" he signed
(Fresh from a trip to Bunker Hill);
"Now I will crush the vaunting pride
And idle boastie of Yankee said."

So, idly loitering down the street,
They paused before a market stand
Piled high with melons fresh and sweet.
His face was calm, his look was bland.

Masking with smiles the covert sneer,
He asked in disappointed tone
"Have you no bigger D'Applee here?
Such lilliputians ne'er we've known!"

"Hap-pule!" the vender mocked, and then,
Straightening with true Hi-tonian pride,
"I think you must be englishmen;
Them's huckleberries, sirs!" he cried.
—*Brooklyn Life.*

A Cynical Version.

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have love!"
Thus spake the poet; and the words
His ignorance clearly proved.

He would have said, had he but known
Of blighted hearts the cost:
"'Tis better never to have loved
Than to have loved and lost."

And also said, knew he the harm
Marriage to men had done:
"'Tis better to have love! and lost
Than to have love! and won."
—*Charles Ellery Coxe, in Orange Life.*

FEAST OF THE FELLOWCRAFT.

Well Known Authors as Guests of the Writers' Club.

The monthly dinner of the Fellowcraft Club, given at the club-house in East Twenty-ninth street last evening, was one of the most enjoyable of these interesting and unique reunions which has taken place this season. Covers were laid for more than one hundred feasters, and the list of distinguished and honored guests was unusually large.

The speaking sub rosa was remarkably brilliant and entertaining, and President Richard Watson Gilder entered fully into the spirit of the occasion. Among the speakers and story-tellers were Frank R. Stockton, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, T. P. O'Connor, M. P., F. Edwin Elwell, W. T. Henderson and Moncure D. Conway.

Police Capt. Elbert O. Smith, Lieut. Horace C. Duval and Charles S. Reinhardt were also among the guests of the Club.

Coming Events.

Entertainment and reception of the Italian Literary Union at Lexington Avenue Opera-House Tuesday evening, Feb. 3.

Ball of the Crescent Literary Union at Adelphi Hall Friday evening.

Ball of the Jefferson Democratic Club at Central Turn Verein Hall to-night.

Reception of the Lady Amity's at Criterion Hall Monday evening, Feb. 9.

Did She Intend to Be Complimentary?

[*From the Jewelers' Weekly.*]

Aunty Quate—It is the fashion now for unmarried ladies to wear necklaces composed of one diamond for each year of their ages.

Miss Fert—My, aunty! yours would be over a yard long, would it not?

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Select a Favorite Flower—Beauty-Spot Veils Are Common—Care of Sealskin Coats—To Keep Oatmeal Sweet—Mourning Jewelry.

You must have a favorite flower, identify yourself with it, wear it in bouquets, posies, perfume, millinery and dress goods to the exclusion of every other design, scent and blossom—all this for individual æstheticism.

The net showing the beauty spots having been called "common," which means that a well-dressed woman prefers that some one else wear it beside herself, is no longer in vogue. It is certainly true that the beauty spot had an undesirable knack of getting just where it shouldn't be, and a beauty spot is not fulfilling its object in life when it decorates the end of your nose, gets in one corner of your eye, or by sticking close to the corner of your lip makes your mouth appear one-quarter of a size too large for the rest of your face. This so often happens that good-by to the beauty spot is said without any grief whatever.

The combination of blue and black is an admirable one; not only is it a success from the fashionable standpoint, but it is also one from the artistic, the two colors, dark though they be, coming out wonderfully well.

The woman who knows how to wear her clothes well is the one who has solved the question of economy in dress, for she is at her best always.

A sealskin coat is not an all-kind-of-weather affair. While the little seals lives in the water and swims as happily as a seal who does not know his fate can do, rain means destruction to your coat—that is, many rains. If you are unfortunate enough to be caught out in one storm, as soon as you get home hang your cloak, not on a willow tree, but on a clothes-horse in a cold room; do not allow it to dry where there is hot air. It will flatten the nap so that it will not permit itself to be brushed up again. After your coat has dried in the proper fashion, if it has a crushed look take your hand and go over it, brushing the nap up.

If a woman wants to wear jewels in her ears and does not want her ears pierced she can provide her self with a pair of ear-vises for the modest sum of $6. So fortified, rings, pendants or screws in precious metal or stone can be readily and securely attached.

In fancy and precious stone rings the gypsy mounting is much used.

Oatmeal for the face and hands wet with water soon sours, but prepared in the following way will keep good any length of time. Take three cupfuls of oatmeal and five of water (or less quantity in the same proportion); stir well, let it stand over night in a cool place; in the morning stir again, after awhile stir thoroughly and strain; let it stand until it settles, then carefully pour off the water and add enough bay rum to make the sediment about as thick as cream, or thinner if liked. Apply to the face with a soft cloth, let it remain until nearly dry; then rub briskly with a soft flannel. Shake well before using.

Glove buttons are made in colored, chased, enamelled and plain gold and sell from $4 up. Set with fancy or precious stones one can pay $10 or $300 for this ornament.

Tooth powders sold by leading jewellers are put up in cut-glass bottles and silver jugs and tubes.

For mourning jewelry choice is limited to black enamelled gold, blackened silver, cut onyx, polished or unpolished, and any design set with diamonds or white and black pearls. The blood-like hematite pin of iron ore has the preference as a bonnet pin; ear screws of black pearl or plain onyx are considered in better taste than pendants or earrings; onyx and enamelled gold are worn as lace pins and brooches, although pins with box and glass for miniature or hair are pertinent as well as fashionable; the bangle bracelets are also selected, and onyx, oxid zed silver and enamelled gold are worn collectively and singly; eyeglass chains and hooks are preferred in black, gold being permitted too; black enamel, plain or surrounded with small diamonds, describes the collar button, scarf-pin and scarf ring; very many watches of blackened silver are sold to mourners, and often an old watch is put in a new case of black enamel. The most fashionable chain is the ladies' Langtry fob of onyx, polished or unpolished, with some useful pendant, generally a key or coin box.

Art Note.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Awestruck Visitor—It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art.

Von Dauber—Nonsense! Almost anybody can paint a picture, but finding a sucker to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in.

The Reason of His Failure.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"I can't make these matches strike," said Bloobumper, after two or three ineffectual efforts.

"That's because you are not a walking delegate," explained Mrs. Bloobumper.

Sanitary Note.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

A gentleman visiting at the Yerger mansion remarked that the Fequimaux were not remarkable for cleanliness, as they neither washed themselves nor their children more than once a year.

"Oh, ma," said little Tommy Yerger, "how I wish you was an Equi-ma, and pa was an Equi-pa."

THE regular use of MORELL'S TEETHING CORDIAL during teething averts the diarrhœa. 25c. *,*

THE CLEANER.

A gentleman entered the political home of the Manhattan Club the other evening as the guest of a prominent city official. He glanced rapidly around and involuntarily exclaimed: "How changed!" An inquiry from his companion as to the reason for the exclamation elicited the following: "The last time I was in this house was for the purpose of attending a funeral. Just here, within sound of those clicking billiard balls, the remains of the Merchant Prince reposed in a magnificent casket, mounted with solid silver and trimmed with satin and gold bullion. In this room the will was hurriedly and secretly probated. Over there hurried, whispered conversations were indulged in, mysterious orders given. But the story has never been told, nor do I think it ever will be, for some are dead, while self-respect has hermetically sealed the mouths of others." The visitor's reminiscent mood was over, and the club member was of the opinion that his guest had a storehouse filled with interesting secret history if he would but open it for the public benefit.

* * *

Frank Stockton was the honored guest at the Fellowcraft Club dinner last night. His face is a study, and I could not help being impressed by its honesty. To my mind, Mr. Stockton has the finest imagination of any of our sketch writers, and my half-hour's conversation with him was to me one of the enjoyments of the evening.

* * *

The sudden death last night of Charles J. Jones, of the New York *Times*, must bring deep grief in the hearts of many. He was a whole-souled, lovable fellow, and a myriad of friends mourn for him.

* * *

Signor Emilio Belari, the eminent vocal teacher, tells me that he has discovered a most wonderful contralto who is bound to make a noise in the world before long. She is a young lady from Louisville, Ky., a member of one of the aristocratic families of the Blue Grass District, and has determined to devote herself to a musical career. Although she has only been studying with the Professor a few months good judges who have heard her sing say that her tones are simply marvellous.

* * *

Le Roy B. Crane, the ancient enemy of Frank Raymond, the regular Republican leader in the Twenty-third Assembly District, tells me that he has little faith in the establishment of an Independent Republican machine in the county. He says the men who are spoken of as organizers of the new movement lack the nerve to carry out such a plan.

* * *

I am under the impression that David B. Hill will lend his energies for the coming two years to preserve a Democratic majority in the Legislature of this State. He knows that should Republicans gain control a National Convention would hesitate to nominate him for President in 1892, as a Republican would succeed him as United States Senator. I understand that it is this possibility which at first caused his reluctance to accept the nomination.

* * *

According to ex-Mayor Hewitt there is only one rich man in New York, and by rich he says he means one who is worth at least $20,000,000, who devotes his entire income, above the sum required for the necessities of life, to charity. The strange thing about it is that there is even one such man. Let us know who he is, Mr. Hewitt!

* * *

It is a remarkable fact that of the four Assembly Districts, the Ninth—Sheriff Gorman's own—and the Fifth, Seventh and Thirteenth which abut on it, but one, the Fifth, gave a majority of votes for the Sheriff-elect, yet that is the only district of the four which has not been recognized in the distribution of the Sheriff's patronage.

* * *

The Manuscript Society seems to be about the most vigorous of all the recently organized musical associations of the metropolis, and is daily gaining fresh support and new members. One reason is that it is National in its scope and has the entire country to draw from. The standard of merit upon which its membership is based is also placed high, and an election to its exclusive circle is an honor which any American composer may well covet. I see that about a dozen new members were received into the Society at its last meeting, including several musicians of prominence in the West. The entertainments of the Society are unique and interesting.

* * *

Among the large audience that greeted the time-honored queen of burlesque, Lydia Thompson, at the Park Theatre on Monday night I noticed Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P., the big Home-Ruler who is at present studying the game of solitaire in this city pending an adjudication of the Irish difficulty. Mr. O'Connor was an interested spectator and afforded an engrossing object of attack for a score of opera-glasses that were levelled at him during the entire performance. He had seen the waning Lydia in the height of her fame in London years ago, and like many others that surrounded him he felt that the magic wand of the fair burlesquer had lost its mystic power of enchantment and was now something of the past.

* * *

I have just received an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Palmer, to meet Mr. E. S. Willard, the English actor, at their house, Friday afternoon. The reception will undoubtedly be as interesting as such events always are in the hands of this excellent host and hostess.

It Takes Two to Make a Bargain.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Mrs. Wedgwood—I know I'm cross at times, John, but if I had my life over again to live I would marry you just the same.

Mr. Wedgwood—I have my doubts about it, my dear.

The Way of the World.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"My mother was an elegant cook. There was only one person she couldn't please."

"Who was that?"

"My father. He remembered his mother's cooking."

Proof.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Upon what do you base your assertion that the Heilingburys are not people of renvement?"

"Why, we have just engaged a waitress highly recommended by them, and she actually sets the table with teaspoons for the peas."

A Start in Housekeeping.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Venetta—Does Charlie really think he will ever marry you?

Beatrice—I'm sure he does; his presents are so very practical.

Cause of Rheumatism

An acid which exists in sour milk and cider, called lactic acid, is believed by physicians to be the cause of rheumatism. Accumulating in the blood, it attacks the fibrous tissues in the joints, and causes agonizing pains. What is needed is a remedy to neutralize the acid, and to so invigorate the kidneys and liver that all waste will be carried off. We can honestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for these purposes. It has cured others of rheumatism and it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

ONE WAY TO WIN A BRIDE.

Col. Rithers Threatened to Shoot All Suitors for His Daughter.

But a Young Man Got Her with the Colonel's Own Weapons.

Col. Rithers was fat but very game.

He had but one pride—a lovely daughter. He looked upon her with the deep love of a devoted father and with the admiring eyes of an artist. Indeed, he was something of an artist, having once painted a picture of a Tennessee River sunset; but unfortunately had to shoot a man who innocently asked if it did not represent a brush-pile on fire.

Whenever Lucie Rithers went into society the old man went with her. He had compelled her to promise that she would never be married, and he had faith in her avowal; still, he did not like to see her thrown in the way of temptation. Once a handsome commercial traveller took brazen occasion to smile at her, but he left the community the next day, carrying with him a note which read something like this:

"I should like to meet you early to-morrow morning, with a view to shooting an ordinary-sized hole through your head. I should have obliged myself by doing so to-day, but this being Sunday, and our law imposing a fine for firing a gun on the Sabbath, I refrained. Do not let any business engagement prevent our meeting, for I assure you that I shall detain you but a few moments."

One bright morning, while a chipmunk was sitting on a stump, rhythmically nodding his head to the song of a catbird, the Colonel stood under a tree, communing with nature and wondering how he was going to get the steers out of the cornfield, says the Chicago *News*. He had just decided to waddle into the field and curse them out when a young man rode up to the fence, dismounted gracefully and approached.

"Is this Col. Rithers?" the young man asked.

"Yes, sah. What can I do for you?"

The young fellow, without replying, took out two pistols, and as he politely extended their handles towards the Colonel, said:

"Take your choice."

"What for?" the Colonel asked.

"I haven't the time nor the inclination to explain. Take one and step off about thirty steps."

"Young man," said the Colonel, "I am not acquainted with you, but I must say that I like your methods, and therefore am compelled to accommodate you."

The Colonel measured off thirty steps, and at a signal mutually agreed upon both men fired. The Colonel caught a projectile in the fleshy part of his right shoulder.

"Good-morning," said the young man.

"Good-morning, sah," rejoined the Colonel, as he leaned against a tree. The young man gracefully mounted his horse and rode away, and the Colonel went home and lay down.

Several months passed. The catbird was gone and the chipmunk was hidden away under the snow. The Colonel stood in the country road watching the wild geese fly over. A young man came riding along at an easy canter, and, seeing the Colonel, dismounted, tied his horse and approached.

"Good-morning," said the young man.

"How are you, sah!" the Colonel responded.

"Rather a bright but chilly day."

"Yes; but I don't think this snow will last long."

"No, I think not. The wind is shifting around to the south. By the way Colonel, are you busy this morning?"

"No, not particularly. I haven't fed the pigs yet, but I can let them go for awhile. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, I think so," the young man answered, drawing two pistols and telling the Colonel to take his choice.

"Look here, young fellow, as I told you some time ago, I do not know you. Of course, I am thankful for the attentions which you are showing me, but it has generally been my rule not to accept courtesies from a stranger."

"That's all right; step off thirty yards."

"I'll have to go you, although I haven't fed the pigs yet."

The distance was measured and again they fired at each other. This time the Colonel was slightly wounded in the leg. The young man bade him a polite good-morning and rode away.

When the Colonel went to the house his daughter, seeing that something was the matter with him, said: "Pap, I do wish you would take better care of yourself. It seems to me that the older you grow the more careless you become. What has hurt you this time?"

"Oh, nothing, only that infernal spotted sow snapped me when I climbed over into the pen."

"Well, but you should not expose yourself so. I, you should die what would become of me?"

"Oh, you'd marry, I suppose."

"But you have told me that I shall never marry."

"You shan't, so long as I live."

Months passed. The plough hands were in the field and the scent of burning grass pervaded the murky atmosphere. The catbird had come back to look for her song and the chipmunk timidly peeped from his hole. The Colonel stood under a budding alder bush; a young man climbed over the fence.

"Why, good-morning, Colonel. There has been a slight change in the weather since we last met."

"Yes, as I predicted, the snow is all gone."

"Are you busy this morning?"

"Not excessively."

The young man produced two pistols. "Look here," said the fat man; "I told you some time ago that we were not acquainted, and now I positively refuse to associate with you until we have been introduced."

"Ah," the young man said, "I hope you will pardon my seeming lack of good breeding. I am John Piller."

"Well, Mr. Piller, I suppose I must accommodate you."

This time the young man was slightly wounded, but he bowed gracefully and smiled as he rode away.

The season had undergone another change. The gray squirrel ran along the top rail of the fences with a brown nut in his mouth; the catbird was teaching her young ones to fly and the chipmunk slyly stole through the dying grass. The Colonel walked in the orchard where the red apples gleamed in the Indian Summer haze. Suddenly he discovered that John Piller was standing near him.

"A beautiful and dreamy day, Colonel."

"Yes, nature seems to be humming a sleepy tune."

"And you are surely not busy at such a time?"

"No, I can't say that I am."

"And you cannot say that you are not acquainted with me?"

"Oh, no; for the last time we met you were polite enough to introduce yourself."

"Your memory is good. Here are our friends, the pistols."

"Look here, young fellow, I am getting tired of your little flirtations. I never had a man to pester me so in my life. You are positively annoying, sah. What the deuce do you mean, anyway."

"I mean that I want to marry your daughter Lucie."

"Well, I gad, sah, go and marry her and for the Lord's sake let me alone. I wish I may die dead if I ever had a man to worry me so. Go on and tell her that I say she must marry you, I gad, sah."

There was a happy wedding the next day, and when the few invited guests sat down to dinner, the Colonel said:

"Lucie, did he threaten to shoot you unless you married him?"

"Oh, no, she sweetly answered. "We have been engaged for a long time and have been only waiting for your consent."

"Well, blast my extensive hide, he went about it in a queer way. Trying to kill a man is a funny way to gain his good will."

"Oh, I was not trying to kill you," the bridegroom answered. "The pistols were loaded with pease."

The old fellow snorted and said something about blasting his extensive hide.

WHY THE CLERK WEPT.

A Stranger Sprung an Unfeeling and Ungrammatical Pun on Him.

Clerk Will Cunningham had just had the serenity of his temper ruffled by the complaint of a rheumatic old guest, and he wasn't looking in the best of humor, says the Chicago *News*. He was actually frowning when a tall six-footer rested his elbow upon the desk, and, looking squarely into Cunningham's eye, remarked with much feeling:

"Do you know, this hotel puts me in mind of a lumber yard?"

Cunningham grated his teeth and suppressed a sentence that vainly sought to free itself from his vocal organs. "What can be the matter with this fellow?" he soliloquized.

"Well, I am very sorry, my friend," said he. "We try to please our guests and make them comfortable, and while it's true we have suffered some inconvenience while the house has been undergoing repairs, I never knew before that the guests suffered by it. But hold!" and Cunningham grated his teeth anew and suppressed his emotion. "I will see Manager Townsend and have the trouble remedied."

"Trouble," remarked the guest; "who said anything about trouble? But say, don't you know this house does remind me of a lumber yard?"

"What! exclaimed Cunningham, almost desperate; "what do you mean?"

"I mean that it reminds me of a lumber yard, because, you know, so many boards here," and then he smiled a mean, taunting smile, while Cunningham went out into the manager's room and wept at this unfeeling as well as ungrammatical perpetration.

BEDS OF ALL NATIONS.

Different Slumber Couches Used by The Various Races.

In the tropics men sleep in hammocks or upon mats of grass, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. The East Indian unrolls his light, portable charpoy or mattress, which in the morning is again rolled together and carried away by him.

The Japanese lie upon matting with a stiff, uncomfortable wooden neck rest.

The Chinese use low bedsteads, often elaborately carved, and supporting only mats or coverlids.

A peculiarity of the German bed is its shortness; besides that, it frequently consists in sort of a large down pillow or upper mattress, which spreads over the person and usually answers the purpose of all the other bed-clothing combined.

In England the old four-posted bedstead is all the pride of the nation; but the iron or brass bedstead is fast becoming universal. The English beds are the largest beds in the world.

The ancient Greeks or Romans had their bed supported on frames, but not flat like ours.

The Egyptians had a couch of a peculiar shape, more like an old-fashioned easy chair with hollow back and seat.

MILK IN PAPER BAGS.

You Can Carry It so, but Don't Tarry on the Way Home.

"Here you are, two pounds of chops, good scant weight," said the merry Cranston street grocer to the young man of family who had brought in an order from his wife, says the Providence *Journal*, "and now for your milk; where's your can?"

The young man of family protested that he hadn't read the order and had not been equipped with a can.

"Never mind," said the grocer; "here, hold on to it," and he dexterously slipped one paper sugar bag inside of another and filliped the corners into place. The two quarts of milk were poured into the inner bag.

"The grease in the milk prevents it from going through the paper as water would," explained the grocer.

"I had hard work to get people to believe they could carry milk in a bag at first and had to let it go at my own risk. I've sent it so half a mile by slow transit; still, I'd advise you not to stop to tell any long stories on the way home."

No Brains to Speak Of.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Dudeley Canesucker went into a restaurant on Broadway and gave an order for some fried calf's brains. After he had waited almost half an hour, Dudeley said to the waiter:

"Well, what about the calf's brains?"

The waiter shook his head and intimated that the outlook was gloomy.

"What's the matter with my brains?"

"There ain't any, that's all," replied the waiter, looking at Dudeley sadly.

Would Need Them.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

Husband (going to his rich uncle's funeral)—Put a couple of large handkerchiefs into my grip, dear. The old gentleman promised to leave me $30,000, and I shall want to shed some appropriate tears.

Wife—But suppose when the will is read you find he hasn't left you anything?

Husband—In that case you had better put in three.

Too Bad.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

Wool—Did you notice in the paper that the Barge Office people were about to return to Europe a woman who refuses to speak?

Van Pelt—No! Great Scott! And the only one of the kind in the country, too!

She Must Have Been Displeased.

[*From the Jeweler's Weekly.*]

Algy De Gaul (alone with his lady love's parrot)—Polly, what did Angeline say after I gave her the ring?

Polly (who was educated on board ship)—Blankety blank, blank, blankety blank.

A Negative Fault.

[*From the Epoch.*]

Father—Whose fault is it that you are not nearer the head of the class?

Son—It's the fault of the other fellows!

Father—How is that?

Son—Cause they're smarter'n I be.

It Expresses the Idea.

[*From the Jewelers' Weekly.*]

Moneybags—I want an engagement ring that will be expressive of the sentiments of the lady towards myself.

Jeweller—How's a dollar sign set with diamonds?

LYDIA THOMPSON.

I was looking over grandpa's diary the other day—it was his only legacy, and I haven't used it much—when I came across the following lines: "Went to see Lydia Thompson last night. Had a row with my wife because she thought I was too enthusiastic. Intend to sneak off and go to-night. Ha! Ha!" I was just a little bit shocked, because I like to think of grandpa in all sobriety, but from a historical point of view I was intensely interested. My ancestor went to see the very identical lady upon whose charms I gazed last night at the Park Theatre. My eyes grew moist as I saw Lydia appear. I thought of grandpa and all the other grandpas upon the retina of whose eyes this unending, this ever blooming Lydia had been focussed.

And out in the lobby, between the acts of "The Dazzler," I lifted up my voice and soliloquized, "Yes, verily, it is queer. Oh, Lydia, Lydia—our Lydia—everybody's Lydia—how many bald-heads hast thou sent, bedazzled, to the grave?" I thought of applying to Messrs. Cosgrove and Grant for the information. They are her managers now, but then I reflected that managers are not inherited. They crop up. They are irrelevant. Lydia's managers have nothing to do with those who toured her last century. Then I went back to my seat and closed my eyes in sweetest meditation. Perhaps a little Dale, as yet unborn, might some time in the twentieth century sit just where I was now sitting, thinking just as I was now thinking, and gazing upon this Lydia. What a poetic thought, and how comforting! I registered a mental vow that I would look down from aloft upon my little grandson, and see that Lydia didn't make too great an impression upon him.

My good friends, you may all come with your history books and your silly, insignificant statistics on the subject of Lydia. You may tell me her age, you may mention the date of her first appearance. She was first seen in this, she created a part in that, and so on. I know it all. You can't surprise me, for I have my own theories. I believe most firmly that Lydia has always existed. She is one of the fittings of the universe—a Terpsichorean fitting, as it were, and all that twaddle about her birthplace and her birth is worse than useless. Spare your paper and ink, *mes amis*. Try and believe as I do, that Lydia first appeared at a garden party in Eden, given by Adam and Eve, and has since frisked herself through the ages. If Noah had written a diary, take my word for it that announcements of Lydia's appearance in private theatricals in the Ark would have been found.

Wonderful Lydia! Who that saw the marvellous performance at the Park last night will talk of Lydia as vulgarly growing old, as having commonplace every day birthdays? Who can ever believe that Lydia ever ate pap, or suffered from growing pains, or was put into long frocks like usual conventional women? I say such an idea is preposterous and positively unwarranted by the evidence. She isn't one bit older than when I first saw her in England, years and years ago. She dances charmingly, en veritable Letty Lind; her shape is as graceful as ever, while as for vivacity it pours tempestuously forth all the time that she is upon the stage.

And what a smile! Last night it included everybody in the house, and the beauty of it is that each person thinks that is is especially destined for him. I saw a dear old guileless octogenarian, with glittering rounded head, chuckling in senile ecstasy as Lydia whisked a smile in his direction. Poor old fellow! He'll be sleeping in very narrow quarters one of these not very distant days, and Lydia'll be whisking smiles at the third and fourth generation. (N. B. There are tears in my eyes.)

"The Dazzler" is a very good performance of a very bad kind. It is incoherent farce-comedy, with the usual short-skirted girls and variety men—very clever ones, too. Joe Ott, Max Miller, Thomas J. Grady and Miss Blanche Arkwright are all artists in their way. R. L. Nodine, jr., sings admirably, and Miss Jessa Hatcher could fill two stages with her presence. "The Dazzler" is the work of Addison, and what a splendid name he has for the author of a farce-comedy! Perhaps this Addison is the good old litterateur, whose English we all try to copy, who has quaffed the waters of Lethe and come back—

Ba! I am returning to my original subject, Oh, Lydia! ALAN DALE.

A Genuine Novelty.

[*From Munsey's Weekly.*]

He—Will you go with me to the Lyceum to-night?

She—I'm awfully sorry, but I went there last evening with a theatre party.

He—Oh, I want you to go with me to listen to the play.

Most Unkind Cut of All.

[*From Texas Siftings.*]

Kidder—Saw you with your girl yesterday.

Kiddee—Yes, Jevver know her?

Kidder—No; but pap says she used to be an old flame of his.

Unpardonable.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"I like Smithers, even if he isn't much socially. He has one miserable, bad habit, though."

"What's that?"

"He insists on recognizing me in public."

Mr. Slim's Precautions.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"Isn't that Cholly Slim in the window?"

"Yes. What on earth has he got on his lap?"

"Paper-weight, I guess. This is a very windy morning."

Titles Must Go.

[*From Drake's Magazine.*]

Gazlay—Congress has shown its hostility to titles again.

McGlory—How?

"By annihilating the Sir Plus."

Exercising Due Caution.

[*From Harper's Bazar.*]

"Have you made up the list for your reception yet?"

"Yes; but I haven't revised it since the panic. I must consult Bradstreet's before sending out the cards."

Not Surprising.

[*From Brooklyn Life.*]

"You say Brooks hasn't been able to put one foot before the other since he was caught in that wreck. Were his legs cut off?"

"They weren't injured at all."

"Then it's strange he can't use them."

"Not a bit of it. His head was cut off."

What a Remedy Did.

If it had not been for Dr. Greene's Nervura I should have been dead before this time, and I can therefore give this wonderful remedy the highest praise. The facts are these: I had the Grip and it left me about prostrated, extremely nervous, limbs stiff in the joints; my bowels bloated badly and my breathing was terrible. I could not stoop without almost losing my breath. In fact, I was almost a complete wreck and could do but little work of any kind. I commenced to take Dr. Greene's Nervura, and at the end of one week I had lessened in girth about my bowels two inches, and now my girth is five inches less and I am able to do about a full day's labor.

CHARLES H. STEVENS,
South Effingham, N. H.

A FOREBUNNER OF EVIL

THE VISITANT THAT CATARRH FREQUENTLY FORESHADOWS AND WHAT IT LEADS TO.

Some Hard Facts for Thinking People Laid Down by New York's Greatest Specialists in Throat and Lung Diseases—Hints for You.

When a person with a delicate constitution has a tendency to catarrh or consumption—whether this tendency is inherited or results from taking cold easily—it is noticeable that that person invariably loses flesh and loses strength, showing that the nutrition is interfered with.

It is to be remembered that in every case the presence of catarrh is an evidence of predisposition to consumption, and no matter how slight the attack may be it should be treated with the greatest care, and the treatment should be continued until all traces of the catarrh have disappeared.

If the catarrh is allowed to reach the smaller tubes in the lungs—which condition is indicated by the spitting up of a yellow material—then immediate attention to the malady is demanded or serious lung trouble will result.

Catarrh is, in nine cases out of ten, the cause of consumption, and hence no one can afford to neglect a case of catarrh, however slight. It is curable if taken in time and treated correctly by a specialist. If left to itself it is rarely cured without a change of climate, but with each new cold it gets more and more troublesome, extending always a little deeper into the lungs, until a cure becomes difficult and sometimes impossible.

In such a climate as this the throat should be so carefully and frequently looked after as the teeth. Yes, much more carefully attended to, as troubles of the throat are more numerous than dental troubles; and, while the latter cause only annoyance and pain, cons