

looks, but I am only telling you what actually happens. Now, for example"—

"You will pardon me, sir, I hope, for interrupting you," murmured the white faced man in such a low voice that the gruff words of the big man almost drowned him out. "But I beg to say that I have come to these springs for the last eighteen years, and it is chiefly for the purpose of getting a good supply of red blood. The white corpuscles of my blood far outnumber the red ones until I come to Saratoga. This water must have a good quantity of iron in it, because after I have been drinking it for a week I have that pink color you were just speaking about, and at the end of two weeks I actually have a ruddy complexion."

Just at this juncture a man approached the table who spoke as with authority. All three men looked at him as if they knew him, and each held out his hand for a "How-de-do."

"Be seated, be seated," shouted the newcomer, and then, slapping the fat man on the back and looking first at the thin man and then at the white man, he added:

"Mr. Brunt, I want to introduce you to our new Chicago man, Mr. Tower, and our new Philadelphia agent, Mr. White. Mr. Brunt, here, has charge of all our Southern business, with offices at New-Orleans."

And the three were soon drinking something else.

SPECIMEN IRISH BULLS.

George Moore, the novelist, has accumulated from his residence in Ireland a number of Irish anecdotes that are not included in his book, "The Untilled Field."

Mr. Moore says that he was walking one day in a Dublin street when an undertaker's assistant passed him, carrying on his shoulder a coffin unusually tiny.

A young man stopped the assistant near Mr. Moore.

"Is it possible," exclaimed the young man, "that this coffin is intended for any living creature?"

FAILED IN BEATING CLOTHES.

Canon Marriott, of Bermuda, spent the latter part of the summer at Lenox, Mass. The canon is exceedingly fond of music, and his acquaintance with musicians is extensive.

The canon told one day a story about Offenbach.

"Offenbach," he said, "once had an unusually good valet. The man could shave, cook, tailor, market, doctor horses—do, in a word, a thousand things. Offenbach nevertheless discharged him.

"Why," his friends said, 'did you dismiss a servant so apt?'

"Oh, because," said Offenbach pettishly, 'in beating my clothes outside my door he would never keep in time.'

A NOTICE OF LITTLE VALUE.

Attorney General Knox was visiting his new farm at Valley Forge, Penn. An old resident of the quaint old village was showing him the sights—the ruined mills, the Washington headquarters, the old cannon balls, the secret passage.

Finally the villager led Mr. Knox down to the old ford. He pointed out a large stone and said:



THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND. —(Harper's Weekly.)

"This stone, sir, marks the old ford. In the old days the people judged the river's height by it. They did not venture to cross when it was submerged. We have a story about a blacksmith of the past to the effect that he once painted on the stone a warning to strangers. His warning read like this, sir: 'Take notice: When this stone is out of sight it is unsafe to ford the river.'"

SWALLOWED A SUNBEAM.

William Dean Howells says that when his daughter Mildred was a child she looked up suddenly from her breakfast one bright morning, and said:

"Father, I am full of glory."
"What do you mean?" said Mr. Howells.
"Why," said the little girl, "a sunbeam just got on my spoon, and I have swallowed it."

WOULD ONLY FRIGHTEN HIMSELF.

Andrew Carnegie, at the opening of the autumn conference of the Iron and Steel Institute at Barrow-in-Furness, in England, told a story from his collection of Scottish anecdotes: "A Scot," he said, "was unhappy because he

had lost his money. He borrowed a loaded gun, and with a desperate look started toward a dismal fen. The owner of the gun, a little anxious, bawled after him to know if he was going to commit suicide. He bawled back: "'No just that. I'm only thinkin' o' gangin' down to the fens to gie' mysel' a confounded fright.'"

HE WASN'T QUITE SURE.

It was comparatively but a short time ago that the old rules of the English courts were in full force and vigor in the conservative State of South Carolina. Thus it was distinctly provided

that each attorney and counsellor while engaged in a trial must wear "a black gown and coat." But on one occasion James L. Pettigree, one of the leaders of the bar, appeared dressed in a light coat.

"Mr. Pettigree," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigree replied, "may it please the court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigree, you have on a light coat. The court cannot hear you."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate. The law says that a barrister must wear 'a black gown and coat,' does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that both the gown and the coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigree; certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And yet it is also provided by law," continued Mr. Pettigree, "that the sheriff must wear 'a cocked hat and sword,' is it not?"

"Yes, yes," was the somewhat impatient answer.

"And does the court hold," questioned Pettigree, "that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

"Eh—er—h'm," mused his honor, "you—er—may—er—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigree."—(Success.)

THE NEW LITTLE GIRL.

A female child approached me not long ago on the street. An air of refinement and good breeding attended her. I paused and pleasantly observed her.

"Hello, grandpa!" exclaimed the child. "Has anybody seen our cat?"

I made no reply.

"Speak up," said the child, "if you don't happen to have amputated your voice. I've lost kind of a tall cat, done off in a tortoiseshell finish. Her feet don't track, but she's sound and kind, city broke, stands without hitching and answers to the name of Laura Jean Libbey. Where is she?"

"Young woman," said I, "I am not aware that I have the honor of your acquaintance."

"Don't let that cause you any insomnia, grandpa," said the female child. "I'm not trying to make a hit with you. Either you've seen my cat or you haven't. If you haven't, we'll part in a friendly way, with no clothes torn. If you have, I'd like you to produce, dig up and relinquish the cat. Is it a go? Is there anything doing in the feline way?"

"No," said I.

"Then so long," said the female child. This, sir, I presume is the result of our system of educational and home training, allowing children to develop along the lines of least resistance.—(Syracuse Post-Standard.)



THE SITUATION IN THE FAR EAST—FROM TELEGRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS. —(Lincoln (Neb.) News.)



BRUMMY JOE. "UP ON THE STUMP LEAPS BRUMMY JOE, IT'S TAXING FOOD THAT MAKES HIM GO!" [With profound apologies to a well known poster.]—(Punch.)

EIGHT TRAINS DAILY FOR CHICAGO—NEW YORK CENTRAL.