

THE TIMES: OVER 3,500 COLUMNS FOR 50 CENTS A MONTH

The Washington Times

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TAKE THE TIMES WITH YOU. Summer Outings Will Not Be Enjoyed Unless It Goes Along.

The summer tide of pleasure and breathers has set in toward mountains, springs and seashores. No plans for the season's outing will be complete unless The Times is included among the necessities. Men and women may go from town to leave care behind, but those who would keep their finger on the public pulse, or be abreast of the world's happenings, or, indeed, who need a golden link between themselves and the whirl of time—these must have The Times sent daily to their sylvan or seaside retreat.

LOOK TO THE COMMITTEES. If the people of the District want cheaper gas they must express themselves in the most emphatic manner during the interval that will elapse before the meeting of Congress, that members of that body may realize that the reduction is desired.

When Congress meets a strong hand should be taken in the formation of the committees of the District of Columbia in both houses. For long years these committees in all Congresses have been strangely lethargic when any proposition arose to meddle with the affairs of a wealthy corporation. This inertia has been so invariable as to cause heated comment, but the offenders seemed to be impervious to criticism.

VERY HARMONIOUS, INDEED. Gov. McKinley, of Ohio, emerges from the dreary obscurity of the executive mansion long enough to say that the Democrats had a harmonious convention. The Governor has a fine faculty for saying what is in other people's minds, and doubtless nearly everybody in the country has been saying similar words for twenty-four hours.

THE TEMPLARS' CONCLAVE. It is not surprising to the character of any other civic organization in the world to say that the Knights Templar at their conclave probably present the handsomest and most picturesque spectacle of all when engaged in their evolutions in the streets of a city. Consequently their presence in its great demand, and their conclaves arouse general interest.

Boston is the spot which is so highly favored this year, and the people of that American Athens and of all New England are excited over the event which is to culminate next week. There are four commanderies of the District of Columbia, and will be represented by about four hundred sword, and one, the De Molay, will have well on to a hundred white-plumed Knights in the middle. Hundreds of members of their families will accompany them, and there is no doubt that Washington will be as well represented as any other spot of the Union, and it is probable that in their knightly evolutions the delegations from the local commanderies will excel all others in grace and precision. Remembering the grand spectacle of the conclave of a few years ago in this city, the people of this region can well understand the fine treat that is in store for them.

The strife is already warm among several cities for the possession of the conclave of 1898. At this time Pittsburg appears to have the call. That city, with characteristic enterprise, has already subscribed an amount sufficient to cover all

expenses, and has next confidence that it will secure the next conclave.

A SMOKEY SUBJECT. One is led to wonder what new and unique phenomena may not be produced in dog-days, when one hears of the order described in our news columns, issued to employ upon the Ninth street cars to 'spit' the two front seats of each car for the use of those who wish to puff in route their cigars or pipes or cigarettes. This is an order which concerns every patron of the line and is so curious that an explanation of it would be comforting. The Times has not heard of any widespread demand from either women or men who do or do not themselves use the weed for a regulation which will result in tobacco smoke of every imaginable breed being blown from mouths of every imaginable perfume into their eyes and nostrils whenever a smoker occupies a seat in the car.

Less offensive acts than this order have led to which caused thrones to topple and have brought into constant use the ax of the executioner, but the mogul of the street railway is omnipotent, in his own esteem. He bestrides the narrow world like a colossus, and the poor public must crawl between his legs.

MORE BRITISH AGGRESSION. That interview with Father Barnham, published in the telegraphic news-to-day, discloses a peculiar state of affairs in Alaska, which Mr. Cleveland might well ponder while engaged in the never-ending occupation of bass fishing.

If, as Father Barnham asserts, a British surveying party is running boundary lines between British and United States territory after the fashion adopted by Great Britain in Venezuela, the performance cannot fail to interest every citizen of the United States, not excepting the President. The money value of the territory, which is about to be stolen, according to Father Barnham, may not be great, but even ice fields and bears and arctic birds must not be taken from Uncle Sam by deliberate theft without a protest. Mr. Cleveland is positively magnificent when he is righting great wrongs upon foreign soil, and he should be no less enthusiastic when diplomatic chickens come home to roost.

It is a fact which constantly increases the solemnity of solemn citizens that there are only a few countries left which have not trodden with the utmost impunity upon the corns of Brother Jonathan. Let's have the old Russian boundary line established, or else echo in new form the slogan which has more than once led to the de-horning of Johnny Bull.

Mosically speaking, the baseball of the Washingtons is a sort of thorough base.

If Manager Leitch's corporation objects to dollar gas, how would seventy-five cent gas do?

Clerk of the Weather Moore's cold wave has really turned up, after being most disgracefully lost in the sluff.

Those who christened the yacht Defender and Vigilant seem to have unconsciously perpetrated a colossal sarcasm.

Twinkle, twinkle, trolley Star; How one wonders what you are—Wonders what you are to be; Tra-la, tra-la, tra-la-bee.

Those 'hog combine' bandits who attempted to hold up the Quay train in Pennsylvania found the caboose loaded with armed guards.

Now, if we could afford fine Havana cigars President Phillips, it is possible no one would object to the new order which thrusts all smokers into the bald-headed row.

These are piping times of fun and frolic for the bosses, such as Bric, Quay, and Gorman, and it is whispered that even Tommy Platt doesn't feel depondent.

Notwithstanding its slight concession, the Fish government still has the United States a slap in the face in the Walter matter, while the President fishes for fish and the Secretary of State fishes for men.

No more perfect model for a statue of Grief could be found than in the person of an official of the Washington Gas Light Company when he is describing the disaster which met itself his corporation if the dollar gas idea should prevail.

The old legend of the red-headed girl and the white horse has been remodeled. It has been discovered that whenever a red-headed girl is seen on a wheel there is in the neighborhood a white man on a bicycle.—St. Louis Star-Examiner.

There is no longer any seal question to worry over. Eight years ago the catch of the Atlantic Commercial Company was 100,000; six years ago it was 60,000, and last year it had dwindled to only 17,000.—Ontario Repository-Messenger.

Out in Kansas City a woman is suing for a divorce from her husband because he called her 'a jay.' Yet he had called her 'his little jay' when she would have chirped. The way one puts things makes all the difference.—Waterbury American.

Mr. Peffer's change of front is valuable, because it shows the tendency of these efforts to degrade the currency. Those who promote them are never satisfied until the purchasing power of their first penny is reduced to zero.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DON'T TAKE TO WATER. Ducks Brought Up in Paris and Never Learned to Swim.

Hydrophobic ducks may seem a bit strange, but a writer in the Revue Scientifique tells of such. These were not mad ducks, but merely ducks that hated water, people have come to consider their natural element. There were three of them, and they had lived some years in Paris, where they had a small basin and their daily bath. Their owner finally took them to the country to live beside a fine lake, thinking it the ideal place for the amphibious. What was his surprise on putting them into the lake, to see them instantly scramble ashore, and waddle lather in a neighboring stable, whence they never came out, save to feed.

Never could they be induced to remain in the water save by force or fear, and when there they always drew close together, so as to occupy no more space than that of their bath basin at Paris. They were thoroughly afraid of the lake, and they never became used to it.

In Pecardy, it seems, young ducks are often kept from the water in order to protect them from water rats, and prevent them from eating things that might injure their flavor, when they appear upon the table. Ducks thus brought up until their full growth of feathers is acquired refuse to enter the water, and if forced in, sometimes drown.

visits. They find it in every way preferable to maintaining a horse, and much time is saved in responding to a sick call.

Dr. Dillenbeck, who was among the first to use a bicycle for professional purposes, says that it is far more convenient than any other vehicle at night. It is always ready for immediate departure, affords rapid transit and is more economical and useful than a horse.

It is now becoming quite an ordinary sight to see a physician with his medicine chest or surgical outfit in front of him rapidly peddling down a street on his way to visit a patient. It seems to confirm the belief that the uses of the wheel are practically without limit.

This has been one of the most remarkable summers I have ever known," said an old resident last night. "Here it is the middle of August and cool enough to wear a light overcoat and be thoroughly comfortable. With the exception of about ten days of hot weather, which have been scattered promiscuously throughout the summer months, we have had little or no weather to complain of. The nights have been universally cool and sleeping has as at all times been a luxury. The people who were forced to stay at home this summer have certainly stolen a march on those who tied themselves away to the shore and mounted the boat for the season, for Washington, so far as the weather is concerned, has been an ideal summer resort this year."

The ways of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company are peculiar. Indeed, they seem to go by opposites and extremes. If the rule which will be in effect yesterday is any criterion, from time immemorial it has been an established custom on all the open street cars of the Capital that smokers should occupy the rear seats.

Whether this rule emanated from a desire to spare the nostrils of the other occupants of the car from the odor of a rank toff, which might perchance be wafted backward by some unkind wind, is not known, but the fact is that it is the rule.

What Editors Think. Col. Breckinridge indignantly denies the report that he is out of politics forever, but probably his constituents feel inclined to take stock in the rumor.—Boston Herald.

'Reed's tariff policy next winter,' which the Democratic papers are grousing at, will be kept as far away from the tariff question as possible.—St. Louis Globe-Tribune.

There is a prospect that the Western wool growers will get \$6,000,000 more for their wool this year than they expected. That's the way free wool is 'ruining the country.'—Boston Globe.

Coggeshall boasted of his loyalty to the Republican party, and then boiled a Republican convention because he didn't have a majority of the delegates.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Republican Presidential possibilities are now engaged in saving an immense amount of wool. They will need it after the first of November of next year.—Florida Times-Union.

It is stated as an actual fact that a cow in Vermont, Mo., committed suicide by hanging, she had probably been driven to a glass of boarding-house milk and couldn't endure the humiliation.—Florida Times-Union.

We have read in several newspapers what purport to be infallible directions for telling the edible mushroom from the poisonous and other noxious ones, and they are so simple that the average person to harvest mushrooms is to wait until they are offered him in a hotel or restaurant.—Troy Press.

The devotion of Senators Stewart, both Joneses, Harris, Peffer et al. to the fifty-cent dollar may be, after all, a stroke of luck to the Treasury, as naturally each and every one will be obliged to pick up the million of his \$5,000 salary as United States Senator this year.—Albany Argus.

Is not the frequent granting of new trials, especially for serious offenses, something of a reflection upon our jurisprudence? ought we not at the present stage of civilization to have such laws and judges that will remain in force until the commission of the crime is charged with many mistakes. The granting of a new trial on the ground that the verdict was against the evidence is exceedingly rare. The worst of criminals escape through the door secured through new trials.—Denver Post.

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Police Station House Et things

There are no places in which the light and dark shadows of life are more conspicuously displayed than in the police station. Many a broken life has been known to the blue-coated defenders of the law almost from the cradle of its proper youth to its present decrepitude. The charities of the poor and lowly are known only to them, and they are frequently benefactors themselves in a small way.

Every station house has a small book, on which are entered the names of vagrants who apply during the winter time for a lodging over night. This is rarely ever read, but there has been a frequent applicant, and the book is now getting filled with names, some of which were once known to fame and fortune. Most of these lodgers are ordinary 'bums,' who travel on their 'check,' begging their way and depending on stray barns for a night's lodging, but there are a few who have been better days and known better friends than smile upon them when they give their name to the station-keeper.

One night in the early part of last spring, when the weather was just cold, an old country-looking man stepped in the door and with hat in hand walked up to the desk and asked to be allowed to spend the night in a cell. Orders had been issued a short time previously that no more lodgers be taken. The station-keeper, however, had old fellow kindly, and he could not have it unless he wanted to be entered on the blotter as a vagrant and be sent to the workhouse. Tears started to the man's eyes, and he turned sadly away, but had not gone far before the station-keeper called him back and asked his name. In the story he told it developed that he had once been a prominent politician of West Virginia, and was personally known to many high officials in the city, from whom he could have obtained all that he applied for. It is said in the university that he never forgets any of his students, though his class, which numbers about 200, changes wholly from year to year, and he sees the members for only one hour daily.

Six Russian noblemen, headed by Count Alexis Bobinsky, have started for the Pamir region, with the intention of riding along the new frontier line between Russia and British territory. They have with them a dozen servants, who are all skilled shots.

They say that Gov. McKinley takes a bodyguard of pretty girls while inspecting the camps of the State militia. It makes him very popular with the soldier boys.

Rob Roy McGregor, who is said to be a lineal descendant of the famous Scottish chieftain, Rob Roy, lives in Washington. His house contains many relics of the great warrior.

A cablegram received yesterday at the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, from Director Asger Hamerik, who is in Berlin, announces the engagement of the eminent Belgian pianist, Leon Samplaix, as a teacher at the conservatory for the coming year.

The coming man in Turkey is Turchan Pasha, the new foreign minister, who has had a remarkable career and is in high favor with the Sultan and Grand Vizier. He was educated in France, and his wife is one of Turkey's 'new women.' At her husband's official receptions she stands by his side unveiled, dressed in the latest European styles and wearing eyeglasses.

Matter of Fact. An important international exhibition of works of fine art will be held in Dresden in 1897. The city is already making elaborate preparations, and it is expected that the exhibition will be on a larger and more magnificent scale than any hitherto held in that city.

The following advertisement from the Bangkok Times will serve to show how inhabitants of Siam who are non-subscribers of newspapers manage to obtain the news. 'The Bangkok Times (established 1887) has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Siam. It is also borrowed, and stolen more than any periodical ever published.'

A Russian geographer is said to be preparing an atlas on an entirely new principle. The places on the map will be put down, not according to actual distance from a standard point, but according to the cost of transportation. New York, for instance, will be nearer London than Rochester, in Kent, as it costs less to ship goods across the Atlantic than to send them twenty-eight miles by rail to London.

The New Century Historical Society, of Marietta, Ohio, is one of the many patriotic organizations which were brought into existence as a result of the patriotism awakened by the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition. Realizing that Marietta is rich in historic associations which should not be allowed to die out, this society has so far erected five memorial stones in that city. One marks the spot on which a stockade, erected during the French and Indian war, stood. A second marks the site of Fort Harmar; still another the spot on which Gen. Arthur St. Clair was inaugurated governor of the Territory; a fourth designates the portion of the river bank where forty-eight pioneers landed in 1788, and a fifth stone commemorates the landing of the pioneer families of the Ohio Country.

It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds can not be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Kiruth, of Bremen, has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must, therefore, have existed in the filter material and have been developed by the passage of water through it.

Where Chicago Draws the Line. The bathing census at Lincoln Park has issued their ultimatum. They have forbidden women bathers to wear: 1. Bloomers. 2. Skirts which do not extend below the knees. 3. Knickerbockers or other bifurcated extremities. 4. Transparent cloth. 5. Suits which are as décolleté as ballroom costumes.

Do these censors believe that morality and modesty depend upon dress, or the lack of it? If they do they are mistaken. Deportment alone should be the test. A woman can be immodest in ball costume or in any other dress—just as immodest as she can in any modern bathing suit of approved pattern.—Chicago Dispatch.

Some-Where were you last Sunday? Synthe-Teaching Sunday school—of fish.—New York World.

You'll read the Morning Times, if you read all the news.

When he has brought face to face with Fitzsimmons. On the contrary, the Australian has shown himself a most cool-headed and exasperating foe. Should Corbett be a much more serious matter for him than when he stormed and scowled at a staid little Englishman who was conceding him years in age and almost forty pounds in weight. Fitzsimmons, the cool, skillful, agile boxer, whose sledge-hammer blows easily vanquished Dempsey, Maher and Hall, will be able to strike an advantage. And these are some of the considerations which are leading even admirers of Corbett to be more conservative in estimating his chances in the coming contest.

Purely Personal. Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the Women's Board of Managers of the Atlanta World's Fair, carries a diamond studded locket, said to have once been the property of the ex-Emperer Eugenie.

Lord Rosberry has numerous interests on this side of the Atlantic, among others a cotton mill in the South. It is said that some of his ventures have not been very successful, and that having several obligations to meet, he intends to come over shortly and investigate his affairs himself.

Stories Well Told.

'Funny thing happened in our town.' said a suburbanite man yesterday. 'There is a deaf man living there and a lady who has plenty of nerve. The other night she was left alone for an hour or so. The deaf man called. He rummaged around on the porch, trying to find the door bell. The lady became alarmed, she got her hand behind the door and opened it. She looked in and listened. She could hear a man moving about very distinctly.

'Bang! Bang! Bang! She fired three times. The bullets passed smothering near the deaf man, but he did not hear the sound of the report. He kept looking for the door bell, and finding it, he gave it a long ring.

'No one came. Finally he grew discouraged and left. As he walked away he was met by several people who had heard the shots. When he was told of his narrow escape he smiled pleasantly and hurried homeward, incredulous.'—Atlanta Constitution.

'You can talk all you want about your California fruit, but you can't get nothing that will touch my apples,' declared an Oregon farmer, as he wandered through the rooms of the board of trade yesterday. 'I got apples on my place, near Grant's Pass, as big as pumpkins.'

'Could you send down a few specimens?' inquired an attaché. 'Don't believe I can. They're so blessed juicy that they're just like a skinkful of cider.'

'Great apples, are they?' 'The finest on earth. Why, they give a barrel of cider to the bushel right water. But you ought to see my strawberry water-melon.'

'A new variety of melon?' 'Well, now, you've got me. I can't just say whether they're a new kind of melon or a new kind of strawberry. You see, my strawberries grew as big as pumpkins as they are water-melons. Accidental like some melons and got into my strawberry bed, and they got mixed, and the first thing I knew had a crop of what I call melonfruit. They were shaped like watermelon and as big, but they didn't have no rind. They were like strawberries on the outside and water-melons on the inside, all fruit and juice. You can commence all right at the top and go clear through 'em, and they're good all the way.'—San Francisco Post.

George W. Kingsbury, Jr., brought to the Argus-Leader office from Yankton a full snake five and one-half feet long. The snake is extremely alive and will be taken from its box and exhibited to any who desire. The snake was captured in a peculiar way. The grain in the country is so thick that the snakes cannot crawl through. Mr. Kingsbury says that if it is a matter of comparative ease to locate them as they spurt about on top of the waving grain.—Sioux Falls Argus.

'Here, how is this?' demanded the conductor, savagely. 'I have thirteen children and they are all trying to travel on half tickets.'

The man and woman addressed looked at each other, and a flush that suggested them to be guilty of trying to swindle the railroad, came to their cheeks; but they made no response.

'How old is that girl back there?' continued the conductor, pulling his tawny mustache. 'She will be twelve the 26th of November,' replied the woman, figuring it out on her finger ends.

'And how old is that boy next her?' 'If he lives till the 27th of November, he will be 12, too,' answered the man, sharply.

'Just as I expected!' gloated the conductor. 'Now, how can you explain the proximity of their birthdays?' and he waited for the confession.

'That's easy enough,' ventured the woman, frankly. 'It is, is it?'

'Yes, there is no law that I know of that prevents cousins being born the same month.'

'This ain't the smoking car,' thundered the ticket puncher, as he pounced upon a girl getting a banana, to hide his confusion.—Truth.

The rhinoceros at the Zoo's philosophical old chap, despite his thick hide, and just now he is enjoying himself, despite the hot weather, and thinking that captivity has some advantages after all. About the thick-skinned pen in which he is confined in the elephant house runs a pipe. To this his keeper has attached a rose jet and turned on the water, so that the animal may have the benefit of a cooling shower bath. Under this the rhinoceros lies all day long, only shifting his position now and then so that the water may run upon a different portion of his body. Usually he prefers to let it fall between his ears, and he blinks his eyes with quiet contentment.—Philadelphia Record.

There are more ways of winning a wife than there are of losing one. A Lexington lover has, however, discovered a new one. The object of his affections admitted that she had 'walked out' with his rival. Whereupon he threw himself into a canal—not very far, but with the water up to his neck. There he waited and swore, and he did not promise to marry him he would go under. She hesitated, but considering how very damp he had got, at last consented. The report does not say that she embraced him on coming to land. It was a bold step for him to take to the water, and he had to quote a somewhat similar instance, might not have succeeded.

A young lady in charge of the captain of a P. & O. boat had two suitors on board and a pug dog. The latter fell overboard and one of her suitors immediately proceeded to lean over the side, and crying: 'Poor doggie!' When the rescuer came on board, dripping, the young lady turned to the captain and asked him which of her two lovers fell for her sake. He was a practical man, and replied: 'Take the dry one,' which she accepted accordingly did. The only instance of a wet lover being appreciated was that of Leander.—Illustrated London News.

'I have discovered the secret of the bicycle race,' said the man who spent most of his time loafing at the club window. 'I know the cause of it and I know how to cure it. I'll bet I can cure the worst case of bicycle race that was ever seen on the streets of Chicago.'

'Going to begin the manufacture of patent medicine?' asked one of the other loafers. 'Medicine, nothing! It isn't a case for medicine at all; it's just a case for a little investigation and the application of common sense. A blacksmith could cure it better than a doctor, and the bicycle manufacturer better than a blacksmith. I made a study of the question during a short trip out of town. I was in a little place up in Wisconsin, and I noticed that, while nearly every one rode a bicycle, there was hardly a single haggard, wee-begone bicycle face to be seen. The riders looked as if they were enjoying themselves, and that is something you seldom see in Chicago.'

'Of course, I wondered why it was, and in the end I had the matter settled. At least to my own satisfaction. The secret of the bicycle face lies in the handle bar of the bicycle. The most horrible and ghastly faces to be seen on the streets of

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY. Cleveland's Greater Massive Minstrels. Opening of Season. Box Office Now Open.

Kernan's Lyceum Theater. All this week. Two Big Shows in One.

CYRENE'S. High-Class. And Miss Millotta's Terrestrial Beauties. ONE ADMISSION TO ALL. NEXT WEEK—G. W. Turner's Vaudeville.

BASEBALL. To-day at 4:30 Cleveland vs. Washington. Admission, 25 and 50 cents.

Chicago to-day can be changed by a slight operation performed upon the handle bar of the wheel. The best handle bar is the cause of the bicycle lock or curved spine, and the bicycle lock is what makes the bicycle face. The people that I saw while I was away, who looked as if they were enjoying their ride, sat upright on their wheels; the people I see in Chicago, who look as if they hadn't a friend on earth, tend over to reach their hands to the bars and then throw their heads back in the most extraordinary and uncomfortable angle in order to see what is in the road ahead of them. That gives them the bicycle face; that and nothing else. If you will, I will show you the features of Western life will never see that haggard, worried expression on the face of one who is sitting upright on his or her wheel. You will never see it absent from the face of one who is trying to make a semi-circle of his or her spinal column.—Chicago Post.

Just for Fun. Lottie—It's a very inconvenient custom to wear the engagement ring on the third finger of the left hand.

Patience—Why? What difference does it make? Lottie—Because it's so hard to learn to use your left instead of your right hand.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Patient (to have his leg removed, cheerfully)—Well, doctor, I understand that I won't be able to go any more dances. Dr. Kiefer—No. After this you'll have to confine yourself to hops.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

'So there will be nothing to conceal after we are married, dearest. I may as well tell you that I smoke cigarettes, play poker, drink, and am rarely home before 10 o'clock in the morning.'

'I am glad to hear you say so. I was afraid we wouldn't be perfect companions.—Life.

Boarder (suspiciously)—There is some foreign substance in this coffee, is there? Landlady—Um—er—well, I ain't found there is, sir. The spoon in it is a souvenir from India. I believe.—Free Press.

'You are working too hard,' said a policeman to a man who was drilling a hole in a safe at 2 o'clock in the morning.

'What's that?' asked the burglar in a discontented tone. 'You are needier.'—Boston Globe.

Wary business man (changing to strap)—Why is creation don't you run more cars? Street car president—My dear sir, it would pain me exceedingly to deprive courteous gentlemen like yourself of the privilege of giving up a seat to a lady.—New York Weekly.

'Do you have any Indians here in New York?' asked the English visitor. 'No,' was the answer. 'I understand that in the metropolis, our nearest approach to it is the row of bald-headed front-tiersmen at the ballet.'

'Really. And they have all been scalped? How very odd.'—Exchange.

She—Surely, my dear, you will consider the matter carefully before consenting to Clara's marriage to old Mr. Cashman. He—Certainly. I shall have his books examined by an expert.—Life.

'What did Washington mean when just before the battle of Trenton, he said, 'Put none but Americans on guard to-night?'

asked an Irishman who was heatedly defending the valor of the Celtic race in general. 'I'll tell you what he meant! He meant, 'Let the Irish sleep; work for us to-morrow.'—The State.

ROYAL ORATOR. Duke of York and the Geographical Congress.

He walked into the room in ordinary evening dress, with nothing about him to suggest a being of superior class, except the broad ribbon crossing his breast and an attendant in court attire, who stood at a respectful distance. He was the first of the royal family to the 29th geographers present at a banquet of the 29th geographers, who suddenly shot into the room in a great apparent hurry and somewhat shrilly announced: 'Take your seats, please. The duke's coming.'

He was the Duke of York, and he may sit on the throne of England some day, if her gracious Majesty does not give all her descendants. He had left his fair wife and young heir at home and had gone to South Kensington to welcome to England the men from all over the world, who had arrived in London as delegates to the International Geographical Congress; and as he ascended the platform, a foot above the floor, the foreign ambassadors in London crowded around to greet him, and then began to present the delegates from their various countries.