Go, Happy Rose.

Go, happy Rose! and, interwove
With other flowers, bind my love!
Tell her, too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so often hath fettered me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggles still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take then my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this—but do not so!
Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning from her eye,
And burn thee up, as well as I.
—Robert Herrick.

LA FEMME PROPOSE.

Scene: A dance in Mayfair. Time: 1 a. m.

Bobby Vane (finding Captain Emery lounging disconsolately by the door of the supper-room)—"Hullo, old fellow! Didn't expect to see you here. Dancing?"

Captain Emery—"No, of course not."

Bobby Vane—"Thought it wasn't much in your line. Why did you come, then? What's her name?"

Captain Emery—"Well, you are not expected to play cricket every time you go to see a match at Lord's, are you?"

Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton (passing into the supper-room)—"What is that you're saying about a match? The latest? You've heard about it, of course. Friend of yours, isn't she?"

Captain Emery—"I have a good many friends."

Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton—"O, don't be ridiculous! There they are." (Nodding her head towards the stairs, down which a pretty girl is coming on the arm of a middle-aged man of opulent aspect.)

Captain Emery—"Ah, Miss Trevor! Is that settled, then?"

Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton—"My good man, haven't you seen Mrs. Trevor's face this evening? She's positively beaming. She was even decently civil to me."

Captain Emery—"Let me see, Pereira's—"

Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton (in an undertone)—"Cocoa. Pity it isn't coals, or something like that. I always think there's something about cocoa that—well—sticks; don't you think so? But he's immensely rich. So sensible of Mrs. Trevor, when Gwendoline might have done so much worse—don't you think so?"

Captain Emery—"Undoubtedly."

Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton (over her shoulder as she goes on)—"I was sure you'd be pleased."

Captain Emery (aloud)—"Delighted! (Under his breath)—"Damn!"

Bobby Vane—"Eh?"

Captain Emery—"Nothing. What about getting a drink and a cigaret? I'm tired of this."

Miss Trevor (dropping the arm of Mr. Pereira and advancing with her program in her hand)—"Please, Captain Emery, I'm hungry. Here's a signed declaration that you'll take me in to supper. Have you forgotten all about it, or shall I ask some one else?"

Capta[illegible]mery—"O, I'm so sorry! Of [illegible]t hadn't forgotten; only I [illegible]Phaps—"

[illegible]vor (with her hand upon his [illegible]nething in aspic, please, if [illegible]e; it's all I want."

[illegible] Emery—"In that case you [illegible]e aspic if I have to scour Lon[illegible]t."

[illegible] Trevor—"There's something [illegible]spic that makes you feel you [illegible]ng nothing so commonplace as [illegible] Reading Whitman, or some[illegible]of that sort."

[illegible]tain Emery—"Whitman? He's [illegible]f those Johnnies that write poet[illegible]n't he?"

[illegible]ss Trevor—"Philistine! He's a re[illegible]n. Shall we sit here? Yes; cham[illegible]ne, please—a little. (She sips, and [illegible]ks at her companion over the rim of [illegible]r glass.) Do you like Mrs. Meyrick[illegible]enton?"

Captain Emery—"Well, she saves one the trouble of reading the Morning Post."

Miss Trevor (after regarding her [illegible]panion attentively for a moment or [illegible]o)—"Let me see, Tom, when is it you leave for India?"

Captain Emery—"The day after to-morrow. There! You've spilt some champagne on your dress."

Miss Trevor—"O, never mind. Why do you go out again?"

Captain Emery—"Must."

Miss Trevor—"Why is it that all the—the men one likes go off to the ends of the earth, and then—then you never see them again? No; I don't want anything more to eat. Let us talk. There isn't much time left.

Captain Emery—"Well, you see, they pay you more when you're in India. My private income is about a penny a week; and I simply can't live on my pay at home. Besides, I shall feel more comfortable abroad for a bit—under the circumstances."

Miss Trevor—"Under the circumstances?'

Captain Emery—"I suppose I ought to congratulate you!"

Miss Trevor—"You ought to have done it yesterday. I was 21 yesterday. I thought it horrid of you to take no notice."

Captain Emery—"I hadn't the least idea—"

Miss Trevor—"And I'm my own mistress now. I wrote a check this morning. They sent it back from the bank because I hadn't signed it. As if it mattered, when it was my own money that I wanted."

Captain Emery—"But you are not to be your own mistress long."

Miss Trevor—"Was that what Mrs. Meyrick-Fenton was telling you just now?"

Captain Emery—"She said that you and Pereira—"

Miss Trevor—"Cat!"

Captain Emery—"Eh?"

Miss Trevor—"I mean—it isn't true. Did you believe it?"

Captain Emery (after reflecting for a few moments, with his eyes on his plate)—"Well, it's a suitable match—in one way. He has plenty of money."

Miss Trevor—"So have I. Quite as much as I want. You knew that, didn't you?" (Captain Emery nods.)

Captain Emery—"That's what makes it so suitable. Neither can be suspected of any mercenary motive."

Miss Trevor—"But that is what makes mamma so anxious about that me, and mamma wants—

Captain Emery—"And you refused him?"

Miss Trevor—"No."

Captain Emery—"Well, but—"

Miss Trevor—"I haven't answered yet at all. Don't be so stupid, Tom. (She crumbles a piece of bread and gathers up the fragments carefully into a little heap.) I shall decide—I shall decide—"

Captain Emery—"Well?"

Miss Trevor (under her breath)—"The day after tomorrow."

Captain Emery—"And I shan't be here to congratulate you."

Miss Trevor—"Don't, Tom."

Captain Emery—"You mean—"

Miss Trevor—"I mean—I mean—Tom, what should a girl do when she doesn't know what to do? Can't you help me? Can't you advise me?"

Captain Emery—"I don't see exactly where I can—come in. It's rather difficult for me to take an entirely unprejudiced view. And your mother—no doubt she's quite right—would probably disagree with any advice I—"

Miss Trevor—"That doesn't matter, now. My poor old godfather has made me quite independent. The question is, ought I to marry one man when I'm—when I'm—you know."

Captain Emery—"In love with another?"

(Miss Trevor builds a pyramid of crumbs with the utmost care and nods assent.)

Miss Trevor—"And he is—he is—"

Captain Emery—"In love with you. But Gwen—"

Miss Trevor (leaning forward with her elbows on the table)—"And, Tom—you must advise me—supposing the—the—other man is quite—quite—poor—"

Captain Emery—"Yes."

Miss Trevor—"Only a penny a week—just like you, you know—and he's afraid—I mean, he's dreadfully honorable and—and—silly—can a girl—ought a girl—ought she—O, Tom! I can't do it all myself."

Captain Emery (after an interval of ten minutes, during which the meeting has been adjourned to a quiet corner upon the stairs)—"Gwen, you must let me tell your mother that you proposed to me."

Miss Trevor—"Tom, you're a dreadful coward—for a soldier."—Clarence Rook in Black and White.

Largest Sailing Vessel.

The largest steel sailing vessel that has ever entered this port is loading at Port Richmond, preparatory to a voyage to San Francisco. The ship is the Arthur Sewall. Her dimensions are as follows:

Length over all, 340 feet; length of keel, 320 feet; breadth of beam, 45 feet; depth, 25 feet 9 inches; gross tonnage, 23,200 tons. She has lower masts, bowsprit, topmasts, and some of her yards of steel. Her masts from keel to truck are 184 feet long. She will spread about 12,000 yards of canvas when she has all sails set. Her ship machinery is of the very latest pattern for labor-saving and convenience in handling. She has a crew of 31 men, which include a number of apprentices. Her commander is Capt. James F. Murphy, who has been in the Sewall employ for years, and who is late of the big wooden ship Shenandoah, now commanded by his son, Wilder Murphy.

The appointments of the Sewall are magnificent and suggestive of some millionaire's pleasure yacht. On the poop is the chart house, finished like the rest of the apartments, in white enamel. In this house is a bed, lounge, desk, chart-table, and drawers. It is lighted by windows on all sides. Aft of this is the wheelhouse, which amply protects the helmsman in bad weather, giving him a "soft snap" over the man on board an ordinary ship. On the main deck is the cabin. The first room on the port side is the dining-room with oak tables and chairs. On the opposite side is the saloon. Aft of this apartment is Capt. Murphy's commodious room, with brass bedstead, chairs and lounges. Then comes the bathroom and then a storeroom for chests. Off the dining-room on the port side is the well-arranged pantry, then two neat rooms for the first and second officers, then three guest rooms, and way aft a room for spart sails. Further forward on the ship are the accommodations and messroom for eight apprentices. Then the engine-room for repairing sails. Still further forward is the forecastle, with accommodations for 24 men.

Taken all in all she is a perfect ship, so far as time, money, the best of labor, and material can make her, and she is undoubtedly the finest ship afloat. She is the third steel ship built by the Sewalls, the others being the Dirigo, 1894, and the Erskine M. Phelps, in 1898. She is the largest of the three and work on another of the same dimensions has just been begun. The forthcoming ship will be about the same style and finish as the one here described with the exception of being a little deeper and with the omission of a "whaleback" on the forecastle and poop.—Philadelphia Times.

Davis' Old Estate.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the leader of the Confederacy, has been offered $90,000 for the old estate of her husband, Beauvoir, on the gulf coast. The offer came from Northern capitalists, and Mrs. Davis prefers that the property pass into the hands of the state of Mississippi. Accordingly, she has offered it to the leigislature for $25,000 on condition that it be used as a home for the Confederate veterans, and it is likely that the sale will be made.

The Dial's Shadow.

Go, Cupid; say to her I love,
That roses fall and time is fleeting.
I watch the dial's shadow move,
And wait—and wait—to give her greeting.
For youth is sunshine on the dial,
And love is but an old, old story;
The years may dance with lute and viol—
The shadow moves—so ends their glory!

Go, Cupid; beckon with your wing,
That sweetest chance may waft her hither;
For we must woo, remembering
How fast the roses fall and wither.
And oft the dial long ago,
The pavement sunk with mossy edges,
Saw Youth and Love meet all aglow,
And whisper by the old yew hedges.

Go, Cupid, tell the maid I prize,
How many in the courtyard wandered,
What laughing lips and witching eyes,
In love's delight their beauty squandered!
The ruffs, brocade, and buckled shoes,
How softly down the path they pattered
With gallants gay in old world hues,
When crowns and kingdoms little mattered.

Go, Cupid, sleep; your cheek is pale;
And we can woo among the sages;
Romance is but a weary tale
Monotonous from all the ages.
* * * * * *
My heart! She comes from yonder door;
And time and shadows flit forever;
Why, there was never youth before,
And love like ours, oh, never—never!
—New York Tribune.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Some ten years since I occupied a house that had a small garden entirely surrounding it. The architect who planned it evidently believed in high rooms as necessary for our climate as each story was fully twenty feet from floor to ceiling; consequently I could look down from the second story of my house into the yards and rooms of my neighbors on either side without any difficulty, and, in fact, could not well avoid it. The house on the right hand, a queer, old-fashioned affair after standing vacant a long time was at length taken by an odd-looking old man, whom I saw going over it one day, and the next day it was occupied. Not being of a Paul Pry disposition, I paid little attention to my new neighbors; only found them quiet. The old house had scarce more noise about it than when vacant, and I congratulated myself that some man, with half a dozen boisterous, romping children, had not taken it.

But one day an old family servant remarked: "Miss Jeanette, dare's somethin' odd 'bout dem folks what's done moved next door, shore, dere is, honey; day's ony got a scrumpled up ole nigger for a servant, and she's all a hump behind, and looks like ole Satan fer shore; you never see de ole man and de ole woman at de same time; de day you see de ole man you don't see de ole woman, and de day you see de old woman de ole man ain't round, and dey don't go out any no whar, only dat old scarecrow goes de errents."

"Now, mammy," said I to her, "you just let our neighbors alone; they are decent enough people, no doubt, and you need not spend your time looking after their oddities; you have enough to do to look at your own."

Old mammy shook her head, and, mumbling her words after a petted and spoiled servant fashion, went on with her dusting, and I let the subject rest. My attention being thus drawn to them, I found myself looking out occasionally from the windows on that side, noticing the house and its inmates, and sure enough I never did see the two old people at the same time. Regularly as clockwork, every alternate day I would see the old man, then the next day the old woman, but never the two together, just as if they took turns in keeping guard over everything. They were an odd-looking couple, shaky, pale, and yet puffy and bloated; and as for the old negress, she was truly a daughter of Eblis, if looks count for anything in reading character.

One night just about 11, the old negress came rapping at the back gate and asked for me. Old mammy, who had often said: "Dat old nigger next dooh is hoodoo, sartin," was really afraid of her, and said: "My mistress is jus' 'bout gwing to bed; you can't see her, nohow, tonight," but the old negress told her to come and ask me "if I wouldn't please come in for a few minutes; that master was on his day and mistress was took mity bad." As she wouldn't take no, mammy, much against her will, did come and deliver the message, and bidding her tell the old woman to go home and have the gate open for me to get in, I hastened to change my dress for a loose wrapper and followed her as quickly as possible.

I found the old lady lying on a low, narrow lounge in one of the lower rooms. Her husband was not present. She did not seem to notice my entrance, but, lying back with eyes wide open, staring straight before her into open space, a look of unutterable horror stamped upon her face. Approaching her side, I laid my hand upon her forehead. It was clammy and had a sticky, cold feeling that was unpleasant. She did not answer when I asked her where she suffered pain, but moaned in a pitiful manner that made my heart ache to hear.

"Where is your master?" I asked the old negress.

"In his room, mistiss; dis is his day, and mistiss' day to watch him."

"What on earth do you mean, aunty?"

"Dis is his day to get drunk and mistiss' day to keep sober, but her last two days she's bin takin' brandy and all at once she laid down thar and don' just like you see her, till I got scared and went for you, mam."

"Do you mean to say that your master and mistress take turns in getting drunk?"

"Yes, mam, I duz. He gets drunk one day and she gets drunk the nex' day, but her last two days to keep sober she's bin gitting drunk, too, so she's had a whole week. She's bin drunk and it's made her sick, I reckon."

Though thoroughly disgusted and shocked at such a tale of horror, I still strove to help the hapless woman.

"Get some warm water for a foot bath and we will undress her and get her into bed, and then you go into my house and tell mammy to send one of the servants for Dr. Arnault to come at once."

With the old negress' help I gave her a bath, undressed her, and laid her upon the lounge; we could not get her upstairs to her bedroom; the low, pitiful moan being all the sound that came from her lips, and on her face seemed indelibly fixed a look of horror that fascinated me.

I could not keep my eyes off of her as I set there alone with her. While gazing on her I fancied I saw a faint smoke issuing from her mouth and nostrils, and, as I leaned forward, thinking fancy was playing me false, a pale, blue, lambent flame came creeping from the mouth and played over her face and in a moment it seemed to gather over her whole body, the ears, the eyes, the hands, from the tips of her fingers shot little flames, the whole body was covered with the fiendish thing; the poor woman writhed in torture indescribable, and an odor that was filthy in taste and smell filled the room. I could not move. I was utterly paralyzed with terror, and when the doctor and the old negress entered my room I was in a dead faint.

They told me afterward that she never spoke, the doctor could not relieve her, nor arrest the flame; water poured upon it increased it, and when the flame died away there was nothing left but the burnt and charred body that crumbled beneath the touch like so much cinder; and yet, strange to say, the bed on which she lay was not injured by fire, but covered with a greasy soot that you could scarce wash off.—New York News.

Sir Walter Scott.

The Hon. Mrs. George Edgcumbe, who has just died at Florence, was the daughter of Sir John Shelley of Maresfield Park, and nearly related to those other Sussex Shelleys of whom the poet was one, says the Westminster Gazette. She was the heroine of that touching little scene commemorated by Sir Walter himself in his "Dairy" for May, 1828:

The London season was at its height, and Sir Walter was enjoying his full share of what he calls its "busy idleness." He had breakfasted—early, as was his wont—with that "good fellow" Richardson, had given Chantrey another sitting for his bust, and had gone to a second breakfast in Chester square, as the guest of Lady Shelley. In the brilliant company assembled to meet him a young lady, the daughter of his hostess, asked him if she might have a lock of his hair. "Too good-natured to refused," he allowed Miss Shelley to possess herself of the "thin white" keepsake, and gave her the kiss for which he had previously stipulated.

Mrs. Edgecumbe would on occasions recall a visit she paid with her father, Sir John Shelley, in the '20s to Abbotsford. One morning, when, after breakfast, Sir Walter had retired to his desk to add a chapter or two to "The Talisman," Sir John appeared, radiant, from the Tweed, whence he had landed a magnificent salmon. At once Sir Walter rose, "The Talisman," quite forgotten in what seemed the far more important task of weighing the salmon, for which the whole party (Miss Shelley being one) descended to the kitchen—Sir Walter adjusting the scales and noting the weight with a dignified solemnity the young lady never forgot. Equally characteristic and memorable were her recollections of the delightful evenings at Abbotsford, when the great poet and romancist would unbend in the simplest fashion, illustrating shrewd remark with apt, picturesque anecdote.

On the morning of the departure of the Shelleys Sir Walter conducted his young friend into the library, and, after some invaluable hints as to reading, in which history and romance had each their proper part assigned them, he took down a translation of "Ivanhoe" into Italian, and, having inscribed her name in the book, presented it to her. This she always kept, as a remembrance of the conversation that led up to the gift; and it was her pleasure and delight in after years to watch the influence of the mighty author on contemporary literature.

Soldier, Life-Saver and Fire-Eater.

General Charles H. T. Collis, who risked his life in New York in rescuing two women from a burning building, has shown his courage before and in many ways. He served in the civil war and came out with the rank of brigadier general of volunteers. When Mayor Strong's reform administration of New York city went into office General Collis was made commissioner of public works. After Van Wyck was inaugurated as mayor he made the insinuation that General Collis had been grossly negligent of his duty. In reply he got a letter from the doughty old general stating that if such insinuations were again cast upon his character he should hold the man who made them personally responsible. For fear that the mayor might not understand his first note, he sent a second, in which he made it plain that he meant to chastise Van Wyck if the offense was repeated. His action as a volunteer life-saver is quite in line with his previous career.

Too Many Kinds of Americans.

It is time the United States eliminated the German-Americans, the Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, etc. It is impossible for an individual to be loyal to two governments at the same time. Let them retain their nationality or drop it when they take the oath of allegiance to Uncle Sam.—Two Republics, Mexico.

DEWEY'S RETORT TO HER.

He Could Spare the Women But Not the Officers.

Many officers' wives, as soon as they became convinced that their husbands would remain an indefinite period at Manila, lost no time in hurrying over to join them, and some, 'tis said, even though their husbands cabled "No" to their petitions. Admiral Dewey did not look with favor upon their arrival, for to his mind it means impaired efficiency in some of his best officers. They came, however, and before the outbreak of hostilities between the insurgents and the Americans, dances and yacht excursions in the bay and up the Pasig river became quite frequent, even the admiral himself giving a large ball on the Olympia. He, however, always maintained his position, and no woman was allowed aboard ship when she went to sea or during the subsequent period when the fleet was in battle array around Manila bay.

One charming young woman, engaged in newspaper work, drew heavily on the different ships' junior officers. It became quite a daily practice among the officers to, in turn, take her driving in the cool of the afternoon. As the principal drives of interest lay in close proximity to the firing lines the excursion was not without the element of danger so dear to the heart of both officers and venturesome women. The admiral looked on for some time in silence, but eventually meeting the fair charmer one day, reproached her for taking such risks, thinking perhaps in this way to stem the practice so rapidly becoming popular among his men. The young woman promptly replied that she was not at all afraid of bullets when protected by one of Dewey's officers.

"Well," replied the admiral, "if you do not object to being killed I have nothing to say; but I can not spare any of my men."—Leslie's Weekly.

Versions of the Bible.

No one has kept track of the number of versions or editions of the Bible. Attempts have been made, but they have failed. As some one has said, it is a pity that some one hasn't copyrighted it, for it would have made his fortune. There is a near approach to it in England, however, where the Oxford university has a monopoly of printing the Bible, but this is made of little effect by the fact that any annotations give a publisher the right to get out an edition of his own.

The marked New Testament comes only a little more than 600 years after the first complete translation of the Bible into English, which was made about 1382, and is known as the Wyclif Bible. Printing was introduced into England by Caxton in 1477, but the first complete edition of the New Testament was not published until that of William Tyndale in 1525. The printed Bible in English first appeared in 1535 and was the work of Miles Coverdale, who translated the Swiss-German version of Zurich (1524-'29). These early versions lacked the virility of the King James version. The Bishop's Bible, published in 1568, gave a familiar passage in the Psalms, thus: "God is my shephearde, therefore I can lack nothing; he will cause me to repose myself in pastures full of grass and he will leade me into calm water." The great King James edition was issued in 1611, after seven years' work by six committees.

Ludicrous mistakes have made some of the early volumes prized by bibliophiles. The Breeches Bible of 1569 is so-called from the rendering of Genesis iii., 7. The treacle Bible gave the verse from Jeremiah, viii., 22, as "Is there na tryacle in Giliad?"

Says to Marry Young.

"If a woman is going to marry at all," said an up-to-date girl at a luncheon yesterday, "she should marry young, keep her ideal, and grow old and commonplace with him. Which of us would to-day choose the man who seemed the personification of all manly beauty and excellence in our younger days? I met my first love in State street the other day, and actually shivered to think that the only thing that had kept me from being his wife was the fact that he had neglected to ask me. He is married to a little toll-bowed woman, and when we met he introduced her with an air which said as plainly as words could have spoken:

"'A poor thing—but mine own.'

"He was coarse, unkempt, arrogant, and he surveyed me with that slow glance as if he realized that he had overlooked a bargain. Oh, it was intolerable! I hated him for himself, for his wife, for shattering my ideal. For ten years I had loved a creature of my own girlish mind. A godlike man, high-minded, gentle, unselfish, and beautiful. That he had not loved me was my sorrow. Then we met, and my idol crumbled at my feet."

The girl laughed nervously and the other women looked at each other.

"But suppose you do marry young, and do not grow commonplace together?" asked one. "What then?"

"Nothing, then, only the Pharisee's prayer—adapted, 'Lord, we thank thee that we are not as other people are!'"

Golf as a Nuisance.

The now fashionable game of golf was put down by an act of parliament in Scotland in 1841 as a nuisance. Then fines were inflicted on people who were found guilty of playing the game, for it interefered with the practice of archery, as men preferred wielding the club to pulling the bow.

Good Enough to Eat.

Take a cup of sweet cream and mix with it two tablespoons of strained white honey. Stir well and spread thickly upon the face and neck. Allow it to remain on for an hour, then wash off with tepid water.

EASY TO CHOOSE.

The Policeman Thought the Socks the Best Exhibit.

Persons who passed the show window of a haberdasher's shop on a downtown corner the other day were amused at a spectacle presented behind the great plate glass.

A clerk, dressed in the ultra-fashionable attire which sometimes calls down upon the wearer the suspicion of being a dude, was standing in the window, having just begun to decorate it with new stock.

All the spectators saw was one pair of socks hung at one side and the window and the clerk. This would not have attracted attention in itself had it not been for the fact that the clerk had posted in a conspicuous place a sign bearing these words:

"You can have your choice for 25 cents."

A policeman joined the group in front of the window and after looking at the two articles inside assumed a scornful expression.

"Well," he said, as he gave an energetic hitch to his belt, "I don't want the socks, but if I was going to buy anything I would take the socks before I would pay 25 cents for that other exhibit."

The copper resumed his post on the crossing and the clerk innocently glanced at the smiling faces outside, wondering what caused all the amusement.

Justice in Berlin.

The Judge—Heer doctor, how do you plead by der indictment?

The Accused—Mit vat vas it I vas charget?

The Judge—Do you not know? So? You are charget mit les majeste.

The Accused—Impossible! I am always a loyal soobject. Ven vas it I vas guilty of dot offense?

The Judge—In your pulpit last Sontag. How do you plead?

The Accused—Vy, I ton't——

The Judge—You vill stand reprimandet by der court, und pay a fine of five hoondred thalers.

The Accused—Himmel! Vat vas it I said?

The Judge—In your sermon last Sontag you spoke in slighting terms of Adam and Eve in connection mit vat you vas bleased to recklessly call der original sin. You see vee haf all der notes right here.

The Accused—But I ton't oonderstand how dot vas gonstrued into lese majeste.

The Judge—You ton't, eh? Haf you forgotten dot Adam and Eve vas der emperor's first parents?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Warning to Tin Whistlers.

A band of Germans who were ordered to play before the emperor played so well that he ordered his servants to fill all their instruments with gold.

"Just my luck," said the man with the tin whistle, "mine will hardly hold any."

A short time after they were again ordered to play before his majesty, and this time they played so badly that he ordered them to go and swallow their instruments.

"Just my luck," said the tin-whistler. "I'll have to swallow mine, and they can't."