

# The Bossier Banner.

BENTON, LOUISIANA.

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## OLD VOICES.

Across the seas they come to me,  
Old voices of a happier day,  
When Love was young and Hope was high,  
And flowers grew bright about my way.  
I sit within the rose-girt pane,  
And watch the tranquil western sun  
Dip gently in the golden sea,  
And think of friends forever gone.  
And while I gaze and think, to me  
There come old voices o'er the sea.

I hear them when alone I stroll  
Along the white surf-beaten shore;  
They mingle in the fisher's song,  
Heard 'mid the lull of ocean's roar:  
And when with tollsome steps, and slow,  
I struggle up the fern-clad cliffs  
Which slope in beauty from the bay,  
And watch far off the fading skirts,  
They whisper of old times to me,  
These voices from across the sea.

So when night curtains sea and shore,  
And white stars gleam across the wild,  
And underneath the shadowy limes  
With thoughts of other days beguiled  
I linger long, too sad to rest,  
For in this lonely heart of mine,  
There whisper as from long ago  
Old echoes that have grown divine;  
Old echoes from across the sea,  
They whisper of old times to me.  
—William Cowan, in Chambers' Journal.

## HOUSE TO LET.

### How Love Conquered a Proud Girl's Heart.

"We have got to move!" sighed Selina Spencer. The wind rustled in the leafless poplar trees, the muslin curtains flapped in the draught. Old Dorcas, the colored servant, went on sprinkling the pillow cases on the pine table in the corner.

"I've seen it coming this long time," said Selina. "The landlord has been as good and considerate as possible—" "De lan'lord's an old happy!" said Dorcas. "An' lords allays is!"

"No, he is not," persisted Selina. "We owe him eight months' rent already, and I do not know how he is ever to get his money. I would offer him the piano and the carved rosewood parlor set, if I thought they would possess any value in his eyes—in part payment, I mean."

Dorcas rolled up the coffee-colored whites of her eyes.

"Dat piano as was Miss Adelaide's when firs' she come from Baltimore boarding school!" said she. "Dat lubly furniture as was made to order in Annapolis! No, Miss Lina—not wiv dis child's consent!"

And she rolled a thin old damask table cloth very tightly and packed it into the basket with emphasis.

"Mamma must know nothing of this, Dorcas," said Selina, sadly.

"Dunno how you'll gwine to keep it from her, Miss Lina."

"It can be done, Dorcas. I've thought it all out," said the girl. "She must be made to suppose that she is going to spend a few days with my employers at Newport."

"Has dey done asked her, Miss Lina?"

"No, you goose! I don't suppose that they even know that I've got a mother. I am only a typewriter and stenographer in their eyes, and render my services at so much a day. Mrs. Plinimoon is known all through New York as a female philanthropist, but while she's helping poor immigrants out of the slums and rectifying the slop question she don't appreciate that a well-dressed southern lady may be in sore straits. But she'll make as good a figure-head as any other."

"Miss Lina," said Dorcas, after a brief silence, during which she rolled and sprinkled, patted and folded with unceasing vigilance.

"Well?"

"I know whar I could git four dollars a week for laundress or five dollars for cook. Tink o' dat, Miss Lina."

"Do you want to leave us, Dorcas?" The old woman uttered a subdued groan. "Lord knows it ain't dat, Miss Lina! Lord knows it's honor enough to work for de ole Spencers! But it's money we uns wants—an' ebry cent o' de ole woman's wages, dey'll come back to ole missus and Miss Lina."

The long lashes dropped over Selina Spencer's lovely hazel eyes. "It's of no use, Dorcas," said she. "We've got to bend before the storm. Hush! Do you hear that tapping?"

"Somebody knocking at de do!" cried Dorcas. "Why on arf don't dey ring de bell?"

"No," said Selina, detaining her as she was about to answer the supposed summons. "It's the agent putting up the 'To Let.' But, whatever happens, Dorcas, don't let mamma know!"

She rose, and, gathering up her hat and gloves, went up the wide, gloomy old staircase. Dorcas looked after her and shook her turbaned head.

"Meks b'lieve she's pow'ful brave!" muttered she. "Tinks ole Dorcas dunno she's crying dis berry minute! Why didn't she marry Marse George Berkeley when he axed her, an' s'be herse'f all this trouble?"

Up in the dimly-lighted sitting room Mrs. Spencer sat, a faded belle of the olden days. The piano was open, the window was full of carefully tended plants; a pink-shaded lamp burned on the table, and Mrs. Spencer herself was engaged in crevel work with slow, languid fingers.

"You are later than usual to-night, Selina," said she, fretfully. "Perhaps your idea of a dutiful daughter is different from mine, but I think any amount of Shakespeare and Browning classes oughtn't to take so much of your time away from your mother."

"I stopped to give Dorcas orders in the kitchen, mamma," Selina cheerfully answered. "But I am all ready

now. What shall I read to you till the tea comes up?"

"Well," said the poor lady, feebly, "I'd like a few chapters of the 'Scottish Chiefs.' It was the first novel my dear papa allowed me to read—and in my opinion your Ouidas and Braddons don't come near it."

And while Selina read out the trials of Helen Mar and Bruce the brave, she wondered how on earth she should manage about showing the house to the eager sightseers who would be sure to be attracted by the legend "To Let" on the morrow.

"Can't go in dat ar room!" said Dorcas, interposing her stout figure between the hard-featured house hunter and the door of Mrs. Spencer's boudoir. "Dat's private, dat ar!"

"Anything wrong in the room?" sharply questioned the woman.

"No'm," stolidly responded Dorcas.

"Ceilings cracked? Water pipes burst?"

"No'm."

"Then why can't I see it?" with a sudden push in that direction.

She might as well have attempted to charge a battery of artillery. Old Dorcas stood immovable.

"Lady ain't well, mum," said she. "Can't nobody go in dat room! Tole you so afore!"

"Anything contagious?"

"No'm."

"Sure?"

"Yes'm, sartan shuah!"

"Very well," said the house-hunter, with a forward jerk of the chin. "I shall take no house that I can't see every inch of!" and she flounced out.

All day long Dorcas fought the army of investigators valiantly, and at night, as she herself observed, "she was jes' as tired as if she'd done a double day's wash." Stout ladies peered into the sub-cellar and denounced the drainage; lean ladies poked their parasols into the kitchen sink and tore off strips of the hall paper. Deep-voiced men parleyed as to the monthly rental; fat old gentlemen asked questions in husky accents.

The next morning, however, dove-winged peace once more settled on the field of action. The agent came up and removed the bill.

"The house is taken," said he.

"Who's took it?" demanded Dorcas, who chanced just then to be scouring the brasses. But the agent either did not know or would not tell. Dorcas heaved a deep sigh. "Den," says she, "we've got to air out."

The landlord sent Selina a polite note in a day or two. He had concluded, he wrote, to accept her offer of the furniture and belongings as an equivalent for a certain portion of the unpaid rent.

"Now," said Dorcas, "what is we to do?"

Poor Mrs. Spencer was all in a flutter. The Newport scheme delighted her, and she was very busy looking over her wardrobe with reference to the coming visit. Selina had written to the aunt of an old schoolmate of hers, who kept a boarding house in the fair seaside city, asking her lowest prices for a comfortable room. Dorcas was to go with Mrs. Spencer as attendant and maid, and Selina had resolved to hire a room in New York and board herself as well as she could.

"But this has been a dear old home," she murmured. "I wonder whose hands will strike the yellow keys of mamma's old piano, and dust my flowered blue china, and arrange the old fiddle-backed chairs."

The purple sunlight shone softly in; the scent of a stalk of hyacinths in a glass on the mantel brought back reminiscences of the old southern flower gardens, and all of a sudden a voice which she had last heard in those very gardens struck on her ear.

"Selina, have I startled you?"

He extended a cordial hand.

"Perhaps you fancied I could not trace you out?" said he. "But I am better at hide and seek than you thought."

She courted haughtily. His handsome countenance fell. Evidently he was deeply disappointed.

"Are you not glad to see me, Selina?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Selina! I had counted so much on this interview! I had planned to renew my suit—to ask you once again to be my wife."

She drew her slight figure up.

"You are presuming too much on my very evident poverty, Mr. Berkeley," said she. "I refused when I was Miss Spencer, of Spencer Vale. What sort of woman should I be if I were now to accept you—simply as a protection against adversity?"

"But, Selina—"

"Pray excuse me from any further discussion of the question," said Selina.

"May I not hope to see your mother?" he persisted.

"I should prefer not."

"Do you know, Selina," he said, after a brief silence, "that this is a very bitter mortification to me?"

"Is it? Then what must it be to me?" she retorted, almost fiercely, looking up at him.

He stood a second or two gazing sadly at her. Stung by his scrutiny she swept from the room like an angered princess.

Half a minute later she came hurrying back, full of sweet, strange misgivings. But he was gone.

"I have let another opportunity slip by!" she murmured. "Oh, heavens! where is my life drifting to?"

At that moment Aunt Dorcas ushered in the landlord—a fussy, bald-headed

old gentleman, with a fur collar to his coat.

"Good evening, Miss Spencer," said he. "I expected to meet the new party here."

"The—I beg your pardon," said Selina.

"The gentleman who has purchased this house and furniture," explained Mr. Berkeley, "and settled it on yourself and your mother. A friend of yours, I suppose—Mr. Berkeley."

Standing sadly in the shadow of the rustling poplar boughs outside, George Berkeley felt the magnetic influence of another presence. A soft voice stirred the twilight air like the far-off music of forgotten days.

"Mr. Berkeley," it said—"George—please will you forgive me?"

A dead silence ensued.

"Won't you, George?" with a little sob in the voice. "I—I didn't mean to speak so harshly to you. I didn't know then what I know now of your noble generosity."

Silence—only silence still.

"If I accept it for dear mamma's sake, you surely will not misinterpret me. Oh, George! how can you be so cruel? Why don't you answer me? What are you waiting for me to say?"

And still no word broke that haunting silence!

"George," in a low voice, "I've changed my mind. I will be your wife!"

He took her in his arms.

"Dear sweetheart!" he murmured. "Dear little melting snow wreath. I knew that love would conquer you at last!"

When Mrs. Spencer heard of the engagement she said quietly:

"I always thought they cared for each other, but since your master died, Dorcas, my poor head has scarcely been itself; but make haste and finish the packing. We are going to Newport, are we not?"

And so the wedding trip was to Newport.—Toronto Mail.

## FUEGIAN WEAPONS.

People of Fo-Day Who Are Still in the Stone Age.

The weapons used by the Fuegians are the sling, the spear and the bow and arrow. The sling consists of a circular piece of sealskin, to which are attached two thongs of the same, and the missile employed is a rounded pebble. In the use of this weapon the natives have attained to a really wonderful degree of dexterity, being able to hit an object no bigger than a man's head from a distance of fully thirty yards. The spear handles are about eight feet long, and consist of young stems of the winter-bark tree. They are tipped with sharp pieces of obsidian, and are mainly used for killing porpoises and otters, but sometimes also for capturing the large-sized fish which frequent the kelp.

The bow, also fashioned from the winter-bark, is about three and a half feet long and is strung with twisted gut. The arrows are polished, neatly feathered and tipped with barbs of flint or occasionally of variously colored glass. The glass from which the arrow tips are made is supplied by bottles obtained from passing vessels, and in fashioning these barbs considerable ingenuity is displayed. A portion of broken bottle is laid upon a flat stone with its edge slightly projecting. Little bits of glass are carefully chipped off by means of a piece of bone until the requisite shape is obtained, and the tips are then fastened to the shaft with fine fibers of seal gut. In the absence of glass the natives employ, as I have said, pieces of flint or other hard stone, which they fashion generally to the shape of a barb. In fact, these people, like the Andaman islanders, are still in the stone age. The weapons described are employed for hunting purposes only. In warfare reliance is placed upon rude clubs and heavy stones, which are grasped with both hands.—Fortnightly Review.

## Only One Mistake.

"Are you the editor of the Blizzard?" The caller was a stranger, with his hat on the back of his head and a broad smile on his face.

"I am, sir," answered the man at the desk.

"Then it was you, I presume—hal hal—who wrote that notice of my daughter's wedding—hal hal—that was in the paper this morning?"

"Certainly not."

"It was all right," said the stranger, jerking him out of the chair in the excess of his handshaking zeal. "It was all right," he added, slamming him against the wall. "There wasn't anything wrong with it at all," continued the affable caller, grabbing the editor by the collar, pushing him backward over the chair, catching him by the heels, hauling him around the room, upsetting the furniture with him, and finishing by jamming him in the wastebasket. "There was nothing the matter with it, sir, except that my daughter wasn't married at all, sir! Good morning!"—Chicago Tribune.

—A boy called on a merchant concerning a place. "I want an office boy," he said, in reply, "if I can get the right kind of one. Do you want a job?" "Yes, sir," responded the boy; "but before I take it I'd like to know if there is any chance of promotion."

"Well," said the merchant, thoughtfully, "that depends on the boy. The last one we had here owned the whole place before he had been with us sixty days."

## MISS TOPPUM'S "LIFT."

How a Boy Saved an Old Maid a Long Walk Down Hill.

"It don't do ter git diskeerged 'bout a boy. He may disappoint you pleasantly." The old flagman surveyed the stretch of track in both directions as he spoke, then rolling up his bright but well-worn banner, sat down upon an old hand-car beside the road. His vocabulary was more extensive than accurate, and it was often necessary to exert one's imagination in order to arrive at his full meaning.

"It's pretty hard," he said, "to look at a rampant boy an' see the Dan'l Webster, or moreover, the Lord Chesterfield in him. But it may lurk there in subtle guise, howsomever."

"I have tended this 'ere crossin' thirty years, an' everythin' from that school there, on the hill, has ter come over this track, an' I have got pretty well versed in the habits of young ones."

"When people 'lowed Briggs' boy was destined ter hang pendant from the galleys, I used ter cry, 'Halt!' 'He ain't nothin' but a yearlin', says I, 'wait ten year or so, 'fore yer vote him sech an ag-gre-jus failure.' An' he did turn out ter be famously heard of."

"What did he do?" asked the listener.

"Well, I hed trouble 'nough with him. He was interally persistin' in gittin' behind me an' shoutin' out, 'War-hoo! war-hoo!' ter see me jump a rod or too. Up to all sech capers! But the time he took Miss Toppum down hill was a clincher. He give her a 'lift' as we say, figurative."

"Yet see 'twas godd blidin' on the hill that winter, an' the sleds was flyin' over this crossin' two a minute contiguous. Briggs' boy was leadin' the band, as usual. He was on a single sled that day."

"I see him start from the top of the hill, an' he was jest under full way when I noticed Miss Toppum walkin' long moderate, right in the rut where the sleds was goin'." She's sixty year old, an' consequently very hard of hearing; so she didn't pay no 'tention ter the shoutin'."

"The lad tried ter turn his sled out, 'twas so deep in the rut that he couldn't; so he jest give a little spring, fer he was steerin' by the leg, an' 'funk himself over with his feet, for an' holdin' but his arms, let slide right at her."

"She sot down sudden but firm; an' he held on to her an' long they come. I could see 'em some distance, an' the boy was so hid it looked fur all the world as if Miss Toppum was out slidin'."

"I could see when they went by me that the old lady hedn't made up her mind whether she was dreamin', or whether she was tuk up by a cyclone."

"She lives right there in that house, an' they slow'd down an' stopp'd right in front of the gate. She was all of a whew, but that boy jest got up an' tuk off his cap an' says, perlit as can be:—"

"'Oh, no trouble at all, madam; I was comin' your way, an' was glad ter save yer the walk.'—Youth's Companion.

## THEATRICAL SLANG.

Phrases That Are in Co-stant Use by the Children of the Footlights.

Few callings exploit as much slang as that of the actor. He has a slang word for every phase of his business. The performance, to begin with, is the "show," which, when good, is "out of sight," when bad, is "snide," though the words "screamer" and "goosey" are sometimes used as alternatives with the first-named expressions. The stage manager is commonly "Daddy," and a professional actor is "one of the profesh."

A person who appears on the stage on special occasions, and in very subordinate parts, is a "super," often still further contracted into "supe," while the leader of the orchestra is always the "professor" and the place where he and the musicians sit is often known as the "menagerie." When the salaries have been paid the actors tell each other that the "ghost walks," while actors who have performances in halls and such places as can be obtained are disrespectfully known as "barnstormers." A place where only one performance is given is a "one-night stand," and to "play to good business" is to succeed financially in a theatrical venture. By the "house" is meant the audience, and to "paper the house" is to send out a large number of "complimentaries," or tickets for which no money has been paid. By a "run" is meant the number of performances given at one "stand," or theater, while a "star" is understood to mean the leading actor of a play; a "walking gentleman" is an actor who speaks a little, a "serio-comic" is an actor whose work is indicated by his name. An actor "sticks" when he forgets the words assigned to him and "kicks" when he raises an objection to an order or request. In stage parlance "business" is any by-play, either preconcerted or impromptu, performed by an actor in order to fill an interval while some one else is speaking, to further the course of the plot, or simply to cause amusement among the audience. The stage is the "boards," and the gallery the "home of the gods."—Detroit Free Press.

## Why It Was.

Husband—Why do your clothes cost you one hundred dollars more this year than they did last? Aren't things cheaper?

Wife—Yes, dear, that's just it. There are so many more bargains.—Elmira Telegram.

## THE CHARM OF FANCY DRESS.

The Joy of Being for a Few Brief Hours a Queen or Famous Beauty.

Fancy dress is always piquantly attractive to women. To pose for an hour as some famous beauty, with conquests unnumbered and lovers galore—to put on with a gown the personality of some royal woman, rich in sweet, attractive grace, is to have a vacation from one's own limitations and prosaic graces that is delightfully intoxicating in its effect, like the effervescence of champagne. But to achieve novelty and distinction in fancy dress is not easy in these days of renaissance, when portrait galleries and libraries are ransacked by fashion makers, when the maid in the areaway wears, as the New York Sun says, the replica of a court lady's gown done in velvet, when the milliner's apprentice affects the duchess of Devonshire hat, and everybody models her morning wrappers after the dress in which Josephine was crowned. There are a few picturesque costumes that fashion has not made commonplace. Among these is the Roumanian dress, whose rich embroideries are picturesquely unfamiliar.

The souave of velvet, braided with gold; the turned-down collar of linen, the full waist of sheer lawn, the tiny hat with the eagle's feathers.

The ox-eye daisy, brown-eyed Susans, as the children called the yellow daisies with the crown velvet centers, is an attractive gown for a brown-eyed beauty. The bodice is of brown velvet, the skirt of long, narrow petals of liberty tissue in yellow, falling over a petticoat also of yellow. Yellow silk daisies make epaulettes on the shoulder and an odd little head dress. The fan, too, is a daisy, and the slippers are yellow, with stockings of brown.

The electric dress is novel and most pleasing, for forked lightning of gold is brocaded into a satin surface of deep blue, like the color of the sky before a storm. Over this falls a cloudlike drape of gray gauze belted with wires. A transparent globe, crossed many times with wire and lighted with electricity inside, surmounts a staff wired round about, and a crown of colored electric lights flashes in the coiffure of the maiden daring enough to wear the battery concealed beneath her wings of silver gauze. Fortunate indeed is the maid or matron whose brilliancy of beauty, keen flashes of wit, radiant eye, and genial scientillation of charm supplement the costume.—Chicago Times.

## HARMONIES IN COLORS.

Where People of Fashion Might Get Some Useful Hints.

Some foreign writers on matters of art insist that Americans have no idea of harmony in color and are almost lacking in artistic appreciation of color effects. The explanation is that we are too busy to settle down selecting exact and harmonious shades, and that in matters of dress we simply duplicate the colors worn at Paris regardless of their suitability to our American atmosphere.

The ability to select harmonious shades with an unerring instinct for proper effect is largely a matter of temperament, affected more or less by climatic influences. Take the people in semi-tropical regions. The most fastidious artists have no fault to find with the color relation between apparel and background. It is said, for instance, that no two Moors will walk together on the street if the colors of their robes are inharmonious, for the Moor has an instinctive sense of colors. The tints in the gown of the merchant are in perfect harmony with the prevailing tones of his wares. An American would probably think he was straining a point if he took time to regulate the color of his attire by the prevailing tones in his office or of the street in which he walks. The fact is, the oriental does not take time either to cultivate a taste for artistic effects or to put in practice prescribed rules for color effects. With him it is a matter of temperament. The colors of the Scotch tartan, while very effective in the soft, misty atmosphere of Scotland, look crude and are consequently out of place in the clear air of France or Italy. In this country there is an epidemic of color riots. At least an aesthetic foreigner pronounces this lack of harmony in color a disease. Take, for example, a combination which is very stylish at present, that of a clear, decided blue and a green—not a transparent shade, but a green that is glaringly bright. There is absolutely no excuse for such a combination, but it is one of the caprices of fashion, and fashion too often rather than taste or reason sways most of us.—N. Y. Herald.

## Violets on the Muff.

A muff is quite incomplete nowadays unless decorated with a bunch of violets, real or artificial. If yours is of fur and you can not fasten the blossoms thereon without harm to the skin, stick them in the knot of ribbon that suspends the muff from your neck. Another way of overcoming the difficulty is to pass a ribbon through the muff, tie it in a bow on the outside, and attach your posies thereto.—N. Y. World.

## Linon Skirt Lining.

Unless one can afford a good quality of lining silk, the best skirt lining is of linen. It is substantial enough to cause the dress to hang properly. It wears well and slips on and off easily. Linon dress foundations in all shades may be had, and the silk dust ruffle may be added to give the desirable rustle.—Chicago Tribune.

## RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The late Phillips Brooks was a member of the class of '55 at Harvard.

—William Astor has promised \$1,000,000 to found a university for colored people at Oklahoma.

—Nine hundred and eighty millions of dollars are invested in the 140,000 churches in the United States.

—One-third of the students abroad, it is said, die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired in college.

—When God sees that we are in earnest but lacking in faith, He will give us something to do that will increase it.—Ram's Horn.

—There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—R. W. Emerson.

—Cavalry Baptist church, of Washington, D. C., celebrated New Year's day by collecting subscriptions amounting to nearly \$150,000.

—Nothing is more a friend to society than religion; it regulates everything, puts everything in its place and makes everything happy.—Ray.

—The late Thomas G. Hodgkins, of Setauket, L. I., bequeathed his entire estate, valued at \$500,000, to the regents of the Smithsonian institution at Washington.

—R. K. Parsons has offered \$150,000 to the Congregational Theological seminary of Chicago on the condition that \$400,000 additional be raised by November 1 next.

—A religious census of Lafayette college, taken in connection with the day of prayer for colleges, shows a total church membership of 200 in an undergraduate body of 285.

—The recently elected mayor of Cambridge, Mass., W. A. Baneroff, is known to college men throughout the country as "Foxy" Baneroff, the great stroke and coach among Harvard oarsmen.

—Lehigh university proposes to build a laboratory that shall have no equal in the college world. It will be 240 feet long and sixty feet wide, and will be four stories high, with a basement. The cost will be over \$200,000.

—Mr. John L. Woods, a retired lumber dealer of Cleveland, O., has given \$120,000 to the medical college of the Western Reserve university. This makes the amount of money received by the university in the last two years \$400,000.

—Old Morris chapel, one of the famous Methodist churches of Cincinnati, at whose altars hundreds of souls have been saved, is now a theater with a saloon attached. Old Langley avenue Methodist church, Chicago, is a dancing academy.

—A total of \$2,0061,927 was contributed during the past year in sums of \$10,000 and upward to the foundation or support of universities, colleges, seminaries, manual training schools, churches, libraries, museums, art collections, etc.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—It is not man's sins that find him out; it is his neighbor.—Aitchison Globe.

—The greatest part of a self-willed man's estate usually goes to the lawyers.—Troy Press.

—It is the business of the prophet to proclaim eternal truth and let that truth crystallize as well.—Anon.

—Talk is cheap. If you don't believe it see how much you can get for the price of a shave.—Elmira Gazette.

—A boy never looks in the glass to see if his face is clean after he has washed it; he looks at the dirt on the towel.

—The reason it is no joke to step on a tack in the dark is because it is impossible to see the point.—Rochester Democrat.

—A woman may not always be able to discriminate, but she can tell a good secret as soon as she hears it.—Elmira Gazette.

—The man who objects most to the big hat at the theater has nothing to say against it at church. He sleeps behind it.—Philadelphia Record.

—The street piano may yet be regarded as a blessing because it can play louder than the man with an ear for music can whistle.—Washington Star.

—Jawkins says that he spent so much money for lively teams during his courtship that his diet has been very lively ever since he was married.—Boston Transcript.

—"He's a tyrant. Why, he makes his wife cook his meals." "And does he eat them?" "He does." "That's not tyrannical. It is blind heroism."—Harpers's Bazar.

—Cholle—"Doctor, I have something the matter with my brain, could aw, you tell me what it is?" Dr. Gruff—"That is a question for an analytical chemist, not a physician. Five dollars, please. Good day, sir."—Vogue.

—Any man who is placed behind a big hat in the theater has the right to go to the box office and ask for the return of his money. He will not get it, but that does not interfere with his right to ask for it.—Philadelphia Record.