

HE KNEW TOO MUCH.

AS A CONSEQUENCE HIS WEDDING COST HIM A LITTLE EXTRA.

He Was No Jay, on His First Journey Away From Home, and Didn't Have to Show His Tickets—He Turned Out to Be a Pretty Good Sized Man After All.

C. F. Daly, general passenger agent of the Lake Erie and Western was standing one afternoon in the Union depot at Kansas City. The west bound trains had backed up on their allotted tracks and were receiving their passengers. A tall, well dressed man with a lady on his arm presently approached the rear sleeper on the Burlington train. Mr. Daly's experienced eye told him at a glance that they were bride and groom. Without hesitation or inquiry of any kind the man was proceeding to hand his bride up the steps of the Pullman sleeper when the conductor demanded his tickets.

"Oh, I have got my tickets all right," replied the tourist. "I know where I am going, and I don't need to show my tickets to you."

"I am very sorry at having to inconvenience you," replied the conductor affably, "but my instructions are not to allow any one to get on my train without first seeing his tickets."

"There is no law to make me show you my tickets," growled the man. "I haven't got to, and I don't mean to, I tell you. I know where I am going, have got my tickets and am able to take care of myself. I am no jay, on my first trip abroad."

"I am sorry," again replied the conductor courteously, "but my instructions are peremptory. Stand aside, please, and let these other passengers into the car."

"Oh, show him your tickets, dear, and do not make all this fuss about so simple a matter," sweetly remarked the bride.

"No, I will not," replied the gentleman. "I haven't got to, and now that my ire is aroused over this thing I don't propose to back down. I know where I am going and how to take care of myself."

"There is our superintendent of car service. You may speak to him about this matter," said the conductor as he saw his superior officer approach. "If he says you can board the car without showing your ticket, why, it will be all right."

"What is the trouble here?" asked the car superintendent as he came up to see what the altercation was about.

"Your conductor demands that I show him my ticket before I board the car," replied the man. "I say I have not got to and do not mean to. I know where I am going and am able to look after myself."

"Have you got your tickets?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes, I have them in my pocket all right. I know what I am doing."

"Have you got your sleeping car tickets?"

"Yes, I have it all right in my pocket. It is for section 7. I know what I am doing, I tell you."

"Oh, well, let the man on the car," said the superintendent. "If he has his tickets, as he says he has, it is not worth while contending with him over the matter and delaying the other passengers."

The conductor stepped aside and let the couple pass, calling the porter to take the satchel as he did so. Presently the train pulled out of the depot and was speeding across the prairies at a rapid rate, when the conductor began to collect the tickets in the sleeping car. As he did so he noticed that all the seats in section 7 were occupied, and he immediately surmised that there was a peg out of place somewhere, and that there would be more fun with the obstreperous passenger. He kept his counsel to himself, however, and went on with his collections. When he reached section 7, he took the tickets of the two parties occupying the seats opposite his bridal friends, saw that they were for that section—for the upper and lower berths respectively—and his surmise was thereby developed into a certainty. Without asking the man again for his ticket he passed through all the other sleeping cars on the train, took up all the tickets and found that every berth was occupied without leaving any for his friends.

"Tickets, please," demanded the train conductor. The man drew forth his pasteboards, and the conductor examined them closely.

"These tickets do not read over this road," remarked the conductor as he folded them up and handed them back. "This is the direct route to Denver from Kansas City. Your tickets read round by Pueblo."

"What is the fare from Kansas City to Denver?" asked the man.

"The fare is \$18.15," replied the train conductor—"\$36.30 for two." The money was counted out without a word.

"Can you sell me a berth?" asked the man, turning to the sleeping car conductor.

"I am very sorry, but every berth on this train is sold. The best I can do for you is to put you in a chair car. There are a few seats still unoccupied there. Porter, take this gentleman's traps to the chair car."

On reaching the door of the car the man turned, and in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by every one in the car said:

"Conductor, at the suggestion of this lady, my wife, I want to make you a humble apology for my hoggishness for refusing to show you my tickets in the first place. There was no occasion for it. I thought I could take care of myself, but now I find I cannot. I have had to pay for my ill breeding, but no more than I deserve. I want to apologize as publicly as the offense was committed. You have acted the gentleman all through this affair, and I now humbly apologize to you as I ought."—Chicago Post.

CURIOSITIES OF SEEING.

Remarkable Experiments Which Show How Easily the Eye Is Deceived.

Some very remarkable experiments, which any one, with a little care, may repeat for himself, have recently been made on the perspective effects of color. If on a screen of black velvet placed about 10 feet away large letters are pasted, some blue and some red, the letters will not appear to be at an equal distance from the eyes. To some persons the red letters will seem nearer than the blue letters, while to others the contrary effect will be manifested, the blue letters appearing nearer than the red ones.

To produce this curious effect both eyes must be used. When one eye is closed, the letters are all seen at the same distance. On opening the other eye one set of letters immediately appears to take a position in advance of the others.

The explanation offered is that a sort of stereoscopic effect is produced in the eye itself, depending on color. The image of a blue object is shifted by the eye toward one side, and that of a red object toward the other side, the cause of the shifting being the eccentricity of the pupil of the eye.

This eccentricity may be increased by holding a black screen close to the eye so as to cover one-half of the pupil. The effect is best viewed by screening both pupils at the same time. If on looking at blue and red letters on a black background placed 10 or 12 feet away you see the red letters nearer than the blue ones, screen off one-half of the pupil of each eye, on the outside, and you will then see the red letters retire behind the blue ones.

If you screen the pupils on the side toward the nose, you will see the red letters advance apparently still farther ahead of the blue letters.

If, on the other hand, you naturally see the blue in advance, screen the inner side of your pupils, and the red will come to the front.

It has lately been shown by Dr. A. D. Waller that very beautiful effects can be produced with one eye alone when, instead of letters, red or blue rings are pasted on a background of the opposite color. Placing red rings on blue paper and using the right eye with the inner side of the pupil covered, the appearance is that of circular red hillocks resting upon a blue ground.

To produce this effect in its highest degree the paper should be held to the left and sloping in that direction. When the outer side of the pupil is screened, the red ring become circular trenches in the blue paper.—Youth's Companion.

Ineffectual.

In country places where amusement is not abundant and people depend upon each other for diversion, neighborly familiarity naturally flourishes, and the habit of "running in" to visit friends may be carried to an unpleasant excess.

A family living in North Carolina found it something of a strain upon their ideas of hospitality to be obliged every day to entertain a tedious woman of 80. The favorite book or the necessary piece of work had to be put aside in order to shout bits of conversation in her ear.

At last the father, in desperation, planned to go into a sudden fit of temper in the presence of the obnoxious caller in the hope of convincing her that they were not pleasant people to visit.

Accordingly one evening, when he returned from business and found the old lady present as usual, he began to talk loudly and in an irritated voice. Then, growing more excited, he stamped about the room, knocking furniture right and left and ended by going out and banging the door after him.

The old lady knitted away quietly through the confusion, and when the man was gone she turned to the family and said in a comforting voice:

"I reckon it was mighty lucky I was here, or you'd had to take it. But you needn't be frightened. I'll stay right here with you till he gets over it."—Exchange.

Commodores by the Hundred.

A fellow member of the cabinet called on Secretary Herbert one day shortly after the inauguration. His face was not familiar, and he was stopped at the door.

"Are you a commodore?" asked the messenger.

The cabinet member caught his breath and said he wasn't.

"Then you can't go in," said the messenger decidedly.

It took some explanation to set things right. The cabinet member was a "commodore," but he did not know it. "Commodores," in the understanding of the navy department messengers, are not those of that official rank. Senators and representatives and all of such official positions and relations as entitle them to prompt admission to the secretary are "commodores."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Maine Stage Line.

There is a cross country stage line from Abbott Village, Me., on the Piscataquis river, to Bingham, on the Kennebec, the only intervening settlements being Kingsburg and Mayfield, both such small villages that they are scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding country. The length of the route is over 25 miles, and it is doubtful if there are many more than 50 occupied dwelling houses on the main road along the line.—Lewiston Journal.

An Observant Michigander's Discovery.

"Did you ever notice," said M. B. Church of Grand Rapids at the Normandie, "that the Washington monument has the exact dimensions of an ocean steamship? It has. It is 550 feet long and 55 feet at the base. Just compare these figures with those of the leading Atlantic liners, and you will find that they are just about the same—length 10 times the beam and depth. It is the outcome of symmetry."—Washington Post.

THE BOMB THROWER.

The similarity of this latest explosion at Paris to that at Barcelona is so striking as to suggest a concerted plan.—Baltimore Sun.

The dynamiter is likely to reduce the ranks of socialists, for all Europe is charging the anarchists to modern socialism.—New York World.

The explosion shows that the vigilance of the police authorities in France is not yet equal to the shadowing of every anarchist.—Detroit Free Press.

This atrocious deed is regarded of more moment because it is the first instance of the kind in which a legislative chamber, while the members were in session, has been invaded by a bomb thrower.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

The man who threw the bomb in the French chamber of deputies, it will be observed, is not a half witted crank, but a member of a class which has determinations that are strong, however indefinite they may sometimes seem.—Providence Journal.

It seems to be a question whether the invention of dynamite was a good thing or not. Since it has become the universal weapon of anarchists the very name of dynamite inspires fear. In the hands of these enemies of society it is a more destructive force than anything else which can be obtained.—Buffalo Enquirer.

The explosion of that bomb in the chamber of deputies at Paris shook the continent of Europe. This is not a figure of speech; it is a simple statement of fact. What has been done at Paris may be duplicated at Rome, at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Vienna, at Berlin. Nobody knows which capital's turn will come next. The only thing certain is the existence of a common peril, the oppressive sense of universal insecurity.—Hartford Courant.

THE STUNNING GIRL.

Gloves this winter follow the shades of the toilet or street costume.

Berthas, collarettes, lace frills, jabots and fichias are peremptorily demanded by present fashion.

Tiny collarettes for the theater, opera and like dressy uses are made of watered silk, embroidered or braided cloth, fur and lace and brocade.

Added basques and panniers, also panels and apron overskirts, continue to appeal for patronage, but notwithstanding this a certain reserve is being steadily maintained.

Wide bias pieces of velvet drawn through "jeweled" or jet buckles and slightly puffed to give them a broad effect trim the fronts of small princess bonnets and toques.

Cream colored crepe de chine combined with fuchsia red velvet forms a very pretty theater waist, and another dainty creation is pink crepon made up with black velvet and jetted bands.

Black lace insertions are in great use this season in inch and two inch widths, laid flatly on the dress fabric and not inserted as formerly, so that at present they appear with a tiny curled finish.

Decided contrast in color and fabric is the order of the day among fashionable winter gowns. Light hues are combined with dark shades on out of door costumes, and dark dyes in velvet, fur, brocade and moire are introduced into pale tinted toiles for evening wear.—New York Post.

THE DENTIST.

Use a quill pick if necessary after eating, but a piece of waxed floss is better.

Coarse, hard brushes and soapy dentifrices cause the gums to recede, leaving the dentine exposed.

Avoid all tooth pastes and dentifrices that foam in the mouth. The latter is a sure sign of soap, and soap injures the gums without in any way cleansing the teeth.

Use a good tooth powder twice a week, not oftener, except in case of sickness, when the acids from a disordered stomach are apt to have an unwholesome effect upon the dentine.

Use a soft brush and water the temperature of the mouth. Brush the teeth up and down in the morning, before going to bed and after eating, whether it is three or six times a day.

The very best powder is of precipitated chalk. It is absolutely harmless and will clean the enamel without affecting the gums. Orris root or a little wintergreen added gives a pleasant flavor, but in no way improves the chalk.

At least a quart of tepid water should be used in rinsing the mouth. A teaspoonful of listerine in half a glass of water used as a gargle after meals is excellent. It is good for sore or loose gums. It sweetens the mouth and is a valuable antiseptic.—New York Dental Surgeon.

THE ELECTRICIAN.

A conduit trolley system—the Love—has been in successful operation in Washington City since March last. It is a double wire system, and the leakage in it is hardly recognizable.

Eugene Baldwin, an amateur electrician of Montreal, has devised a wind wheel which, in connection with a dynamo and storage batteries, furnishes all the lights he needs in his house.

According to the Boston Commercial Bulletin, a simple and inexpensive device has been invented whereby the broken section of a trolley or other live electric wire is made harmless the instant the break occurs.

Arthur V. Abbott estimates that the 530 electric roads in the country now use 7,500 miles of track, with 17,000 cars, requiring engines of 100,000 horsepower. The companies are capitalized for \$135,000,000. In addition to this Mr. Abbott figures that we have over 400,000 miles of telephone lines in service, with 100,000 miles of underground cable.

THE GUNNER.

The Russian army was increased 352,592 men by the recent annual conscription.

After the surrender of the Turks at Plevna the Russians took possession of \$17,000,000 worth of arms.

Russia spends 225,000,000 rubles a year on the army and 40,000,000 on the navy. A silver ruble is worth nearly 75 cents, a paper ruble about 50 cents.

In proportion to the numbers engaged, Waterloo was the bloodiest battle of modern times. Over 35 per cent of the men engaged were killed or wounded.

The Krug-Jorgensen magazine rifle is now being manufactured in the arsenal in Springfield, Mass. In expert hands this is capable of firing nearly 40 shots a minute.

Russia boasts one regiment of flat-nosed men, formed long ago out of compliment to Emperor Paul's style of nasal promontory and kept up since by selection from the recruits.

Facts Versus Fancy.

"I would not live away." The voice of the man with one eye and white whiskers in the front pew was plainly audible in the refrain.

"I would not live away." His bosom heaved.

"I would not live away." His face was sweetly transfigured with earnestness.

In a home of the middle class a man held discourse with a woman. "It's a blamed wonder," he was saying, "that you've got to mislay my chest protector. And here's my winter underclothes without a button on them."

He was a man with one eye and white whiskers.—Brooklyn Life.

No Time to Be Lost.



Mr. O'Toole—O! want an insurance policy on me wife, and be a little quick about it too. The doctor says she might do at any toime.—Truth.

Not His Fault.

"This is the third time you have soiled your waistcoat and torn your trousers, Osgoodson," said his mother, putting him across her knee, "and I shall have to punish you."

"I protest against such treatment," responded the juvenile Bostonian, with as much dignity as he could command under the circumstances. "The abnormal!"

Whack!

"Development of the organ of"—

Whack!

"Destructiveness does not arise, as you can ascertain by"—

Whack!

"Consulting the authorities, from a deliberate purpose to"—

Whack!

"Do evil, but solely from"—

Whack! Whack!

"Hereditary! Ouch! Murder! Great Scott! Stop, darn it, stop! That's enough!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Clever Ruse.

A gentleman who had been refreshing himself a short time previously at one of the Boulevard cafes hurriedly re-entered the establishment, and addressing the waiter anxiously inquired of him:

"Did I leave behind me a small parcel, tied with a string, on the table?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter.

"By Jove, then, it's unlucky. I shouldn't like the parcel to get into strange hands, for it contained some valuable"

"Jewels, sir," suggested the waiter, smiling blandly.

"Jewels! No, man, scorpions. Some very rare and deadly scorpions."

The waiter smiled no more. He, on the contrary, turned deathly pale, and sinking into the nearest chair gasped, as he pointed to his coat pocket, "They are there."—Spare Moments.

He Had Had It.

The Doctor—Do you ever have a sinking feeling?

The Patient—No.

The Doctor—Have you ever had it?

The Patient—No—yes, once.

The Doctor—Ah, you've had it once! We'll get at your trouble immediately. Now, then, please tell me when it was that you had that sinking feeling?

The Patient—When I fell overboard from a boat.—New York Press.

"One on the Dog."



—Life.

Explained.

"Well," said the new reporter confidently, "there is one thing I can say that most reporters cannot."

"What is that?"

"Our city editor never 'blue pencils' my copy."

"Indeed?"

"No. He uses a red pencil."—Washington Star.

Good Advice.

A man was once brought before the magistrates at Leeds. The magistrates told the lawyer to take the man into another room to give him good advice. When the lawyer returned, the magistrates asked where the prisoner was. The lawyer replied:

"I advised him to get through the window, and he's a mile away now."—Tit-Bits.

The Humors of the Museum.

"Slang is always vulgar," said the manager of the dime museum, "but it is sometimes funny too."

"Yes?"

"Yes. For instance, it does sound funny to hear the living skeleton asking the fat lady if she will lend him a couple of bones."

—New York Press.

Providing a Proxy.

"Perkins," said the little girl on Prairie avenue, "aren't you my nurse?"

"Yes, Miss Florry," answered the middle aged matron.

"Then I want you to go in there where the doctor is," said Miss Florry imperiously, "and be vax'nated in my place!"—Chicago Record.

Repartee.

Bootblack—Shine!

Tipple (roughly) Don't need it.

Bootblack—I wasn't agoin' t' shine yer nose!—Truth.

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