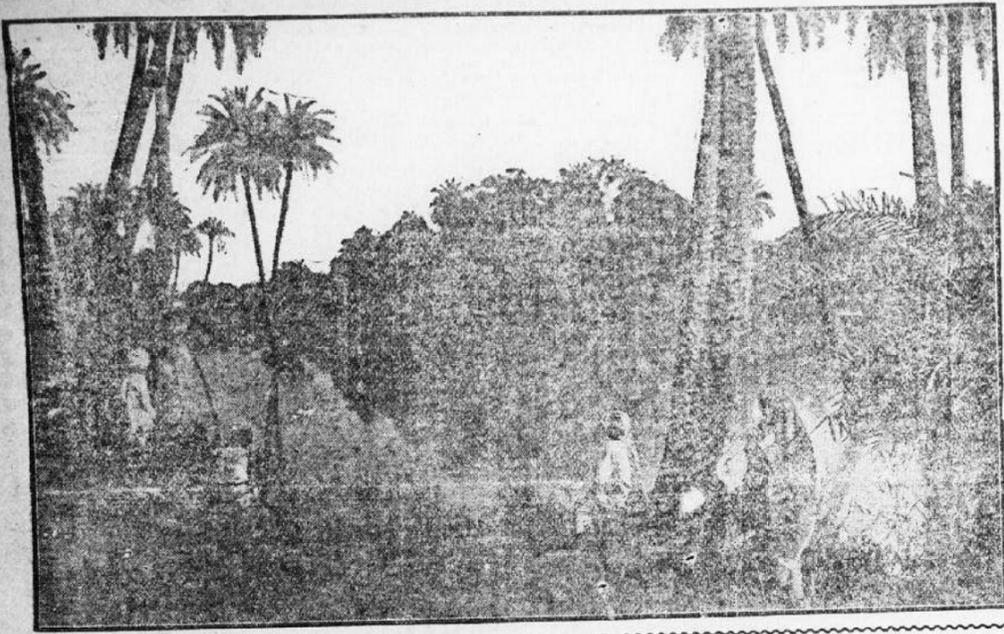


TYPICAL CENTRAL INDIAN SCENERY



ALL SOMEWHAT OUT OF PLACE.

Mrs. Goodheart's Strange Comment on Husband's Plan.

When Mr. Goodheart came home to supper he found Mrs. Goodheart in a state akin to despondency, which was quite unusual with her.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" he anxiously inquired.

"Matter enough," said she. "Our servant has left us, and here is a letter from Sarah Armatige saying she will be here to-morrow, and expects to stay over Sunday with us. What on earth is to be done?"

"Oh, that will be all right," said Mr. Goodheart. "Harold can act as dining room waiter, Millie can be maid of all work, and you can be cook. You know you are a good one. We shall get along swimmingly."

"And what will you do?" inquired Mrs. Goodheart.

"Me? Oh, I'll be a gentleman," he replied.

"Very well, we will try your plan, Edmund," said she, cheerfully; "but I am afraid we shall all feel rather awkward in our unaccustomed roles." Mr. Goodheart says she was as cheerful as a lark all the remainder of the evening.

AGED MEMBERS OF SOCIETY.

Remarkable List Read at Meeting in New York.

The most remarkable list of old members of the New York Historical society who have died within the last

three months was read at the regular meeting of the society last week. Eleven names comprise the necrology and the average age was over 76 years. The oldest member was Randolph W. Townsend, who was 91 years of age, and had been a life member since 1850. Another nonagenarian was William Miles, 90 years old, who had been a life member since 1845. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, who was 81 years old, had also been a member since 1845. No members are now living who joined previous to that year, and there is now but one 1845 survivor. He is Paul N. Spofford, and he has the honor of being the oldest living member in the society. He is about 90 years old and is too feeble to attend any of the meetings. The other deceased members were Luther R. Marsh, 89; Samuel D. Babcock, 82; William Allen Butler, 78; Eugene A. Hoffman, 74; Henry W. Bilby, 69; Isaac Myer, 66; James Benckard, 63, and Nicholas Fish, 57.—New York Times.

FAME—AND THE BUTLER.

Senator Dolliver Tells Incident of His Early Life.

Senator Dolliver of Iowa tells of an embarrassing incident which once occurred to him. It is supposed to illustrate the difficulty a man of small means finds in getting along at the national capital.

"On one occasion I was invited to attend a social function given by a high official. I went and had a most

delightful time, concluding that Washington social life was not a thing to be in the least afraid of. This conclusion was reached, by the way, just as I was taking leave of the host.

"A liveried servant approached me and asked if my carriage was in waiting and whether it was a single or double conveyance. Out of consideration for a lean pocketbook I had ordered a cab rather than a two-horse carriage. I had the pleasure of hearing the servant shouting to the carriage driver:

"Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack! Senator Dolliver's one-horse hack!"

"The man then came to me, and, with his head high in the air, announced: 'Your hack's waitin', Senator Dolliver.'—The Pilgrim.

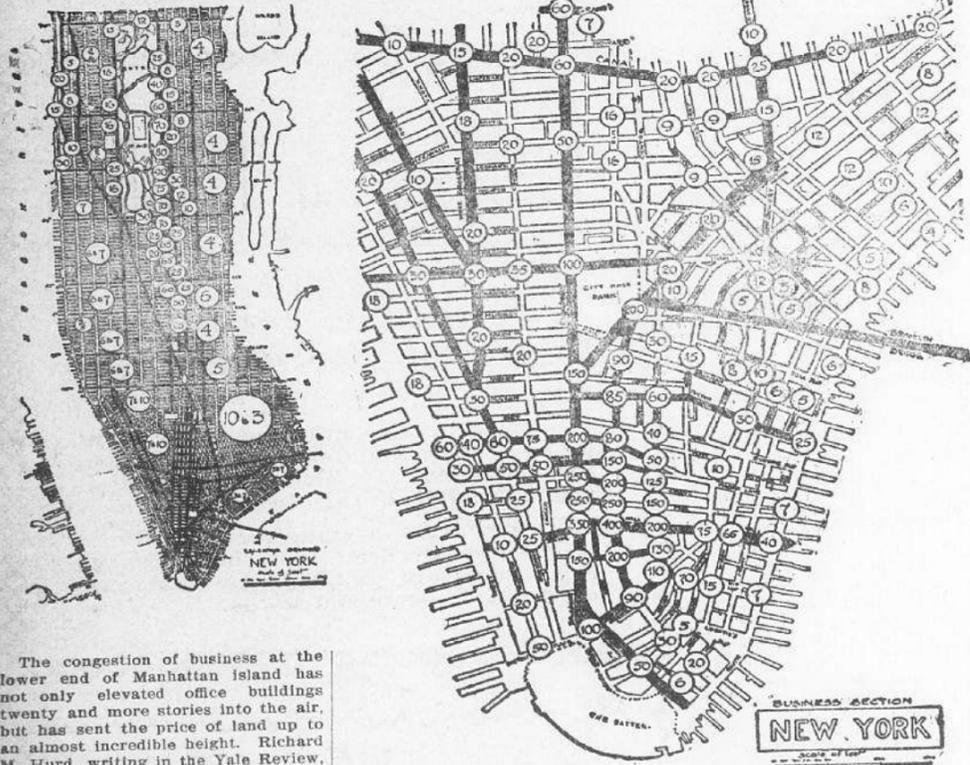
Disbelieves in Vegetarianism.
"My experience in dieting," writes Dr. Yorke Davies, "teaches me that those people who eat a proper amount of meat, fish, and animal food generally are stronger and in every way physically and mentally superior to vegetarians, and I speak from a very large experience in the matter."

Fine Collection of Pioneer Relics.
Elwell Hoyt, a Eau Claire, Mich., has the most complete collection of pioneer relics in the Central States, and keeps them in a log cabin built at his home for that purpose.

Railroad Building in Japan.
In the past thirty years Japan has built 4,000 miles of railways.

Land in New York at \$450 a Square Foot.

(Figures in map from Yale Review show values per square foot.)



The congestion of business at the lower end of Manhattan island has not only elevated office buildings twenty and more stories into the air, but has sent the price of land up to an almost incredible height. Richard M. Hurd, writing in the Yale Review, gives figures that would seem to show that we come near to having "golden streets" in a locality that in some other respects is not so suggestive of the better land. He gives the following interesting figures in regard to New York:

"The banking district appears to include the most valuable land in the world, the financial section in London being the only competitor. The two corners of Wall street and Broad street were sold about thirty years ago at \$350 per square foot, and \$450 has been offered for the corner of Wall street and Broadway, by contrast with which the Statist says that \$62 (or \$300) a square foot, including a fairly substantial building, is the highest price known in London.

"The average price of land in the financial district varies from \$150 to

\$200 per square foot. Next in the scale comes the women's shopping district on Sixth avenue, from Fourteenth to Twenty-third street; also on Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets, and on Broadway, from Ninth to Twenty-third street, with an average scale of \$60 to \$100, and an occasional sale such as that at Sixth avenue and Twenty-second street, at \$180, and the northwest corner of Broadway and Thirty-fourth street (having an area of less than 2,000 square feet) at \$350."

Any one who can foresee the movements of population, business, and real estate values in New York, or anywhere else, has, it is needless to say, a lucrative gift. Mr. Hurd hazards the following predictions:

"It appears quite probable that the greater part of the surface of Manhattan island will be ultimately devoted to business solely, the space above the ground floor, if not utilized for business, being occupied by hotels, apartment houses, flats and tenements. Probably the only exclusive residence occupancy will be in the most fashionable localities in and near Fifth avenue and Central park, where the rich who desire to live in town, can afford to hold their property against the encroachments of business. Even here restrictions running with the land may be necessary, the weakness of their position being that one shop injures an entire block, while one residence may have but little effect on a block of stores."

JEST and JOHNTY

MORE TROUBLE.

No Doubt of it.
The waiter started as the woman got up and left the restaurant. Then as she disappeared into the street he rushed up to the proprietor and whispered into his ears:

"That woman was a man in disguise."

"What makes you think so?"
"I'm sure of it," said the man with the napkin. "She ordered a steak, potatoes, salad, cheese and pie—none of your coffee and rolls—and—here he hissed the words into the ear of his listener—"she tipped me!"

Nothing Doing.
Goodhart—I'm surprised that you shouldn't consider him charitable. Whenever any of his neighbors are in trouble he's always the first to ask if he can do anything for them.
Pepprey—Yes, he goes about it like a woman out shopping. It doesn't cost him anything to ask questions.

Undeserved Credit.
"Silas Brinkner says he stayed under water for nigh a minit-n-a-half one day las' summer."
"Indeed! He must be amphibious."
"Eh! Well, if that's the Greek for liar you've hit it right just time.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Leading Man—We are having an awful time playing "Quo Vadis" in Kansas City.
Manager—What's the trouble?
Leading Man—Why, the Beef Trust has taken our bull away from us.

AFTER THE THEATER.



He—Does you' talk raw oysters?
She—Nope. De shells hurts mah froat.

More Tractable.
Great Employer—I always employ married men if possible.
His Friend—Good idea. Helps to conserve that sacred institution, the home.
Great Employer—I hadn't given that a thought, but I suppose it is so. I employ married men because they are more tractable.

Her Vocal Charm.
"Young Ruddleston is going to marry Miss Wipples, is he? She's a good, amiable girl, but not at all attractive."
"I know it. He fell in love with her voice."
"Her voice?"
"Yes; she uses it so seldom."

Plenty of Rope.
"Yes, indeed," said the steersman to the admiring young ladies who formed the cargo of the yacht; "yes, indeed, this vessel makes sixteen knots an hour."
"Mercy!" commented one innocent young thing; "at that rate you must use a lot of rope during a year."

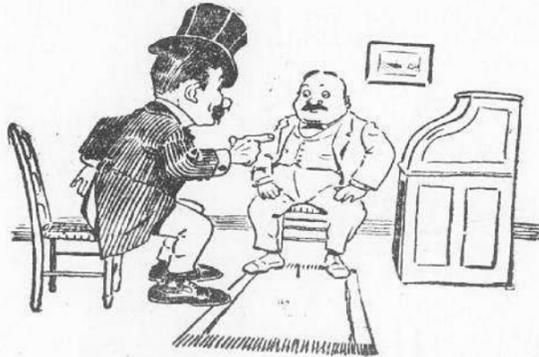
Fierce Indeed.
"Now, then, children," said the bachelor, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the North Pole?"
"Polecats," shouted the boy at the foot of the class.

A RECORD BREAKER.



Mr. Jones—I wish I had the new coat broken.
Mrs. Jones—I'll lend you the cook after dinner. She can break anything.

AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.



Proprietor—But suppose we make up 1,000 bottles of your hair dressing and you can't sell it, what then?
Promoter—Then we will print "c" in front of hair on the labels and have chair dressing. See?

Rubbing It In.
He—If you refuse me I shall put a bullet through my brain.
She—The idea! How could you?
He—I suppose you think I'm talking like a crazy man?
She—Oh, no, like a sharpshooter.

The Green Corporal.
"Why didn't you sack the town as I ordered?" demanded the frate general.
"Belcase we didn't hov iny bags, sor," responded the green corporal.

A Rustic Conclusion.
"Well, well," remarked Farmer Korntop at the zoo, "this here lions 'pears to be real good-natured."
"Mebbe," suggested his good wife, "it's one of them social lions ye read about in the papers."

Ne Plus Ultra.
"How dare you try to kiss me?" she cried indignantly. "Don't you know any better?"
"If I did I'd try to kiss her," replied he, "but really you are the best ever."

Before the Axe Fell.
Charlotte Corday was being tried for the murder of Marat.
"But," protested her counsel, "you exaggerate the affair. He merely got a dirkish bath."
Despite this masterly defense, the guillotine once more did its deadly work.

Relief Under Any Circumstances.
Mrs. Touser—And after the way you have treated me I suppose when you die you expect to go to heaven.
Mr. Touser—I don't know, my dear, where I shall bring up, but I have no doubt it will seem like heaven to me—by way of contrast, you know.

In a Boston Library.
Barnes—I suspect that Pingrey is quite a literary man. I know he spends the greater part of his time in the public library.
Howes—Yes; he tells me it is so quiet there he can get a nap almost any time without being awakened.

Good Fishing.
"I see they are trying to fish a lot of coal out of the Merrimac river where a coal barge was sunk ten years ago."
"By gum! that's the kind o' place mining that pays nowadays."

Sympathy.
Youngblood—"My rich uncle promised to do the right thing by me in his will."
Criticus—"That's too bad. He really ought to leave you something."