

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The Tale of a Cake.

An east end car was loaded down with shoppers, mostly women, for it was in the middle of the afternoon. Conversation was proceeding at a great rate. It was like a pink tea or a great party of the sewing circle. But all at once a hush fell over the fair chattering. A negro had entered, bearing in his arms an immense cake three or four decks high and frosted over from pit to dome, as they say of a theater. There was a profusion of flowers by way of decoration, and delicate traceries of gauzy lace completed the embellishments. The cake was so large that the negro could scarcely carry it. The cake told the whole story of the wedding, the bridesmaids, the orange flowers, the flower girls and the banquet afterward. Every feminine heart in that street car was a-flutter as its owner gazed speechlessly upon the evidence of a wedding to be.

It Was Red and Costly.

The most expensive dinner of modern times was given some years ago at the Savoy hotel, London, by a millionaire who has since met with an untimely end. It was known as the "red dinner" from the fact that almost everything in the dining room was red in color. All the floor decorations were red, the electric lamps were red, the knives were specially made with red handles, the chairs were red, the carpet was red, the table napkins were red and even the waiters wore red ties. The reason of this color predominating was that the millionaire had experienced a wonderful run of luck and had won a large sum of money through red turning up on the rouge et noir table at Monte Carlo. The winning figure was nine, and this figure was also in color. The menu card was red. On the first page was a large red nine, and on the back page was a portrayal of the top of a rouge et noir gaming table. The menu itself, which was printed in red, consisted of 18 courses, all of the most expensive character.

Can't Leave Wall Street.

Speaking of the fascination which Wall street exerts over those who have once entered its speculative arena, a newspaper man said: "In one of the largest commission brokerage establishments in Wall street at the noon hour I found scores of brokers, both old and young, feverishly scanning the quotations. I singled out a patriarchal looking broker, a pioneer on 'change.' 'Can a man retire from Wall street?' I asked him. 'You bet he can,' the old man replied, 'when he's flat broke. That's the only kind of a man I'll ever know to 'retire' from Wall street during an experience of nearly 40 years. Of course if he can raise a few dollars he'll be right back again. 'Then there's the man who has cleaned up a neat little fortune on some clever deal and taken a solemn oath never to come near the 'street' again. He always comes back. 'I knew one man, however, who really did quit. He is the exception that proves the rule, but he never had courage to come down town farther than Fourteenth street. The magnet failed to touch him at that distance.'"

Getting Rid of Etiquette.

Miss — called at Cambridge cottage to take the princess' directions on a parish matter and was astonished to find her in the garden running round the flower beds as hard as she could go. "Why are you running so fast, princess?" Miss — ventured to inquire. "To get rid of the etiquette," was the reply. "We have just had a visit from the emperor of —. 'Memorial of the Duchess of Teck.'"

Catching Rabbits.

Boys in Nebraska, a ferretless country, carry with them when hunting a coil of hose about an inch in diameter, which they pay out down a rabbit hole until the bottom is reached, meanwhile drawing the mouth of a sack over the hole. A cheerful shout down the hose brings the rabbit out at his heels, plump into the sack. The hose evidently does the business as quickly as the ferret, with no vexatious delays.—San Francisco Argonaut.

No Bargain.

"And now," said the minister, "we will sing 'Old Hundredth.'"

Her Best Time.

Mrs. Kute—You're not really going to ask him for your new hat before he's had his dinner?

One Fault.

Miss Crochet (after an attack upon the piano)—How do you like that? It is a song without words.

A Hint.

"Did you see that story about the man who got a needle in his arm while trying to kiss a girl?" he asked.

The Loghead's Name.

"The loghead turtle," said an old fisherman, "gets its name from the resemblance of its head and neck, under some circumstances, to the end of a log. You take a big turtle, one weighing, say, 600 or 800 pounds, and weighing, say, 600 or 800 pounds, and neck out of the water, and they look at a little distance just like the end of a log sticking up. Hence the name loghead."—New York Sun.

THE OLD SPORT TRICKED.

He Knew the Sharper's Game, but They Knew It Better. In the days when things were wide open there was a "brace" faro game on the other side of Canal street, where some pretty fat pigeons were frequently plucked. While this was going on a broken down sport formed the habit of dropping in and securing a share of the plunder by simply betting the reverse of the victim. The latter, for instance, would bet \$30 one way on the ace, and the old sport, knowing positively that the dupe would lose, would bet \$5 the other way on the same card. In order to secure the \$30 the dealer had to let the unwelcome visitor win his little five, and that sort of thing happened almost every time a fresh fool was plucked into the establishment.

Of course the sharper who ran the game regarded this proceeding on the old sport's part as a most outrageous invasion of their private rights, equivalent to blackmail. "I call it just the same as stealing for him to come in that way when we're skinning a man and take off a slice," said the main sharp, "and he really ought to be arrested. We must do something to stop him."

Accordingly they laid their heads together and evolved a Machiavelian scheme. A few days later a stranger, who had all the appearances of a very verdant planter, was steered into the place, and right behind him, as usual, came the old sport, scenting rich pickings. After playing for awhile in a small way the stranger, who appeared to be more than half tipsy, pulled out a huge roll of bills and offered to bet \$1,500 on the turn of a card. The proposition was promptly accepted, and the chance of his life, immediately worth \$85, which was every cent he had on earth. To his consternation, the planter won and he lost. That broke him of the habit and was the last time he ever tried to rob robbers. It turned out later that the planter was a Memphis gambler, "made up" expressly for the role.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CATCHING SMELTS.

How the Little Fish Are Hooked Through the Ice. The smelts are all caught with hook and line, says the Bangor Commercial. Taking them otherwise, such as by seine, would be regarded by the fishermen here as a great wrong. The fishing is all done in tents, the tents being about six feet long, five feet wide and high enough for a man to stand up in them. These tents are covered with cloth, heated by a stove and lighted usually by a lantern. I have known the temperature of my tent to vary, however, 30 degrees within ten minutes during a cold day.

False Teeth of Antiquity.

The manufacture and use of false teeth are undoubtedly of great antiquity. The ancient Egyptians were no mean dentists. Jawbones of mummies have been found with false teeth in them, and also with teeth filled with gold. The ancient Greeks also knew how to fill teeth with gold; also how to make false teeth. There is plentiful evidence of skilled dentistry among the Romans, for many of the Latin authors have references to false teeth. In the "Roman Law" of the Twelve Tables there are distinct references to artificial teeth. The first part of No. 10 forbids useless expense at funerals in general, but an exception is permitted by No. 11, which allows that the gold fillings of false teeth or the gold with which they were bound should be buried or burned with the deceased.

The Most Ungrammatical.

A literary man who has just returned from the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania says that he found a great quantity of "local color" there. He also says he heard the most ungrammatical sentence while there that ever came under his notice. He was strolling through a mining village in Schuylkill county when he heard a woman calling, and at some distance off saw several children who were playing in the road. When he reached them, he said kindly: "Your mother is calling you, children."

A Bit of the Colonial.

Ezekiel loved Mercy madly, but it was necessary, since they were colonial, to be very quaint about it. "Will thou come and bake my bread?" asked Ezekiel accordingly.

Eye Wash For Dogs.

For pet dogs that inherit a tendency to watery eyes a wash of cold clean rainwater, followed by a lotion of three grains of rochelle salts dissolved in four ounces of distilled water, is recommended. The latter should be dropped into the eyes with a medicine dropper. About three drops twice a day should be used.—New York Tribune.

Well Equipped.

She—You used to call me an angel. He—Yes, I remember I called you "my angel without wings."

There Was Sorrow There.

The colonel halted his horse in front of a Dakota dugout and uttered a vigorous "Tello!" and after a minute a towheaded girl of about 16 years of age showed up and looked him over and said: "Now, then, what ye whoopin fur and who be ye?"

FOR 1900

McCals Magazine. Will contain TWENTY-TWO FULL-PAGE BEAUTIFUL COLORED PLATES—more than 1000 exquisite, artistic and strictly up-to-date FASHION designs—a large number of short stories and handsome illustrations—fancy work, hints on dressmaking and suggestions for the home.

The French Workman.

The French workman is the creature of the street for the sense of the joy of life and the creature of the home and the workshop for the sense of the hardship and sometimes of the sorrow. Fashioned as he is in this way, two outside forces contend for the possession of his mind. The question of questions is, "Will he take his guidance from the recognized agencies within the law or from the agencies of revolt?" The state and also, as we have seen, the church offer him all sorts of bribes and bonuses to consent to work in their way. They recognize his trade and self help societies. They try to get him to the altar as a devotee and to the urn as a voter. But he has heard of Utopias, and he longs to have one more struggle for absolute perfection at short notice, though he may have to lay down his life in the attempt.

The key to modern French history is to be found here. Every political movement has to be a compromise between the aspirations of the faubourg and the world as it was. The French workman has been bred in the belief of revolution as a recognized agency of progress and by instinct and habit he loathes second best. The old order offers him the churches, the thrift and benefit societies, co-operation, insurance against accidents, education, technical and other—the old paternal economy, in a word, and the paternal state. The new whispers socialism, the commune, anarchy sometimes and with these the barricade.—Richard Whiting in Century.

Misunderstood Patriotism.

Professor Alfred B. Adams of New York was a soldier in the civil war and took part in the Red river campaign under Major General Nathaniel T. Banks. "At one place," he said recently to one of his classes, "we surprised a southern garrison and took many prisoners. They were guarding a mountain of cotton bales which were intended for shipment to Europe on account of the southern government. General Banks promptly confiscated the cotton and transferred it to his fortilla. Each bale was stenciled 'C. S. A.' and over this the northern soldiers with marking brushes wrote in huge characters 'U. S. A.' as they went on at the time, and one of my prisoners, a handsome, bright eyed young southern officer, said, 'Yank, what's that writing there?'"

Bits of News For Both.

Two girls met in a dry goods store the other day. They had evidently not seen each other for some time, as the trend of their conversation proved. "What good times we used to have at the lake!" said one. "Yes, I like our own resorts," replied the other, "better than the coast. Oh, say, where is my old dame Perry? I think the world of that boy."

Baths and Fatigue.

Professor K. Beerwald says that when the body is fatigued or the brain has been overtaxed by excessive mental work it is very wrong to take a cold bath. Such a bath excites, he says, and if we add this to the already excited state of the body the result seems rejuvenating for the moment, but very soon the tension becomes too great, and the body cannot be forced to do more work.

Packing For Moving.

"If you will only pack things in small boxes," says the woman who knows how to move, "you will have the men who move you in a comparatively beatific state of mind; books, for instance. It is strange, but every woman who has books to move immediately gets the biggest box she can find for them. Books are heavy anyway, and big boxes are liable to break through their weight, and it is almost impossible to move them. They will fit just as well into small, square boxes in which packages of starch or oatmeal have come, and they will pack into the moving van better, and the men can handle great numbers of them with little trouble."—New York Times.

Mr. Growells.

Mr. Growells—What! You want a new bonnet? Why, I think the one you have is very becoming.

A Lost Ad.

Ben Inprint—Say my wife, Mrs. Ben Inprint, and two children, Lucy and John, are away on a visit to her Uncle Ebenzer's down at Cedar Valley. I join them over Sunday.

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She Revoked the Rule.

Some time ago the czarina, a very philanthropic and religious woman, made up her mind that the lavish use of tobacco in Russia was doing harm. She thereupon prohibited the use of the weed, and especially of cigarettes, in the court.

A few days passed, and her imperial majesty needed some money. It did not come, even after she had sent a confidential servant to the treasury. At last, in place of money, came a white bearded old man from that institution, with pleasant voice and attractive address.

Made to Feel at Home.

One of the old time southern negroes went to Boston to make his fortune. After a week of walking up and down he found himself penniless and no work in sight. Then he went from house to house. "Ef you please, suh," he began when his ring at the front door was answered, "can't you give a po' cullud man work ter do or somepin ter eat?"

Sapphires Not All Blue.

"It is commonly believed that the sapphire is known only as a gem of a rich velvety blue in color," observed an experienced dealer in precious stones to the writer the other day. "As a matter of fact, the sapphire occurs in various hues. In Ceylon, for instance, where the finest specimens of this gem are found, it ranges from the soft velvety blue to the peacock blue, graduated in the latter to an almost faultless white. It also occurs in whites, greens and yellows, the latter shade being known as the oriental topaz and the green the oriental emerald."

TO THE UNFORTUNATE

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How Far Apart Did They Live?

"I was at the capitol one day," said a Boston lawyer, "in attendance upon a committee having in charge a bill in which my clients are interested. On the long, leather covered settee near me two southern members were smoking and conversing. The following words were jotted down by me verbatim:

"Majah, I was down among youn people last summer, and I wanted to find Gen'l Blood's plantation, but I got off my road. Where does he live from youn place, majah?"

There must be a mistake.

"There must be a mistake, your imperial majesty. Two weeks ago you prohibited the use of tobacco in the court, and so deep the love for you among the people that the sales of the weed dropped down to a fraction of what formerly was the case, and the internal revenue receipts became less than the expenses. The government appreciated your high munificence because under the law of the land your income is charged against the tobacco tax of this district, and it was supposed that you had concluded to give up your wealth in order to carry out your views upon reform."

Every one who answered his ring

ad dressed him as "Mr.," but shut their doors and hearts against him. Finally he rang the bell at a brown stone front. A gentleman appeared, and the old man began: "Boss, I is starvin. Can't you gimme some vittles?"

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