

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

The American Girl, as Usual, Managed to Win the Trick.

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany, Gruenwald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. Besides himself there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in English books and an English family of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They laughed a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displeased the haughty British matrons greatly. To the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and "leggy" girl of the typical elongated English variety—they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara!" she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans!" A pretty young American looked up and sweet Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches. "Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"—Washington Post.

He Despised Tobacco. The healthful or reverse acts of tobacco has been an absorbing question for decades and one hard to settle. Emerson, cautious as he was, was once drawn into a discussion on the subject and, being a nonuser of the weed, was an ardent advocate of its abolition as a marketable commodity.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulants?" he asked. "Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you give her a chance. In how short a time the gentle excitement of a cup of tea is needed! Conversation is an exciting, and the serious of intoxication it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain!"

A Bold Defense. "An enlisted man once put the president of a court martial in a difficult position," says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. "The court martial was trying the soldier for some fault or other. When the evidence—and it took an unusually long time—had been given, the president asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defense.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I can't see how this 'ere court can sentence me, for Major Jones 'as been reading a paper under the table the 'ole blooming time, and Captain Smith 'as been making me into a caricature on the blotting pad, and as for Lieutenant Brown, 'e 'asn't 'ad his commission a year, and don't count anyway!"

A Glimpse of the Japanese. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the author, widow of an English diplomat and sister of Marjorie Crawford, says of her life in Japan, to which her husband was minister from Great Britain:

The absence of snobishness and kindred vices in Japan impresses itself very clearly upon one. There are two characteristics of the Japanese which stand out very boldly. Home life is paramount, and the possession of money is but lightly regarded. Any one who would pretend to be richer than he is would be calmly avoided as a fool. Money is not spoken of, the absence of it is not apologized for. A person living in a poor way gives a guest all he has to offer and is not humiliated at having to show his poverty. The rich man does not overwhelm you with his riches. He shows you one beautiful object from his collection at a time in an empty room, only beautiful through its perfect proportions, coloring and cleanliness. These people travel through life so lightly weighted, their requirements are so few in the material order, that they seem as independent as the swallows and fly where we, weighted down by the commissariat for our artificial wants, can only creep. But they hold invisible things very precious. Honor and self respect, the love of their children, the harmony of the family, the privileges of patriotism, the commonwealth of learning, these are things for which they will sacrifice much.

Had Forty Homes. Vollen, the painter, was a unique personage even among the old characters of Paris. While he was essentially a Bohemian there were times when even his patience was taxed to the utmost, and to obviate the necessity of meeting unwelcome people he conceived the idea of multiplying his lodging places.

At the time of his death he owned no less than 40 homes all in apartment houses, situated in all the out of the way corners of Paris, plainly furnished and with just enough accommodation for himself. He changed from one to the another all the time, in order to escape impudate acquaintances and to take refuge from his friends. It was in order to throw them all off the scent that he engaged rooms all over the city.

A French Joke. Two tramps on the banks of the Seine: "How can we raise the wind?" "I have it. You throw yourself in, and I'll jump in after you and take you out. Then I'll get the reward from the Humane society."

"Good! Here goes!" He jumped into the water, and after floundering about for some time he was getting tired out. "Well," he asked, "how long are you going to remain sitting there? Why don't you come in and take me out?" "Because I think I might make more out of you in the morgue."—Paris Journal.

Saved \$10. "Did you see Jones? He was looking for you." "Yes; I saw him, but I managed things so he didn't see me."—Chicago Record.

Interference with digestion is a by no means uncommon effect of excessive exercise, and so far as training is concerned, it is one of the most destructive.

FIGURES AND EYES.

An Indication of Advancing Age That Admits of No Compromise.

"As we grow older," remarked a man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, "we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses.

"We resent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by them what we fondly think they have not yet discovered—to wit, that our eyesight is failing. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glasses off as long as I could, and really I could just along with well reading nearly any type. Of course, I could not make out every letter, but I could get enough to complete the word, and ofentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading.

"But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and I saved my eyes by not telling what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses.

Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discover they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before."—New York Sun.

Buying Fruit. The prudent man never buys the fruit which is marked with the highest prices, and his motive is not merely economy. He knows that the second grade fruit is riper than the most expensive, which in nine cases out of ten is too green to be eaten immediately. It is held at high prices because the dealer knows that it will keep, and as it ripens and grows better fit for human consumption its price will be reduced. That is the stage of the fruit when the price is lowered for the first time. It is then ripe and in condition to be eaten. And the prudent man who doesn't always feel that he has got the best article only when he pays the most for it buys his fruit at the marked down price.—New York Sun.

Her Mind Easy. "I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the mistress. "Aren't you nervous about the long voyage?" "Well, Kitty," said Kitty calmly, "that's his lookout. I belong to him, 'n' if anything happens to me, it'll be his loss, not mine."—Exchange.

As It Usually Happens. "I suppose you had careful rearing, Mr. Courtney." "No; I didn't have any rearing at all. My parents exhausted all their disciplinary enthusiasm on my elder brother, Bill."—Detroit Free Press.

The "If" in Checkers. Analyzing a game just played at the club by two checker experts seems to be almost as fascinating a recreation to the spectators as any other branch of the game. Time and again as we watched a half dozen checkers who were busy suggesting "this move to draw" or "that move to win," while an equal number would be just as eager to prove the unsoundness of the lines in question. By the time both sides are through, the position has been thoroughly sifted and its intricacies are apparent to all. Many players, however, are not very anxious to have their "good things" displayed and advertised in this manner and generally decline to answer "leading" questions.

When an amateur whom the late James Wylie had just defeated in a game, reset the pieces at a certain position and said, "Mr. Wylie, if I had played so instead of my original move, I think I would have drawn the game." "They are all draws if you put them back far enough!"—Shafer's Checker-ist.

It Was Scatched. "Years ago in California," said a western man, "an acquaintance of mine was on a stagecoach that a pair of bandits went through. The 14 passengers were all made to get out and stand in a row, with their hands high over their heads. One burly ruffian stood guard over them with a double barreled shotgun, while the other engaged in the pleasing task of relieving them of their valuables and spare cash.

"My friend was nearest the man with the shotgun. While the ceremony was in progress his nose began to itch, and instinctively he started to lower one hand to scratch it. 'Hands up, there! Keep the stern order, and again he essayed the reliever's scratch.

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow?" demanded the highwayman. "Are you wishful to become a lead mine?" "My nose itches so I can't stand it," he said, "and I've explained to my friend. I simply have got to scratch it!" "No, you hain't," ungrammatically corrected the knight of the road, "cause I'll do it for you."

"And with that he proceeded to scratch the offending nasal organ with the muzzle of his shotgun. You can wager your shoes that that particular nose stopped itching with great abruptness."

Long Distance Tickets Wanted. He was long, lean, lank and raw boned, and he shambled up to the ticket window at the Union passenger station much after the fashion of a seared chicken when he approaches his master to receive a well earned thrashing. He stood there with a bashful bluish gaze at the man behind the brass bars. "Come in, come in. Make yourself at home," was the encouraging welcome from within. He accepted it, invitation and brought up against the marble ticket counter with more confidence in his face.

"Say, thar," he said in a half whisper to Harry Hansen, "is this the place where you get tickets for the kyars?" "Yes. Where do you want to go? Hurry up, we're rushed." "Well, str," he replied, shifting a square inch of plug tobacco from one cheek to the other, "hev you all got enny long distance tickets Inter Kentucky?" His case was equaled by that of the old lady with the sunbonnet who said: "I want a ticket to Platte county." "What place in Platte county?" inquired the ticket man. "No place in Platte county. I want to go to Platte county, and it's none of your business where I'm going to visit. You sell me the ticket to Platte county, and I'll get there."—St. Joseph News.

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A lady I know very well in New York, who was giving a dinner party, told me she always dreaded the arranging of her guests at her tables, lest she put people together whom the "law had set apart," as she put it. "It would be perfectly dreadful to seat a gentleman beside a lady to whom he is paying alimony."—Smart Set.

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Then the fat man braced himself for the third time, and the lady sympathetically remarked, "Please don't trouble yourself." But the fat man's spirit was up. He crowded out into the aisle and filled it so full that the lady could not get by him; then, with a polite wave of his hand, he indicated the seat and backed out of the way.

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Orlando Stevens, Johnny Chapman, H. B. Freeman, Hardy Downing, F. A. McFarland. Agents-Wanted Everywhere. Write for prices and Catalogue. WHITE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 300-306 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. C. A. HAWKINS, Gen. Mgr. A. J. Snow & Son, Dealers in "White" Machines, Sutter Creek, Cal. A \$4.00 BOOK FOR 75cts. The Farmers' Encyclopedia.

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TO THE UNFORTUNATE DR. GIBBON. This old reliable and most successful specialist in San Francisco has been practicing for over 27 years, and those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures the following symptoms: Sallow complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, dizziness in approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of memory, pimples on the face, coughs, consumption, etc. DR. GIBBON has practiced in San Francisco over 27 years, and those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures the following symptoms: Sallow complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, dizziness in approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of memory, pimples on the face, coughs, consumption, etc. DR. GIBBON has practiced in San Francisco over 27 years, and those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures the following symptoms: Sallow complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, dizziness in approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of memory, pimples on the face, coughs, consumption, etc. DR. GIBBON has practiced in San Francisco over 27 years, and those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures the following symptoms: Sallow complexion, dark spots under the eyes, pain in the head, ringing in the ears, loss of confidence, dizziness in approaching strangers, palpitation of the heart, weakness of the limbs and back, loss of memory, pimples on the face, coughs, consumption, etc. DR. GIBBON has practiced in San Francisco over 27 years, and those troubled should not fail to consult him and receive the benefit of his great skill and experience. The doctor cures the