

"The fresh air fierd has been very much in evidence in the various departments during the present cold spell," said a Treas-ury Department clerk. "He is a nulsance at any time, but especially so during cold weather. The treasury is not the only building which has a stock of them on hand, for I have heard of them in the other departments. The fresh air flend is generally a peculiar fooking man or woman. He or she is always a sufferer from catarrh, asthma or some other ailment in the head, and the height of their ambition seems to be that every one else must be forced to work in a draft from an open wirdow, so that they shall contract the same disease. The particular fiend that I refer to works in a room in the west wing of the building. He wears his coat button-ed up tight to his throat and frequently wears his hat. He has an idea that it is necessary that cold air snall be admitted freely into the room, and every opportunity he gets to open the windows he does so. The fresh air flend manages to annov every one who is employed in the room with him, but it is only in the departments that he can have drafts of cold air blowing in on others. When he goes to his own residence common sense prevails, for the fresh air flend of the male kind generally has a wife, who will not stand any of his non-sense, and who keeps all of the cold air out of the house that she can."

"The late W. H. Wiggins, as was recently stated in The Star," remarked a prominent hotel man, "though always addressed as 'judge,' was not a lawyer. For over twenty years he was a clerk in the file room of the House of Representatives. The judge prided himself very much over a gold watch he won as the most popular man for President, which was voted to him during the Garneld memorial fair, heldin the Capitol. The watch was given by a western watch manufacturing concern, and was a good one. It was put up to be balloted for, the candidates being Sherman, Blaine, Allison, Logan, and a half dozen others of almost equal prominence. At that time there was a newspaper correspondent here by the name of Felix Crocraft. The votes were piling up rather rapidly for the various candidates when Cro-craft, as a joke, cast a vote for Judge Wiggins as the people's choice for President. Some friends joined in, and before the evening had passed the Wiggins vote was rather respectable. The humor of the thing caught on and in three more nights Wiggins led all the others. Wiggins had served under Mr. Blaine when he was Speaker of the House, and Blaine himself cast some votes for him. Some of the friends of the other candidates thought it rather too serious a matter to joke over and went to work with a will to knock Judge Wiggins out. This aroused Billy Copeland of the Brooklyn Eagle, Charley Fowler of the Boston Traveller, and some others, who were strong Wiggins men, and the result of the contest was that Wiggins won out easily and the fair gained over three hundred dollars for the watch."

"Though the penny of 1856," observed a numismatist, "was issued in great sufficlency, the coins soon disappeared from circulation, and are held as rarities. They are seldom offered for sale, but those which have been offered brought a large price. There are several theories existing among coin experts as to the disappearance of this penny, being of the older style and large, but the one most generally accepted is that the penny was gobbled up in consequence of a rumor which was started on the authority of an employe of the United States mint where the pennies were made. This rumor was that in making the composition of the metals for the coin a bar of gold was melted up by mistake for a bar of nickel, and that the reason why the penny disappeared was in consequence of its intrinsic value. The result of this and other stories about the 1856 penny is that though there were just as many coined as there were of '54, '55 or '57 pennies, one of the '56 pennies will to-day bring nearly one hundred times as much money as those of the other years mentioned. Some numismatists have even gone so far as to test the composition. They found no trace of gold. It is one of the many peculiar things about the scarci-ty of some coins."

"For chilblains, though it may not be professional for me to say so publicly," said a physician, "the best cure that I can now think of is snow. The snow can be applied in any way, either by walking in the snow barefoot, as I did as a last resort, or to apply the snow to the feet in a foot tub, or otherwise. What is needed is in them are very thin, they are not strong to get a good quantity of snow directly to the feet. My experience has been that the feet should remain in contact with the snow for at least five or ten minutes. There is no danger from catching cold if the snow foot bath is used in a warm room. There are all kinds of rechilblains, of course, nearly all of them good, but snow is a cure in itself, not a remedy. There may be cases where it may fail, but I have never experienced any."

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"I do not know when it was started," observed an old War Department clerk, "but for the past forty years I know it has been the custom for every clerk to celebrate his promotions in salary by handing around cigars to his fellow-clerks in the same division. It was a simple enough matter when I first entered the War Department, but now, when some divisions have hundreds of clerks, it is rather a serious affair. Woe be to the clerk who hands around a poor cigar on such an occasion. The cigars must be of the best. The proper thing of late years is to let a messenger hand the cigars around, with the compliments of the donor, though in olden times the promoted clerk always handed them about personally. The box must go with the cigars, so that every one can see exactly what kind of a cigar is being dealt out. The saw, 'a man is known by the company he keeps,' has been for such occasions turned into 'a man is known by the cigars he hands around.' The same or a similar custom may exist in some of the other departments, though I have never heard of it. The cases have been rare where promoted clerks do not celebrate. Now and then clerks give dinners and suppers to the clerks in their own room on occasions of this kind, but the cigars have to go around to the entire division to have the celebration perfectly regular '

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"The awarding of the contract for keeping the District prisoners to a New Jersey penitentiary reminds me," said an old citizen to a Star reporter, "of the doing away with the District penitentiary. There was a well-equipped penitentiary here, large enough for all purposes, for many years. It was located in the arsenal grounds-the two buildings now occupied as officers' quarters in the middle of the arsenal grounds were the end buildings of the penitentiary. There was an immense shoe factory, a broom factory and other workshops connected with it. Just as the war broke out a representative from the Albany district had an amendment tacked onto an appropriation bill which gave the Department of Justice authority to send United States prisoners to the Albany penitentiary. which was then and for many years aftereard owned and managed by a private orporation. The company which ran the

penitentiary also had a contract with the state of New York and Albany county to keep its prisoners. Besides receiving a good price for keeping the prisoners, the penitentlary owners sold the labor of the penitentiary owners soil the labor of the convicts to contractors, in some cases re-ceiving as high as \$1 per day for the labor of each man. To satisfy the labor organi-zations the company pledged that they zations the company pledged that they would never teach a convict a trade, and that they would allow him to learn a part of a trade only. Thus in the shoe shop men were frequently kept for years putting or bedge and ting on heels or soles or at work on some other part of the shoe, but never taught how to make an entire shoe. Finally Albany county bought out the company, and now the penitentiary is owned by the ty and is used as a county jail and peni-tentiary. The matter of transportation has been very costly in sending prisoners up to Albany. This will be reduced under the Albany. This will be reduced under the new contract. It would have been much heaper and better all around had the penitentiary been kept here. There was no eason except private greed on the part of corporation which caused the change to Albany and the abolition of the United States penitentiary. The climate at Albany has been specially fatal during winters, especially to colored persons sent from here and other places further south.'

"The quickest marriage tle-up I ever heard of," remarked the charming and accomplished New York drummer, to a crowd of ordinary drummers, "took place on a Baltimore and Ohio train in the state of West Virginia, about three years ago, and I was a witness to it. I was coming through from the west, and somewhere in the neighborhood of Deer Park a very comely and wholesome-looking mountain woman got aboard. She was, I should judge, about forty years old, and had every appearance of thrift and widowhood in a long-established condition. She had with her a boy of about fourteen, who was her son. She was garrulous and friendly, as some women sometimes are, and it wasn't long until she was asking me all manner of questions. She was talking along at forty miles an hour, and at one of the stations about twenty miles west of Cumberland, a man, who would have been considered an excellent match for the woman, came on and sat down across the aisle from the lady and myself. I thought at first he was going to mingle in the conversation, but he did not, though he listened to the woman as if she were an

angel speaking out of the clouds.
"Naturally the woman doesn't live who could stand that sort of silent adoration business, and it wasn't long until she was really talking across the aisle to the new comer, though she was apparently still talking to me. Just as the whistle sounded for Cumberland the man arose and came over to us, stopping with his hands resting on the back of the seat the woman occupied and on the back of mine.

"Excuse me, ma'am, he said, loud enough to be heard above the noise of the train, so there might be no mistake, 'but what might your name be?' 'Well,' she responded pertly and with a

blush of some inner consciousness of what was in the mind of the man, 'it might be the same as your'n, I reckon, but I s'pose Why ain't it?' he inquired nervously.

"It was the oddest performance I had ever witnessed, and the dead earnestness in the voices and manner of both the strangers impressed me so that I turned full around to hear what the woman would reply to this apparently irrelevant, not to say silly, question.

say saly, question.
"'Indeed, I'm sure I don't know,' she said, looking him square in the eyes, 'but I reckon it ain't, 'cause you never asked

"Thereupon he asked her to, plump, and without any circumlocution, and she accepted him, even before she knew what her name was to be and before he knew what name she was giving up for his. Refore the preliminaries were concluded the
train had stopped at the station, and with
a short 'good-bye' to me they hurried away

"Of course I cannot," replied his wife,
with lofty serenity.

"You are obliged to concede that man thus strangely and quickly tangled on the

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"Speaking of newspapers," said an old ournalist at the Raleigh the other evening, "I wonder if Horace Greeley's spirit is where it can see and comprehend what is going on here. If it is, and if his shade has the gift of original and picturesque expression with which he was blessed while in the fesh, it would, barring a streak of unique profanity pretty certain to run through it, be entertaining and in-structive to hear his opinion of the little supplement of the Sunday New York Tribune, entitled 'Twinkles,' With all his old command of forcible condemnatory language I am afraid he would feel that he couldn't do the subject justice. Still, I should like to hear his effort."

"The wooden peg, as far as the cobbler is concerned," said Uncle George Wayman, an old-time shoe cobbler, "has about played its part and will never be heard of again. The steel nail or tack has taken its place, and is used exclusively by cobblers now, except in building a heel, where we can run in a tew wooden pegs before we put on the last top, which is nailed on with steel nails. The wooden peg makes a much easier wearing job, but, as nearly all shoes are now factory made and the welts put enough to hold the pegs so we can shave off the ends. If we used the old-style shaver it would cut the welt to pleces. Shoes are manufactured so cheap in the past few years that people find it cheaper past few years that people find it cheaper to buy a new pair of shoes than to have them cobbled to any great extent. Time was when shoes were made so that they would wear out three or four sets of heels and soles, but that time has passed. It is rarely these days that they will stand more than one set of heels and soles. Few, very few, persons think of having shoes made to order any more in comparison to the large number in former days. This made to crder any more in comparison to the large number in former days. This ready-made shoe business has been stead-ily growing for the past twenty years. As for boots, except for a few old-fashioned persons who will not change, they are seldom made any more. Many is the hun-dred pair of boots. I have made for the dred pair of boots I have made for the older residents of Georgetown and Wash-ington. But all of my customers of forty years ago are long since dead. Why I am left over I do not know, but I was taught and always believed that God moved in a mysterious way His wonders to perform There was a time when I had a number of customers who wore four pair of boots in a year. I got from \$10 to \$12 for each pair. haven't made a pair of boots for over

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Several members of the Ohio delegation were sitting in the cloak room during a roll call in the House.

"Well," said one, "Col. Donn Platt had an appointment to meet a friend in the lobby of the hotel, and was standing by the stove talking with the clerk, who was the only other person there. Presently the hotel 'bus drew up before the door, a young lady entered and her trunk was deposited on the floor. The clerk stepped behind the desk while she registered, and Col. Donn was left alone by the stove. He was somewas left alone by the stove. He was some-what surprised when she directed him in a peremptory manner to carry the trunk to her room. Donn understood at once that she thought he was a porter. He did not say anything, but took the proffered coin and grabbing the trunk struggled up the stairs, followed by the young lady. The clerk grasped the joke and called out the number of the room, the location of which Donn happened to know. He deposited his burden, and returning added something to his fee and had a drink with the clerk."

The third man in the group also had a story. "A young lady," he said, "some years ago was riding up to Columbus. The air in the car was close and she endeavored to raise a window. It was the same old window, however, and would not move. She looked about for assistance, and a man apparently sixty years of age answered her mute appeal. He walked somewhat stiffly to her seat, and she remarked on the lack of gallantry in the younger men,

which thus compelled an old man to per-form such work. He pulled at the window with even a greater display of age and stiffness, the young lady the meanwhile expostulating and begging him to desist, becoming profuse in her apologies for having disturbed an old man. The window was raised, and he shambled out into the was raised, and a shahold out into a siste. The young lady continuing in the same strain, a shadow of displeasure passed over his face at her remarks on his age. He stood for a moment in the aisle with his arms at his side. Then he sprang into the air, and, turning a backward somer spult in the confined space, landed by the side of his seat. He resumed it and once more became the stiff old man.
"Who was he? Why, the elder Ravel, one of the most wonderful acrobats ever seen in this country."

"If there is no more truth in history," said an old resident, "than we see in some of the published records of the past as to happenings with which we are conversant, history is not worth much. Even such authority as Frost (and I have known half a dozen other authors, including the accomplished Grace Greenwood, to make the same mistake) states as a fact, that President Taylor contracted the disease which led to his death, on July 9, 1850, while attending the corner stone laying of the Washington monument. As a fact, that ceremony took place during the admin'stration of President Polk, on February 22, 1848, and I do not think that "Old Rough and Rendy," was present then. It is true that Gen. Taylor contracted his illness at the monument, but the occasion was an immense Fourth of July celebration by the Sunday schools of the District, and the day being intensely hot, many suffered from the heat, and I have no doubt that President Taylor was but one of a number who centracted fatal illness that day."

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"An old resident in talking to a Star reporter recently was somewhat out of the way," remarked one quite as old, "when he stated that the old Columbia Fire Company, after being located near the Capitol for a number of years, was in later years on Pennsylvania avenue and 8th street, near the market. The Columbia company had an existence of sixty years as a volunteer company and was located first rast of the Capitol and then north, and itrally south of the building. The company at the market was known as the Persever-ance, and prior to its location there was called the Patriotic, and the apparatus was housed on 8th street near E northwest. The fact that the "Persy" was at the market is probably better known by oldtime boys than any other because its bell nightly struck for 9 o'clock, when all yourgsters were supposed to leave for homes, and 10 as a signal that they were liable to be taken up by the auxiliar; guard (police).'

An Easy Victory.

Mr. Meekton's wife had been making few remarks to which her husband listened with a patience which showed that his disposition is diplomatic rather than bellicose. The theme of her discourse was the inferiority of men and their usurpation of power, a topic on which she can be depended to wax eloquent, even if she has to say the same things over several times.

"Henrietta," ventured her husband, in a gentle tone, "I do not think that you were quite right in saying that the whole scheme of creation shows that women are superior beings." "You-do-not-think-what?" she de-

manded, in ominous accents. "I do not think-er-that is to say, I admit that you bring some very good argu-ments to bear on your side of the question," "You speak as if there were any other side to it, Mr. Meekton." "Well, I was just trying to make home

conversational and pleasant, you know." "Proceed."
"You offer facts which very strongly support your theory when you refer to the success with which queens have governed and to the brilliancy of the Elizabethan period in particular. It is also worthy of

note that we intuitively refer to a great government or a great ship as 'she.' But there is one important truth which you cannot controvert." Her eye warned him, and he hastened to add "That is to say and he hastened to add, That is to say an important truth which most people would have difficulty in controverting. You cannot deny that after the Garden of Eden

was to be found upon the earth before wo man was.' "Certainly. It is precisely on the same principle that you expect your subordi-nates to be at work in the office before you

It Made a Difference. From the Chicago Record.

get down there in the morning.'

He had made something of a study of women. "Will you marry me," he began, "to--"

"No," she interrupted promptly and with emphasis. -to enable me to win a bet?" he went

on, without noticing her interruption.
"Um, well," she said, hesitatingly, "Ier-how much is the bet?"

Unreasonable.

From the Detroit Free Press. Boarder-"This egg is not quite fresh. madam." Landlady-"Oh, of course not. You peo-

ple will be demanding next spring's chicker before another month." A Gentle Hint.

From Up to-Date.

DeQuill-"I have resolved to launch upon a literary career.' DeLush-"Glad to hear it. Of course, you know at every launching it is customary to crack a bottle of wine."

Why He Dared.

From Life. She-"I think I might love you more if you were not so extravagant." He-"It's my extravagant nature that

Reassuring.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Papa, here's a thing that came through the faucet that looks like a tiny alligator.' "Is it alive?"

"Yes, and it's wrigglin' like everything." "Then the water can't be so terribly bad. Tell the cook she needn't boil it more than half an hour now."

In Dakota.

From Puck. Client-"Twenty-five dollars for procuring a divorce?"

Lawyer-"Yes, madam; or we would make a two-years' contract to procure any divorces you may need during that time not to exceed six, for one hundred dollars.

Something Similar. From the Indianapolis Journal. "Last night I dreamed I was dead." said the drummer from Indianapolis.

"And the heat woke you up?" the drummer hastened to ask. "Pretty much the same thing as what you imply. The brakeman was calling out 'Chicago!"

From the Detroit Journal. She trembled. "My past," she faltered, "is a sealed book."

He gladly offered her \$75 per From the point of view of art the next thing to a terrible past was a past that was a sealed book.

From the Detroit Journal. "As I understand it, realistic art aims to call a spade a spade. "Isn't the design rather to much everything a spade?"

To be sure, decay was but the harbinger of new life; chaos had often to precede cosmos; but that, it is submitted in all candor, is another story.

A Difficult Role.

Stage Manager-"Look here, my boy, this will never do. Whoever saw a like you do? Try and threw sor your part."

SOCIETY REPARTEE.

Just a Bit of the Wit One Can Find in the Social Swim. There are some people who love to point the finger of scorn at the brilliant conversation which illuminates the society circle as is the "society circle," and the same people have made their inconsiderate and uncharitable remarks about repartee, until

Still there are some bright minds which will flash and scintillate in spite of all said; it is enough to say that she perthe dampers and extinguishers that may be brought to bear upon them.
Of such is the mind of a certain Wash-

will provoke.

ington giel who is "real smart" despite her elevated social position. Several evenings ago she was having a cheerful little Cupidious colloquy in the conservatory with a naval lieutenant who ore invitations to dinner than salary.

After talking for a half hour or so he became slightly tropical in his tone and she "Love comes like a summer sigh," he

sighed and added, TI'd like to know the difference between summer sighs and winter sighs." ter sights."
"That's easy enough," she said with a sense of relief, for she was rich enough to be afraid to be left too long at the mercy

of a Washington beau He looked at here as if he didn't know what she was talking about and she didn't who either. 1 is
"Oh, that's all right," she laughed gally.
"I know; the summer sighs are larger than
the winter sighs because heat expands and

cold contracts." A few minuses later the actual size of it occurred to him and he was so pleased with her wit that he would have asked her to be his wife, but it was everlastingly too late, for she had noted the signs and given warning to her chaperon.

The Theater as a Teacher. W. D. Howells in Harper's Weekly.

The theater has been called a school of morals, and the fact is not affected by the other fact that it is far oftener a school of immorals. It is both one and the other: but it is the fault, the shame, the crime of the state that the theater is ever a school of immorals.

If in any pulpit were preached by mock eries of purity and appeals to lubricity such as we are used to in the theater; if-ly ng were inculcated, and passion put above luty; if revenge were taught as something noble; if homicide were lightly invoked and adultery treated as a comical affair somehow the law would reach that pulpit. although the state professes to have no relation with the church. In like manner if in any private school or college the hu-manities were imported by a chair de-voted to the study of those authors whose work befouls literature the law would somehow intervene to prevent the mis-chief, although the effect might be logically blamed as a socialistic meddling with pri-vate enterprise. The theater, however, is left unmolested in almost any excess; ideas are enacted if not expressed there which are simply abominable. We all know; we can prove it at any time; it is undeniable

A Royal Grease Stain.

From the Philadelphia Times. Sir John Brown, the great iron master of Sheffield, whose death has just taken place, owes his title to a visit paid by the Prince of Wales to Sheffield at the time when he held the position of master cutler and mayor of that great manufacturing city. On that occasion the prince stayed at Sir John's house, and while watching a game of billiards after dinner, happened to lean his illustrious head against the wall, on which he left quite a large-sized grease stain. On Sir John's attention being called to this after the prince's departure, he caused it to be covered with glass and surrounded by a beautiful gold frame, while an inscription below related in ultra-royal larguage that it was there that the head of England's future king had rested. The room has often been redecorated and repapered since, but no one has ever been papered since, but no one has ever be allowed to touch or remove that golden frame or the grease stain which it borders.

And He Was Carromed Off. From the Boston Post. Traveler (at a crowded hotel)-"How

much do I owe you? What's my bill?" Hotelkeeper-"Let me see; your room

Traveler-"I didn't have any room. slept on the billiard table."

Hotelkeeper—"Ah, well, forty cents an

His Winning Suit

From the Cleveland Leader. Mrs. Kirtland-"And why do you think, Mr. Dunley, that the world is better now and more beautiful than it was thirty-five

years ago?" Dunley who is after her sweet daughter)-"Because because you were not in it then. Papa Kirtland's objections to the young man have been overridden.

Intelligent and Sly.











A MODERN ROMANCE.

The Kind One May Discover in More Places Than He Thinks For. It is not necessary to be explicit in the location of the following brief society

sketch. If any one of those who read it can locate it he will not be writing to the paper to give it away.

people who can indulge in repartee do not The man in the case was old and prodo so for fear of the unkind criticism it foundly in love with a young, beautiful and fashionable woman. Whether she loved him in return is not

mitted his attentions; nay, more, she encouraged them. In fact, they were to be married. Is it necessary to state that he was rich?
"My darling," he said to her as he clasp-

ed a magnificent bracelet of diamonds about her wrist, "I love you more than I can tell you.' He spoke the truth, too, for it is easy

for an old man to love a young and beau-tiful woman who smiles upon him.
"Oh," she laughed as she tapped him playfully on his bald head, "you don' have to. Money talks, you know." And the old man thought it was so very bright and funny that he stooped down and

LEARNING AN INSTRUMENT. The Unceasing Toll of the Master o

Nor have many persons an adequate idea

of the amount of labor bestowed by vir-

tuosos in practicing upon their chosen in-

struments before entering upon a public

career as performers. When Liszt was learning the plano he practiced ten hours a day for over twelve years, and even then, such was the severity of training demanded by his masters, and so little did he think of his own powers, that, in a letter to a friend,

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

he wrote: "I despair of ever learning the piano. The more I learn, the more there seems to be to learn, and I am ready to give up altogether." Ole Bull spent over twenty years in almost constant practice on the wiolin, and then modestly said: "It scients to me as though I were just begin-gaments learn." With Paganini, the violin was the study of a lifetime. He had what is called a marvelous genius for the instru pleasure in what many persons consider th drudgery of practicing. It is said that for ever twenty-five years he never allowed a day to pass without eight or ten hours spent in playing such exercises as would tend to improve his fingering and facility of execution. The playing of scales was, with him, a sort of passion; he would pass hours, violin in hand, running up and down the scales. If any one might be supposed to need no practicing it was Paganini, but his wonderful playing was the result of all this hard work. Rubinstein devoted over fifteen years to study and practice on his chosen instruments before he deemed himchosen instruments before he deemed him-self worthy to appear in public, and with Paderewski the piano is the study of a life-time. It is said that every moment possi-ble is devoted to practice by this genius of the piano, whose attainments and facility of execution have astonished the musical world. His success is not the consequence of inspiration, but of hard work. The same statement is true of every virtuoso on any instrument, no matter what. Mozart, when learning the harpsichord, gave ten to twelve hours a day to the keyboard; Sebas-tian Bach was equally indefatigible at the clavichord and organ. Schumann declared

would probably have achieved equal or North Dakota Life and Customs.

he would rather play scales than eat Haydn had to be forced from his instru-

ment to take his meals. In each and every

case success was attained only after an amount of labor that, in any other calling,

Letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One of the marked features of life in this section is the great popularity of out-door sports in the summer. The summers here are delightful, and they are spent in the open air. People go picnicking and to fairs and races and all sorts of games. There are no woods within sixteen miles of this village, and yet people gladly go in great crowds twenty miles to a picnic. Base ball, tennis and foot ball are very popular. The summer nights are very short, and one can in June play tennis until 9:15, and sometimes later. Ice sports are popular in the winter. Every village has its ice rink, where games on the ice are features, and where the great game of curling is played. The celebration of Fourth of July here last summer and every summer could not last summer and every summer could not do otherwise than amaze the stranger. It must be admitted that far more attention is given to the races, which always accompany the day, than to the oration. But the chief odd feature of the day is the appearance of the streets. As stated above, this town has no grove and few trees, none at all in the business streets. But the people are determined, and the evening before the "day we celebrate" wagons come from the timber twenty miles away, loaded with young saplings. These saplings are sold to the merchants and nailed to the side-walks all along the streets, thus giving the appearance of a street lined with trees. Of course, these saplings wither be-fore the next day, but for that day the

town is filled with an aroma of the forest

His Grip Name. From the Philadelphia Times. Mr. Smith, an English traveler, arrived one evening at a hotel in Austria. On the way he had picked up a smart German and hired him as a servant. In Austria every one staying at a hotel is obliged to register his name and occupation in a book, which is kept for police examination, so Mr. Smith told his servant Fritz to bring this book for him to write his name.
"I have already registered, milor," said
Fritz, "as an English gentleman of in-

dependent means."

"But I've never told you my name, so how do you know what it is?"

"I copied it from milor's portmanteau," answered Fritz.

"Why, it isn't on my portmanteau," cried Mr. Smith; "bring the book and let me see what you have put down."

what you have put down."

The book was brought, and Mr. Smith, to his amusement, discovered that his clever servant had described him as:

"Monsieur Warranted Solid Leather Grip-

A Wasted Dime. From the New York Weekly.

liig sister-"Dick, I wish you would go and get Mr. Nicefellow a glass of water." Mr. Nicefellow—"Yes, my boy, and here's a dime for you." Little brother-"Thank you; I'll go pretty

soon. Mamma said I shouldn't leave the parlor until she came back." A Climatic Trait. From the Philadelphia North American. Michener-"Straws tell which way th

country houses, trees an' hosses Eggs at the Meeting.

Oldpart (from Kansas)-"Out thar in our

wind is blowing."

From the Chicago News. Guile-"I hear that Spouter is not entirely responsible for the unfounded charges that made. They say that the audience egge

Quay-"No, they egged him off." A Professional Opinion.

Bill (reading in newspaper portion of ar article on English composition)—"Did you see that, Jim? Long sentences are quite out of fashion. The short sentence is now the thing." Jim (not wholly unfamiliar with prison interiors)—"Quite right, too. No sentence ought to be more than seven days."

A Shrinkage Somewhere From Tid-Bits.

Mrs. Murphy-"Do you use conden milk? Mrs. O'Fahey-"I think it must be con densed. There is never more than a pin and a half to a quart."

Navigation Closed. From the Detroit Free Press.
"Have you noticed that our two type writer girls don't go out to lunche

nore?" "They've had a quarrel, and won't help



Vindictive.

Derringer Dan had declined all invitations to join his associates in the usual evening pastimes. It was a bitter cold night, and he sat close to the stove, reading laboriously, but with great interest. Presently he shut the book with a slam, and,

gazing into the fire, exclaimed: "That's the way of it! As soon as a man gits fooled hisself, he ain't satisfied ter go

ahead an' play a lone hand. He allus wants a partner er two ter help 'im along weth his notions." "That book must have had bad n it," remarked Bron-cho Bob. "You seem excited.

"No, I ain't excited.

I was just meditatin'

in a calm, philosophi-cal frame of mind over the fack that the collection for the heathen he'll have ter explain a lot and talk quick. And when I come ter think of it a second time, I dunno's it'll be worth while ter stop fur the explanation. I guess I'll go abeed in si

explanation. I guess I'll go ahead in si-lence and tie a lasso under his arms.' Then I'll take the other end and git on a pony and help him out of the county wethout no cross words nor hard feelin's."

"The last one that was here was a mighty smooth talker." mighty smooth talker."
"Smooth? He sat down one day and spent twenty minutes tellin me about how them people in Africa didn't have no clothes ter their backs. He called my attention to my own red shirt, and told of their suf-ferin' fur the want of such a common necessity as that in a way ez brought tears ter my eyes. I tell ye, I don't know when ter my eyes. I tell ye, I don't know when I've been so stirred up as I was by his picter of the miseries of life wethout no red shirts. Before I knowed it, he had got possession of two ounces of gold dust, three Mexican dollars and some confederate money that I was keepin' as a relic. He said I was so interested in the subjeck that he'd give me this book ter read."

"That was perlite in him, anyhow."

"It was mighty thoughtless. It jes' turns the light around where I kin see through the backs of his cards. I don't say ez how he didn't mean honest; but I do say that

the backs of his cards. I don't say ez how he didn't mean honest; but I do say that I wisht I had my dust and my Mexican dollars back. This book is about Africa. Do you know what them fellers he wanted the red shirts fur is doin' now, while we're stickin' jes' ez next ter the stove ez we kin ter keep from freezin'? They're trees an' pickin' palm-leaf fans ter help 'em keep cool. It's so hot there all the year round that when a native finds a shady spot, he kin git rich rentin' it out by turns ter the rest of the tribe. I hate ter lose my temper, but it riles me ter see so much energy directed wrong. What them heathen is wailin' after ain't red hirts. It's ice cream and linen dusters!

Portry by the Bulbul.

"It is a long time since I have burst into ong," writes the Bulbul of Pohick, "owing to the fact that we all have gone into the

chicking business, which do take a great deal of time until it gets well under way. But do not gentle reader, that you cannot chickings and have time. If I had not anything to do ex-cept to think and write down, day in and day out, I would most likely turn out a great deal more portry than what I do; but I think that

mebbe it is all fur the best. Poems is the best. Poems is not artificial products. Like eggs, they come in the natural course of events, and there is no use of trying to crowd the hen. The true poet always chooses the subject

CHICKINGS Oh, gentle two-legged animals, your feath-

ers Protect you in all kinds of weathers.

And though The chilly winds of winter blow, You do not care how much they do so, But let them go ahead and blow,

Bounteous nature showers on you Her generosities the whole year through. She furnishes you with a covering rare With which, for beauty and durability, our Sunday clothes cannot compare. With graceful plumage your garb she

And you are born with ruffles around your limbs.
Therefore, oh, chickings, look up and cease

repining!
Your lot is full of glee. Thou hast many reasons for declining To change places with such as me, as me, To change places with such as me. For you do not heed the seasons shifting, Nor the clouds which into a life are drift-

ing. Though skies are bleak and branches bare, You get your board and lodging free and do not care.
With me it is a very different thing.

When the snow has fell and the birds do not sing.

And the mercury drops with great persistence,
I think of my own sad, cold existence.

So take this lesson and ponder it over; Do not trifle with the heart of a fond true lover, Lest, like me, you find your hopes all friz-

Me, who am no one's and might have been

Minutely Explained.

Mr. Dolan and Mr. Rafferty had sat for some time in silence before the kitchen stove, when the former remarked: "Talkin' about foightin', Rafferty-"

"Oi nivver said a word an the subject," protested his neighbor. "No. But ye wor t'inkin' about it. An' wholle we're an the topic, what's yer opin-ion av the war in Cuba?"

"There's no use o' me tellin' it," was the reply, in tones of discouragement. "It's changed twoice since day befoor yesterday, changed twoice since day befoor yesterday, an it's loikely ty be altogether different agin be tomorry mornin'. Wan day Ol'm dancin' a reel an' singin' songs av victory wid the insurgents, an' the next Ol'm no cheerfuller nor a yard av crape. Yez can't tell by the reporters whether the Cuban gover'mint is ready fur a wake or a christenin'."

"Thot's simply because yez don't undershtan' the shtoile av warfare thot's goin'

"Thot's simply because yez don't under-shtan' the shtolle av warfare thot's goln' an," responded Mr. Dolan with sage dig-nity. "What you want is a war wid print-ed programs, an' music, an' recitations in between, here an' there, ty add ty the dibetween, here an' there, ty add ty the diversion. Don't you worry about the insurgents. Tain't the wans thot gets inty the papers the most toimes thot's likeliest ty get the decision, an' be left in peaceable possession av the purse. Thim Cubans, loike most smart people, is quoite in their tastes. They don't care fur shtoile. They go till a battle in their ivery-day clothes, the same as if 'twas work. A Spannard is diffurnt. He can't foight wid comfort unless he how a shave, an' a hair-cut an' diffurnt. He can't foight wid comfort unless he hov a shave, an' a hair-cut, an' a clane pair av cuffs. An' whin he's been an duty a very short whoile it takes a long vacation ty put 'im in condition agin. Wan av the first t'ing thot wor done whin they decoided ty hov a war, were ty provide themselves wid a trocha."

"Wan o' thim things thot's good fur coughs, colds, sore t'roat an' hoarseness," assented his auditor knowingly.

"Rafferty, tie a weight an yer intilligence. If ye don't it'll fly away wid ye. A trocha is a shtructure av brickbats, an' old bar'ls, an' ashes, an' tymaty cans, an' anythin'

else that happens ty be handy ty make the divoidin' loine bechune the two armies, Now, the first thing he knows, Gineral Now, the first thing he knows, Gineral Woiler gits notice from the Spanish gover'mint that he's if bie ty lose 'is job if he don't win a victory. Thin Woiler gits vexed an' says, discouraged loike: 'Murtherin' Moike! More work! What do thim people want fur their money?'

"How much does he get?"

"Oh, I dunno, exackly. But Of don't doubt that a good gineral that knows 'is business kin hov shteady work at eight or tin dol-

kin hov shteady work at eight or tin dol

lars a day."
"Be the powers, it's a fine thrade!"
"Thin he goes out wid its army. As soon as they see im comin' the insurgents get over an their own soide av the trocha, not havin' any rasons fur takin' risks agin superior numbers. Thin the Spannards shteps first wan fut and thin the other over the trocha, an' thin they say 'hooroo, yez Cuban spalpeens,' only not very loud, an' in a minute they're bolck an the way ty town ez fasht as the horses 'll take 'em. The nixt thing the Spannards do is ty pre-pare fur the cilibration av the victory. An wholle they're singin' songs an' tellin' shtories an' passin' a dhrop now an' thin, along comes the Cubans, who wor watching' em all the toime, moind yez, an' takes possession av any troops an' provisions an' amminition they kin lay their han's on. An' the Spannards is that busy merry-makin' an' pinnin' medais an one another thot they niver know what happened till next

day." "An' the Cubans done thot," said Rafferty, "wholle the inimy wor takin' relaxation in the avenin'?"

"Dolan, it's wrong. We ought ty sind 'em a committee.' "But all's fair in war." "Of don't care. It's a case fur a walkin' delegate. It amounts ty the same t'ing as

workin' overtoime, an' it sets a dang'rous example."

A Recollection. It was indeed a perfect day. I scarce recall the weather. But autumn calm and bloom of May

Each sentence was a ballad. The rocks were jewels; weeds were flowers. When Mary dressed the salad. No vernal scene whose blandishment Will welcomely beset us. Can have the fascination lent

Then melody made sweet the hours;

By that small sprig of lettuce. And vainly must musicians toil From stage or festal wagon, For tones like those with which the off Came loitering from the flaxon Strange how these merchant-chemists mar Each once-alluring savor!

How tasteless is the vin gar! How dull the pepper's flavor! Oftimes when sterner needs are planned, Those memories come pressing; That salad day: the sunshine and The girl who made the dressing

Natural Selection.

The old-colored man, who stepped cautiously into the depot, appeared to be dressed for an important occasion. His long broadcloth coat was rather rusty, and his silk hat did not seem used to being brushed the right way. He stood just inside the door, and, bending over, with his umbrella behind him, peered cautiously around through the spectacles which be had been polishing with great care. His emed so diffident that one men employed in the place was moved to

come to his assistance.
"Anything we can do for you?" he in-"Yassuh, I reckon dar is," was the an-swer. "Is dis de place whah de kyahs stahts away I'um to whah dey's gwine at?" "You mean, is this the place where trains go out?" "Yassuh." was the answer, with a grate-

Yes, this is it. Where are you bound "No place in purticklar. I jes' wants ter

"But you must have some destination!" 'I didn't know 'bout dat. But mebbe de ol' lady was posted an' packed it up foh me. Dah's er pow'ful sight o' col' vittles an' fixin's in dat kyahpetbag. "But where do you wish to go?"
"Jes' travelin'. I ain' nebber been away

f'um home. We done got some money saved up an' de folks all 'lowed dat I orter celebrate my birfday by takin' er 'scursion an' seein' de sights er dis great country. I's got twenty-foh dollars an' eight cents. How much is half er dat?"
"Twelve dollars and four cents."
"I reckoned I'd git on de kyahs an' travel

dat much worf one way an' den git de con-ductor ter staht me back foh de balance o' "Haven't you any idea about the train you want to take?"

When do one go?" "There's a 9:30 train."
"An' ef I doan git dat I reckons I'll hafter walt tell termorrer."
"No. There are lots of trains; the 10:18 train, the 11:25, the 11:50, the 12:15, the

"Dem all soun's good. But, honey," and he leaned over confidentially, "dah's one t'ing I'd like ter ax yer." "What is it? "Yoh see, dishere's a kin' er frolic foh me, an', while yoh wus namin' em over, it jes' happened ter strike me. Yoh isn't got

er 7:11 train, is yer?"

A Moral Compromise. "Young man," sald Senator Sorehum to the protege of whom he expects to make a successful politician, "I am afraid that you are drifting toward methods that do not invite the calcium glare of publicity." "I don't quite understand," was the en

barrassed answer. "It seems to me that some of the plans you contemplate would cause you embarrasement if you were called upon to clucidate their details."

"Well, senator, you're what they call a practical politician yourself."
"Exactly," was the self-appreciative reply. "And as such I am prepared to dismiss all considerations of sentiment and to knowledge no criterion except success."
"Well, a good many men keep a few cards

up their sleeves. up their sleeves."
"Certainly, my boy. And the great mistake they often make is to insist on ringing them into the game when they hold the winning hand anyhow. I have seen many a man spoil a straight flush of natural

ability and courage for the sake of holding an inadequate pair of aces, in the way of

chicanery."
"That isn't they way you talked some time ago."
"What did I say?"

"What did I say?"
"You remarked, among other things, that
every man has his price."
"H'm. That's one of the sentences which
I suspect are often repeated because they
sound well and because nobody is able to
produce proof one way or the other. But
that aspect of the question is metaphysical
and not political. Assuming that the proposition is correct, as well as epigrammatic;
it is a great mistake to hang out the price
tag where everybody can see it. For people tag where everybody can see it. For people to get the impression that a politician is on the bargain counter may produce a temporary activity in trade; but it is certain, in the end, to cause a terrible let-down in the demand for the goods."

Diplomacy.

From Truth. Mrs. Jones-"Oh, dear me: please tell me now to word this telegram to my husband want to tell him that the baby is sick the cook is drunk, the water pipes leaking, and I want him to come

me at once, you had be