At intervals of every six months of when At intervals of every six months s(when there is no election pending, nor war in Europe to fill the newspapers and interest the spublic), up comes the discussion of the momentous question why American young men do not marry? Every leading Journal has freed its mind on this subject and pronounced a decision based on precisely the same line of argument.

We are assured, first, that our educated young men do not marry as their fathers did; they lead a luxurious bachelor existence with the help of clubs, fashionable society, occasional visits to Europe and a semplant for etchings, old china, classical

society, occasional visits to Europe and a penchant for etchings, old china, classical music, or some coarser hobby. Educated croung women are left to wither like unralucked roses on the stem. There is in the control of the coarse of the coarse that the consequence, imminent danger that the lative American will ultimately die out

consequence, imminent danger inch the sative American will ultimately die out and yield his place to the more unselfish, domestic, prolific foreigner.

We are referred to highly cultured Massachusetts as a proof of this conditions of affairs, where the Irish population of the Puritans. The reason why American young men do not marry, we are invariably assured, is because American young women are extravagant, indoient, ignorant of all housewifely arts, etc., etc.

"A young follow, with an income of \$1,000 or \$2,000, would like to marry and have a home, a sweet little wife and children of his own; but which of these city butterslies of fashion would be willing the live in a little house in Kensington or mainfulfidge street, to keep one girl for general housework, to make her own gowns and occasionally cook the dinner? Not one." Hence the conclusion: The caoble young fellow is forced to give up hits dream of a home and content himself with apending his \$1,000 or \$2,000 on with spending his \$1,000 or \$2,000 on

There is the explanation so familiar by this time that we all have come to be the Now how much truth is in it? Is it structure that our educated, even our fashion-eable girls, are indolent, helpless—mere soutterflies who live in the sun and perish with the first touch of frost? How many enen, in the knowledge of each reader of side Press, have lost fortune and social specition in the last twenty years and dropped out of fashionable purities into obscure little streets or country towns?

In every such case was it the med or swomen of the bankrupt family who met sine shock with the mostobetinate courage, swho most readily fell into habits of close send petty economies? How many rives ers, artists, milliners, patiently, cheerfully exching day by day for the bare necessi-Philadelphia are now anop-women, ton

The average American man or woma spins an enormous amount of plack, of secidiffence, of the staying powers of the taglish recederso. He (or she) likes a life of luxury and ease and enjoys it to sweept away, there is this reserve power to East back upon in the woman as in the

the secret of the whole matter is that the young fellow with a moderate income money, he himself prefers the club, he blonable clothes, etc., to the stuff that a house and chance of Ill-cooked smeals from the alovenly girl of all work If he were once heartily in love, he would have his own way in the matter, and eas-Smyton, or a Colorado ranch if need be. In nine cases out of ten the woman

remaid be more willing than the man to Ace hisnry and fashion for genuine

time began the Ophelias more the Hamlets have been ready to give r love and count the world well lost. #f rero is downright actual love on either side, outside matters count for but little Stemorts of cases every day, in which groung girls, delicately nurtured, and semerled men and women fling away charwerer, home, the dearest ties, wealth, These hope of heaven itself, to gratify an short passion prove this. We may take the granted that when a man remains a conchelorand enjoys an occasional german, made by Poole and costly wine and mars, it is because, in his secret soul, same, well built coat and case are dearer in than any woman.

Again, is it true that American young seen do not marry? Are our educated withering unplucked on the stem? were, from indulgence in luxury and habits of ealfish case, will become at last extinct and leave its place to be filled by foreign-A scientific book lately written by are minent physician prophesies this resdean will become extinct as the of the Lenni, Lenape or, before

the mound builders. this condition of affairs and these may be true of four or five of our es and one or two States in which ans of livelihood are exhausted. unterly the writers who predicate eer live in those States and office, itually regard them as comprising

ide of Philadelphia, New York, and one or two other large towns of goes on as briskly as in the days athers; throughout the South and at West marriage on small means ruo, sturdy families are the unfworting to these luguerious fore , is to be the first branch of the perish, although he leaves the urplus of women unmarried narries when he goes to the West in the end of a fairy tale, has enthlyon and is happy ever after. gor, has many other of our long, will be set right by the of the towns into the

Fo life is more simple and its

more natural. [Philadelphia

A New Fish Storye the stories told in which the christian name figures, is of an t that happened when Preserved just twenty-one years old, had been eaptain of a New Bedford whaling A revenue cutter bore down upon ad dominated the name of the brigg he Flying Fish," shouted back the

nat's the earsto?" was the next ques-

Field Fish," was answered. "And wher is Captain?"

"Preserved Fish:" That Government officer couldn't stand or made fan of by anybody in this and on board he climbed with his fonants, only to find that the whole

The Housier Feels whiteomb Riley, the Hoosier a man of 37 years, of slight build, il, with long, thin hands, a pale demanded.

"Really." was the pleasant reply. "I forget whother it is in Indianapolis of Ill.nois."—[San Francisco Argonaut.

COUNT AND EX-CARDINAL

Wonderful Career of a Man About Town. I was crossing Sixth avenue at Twe

I was crossing Sixth avenue at Twenty third street, with a friend last Saturday night, writes G. P. Lathrop from New York to the Pittsburg Dispatch, and just under the station of the Elevated Railroad we encountered a well-dressed man, to whom my friend bowed, saying as he did so, "Good evening, Count."

The stranger replied in Gorman. We paused a moment, and I regarded him attentively. His erect figure, jaunty air and generally young get-up gave him the appearance of a man of forty, but there were wrinkles on his face and a tired look appearance of a man of forty, but there were wrinkles on his face and a tired look in his eyes which showed him to be at least a dozen years older. His clothes were new and well made, and his face clean shaved except for a sandy mustache. He were a shiny silk hat and car-

ried a light cane.
"Did you notice that man I spoke to?" inquired my friend as soon as we were out of hearing.
"I did. What of him?"

"What would you take him to be?
Does he look like a professional man or a merchant—or what?"
"Well," I replied carelessly, "I heard
you call him Count and address him in
German; so it's just possible that he's a
barber. He might be a head waiter if it
were not for his mustache. He looks to

melikes man about town, with pronoun sporting proclivities."
"That's about what he is now," said my friend. "I should call him in the siang of the day, a rounder, but he has not spent all of his life in Sixth avenue by any means. He has had a varied career. I remember him when he was a Cardinal in Rome."

I was naturally surprised to learn this, for an ex-Cardinal is a much rarer bird than an ex-King, and there have been very few of the latter in New York since Man-

hattan Island was first settled.
At my friend's suggestion I called on an At my Friend's suggestion Feather of an Austrian of his acquaintance and learned from him the following facts in regard to the man who is, so far as I know, the only ex-Cardinal who has ever sought refuge

n this country.

Count B—, as he is called by his fer intimates, is a member of an influential Austrian family. His grand uncle, whose name he bears, was a famous soldier in his day and one of the generals in com-mand of the Austrian forces at the battle

Twenty-five years ago the then young Count was a Captain in the Austrian army, pursuing a career of reckiese profligacy which eventually led to his dismissal from the service. He had, however, a warm friend in the person of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who remembered the services rendered to the house of Hapsburg by the brave old General in the dark daya of the Napoleonic invasion. Through his influence the Count was made a member of the College of Cardinals at Rome and duly invested with the insignia of his

For some time he held the high position of a Prince of the Church, until a scandal, in which he figured and which was the European sensation of the day, brought about his expulsion. After this disgrace he disappeared from public view, and was not heard of Then he horrifled his family and friends

by turning up in Switzerland as the pero -if the word may be used in such a connection of another scandal, fully as discreditable as the first. He invelgled a young French girl of good family into a mock marriage, in which his servant roung woman lost her reason when sho discovered the deceit which had been practiced on her, and is to-day an inmate

of an insane asylum. Hi family, who keenly felt the dis-grace brought upon them, settled in annuity of \$2,500 on the Count upon the condition that he should leave Europe. He came to New York a few years ago, and has been living here quietly ever since among people who know nothing of his former history.

Carious Sporting Anecdote.

In 1854 a man dreamed that the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood was won by a horse named Pumicestone. When he woke he looked at the entries and found that there was no horse named Pumice stone in the race, and only one colt without a name—an animal owned by Lord Chesterfield.

He wrote to Lord Chesterfield, relating the circumstance, and asking whether he might take the liberty of begging his lordship to name the horse according to

Lord Chesterfield replied, saying that he had sold the colt to Lord Wilton, that it was a very moderate animal, in no way likely to win a good handleap. but that he would forward the letter to present owner.

Lord Wilton received it in due course thought that Pumicestone was as good a name as any other he could think of, and so the colt was named. It won the Stewards' Cup in a field of thirty-seven .- [Illustrated Sporting News.

Peculiar Castoms in Maine

There is a place in Lincoln county, not far from Augusta, which contains more eccentricities than any other town in Maine, so far as my knowledge goes. was here that I ran across a coffin-maker who paints his coffins red and blue, a few months ago. In this community died the misor at whose funeral the Augusta minister had to wait while the undertaker

went out to hunt for mourners. A woman of this same stripe lives in the town. She is "nearer" than Barkis Her daughter did not get half enough to eat, and became so emaciated that some of her friends thought she was dying of consumption and had a doctor

thing she needs is nourishment, said the doctor.

"That does the doctor mean by nour ishment?" asked the girl (who is as ignoras she is unfed) after the doctor went

. Journal.

Tales Out of School.

There is no end to the funny, that are seen and heard by the leacher in our public schools. Once a teacher observed a huge blot of ink on a boy's copybook, "What is that?" he demanded.

"Soca I think it's a loar, sir." "A sar! How could a tear be black?"
"Sure, I think wan o the colored boys

For the comfort of children who know what it is to be "flustered," this is the laughable reply of a very bright and accomplished lady teacher who was passing a purely formal examination in physiol-Where is the alimentary canal?" was

PUSHING BUSINESS.

A Study in Human Nature

"I tell you wot it is, it pays ter stud human natur," remarked a little, grizzi may vith a gray tippet around his ne who was standing on Madison street, near the bridge. On either side of him, about ten feet distant, was a pail with lemon drops heaped on the top.
"Which is your stand?" inquired his

The little man paused and cast a wither ing look of scorn at the questioner. "I owns 'em both, young man. That's my scheme. It pays ter study human natur. See that man," said the little old man, towering his voice. "Watch him The man indicated was just passing the

first pail of lemon drops.
"Lemo! Lemo!" shrilly shouted the little man. "Warranted to cure coughs and colds. Only five cents, a half dime."

The stranger, as he passed the first outpost of lemon drops, looked at them in a scared way out of the corners of his eyes. He seemed torn by contending emotions. He faltered for an instant, and seemed or

the point of stopping and turning back. Then, as if fighting the temptation away, he passed on. "Watch him," whispered the little old

The stranger walked by with a firm tread and a determined look on his face. When he came to the second rele of lemon drops he stopped. He almost staggered; a look of resignation swept over his face, and, jamming his hand down into his pocket, he halted before the lemon

The little old man was already on hand to wait upon him. When the customer had departed, munching his lemon drops, the little, gray-tippeted old man gave vent to a hoarse chuckle.

"They're all alike," he said. "They see the first lot of lemon drops, and get past afore they has made up their minds. Then they hate to turn back, and that decides the case against me. Now, I put this other pail o' juicy drops up here, and along they comes that while they along they comes just while their mouths is a waterin' from the sight o' the other lemon drops. Most men can resist one temptation, but precious few kin stan' two in rapid suction. I've doubled my profits since I began studyin' human natur."-Chicago News.

A Brand New Bear Story.

Good bear stories are so scarce that the reader should not treat this one fispantly. Harry Whiteside of Harbor Point was put with a fishing party at Bear Lake, and happened to stray alone up a brook about four miles from camp.

While engaged in fishing he caught sight of a bear cub. He gave chase, and captured young Bruin, and started off for camp with his prisoner. The latter did not relish his new acquaintance, and kept up a squealing that made the woods

Whiteside had barely started when he heard a crackling in the bushes, and, glancing back, saw young Bruin's mother, huge black bear, rapidly bearing down upon him. Whiteside took to his heels, and to facilitate his flight dropped in succession his \$15 fish pole, hat and coat, but Mrs. Bruin cared for none of these things and came on like an avalanche.

After many regrets he concluded it would be best to drop the cub; bu, what was his surprise and terror to find that the bear passed its offspring without recognition and continued the mad charge. It was gaining every minute, and once as Whiteside slipped it caught a mouthful

of his shirt. In the desperation of the moment it occured to him to try the effect of fire, and taking a newspaper from his pocket he lighted it and thrust it into the bear's eyes. The effect was magical. The bear wheeled about and Whiteside continued his dejected journey into camp.-[Grand Rapids (Mich) Times,

That Terrible Telegram

The other day a young housewife left her home in this city to spend a few days with several lady friends in Hamilton. Before going she provided a good supply of cold edibles for her husband, and told him that he could help himself whenever he was hungry. He took lunch down town and went home in the evening for

As he tells the story, he found cold chicken, cold butter, cold pie, cold milk, cold salt, cold mustard, and several other cold dishes, but with all that he was not entirely satisfied, and hunted high and low for something else. At first he did not know what it was,

but finally concluded that he wanted bread. He knew there was some in the house, but he could not find it. Finally he concluded to telegraph his wife, for he could not live without bread. Accordingly a telegram asking "Where is the bread?"

was dispatched. The wife received it in the midst of a number of ladies, and it frightened her nearly to death. With the cry "I know it is bad news; I know Mr. B- is killed!" she fell in a faint.

The ladies present cried from sympathy, and a most lugubrious scene presented itself when the man of the house hap-"What's the matter here?" he asked.

"Mrs. B.'s husband has been killed and she has fainted," was the reply. "How do you know?" he asked.

"Oh, she got a telegram." "Where is it?" "We haven't opened it yet."

Imagine the scene when the sympathetic creatures read the message. In about an hour the reply was sent back to him: "You mean thing. It's in the bread box, under the piano, where I hid it from the cook."-[Cincinnati Sun.

Much Photographed Women. Miss Adelaide Neilson was, in her day,

probably the most photographed woman of the time. It is interesting to learn from an obviously well-informed source that when she died she had in her possession a series of albums containing a copy of every photograph of her which had been published, and that the total of these cartes, "cabinets," panels, etc., was exactly 600. Large as this total seems there are at least three ladies now living who can beat it. In the case of one of these the phenomenal total attained is within a very measurable distance of

Some Quaint Memorials

There is a monument at Frankfort, Ky., to Daniel Boone and his wife, the memorial having been put up by the State of Kentucky. The inscription says:

Daniel Boone.

Rebecca Boone.

of the two pioneers and in bas-relief on tablets are pictured hunting scenes, com-bats with Indians and the like. But, really, perhaps the best monument to Daniel is a growing oak down in Tensee. That oak once felt great Dan's nife, or that worthy cut into the wood this lettering:

· cilled a bar UNDER this tra.

OUR NATIONAL TURE.

Origin of Yankee Doodle. The New York Historical Socie well entertained recently by Dr. Corge

The Origin H. 'foore's paper on "The History of Yankee Doodle." "The earliest tradition about the word Yankee," Dr. Moore said, "would assign it to old Farmer Hastings, who lived ir Cambridge, in 1713, and with whom 'Yankee 'cider meant excellent cider, or 'Yan-

kee' beans excellent beans. "The term stuck to the old man with whom the Harvard students of that day ran up livery bills and soon came in college slang to mean foolish or weak-minded. In this contemptuous sense it was applied later to all New Englanders. For one hundred years American philologists have been trying to trace the term to air Indian source. It was not Indian, however, but Dutch.

"If one might characterize the rela-tions between New England and the New-Netherlands in the early colonial period, he would say with Irving that 'the Yankee despised the Dutchman and the Dutchman abominated the Yankee.

"The Dutch verb 'Yankee' means snarl, wrangle, hanker after, and the noun 'Yanker,' howling cur, is perhaps the most expressive term of contempt in the whole language. Out of that most harmonious struggle between Connecticut and New Amsterdam came the nick name which has stuck to the descendants of

the Puritans ever since.

"The air had been popular in England as early as 1730 under the name of 'Fisher's Jig.' And when the New England continent with its Falstaffian appearance and psalm-like marching music came to Albany in the French and Indian War, one of the British wits, Dr. Richard Shutber an army surgeon, took the rattling tune for a set of satirical verses on their sober manners and ridiculous attire. "The British fleet sailed into Bosto

Harbor in 1768 with the military bands playing 'Yankee Doodle' in contempt The British were glad to drop it after Lexington and Concord and listened with chagrin when the American bands retaliated at Saratoga and Yorktown.

"The American," said the lecturer at the end, "whose heart is not stirred by the simple drum and fife tones of 'Yankee Doodle, knows little of the history of his country and cares less for its heroic past.

"The poet who shall make an immortal song fit for union with notes which re-echo the tones of the first century of American patriotism, will command the homage of all coming centuries of American free-

A Lesson in Etiquette.

He was fresh from the wilds of the Southern country, where every man has a record of dead. I knew him when he was a major; now he is a miner, with bullets in his tangled hair, and extinct eraters all over him. A place in his left ear would be useful to hold a pen if his hand had not accustomed itself to a revolver. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but t isn't a patch on the revolver. He was, I am afraid, not at his best when I saw him. His syntax was wild, and his pros-

ody all a-rve. "Yes," he said, "it is a nice life; a real ice, pleasant, agreeable life. They are all Texans there, and if there is any place where there are indisputable gentlemen, it is in the mountains. Texans earry their lives in their hands most of the time. They earry other people's lives in heir beits or their boots, or down the back of their neck. I would like you to come

"Thank you very much."
"Yes; I'd like to introduce you to an old gentleman there, as genial an old man as you ever met."

Is he a Texan?" "Yes, but he's so kindly natured fellow. I am sure you'd like him. I made his first acquaintance under very peculiar circumstances. He had just arrived. He came up to me and said, 'Your name's

"'Yes, sir; that's my name. "'They tell me you're awful good." "'You don't tell me,' said I.

"'Yes. They tell me you're awful good. I think I'll just take a shot at you myself.' "And the old gentleman in a genial way stepped back a little and fired. I wasn't seared. I walked up to him and I handed him my Gatling. "'Here,' said I, 'you try this. That

gun of yours can't hit anything." "It broke him all up, and he's been one of my best friends ever since. Come down and meet him."—[San Francisco Call.

Short Tale of Smith.

I have been informed that "Smith" is a name frequently appearing in the direct-ory. If this be true, I know not; my explorations thus far have stopped short of that varied, interesting, and valuable annual.

All at present engaging my mind is a recollection. Some years ago I was peculiarly situated. The circumstances will be made clear by the following incident: One afternoon the door bell of my residence rang. The faithful Bridget instantly attended the summons.

A gentleman stood without. Does Mr. Smith reside here?" "Faith, an' he does not." "I was directed to this part of the

"Shure an' you was directed right." "Then you know where I may find him?" "I do.

"Where? "An the side of us." "Which side?" Both sides." "I am looking for Mr. Smith, a govern-

ment clerk.' "They's both government clerks, sir."
"I wish to find Mr. John Smith."
"They's both Johns, sir." And it was true.

The puzzled visitor, after expressing his thanks to the amused Bridget, resorted to the next door on the right. A few words there with the servant, and he retired, to resort to the next door left of m; dwelling. That he entered-and so ends the short story of Smith .- [Washington Re-

"My Country Tis of Thee,"

It is of Samuel Francis Smith, author of the words of our national anthem, "My Country "Tis of Thee," that Oliver Wendell Holmes sings in his poem, "The

"And there's a nice fellow of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,

But he shouted a song for the brave and the free, Just read on his medal, 'My country, of

Dr. Smith still resides at Newton Center, Mass., which place he has made his home for several years. The author is 77 years of age, though in appearance rembles a much younger man. He has a large full head of hair, with puffs

BOYS GETTING ACQUAINTED.

When two strange boys come together oceed to get acquainted some

after wis fashion: "What's yer name?" "Tommy Crupper. What's yourn?"
"Dickey Tabbits. Wot's your dad's

"Ole Dan Crupper, an' the dog's name's Sniff. Is yer dog yaller?"
"Nope; he's spotted an' wears a collar. Got a knife to trade?" "Yep; but I lost it. When I find it I'll

swop you. Watchy read in?"
"Third Reader. Lus trade hats." "I dassent; my pop won't 'low me My feet's the biggest."
"Well, I chawed terbacker onest." "That's nothin'. I saw three dogs

fighting at one time." "I was in swimmin' six times in one day a'ready." "I had two teeth pulled las' week."

"That's nothin'. I cut my finger most every day, an' our hired girl 'most burnt her head off las' night." "That's no great sight. A robber broke into our house one time, an' my pap's got a brother in jail." "Well, that ain't much. My ma's got

sister with a glass eye, an' our baby's got four teeth an' a lump on its head what makes it cry all the time. Can your father play the fiddle?"
"Maybe I aint got a brother who can turn a han' spring an' walk on stilts.
Why don't you brag?"
"Whe' a broad?"

"Who's a braggin'? I wouldn't be a blowhard.

"Don't you call me that, or I'll-" "You will, will you?"

"Yes, I will!" "No, you won't!" "You won't!"

"Will-will-will!" "Won't-won't-won't!" "Touch me if you dare." "Don't you pucker your mouth at me, or I'll smash yer nose.

"If I was a girl I'd wear a dress." "Wait till I ketch you some time, an' I'll lick you till you can't walk." "Put a chip on your shoulder and I'll knock it off.'

"No, you won't."
"Yes, I will." "You won't, either!" "I will if you dare me to." "Well, I dare you, an' anybody won't take a dare 'll steal sheep. There it is, smarty, an' now let's see what you'll do." The next instant both boys are rolling in the dust, pulling hair, and trying to chew each other's ears. From this time on they consider themselves well acquainted, and take a friendly interest in

A Royal Savage's Wooing.

each other.- [Washington Republie.

An actress, who was on a theatrical tour in New Zealand, on one occasion made such an impression upon the king of the Maoris that, immediately after the performance, he sent around to say he would

like to marry her.

The proffered honor was politely but firmly declined with thanks; but Tawsaio could not be brought to understand that the refusal was seriously meant.

Believing the motive to be that he was already provided with four wives, he prozle forthwith if this might alte the decision. The enamored monarch was, it s said, greatly surprised in finding that not even this proof of affection produced

Muskrat for Possum

The Rev. Penstock then called up the case of Elder Walkabout Smith, c." Toronto. Some two weeks since the Elder, who is an honorary member of the club, prepared a 'possum feast and sold tickets at twenty-five cents per head. Over fifty colored men sat down at his festive board and are of the possums he claimed to have imported direct from Virginia.

Everything passed off in the pleasantest manner, but it was discovered next day that Elder Smith had substituted muskrat for 'possum and perpetrated a bald-headed swindle on his confiding countrymen. Complaint was at once lodged against him with the secretary of the club. Brother Penstock's motion was promptly seconded by Shindig Watkins, and the President said:

"De moshun prevails an' de case am tooken from de table. It seems to me dat Elder Smith's crime am one of de blackest eber known on de records an' dat it ealls for condign punishment. "Am dar ary way fur us to git hold of him?" asked Waydown Bebee.

"I doan' speck dar am." "Couldn't we hev him arrested oberdar an' tried fur piracy, arson, perjury or sunthin' of dat sort?" queried Elder Toots. "I doan' see how we kin.: I reckon de only thing we kin do am to bounce him. While dar am nuffin' so werry condign about dat, we kin lib in hopes dat de small-pox skeer may drive him across de riber before spring. De Seekretary will cross de name off de rolls an' de customary blue ink circular will be sent to all honorary members in Canada. - [Detroit

Something for Latin Scholars.

A correspondent inclosed to the Dublin Mail a copy a copy of an inscription in medieval Latin from a stone discovered during the excavations now proceeding at Cork Hill, near which stood a church dedicated to a saint and missiona known to the chroniclers by the name of Jn Ambulans. The inscription is as follows: "I 'SABILLI-HERES' AGO

FORTIBUS' ES IN. ARO

SCES 'MARI, THEBE, TRUX vis' innem . . . Pes, an dux."

of this the Freeman's Journal obhat, though not versed in an anan lore, it offers a translation which it all purposes. Here it is: say, Billy, here's a go, rty busses in a row; o, says Mary, they be trucks, What is in em? Peas and Ducks."

Big Sign Painting.

The business of painting the huge signs upon fences and barns which assault the eye in all parts of the country is in the hands of a few contractors in New York and Chicago.

One firm in New York spends from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year in this way, paying from one and one-half to two cents a square foot for the work. The bigger the sign the better. Many can be found reaching 300 feet in length and the biggest of all (at Newark, Ohio) is more than 800 feet long and contains only

Not So Funny After All.

A New Haven boy recently, "for fun," inserted an advertisement in a local paper for a husband. A Western farmer answered it, and the young man wrote at length, describing himself as a handsome, middle-aged woman, with a long bank around the ears; a pair of keen gray eyes and a ring beard that is almost entirely white. He has given up all literary work, with the exception of conducting the large correspondence which comes to him.

ON THE STREET CAR.

She Had Lost the Necessary Nickel. aggard-looking little woman with

basketful of clothes got on a car of the aristocratic Madison avenue line other evening while the rain was to write down in torrents. She had great the culty in getting the cumbersome bash into the car, and the conductor said that she should have taken one of the mon democratic Third avenue cars.

When she entered the car every seat was occupied by well-dressed men. Half a dozen of them jumped up at once and offered her their seats. She had hardly seated herself in a corner beside a hand. some fat gentleman when the conductor came around and haughtily demanded

The little woman suddenly turned red in the face, and then tears began to drop from her eyes. "My goodness," she sobbed, "I have lost my nickel. I had it in my hand when I started to get on the car. I must have dropped it in the ging at this basket."

Well, you will have to get out," an. swered the conductor in a loud and un. sympathetic voice, while the sound of the rain pattered against the car windows At the same time, he rang the bell to ston the car.

The car stopped so suddenly that the fat gentleman, who was at the time in the act of jumping to his feet, was thrown in a lump in the basket of clothes. This excited his indignation all the more, and as he arose he produced a big roll of

"The idea of putting this woman out in such a storm as this," he roared at the conductor. "Not much, you won't as long as I have a dollar." At the same time every man in the car had a hand stretched toward the conductor tendering money to pay the washer. woman's fare. Every one of them was anxious for the privilege, but it was ac-

that were made caused the conductor's ears to turn red .- [New York Sun.

corded to the fat gentleman. After that

the number of uncomplimentary remarks

A Woman's Terrible Affliction. A very natty two-horse brougham stopped with a flourish at the corner of Spruce and Eleventh streets yesterday afternoon. Its varnish was a dark olive and a crest was painted in crimson on each door. The negro coachman on the box shivered under his cape of sable until the cockade on his hat shook His face was a dirty gray in hue-not

unlike dish-water. A prim Engish waiter bounced baraheadeded down the steps of the house before which the carriage stopped and opened the door for two befurred ladies. The elder of the pair, who was evidently the mistress of the carriage and the mansion, turned and looked anxious ly at the coachman as soon as she alighted He trembled more than ever and cowered beneath his cape.
"James," said the mistress in a grieved

tone, "it's happened again. "Can't help it, missus," answered the coachman, in a voice of resignation.
"Well, don't keep the horses standing," said the lady petulantly.

"As the carriage disappeared around the corner she turned to her companion and said despairingly: "I really don't know what I'll do." Why, what's the matter. was the sympathetic respons "I sent clear to South Carolina," the elder woman replied, "to get a mar match my brougham. He was a olive green and I was delighted all summer. Why don't you know how many congratulations I received on my tast

at the City Troop races? But now the cold weather's come he turns that maty gray. The wretch, I believe he knew he would, and I paid"-The door of the house closed or the injured woman and a man on the sidewalk, who had heard her plaint, said: "Great

Scott!"-[Philadelphia Press.

Modern Cave Dweller. A man in Chicopee, Mass., has lived for several winters in a cave dug with his own hands in a neighboring sand bank. The police lately went after him, fearing the village sentiment would result in

injury to him. They found him in a small hole scarcely large enough to turn around in, with a few crusts of bread, a package of rea, a bottle of kerosene and an oil store. He shows no signs of insanity, working in summer as a farm hand and being known for his fidelity.

Dissipated Mocking Birde The children in Atlanta have hear the liquor question discussed enough to be

short time ago a little boy came running to his mother with a look of gravity. "Ma," said he, "I thought you old me that mocking birds were good "Yes, I did tell you so, my son. "Well ma, you don't know nothin' 'tall bout mocking birds, then, for that old

drunk on chancy berries, and is out yonder rippin' and rearin' and tearin' mongst the robins."

one that built her nest in the water

oak last summer has gone and got

Waking Up London. Whistler, the artist, makes so much of a stir wherever he goes that he is very often under the impression that he is the big ship cutting its way through the otherwise still life of the London c.can · Well, London's waking up at last," he is reported to have said to a friend on one becasion, a short time after his return from a trip abroad. "Waking up?" said his friend, "I don't know why.

come back."-[Boston Post. Hint for Learned Maidens. A young lady residing in the West End said to her father:

"Now, pa, are you satisfied? Just look

"Why?" and Whistler was almost

breathless with surprise. "Why, Ive

at my testimonial !- Political economy, satisfactory; fine art and music, very good; logic, excellent. Father-"Very much so, my dear-especially as regards your future. If your husband should understand anything of housekeeping, cooking, mending, ar use ca sewing machime, perhaps out married life will indeed be happy."-[W.sh-

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