

THE railroad men better look out. Next year there'll be enough of baseball players out of jobs to stock every road in the country and leave a surplus on the side tracks.

BLUE is the Chinese mourning color, When you see a Chinaman wearing a blue coat or with blue braid plaited in his que you may take it for granted that some relative or friend is dead.

THE miracle-working wells of Gal-goeze, in the district of Pressburg, Hungary are attracting so many thousands of pilgrims from the surrounding country that the authorities have been forced to call in the military to keep order.

A WISCONSIN man won \$10 in a novel manner. He met a lady, who, in a jest, offered to bet him \$10 that he dared not marry her. He took the bet, picked a quarrel with a young lady to whom he was already engaged, and married the fair better.

FULLY three-fourths of the babies of the world go naked until they get to be five or six years old. The Canadian Indians keep their babies naked up to a certain point, and as for the little Koreans, they wear nothing but a short skirt until they are almost grown.

TWO TRAVELING hypnotists agreed to hypnotize a Michigan man for fifty cents, and after he had got it good and strong they wanted \$5 to "unhyp" him. He refused to pay it and they made a skip, and he is still seeing the red eyes of black cats perched on the foot-board of the bedstead.

Most of the Indians have got the idea that a new God is coming—one who will help them drive the white man into the sea, and old Indian fighters predict a grand uprising soon. When the red man gets ready for it he should select his burial spot, for the result will be a wipe-out. The army has no sentiment.

IT is the greatest delusion in the world for a boy to get the idea that his life is of no consequence and that the character of it will not be noticed. A manly, truthful boy will shine like a star in any community. A boy may possess as much of noble character as a man. He may so live and speak that there shall be no discount on his worth.

A CURIOUS advertisement which appears in one of the English papers states: "Philanthropist—A lady would be pleased to hear from any benevolent persons willing to assist her in procuring the necessary funds for the academical training of an intelligent young man who is compelled against his inclination to earn his living in trade. Please communicate," etc.

SAM JONES speaks contemptuously of old men and women who have gone to church so long that they have "sacred rheumatism." "Sacred rheumatism" contracted through chronic church-going may be a bad ailment, but it is neither so debilitating to the victims nor so disgusting to the public as Sam's infirmity, ministerial hysterics, contrived through soul-saving by the job.

IT is an addition to the great repute of Samuel J. Randall that, after so many years of Congressional service, during which there were many times when his vote or influence would have been worth a fortune to interested lobbyists, he died worth but \$5,000. Many persons disagreed with Mr. Randall's principles and opposed his policy with all strenuousness, but none doubted his honesty.

A MORMON elder gives his view that the proclamation of the Mormon President against polygamy will be welcomed in the household of a great majority of the Mormon saints in Utah. "The practice of polygamy in our church," he says, "has been dying out ever since the death of Brigham Young, from whom it derived its strength." This Mormon elder's view agrees with the figures reported by the census taken in Utah.

WHEN Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher went out as a bride to her husband's first parish in Lawrenceburg, Indiana, the young couple began house-keeping in a small domicile of two rooms over a stable, costing them forty dollars a year, and she sold some of her wedding fineries to help to furnish this bare abode. One cold room of a barn-like building served as the church, and on Saturday afternoons it was Mrs. Beecher's part to sweep and dust it, and fill the lard-oil lamps, while the minister chopped the wood, cut the kindlings, and laid the fires.

AMONG the residents of New York City is a wealthy old lady who has a habit of sending handsome gifts of money to needy persons whom she believes to be doing worthy work in literature, or art, or the pulpit. She does so in the most private way, desiring that only the beneficiaries shall be aware of her deeds, and seeking only to be useful in her life and seclusion. She acts solely upon her own judgment in each case. The banker through whom she sends checks to the recipients of her bounty says he alone keeps account of the depth of the exchequer from which she draws.

A COMPETITION for new designs for United States coins will soon be opened, and every sculptor in America who pos-

sesses both talent and patriotism should certainly enter it. Designs for the standard silver dollar and the five cent nickel piece are to be first adopted, but the Indian head on the 1-cent piece and the figure of Liberty on the dime, quarter and half-dollar will also be changed. Superintendent Bosbyshell, of the Philadelphia mint, points out the fact that the designs must be in very low relief, which is particularly difficult to work with. But the Greek coins were also in low relief, and yet their beauty has been a delight for twenty centuries.

A DUEL was recently fought at a little village on the Belgian frontier in which everything was conducted under strict antiseptic precautions. The sword blades were first placed in boiling water and then carefully washed in a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid. The surgeons were ready with a corrosive sublimate solution of one to a thousand and a number of gauze pledges which had been rendered aseptic by thorough baking. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment, the duel was of the ordinary French kind, and the only wound received was slight cut on the hand, which healed promptly after the application of a small piece of aseptic court plaster.

ST. PAUL ISLAND is one of the chief resorts of the seals in Behring Sea. For about six hundred feet up from the water the ground slopes gently, and it is along this incline the seals establish themselves, the coast for sixteen miles some seasons being literally black with the animals. The males are very quarrelsome and fight for their positions, making a din almost deafening, which may be heard for miles. Here the young seal are born and nursed for a few days by the mothers, who then desert them to be cared for by the older males until they are big enough to shift for themselves. The antics of the young while learning to swim are highly amusing. They flounder about in the water at first as totally helpless as a kitten. It is soon over, however, the seal being the most graceful of swimmers.

AN ADVENTUROUS INFANT. The Child of Three Years Who Survived Three Days and Three Nights in the Forest.

WE little Dayton Weaver, of Hudson, N. Y., is only three years old, but he has gone through an experience that will probably not be forgotten by him in this life. His remarkable survival of three days and nights' exposure in rain and cold in the forests and mountains adjacent to his home has recently been told in the dispatches to the daily press. The little fellow is now quite content to stay at home, and is not satisfied to be out of sight of his mother. Frank, the young dog which staid with him



DAYTON WEAVER.

so closely, is in better health, but lies on the floor near his companion. Dayton does not know what fear is, and makes friends with strangers on short acquaintance. He is a thorough boy, loving the open air and taking great interest in animals of all kinds. When asked about his recent adventures, he only repeats that he was hungry and cold and that it was very dark. His attachment for the dog seems to have greatly increased, and the dog seems to realize that their love, each for the other, is founded on perils endured together. When Dayton's mother asked him if he intended to run away any more he clung closely to her and said: "No! no!" Then he looked at Frank. But Frank was wagging his tail and hanging his tongue out, and generally trying to express the idea he didn't care how soon they started. The portrait above is from a photograph taken about a year ago, and since then Dayton has lost the ousles. Aside from that he has changed little. He is three years old.

FLORENCE E. KOLLOCK, Universal Minister. One of the most remarkable women in Chicago is Miss Florence E. Kollock, pastor of the handsome Universalist Church at the corner of Sixty-fifth street and Stewart avenue. The church building is a monument to her untiring work and devotion to her faith. Miss Kollock was born in Waukesha, Wis., received an academic education

FLORENCE E. KOLLOCK at Madison, and subsequently attended the theological department of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N. Y. On entering the ministry she was sent to Waverly, Ia., where she remained two and a half years, when she came to Chicago.

The church in which Miss Kollock preaches is a pretty brick edifice, costing \$25,000, and holding between 1,000 and 1,200 people. The congregation in regular attendance numbers 400, and the church is filled to the doors every Sunday morning to hear Miss Kollock's stirring sermons.

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LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes Gleaned from Various Sources—Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Retiring.

"I have something to tell you, Alfred," she said, as they stood under the trellised portico previous to his departure. "Jack Ashton, to whom I was engaged seven years ago, has returned.

"Of course, he can't insist on the engagement," replied Alfred Vargrave, with emotion, "now that you have promised to be my wife."

"No (rather hesitatingly); but he has become immensely rich."

"You would have me release you, then, so that you might marry him?" exclaimed Alfred, fiercely.

"No (still hesitatingly); I am only thinking whether you wouldn't amass a fortune sooner by going for seven years than by waiting here for my uncle to die."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Better Side.

The other night a man sat in an open window in a house on Croghan street, and from the knob of the door fluttered the insignia of death—of a child's death. Along came four or five roysterers, singing and shouting, and as they caught sight of the man in the window they came to a halt, and one of them began:

"Say, old man, come—"

"Hush!" interrupted one of his companions. "Don't you see that his baby is dead."

"Be good, 'scuse us," said two or three in chorus, and the gang tip-toed away and disappeared around the corner. The presence of death had brought out the better side.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Cattish, After the Comparison of Notes.



Miss Tablette—The wretch! and so he has been proposing to both of us?

Miss Brenton—It seems so.

Miss Tablette—I wish we could think of some horrible way to punish him.

Miss Brenton—I have it.

Miss Tablette—What is it?

Miss Brenton—You marry him, dear Judge.

What Sam Thought.

One day 5-year-old Sam caught his 3-year-old sister, Katie, tearing the pictures off of his new kite, and snatching the kite away from her, proceeded to slap her too-busy little hands. Her loud cries brought their mother to the room.

"Why, what are you doing, Sam?" she asked.

"Whipping Katie for tearing my kite."

"You mustn't do that," said she. "If Katie does anything naughty come and tell me and I'll punish her."

"Oh! I think I'd better punish her myself," was the cool reply, "cause you'd be sure to forgive her."

A Mother's Grief.

"You know, Fanny, I picked out old Squaroetos as a safe husband for my daughter and invited him to dinner almost daily for a month. Knowing that he was something of a gourmand I engaged an expensive cook—a real cordon bleu—and at the end of thirty days do you know what happened?"

"No."

"Why, he married the cook."

Revenge!

Servant Girl (to census taker)—Mind you put down in your book that I am the eleventh girl missus has had since the beginning of the year.

Census Collector—That's no business of mine!

Servant Girl—Very likely; but I want everybody to know what sort of a hole this is to live in.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

Before the Rise.



Bull—It's my drink first.

Dog—No, 'taint, it's mine.

Bull—Let's toss up for it.—*Judge*.

Fatal Objection.

Uncle Ned—I've brought you a nice little dog, Johnny, the best one you ever saw.

Johnny—I—I don't think I'll like him.

Uncle Ned (astonished)—What's the matter?

Johnny—That ain't enough tail to tie a can to.—*Binghamton Republican*.

A Little Off.

Belle—I shall never marry Mr. Loose. When I do marry, I shall marry a sound man.

Mother—What is the matter with Mr. Loose?

Belle—He's cracked.

Mistaken.

Landlady—Mr. Poorfellow, you haven't made your last payment.

Boarer—Yes, I have, madam. I never expect to be able to make another.

A Fair Warning.

Mr. Tangle—Tommy, your mother tells me that you are falling into the evil habit of talking slang.

Tommy Tangle—Yes, pa, but I'll try not to.

Mr. Tangle—Well, you'd better not let me catch you using slang. I'd teach you! I'd pound you for a home run, young fellow, and just everlasting knock the stuffing out of you! I'll have no slang in this house.—*Light*.

A Master Mariner.

Esther—Do tell me, Jack, what is a schooner?

Jack—Why, you know, a schooner is a two-masted sailing vessel. I thought you were up in yachting.

Esther—Not especially, and I thought you didn't care for it, but I heard Mr. Sharp say the other day that you could manage more schooners than any fellow at the hotel.—*Boston Beacon*.

In the Cafe.



Hoffman Howes—Why don't you hang up your hat?

Howell Gibbon—The beastly peg is too large. It won't go on.—*Puck*.

In the Sanctum.

Theater Hat Joke—What is the editor packing away so carefully in that box marked, "Handle with care."

Plumber Joke—That's the summer girl. She's been used so much this season that she's positively worn out, but with careful nursing it is expected she will be able to resume her place on the staff by next June.—*New York Herald*.

Well Salted.

Summer Girl—That Mr. DeSalte doesn't talk about anything but the sea, and he uses so many sailor terms that I can't understand half he says. Does own a ship?

Landsman—No, but he has a friend who owns a cat-boat.—*Street and Smith's Good News*.

Opportunity for a Hypnotist.

"Hypnotism is a great thing. I can hypnotize any one, and what I desire the subject to do he does."

"See here, professor," said the little tailor, "I'll give you 10 per cent. on all the collections you can hypnotize out of my customers."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

Swinging Around the Circle.

"You say this woman struck you with a flatiron," asked the Magistrate. "Where were you standing at the time?"

"Back of her. You see she threw it at her husband who was in front."—*Philadelphia Times*.

One Prevents Failure.

"Buffalo Bill cannot fail so long as he has one Indian with him."

"Why not?"

"A man isn't wholly busted till he has

nearly a red left."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Parting Guests.



Farmer Greene—Thank Heaven, Jane, they hain't missed the kyars!

Now we'll have something to eat ourselves.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

Why They Feit Cut Up.

"If you please, Mr. Cashgoods," said the young saleswoman, "we have been discussing the matter of salaries. And we find that the men are getting more money for the same work than us girls. And we think that is hardly just, do you?"

"I never looked at it in that light before," answered the merchant, after a little thought. "It shall be remedied at once. I'll cut the men's salaries down next Saturday."—*Indianapolis*