

PRINCE IMPERIAL

A YOUTH WHO MIGHT HAVE BECOME NAPOLEON IV.

His Brilliant Military Career at Woolwich, the West Point of England—Kaiser for Fame—His Sad Death in Zululand, Africa.

Died a Soldier.

On June 10, 1879, the Prince Imperial, son of Napoleon III, was killed by the savages in Zululand, Africa, and thus sadly ended a life full of promise. Princes are not always worthy of esteem, but the young man, who hoped yet to become Napoleon IV., was a brilliant exception. When his parents soon after the close of the Franco-Prussian war settled at Chislehurst, England, the young prince, then in his 15th year, entered the Royal Academy of Woolwich to receive a scientific military education. In the United States West Point affords the same instruction to all cadets alike, those who are most successful passing into the scientific branches; but in England the cadets for the line are educated at Sandhurst, and the severer tuition of Woolwich is restricted to candidates for the engineer and artillery



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

branches. The prince took his chance with his comrades, both at work and play. At the end of his Woolwich course he passed seventh in a class of 35, and had he gone into the English service he would have



HOW EUGENIE'S SON WAS SLAIN.

been entitled to choose between the engineers and artillery. During his Woolwich career he won the love and respect of his comrades; his instructors spoke warmly of his modesty, conscientiousness, and uprightness, and pronounced him truthful and honorable in a high degree.

After leaving Woolwich he lived mostly with his widowed mother, the Empress Eugenie, at Chislehurst, but traveled on the continent occasionally, and mixed a good deal in London society. The attainment of his majority was made a great occasion by the imperialist adherents to testify their adherence.

The Zulu Campaign.

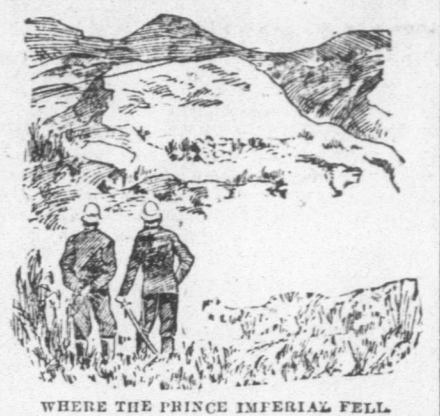
The brave, patriotic French prince tired of his inactive life in England



A ZULU WARRIOR

and thirsted for military renown. He doubtless thought that if he distinguished himself in war his chances for ruling France some day would be greatly improved. The war that England was in '79 carrying on against the Zulu tribes in South Africa gave him the desired opportunity. He obtained the necessary permission of the prime minister of Great Britain to proceed to South Africa and join the English forces. His bravery and desire to be in the midst of all fighting was soon re-

marked by the officers in command. On June 10 the Prince obtained permission to go on a sketching expedition—to draw up a map of the battle ground. Permission was granted him, as no danger from the enemy was anticipated, and he set out with a small escort consisting of Lieut. Carey, seven soldiers and a guide. The site of an intended camp having been planned by the Prince and Carey, the party ascended



WHERE THE PRINCE IMPERIAL FELL.

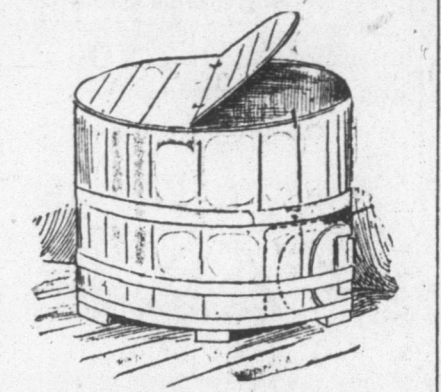
an adjacent hill and spent an hour there in sketching the contours of the surrounding country. No Zulus were visible in the wide expanse surveyed from the hilltop. The party descended the hill and at its foot rested a while and ate lunch. About 3 o'clock the guide reported that he had seen a Zulu entering the field of grain in their front. The Prince gave the successive orders, "Prepare to mount!" "Mount!" Next moment, according to the evidence, a volley of twenty or thirty bullets were fired into the party. Lieut. Carey and five of the soldiers succeeded in mounting their horses and escaped uninjured. The Prince's horse was maddened by the firing and the Prince could not succeed in getting into his saddle. As he grabbed the pommel of the saddle the girth gave way, the horse plunged ahead and the Prince was left alone. He rushed toward a clump of trees and shrubbery and was there overtaken by the Zulus, who killed him with their javelins. Afterward his body was found. He was lying on his back, naked, save for one sock. His right eye was destroyed by the stab of a javelin or spear. The surgeons agreed that this wound, which penetrated the brain, was the first and fatal wound, that the other wounds were inflicted on his dead body. Of these there were found many inflicted on his chest, arms and sides, besides a nick in the abdomen, which the Zulus invariably inflict on slain enemies as a protection against being haunted by their ghosts. The body of one of the troopers was found near him still more horribly mutilated. The prince's body was taken back to England and now reposes beside that of his father, Napoleon III., in the chapel at Chislehurst. His afflicted mother a year later, in '80,

HOME BATHS FOR THE POOR.

Even the Humblest Farmer in Japan Can Have His Tubbing Every Day.

One of the marked differences between the tillers of the soil in Japan and the peasantry of other countries is the superior cleanliness of the former. Travelers have frequently remarked upon the fact, but it remained for a correspondent of the Boston Herald to discover the cause for this superiority of the Japanese farmer over his brethren of the Occident. The Jap is addicted to his tub.

"Even the poorest houses," writes this correspondent, "have their bathtubs, which are provided with a simple and inexpensive apparatus for heating the water. It would be a great benefaction to introduce this convenience into our agricultural districts, where anything like a bathtub is almost unheard of. The simplest of these bathtubs are round, about as large as the half-hogheads in which our New England farmers scald their hogs, and made perfectly smooth inside. Another form, more convenient, is oval. In the lower half of one end an iron or brass pot is inserted and extends inside the tub. In this a wood or



WOODEN BATHTUB WITH FURNACE.

[Dotted line shows furnace inside and dash line shows seat and front partition.]

charcoal fire is made. The pot inside the tub is covered with wood, making a convenient seat. A tub of this form 4 feet long and 2 1/2 feet wide would be roomy enough for a person of average size. A vent at the bottom lets off the water. Such a tub complete sells here for from \$2 to \$6."

HE PREACHES IN HIS SLEEP.

Queer Case of Somnambulism of a Young Ecclesiastic in a Seminary.

One of the most remarkable puzzling stories of somnambulism has recently come to light. The subject was a young ecclesiastic at a seminary. The Bishop of the diocese was so deeply interested that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The Bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulist sermons, and thought them well composed and correctly written.

Curious to ascertain whether the young man made use of his eyes, the Bishop put a card under his chin in such a manner as to prevent him seeing the paper on the table before him, but he still continued to write.

Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the Bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote, and substituted several other kinds at different times. He always perceived the change because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece exactly like his own was substituted, he used it, and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those on his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactitude. He used a cane for a ruler. The clefs, the flats and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made in circles, and those requiring it were all blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such large characters they did not come directly below their proper notes, and, perceiving this, he erased them all and wrote them over again.—London News.

Statehood for Oklahoma.

Oklahoma is the newest of the Territories seeking admission as States, but it seems to be better qualified than either New Mexico or Arizona. Its population, material prosperity, and civilization, judged by the report from the committee, are all more in keeping with the dignity of Statehood than its older neighbors of the Southwest. This Territory was organized only three years ago, but it drew its population from every section of the country to make it one of enterprise and prosperity. It is an agricultural Territory, and its prosperity has been more marked in the last year than in any other. Before the public lands were thrown open to settlement there were herded as the richest in the Southwest. The climate is particularly congenial to the outdoor work of the farmer, and these two facts easily account for the rapid advancement of the new Territory and its demand for Statehood.

The report shows that there are 2,372,482 acres of land in farm use, valued at \$13,022,345, with \$340,761 worth of farm implements in use. In the last year the farmers harvested 284,254 acres of corn, 223,319 acres of wheat, 109,374 acres of oats, 21,311 acres of cotton, 18,755 acres of sorghum, 14,121 acres of Hungarian millet, and 4,422 acres of broom corn.

Oklahoma has a population of 250,000 (estimated) and it has more territory than each of twelve States already in the Union. It is larger than Rhode Island, Delaware, Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Maryland, West Virginia, South Carolina, Maine or Indiana. It is almost as large as Illinois and has a population greater than any other State when admitted to the Union. Its assessed valuation of property in 1891 amounted to \$6,878,928 and \$13,951,016 in 1893. There are six national banks in the Territory, with deposits of \$685,574, and a number of private banks.

The Territorial Legislature has been prompt to provide facilities for education, and there are public schools with comfortable school-

houses in nearly all the school districts, while there are normal schools, colleges, and an agricultural and mechanical college at Stillwater supported by the Territory. In religion there has been the same prompt provision made, to show that it is abreast of older civilization. There are 165 Methodist Churches, 25 Baptist, 24 Congregational, 25 Catholic, 24 Presbyterian, 6 Episcopal, and 50 Christian Endeavor societies.

WEALTHY NEGROES.

Millions of Dollars Owned by the Colored People of This Country.

The amount of wealth owned by negroes in this country is not generally realized, and when it is said that this aggregates about \$250,000,000 most people will be greatly surprised. From carefully culled statistics it is an authentic fact—that in Louisiana the colored population pays 25 per cent. of all taxes! In that most degraded of all slave States, Georgia, the former slave class owns \$8,000,000 in real property. Even the statistics of South Carolina reveal \$10,000,000 of property in the names of her former bondsmen. Alabama, which includes the heart of "the Black Belt," accredits \$12,000,000 of taxable property to its colored citizens.

The late Dr. P. A. White, a prominent druggist of New York, left an estate valued at \$6,000,000; he used to do an annual business of \$200,000. In Washington, D. C., thirty or forty colored residents own \$1,000,000. In Baltimore there are nineteen who are estimated to be worth \$1,000,000 also. In the City of Brotherly Love John McKee is said to own four hundred houses and other property, worth in all \$500,000. Isalah C. Wears, of the same city, has a comfortable bank account, and has for the past twenty years bought a house each year. Richard Grant and Mrs. John Jones, of Chicago, are each worth \$70,000. These are all individual effort, and furnish abundant evidence to certify the progress of the race since emancipation. In the Savings Bank at Charleston, S. C., there is to the credit of colored depositors about \$125,000. Two colored banks in Washington, D. C., have been able to stand through the late financial panic. At Pine Bluff, Ark., the street railroad system is owned by a negro.

In Marysville, Cal., twelve colored citizens own ranches valued at \$180,000, besides owning the signature of a bank, controls comfortable bank accounts in San Francisco, a colored woman owns eight houses, a ranch near San Mateo and \$100,000 in government bonds. Twenty-seven colored citizens of Missouri have accumulated a fortune of \$1,000,000 in amounts ranging from \$20,000 to \$500,000. By retrieving severe financial losses A. G. White, of St. Louis, a noted purveyor, has acquired a capital of \$30,000. In the former hot-bed of slavery, Kentucky, negroes own 200,000 acres of land, 8,000 town lots and 52,000 head of stock, the whole valued at \$4,000,000. Nor has the acquirement of wealth by negroes been confined to the late slaveholding States. In eight counties of Iowa, they own property estimated to be worth \$750,000, a per capita of \$200 as against \$104 in the former slave States.

MRS. GADABOUT.

A Woman Whose Aim Is to Make Untimely Calls.

Mrs. Gadabout is a type of woman who has little to do herself and whose aim appears to be to prevent others from accomplishing any more. Calls at unseasonable hours are her pet hobby. If she can only catch a room of a person in conversation, then she is happy, for it furnishes her with a ready topic of conversation when she visits other homes.

In a country town she pretends great friendship, and trading on this intimacy, generally comes in at the back door just at the time when a stranger's presence is least appreciated. If a cake is a failure, she is sure to be on hand that day for tea; if the kitchen is in particular confusion, her face looms up in the doorway, and any family trouble that it is the heartfelt desire to keep hidden is sure to be pounced upon by her during one of her ill-timed visits.

In country and city alike she surprises the wife with a poorly concealed delight endeavoring to console the one or the other, all the time worming out of them words which will sound very differently when repeated by her at the next house.

If anyone were to accuse her of being a gossip, she would deny it most emphatically. She is only anxious for company, that is all. Hers is a gregarious nature, and if she happens in at the wrong time it is her misfortune rather than her intention. But it is not a misfortune at all; it is her stock in trade. She is happy when she stumbles on that other side that not generally shown, and just so long will her tongue flourish, just so long will her tongue flourish, the revelations that come to light in those moments when one thinks the doors are locked and hearts barred against the invasion of strangers.—Philadelphia Times.

The King's Cook.

The King of Sweden popped in the other day at the Sailors' Home at Stockholm, just as dinner was being served up, and asked the permission of the sailors to be their guest, which of course, they consented to. Suddenly his Majesty exclaimed to his chamberlain: "Why, look here, here's excellent cabbage soup. I never got such a soup as this at my table."

After this the King went into the kitchen and interviewed the cook. This diplomatic proceeding ended by the cook being taken into the king's service.

Persian Carpets.

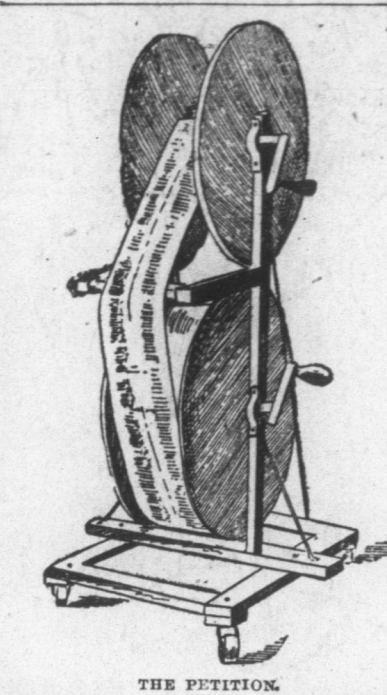
People in Europe who buy Persian carpets little think of the enormous labor that has been expended on the weaving. It is done exclusively by hand, and every stitch in the carpets is made separately, being afterward clipped with the scissors and beaten down. Some idea of the work may be formed when it is known that in a good carpet there are ten thousand stitches to every square foot.

Cut off a rooster's spurs and you take the italics all out of his crow.—Ram's Horn.

A REMARKABLE PETITION.

Recently Presented to Congress for Road Reform.

The memorial presented to Congress in favor of good roads, for which Senator Hoar recently stood sponsor, contained the names of 150,000 signers from all over the United States, praying that there be established at Washington a department of roads similar to the department of agriculture, for the purpose of promoting knowledge of the art of constructing



THE PETITION.

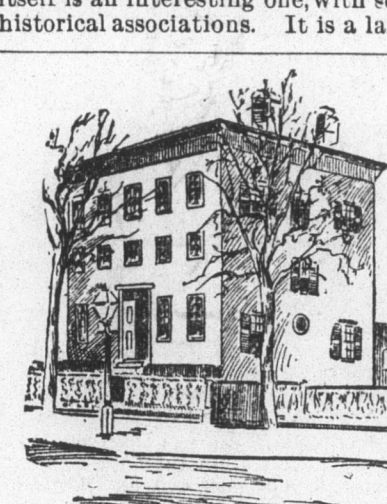
roads, and that in such department adequate provision be made for the instruction of students. Among the signers are the Governors of seven of the States and other State and United States officials, judges, lawyers, doctors, merchants, editors and prominent citizens generally, and it was indorsed by the Legislature of Massachusetts, by chambers of commerce and boards of trade, by trade unions and labor organizations, by banks and large corporations and by all sorts and conditions of men.

The petition was unique in form and mammoth in proportions. It was 1,400 yards long and was wound around two gigantic reels, arranged one above the other in a frame of oak seven feet in height, the whole weighing 600 pounds. It required the united efforts of half a dozen Senate employees to get it properly before that body and to get it off the floor and into the committee-room after it had been referred to the Committee on Interstate Commerce. The movement in favor of good roads is growing rapidly, as is shown by the great number of signatures to this petition, though it must not be imagined that it represents any very important fraction of the people who are in favor of road reform.

MGR. SATOLLI'S HOME.

Catholics Purchase a Residence for the Papal Delegate.

Roman Catholics of this country have recently purchased a house at Washington, D. C., for Mgr. Satolli, Papal delegate to this country. The price paid was \$25,000, and the house itself is an interesting one, with some historical associations. It is a large,



MGR. SATOLLI'S RESIDENCE.

square, red brick house, trimmed with brown stone, and on two sides has a well-kept lawn. It is situated on the northwest corner of Second and I streets. Behind the house lie gardens which are shut from the public view by a lofty brick wall. Within the house is plainly furnished, the library being the most conspicuous room. The chapel, when finished, will, it is said, be very elaborately fitted up, since churches from all over the country wish to contribute to its furnishing.

The house has been known as the Bradley mansion, and was built by Stephen A. Douglas. At the time of the war it passed out of his hands, and in 1873 Justice Joseph C. Bradley, of the Supreme Court, bought it and lived there till his death. A few months ago the property was bought by Thomas Kerby, and by him sold to those interested in finding an abiding place for the Papal delegate.

How He Died.

The late Catholic Bishop of Raphoe used often to tell this story with much enjoyment: "I was suddenly called," he said, "from my home to see an unfortunate sailor who had been cast ashore from a wreck, and was lying speechless on the ground, but not quite dead. 'The life's in him still, your reverence,' he stirred a little.' So I stooped down and said to him: 'My poor man, you're nearly gone; but just try to say one little word, or make one little sign to show that you are dying in the true faith.' So he opened one of his eyes just a wee bit, and said: 'Bloody end to the Pope!' and so he died."

Compulsory Religion.

A writer of the day gives an amusing illustration of the religious enthusiasm of the Russians, and their desire to extend the knowledge of truth. The authorities every now and then make an excursion into Siberia and bring back a lot of Buddhists, whom they proceed to baptize in spite of their loudly expressed dissent. After baptizing them they say to them: "Now, you dogs, you are Christians, and you can go and pray to your nasty gods as much as you wish, and thank them that you are Christians."

BLINKS—"Have you read that article on 'How to tell a bad egg?'" WINKS—"No, I have not, but my advice would be: If you have anything important to tell a bad egg, break it gently.—Brooklyn Life.

A COBRA'S NEST OF EGGS.

Discovery of a Batch of Thirty-two in British India.

Rather more than a year ago, says the Madras Pioneer, the fact was mentioned in a Bombay paper that a gentleman connected with the Goa Railway had shot a hamadryad (Ophiophagus) on its nest. This awkward mouthful of a word is coming to be familiarly known as the name of the giant cobra, more common in Burmah than in India, which grows to a length of fourteen feet, is as fierce as it is strong, and has the reputation of feeding principally on other snakes. Little, indeed, is known about the incubation, we might almost have said the alleged incubation, of snakes, and rarely if ever, has a competent observer had the good chance to come upon a serpent in the very act of sitting, hen-like, on its eggs. Only the bare fact was published at the time, and a fuller account can not fall to be interesting.

The gentleman was Mr. Wasey, known in his district as an ardent and successful shikari; and he was told by a coolie, in the matter-of-course sort of way usual with these fatalist philosophers, that a certain path was impassable, as a cobra had erected a gadi, or throne, for itself there, and warned intruders. Here was a golden opportunity to settle the vexed question of the incubation of venomous snakes. Will a cobra rush to the attack if it can get easily away? Europeans commonly say "no," but natives universally cite instances to the contrary, some of them plainly fabulous, but others only wanting corroboration to be believed. Now here in British India, or at least in Portuguese India, was a giant of the tribe, known to all the villagers to have taken up its station by the roadside and to be ready to glide down and rush like lightning at man or beast who approached. Mr. Wasey followed the coolie to the spot and was shown the monster coiled up on the top of a huge pile of dry leaves.

Without more ado he shot it, and turning over the leaves found at the bottom thirty-two eggs rather smaller than a hen's and covered each with a tough skin in place of a shell. These were sent to the Secretary of Bombay Natural History Society; but wanting the heat generated by the close mass of decaying leaves, they did not hatch. Sometimes more than one young one escapes from a snake's egg; but at the lowest computation Mr. Wasey is to be congratulated on ridding his district of thirty-three deadly snakes.

On the Flyer.

We are 100 miles from New York now, and although I carry a time card, I am unable to read the names on the stations. Holding my watch in my left hand I tap the case with my right; the engineer shakes his head slowly and holds up three fingers; we are three minutes late. I cross over, take a seat behind the driver, and speaking loud at the back of his neck, express the hope that we will reach Albany on time.

He says nothing. I cross back to the other side, and as often as he whistles I ring the bell. A minute later he turns to the fireman and shouts: "Look out for her, Jack," at the same time pulling the throttle wide open. Jack knew his business and proceeded to look out for her. Taking the clinker hook he leveled off the fire, shook the grates and closed the furnace door. The black smoke rolled thick and fast from her stack, then cleared away, showing that she was cutting her fire beautifully. Swinging the door open the skilled fireman threw in three or four shovels of coal, closed it, and leaned out of the window, watching the stack. The trained fireman can tell by the color of the smoke how the fire burns.

The few pounds of steam lost in fixing the fire, and by reason of the throttle being thrown wide open, is soon regained. The pointer goes round to 130, and the white steam begins to flutter from the relief valve at the top of the dome. She must be cooled a little now, or she will pop and waste her energy. An extra flow of cold water quenches her burning thirst, and she quiets down.

We are making a mile a minute. What would the driver do if he saw before him a burning bridge or the red lights of a standing train? His left hand is on the throttle; he would close it. Almost in the same second his right hand would grasp the sand lever, and with his left he would apply the brakes. With both hands, in about the third second, he would reverse the engine. Perhaps he has heard that old story that to reverse a locomotive is to increase her speed—that a bird will fly faster with folded wings; he may pretend to believe it, but he will reverse her just the same. If she has room she will stop. Even without the aid of the air-brake she will stop the train if the instant he reverses the engine, he will kick the cylinder cocks open—otherwise he may blow off a steam chest or a cylinder head.—McClure's Magazine.

A Clever Ruse.

To get rid of a bore, try the method pursued by a certain Harlem clubman. When accosted by one he shakes hands warmly with his persecutor, glances round anxiously, and dropping his voice, confidentially remarks:

"Say, I must be off! There's an awful bore here that I want to dodge—talk a fellow to death. You understand, old boy?"

The bore (with a wink)—"I understand, old fellow!" (Departs without the remotest suspicion that he is the bore.)

Trading in Crowns.

A manufacturing concern in Birmingham drives something of a trade in crowns. They are real ones, of solid gold, with cap of crimson velvet, incrustations of garnet, topaz, and various kinds of cheap but showy stones, and are supplied to the kings of Africa in return for ivory and other merchandise. The time has gone by when an ancient top hat, adorned with turkey feathers, sufficed to impart a halo of magnificence to Ethiopian royalty.

No room for doubt—the recitation room.—Yale Record.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings That Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

ONE's shortcomings go a long way against him.—Galveston News.

ALWAYS look after things before they get by you.—Galveston News.

THE good hackman is known by his carriage.—Florida Times-Union.

BREWERS should belong to the order of Knights of Malta.—Pineyune.

ARDENT SPIRITS—Those that kiss the medium at a seance.—Texas Siftings.

"NEVER too old to learn" does not apply to "After the Ball."—Elmira Gazette.

THE neighbor's bulldog may teach a man to lead a chased life.—Florida Times-Union.

A DEAF MUTE can scarcely be said to have pronounced ideas.—Philadelphia Record.

SNAGS—What did old David Trimble die of? Bogsby—Of his initials.—Exchange.

THE man who gets in office may be called the master of the situation.—Florida Times-Union.

THEATRICAL companies that do the least walking are those with the most legs.—Elmira Gazette.

FOR constant cheerfulness the lumberman takes the cake; he is always chipper.—Lowell Courier.

"JOHNNY, is your father a firm man?" "Yes, mon; when he knows he's wrong."—Plain Dealer.

"NOW, I WANT to give you a point," said the doctor as he prepared to jab his lancet.—Boston Traveller.

SHE—Do you like Wagner's music? He—Oh, yes, since I have become partially deaf.—Detroit Free Press.

GUIDE—Have you seen the Sistine Chapel? Tourist—Sixteen? Why, I've seen about fifty of them!—Hallow.

THE cook-book recipe is too often like the disappointing novel. It does not come out right.—Boston Transcript.

EVERY woman thinks there should be a law to protect her husband from paying a bet that he loses.—Aitchison Globe.

JILSON says that under the laws against gambling a bookmaker's contracts are not binding.—Buffalo Courier.

WIFE—What kind of cards do you think make the best calling cards? Husband (absent-minded)—Aces.—Rochester Democrat.

It is comparatively easy to go to a foreign port, but wine experts say that precious little foreign port comes to us.—Lowell Courier.

CALLER—Has Dr. Killquick many troublesome cases on hand? Office Boy—No; his patients never last more than three or four days.

"BILKIN'S" is a strong face, or I'm no judge of physiognomy. "It ought to be." He and his whole family are living on it.—Buffalo Courier.

A KENSINGTON man calls his dog "Traction," because as soon as he lets him out of the house he goes tearing up the street.—Philadelphia Record.

Most people get their grip checked if they are going away. Some people who fail to get their grip checked in time go away never to return.—Troy Press.

JINKS—I don't think it looks well for a minister to wear diamonds. Filkins—Why not? Aren't there sermons in stones?—Kate Field's Washington.

"I WONDER what this image represents?" "The rod of humor, probably. Don't you see that it is full of little funny cracks?"—Indianapolis Journal.

JINKS—"Don't you believe that spirits are all moonshine?" Filkins—"Oh, no; some of them pay internal revenue taxes."—Kate Field's Washington.

"I SEE they have founded a new secret order and called it 'The Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur.'" "Is that so? Well, such an order has never been heard of."

"I WONDER how it was discovered that fish was a brain food?" She—Probably by the wonderful stories that men tell who go fishing.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How did it happen that Miss Blanche refused you? It was understood that you were her favorite? "The regular way—the favorite didn't win."—Tid-Bits.

PROF. LANGLEY's efforts to devise a practical aerial machine are now being seconded by Prof. Graham Bell, who is taking a flyer that way.—Philadelphia Ledger.

STRAWBER—"What have you in that envelope that you are handling so carefully?" Singler—"A live fly. I've got to catch an early train in the morning."—Judge.

WHENEVER a man falls his wife tells the public that he was too "conscientious" to succeed. What she tells him in private is sometimes different.—Aitchison Globe.

DINWIDDIE—"Bookkeepers and sleight-of-hand performers have much in common." Van Braam—"How so?" Dinwiddie—"They both flourish in the ledger domain."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

MINKS—What earthly use have you got for six horses? Winks—"Guess you don't know much about horses, do you? Minks—N-o-o. Winks—I keep six so that I will always have two that won't have anything the matter with them.—New York Recorder.

SMART NEPHEW—"Yo' can't read nothin', Uncle Eph'm; dat sign it say 'Meals in de pot!' I guess I kin read." Uncle Ephraim—"Go 'way, now—I done read dat fo' yo' did. Oh c/o se it say 'Meals in de pot,' but what I wants to know is, wha' am de pot?"—Judge.

BURGALAR (soliloquizing)—"Yer never hear a good word for a house-breaker. They never take into consideration that we're obliged to be out in all kinds o' weather, an' that most o' our work has to be done while lazy folks is sound asleep in their beds."—Tid-Bits.