

HOW GREAT NEWSPAPERS HANDLE ELECTION RETURNS

NOT more than one out of a hundred of the great number of American citizens, who, on the morning following a national election, permit their breakfast to grow cold while they read the complete story of the battle of the ballots, has even the vaguest knowledge of the tremendous task imposed upon the great newspapers of the country when a presidential election comes around. Quite in line with the progress of the day are the interesting methods by which the printing press produces a perfect mirror of events political within a few hours after the last ballot has been cast, giving telegrams from every State in the Union, the vote for President by counties in tabular form, the vote on the various State tickets, the political complexion of the different legislatures, the standing of the next United States Senate, returns from every Congressional district, a list of the new members to the House of Representatives, the legislative returns for each State, and, finally, a complete report of the election in the city and county where the newspaper is published.

How the News Is Obtained.
The method adopted for quickly and effectively accomplishing all this has been reduced to an accurate system by all the great dailies, but those employed by the Chicago Times-Herald are particularly efficient. To carry them out requires weeks of preparation, the most liberal expenditure of money, the employment of the most skillful labor, the exercise of the keenest intelligence, and the utmost economy of time in every direction. The details are almost innumerable, yet all of them have to be executed to the letter, so closely are they connected with the other in the system which has been devised for handling the returns. First in its importance is the work of the Associated Press. Through this great agency the paper receives telegraphic reports of the election from all parts of the Union. At least a week before election the correspondents are furnished with the special instructions, which form in which they shall prepare their dispatches, and other rules for their guidance in handling the news from their localities. These instructions are designed chiefly to insure promptness, accuracy and brevity. In addition to this the special correspondents of the newspaper itself form an army, which any general would be proud to command if assembled in a body. The Times-Herald has more than 2,000 of these vigilant news gatherers scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Gulf to the frontier line in the north. These watch the polls, ready to record the figures of the election as soon as they are announced. They supply the news from those towns and cities in which the Associated Press has no representatives, and perform other special duties devolving upon them when the election is marked by any unusual incidents in their respective localities.

As a avalanche of telegrams begins to get in motion very shortly after the polls are closed on the night of election. Each special correspondent, impressed with the necessity of the hour, rushes to the wires as early as possible, rushes to the telephone office. Each correspondent of the Associated Press, animated by the same desire, enlists the aid of electricity at the earliest moment. Thousands and thousands of telegraph operators click off the messages thrown upon their desks. At the same hour in the City Press Association, upon which falls the task of collecting the returns for Chicago and Cook County is busily employed. There are some States in the Union which cannot boast of having more election precincts than are included in the territory covered by this association. All are night. Chicago has almost a thousand precincts, in addition to which must be counted more than a hundred precincts for other townships. Yet the complete returns from every precinct in this vast territory, populated by more than 3,000,000 souls, are in the offices of the great newspapers before midnight, and the majority of the figures are in type before that hour.

The polls close at 4 o'clock in the afternoon in Chicago. The reporters of the City Press Association watch every voting place in the city hour after hour. These reporters are not necessarily newspaper men. In the city proper they are mostly policemen, detailed for the special duty of carrying the news to the city hall. In the remote precincts of the county are other messengers, employed to facilitate the handling of the returns. All are under the most specific instructions to



EXPERT ACCOUNTANTS AT WORK.

How no time in transmitting the results from the precincts to headquarters. About three hours after the polls close the judges and clerks in most of the precincts have completed their counting. As soon as they have ascertained the vote of their precinct the result is given to the messengers in waiting. Then begins a race from all directions. Railroad trains, street cars, horses and bicycles hasten the transmission of the news to the headquarters of the Press Association, where scores of skilled accountants are in waiting to tabulate the figures for the newspapers. As fast as the figures are transmitted, a pneumatic tube carries them with lightning swiftness to the newspapers. There they are copied, as a safeguard against any emergency, and a check against any mistakes that might arise, and are sent to the composing room. The earliest returns on election night are in the shape of bulletins from different sections of the country. In the hands of trained observers, these bulletins are compared with the vote of the pre-

vious presidential election, and thus furnish indications of the result to be expected. As the bulletins increase in number they become more definite as the hour grows later, until they begin to tell the story without any need of comparisons. The figures are copied and then handed over to the telegraph editors to be prepared for the composing room.

Where Everything Happens.
With an army of telegraph operators, editors, reporters and typesetters all working at the same time to their utmost capacity, human intelligence is necessarily taxed to its limit to meet the situation. An able-bodied youth watches the pneumatic tubes, through which an almost constant stream of leather-covered cylinders come flying, to be discharged into the glass-enclosed receiving chamber. Each of these cylinders contains from one to a dozen sheets of "fimsy," the name given by newspaper men to the yellow tissue paper used by the press associations in the duplication of their news by the manifold process. The "fimsy" is distributed by hurrying "copy" boys between the editors, reporters and



RUSHING THE "MAKEUP."

accountants, each of whom has been assigned to some special duty by his chief. On their desks are piles of heavy cardboard, ruled and labeled ready for the tabulation of the vote in the country, from President down to the local officials. Each ward, precinct and township has a separate blank, with separate blanks also for recording the vote of the Congressional and legislative districts. One man may have several of these tables to take care of. As the returns come into the office they are passed from one to another of the clerical force, who pick out the figures for their table, until the last return is duly recorded.

The expert accountants begin their work footing up the columns of figures as soon as possible. When a complete vote is obtained for any of the candidates, the total is quickly recorded on another table giving a summary of the vote, and the vote, by ward, or precinct, or outside town, is then "shot" through a pneumatic tube to the composing room



THE TIMES-HERALD REPORTorial DEPARTMENT.

above, to be set in type. Here it falls into the hands of the compositor, who sits before a typesetting machine and pounds away at a keyboard like a typewriter. When he finishes, the figures on his "copy" have been transformed into a glistening, solid line of type.

There are other matters to be looked after on election night, aside from gathering and handling the returns. Along about midnight, when the result of the election is no longer shrouded in doubt, the city editor sends a score or more of reporters scurrying around among the hotels and put election night brings this look for the politicians and the candidates and the prominent citizens with the intention of interviewing them. The candidate is asked to tell how it happened if he is defeated; the politician is given a chance to say "I told you so," and the prominent citizen expresses his opinion of the election or the result. This is about the final chapter of the story of election day, as written by the reporters. They have already recorded the scenes and incidents of the day, from the opening to the closing of the polls, with a minuteness of detail characteristic only of the metropolitan reporter.

The desire to give every bit of information possible to its out-of-town readers is the reason why big morning newspaper offices on election night are about the busiest places on earth. A composing room is always a place where hustling is in fashion, and election night brings this feature out most strongly. About 9 o'clock the first election "copy" begins to pour into the copycutters' cage, and the stream never diminishes in volume until near daylight. Since the adoption of the typesetting machines the work of putting the copy into type and making up the forms for the stereotyped has been made much easier and shorter. Between the first and second editions of the paper comes the final strain of the night. This is from 1 to 3 a. m., after the editors, reporters and accountants have disposed of a heavy lunch. Later and more accurate returns make necessary a revision of a great part of the paper. Proofs are consulted; figures are stricken out and new ones inserted; headings are rewritten; totals are changed beneath the columns; and a hundred more changes have to be made in a few minutes that the paper may go out in a finished condition. When the great presses finally begin to roll off the second edition the work of handling the returns still goes on up to the minute changing the aspect of the election, and provision must be made for issuing an "extra" in such an emergency. For this reason the clerical force remains at work until the forenoon is well along, and a force of compositors is retained.

Story Told by Bulletins.
The scene outside the newspapers offices, hotels and campaign headquarters on election night is one of rare excitement and interest. In a great city like Chicago "watching the returns" has become a feature of politics, attended with all the bustle, enjoyment and variety that ingenuity and intelligence can suggest. The plan adopted by the big dailies for keeping the public posted up to midnight scored some new and remarkable features this year. Intense interest in the election does not permit many city residents to remain at home on election night, and from 7 o'clock until daylight vast crowds parade the principal thoroughfares, going from point to point where bulletins are displayed. These take the form of huge canvas screens tacked across the front of a building opposite the newspaper office. Two powerful stereopticons are employed to flash the returns upon them.

By still another method the enterprising newspapers tell the story of the election for the benefit of the public, and this novel system of disseminating news was used on election night for the first time. One newspaper secured a searchlight of the greatest possible reflecting capacity, which, under the guidance of an expert, flashed a code of signals up into the sky, visible as far as fifty miles away. The Times-Herald placed men on the top of its building, and exactly on the hour, from dark until after midnight, shot up into the air bombs of different colors. These burst as high as 1,000 feet aloft, and were visible fifteen miles from any direction. Each color had its individual significance, the number fired at one time indicating city, State or national report, as the case might be, and the color designating the political complexion of affairs at that hour. The bursting of a grand battery of bombs of all colors wound up the display, announcing that the presidential question was settled, and closing the exciting campaign of 1896 in a blaze of glory.

Circumstantial.
A curate in Anjou, a man of very disorderly habits, had a quarrel with a sergeant of the neighborhood. The sergeant having suddenly disappeared, everyone suspected the curate—his avowed enemy—of having made away with him.

It happened that a criminal, who had been executed, was exposed on the gallows, within a league or two of the curate's house. His relations took down the body secretly, and threw it, with the cord about its neck, into a neighboring pond.

Some fishermen found the body, and the matter being taken up by the police, everyone flocked to see the corpse of the victim. As it was much disfigured, the prejudices which were universally entertained against the curate led them to believe that this must be the body of the sergeant.

The curate was immediately arrested, tried, and condemned to be hanged.

When he saw that death was inevitable, he thus addressed his judges: "It is true that I was I that murdered the sergeant; but I am unjustly condemned, and all those who have given evidence against me are false witnesses. The body which you have found, and on account of which I have been tried, is not that of the sergeant. The real corpse of the sergeant will be found in a certain part of my garden, along with that of his dog."

The judges immediately instituted a search within the garden of the curate, and everything was found to be as he had described.

Police Judge Who Fined Himself.
Alexander Laidlaw, whose name was once in every paper, died in the judge who fined himself. Died in the judge who fined himself. Died in the judge who fined himself. Died in the judge who fined himself.

After an unusually boisterous outburst there was an editorial comment in the Tribune referring to the peculiar position of a judge on the bench who was called upon to sentence men for drunkenness when he himself should be in the dock.

The next morning, after the calendar in his court had been gone through, Judge Laidlaw looked down at the clerk and said: "You will make this entry on your calendar: 'Alexander Laidlaw, drunk.'"

"Yes," said the astonished clerk. "Arrested by himself," the judge went on. "Enter a plea of guilty."

"Alexander Laidlaw is fined \$50. Here is the money."

Small Things He Must Learn with His Oath of Office.
The die has been cast and the choice made for the next President. The incoming, though a man long prominent in politics, begins immediately after his election to "go to school." He has much to learn before he can really become President of the United States. His school books will be the example of his predecessors, a lesson from the Judge of the Supreme Court who administers the oath of office, and the Constitution of the United States. Certain things are prescribed for the President to do. Others he does from long-established precedent.

The first thing a President has to learn is self-denial. His oath of office is administered in the open exposure upon the east Capitol front, and from there he delivers his inaugural address. A time-honored custom with the Weather Bureau is to provide a drizzly,



DELIVERING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS IN A STORM.

sleety rain at this time, and the new President, with bare head, promises to forget himself, his own welfare, his opinions and his ambitions in the interests of the people. The main business of his head with this decision. The people look on from their comfortable platforms, sheltered by umbrellas, and applaud. The President is practicing self-sacrifice, but he will have a cold in his head without doubt. Cleveland had a mild attack of grip after his last inaugural. Whew, how it snowed at the hour for the inaugural address!

The proceedings before the inauguration require study on the part of the incoming President. His duty is to be in Washington on March 4, ready to go to work. His term of servitude is four years, dating from that hour. Custom makes him do more. The day before the inauguration the President-elect arrives in Washington. There is always a crowd to meet him at the station, and from the minute he registers at the hotel with his "suite"—in other words, his wife and relatives—he must hold an informal reception. He must take his primary lesson in affability. No matter if they do press in while he is taking his noonday bite to urge a postoffice appointment. No matter if Mrs. Brown, from Coburn, does arrive with the coffee and after-lunch snack to beg a button off the Presidential coat. Lunchmen, coffee, cigars, all must be given up, and the President must smile and smile again.

In the afternoon the President-elect goes to call at the White House upon the President. His object is to notify him that he is in Washington, and is ready to assume the duties of office. He makes a call of ten minutes and goes back to his hotel. Within an hour the President calls at the hotel and notifies the incoming President that he is ready to deliver up the keys of state. In the evening all dine together at the White House. The next morning, the 4th of March, the new President goes to the White House at 11 o'clock. In a little while the Senate Reception Committee calls there and all get into carriages to go to the Capitol for the inauguration. There are the two Presidents, the two Cabinets, the head of the army, the commander of the navy and a large citizens' escort. A few preliminaries in the Senate and the President finds himself upon the porch of the Capitol addressing the crowd—in the storm.

A duty which the President has to learn early in his career is the writing of harmonious messages. Not only must he write correctly, but he must be able to word his messages and proclamations so that they go to the hearts of the people. This often requires study on his part. The most trying proclamation ever issued was the Thanksgiving message sent out by President Arthur a few weeks after Garfield's death. There was some curiosity to see how he would word the message, and after-lunch snack, such a message at such a time. But his supreme tact rose to the occasion. The incoming President should always learn tact. To be without it has made enemies for many a good Executive.

The President must learn to bear physical disturbance. Grant was wakened from his sleep at 2:30 the morning the Butler "salary-grab" bill was passed. The President's approval was necessary. By 10 o'clock the President had read the bill, approved it, and word was carried to the Capitol to that effect. That meant work in the wee sma' hours. When the bill was repealed the President worked none the less faithfully.

The President must learn to introduce. Not merely to pronounce names, but to conduct the art of presentation in a manner that shall be acceptable to all peoples and all nations. And at dinners he must be the gracious host, presenting, greeting, leading the way

to dinner, denominating places and being ready for the return trip to the drawing-room at a mystic look from his wife. All told, the President has a severe task before him.

The Electric-Storage Battery.
The electric storage battery, in whose development lies the hope of emancipation from electric light wires, trolley wires and other unsightly obstructions, has reached a point of perfection, as shown by an exhibit in Philadelphia, which makes it a commercial possibility, and promises a large extension of the usefulness of electricity in everyday life. With a further development in the direction of cheapness, it may be possible to reproduce, in towns unprovided with cheap means of motive power, the conditions existing in Great Falls, Mont. In that town electric power produced economically at a water privilege does all the mechanical work. It propels, lights and heats the street cars, runs the elevators, the printing



DELIVERING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS IN A STORM.

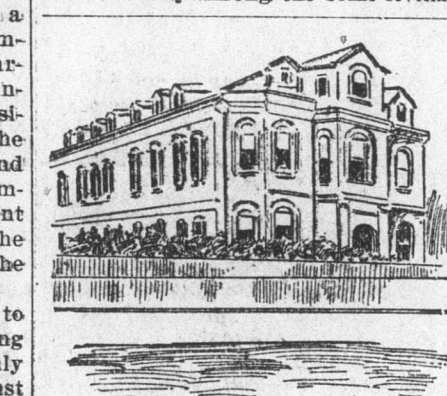
presses, the cranes, and all kinds of machinery, and is used for pumping, for excavating, and for rock-crushing. It is even applied in the building trades, it not being unusual to see on the streets a mortar mixer attached to an electric wire leading down from a pole. The restaurants employ it to chop his sauté, and the grocer to grind his coffee. The housewives run their sewing machines and heat their flat-irons by electricity; they bake their cakes in wooden electric cake ovens, that can be set away on the shelf like pasteboard boxes. They have electric broilers, boilers and teakettles. One almost holds his breath as he wonders to what use next this wonderful power will be put.

THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

A Great Country for Men of Brains and Money.

Lieut. B. F. Hoyt of the Second Georgia Battalion, one of Atlanta's old citizens, has returned from the west coast of Africa, where he had spent much time and endured many hardships while exploring that country and studying the people, both heathen and civilized, native and foreign born, as to their moral, spiritual and physical status, etc. He says Africa is a great country, and especially for the colored man, and found that the various governments controlling in Africa were anxious for good colored men and women to come to that country. They don't need that class of colored people in this country to come over there who won't work for a living here. They are not needed. There are six of the natives in the schools in Atlanta—three girls at Spelman seminary and one girl and two boys at Clark university.

Mr. Hoyt says the natives he met were very kind and hospitable to him. They were honest, sober, and gentle, and it is only among the semi-civilized



RESIDENCE OF MR. J. J. THOMAS.

that you will find intemperance, dishonesty, and falsehood prevailing. He found the natives engaged in the extensive silk-worm culture and the manufacturing of silk. They are also doing quite an extensive tanning business. They dye leather and silk blue, cream, yellow black, or any other color, and while it never fades, the dye never injures the goods. There are many very wealthy, educated native Africans at Lagos, Sierra Leone, and other cities. They are largely educated in England, France, Scotland, and Germany. Many of the native missionaries are educated in this country.

They have banks and are engaged in all the various mercantile pursuits and ship coffee and other products to this and other countries in large quantities. They have many very fine residences built on the modern style of architecture. The residence of Mr. J. J. Thomas, a negro, at Lagos, is one of the most magnificent dwellings in the city, while there are thousands of others as fine, but not as large.

English Widows.

In England there are 114 widows to every fifty-four widowers.

A BOUT AT QUARTER-STAFF.
A Stout Swineherd More than Held His Own with Robin Hood.
Caroline Brown contributes a story about "George O'Green and Robin Hood" to St. Nicholas. Here is an account of the meeting between these two characters:

"How art thou called, Master Pig-minder?"
"George O'Green."
"Why that?"
"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the churl. "So wise, and don't know that withal! Why, I live on the green and mind the pigs! And he wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes on the sleeve of his fustian jerkin."

"I doubt me," said Robin, "if thou canst play with the quarter-staff."
"Ay, but I can!" said George, quickly.
"Show thy prowess, then!" said Robin, with a quick thrust at him with his white-oak staff.

"Bide here and mind the pigs till I go to your thicket and get me a staff!"
Robin consented, and gazed after the brawny man as he walked with long, slow strides to the oak thicket on the hither side of the brook. There he carefully selected a tough green sapling, almost two inches thick, and then wrenched it off near the ground with a twist of his powerful hands.

"This bodes me no good in the coming tilt," thought Robin. But though he never withdrew for any cause, rarely had he suffered defeat.
George turned him about, and, coming up to Robin, said:
"Canst lend that knife o' thine? 'Tis o'er too frayed for a good staff." He said, looking at the fringe of splinters where he had snapped off the stem.

He trimmed the staff carefully, then handed back to Robin his knife. But chancing to look around, he saw the pigs scampering off to a distant corner of the common.
"Thou'st not minded the pigs! Now Goody Hoskins will rate me well!" cried George with heat, yet timidly withal.

"But Sandy didn't give me warning!" pleaded Robin.
"Good old Sandy! Faithful! He'll know thee not. He'll talk only to me!" and George's ill-nature left him at this proof of the faithfulness of his favorite.

He set off at full speed after the pigs, Robin at his heels. When they had got the swine back to their own feeding-ground they lay themselves down on the sort thymy turf to rest. The chase had been a right merry one, and both were short of wind; for the pigs had scampered and dodged sprightly in a way that made the men more weary than a five-mile sprint.

George dozed off on the instant, and Robin panted loud. In ten minutes Robin prodded George with his staff, and said:
"Sluggard! Art ready?"
George yawned prodigiously, showing strong teeth, white as young dog's, rimming his jaws. Then he rose and ran his fingers through his shock of red hair, stretched mightily, and said briefly:
"I be. Lay on!"

"Well, then," cried Robin, "stand forth now and defend thyself. I'll warrant thou wilt be no longer sleepy when I shall have done with thee!"
At once the sound of the clashing of staves filled the air. As both were so deft in handling the staff, all blows were skillfully parried. At the end of an hour Robin's arm began to weary, but George's brawny arm was unflagging. In warding off a powerful blow, Robin's arm swerved, and George's staff came down on his crown with a sharp rap, the first hit made by either.

For near two hours the clashing of staves kept up, when Robin's foot slipped on the thyme, and down he rolled into the brook.

"Accidents" Swindlers.

The extension of electric traction has brought upon the scene a particularly dangerous and offensive swarm of rascals who prey upon the street railroad companies by bogus claims for personal injuries received in real or imaginary accidents. They are fostered by a tribe of disreputable attorneys, who make a practice of communicating with all persons whom they can identify as concerned in any street railway mishap, and often without instructions issue process against the companies. Some of these legal sharks have a regular staff of detectives, who prow about the depots and termini of the lines on the lookout for cases. False witnesses are easily procured, and juries are usually liberal in the matter of damages, the greater portion of which is swallowed up in the attorneys' "costs." The evil has become so great that the street railway press is suggesting the formation of a mutual protection society of some kind. It is proposed to keep a register of the names of claimants, and interchange information as to persons who, it is more than suspected, make a trade of the business and travel from city to city for the purpose.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Curiously Named Garden.

There is a garden in Brixton kept by an old gentleman, which presents some curiosities in floral nomenclature. The owner has been seized with a desire to label his flowers after the manner of botanists, but, knowing nothing of scientific terms, consulted an acquaintance. The result is more amusing than appropriate, and proves the folly of wisdom where ignorance is bliss. Scientific names have been affixed to all the flowers, but strictly on the principle that "a rose by any other name will smell as sweet." One row bears the inscription "Nux vomica," another is boldly labeled "Nisi Prius," a third is affirmed to be "Paricacuanaba," and another to be "Paricacuanaba." The amateur gardener is exceedingly proud of his collection, and no one has enlightened him on the incongruity of the descriptions.—London Telegraph.

Original Languages of Europe.

It is said by philologists that there are thirteen original European languages—the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Biscayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Illyrian, Jazygian, Chaucin and Finnic.

Nature.

"Unnatural father," sobbed the heroine. Indeed, he was to such an extent unnatural that the stage manager let him go at the end of the week.

Half of your worry to-day is due to your neglect yesterday.

SHEAR NONSENSE

She sweetly bears the burdens
That'd kill man were they his;
Yet she flings quite all to pieces
If her hair gets out of friz.

—Judge.
Howso—I can do my best work when it is hot. Cuzmo—What a great future you have before you!—Life.

She—What do you think of those cigars I bought for your birthday? He—I don't think—I try to forget them.—London Pick-Me-Up.

Judge—What is the charge against this prisoner? Policeman—He stole a wheel, your honor. Judge—What make?—Philadelphia North American.

She—Do you suppose his wife really supports him? He—I judge so. He told me he didn't know what real happiness meant until after he got married.—Puck.

Louise—The bishop looked rather cross, didn't he? Isabel—Well, no wonder; every one of the bridesmaids had on bigger sleeves than he had.—Tit-Bits.

"Hello, gloves," said Jack to Tommie and Sammie. "Whatcha call us gloves for?" asked Tommie. "Because you are a pair of kids," said Jack.—Harper's Bazar.

Winks—Do you believe in hypnotism? Binks—Of course I do. Don't you see this necktie that the clerk induced my wife to buy the other day?—Somerville Journal.

"I tell you, these little vacation trips do a fellow an immense amount of good." "So they do! I feel braced up enough to bluff every creditor I have."—Chicago Record.

First Bicyclist—Isn't the scenery striking along the Bryn Mawr road? Second Bicyclist—Yes; I have arnica plasters on the places it struck me.—Philadelphia Press.

"I tell you," cried the author, "I'm going to rise in this world." The editor eyed him doubtfully for five seconds and then asked: "Balloon or elevator?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Daisy Medders (cooly)—Do you love me, Jason? Jason Huckleberry—Course I love you! Do you s'pose I'd have been actin' the fool over you all this time if I didn't?—Truth.

"Doesn't it strike you that the temperature of this room is rather high?" "There isn't any doubt about it," replied the frugal young man. "Every ton of coal costs \$6."—Washington Star.

There's the bicycle face, and the bicycle back,
With its queer, altitudinous curve;
And the bicycle tongue, in the middle hung,
And the scooter's bicycle nerve.

Bacon—Did you know there were over 735,013,559,600 different whistles, hands in a pack of cards? Egbert—Yes, my wife tells me about each one nearly every time we play.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Bilker, you ought to be ashamed to wear such good clothes when you owe me so much money." "No; you ought to be proud to lend money to a man who wears such good clothes."—Chicago Record.

"Country's gone to the dogs; no hope for it!" "Too bad! Just had an election, haven't you?" "Yes." "Well, wasn't it a fair one?" "Oh, yes! But I was beat, sir—plum beat!"—Atlanta Constitution.

"You don't make allowances for our boy," said the fond mother. "That shows how little we are appreciated," said her husband, as he finished drawing a check. "I don't do much else."—Washington Star.

Sage-man—That waiter's hand always reminds me of a race horse shortly after the beginning of a race. Seeker—And for what reason, pray? Sage-man—Because it's on the quarter stretch.—Boston Courier.

"There were a couple of fellows in the hotel last night who shouldn't be permitted to travel alone." "What did they do? Blow out the gas?" "No, they blew out the safe door."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—Dear me. Why don't they teach choruses to sing intelligibly? It is so aggravating to be unable to distinguish the words. He—You don't know your luck. I have read the libretto.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes," said the tenderfoot, as he sailed rapidly through the air. "I know I am an ungrateful rider. But," and he commenced disengaging himself from the cat, "I don't need any points on alighting."—Puck.

Summer Guest—The mosquitoes were terribly bad last night. Look at my face. Jersey Landlord (reassuringly)—Oh, there's no mosquitoes here, sir—none worth mentioning. Them's bugs.—New York Weekly.

Pingwinch—"I understand that Lameduck has several marriageable daughters." Samjones—"Um—he had till lately." Pingwinch—"Oh! then they are married." Samjones—"No; he failed last year."—Puck.

"You are the sunshine of my life," he murmured. And at that instant her father burst into the room with the remark: "Young man, do you know the sun will be up in a few minutes?"—Philadelphia North American.

A Unique Republic.

The republic of Goust is the smallest in the world. Andorra is an empire in comparison. Goust is about a mile square, and it houses 130 persons. It has been independent these 250 years. It stands on top of a mountain by the Spanish border, near the edge of France, and it gets along very comfortably without ever mixing itself in other people's affairs, and without reading the evening papers, or so far as we know, the morning ones. The delectable 130 govern themselves by a council, one member of which is selected to see that the business agreed upon is executed. Matters go along very smoothly, and Goustians are all the happier because nobody knows much about them, and therefore they are unenvied.—Kansas City Times.