

QUEER DELUSIONS.

Seize Some Persons While Influenced by Anesthetics.

Deaths Frequently Witness Strange Actions Performed by Patients Who Have Taken Something to Douse a Nerve.

"As I entered the dentist's office," said a woman the other day, "I saw a man sitting in a chair rocking peacefully and with a wild look of misery writ on every feature. Next him sat a demure looking trained nurse. After a few minutes, during which we all three sat and pitted each other, the dentist entered, dressed for outdoors, and he beckoned the man. The unfortunate wretch responded, and then we knew, the doctor never draws teeth himself, but takes such patients as have need of that gentle art to a brother dentist, who in his turn makes a specialty of drawing, always administering gas for it, says the New York Times.

"The nurse turned to me with a smile. 'I wonder what he will do when he comes out of it?' she said, meaning the anesthetic."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "Don't you know?" she answered. "My patients always say or do something silly either when they take it or when they come out of it."

"I was interested at once, and begged her to tell me some instances. "Why, let me see," said she. "To begin with, women always yield to the influence of an anesthetic more easily than men do, possibly because they are not so strong-willed. Anyway, women make better patients. They are less trouble and not so afraid of pain or even of death.

"In almost every case I have had, the women rather welcome chloroform, although almost all of them fight ether, and I don't blame them. After the first whiff, a woman will almost invariably make love to the doctor, calling him all the sweet things she ever knew, and demanding his affection in return. Then she quiets down, and the operation begins. When coming out of it, if she is a particularly sweet and refined woman, she will use the most villainous language, swear like a trooper, and carry on generally in a manner calculated to shock a new nurse almost out of her senses.

"Now, on the other hand," she continued, "the woman who ordinarily uses Billings-gate (and there are quite a few) will babble of childhood's days, angels' faces, and peaceful green fields. This seems strange, but it is nevertheless true. Of course, we seldom tell them what they have been saying or doing. It wouldn't do," she broke off.

"Ah, here comes the dentist and his patient. See how wild he looks. You just ask the doctor what he did. See if it wasn't funny."

"The doctor came in, ushered his patient into the operating room, spoke a few words to the nurse, and followed his patient."

"I came for something to relieve my patient," she said to me in explanation. "She has a violent toothache."

"The doctor returned with a small package, which he handed to the nurse. He then spoke to me, saying that he would be ready in a few minutes. When I turned I found the nurse had gone.

"Usually I am not in a hurry to get into a dentist's chair, but being a woman, and a curious one at that, I was anxious to hear what that man had said, or done when under the influence of the anesthetic."

"Did you notice that man?" asked the dentist, as he carefully filled my mouth with cotton. I tried to look as intelligent as my gaping mouth would let me. "He has just taken gas to have a nerve killed and taken out," continued the doctor. "When he was returning to consciousness he pulled a great roll of bills out of his pocket and insisted upon throwing them all over the place, giving them to everybody he met in the halls, and acting generally as a millionaire philanthropist gone mad. After he had quitted down a little, he told me confidentially that he experienced the finest jag he had ever had in his life. And the funny part of that remark is that neither I nor anybody else that knows the man has ever known or heard of his taking a drop of liquor. In fact, he has always asserted that it was strictly against his principles to touch liquor in any form. This is surely a funny business."

"And, shaking his head mournfully, the doctor proceeded to make things lively for me."

Prison His Safe-guard. It has remained for a prisoner in the Indiana state prison to tell the oddest tale, and then to prove it, that ever was heard in a penal institution. The name of the prisoner is John Rode. Rode recently told Warden Reid that while out on parole he had become chased by highway robbers, and, fearing that he would have his money taken from him, he buried it in a sand pile along one of the country roads leading out of Michigan City. After burying the money he walked into Michigan City and asked the warden to take him back, saying that he was happier inside. The man was given his old cell. The warden, to verify the story, gave Rode half a day off to recover his money. Within a few hours the prisoner returned, carrying a tin can under his coat. In it was \$155, which Rode had saved from his pension.—Detroit Free Press.

Musical Typewriter. What may be termed a musical typewriter is an instrument to be attached to a piano for the purpose of writing down in musical characters all the notes of the tunes played upon it. This new instrument is adapted for the use of composers and those who have to arrange music for bands.—N. Y. Sun.

THEN THERE WERE FISH.

Great Catch of Muskallonge Described by an Old Wisconsin Lumberman.

James Bell is a lumberman who has been in the woods of Minnesota and Wisconsin for several decades to "run camp" in the winter, which is to say, that he takes from 60 to 75 lumberjacks into the forests from December 30 April and holds them down by weight of authority and muscle and makes them do their work of felling and driving out timber. He has seen the vast masses of pine melt before the ax and just now is cutting hemlock because no pine grows, says the New York Sun.

"The lessening of the number of wild animals and the difference between the sport a man can have then and can have now," Bell says, "are as great as the change in the forests. There were a hundred deer then where there are ten deer now, there were a thousand partridges where there are ten now, and as for the fishes they may be said, comparatively speaking, to have almost disappeared from the waters."

"Men come into our north woods of recent summers and fish industriously with improved modern appliances for two weeks, and if they catch two muskallonge a day, averaging ten pounds each, they go back home thinking that they have had great luck. They have some of the ten-pounders stuffed and hung up in their dining-rooms and point to them with pride.

"I've seen the time when a man would get irritated if a fish of only ten pounds got hooked and was caught. He would either kill it in spite or throw it back with a curse. Nothing less than 25 pounds went then as a muskallonge catch, and there were lots of big fellows brought to gaff that ran above 40 pounds. I've seen them taken that went over 50.

"I remember being some years ago on the Flambeau river just below the spot where the town of Park Falls stands now. A dam had been built across the stream to back the water up so that there would be a full head on in the spring when the ice broke and we would want to float the logs out to the Chippewa.

"The dam was built in the fall with massive water-tight gates and to see how it would work when finished we shut the gates down one day. That had the effect of stopping the water from above and naturally the water below ran away with great swiftness. It went so fast, in fact, that the fish did not know what was happening and in a little while they found them selves in the holes among the rocks of the bottom with mighty little fluid to keep them alive.

"You never saw the like of the bass and muskallonge, particularly the muskies. Their backs were everywhere showing above the water and they flopped on the rocks and jumped two feet high sometimes trying to escape from the new enemy that had them in his grip. Maybe a thousand were in sight.

"We wanted fish, so the bunch of us sailed in. Some of us had peavies and some canthooks and some clubs and some nothing but their hands and we hoisted the great fish out of their holes by the hundredweight. The pursuit lasted some ten minutes; then the gates were raised and the lower level flooded and such fish as were left got away all right.

"I don't know how many we caught, but not less than 500 anyhow, and while we did not stop to separate the big ones from the little ones they would average easily ten pounds or so. Five thousand pounds of muskallonge meat is a sizable pile and I suppose that I and the men who were with me are the only human beings who ever saw that much of it together. We did not take any of the bass, they were too small game."

GIRLS THAT EAT SUGAR.

A London Physician Says They Grow Tall—Lengthened Sweetness.

That English girls just reaching womanhood, and the next generation into its early teens, are unusually tall—standing a head or more above their mothers—has been remarked on over and over again, and has been made the subject of learned disquisitions. Yet no generally accepted cause has been given for the fact up to this time.

Now comes a London physician of note and says that it is simply a case of lengthened sweetness, says the Detroit Free Press. By "sweetness" in this particular case the nature of the young ladies is not referred to, but their diet. In fact, statistics of recent years show that Americans and Britons of both sexes are increasing in height and weight. Why? The physician referred to says it is sugar. But then it is equally well known that too much sugar destroys the digestion. So sugar-eaters must beware!

Great Britain and America are the sugar-eating nations of the world and have quadrupled their saccharine consumption in the last score of years.

This is now the best explanation of an accepted fact, and it will have to stand until a better one is brought forward.

Russian Shoe Trust. A gigantic shoe trust exists in Russia. Nearly all the shoes sold in that country are manufactured by one firm in St. Petersburg, which is one of the most prosperous stock companies in the world.—N. Y. Sun.

Heat and Worst. When a man's temper gets the best of him it shows him at his worst.—Chicago Daily News.

A CITY OF GHOSTS.

Depopulated by the Deadly Fever, Goa, in India, Is Now a Grass-Grown Ruin.

It was said that during the prosperous times of the Portuguese in India you could not have seen a piece of iron in any merchant's house, but all gold and silver. They coined immense quantities of the precious metals, and used to make pieces of workmanship in them for exportation. The very soldiers enriched themselves by commerce.

But then at last came the Jesuits and the holy tribunal of the Inquisition, which celebrated its terrible and deadly rites with more fervor and vehemence at Goa than in any other place. Religious persecution, pestilence, and wars with the Dutch, disturbances arising from an unsettled government, and above all the slow but sure workings of the short-sighted policy of the Portuguese in intermarrying and identifying themselves with the Hindus of the lowest caste, made her fall as rapid as her rise was sudden and prodigious, says the St. James' Gazette.

In less than a century and a half after Da Gama had landed on the Indian shore, the splendor of Goa had departed forever. The inhabitants fled before the deadly fever which soon fastened upon the devoted precincts of the city, and in 1738 the viceroy transferred his headquarters from the ancient capital to Parjina, about eight miles distant. Soon afterwards the Jesuits were expelled, leaving their magnificent convents and churches all but utterly deserted, and the Inquisition was suppressed upon the recommendation of the British government.

The place is now a grass-grown wilderness. But still the firm and well-built causeways of its olden city and its moldering splendors are reminiscent of echoing pageants and the tramp of armies which once sounded there. As we tread the ancient wharf, a long broad road, lined with a double row of trees and faced with stone, a more suggestive scene of desolation can hardly be conceived. Everything around teems with melancholy associations, the very rustlings of the trees and murmur of the waves sound like a dirge for the departed grandeur of a city.

Towering above a mass of ruins a solitary gateway flanks the entrance to the Strada Diretta, the Straight Street, so called because almost all the streets in old Goa are laid out in curvilinear form. It was through this portal surmounted by the figures of St. Catherine and Vasco da Gama that the newly appointed viceroys of Goa passed in triumphal procession to the palace.

Beyond the gate a level road, once a populous thoroughfare, leads to the Terra di Sabao, a large square fronting the Primacial or Cathedral of St. Catherine, who became the patron saint of Goa when the place was captured by Albuquerque on the day of her festival. Groves of cocoanut palms and mango trees now encumber the ground once covered by troops of horse. The wealth, the busy life, the luxury of the old place are dead. Kites and cobras infest the crumbling halls which once resounded with the banquet and the dance, and naught but a few old monks and nuns keep vigil amid its desolation today.

But Goa possesses one treasure of great interest. This is the tomb of Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary to the east. It is to be found in the church of Bon Jesus. It is a masterpiece of art which is lost to all but the casual visitors to old Goa. Some have ventured to suggest that no other mausoleum in India or even in Asia, except the Taj Mahal, can equal it. It is built of rich marble of variegated colors. The lowest stage is of red and purple jasper and Carrara alabaster, adorned with statuettes and cherubs. The middle stage is of green and yellow jasper decorated with beautiful bronze plates representing incidents in the life of the saint. The highest of the three stages is surrounded by a lovely railing of red jasper marked with white spots, the adornments being figures of angels, while its middle portion is graced with columns elegantly carved, whose intervening spaces are surmounted by arches showing further incidents in the life of the saint. The friezes of the four lateral columns are of black stone, and the plinths of yellow jasper. Surmounting this last stage lies the coffin overlaid with silver, a gorgeous receptacle embellished with many exquisite specimens of relief work. Lumps of silver, depending around complete the adornment of the shrine. It is a worthy relic of Goa's departed glory.

The bell of the Augustine convent still rings forth its vesper peal above this city of ghosts, and it is impossible to forget the effect of the deep, mournful notes as they strike upon the ear. Never was heard a more beautiful or more sadly moral summons than that which calls in vain from the tower of the Augustines to the forsaken and solitary city.

It is all summed up in the eloquent apostrophe of Sherer: "Goa the golden exists no more. Goa, where the aged Da Gama closed his glorious life; Goa, where the immortal Camoens sang and suffered. It is now but a vast and grassy tomb, and it seems as if its thin and gloomy population of priests and friars were only spared to chant requiems for its departed souls."

Dress and Redress. The man who has but one suit of clothes has no redress.—Chicago Daily News.

TREASURES OF KINGS

Uncovered by Explorers in Mashonaland's Ancient Mines.

Rare Antiquities Which May Have Belonged to King Solomon—Vast Stores of Gold and Diamonds Found.

The land of Ophir, from which King Solomon secured most of his treasures, is believed by Dr. Carl Peters, the German scientist, to be located in Mashonaland, in South Africa, where he has been making some explorations. Here are huge shafts of disused gold mines, great walls of gigantic stones, and hills terraced for irrigation hundreds of feet up from the valleys.

Few questions have been more debated than the location of this wonderful treasure land. Many who are well qualified to judge put the land of Ophir in India. A resident in the Wynaad, in southern India, recently asserted that he emphatically differed from Dr. Peters. Having washed gold in its rivers, dug silver on its hills, hunted elephants in its forests, and captured apes and pankeys in the same locality, he was perfectly certain of the identity of the Wynaad with Solomon's land of Ophir, says the Chicago Tribune.

The vast stores of gold and diamonds already taken from the mines of South Africa give much weight to the claims of Dr. Peters, and are evidence of the enormous resources of the land in the way of hidden treasure.

There is no authentic story to point the way of the seeker in either case, and the only hope lies in future discoveries to establish the claims of one side or the other.

The mines of Ophir are shrouded in the same mystery as hangs over the lost Atlantis, which has been held to be the location of the Garden of Eden. Atlantis in itself is one of the greatest mysteries known to the historian. Every race that lived around the Mediterranean held the belief that somewhere to the west of the Pillars of Hercules (Gibraltar) there existed a vast island in the ocean. Plato mentions it as having been engulfed by the waves 9,000 years before his time. The extraordinary similarity between the remains found in the peninsula of Yucatan, in Central America, with those so well known in Egypt, lends weight to the tradition. It is supposed that both the Egyptians and the ancient people which preceded the Aztecs of Mexico were descended from a race which once inhabited Atlantis.

Geological researches prove that such an Atlantic continent did once actually exist, and that the Canary islands are its remains. But the geologists say that this continent perished in tertiary times, and cannot, therefore, have ever been the home of civilized man. It is possible that fresh dredgings in the bottom of the Atlantic on the site of the lost continent may throw more light on this question, upon which there already exist over a dozen different volumes.

Although it is fairly certain that the tower of Babel stood somewhere near the present ruins of the city of Babylon, its actual site is quite uncertain. Some say it is the Birs Nimroud, a great pile whose remains still rise 153 feet above the plain. Sir Henry Rawlinson found that this consisted of seven stages of brickwork, all of different colors. Others put the tower at Amran, some ten miles away, and there are two or three other possible sites.

Mention of Babylon brings to mind the Babylonish captivity, and the extraordinary disappearance of the Ten Tribes after they had been carried off by Sargon in 721 B. C. They have been identified with the Sacee, or Scythians, who a little later swept westward into northern Europe and were supposed to be the forefathers of the Saxons, who ultimately colonized England. But there is absolutely no proof either that the lost tribes became the Scythians, or that the latter were the progenitors of the Saxon colonists of Britain.

Britain has her mysteries. Who built that giant stone circle at Stonehenge is one of them. Its origin has been attributed to the Belgae, the Phoenicians, the Druids, the Danes and the Saxons. Some have said that it was erected to commemorate the treacherous murder of the British chiefs by Hengist. It has been called a temple of the sun, a shrine of Buddha, a center of serpent worship, and a calendar in stone. Lord Avebury assigns it to the bronze age. Recent researches go to prove that its age is enormous. Long before Solomon's temple was built it is probable that the double circle of sarsen stones stood dim and silent in the center of Salisbury plain, a monument to some forgotten chieftain whose name and race perished thousands of years ago.

Arthur's seat, Arthur's oven and Arthur's head commemorate the name of one whom we are fond of considering the first of our great British monarchs. But did King Arthur ever exist at all is a question which has been lately troubling the heads of historians and antiquarians. He is said to have lived in the sixth century A. D., and to have led the British in a great contest against the Saxons under Cerdic. The Saxon chronicle, however, never mentions him at all. He is claimed as a prince by the countries so far apart as Cornwall, Brittany, Wales, Cumberland and the lowlands of Scotland. The stories of the Round Table, of the wizard Merlin, and of the Quest of the Holy Grail are known to be romances pure and simple. It seems likely that Arthur, too, was a mere legendary personage.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Latest Models in Contemporary Evening Toilettes for Dress Occasions—Popular Colors.

Stylish Louis XV. coats have wide fur collars and revers of white velvet or cloth neatly covered with brown and gold appliques. Sable, seal, otter, ermine and squirrel are used for the popular winter wraps, and at all fashionable gatherings. The array of furs in combination—capotes, coats, redingotes, muffs and scarfs—is increasing. A costly model in sea otter is lined with white satin royal, and finished with ermine cape-collar, revers, and sleeve facings. Pearl-net gold clasps fasten it in front below the points of the revers.

A real pelistine, trimmed with sable, has a collar of Lyons velvet, in a very beautiful shade of moss green, richly embroidered in gold and Venetian silk arabesques in the color blendings. Wine-colored velvet almost hidden by appliques of felle-colored Russian lace, forms the yoke of a loose empire coat of chinilla. Squirrel and Persian lamb are combined on many of the small wraps, scarfs, collarettes and muffs of the winter, says the New York Post.

Few of even the most fashionable full-dress evening toilettes are quite sleeveless this season. Often, however, the sleeves are mere zephyr-like puffs, of gauze or chiffon, and the airy bit is usually banded with jeweled gimp, or laced across a slashing or lace interstice, with a tiny gold cord, or a very narrow velvet ribbon. One gown made for a Washington debutante, a novel effect was produced by a Greek scarf drape, brought from under an antique jeweled clasp on the top of the left shoulder. This was carried across the figure to the right side of the waist, and drawn under a shaped girdle formed of scintillating jeweled gimp. The drape was made of pale pink lisse, bordered with a Grecian design in silver. The lustrous silk of the dress itself was of a deeper sea-shell tint. The demi-trained skirt was trimmed up more than half its length, with rows of pink silk ruchings, graduated in width.

A gown of white satin broadcote made for a young matron, has the bodice draped diagonally, and closing invisibly under the front crossing; lacing cords and small pearl buttons giving the effect of a fastening at the back. The low, round neck has a bertha of embroidered velvet, slashed on each shoulder, the points extending out above the broadcote sleeve. The gored skirt, three-eighths of a yard longer at the back than at the front, has the straight, old-time finish at the flaring foot, the entire being copied from a dress worn many years ago.

Pale tea-rose yellow is one of the popular colors this winter in evening dress, and when combined with certain shades of green velvet and sable, with lace rest and under-sleeves, is most artistic. A very uncommon and very becoming shade of sage gray is also seen among new dinner and visiting gowns; and an odd opalescent blue and white, from snow and lily to Alderney cream tints, and green of every conceivable shade. Heliotrope in velvet silk, crepe de chine, and the beautiful silk-warp wools, appears in rare tones that grade from pinks to the most delicate shade of pinkish mauve. There is still a striving after odd color combinations, not with the absolute lack of harmony that has prevailed for two years past, but more as though certain colors had been taken in all their greatly varying tones, with perhaps a note or two of a different kind, but in bold contrast.

Vegetable Marrow. Vegetable marrow may be made into an agreeable conserve. Peel three pounds of marrow and take out the seeds. Slice into pieces about an inch thick and two inches long. Squeeze the juice of two lemons and out the rind in tiny pieces, and place the marrow, lemon, three pounds of loaf sugar and one ounce of ground ginger into a stew pan and boil together about an hour. Put away like any preserve.—N. Y. Post.

Apricot Souffle. One-half pound apricots, eight table-spoonfuls sugar, two eggs. Wash apricots and let them stand in cold water for ten or twelve hours. Put fruit and water into granite sauce pan and let cook until the fruit is soft or about 30 minutes. Put in sugar, remove from stove and press through strainer. Stir in beaten yolks, fold in beaten whites, put in baking dish in pan of hot water and bake until brown on top. Serve hot in same dish.—Washington Star.

A Sad Predicament. A vaudeville artist out west recently adopted four pickaninnies, ranging in age from four to six years, in order that she might use them in a comedy sketch. Now she has lost her voice and her employment, and will be obliged to hustle for a livelihood in some other field in order to support the little negroes until they shall be 21.—Chicago Chronicle.

Muffed Figs. Roll figs until pliable; make an incision in one side and fill with a teaspoonful of chopped nuts of any kind. Fasten with thread, cover with boiling water and cook 15 minutes. Sweeten and serve with whipped cream. Remove the threads before serving.—Ladies' World.

Convict Competition in Austria. To rid themselves of the competition of the cheap products of prison labor Austrian manufacturers want their government to transport convicts beyond the sea.—London Mail.

Sour Cream Cookies. One cup sour cream, one cup sugar, one teaspoon soda sifted in with the flour, a little salt, vanilla and flour to roll thin; no eggs; no butter.—Boston Globe.

TOO MUCH FOR THE BARBER.

His Customer Explained Things in Such a Way He Couldn't Understand Him.

As it sometimes happens, the barber was disposed to talkativeness, the patient to silence. After several fruitless attempts to extract more than a grunt or two from the one in his care, the tonsorial artist made a final effort to arouse the man's conversational powers, relates the New York Times. Patting the top of the head gently he ventured the remark: "Der hair on der top, air, it is a bit thinning out—yes?" "Yes."

"Of der tonic, den, a leetle, eh?" "No."

After another long pause: "Have it been bald long?" The man smiled wearily. Then, after taking a long breath of preparation for his effort, he replied: "I came into the world that way. Then I had an interval of comparative bi-caste luxuriance, but it was not enduring. I have long since emerged from the grief of deprivation. It no longer affects me. Do not permit it to weigh upon you."

The German pondered over this for awhile without, however, appearing to apprehend the meaning of the man's words.

"Der hair id look better, air, if perhaps you keep id long in der back like?" he suggested after another period of silence.

The man removed his gaze from the floor, fastened it upon the ceiling, cleared his throat again, and spoke once more: "Let me assure you, my tonsorial friend," said he, "that the appearance of my hair, as I have been accustomed to dress it, is very satisfactory to myself, and, perhaps, I might also say, to my friends. What little hair still adorns my head I have possessed for a long time. I know it well. I have been on familiar terms with it for many years. I have inadvertently mingled spruce and showing to with it in my years of extreme youth. I have often sulked it in order to preserve a proper non-guilty appearance at home after surreptitious swimming expeditions. I have had it pulled the wrong way by boys whom I learned to lick afterward. At the same period of my life I even endured the ignominy of having it cut by experimental maiden aunts. The consequence of all this is that that bit of remaining hair and I are old and, I trust, inseparable friends. I indulge the hair, and the hair indulges me. The hair indulges me by permitting me to wear it after my own conception of the way it ought to be worn, and I indulge the hair by firmly declining to have it trifled with by gentlemen of the scissors who possess artistic ideas more bizarre than my own. I fear I'll have to ask you to indulge us both—the hair and me. Cut the way I directed you to cut it."

The barber collapsed.

VERSED IN MEDICAL LORE.

Many Indian Tribes Understand the Curative Properties of Various Plants.

The knowledge the aboriginal tribes of this continent possess of the medicinal properties of the herbs and roots that grow around them has astonished the most eminent of scientists. It is probable that this knowledge is much more extensive than the white man's. V. K. Chesnut has endeavored to elicit from the Indians of Mendocino county, Cal., trustworthy information respecting the uses to which they put various indigenous plants, and attributes our knowledge of casahuate sagraada to these tribes, suggesting that other plants, such as cananahua, croton and eriogonum, would well repay investigation.

The diet of the island tribes is peculiar, as they regard young clover shoots as a delicacy and make use of acorns and the variety of horse chestnut known as "buckeyes" for making a porridge or baking into bread. The method adopted is to pound up the seeds into very fine flour and wash out the tannin and other stringy ingredients with water. A porridge or thick soup is formed by boiling the flour, while a favorite recipe for making bread consists in mixing the dough with red clay. The product is a very black, cheese-like substance, in which the clay probably absorbs the oil and converts the last trace of tannin into a more digestible form. Another curious custom at one time in vogue was the use of poisonous plants, soap root and turkey mullein, which were thrown into streams to poison the fish. These were then caught and eaten without any deleterious consequences.

Decrease of Betting. Early in the last century men betted on every conceivable sport and pastime. Nearly every cricket match of which record exists was for 500 or sometimes 1,000 guineas a side. At every cock fight there was a great deal of wagering; people backed horses as they do now, (except, as it appears, usually for much larger sums than are now betted), and very often odds were laid and taken about the result of a day's shooting.—Lad-minton Magazine.

Still Belligerent. Miss Peace-maker—Come now, why don't you and Miss Oldun become friends again?

Miss Snapper—Oh, I don't see the sense of going to all that trouble for her.

"But it isn't any more trouble for you to make up than it is for her."

"Don't you believe it. She's used to making up; for she's been doing it for years."—Philadelphia Press.