The flight of the wild fowl for the morth means serious deprivation to a large class of people who live above and below New Orleans back from the Mississippi river. These are folk who do not buy any meat from one year's end to another, says the New York

In the fall and winter they cat ducks and fish; in the spring and summer; they eat fish. They are the lowest stratum of the Acadian, or "Cayjun," population, owning only such land as their huts are built on and frequently the huts stand on piles with six inches pof water under them. At this time they are still getting ducks, but rarely, and only such belated ones as should have started north many days ago.

Drifting down one of the placid bayous or lagoons which make a checkerboard of the country, a man, loading home after a day's fishing, will see a solitary figure standing on the bank. It will be of middle age, clad in cottonade treasers, hickory shirt and straw hat, and it will be barefooted. It stands very patient and still, its position selected to command the bayou and at the same time be inconspicuous.

Generally it will blend with an old Bend tree or be sheltered by a clump of saplings. It will have a muzzle-loading, double-barreled gon nearly as long as itself, the butt resting against the ground, the barrels held against the hody, so that they will not show too plainly. That will be one of the "Cayjuns" waiting for his duck.

He knows that a pair of them or possibly a single mallard will be apt to by up or down the bayou near dusk, searching for a roost, and he is there to stop it. Probably he lives two miles or three miles back from the bayou, but he will have only two loads of No. 5 shot in the gun. The wadding will be of brown paper and the powder of the black kind.

If he misses he will go home withbut anything, but he will not miss. Inevitably, if the duck comes along, it will stop and go into the "Cayjun" stomach next day.

The man in the boat lifts his hands and calls cheerily: "Bon jour, Jean Baptiste!" The figure, not stirring, manswers softly and promptly: "Bon jour, m'sieu!" He watches the boat

out of sight, stock still.

Half a mile down the bayou the man in the boat notes a sudden swift rush of wing above his head, and casting up his eyes sees a solitary mallard speeding. Thirty seconds later he hears a single sullen report and knows that the old long gun, made years before the war and handed down from grandather to son, has done its work. In little while the "Cayjun" will be solely on a fish diet.

## EAST INDIAN PUGRIES.

#### Palm-Grass Sombreros of the East Indies Converted to Ornamestal Uses.

The officers wives who live in Havana have discovered a decorative use for the picturesque palm-grass braided sombreros. They make beautiful waste-paper baskets of them. Thus the artistic headgear of the Don is given lowly but useful place in the household. A large importation of them—as waste-paper baskets—is at the present time flattening the pocketbooks of New, York women, says the Post of that city.

It is not only the Spanish-American whose headgear is misused for art's sake. The turban or pugri of the East Indian now furnishes many a cozy corner, Turkish room, or oriental nook.

"We imported these head draperies, Just a few at a time, thinking that only a collector or a crank would want them," said the head decorator of a New York concern: "but the women conceived the idea of making them into tidies, receptacles, covers, and divers things, and the result is we can't get enough of them. We have a big consignment at present and an East Indian to explain what they are. There's the putteedar pugri, a turban in general use by the Hindus and Mohammedans; the Jooridar pugri, noted for its complicated knot on the crown; the Khirkee-dar pugri," or full dress affair, worn by mative courtiers, with its magnificent band of brocade. The Hyderabad mustalik, a muslin affair, and the chakveedar from Mysore make boudoir covers and colegne-bottle holders, while the mundeel, with gold stripes, and the shumlar or shawl turban find their way to the ton of the plane or the back of the divan.

"Our demonstrator does not approve of the way the pugri is used. and preaches the wearing of it upon the head in graceful folds. He says that everything depends upon the folding and wearing of the turban or pugri. One can display good or bad taste. In its unfolded condition -the pugri is a strip of material varying in breadth from nine to 12 inches. and in length from 15 to 25 yards. In the process of making up attention, should be paid to the shape of the head. If the person need height, then the folds should be piled up high; if width, the rounding plaits should be employed. Loops and ends are fantastic, and in highly tinted materials add piquancy to a youthful

"In the every-day pugri of Hindustan one long end is wound around the head until it fits like a wreath, then the other end is brought towards the front, and folded back, leaving the pieces to hang down like a coart."

#### A "FORTY-NINER" DENTIST.

#### California Miner Pulled and Pingged Teeth with Primitive Tools (rat of Doors.

A smooth bowlder for a chair, high towering walls of impregnable granite for walls, and the blue sky for a roof were the unique conditions surrounding what was probably the first dental office in California. The dentist was Dr. S. M. Harris, then known as "Little Doc," to-day mayor of Grass Vailey, Nevada county, says the San Province Chroniels.

Francisco Chronicle.

This odd dental office was founded in the day when men rocked cradles with more cherished burdens than new born babies; when caravans of people flocked into California in search of gold; when the founders of this great state took up their habitation in this wild and desolate country.

When you arrived at Dr. Harris' office there was a notable absence of the plush-covered chair and other accourtements which usually mark the dentist's office. There was no drill run by foot power, no bulb to wash out the cavity. For a chair the smooth bowlder on which Dr. Harris sat when rocking his cradle answered this requisite. For a drill short pieces of wire were used, and when a cavity was ready for filling and needed cleansing with water the patient was handed a tin dipper and the stream furnished the water.

The charge for this work was rather in advance of present day fees, but there was never trouble over a payment after an aching member was extracted. One-half ounce of gold—the equivalent of \$8—was the fee for extraction, and the filling double that amount.

when a patient arrived there were a few formalities to go through, as in most cases neither knew the other. If the case was one of extraction, the dentist would go to his camp and get a pair of forceps—the only article belonging to the dentist's kit which he then owned—and extract the tooth. But, on the other hand, if filling was the requirement, the process was of a more slow and tedious nature. The patient having a cavity to fill would usually make an appointment for Sunday, as a good part of the day was necessary for the operation.

The doctor would go to his camp fire, which was situated about 50 feet from his cradle, and temper his instruments. Here a small bowlder answered very well for a forge. When the tools were got into shape work was begun on the patient.

Small pieces of wire from six to eight inches in length and flattened out constituted the excavators. Constant rubbing of a smooth rock, just as a knife is sharpened on a whetstone, kept them sharp. Filings were made from gold nuggets scraped with a pocket knife into small shavings, then amalgamated with mercury. Silver coin was also used at times, although silver was a very heavy article in that day. A heavy piece of wire served as a plugger to insert the filling. When this filling crystallized it made a very lasting one.

Every day while Dr. Harris worked his claim he had one or more patients. For the reason that he came to California to hunt gold, and not to fill teeth, he did not encourage business. As the country settled around him the picneer dentist turned his practice over to others who came in later, and when he left that section he did not leave them without a dentist.

## LIGHTED BY A FISH.

# A Species That When Dried Burns and Gives Forth Light Like a Candle.

Alfred Yngvo, of Castle Valley, Pa., says the Philadelphia Record, has in his library a package tied with red silk that resembles abundle of smoked herring. In a xisitor's presence the other day he took one of the long, lean, shriveled fish out of this bundle, held a lighted match to its head, and it began to burn with a clear flame like a candle. He used it as a candle, indeed, in leading his visitor in the dusk through his house, exhibiting his bibelots and treasures.

"But this fish—this fish that burns like a candle—what is it, anyway?" the stranger asked.

"It is a candle fish—a Thaleichthys pacificus," returned Mr. Yngyo. "It is very fat, and the Indians eat it, use it for illuminative purposes, and also make a calendar out of it.

as a sausage. It looks a little like a smelt. Not till March does it begin to rûn, and the Indians hail its appearance as a harbinger of warm weather—a sign of the spring's coming. They réjoice then; they eclebrate their Easter festival. Thus it is the fish calen-

"It is a first-rate candle, as you see. That is because it is so full of oily fat. It can be burned either with or without a wick. These that I brought home with me have wicks in them; they burn better so. But without wicks they burn pretty well, though them they smoke a little and have a fishy odor.

They are eaten in oil. I tried them once, but it was no go. They were too

## oleaginous for me." Making a Noise.

"What do you mean by accepting a callow youth like Jack who's just out of college? Why, he'll never make a noise in the world!"

"Oh," said Mabel, "you just ought to hear him give his cute college yell and you wouldn't think so!" Baltimore Herald.

As It Sounds.

Mrs. Newrich Marie's trip abroad has given her quite a smattering of

French.

Mr. Newrich (disgustedly). Quite a sputtering I should call it. Judge.

#### PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

George Wyndham, who introduced the Irish land-purchase bill in the British parliament, is a lineal descendant, through his mother, of the great Irish rebel. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who led the revolution of 179s and who died in prison from a wound.

Casimir, who was chef of the lately closed Maison Doree in Paris, is airing his mind about the judgment of kings at the dining table. He scoffs at Leopold of Belgium, who ordered "soup and a slice of beef," says King Edward took only the simplest dishes and that only his majesty of Portugal knows how to eat.

The lady mayoress of London can appoint maids of honor and a trainbearer, and she has her own private state carriage and four. At the lord mayor's procession, if she comes direct from her country residence, a guard of honor is sent to meet her and to escort her to join in the pageant. The lady mayoress of York can retain the prefix of "lady" before her surname for the remainder of her life.

Senators Spooner and Newlands unintentionally exchanged hats a few
days ago. When they met a few minintes later Spooner said: "Some scoundrel stole my hat in there." "Here
too," said Newlands; "left me an old
plug hat that—" "Why that's my hat,"
said the Wisconsin man, laughing,
"And you have mire," Newlands answered. Then there was an exchange,
with inutual apologies.

Not long ago a new spaper man called on Secretary Hay to question him regarding a diplomatic incident of rather a delicate international character. The newspaper man was afraid he might make some injudicious, inquiry and said: "Mr. Secretary, I am afraid my questions are not quite proper from a diplomatic standpoint." "My dearsir," answered Secretary Hay. "I don't think any question you may ask will be improper. The impropriety depends on whether or not I answer it."

M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, and his wife are a most devoted couple. They were married eight years ago, and since that time have not been separated for 24 hours at one time. Mme. Jusserand was born abroad of American parents, but never until her husband came to his present post had she been on American soil. Both the ambassador and his wife are very democratic. When they arrived in Washington the servant staff of the embassy was much depleted and the embassy itself was barren. Without ado they set to work themselves and jointly directed the efforts of the few servants procurable. Much of the work of fitting up the embassy they did with their own hands, when no other assistance was available.

### A PATTERN GENTLEMAN.

#### He Never Once Interrupted the Chatterbox, and for a Very Good Reason.

Mrs. Batterytongue was outwardly a beautiful woman; and though her tongue worked like a steam-hammer when once in motion, yet the varying expressions of her countenance and the changeful light of her brilliant eyes made her really an object of interest when she was taiking. And how she could talk! When once her tongue had become loosened on a familiar subject she was like a piece of machinery wound up and all its parts set for long and continuous work, says London

Tit-Bits.

On one occasion she was present at an evening party at which chanced to be a gentleman, a near relative of the hostess, known to only a few of the company; and those few, moved thereto by a hint from the hostess, determined to make the gentleman-stranger the medium by which to punish the chaterbox for her tireless and persistent loguacity.

Accordingly, in the course of the evening the gentleman was pointedwutto Batterytongue as one of the most learned and polished scholars in the country. Mrs. B. was in a flutter immediately. She was eager to be presented; and ere long the opportunity was offered and accepted. Happy Mrs. B.! She drew the savant to a quiet nook in the great bay-window and had him all to herself; and there she kept him for the remainder of the evening. her tongue running like a mill-clapper. while he with respectful attention. watched the play of her brilliant features, believing perhaps that she was giving him a history of her life.-

As the party was breaking up her friends gathered around her, anxious to know how she liked her new, acquaintance, Mr. S.

"Oh," she cried, in an ecstasy of fervor, "is he not charming? Such wit, such understanding, such taste and such refined judgment! And, oh, such a pattern of a gentleman!"

Imagine her feelings when convinced that the man had been deaf and dumb from his cradle!

Suppuration at the roots of the seeth is treated by electric rays by Dr. Stebel, of Munich. A powerful electric light is focused upon the bony cavities of the jaw, setting up irritation, increasing to violent inflammation, and a layer of tissue comes away. The suppuration ceases, the looseness of the tooth disappearing. The operation is difficult, but is reported to have been successful. in 14 cases.—Scientific American.

Pope Leo's Wardrobe.

The pope has the largest and most costly wardrobe in the whole civilized world. Three large rooms at the vatican hardly suffice to contain the pope's wardrobe, and a special shody of servants is told off to keep it in order. Each day in the year has its appropriate garment, which varies in color, weight and value, according to the season.—N. Y. Sun.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

Appreciative,—"I don't believe you hold the public in very high esteem."
"My dear sir," rejoined the billionaire,
"you wrong me. If it weren't for the public, where would we look for our profits?"—Washington Star.

She (passionately)—"I wish you didn't have a cent, so I could prove how much I love you." He--"Alas! How could that be done?" She—"Well, you might put your property all in my name."—Town Topics.

Jim—"It seems to me that the lawyer who is defending your case is using some pretty extravagant language." Jam—"You'd think it was much more extravagant if you knew how much he is charging me for his services."—Baltimore Herald.

From Experience.—"Henry,", said the woman with compressed lips, "do you remember that we first met by accident on a railroad?" "Yes," replied the henpecked man, sadly; "railroad accidents always turn out disastrous." —Chicago Daily News.

"Father," said the youth, "what is your understanding of the saying, 'The race is not always to the swift?" "Practically, my soil," replied the wise father, "it means that in the race of life the fast men don't usually come out ahead."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Bilkins (sweetly)- "Do have another piece of cake, Cousin John." Cousin John." Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so, good I believe I will have another." Little Johnnie texcitedly)--"Ma's a winner! Ma's a winner! She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself!"—Town and Country.

In a Quandary,—"Mary gets excited when she reads history." "Does she?" "I should say she did. She's been reading English history, but she had to stop when she got to the War of the Roses." "Why did she stop?" "She couldn't tell which Rose she preferred to have win,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

#### NIGHT IN A KING'S TOMB.

## A Lone Woman's Remarkable Adventure in an Out-of-the-Way Corner of the Globe.

Writing of some of the many odd places in which she has slept during her travels around the world, Jessie Ackermann, in the Housekeeper, says: "While traveling in that most interesting section of India, Cashmere, I heard of a wonderful tomb of some ancient king and was arged not to leave the country without seeing it. It was about a day's journey from where I was stopping, and I started on the trip one morning in a government cart (British), with a native guide, who also acted as interpreter, and a coolie driver. Expecting to return that night, I took neither bedding nor baggage. Winter was just setting in and men looked wise as we started that morning, predieting all kinds of unpleasant weather. The road was abandoned during the winter because it led over a greatwaste, and no provision was made for travelers. Fifteen miles from our destination an accident befell our horse.

"Darkness was fast gathering; The only possible refuge was the king's tomb, which we had started to see, so we decided that the only thing to do was to walk the distance. I have always been fond of walking, but I cannot truthfully say that I enjoyed that 15mile tramp through the cold and darkness. Reaching the tomb at last, we decided that it would be best for me to take up my quarters within the tomb, the guide remaining with me. while the coolie walked to a village some miles further on in search of another horse. It was dark beyond description inside the tomb, and when the footsteps of the coolie could no longer be heard, every sound, save one. died away on the stillness of the night. I made my way cautiously to the farthest corner, groping along against the wall of the tomb, thinking to take what comfort could be had from so

miserable a situation. No sooner had I settled for the night than I heard the most weird, unearthly sound that ever pierced human ears. The uncanny place had suddenly taken on the atmosphere of life. There was a sound of rushing of wings that froze the blood in my veins. My heart seemed to have stopped beating. Suddenly I disovered what it was. A horde of horrid bate had awakened from: their lethargy and simultaneously started on a tour of investigation. Bats. are ugly creatures. I would rather have 16 active babies all clutch my hair at the same time than surrender my locks to one sportive bat, especially of the Indian variety. Their wings and shricks became a rhythm to which my tired senses kept time until blessed slumber came, and the morning brought a pair of fresh horses and a coolie laden with breakfast for two."

Diamond in a Meteorite. The finest diamond ever imported paid no duty to the customs officers. having smuggled itself in from some other planet in a meteorite. Packed in a thick envelope of meteoric iron, it fell to earth in Diable canyon, at the foot of Crater mountain, Arizona, its coating being broken in nmerous particles by contact with the rocky formation of the ground. Aparty of geologists discovering these fragments, at first thought them indications of a remarkably pure vein of iron ore, but their true character was soon disperned, and in one of the pieces picked up by Prof. G. A. Koenig, the diamond was found imbedded. It is now on exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History .- Washington Star.

## , Not Superstitious.

"I am afraid you are superstitious."
"Deed I isn'," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley; "some folks is a-skyaht of ghoses
an' all kin's of critters; but as long
as I has a rabbit's paw in my pocket
I feels pufickly safe." — Washington
Star.

HIRE GIRLS TO SAY "NO."

#### The Young Men of Argentine Have a Novel Plan for Escaping the Cellbary Tax.

A new and lucrative field for woman's work has been opened in the Argentine republic by which the fair daughters of that favored land are enabled to earn good incomes. It is a business requiring no capital, and all the work can be done at home, but one which is confined, in the nature of things, to widows and maidens, says the New York Press.

The women who engage in this easy and lucrative calling are known as "professional lady rejectors," and their business is giving much concern to the Argentine authorities.

It all came about by the passage of the law taxing bachelors in the Argentine. As the law was thought to bear too hard upon young men who really tried to get married and could not do so from the fact that nobody would have them, a clause was inserted by which a man was exempt from the tax if he could prove that he had proposed and been rejected. They are not so slow in those Latin-American countries as we people up north imagine. The professional lady rejector at once

made her appearance on the scene. The fair daughter of the south who chooses the "rejector" business in preference to typewriting or becoming a saleslady does not hang out a sign nor send around cards engraved with "Carmencita Saurez, Professional Lady Rejector. Office hours 2 to 10." but she causes ft to be known that she is in the business and will warrant a rejection every time. For a certain stated sum she will consent to be woord by any eligible bachelor tax-dodger for a reasonable length of time. He can take her to the theater, buy her ices and pay for her bouquets and bonbons until the expiration of the time limit, when he asks her to be his, and, according to contract, she promises to be a sister to him. But her work is not yet over, for when the tax on bachelors is due and José goes to the Alcalde. ro swear off his taxes Carmencita has to go with him and make oath that he has proposed to her and been rejected.

This seems on easy and pleasant way of making one's living; but the girls engaged in the business say that it really is one requiring the greatest self-control, and frequently causes the greatest agony of spirit to the practitioner, especially it she has a large and wealthy clientele. For a spinster whose chances and matrimony are on the wane, or a buxom widow who longs to be consoled, to resist the temptation to violate her contract and say "Yes" when some nice young man with a nice fortune proposes requires phenomenal business integrity and is a severe wrench, to the feelings.

It readily will be seen that it is not every woman who can succeed in the ealling of lady rejector. She must have the faculty of convincing men that her rejection is certain, or they will not trust her and she cannot get business. The young girl just leavening the profession has a hard time of it; it is only the old, reliable lady rejectors who are able to accumulate fortunes.

## THE GREATEST LIFE-SAVER.

#### A Philadelphia Man Who Has Bescued 218 Personsia One Month from Drewning.

Living in Philadelphia with the members of his family in a modest little home on North Twenty-ninth street is a man who may in all truth-fulness, be called "the greatest life-saver in the world." This is Capt. Hans Didrik Doxrud, who has a record in life-saving that he might well be proud of, for he has, since 1879, saved no less than 352 men and women rfom a watery grave, reports the Philadelphia Press.

His greatest achievement in point of numbers saved was that of October, 1895, when, through his daring. 218 people were saved from drowning. It was while he was in command of the steamship Pennland that he sighter off the Sable islands the steamer Obdam, drifting helplessly, having broken her shaft. Capt. Doxrud immediately ordered the Pennland headed toward the helpless steamer, and after coming up with her he had a cable stretched between the two steamers and rowed the Obdam into Halifax, though the cable between the two hoars parted twice in storms.

The seamanship Capt. Doxrud showed in rowing this great vessel in heavy weather so many miles is considered among sailing men to have been one of the maritime feats of the past century. One of his more recent humane dgeds took place just outside the Delaware breakwater during April of last year. The Pretoria, a Canadian passenger steamer, was on fire when he boarded her and took off her 49 passengers and towed the burning ship herself into New York harbor.

It is but natural that such deeds of daring have brought to Capt. Dowered many rewards, and among them is one which he prizes higher than all the rest, being a gold watch from the late President McKinley. He has also a medal of gold and red enamel from the government of Belgium and a gold medal from King Oscar II. of Norway.

In personal appearance Capt. Doxrud is of middle stature, deeply tanned and exceedingly robust. He is now 49 years of age.

Maude—Oh, Gertie, what a lovely engagement ring! How Lenvy you!
Gertie—You needn't, dear. When it comes to the point, I've either got to marry him or give it back.—Glasgow Evening Times.

## THE SCHEME THAT FAILED.

#### Western Man Didn't Have One Chause in a Thousand with an Egsterner.

"He was from the west and they were talking about "saited" mines and other features of life there in the days when everybody expected to make a fortune in six months or less, writes Elliott Flower, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

"But an easterner had no chance there," said one of the party. "lie was sure to get the worst of it in one way or another."

"Get the worst of it!" scorted the man from the west. "Why, say! we didn't have one chance in a thousand with a smart man from the east. I know, because I went against one of them."

"How was it?" they asked. ®Weil," he said, reflectively, "T i heard this felier an' another was . comin' to buy a mine, an' I loaded up fer 'eq, which means that I jestdumped a few loads of good ore intothe old an worthless Sary Jane mine. Everybody was doing it in them slays, an' it looked like it was time for nie to win something. Then I got next to the fellers I was after an showed 'em the mine. Say! it was jest like' findin' money in the goad. They was so easy I was clean ashamed of myself. I give 'em the yarn about wantin' to get back to my folks in the onet, win'ter the fact that my of mor her was sick, an' made 'em think nothin' else would make me sell. They had some samples of the ore assayed, an' then I let 'em beat me down from \$225,000 to \$10,000, so's they'd think they was gettin' a big bargain, an' I got the cash."

He shook his head dolefully before

continuing:

"Well, sir," he said at last, "I was waitin' to hear a big roar when they found they'd been done, but they never made a peop. I sized it up that they was ashamed of themselves an' was jes' goin' to stand the loss, but I was mistaken."

He sighed deeply.

"The old folks died" he went on, "leavin" me quite a hir of money, an' f went back east, landin in New, York after a hit. Weil, sir, I found those two fellers had stocked that of mine op fer \$100,000 an' was puttin the stock on the market. Course I jest langhed to inyself, me knowing there wasn't more in a hundred dolelars' worth of ore in the whole thing.

"Somebody's goin' to get caught," says I to myself. Those fellers was played for suckers, and now they're goin' to throw it into some of the bunch down here so's to get even."

"I was right about that, too," he

asserted with feeling. The day I met a fittle feller who asked me if I knowed anything about the Sary Jane mine.

"'Not much,' says I, payin' foxy,
"'Wed,' he says, 'I wouldn't say it,
to everybody, but I'll toll you it
ain't worth a cent, but there's a big
pot of money in it."
"Ownin' up like that sounded hom-

est, an' I asked him how.

"Why," he says, 'they've got 'the market fixed, au' it's ab right fer those on the inside. They've made a company of it, got people taikin' about it an' when the stock gets to so they're goin' to unload. It opened at 46 an' they've run it up to Maready. If you want to make a winner, get inquick ar' sell at 75. Then gou're safe, if you walt fer solyon may get enight, for they'll be an awful gaick dump when they let it go.

"That sounded good, at." I found he was right about it startio at 40 and goin' af 52/an' the next day at was 58, in still rish." Well, sir, Echmbed in, an by quick work I got alt my money on at 60. Then I waite. She kept goin' up an' up, an' I was hyurin' what I'd do with my wad."

He made a long pause, his mind apparently occupied with dismal reflec-

"That little feller," he said at last, "was a clerk in the office of the fellers that bought the mine. He gave it to me straight, all except the price at which they was goin' to 'et go. That was 70, instead of "), an I was caught in the stampede. Oh, we may have some tricks in the west—leastways we used to have—but we ain't got no business, figurin' on finances with the eastern fellers. I bought back a small corner of a worthless mine "er jest about twice what I sold the whole blamed mine fer."

Cholly I tell you, Soman's a clevati fellah. Heard him tell a girl lawst night something about "Kind hearts are bettah than ewowns," or sometlying or othah.

or othah.

Ascume "Kind hearts are more than coronets." And did you consider that original with him? That's an oid one, "Ya-as; but think how cleval of him to keep it in his head!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hamlett What has become of De

Ranter?
Eggbert The sid fellow was sents to the county infermary last week.
"That's tough. But he will doubt-

"Because why?"
"He has been accustomed to poor houses ever size he began his stage career."—Chicago Daily News.

less feel at home there."

Old Lady | Lifeel awful nervous Are

you sure we won't have have any accidents?

Guard (fond of statistics)—Every person who rides on a railway taken

ing killed.
"La sakes! Why didn't that rescally agent tell me so before I bought my licket?"—London Tit-Bits.

one chance in 1,491,910 chances of be-