

FROM FANCY TO FACT.

Delightful and Novel Experience Rudely Dispelled.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the delighted wife, as her husband handed her a large bunch of money and told her to go right down town and buy everything she liked.

"I don't mention it," replied the husband. "I want you to have everything your heart desires in the way of dresses and bonnets this winter. I realize that I have not been as generous as I should have been, and I hope I may be able to make up for it now. Here, take this double handful of 20 gold pieces, too. Look out, there! You're dropping them."

SURF RIDING IS ROYAL SPORT.

How the Honoluluans Toboggan for Half a Mile on One Wave.

At Waikiki, near Honolulu, is a famous bathing beach. Here, winter and summer, the surf canoes, or better yet, the surf boards, come dancing in on the long rollers and men become amphibious.

There is no sensation quite comparable, says the Travel Magazine, to riding a surf board on a Pacific roller. It is tobogganing on a moving hillside of water, or, if you are clever enough to stand up on your board, it is taking this hillside on a single big ski.

The beach runs far out before it rhelves into deep water, and at high tide the breakers begin to mount almost half a mile from the shore line. You go out there with your surf board and wait for the wave.

You learn to catch it at the right moment, throw your board inshore, and climb upon it just as the crest of the roller mounts and catches you. Then on this crest you sail in toward the shore, to slide down at last when the wave breaks, down the foaming incline into shallow water and churning foam. It is royal sport.

Bank Books Oddly Lost.

Very few slips were made by the men in charge of the British post office savings bank system, but many curious incidents occur that cause them to be wary. It often happens that bank books are lost. One lost bank book disappeared in a storm wave, which had swept away all the effects of a coast guardman. Another went down the gullet of a circus elephant; a third had been eaten by a goat, another by a pig, while a destructive puppy had rent to pieces the record of another troubled depositor. All these losses have to be investigated and made good. An army sergeant complained that he had lost his deposit book "while in the act of measuring a recruit for the army."

One Dimension Didn't Suit.

Everybody in Biddford, Me., knows Alderman Walter Lane, of ward Eight. One of York county's venerable attorneys went into his barber shop not long ago to get his head measured for a wig. On taking the dimensions of the lawyer's head the barber exclaimed: "Why, how long your head is, sir?"

"Yes," replied the legal gentleman, "we lawyers must have long heads." The barber proceeded with his vocation, but at length exclaimed: "Why, sir, your head is as thick as it is long."

The disciple of Blackstone looked so black that the barber told the boy to "Light those other chandeliers."

What Red Coral Is.

The red coral that is used for necklaces is a horny axis which supports a number of soft bodied, coral like animals, or polyps, the entire structure bearing a strong resemblance to a small shrub. The fishermen, after they have brought this shrub like colony to the surface, clean the soft animal matter away, preserving the red core, or axis, which is sold as jewelry. Although red coral contains some lime it is largely composed of a substance akin to horn, and, like horn, it takes a fine polish. Horn, wool, and other animal substances of this nature almost invariably change their color when brought into intense heat.—St. Nicholas Magazine.

Change of Method.

"Investigations don't seem to be held in the spirit of courtesy and forbearance that once prevailed," remarked the old-time statesman.

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "the situation is becoming rather difficult. People now hold investigations because they really want to find something out, instead of merely for the sake of soothing their minds."

"The Knowing and the Unknowing." When it was reported to the directors that the cashier was looting the bank, they all resigned in a body.

"Why do you suppose they did that?" "I can't say, unless it was they had a curiosity to know something about the matter."—Puck.

BROKE STRONG MAN'S MIND.

What to Do with Present Too Much for Puzzle Inventor.

Marshal P. Wilder related at a dinner a striking personal experience. "When I was a boy in Geneva," he said, "I was once taken through a hospital for the insane that was not far from the town.

"Many strange, many terrible things I saw in this hospital, but what affected me most deeply was the sight of a young man of intelligent and refined appearance who sat with his head in his hands mumbled over and over and over from morning till night: 'I can't strap it around my waist and it won't go in my pocket. It isn't an automobile horn, because it won't blow. It isn't a lamp, for it won't light. I can't put it on my feet and it will not go over my head. It is neither a fountain pen, a pipe nor a balloonist's barometer. It looks like a golf glove, but it is not a tennis racket. I can't—'

ARE NOW ARTESIAN WELLS.

One Curious Result of the Earthquake at San Francisco.

It has just been discovered that the upheaval of April 18 did funny things to the wells in the courtyard at the rear of the San Francisco mint, says the Chronicle of that city. For years prior to April 18 these had been ordinary, well behaved wells, yielding water plentifully when a steam pump was employed. But now they are spouting artesian wells, from which a steady stream of water flows when no pumping is done. This was discovered when the pump was taken out for repairs, the courtyard being flooded within a short time.

The wells were bored many years ago, and are about 175 feet in depth. There was apparently a subterranean connection between them, for the pumping of water from one lowered the water in the other. Normally, the water was within 30 feet of the surface, and that was the condition when the pump was taken out last March. Recently, for the first time since March, the pumps were again removed, when it was discovered that the water flowed freely.

Greek and Roman Artillery.

Greek ordinance—which was adopted by the Romans without any material alteration—was, almost without exceptions, dependent on the hand-bow principle, says the Technical World Magazine. On trying to shoot a larger bullet to greater distances, the elastic arms of the bow were necessarily made so strong as to be no longer susceptible of tightening by hand. A tension shaft had therefore to be fitted to the bow, which shaft was tightened with levers or hand-wheels. Finally, as the power of bows altogether failed to insure the efficiency desired, their bending elasticity was replaced by the tensional elasticity of neura, that is, ropes made from animal sinews, woman's hair, or, in an emergency, horsehair.

Infection.

The wife of an army officer at a western post recently had occasion to visit a small neighboring town, to do some shopping at what is called the general store. She was much entertained by the variety and antiquity of the stock of goods, and as she passed out her eyes were attracted by a pile of mottoes, elaborately lettered and ornately framed, the upper one being the scriptural passage: "Walk in love."

As she paused, the clerk, a dapper young man of more affability than advantages, stepped forward with the remark: "Them are the latest things in mottoes. This top one is swell to put over a young lady's door—'Walk in love.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Pope and Cardinal Vaughan.

On the occasion of the great Marian congress in Rome, the pope summoned Father Bernard Vaughan to represent the English speaking peoples. The Italians were amazed to find him so un-English, as they thought, in his dramatic style. The Oxford goesy says a writer in the New York weekly paper, "Varsity Life Illustrated" that one day the pope, in the presence of one of his cardinals mimicked the preacher's style, whereupon Rampolla exclaimed: "And he is an Englishman!" "No," replied the pope, "he was born on the top of Mount Vesuvius, and we sent him to England to cool."

Tender-Hearted.

The Bearded Lady (horrified)—Engaged to the Ossified Man. My dear child, why in the world did you take such a step?

The Circassian Girl—He said it would break him all up if I refused him and you know I couldn't bear to see the poor fellow go to pieces!

In the Wrong Shop.

"Doctor," said the visitor with the fur-lined collar, "there's something the matter with me." "Well," responded the doctor, "I know that when I saw you as Hamlet last night, but I can't do anything for you. Curling hairs is out of my line."

MR. RILEY DID NOT KNOW.

Woman Reporter Asked Question Hard to Answer.

A friend of James Whitcomb Riley tells a story of an encounter the bachelor poet once had with a woman reporter. The energetic young woman after strenuous effort had finally caught Mr. Riley at the telephone. This is the conversation that followed:

"Is this Mr. Riley?" "Yes. That is Miss—?" "Miss Jones, of the Courier-Journal. I've been trying all day to get an interview with you, Mr. Riley." "Ah, would it were a view instead of an interview," said the poet, gallantly.

"Oh, thanks. How long will you remain in Louisville, Mr. Riley?" "Only a short time."

"Is your wife with you?" "No, ma'am, she is not." "Where is she, may I ask?" "You may ask, my dear Miss Jones, but I find it very difficult to answer. I am in absolute ignorance of her whereabouts. For aught I know to the contrary, she may right now be at the other end of this telephone!"

There was much laughter, and afterward an effort to resume the interview. But in vain. Mr. Riley had escaped.—Home Companion.

WHERE INGENUITY WON OUT.

Betting Man Had Studied Conditions of Wager.

C. S. Rolls, the English aeronaut and motorist, was talking in New York about the aeroplane. "I think the Wrights will win," he said. "Santos-Dumont is ingenious, but the Wrights are more ingenious still. They are as ingenious as—as a betting fellow of mine."

Mr. Rolls smiled and resumed: "My friend, Capt. Bragge, bet an athlete that he could not hop up a certain long flight of steps two at a time. The athlete took the bet, and made the trial. But there were 41 steps to the flight, and therefore, after making 20 hops the man found that he had lost. He paid up, but accused Capt. Bragge of sharp practice.

"Sharp practice," said Bragge, indignantly. "Well, I'll make the same bet with you that I can do it."

"The other, expecting to win his money back, accepted.

"Capt. Bragge then hopped up 40 steps in 20 hops and, hopping back one, finished in the prescribed manner and won the bet."

His Whereabouts.

Stephen Tasker, of Philadelphia, had been congratulated on his exploring expedition in Labrador, an expedition whereon he had taken his wife.

"Those wild regions," said Mr. Tasker, smiling, "made hardly an appropriate place for a quiet married pair to visit on a pleasure trip. Still, everything came out well in the end—every one better than the young widow's adventure, eh?"

"A young widow was consulting a tombstone maker about her husband's tomb. She ended the discussion with: 'And I want it to say 'To my husband' in an appropriate place, Mr. Slab.'"

"All right, ma'am, Slab answered. 'And the tombstone when it was put up said: 'To My Husband. In an Appropriate Place.'"

A Hearty Girl.

A whaling captain invited an Eskimo father and mother and daughter to dine with him aboard his ship. The daughter was only ten years old, and yet she weighed 140 pounds.

When it came to eating and drinking she drank eight bottles of beer and ate the same amount of food as was prepared for three men. She was so full when she got up from the table that her father had to carry her to his canoe, and she was hardly seated in the craft when she cried out that she was hungry and wanted more dinner.

Her father said that she was considered a delicate child, and he was afraid she would not live to be a woman, but the whaling captain didn't look at it that way. He was rejoiced that he didn't have her for a steady boarder.

Women Who Will Gamble.

The most difficult gambling to keep in check both in Singapore and Penang is gambling among Straits-born women of all classes from the highest downward. Frequent complaints are received from husbands whose wives have lost heavily, and it is known that there are five lotteries opening more or less daily in Singapore which are almost exclusively supported by "nonias." Education may possibly do something to stop this vice among the Straits-born ladies, but it must be confessed that its effect in that direction on their husbands and brothers is but small.—South China Post.

Kansas Woodchucks' Holes.

In the early '70s a series of tornadoes in Kansas drove quite a number of inhabitants back east. Among them was a negro, who went to Concord, N. H., and entered the employ of the Hon. Mark R. Holt.

One day Mr. Holt asked the fellow about the tornadoes, the damage done and several other questions along that line. The man replied:

"Ya-as, they was terrible! Santhin' terrible! Why, jest in our town the whole river bank was washed away and left dozens of woodchuck holes stickin' out as much as ten feet."

WOULD BE NO DISTURBANCE.

Woman Merely Had Little Account to Settle with Husband.

She was a middle aged colored woman of muscular build, and as she stopped at one of the gates in the Union depot the other morning the official took notice that she was greatly perturbed and breathing hard.

"Madam, you seem to be excited," he said, as she choked and gurgled and coughed.

"Yes, sah, I does. I dun run mos' all de way from de house, and I fell down fo' times on de way. If I gits sight of dat pusson he will also be afflicted wid overexcitement—heaps of it."

"You have something under your shawl," he said, as his eyes detected a bulge to the garment.

"Yes, sah," she replied, as she removed and held up to view an old axe handle. "Dis am what will bring on dat overexcitement in case dat pusson shows up yere."

"But I can't permit any violence or disturbance, madam."

"Oh, dere won't be no fussin' aroun'. De pusson I done spoke of am my husband. He's done made up his mind to leave me fur another woman, and I 'spects 'em yere to take de train."

"And you won't disturb the peace?" "Not at all, sah—no, sah. Dar won't be no disturbance. When I git eyes on him I shall spit on my hands, grip dis yere handle and jump for him, and befo' he comes to I'll have him home and all tucked in bed. No, sah—no disturbance 'cept dat I shall ax de people to stand back so dat I kin git a full swing of my arm to mash him!"—Chicago Daily News.

"MANLY ART" IN FRANCE.

Sport of Boxing Just Now Something of a Craze.

Boxing has become quite the rage in Paris, the old savate, with its effective hip kicking, has been discarded for the "noble art" of Britain. But our lively neighbor the Gaul has always had a sneaking affection for a manly bout of fist-fights a l'Anglais. When Owen Swift, the famous champion of the lightweights, took refuge in Paris after killing his opponent, Brighton Hill, in a prize fight, he was patronized by all the members of the French Jockey club. After a fierce battle at Chateaufort with Jack Adams, another pugilist of renown, Swift was arrested and brought before the Paris tribunal of correctional police on a charge of "having inflicted wounds occasioning an incapacity to labor for less than 20 days." Owen's description in his evidence of the course of training which he had to go through had an amusing effect upon the young sporting swells of Paris. For months afterward these rannng exquisites might be seen going at their best pace along the streets and boulevards, muffed up to their eyes in sweaters and greatcoats, getting into condition for boxing.—T. P. O. of London.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Arnold Daly had been invited to tell a story at a theatrical banquet in New York.

"I always hate to tell a story," he began, "because my listeners may have heard it before. What boredom that is for them, what tawdry for me."

"It is like the case of a friend of mine. He is deaf, but tries to conceal his deafness."

"And one night at a dinner the host told a story at which everybody roared and my deaf friend joined in and out-roared the whole table, though in truth he hadn't heard a word."

"That story," he began, "reminds me of another one—"

"And then the poor fellow went on and told the very same yarn the host had repeated only a minute before."

Western Hustle.

In Salt Lake City were several firms which mailed advertising circulars to the farmers of the surrounding country when they had anything new to offer, says the Saturday Evening Post. A bright boy went to these men, and offered to deliver 2,000 such circulars in the rural free delivery mail boxes for five dollars. Six different firms accepted the offer. The lad then went to the printer, and secured a commission of five dollars on the sale of the 12,000 circulars. Next, he started out in a rig which he secured rent free from the livery stable in return for nailing up signs advertising it. The delivery of the circulars took him four days, for which he had received \$35—nearly nine dollars a day.

Out of the Mouth of Babies.

The caller didn't look it, but she declared to little Florida that she dearly loved children. It may be that she said so because she heard the distant swish of the skirts of Florida's mamma, but, whatever the cause, she repeated it urgently. Then, as the small lady with the pet cat made no move to answer her invitation to come and make friends, she asked: "Why is it that you love your kitty better than me, dearie?" Then Florida's mamma entered the room with an ill-concealed smile, as she heard her daughter answer: "Cause she purrs as if she meant it."

Humane Law of the Desert.

One of the oddest humane laws in this country is in force in Nevada. In that section of the American desert which lies in Nevada, travelers in distress may flag the limited passenger trains and compel the train crew to give them water to drink. The law makes it a felony to refuse to comply with the traveler's request.

DEMAND HAS RAISED PRICE.

Largely Increased Returns for the Breeders of Ostriches.

"Undyed and uncurled ostrich feathers—feathers in the natural state—will be a good deal worn from now on," said the salesman. "In consequence the price has gone up."

"It has gone up all along the line. The eggs, the chicks, the birds, the feathers, all have risen."

"The crop plucked from one bird was worth \$75 last year, but it is now worth \$110."

"Eggs that used to sell for two dollars apiece bring three dollars to-day—and, by the way, in buying ostrich eggs whack them with a key and see that they give forth a clear, ringing sound, for if the sound is dull they are those paper mache eggs that have fooled so many of us lately."

"Chicks and mature birds, if the demand keeps up, will nearly go back to their old-time prices. In the old days a good pair of adults was worth \$5,000, and chicks brought \$500 apiece. The price dropped to \$150 a pair for adults and \$20 a pair for chicks. Now, though it has risen 20 per cent."

"I have seen wild ostriches in that cinnamon-colored waste of sand and stone that is called the Sahara desert—a cinnamon-colored waste encircled by flame-red mountains—and I have chased them many a time on a fleet Arab. But what is a fleet Arab beside an ostrich? It is a mule cart beside a 30 horse-power racer."

RECALLED ROMANCE OF YOUTH.

Dr. Martineau's Pleasant Recollections of Years Gone By.

On the occasion of the ninetieth birthday of Dr. Martineau, who preached in Liverpool for many years, Sir Henry Roscoe, the English chemist, congratulated him on attaining such a fine old age.

The distinguished clergyman said that he had been overwhelmed with congratulations, and that he was working through the letters he had received.

"My degrees," he said, "I shall answer them all."

"One of the most remarkable," Dr. Martineau continued, "was from a lady, the only person who addressed me as 'dear James.' I had not seen her since we were boy and girl together in Norwich. She is one of the daughters of Dr. Rigby in that city. My friends used to joke me as a young man about Miss Jane Rigby, and I received her chaff pleasantly. 'I believed her long since dead,' and now comes this letter to remind me of her existence and her friendly recollection of me."

The old minister paused an instant, then added, with a tremulous smile: "She is now also in her ninetieth year."—Youth's Companion.

Admiral Wouldn't Be Bluffed.

The Kaiser is a quick eater and the instant he lays down his knife and fork the waiters make a descent upon the plates of all at table, whether they have finished or not and clear for the next course. One day the emperor had on his right an old admiral whose racy bluntness of speech he much relishes. The old salt is also a bit of a gourmet, and it so happened that one of the dishes was his own peculiar favorite. But the emperor piled him so with questions and talk—perhaps of malice prepense—that the old fellow could scarcely get a chance for a mouthful before the sovereign's knife and fork were laid down and there was the regulation clearance rush. A grasp had already been laid on the admiral's plate, but, red with anger, he dug his fork into the intruding hand with a snuff "Get out!" and went on with a relish amid a general roar of laughter.

The Mischievous Beaver.

The proverbial industry of the beaver is not highly appreciated just now by the lumbermen of Maine. They assert that they are losing heavily this season through the damming of streams by this ingenious animal. The ponds thus formed have flooded hundreds of acres of timber land, making a great deal of valuable lumber quite inaccessible. In other cases good logging streams have been made useless by the diversion of a large volume of water from the regular watershed to other channels in which it is of no service. A demand will, therefore, be made at the next session of the state legislature for the repeal of the act by which the beaver is protected.

Ways of the Lordly Sex.

The ordinary man would still much rather glorify women and set them on a mock throne, whence he can deposit them at will, than have to acknowledge in them a real title to regard. It is difficult for a man to overcome his essential self-importance. Most of us, perhaps, prefer to have inferiors round us—an ajeat trait of character, but natural. And only very slowly have we men been getting to prefer our womankind as friends and equals rather than as queens and pets, ruling us as a baby or a spoiled dog does.—London Saturday Review.

Unwritten Law.

"You are charged with the theft of a horse. Anything to say?" "Your honor," responded the man at bar, "I claim justification under the unwritten law."

"Unwritten law?" "I made it a law of conduct to steal anything in sight, and did this while still too young to write."

Necessarily the court took the case under advisement.

Truth Will Out.

Burke—Yes, Kirke and I had a terrible quarrel. He called me a liar and I called him another, and—

Turke—That's funny; it's the first time I ever knew either of you to tell the truth.

HOW MOOSE IS STALKED.

It is Easy to Creep Up on Big Bull in Canoe.

It is a very easy matter, requiring little skill but silence, to glide along in the twilight or moonlight, keeping the canoe in the shadow of bordering trees, until, when rounding the point, the great afforhpous bulk of a moose looms large in the middle distance.

If old at the game, it is no trick to steal forward each time his head goes under water in search of the tender roots, until within easy range, says a writer in Recreation. Thus I have advanced until forced to stop for safety's sake, for a bull moose is not an animal to be trifled with. I know of two fellows who, only last fall, paid for their curiosity with a narrow escape. It was before the season opened. They were out at dusk in their canoe, floating along some yards from shore, and on rounding a point saw a moose a short distance ahead. They were unarmed, but felt no fear, for they expected every second that the beast would turn and make off into the woods. Nearer and nearer they glided until with the rush of an avalanche he was upon them. There was nothing for it but to dive into the water and swim, which they did, reaching safety on the opposite bank. After smashing the frail canoe into pieces, the moose calmly went ashore and disappeared in the woods.

ALL FOR WANT OF HATPIN.

Disagreeable Experience to Two in Sacred Edifice.

The woman who had just purchased a "transformation" had a rather disagreeable experience the first time she wore it to church. Happening to bow too low at one point of the service, her hat slid off, carrying her wig with it and exposing the little wisp of hair which was all that was left of her natural crown of glory and which was screwed up in a most unbecoming fashion. A relative, kneeling beside her, made a dive for the chaparran and succeeded in recovering and replacing it before its loss had been noticed. But the "transformation" had disappeared. After while a man in the pew in front reached for his handkerchief, which he had placed inside his hat on a hastyok. His hand became entangled in something which apparently moved. It was the "transformation," but he thought only of mice, and gave vent to his surprise and discomfort in some unobtrusive sounds that greatly scandalized the congregation.

Heavenward!

The late Rev. R. R. Howard of Newton, Mass., a good old preacher of the Methodist persuasion, officiated one day at a funeral at Auburn, and, as at the close had a word of inquiry and advice as is the local custom, with many of those present.

Among others he approached a lady, a stranger to him, who was visiting in the neighborhood, and, after shaking hands, asked her if she was on her way to heaven.

"Yes," she promptly answered, and if you come that way I should be pleased to have you call."

The good old man, horrified at such seeming levity, turned away, without reply, when a friend, sitting near, remonstrated with Mrs. —, who still more horrified at her mistake, said she understood him to ask if she was on her way to Hudson, where she lived.

Had Not Learned It Yet.

A bank official, who has many amusing stories at his tongue's end, tells of a stolid German woman who went into the bank one morning to deposit a fat roll of bills, and open an account.

She was asked to sign her name in the book reserved for the signatures of depositors, and began to do so with many twistings of her face and pauses after the painful completion of each letter.

Suddenly she stopped, and after a period of dismayed reflection looked appealingly at the benevolent young man on the other side of the broad writing shelf.

"I haf Katrina done," she said, pointing to her work with the pen; "but my second name, I don't plevie I can write none. I don't plevie married to dis man long; alretty—only long as yesterday."—Youth's Companion.

Pointed Query.

The late Thomas Flatley of Boston, the well known Irish lawyer and wit, was acting for the defense in a divorce case, and during the cross-examination of the plaintiff asked the following questions:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?" "That's my business," said the witness, anxiously.

Whereupon, to the lawyer, with face unmoved, asked one more question: "Have you any other business?"

Why, What Did He Go For!

"Bobby, did you have a good time at the party?" "Yes, mother."

"Why didn't you stay until it was over?" "What was the use, mother? I couldn't eat any more."—Stray Stories.

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