

STORIES OF THE DAY

If He Could Not Go Home, Niagara Falls Would Do.

A dumpy little man with an extremely red nose climbed on a Niagara Falls trolley at Main and Niagara streets the other evening and took a seat in the smoking compartment of the car, says the Buffalo News.

The car was nearly to the city line before the conductor got around for our fares, and in the meantime the passengers in the smoking compartment had discovered that the little man with the red nose had "a quiet one on."

"I was up to him," said a witness before Lord Mansfield in an examination described by the London "Law Notes."

An Unexpected Obstacle. "Lynch him! Lynch him!" The cry goes up from a thousand throats like the roar of a wild beast thirsting for blood.

An Explanation. Mrs. Portly Pious and her young daughter were traveling on the New York Central. At one of the stations the daughter said:

His Mission. "I notice," said the comic opera star, "that a man who was rescued from a wreck on Lake Erie after he had hung for eight hours to a spar during a storm has been taken on the stage in Buffalo."

Rapportee. A gentleman went to look over a house that was to be let furnished. He was piloted through the rooms by a very pretty housemaid. As he was leaving he turned to the girl, saying:

An Expert. Bibbers—They ought to have had Professor Scratchini, the renowned violinist, to testify at the Ward trial. Quibbers—Why so?

His Idea. The Wife—Say, Silas, what's this here mean? The paper says that this lawyer entered a demurrer. Farmer Silas—I reckon that's a French name for one o' them horseless kerriages.

PUFF BUSHES

Why should not ducks be allowed on doctors' premises? Because they make such personal remarks.—Exchange.

This is the season of the year when venerable hens enter their second childhood, and are boiled for spring chickens.—Exchange.

"How," asked the rooster, "did you celebrate Washington's birthday?" "I celebrated it," said the hen proudly, "with my little hatch it."—New York Press.

Old Maid (singing)—I would I were a bird? Bad Boy—I know one bird you can't be. Old Maid—What is that, you wicked thing? Bad Boy—A chicken. I heard dad say you were no chicken, yesterday.—Boston Herald.

"Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?" "Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off. Don't you know what a nice house she has?" "But she sleeps in a hen coop, papa." "Why Cedric?" "She said she did." "What do you mean?" "Don't you remember, when she was here to dinner night before last, she excused herself, and said she must go home early because she went to bed with the chickens?"—Harper's Round Table.

While talking to a mission school upon the contrast between Darius and Daniel, a speaker said: "Now, children, Daniel, in the den of lions, slept more sweetly that night than did the king. Why was that?" "Darius was bad, and Daniel was good," replied somebody. "That is right. And now, what makes a bed soft?" continued the speaker, trying to develop the conscience point. "Feddars!" exclaimed a four-year-old, quick as a flash.—Home Guard.

Squire McGill's nephew was up from the city last week, and spent the week with him. They went out on Saturday to the farm of the Squire's brother, where the city chap saw how butter was made, and was initiated into other mysteries of rural life. Just as he was about to leave he inquired: "Aw uncle, what ah those birds there?" "Those are geese, Augustus." "Aw, yes, I suppose those ah kept to raise gooseberries from. They make charming pies."—Marathon Independent.

A hen never has a regular meal—she always gets a picked-up dinner.—Commercial Bulletin. And she has to scratch around considerably to get it, too. But then it doesn't cost anything. She has it all put down in the bill.—Boston Advertiser. Those punsters ought to be cooped up.—St. Louis Republican. Oh, no. Let 'em crawl around for a full crop of puns on the subject.—Norristown Herald. To hatch up any more would require a complete insight into the chicken-ery of the business. And then, after all, you fellows would lay your heads together and pullet all to pieces.—New York Commercial Advertiser.



"Dearie," she asked, "am I the first woman you ever loved?" "No," he answered, "but from the illness of the attack, I feel pretty sure you are going to be the last one."—Indianapolis Journal.

What Cured Him. "Have you noticed," asked the man with the cigar, "that Wickles has stopped making sarcastic remarks about the new woman?"

The man with the pipe took his feet down from the windowsill and admitted that the cessation of the sarcastic flings to which reference was made had been sudden enough to attract his attention.

"His wife is a new woman, I believe," he remarked by way of explanation.

"Yes, that's what made him so bitter against them in the first place," said the man with the cigar. He didn't believe in it at all, and when she got to talking woman's sphere and her courage and strength of character in arbitrarily assuming her rightful position in the world in spite of man's opposition, he would make all the sarcastic retorts he could think of, and then would come over to the club and unload a few flings upon us. Then he undertook to discipline her, and that was what made him quit. He undertook to show her that she wasn't a new woman at all; that there wasn't any such thing as a new woman, in fact that they were all alike and had the same failings and fears that were possessed by the women of a hundred years ago.

"And did he succeed?" "Not to any great extent. You see he went home about 1 o'clock one morning, climbed up one of the veranda posts and pried open her bedroom window. He knew that if he could get a few wofully shrieks out of her it would settle the new woman business for all time. But he didn't get them. Indeed, when he poked his head in through the window he got a swat with a broom that nearly broke his neck. Then he was grabbed by the shoulders yanked into the room and sat on good and hard by a woman who had hastily pulled on a pair of bloomers over a frilled nightgown and knew that she was battling in a righteous cause. When she finally recognized him he was a wreck, but the new woman business was settled for good and all in that house."—Chicago Post.

MISSOURI

A spring garment—The wire pulley. Rain is a continual cavestropper. The king whose rule embraced the most subjects—Snacking.

A Williamsport physician says there's money in his coughs. A doctor's report would come under the head of news of the weak.

The popular trust seems to be the distrust of trusts. A Chicago dry-goods dealer advertises "The most alarming sacrifice since the days of Abraham and Isaac."

An Allegheny young man puts his girl's presents to him under the head "Miscellaneous." The affections are like lightning; you cannot tell where they will strike till they have fallen.

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist. He will if he carves a boarding house deck. "Yes, sir," said Poinjay, emphatically. "Graball is a man of limited means, but unlimited meanness."

"Yes, dear children," said the teacher "we must throw away our naughty faults. An extra dry preacher is not like champagne of the same description. He never receives a call.

It is not wrong to say what one thinks. It is simply wicked to think what one cannot say. There is such a thing as ingrained dishonesty. A man has been found in Maine who plays solitaire and cheats.

The telephone girls may fairly boast of being connected with the best people of the city—by wire. Compared with the flapjack of our grandmothers, the buckwheat cake of the present day is only a pan-sy blossom.

"I am hungry, sir." "That is too bad. Here is a nice religious tract; you know that reading maketh a full man."

Wife—George, do the American Indians always travel in single file? Husband—I never saw but one and he did.

There isn't a more innocent little thing in the world than a brook trout, and yet it has made hopeless liars of thousands of men.—Life.

Woman's devotion to the man she loves bears a close resemblance to man's devotion to the party his grandfather belonged to. Look not upon the restaurant pickle when it is an extraordinary green, because chemicals have had something to do with it.

Don't grow inactive, thinking your influence or assistance will amount to nothing. Every one has some influence, and it will count either for good or bad.

A circus proprietor, having had his outfit carried away from him in a freshet, remarked that he wouldn't mind the ducking so much if he could only get his canvas back.

Mr. Drygoods—What a lovely color Miss Jones has! I declare she looks like a chromo. Miss Smallwares—A chromo! I had the impression that she was hand painted.

The English call a hotel elevator a "lift," and the French call it a "help," while the Scotch put in their oar by referring to it as a "dron." It's all the same thing, however, always out of order.

Mr. Upson Downes (seated by a stranger in car)—What time is it by your watch if you please? Stranger—I don't know. "But you just looked at it." "Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there."

Dolly Swift—Mamma is almost sure she heard you kissing me last night. Young Pokalong—But I have never given her any cause to think so. Dolly Swift—Well, don't you think it is about time you did?

One Matron—Since I have been married I have taught my husband good taste. Another—Really? It is a good thing for you that you did not teach him before you were married.

"Never do anything you would not like to see others do," remarks the New York Herald. Well, now, that's the worst yet. If we wanted to marry a girl, for instance, we wouldn't like to see some other fellow marry her.

RANDOM COMMENT. A captain of the navy ranks with a colonel in the army. Bullets of stone were used as late as 1514. Restaurant dining is becoming more than ever the rage in London. Among flowers the chrysanthemum is said to live the longest after being cut. A farmer near Decatur, Ala., has raised a hog which weighs 1,524 pounds. Russia is said to own three million horses—nearly one-half of the whole number in existence. The population of England at the time of the conquest did not exceed two million all told. It takes 72,000 tons of paper to make the postal cards used in the United States each year. The first permanent military force in England was the king's guard of yeomen established in 1486. According to the census of 1891 there were about 30,000 people in Ireland who could speak nothing but Irish and 680,000 who knew both languages. To prevent people from reading the contents of a newspaper without buying a new press attachment is to seal the pages with a piece of wire inserted in the corner of the leaves after folding.

A JEWEL

Her Originality and Delightful Verdancy Was Worth Her Salary.

"It's a little venturesome to announce that I have something new in the way of a servant girl," laughed the young matron, "but I rather think I can justify the statement by the facts."

"Does it come up to the post itself?" "No, it's not that, but it's worth her salary to enjoy her originality and her delightful verdancy. The first night she came to us I put an alarm clock in her room, and at an unearthly hour in the morning she was rushing over the house shouting that there was some one ringing the telephone, of which I had made her custodian. I had a call from a dear and very fleshy friend of mine, he bit without noticing it. Here, Missus," said Jane, on picking up the lost article. "I guess you dropped your trunk strap." The other day I told her to boil the eggs just three minutes, but when they were served they were as hard as bullets. When I took her to task she insisted that she had obeyed my orders, and then tried to let me down lightly by saying: "I suppose you forgot mum, that the clock's twenty minutes ahead time."

"She's so modest that when the coachman eats in the kitchen she retires to the cellar and refuses to hear a summons till he is gone. My husband let out a yell to her the other night when he found her trying to grind the carving knife on a wheel of his bicycle, and she was so startled that she cut the tire almost in two. She's not a good cook and not tidy."

"Why in the world do you keep her, then?" "Well, she has never asked me to have the kitchen rebuilt, allows me to have such evenings out as I want and does not condemn me for having children."

"Oh, the precious jewel!"—Detroit Free Press.

Here, There, Everywhere. The shades of night were just being pulled down! Out of the house they dashed a man whose pale face and wild haunted look boding in the vast depths of his eyes betokened a soul possessed by some awful fear that Banquo like, would not down. Madly leaping into the air, he spun around several times and then shot off at a tangent. Several hours later he was thirty miles from the cursed haunts of men. A great, dark wood was all about him—gloomy, impenetrable, terrifying in its somber silence, and yet the man seemed to feel nothing but joy in his lone surroundings, for his caperings would have been grotesque but for the tense earnestness that actuated his every movement. At last, when the violence of his joy had abated, he applied himself to the collection of fagots.

"I will build a great fire!" he said. "In such way will I show my gratitude for deliverance, for surely here I am safe from the torture that so long has beset me!"

Disturbed by his ear on ones a great owl in a near tree voiced its complaints to the night! "Hoot-hoot-hoot-awa!" it screamed! "Merciful heavens!" shrieked the man, falling to the ground and frothing at the mouth. "Even the birds! Even the birds! Ah, is there no place in this world where I may be free from Scotch dialect!"

Not What He Expected. "And so," she said, "you are the man who writes all those sketches in the 'Daily Delineator' are you. Well, indeed, I'm aw rised."

"Surprised?" he returned. "Why should you be surprised?" "I had always thought the author of those things must be an elderly man, she answered.

He despised people who fished for compliments; but, on the other hand, he didn't believe in deliberately throwing one off the track if it happened to be coming his way. So he asked:

"What made you think it must be an elderly man who wrote them. Didn't you suppose that a young man would be likely to—well, if I may be so frank—to have acquired the wisdom that is sometimes allowed to creep into them?" "Oh, no, not that," she sweetly returned. "I thought that only a person in his second childhood would be likely to put forth such driveling."

Their Mystery of English. If you don't know how to talk English you will not feel at home in the Cherry mountain district of North Carolina. A correspondent who was traveling in that neighborhood gives his experience as follows:

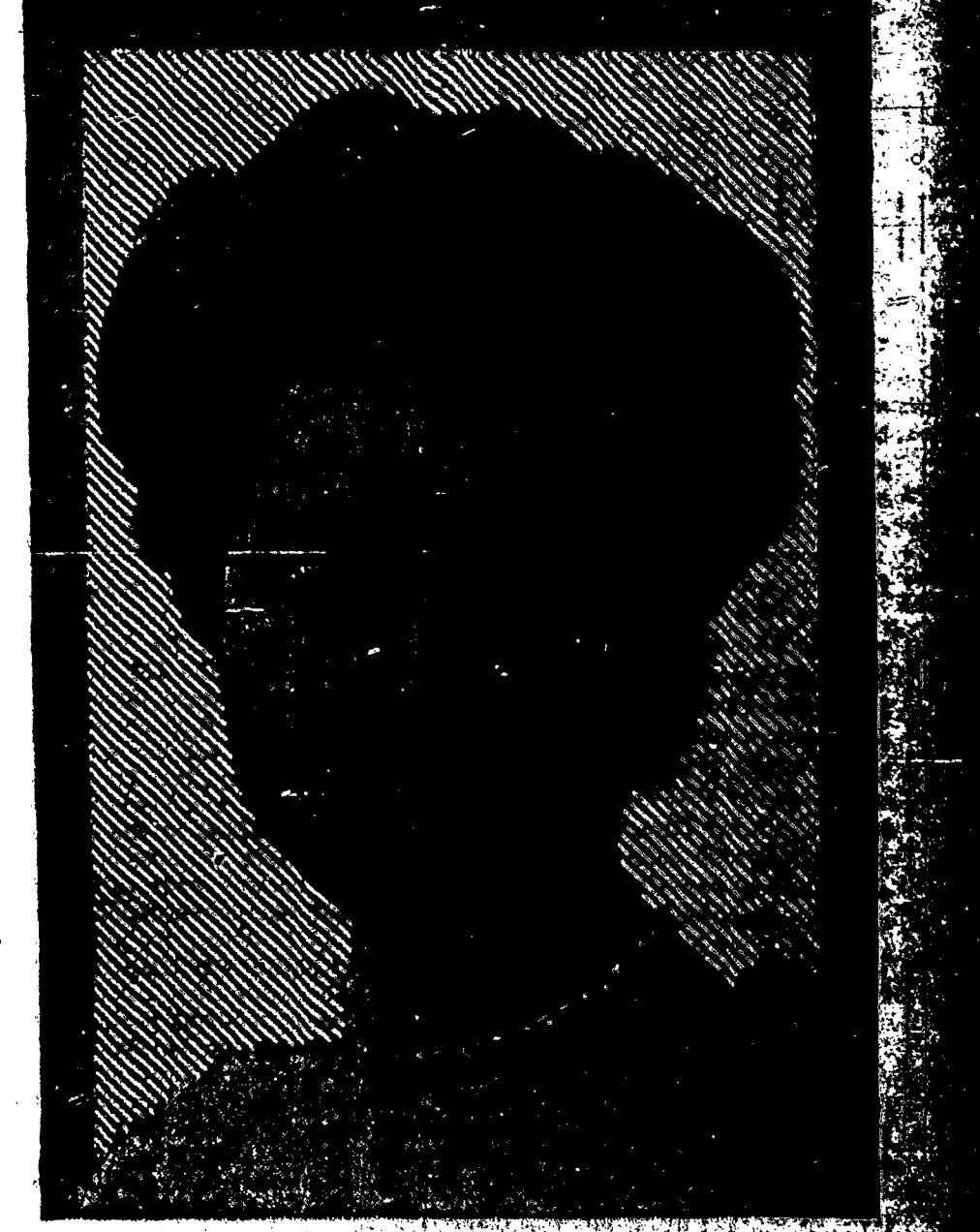
"I went to see a wonderful hog, and told the enthusiastic crowd that I had seen a hog that weighed 1,800 pounds. They said I handled the truth very carelessly. I asked them as to feeding him potatoes. One longhaired, beetle-browed patriarch asked me what in the blankety-blank was I talking about. One young man, after cogitating some thirty minutes said: 'I'll bet he means 'aters.' In the course of my remarks I asked if I could buy any onions in the neck of the pine forest. They said no, sir, they had been tried there and did no good. After I left I learned that the same thoughtful young man remarked: 'Boys, I'll bet he meant 'ingens, and we've just got oodline of 'ingens.'"

Knew Something of Country Life. A girl from town is staying with some country cousins who live at a farm. On the night of her arrival she finds, to her mortification, that she is ignorant of all sorts of things, connected with farm life which to her country cousins are matters of every-day knowledge. She fancies they seem amused at her ignorance. At breakfast the following morning she sees on the table a dish of fine honey, whereupon she thinks she has found an opportunity of retrieving her humiliating experience of the night before, and showing her country cousins that she knows something of country life after all. So, looking at the dish of honey, she says carelessly: "Ah, I see you keep a bee."—Pearson's Weekly (London).

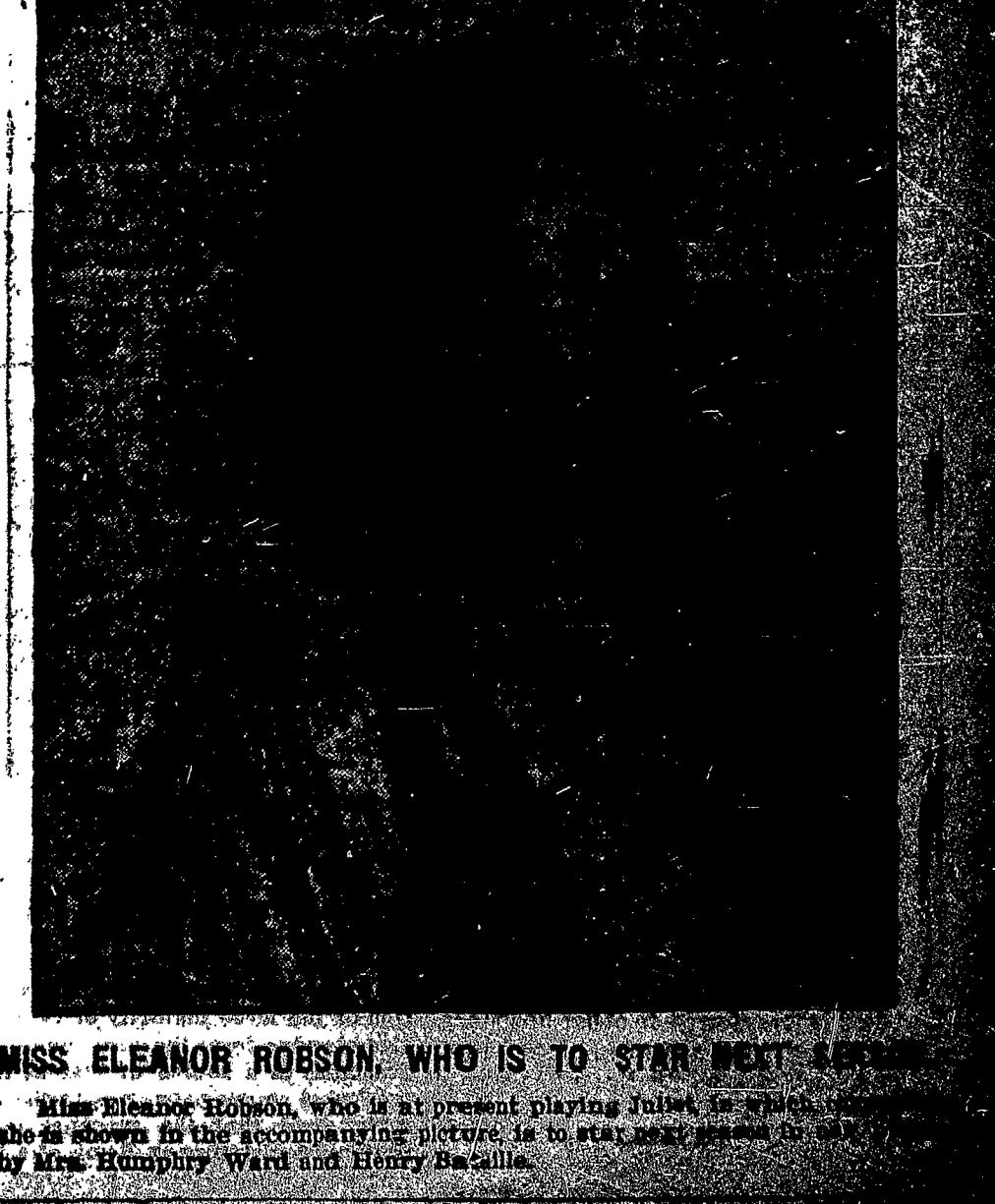
The Proverb Applied. First Klondiker—Beauty is only skin deep. Second Klondiker—That's what a yellow dog makes just as good stew as any other.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



MRS. BRADLEY-MARTIN, WHO IS TO ENTERTAIN LAVISHLY LONDON THE COMING SEASON.



PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO MAY WED CROWN PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF GERMANY.



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON, WHO IS TO STAR NEXT SEASON.