

A Curious Revival

By F. A. MITCHEL

One day a man of uncertain appearance, so far as age was concerned, called at a dwelling that is considered a landmark on the northern end of Manhattan Island and asked for the lady of the house. Mrs. Van Valkenburgh, the occupant, asked her daughter Edith to go down and see what he wanted. She did so, and the moment she looked at him she started.

He was of medium height, very thin and of a leathery complexion. His eyes were deep set in his head and had a peculiar glitter, such as is seen in the eyes of one who has gone a long while without sleep. As to his age, he might have been twenty-five, and he might have been seventy-five.

"Pardon the intrusion," he said. "Many years ago I left this house, which was then my home, to attend lectures at a university in Germany. I have not been here since."

It seemed to Miss Van Valkenburgh that she listened to a Punch and Judy figure. Never had she heard or dreamed of such a voice. The vocal tubes seemed to be dry and stiff. The lady involuntarily cleared her throat, as if to hinder that of her visitor.

"Will you be seated?" she said.

"Thank you," replied the man, who was dressed like a gentleman of fashion of half a century ago. As he spoke he looked about him.

"You rent the house, do you not?" he said.

"Yes, but why do you infer that?"

"The furniture is changed, but some of the pictures that were hung on the walls hang there now. That—pointing to a portrait—"is my father."

The picture referred to represented a man of sixty.

"Indeed!" said the lady, beginning to quake inwardly at being alone with this singular person.

"Yes; when I went abroad I bade him good-by in this very room. We little thought that we should never meet again."

These last words were intended to be spoken in a sad tone. They sounded like a street organ playing "Annie Laurie," the pipes refusing to respond at the words "I'd lay me down and die," giving instead a series of croaks. Miss Van Valkenburgh was glad to be in her chair in terror.

"It was my craze for science," he continued in tones something like those of a boy whose voice was changing—the first part a high squeak, the last a guttural rumble. "That was a time when thinkers were beginning to wonder if life might not be preserved in a subconscious condition. The man with whom I studied, Dr. Schneckelfriedheim—"

The last syllable of this extended name was cut off by a violent fit of coughing. It sounded to Miss Van Valkenburgh as if a cat had been caught in a leather pipe and was strangling. She did not know whether to cry for help or to take up a bellows that stood beside the fireplace and blow a passage through his windpipe. Before she could decide the paroxysm was over. The gentleman leaned back in his chair, holding his handkerchief to his mouth. There was every evidence of tears from the violent coughing except the tears. His eyes seemed as dry as his throat.

"I was speaking," he said presently "of Professor Schneck."

"Yes, yes, I know whom you mean, don't try to irritate me," interposed the listener.

"He was a wonderful man,"

"He must have been," Miss Van Valkenburgh hastened to put in, dreading lest another mention of his name might bring about another paroxysm.

"Half a century before our wonder workers of the Institute For Original Research learned how to introduce the organs of one living being into another Professor—"

"I know whom you mean,"

"Succeeded in extracting life's potentialities from the human system, leaving life itself to resume those potentials. At the difficult word the visitor's vocal organs again showed signs of collapse.

"Whenever a successful process of revival was applied,"

There was a weird look in the man's eyes, the look of one about to tumble into a grave, that proved the limit of Miss Van Valkenburgh's endurance.

"Excuse me for one moment," she said and hurried out of the room.

She hunted for the butler to go and get the visitor out of the house before he collapsed, but the butler had gone out on an errand. She spent some time telephoning for assistance, but not knowing just what she wanted, there was no result. Then she took a peep into the parlor to find it vacant. The visitor had gone.

The next morning in the loft of the stable the coachman discovered a leathery looking thing resembling an Egyptian mummy. On searching it a paper was found pinned on the vest under the coat, buttoned over it, on which was written:

The body of Edward Warren Schermerhorn, Descended by Professor Carl Schneckelfriedheim Dec. 10, 1853.

Fortunately for science, a worker in the Institute For Original Research got wind of the matter and succeeded in getting possession of the mummy. It is not yet known what disposition has been made of it.

Now, who revived Mr. Schermerhorn, and how did he manage to get back to the home of his youth? That is the mystery of this story.

"Why is that man walking away from the plate?"

"He struck out."

"Struck out? How can you say that when he didn't even hit the ball?"

—Detroit Free Press.

In woe a poet's days are spent, And fame is surely most contrary. The bard who died with nary a cent May later have a centenary.

—New York Mail.

Saltair—We're still drifting. Did you throw the anchor overboard?

Landsman—Yes, but I cut off the rope. I thought you'd like to save that—Life.

"Oh, paw, what makes the rivers run?"

Asked little Tommy Bings.

His paw replied, "That's easy, son; They have a lot of springs."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dubleigh—Miss Sharp called me a fool. Do I look like a fool?

Dawson—No; you do not. She couldn't have judged you by your looks.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

"No credit at this counter, miss."

He answered in a flash.

"Although our soda's always charged. We must insist on cash."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

"You never admit having made a mistake!"

"What's the use?" asked Senator Sorghum. "When I make a mistake there are always plenty of people to talk about it without my joining in."—Washington Star.

The intricate punning of Peter Van Fleet was such that most people would flee if said he, "When I get off a clever conceit, Why, only the clever can catch it!"

—New York Mail.

"Pop, I want to know something."

"Well, Jimmy?"

"Is the washing of the waves done on the seaboard?"—Baltimore American.

"Will you give up smoking, sir," said she.

"If I say 'Yes' to your petitioning?"

"I will; no joking, kid," said he.

And puff—he blew a swell engagement ring!

—Puck.

Redd—I hear that man we saw go up in the aeroplane drinks.

Greene—He should cut it out or some day he may take a drop too much.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Arrst that cruel cook, I say. And do not mind her scream. I saw her beat two eggs, and then she turned to whip the cream!"

—Philadelphia Ledger.

"The reckless chauffeur simply mowed down all the pedestrians in his path."

"Was he full?"

"Full and running over."—Boston Transcript.

Her face is freckled, I can see; I speak of Mary Hex. And though her sight is perfect, she is always wearing specs.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Doesn't the baby look like its father?"

"Exclaimed the admiring relative.

"Sometimes," replied the nurse, "especially when it has touch of the colic."—Washington Star.

"If all the world were apple pie,"

Said little Willie Strode.

"I'd pile ice cream about the pole And eat it a la mode."

—New York Mail.

Patience—Why did you cry out when he kissed you?

Patrice—I was afraid he'd think me unappreciative if I didn't.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mary had a lot of cash. 'Twas left her by her 'fawther.' And perhaps she didn't cut a dash—Oh, say, you know—well, rawther!

—Boston Transcript.

"She never retails scandal."

"No?"

"Always wholesales it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

He held the girls on his knee. His talk was gay and breezy. Just then his wife he chanced to see, And he became unkeyzy.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Stella—I hear you had a terrible experience.

Bella—Yes; I was rescued from drowning by another girl.—Harford Times.

Please don't forget the optimist, Who's in all seasons sunny. He laughs when jokes are very good And smiles when they're not funny.

—Yonkers Statesman.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

"I don't know," replied Miss Cayenne, "whether it is stranger or only scarcer."—Washington Star.

One cry that always makes me rave And use my bitterest tone. Is when I'm lathered for a shave "You're wanted on the phone."

—Detroit Free Press.

"When Bikins heard that his uncle had left him a fortune, what steps did he take?"

"Uncertain ones."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Maud," I cried, resolved to chance her. "There are words I burn to say." Then she made this cryptic answer: "All right, Charlie, blaze away."

—Judge.

"Our neighbor is rather difficult."

"How so?"

"She borrows eggs and wants to pay back in lessons on the piano."—Kansas City Journal.

This life has many tortures. From the lot the worst we coil. What really is more feasible Than a maver that is dull?

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Unmused. There are times when I care not for riches. When does in my grasp there might lie A wealth that was worth more than all of the earth. And I'd not wish an acre.

There are times when I rock not of heels. When all of the fame in the land Were mine if I turned to the boys I had spurned. And I'd not turn a hand.

There are times when the love that the poets Have dreamed of might smile but in When the promise of ease would be powerless to please Or of respite from pain.

There are times when the world and the heavens Might plunge in the bottomless deep And I never would fret—if they only Me go on with my sleep!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Used Penny Well. "Well, my son," said a good natured father to an eight-year-old son the other night, "what have you done today that may be set down as a good deed?"

"Gave a poor boy a penny," replied the hopeful.

"Ah, ah, that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?"

"I didn't stop to ask," replied the son. "I gave him the money for looking a boy who upset my school bag."—Chicago News.

The Drayman. Gone is the good old fashioned play Wherein the wife in accents wild Rushed up and down the stage to say, "Oh, viliun, give meh back me choekid!"

—Youngtown Telegram.

Gone is the good old fashioned play Wherein he told her—curse his capers— "Meet me at the mill at midnight, And be sure to bring the papers."

—Boston Globe.

Gone is the good old fashioned play Wherein he asked her, "Are you muh child no more? Go, woman, out into the night!"

—New York Evening Sun.

Everything in a Name. Gadsby—What will you name your new paper?

Writer—The Plingtown Harp of a Thousand Strings With Steam Calliope Interlude and Journalistic Short Stop.

Gadsby—Heavens, what a name! Why do you have such a complicated title?

Writer—To avoid damages in libel suits. The attorneys will all blunder in the indictments and they'll be quashed.—New York Post.

The Reward of Virtue. When I've been good I ain't afraid To climb in bed alone at night. I go upstairs and say my prayers And never think of his black bears Nor ghosts when I've put out the light.

When I've been bad I wish that I'd Not have to go to bed at all. Because big black things seem to be All ready to jump out at me From everywhere along the hall.

—Chicago Herald.

Not the Only One. "This is my son Frederick, Mr. Fiedler," said Mr. Glenders proudly, introducing his five-year-old boy to his caller.

"Well, Frederick," said the caller, "do you obey your mamma?"

"Yes, sir," replied Frederick promptly, "and so does papa."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Love Lers. When she drinketh your talk with both And smetheth to thrive on the stuff No time 'tis for harrowing fears. It is safe to continue the bluff.

But when she protesteth 'Nay! Nay!' And blushingly doubteth and such And 'would like to believe what you say.' It's a sign you have babbled too much.

—Puck.

Proof Positive. "Do you suppose these women of fashion and society ever indulge in self reflection?"

"Well, what do you suppose they have all those boudoir mirrors and pier glasses for?"—Baltimore American.

Unskilled Labor. He learned to woo in a courtship school He got it all down by rote and rule. He knew when to smile and when to sigh. He learned how to use a twinkling eye. And then he was cut out by a fool. A fool who had never studied art. Who merely obeyed a thoughtless heart. And when it came to a chance to woo Did the foolish things it told him to!

—Judge.

A Peace Definition. "What is your idea of peace?"

"Peace," said Mr. Dustin Slax, "is a state of affairs in which everything is going my way so strong that there is no use of anybody's making a kick about it."—Washington Star.

Change in Fashions. Said she: "What lovely fashions, dear! They do so change from year to year!"

"There's not much chance that I can see In pocketbooks," responded he. "They're worn a little shorter, though, And lighter than a year ago."

—Lippincott's.

Explained. Patience—Thought it was against the law to wear akretas?

Patrice—That's not an akret; that's her husband's shaving brush she's got stuck in her hat.—Yonkers Statesman.

Reflection. "Oh, would some power the siffle give us To see ourselves as others see us!"

But if the same should come to pass We'd likely smash the looking glass.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the Witching Hour. She—Now it's your turn to walk the baby; she's half yours.

He—All right; you can walk your half and I'll let my half cry.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TRICK OF THE FUNNEL. Blowing Out a Candle Using a Funnel. To blow out a candle using a funnel to blow through, seems a ridiculous thing to do. But ask any friend of yours to try it and see what happens. Ten to one he will try to blow through the cup so as to force his breath through the narrow neck of the funnel. As this is not an easy thing to do he will flatten mouth and nose in his endeavors, while trying to force his face into the small cup. Then he will reverse the funnel and blow into the neck, and when he does not succeed in extinguishing the light he will blow harder and harder and finally he will admit that he is beaten.

In blowing through the neck of the funnel he has directed the funnel directly at the light, so that the flame is exactly opposite to the place where the neck of funnel joins the cup. You, on taking the funnel from him, incline the funnel so that its upper edge is on a level with the light. You blow gently. The light is extinguished at the first puff without any of the desperate effort which your friend put forth.

If you ponder a moment you will realize why you succeeded and why your friend failed. His breath on entering the cup or funnel spread in all directions, and the tiny current of air was dispersed upward and downward, so that, as he nearly leveled the center of the funnel at the flame, no current of air ever reached it.

Yes, on the contrary, hold the upper wall of the funnel on a level with the flame. The current of air started by your breath, on reaching the edge of the wall, streamed onward in the direction given it by the restraining wall and on reaching the flame scuffed it out.—Boston American.

BRINGING DOWN A PICTURE. Heiner Had a Way of Making the Louvre Officials See the Light. It is a pity that Heiner is dead. He had found an excellent means to force the conservators at the Louvre to bring down the pictures that he judged had been placed too high. He made use of this method in the case of "Susanne au Bain" ("Susanna at the Bath") of Titoretto.

Twenty years ago this masterpiece was hung in the gallery four meters from the floor.

Heiner was furious at this injustice. But he did not permit his anger to appear. He contented himself with coming from time to time in the morning before the visitors were numerous in the halls and in the most courteous tone requesting the keepers to furnish him a large double ladder.

The keepers referred the matter to the conservators, saying that this ladder was asked by M. Heiner, and they were impressed with the necessity of responding to the wish of the old master.

Then he placed the ladder before Susanne, mounted the steps slowly and, when at the top, remained a quarter of an hour absorbed in the contemplation of the marvelous painting.

He then descended as phlegmatically and with a fine smile, said in his Alsatian jargon: "Merci pour l'échelle. Je suis dres content!" ("Thanks for the ladder. I am much pleased!")

He went through this maneuver half a dozen times at intervals.

At last the conservators understood. They had "Susanne au Bain" unhooked and gave it a place of honor in the square salon, where it is now.—Cri de Paris.

Tax on Hats. Not only have hats at various times been subject to taxation, but have even been made the subject of special laws. Thus in Henry VII's reign hose was allowed to sell hats at a larger price than 20 pence or caps for more than 2s. 6d.

Some compensation, however, for this interference with free trade could be found in the fact that in 1871, on Sundays and holidays every one above seven years of age was required to wear a cap of wool of English make under penalty of 3 farthings fine for every day's neglect.—London Chronicle.

The Rabbit's Danger Signal. So long as it sits still the ordinary rabbit is almost indistinguishable in a field of bracken, stubble or dry grass, but as soon as it begins to run toward its burrow the white patch on its tail betrays it. This white patch, which at first seems like a failure of adaptation, has its special function—it acts as a danger signal to the young rabbits and shows them the way by which they can escape from the threatened danger.—London Mail.

Farthest North Cities. Dawson, the Yukon capital, and Fairbanks, its near Alaskan neighbor, are next to Hammerfest in Norway, the farthest north cities in the world, and at the latitudes of sixty-three and sixty-five have such comfortable appearances as electric lights, daily newspapers and pipe organs.

Not Like Him. The Vicar—I'm surprised at you, Miggs. Why, look at me. I can go into the town without coming back intoxicated. Miggs—Yesh, zur. But O! he so popular.—London Telegraph.

Too Vigorous. "Why are you prejudiced against golf? You never saw a game."

"No; but I once heard part of one."—Judge.

Prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

BRAZIL'S FINE CAPITAL. Rio de Janeiro is a beautiful city, with no poor quarters.

There are some cities very beautiful from a distance, but persons and places when seen they are not so. Rio de Janeiro, on the contrary, is beautiful when seen from afar and is delightful on intimate acquaintance. The streets are clean. The main thoroughfares are broad, and the sidewalks are wide. The public buildings are handsome, the private buildings very picturesque and in northern style. Theaters, churches and palaces are the Outlook. "Possess a most attractive foreign flavor." The water supply is ample and not only beautiful, but delicious. The sanitation is excellent. For over half the year the climate is delightful and during the remaining months there is close at hand a cool mountain retreat.

"Altogether it is difficult to write of this city of over a million people without expressing astonishment that both its beauty and its greatness are not more widely understood.

"The condition of the poorer people here is assured as I thoroughly believe, far removed from the misery of the slum dwellers in the great cities of the northern hemisphere. There is no special quarter for the poor, nothing in the nature of a slum district, and there is much effort of one kind and another to provide decent living conditions for the poorest."

MAJORITY TYRANNY. No Despotism Sways, For Instance, in the Matter of Dress.

The tyranny of majorities must be resisted to politics. It involves all kinds of demands, obedience to all demands and breaks down the very principle of majority rule.

Men and women are bound to march by their own opinions. Society, if built on convention, but conventions sometimes become tyrannical. One should know when to follow their dictates and when to ignore them. In the matter of dress, for instance, why should any one endure a style he deems merely because the majority at the moment is wearing it? Why should a long necked man wear a tall collar, if he prefers, a "V-neck" or a "U-neck" because the mass of sympathetic observers?

Frankly the question is without an answer. Perhaps people tolerate majority tyranny in such matters merely because they are accustomed to it. A caged animal presumably knows nothing of freedom until he has tasted it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just Like the Galois. A young man named Smith boarded with an excellent family of twenty years, who seemed to take the view that most any old thing was good enough to eat up in the kitchen. One day chicken salad was served, but it was merely another demonstration that there is nothing in a name.

"By the way, Mr. Smith," severely remarked the landlady, as the man progressed, "how do you like the chicken salad?"

"That reminds me," irresponsibly answered Smith, "I bought a book today and told them to send it around here. Did it come?"

"Yes," replied the landlady, with a puzzled expression, "but why should the chicken salad remind you of it?"

"Confidence, Mrs. Slynim," was the man's rejoinder of Smith. "The book is half calf, you know."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

They Seldom Do. A half-witted fellow living in one of our country villages makes it his business to attend all funerals and come down on them for days afterward. Recently he received an invitation to the wedding of a relative. The next day after the wedding a neighbor asked, "And how did the wedding go off?"

"Oh, there was a pretty fair crowd turned out, considering the weather," Jim answered solemnly. "Mary, she looked right nice, but I didn't think Bob looked very natural."—Indianapolis News.

Imitating Mamma. While playing with a pair of shears little Laura severed one of the prettiest of her golden curls.

"My dear child, why did you do that?" asked Aunt Mary, who came to call soon afterward.

"I wanted 'em so I could take 'em off and hang 'em on the bureau," explained the little girl. "Just like mamma does."—New York Globe.

The Wild Part. "Hello, old man! Have any luck shooting?"

"I should say I did! I shot seventeen ducks in one day."

"Were they wild?"

"Well, no—not exactly; but the farmer was."—New York Globe.

Our Domestic. Servant (to her master)—If you please, sir, can I speak on your telephone for a few minutes? I want to tell my young man that me and the missus have had an awful row and I've given 'er notice.—London Opinion.

A Useless Rule. He (teaching her bride)—When I doubt it's a good rule to play trumps to—But that's just it, when I'm in doubt I don't know what the trumps are.—London Standard.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON. A great British army of 10,000 men, the 4th and 5th regiments of the 1st and 2nd divisions of the British army, met the French army of 15,000 men at the battle of Marathon on September 12, 490 B.C. The British army was led by the general Miltiades and the French army by the general Datis. The British army won the battle and the French army was driven back to their ships.

The battle had hardly begun when the British in a momentary weakness, doubtless on to the point themselves, turned and fled. The French pursued them and the British were driven back to their ships. The British army was defeated and the French army won the battle.

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BANKING SHIPS. Answering a correspondent who writes: "I am very anxious to know whether a ship will sink if the bottom of the ocean is at great depth or not, at least, at such depth that the weight of the water would be greater than the weight of the ship." It is the weight of many feet of a certain kind of water that would remain suspended instead of sinking to the bottom. From the ship's own weight, the water in the hull would sink to the bottom of the hull, but the water in the hull would sink to the bottom of the hull, but the water in the hull would sink to the bottom of the hull.

Height of Waves. Among the most interesting scientific measurements of our times were those of Lieutenant Fuchs of the French navy. The height of the waves measured by him were in the open ocean between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Paul. They were measured during a northeast gale there averaged twenty-five and one-half feet in height, and six of them, following one another with beautiful regularity, were thirty-four and one-half feet in height. Even still higher waves were seen, but not measured. In a moderate breeze the length of a wave was found to be about twenty-five times its height, but in a gale only eighteen times.—London Globe.

A Kind Wish For Mother. The five-year-old found his mother looking a little wretched.

"Have you a pain, mother?" he asked sympathetically. When she nodded he thought a minute and then exclaimed:

"I wish a fairy would come and turn your pain into a piece of cake." Then the small boy asserted himself over the angel child, adding, "And I would eat it."—New York Sun.

One of the Family. Stranger—I notice your name is De Maryon. Are you related to the wealthy De Maryons of Belgravia?

Poor but respectable De Maryon—I am a distant relative, sir.

"Indeed! How distant?"

"Well, sir, as distant as they can keep me!"

What Rules the World. When Napoleon caused the names of his dead soldiers to be inscribed on the face of Pompey's pillar some one criticized the act as "a mere bit of imagination." "That is true," replied Napoleon, "but imagination rules the world."

Last Precaution. "Your suit, my dear, isn't reasonable."

"That's odd, when I got a pepper and salt one too."—Baltimore American.

It is not worthy of the heroism who when the blow struck the first time.