

LOVE MAKING.

In These Days Is Done in the Open, Without Any 'Arry and 'Arrriet Business.

Billing and cooing are as much a part of summer time diversions as eating ice cream or drinking soda water, but billing and cooing "in evidence" are confined to social strata in which the fashionable maid and man have not the slightest concern, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

In fact, ultra-smart romancers romance so elegantly that unsympathetic daws find little chance to peck at their hearts.

Climb as high as you may the heights of common sense and you will fail to discover wandering in the date of amatory foolishness a single couple belonging to really good society willing to afford the slightest chance to the curious for funmaking.

Sentimentalists gaze in amazement at the latest victims of love's dream. There is a bluesy maid, an enamored lover. The pair eschew shadowy corners. They court electric lights. They are the center of the gayest midsummer groups.

Why? Because shying away from friends and relatives, watching feverishly for a chance to look into each other's eyes, hold each other's hands and whisper silly nothings into each other's ears has too much of 'Arry and 'Arrriet mannerisms to suit these modish young people.

This late century love-making is delightful to those who must fill the unenviable position of onlookers. There is no greater misery than being obliged to put up with the selfishness of a spoony pair blind or indifferent to their duties to polite society.

The new order of affairs may well cause interested people to rejoice. A reserve so excessive that a match may be made and the wedding arrangements completed without anybody being the wiser brings a distinct blessing to all parties concerned.

ELECTRIC LOVE ALARM.

How a Suspicious English Father Detected the Flirtations of His Daughter.

The ingenious father of an estimable young lady in Sheffield recently rigged in a clever contrivance by which he discouraged a certain young man who had been accustomed to make love to his daughter, says Pearson's Weekly.

"The old gentleman recently caught the young man and the girl sitting rather close together on the sofa. He read the girl a lecture and made her promise not to let the young man sit beside her on the sofa again."

He was a bit suspicious, and decided not to trust the girl's promise, so he called in an electrician to carry out a little scheme of his. A contact plate was tied just under the cushion of the sofa and another to the bottom of the frame in such a way that when the weight of two persons bore down upon the plate it would touch the other and close the circuit.

Wires were run from the plate to the old ma's bedroom, where, as soon as the circuit was closed, a small bell would ring. All this was done without the knowledge of the girl.

The next night the young man called again, ad everything was as it should be until the old folks retired, about ten o'clock. About half an hour later the bell upstairs rang furiously. The old ma sneaked downstairs and caught to lovers snuggling very close together on the sofa.

The young man escaped with his life, fortunately, but the poor girl is locked up on a diet of bread and water.

THE RITE-STAYING CALLER.

He Absolutely Forces Host and Hostess to Utter Falsifications and Tings Uncomplimentary.

Frien Staylate makes a call in the evening conversation blithe and joyous, an repeated requests for him to remain a little while, lead him, not at all unwilling, to prolong his visit, writes Robert J. Burdette, in Ladies' Home Journal. He looks at his watch with a grasp of genuine dismay, and hurries away slowly at last with profuse apologies for keeping us up until such a hour. "Oh, indeed, no!" choruses to entire family. "This is early for us! We never think of going to our rooms until an hour later than this!" Friend Staylate lingers a moment after the get-outside the gate. She goes to the door; bang! bang! slam! go the abutte, calling harshly to each other: "I thought that fellow never would go!" and: "Why didn't he stay all night? Slam! And the rattle of the chain is: "Gone at last!" The darkness the dungeon settles down on the house; the family has gone to bed, having relieved its mind by doors and abutte that are ready to tell the truth any tie they are given a chance.

Cold Tea for Soldiers.

No alcohol has been tabooed in thariny and navy of some of the leading nations of the world, the question is arisen what is the best drink with which the soldier can quench his thirst? Many distinguished Indian commanders have testified in favor of tea, a thirst-allayer when on a long march in equatorial lands. The men and the leadership of Sir Herbert Kitchener during the recent campaign in the Soudan, who were allowed nocoholic stimulants whatever, performed their long journey through the desert on cold tea, and fought splendidly to the end of it. Tiger hunters in India who are often subjected to intense heat in the thick jungles, invariably use cold tea as a drink. It is proposed that our army in Cuba should be allowed to follow the example of their British brethren in arms in India and Egypt, and fill their cans with tea instead of water.

CHIPMUNKS IN A CEMETERY.

They Are Increasing So Rapidly in Brooklyn's Greenwood That a Trapper May Be Called In.

Greenwood cemetery is suffering for the second time in its history from a too great increase in its colony of chipmunks. Eighteen years ago they became such a nuisance that a trapper was employed, and 28,000 small, striped pets were the results of his first year's work, says the New York Sun.

This year it was noticed that an unusual number were about, even in the early spring, when the chipmunks first appear after a winter's sleep. Now it is estimated that there are at least 20,000 chipmunks in the cemetery, and a great deal of damage has been done. Through their burrowing habits they have undermined the gravestones, and even in many cases caused graves to sink in, when rainwater has helped to hollow out their burrows.

The chief enemies of the chipmunks are the florists, for the animals nip growing plants at the roots to reach the sap. One Brooklyn florist says that since Decoration day he has had to put in 250 new plants to keep up an original plot of 150. Florists with contracts to keep graves in condition have entered strong protests, but outside florists, who work by the piece, have been making money.

The eight special policemen on the grounds have been furnished with poison nuts to scatter about. No diminution has yet appeared in the chipmunk army, as they reproduce four times or four times a year and increase four-fold in a season if not checked. But if poison fails another trapper may be called in.

TAUGHT HIM A TRICK.

A Tricky Dealer in Fruit Pays Dear for a Lesson in Sorting His Berries.

How It Was Manifested by British Tars at the Albion's Launching.

"Fairest side to Boston," suggested a young man who stood watching the proprietor of a downtown fruit stand who was engaged in repacking a case of strawberries, placing the small and decayed ones in the bottom of the boxes, the large and luscious ones on top, says the Chicago Chronicle.

"We have to do that, young fellow," was the reply. "Everybody expects to be cheated a little and I hate to disappoint them."

"Come now," said the loiterer, as he approached the stand. "I worked last season in a South Water street store and can show you a trick that will double your profits."

"I don't see how it can be done, for I'm pretty close figurer myself. What do you want for the pointer?"

"I'll take a box of berries. The secret is this: You want to grade your fruit."

The young man emptied six boxes upon the stand and rapidly filled one of them, selecting the larger berries. "Out of a 24-box case you can get four boxes that you can sell for ten cents each. See?"

"And how will I dispose of the other 20 boxes?"

"You'll have to consult a peddler on that point; it's out of my line. I'll take these," and the dispenser of South Water street secrets seized the box of selected fruit and hurried around the corner.

A LITTLE HASTY.

That's What the Lieutenant Thought About Burying the Dead, But It Didn't Prove So.

PAID IN LIKE COIN.

How Pennsylvania Troops Are Even-thing Up Things with a Practical Joke.

One night Chaplain Jones, of the Texas, heard volly firing on the Cuban coast, which was being guarded by the blockading squadron, and was told that marines were being landed from the Marblehead. The next morning, says the Buffalo Express, Capt. McCalla came alongside of the Texas in his launch and announced that four of his men had been killed and that there was still fighting. Chaplain Jones then approached Capt. Philip and said that he would like to go ashore and look after the wounded and read the services for the dead. Capt. Philip gave instant permission, and the chaplain prepared to go ashore with a boatload of marines that was in charge of a young lieutenant. As the worthy chaplain clambered over the side of the Texas the lieutenant looked up from the boat and called out:

"Where are you going?"

"Lieutenant," replied the chaplain, "I am going to bury the dead."

"For goodness sake give us a chance to get killed first," rejoined the officer.

"Lieutenant, I am going to bury the dead that have already fallen," responded the chaplain, whereupon the lieutenant quickly replied:

"I beg your pardon, chaplain, I was too hasty."

Dickens' Pilgrimage.

One of the latest ideas in London is a Dickens pilgrimage. An admirer of the novelist intends personally conducting a party of all who care to join him in a perambulating pilgrimage to the spots in London hallowed by their association with the writer. The programme makes a start from Devonshire terrace (where Dickens lived from 1839 to 1850), and passing Harley street, Wigmore street, Wimpole street, Welbeck street and Gower street, arrives at Tavistock square. Thence the route continues to Great Ormond street, the Foundling, Doughty street, Gray's Inn, Kingsgate street, Lincoln Inn Fields and Furnival Inn. Several of the places lived in or referred to by Dickens will be viewed, some for the last time before demolition.

Japan's Sacred City.

Kioto, Japan, formerly regarded as the sacred city of the mikado, is being thoroughly westernized, having adopted the overhead trolley and electric lighting.

HE DIDN'T LIKE THEIR ATTIRE.

A Plain-Spoken Young Man Doubts the Sincerity of Two Chicago Street Preachers.

Two itinerant "preachers" in a wagon, elaborately attired and silk hatted and accompanied by a dozen or more women of assorted ages, caused a partial street blockade at the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets on a recent evening. Attracted by the singing and the powerful voice exhortations of the preachers, a crowd of boys of several hundred soon gathered about the vehicle, says the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A prominent feature of the "service" was a collection taken up by half a dozen of the youngest of the women as soon as a considerable number of people had congregated.

Near the close of the meeting a well-dressed and intelligent-looking young man in the crowd created something of a sensation by stepping to the front and requesting permission to ask a question. The "preachers" seemed to have a suspicion that his intentions might not be honorable and sought to ignore him, but he persisted, and pointing at the portly pair whom he was addressing, inquired in a loud voice:

"Say, do you fellows ever try to help anybody except by preaching? Did anybody ever hear of your feeding the hungry or clothing the naked? If I caught either of you doing that once, instead of singing hymns in a white vest, swallow-tailed coat, and plug hat, I for one would feel a lot more like accepting your invitation to be a Christian."

Neither of the persons addressed attempted to make any reply to this eccentric broadside, but took their seats and the wagon quickly departed in search of pastures new.

SUPERSTITION OF SAILORS.

How It Was Manifested by British Tars at the Albion's Launching.

It has been said that, next to the savages and the infidels, sailors are the most superstitious portion of humanity. A few weeks ago, writes a London correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, when the new British warship Albion was launched, the bottle of rosewater—not of champagne, remember—with which the duchess of York was to christen England's proudest vessel, failed at the critical moment to break against the ship's bows. Immediately there was no end of ominous talk among the sailors about this abortive attempt at baptism. Mr. Ivy, the mayor of the place of launching, in commenting upon this fact, observed:

"I have been a sailor myself, and I know what sailors are. There are plenty of them who would rather have three months of hard labor than serve a month in the stocks." The Albion was launched on October 30.

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