

THREATENS RUSSIA.

REVOLUTION AMONG SIBERIAN EXILES MAY TAKE PLACE.

Revelations by Imperial Official Regarding Existing State of Affairs Among Descendants of Political Outcasts.

To the average American Siberia still represents a cheerless, uncultured region peopled by convicts and wild animals. The judge who was trying a recent case in an English court of justice expressed astonishment that some of the witnesses who had come from the far east should have expressed anxiety to return to their home beyond the Urals; his lordship jocularly remarked that he had never heard of any one being in a hurry to return to Siberia. Things have moved considerably since the days to which the judge's remarks might apply, states a London paper.

Yet even those who know the czar's dominions well can have very little idea of the extent to which Siberia has progressed. A Russian official—one closely connected with the emperor's immediate advisers—made the startling confession not long ago that if ever there was a revolution in the empire it would break out in Siberia. So formidable indeed is the danger of such an outbreak that this very official was sent east to make a searching investigation on the spot, and to report the result to headquarters. What the terror of his report was may be gathered from the ominous words let drop by him—though it is scarcely needless to add, they were not intended for the ears of an indiscreet newspaper writer.

The why and wherefore of such a state of affairs in Siberia can be easily explained. It is primarily the work of officials. The very class of men which stands for reaction in European Russia tends toward emancipation in Siberia. Why? Because lukewarm or suspected officials have been systematically drafted east as a punishment. Thus it has come about that the servants of the crown in the Siberian provinces are anything but pillars of authority; they are, indeed, in many instances, open liberals and covert revolutionists.

Recent arrests of officials in Krasnoyarsk and other important Siberian centers have been recorded in the press, but the bearing and significance of these incidents have escaped notice. The influence that these men exert, unhampered to a great extent by the enormous distances which separate them from the fountain of authority at St. Petersburg, is increased tenfold by the character and tendencies of the Siberian inhabitants over whom they wield jurisdiction.

The Russian natives of Siberia, as distinguished from the aborigines, are in the vast majority descended from political exiles or convicts, and as such have inherited predisposition to be "against the government." These descendants have already given unmistakable evidence of their political inclinations in the form of student riots of the most violent character. At Tomsk recently half the undergraduates at the newly opened university (240 in all) were arrested for taking part in a seditious demonstration. "Down with the autocracy" was their cry and these words they shouted again and again as the Cossacks charged them—words which they know would entail pains and penalties.

Moujik settlers, who constitute the other section of Siberia's Russian inhabitants fail to provide the customary such welcome and indispensable aid to autocracy in the European provinces. The peasant who migrates far east is naturally an enterprising individual and more often than not can read and write, whereas only two per cent of the entire European population boasts these accomplishments. In the work of opening up new lands the intelligence is quickly developed and these peasant settlers soon lose the sheeplike tendencies of their former covillagers to accept any fate, however hard, and be thankful to the little father if the tax collector leaves them a crust of bread.

There remain the aborigines, Burias chiefly, the Turco-Tartar migratory tribes having little or to do with the sedentary inhabitants. The Burias is and will always remain the docile helpmate of the settler. Whatever the settler tells him to do he gladly performs. If the settlers were to proclaim a republic—as they did some years ago on the Manchurian frontier—the Murias would join them.

Reference to Siberia's inhabitants would be incomplete without mention of the Chinese, who are in such vast predominance in the extreme south-east (over 90 per cent in the cities). For the present there is no more submissive subject of Russian rule than the Chinese, but submission does not imply loyalty. Russians themselves fear the day may come when terrible retribution may be meted out to them for the systematic cruelties inflicted upon Chinese at Blagoveshchensk may yet be avenged. But whether the occasion for this vengeance will be provided by the outbreak of a revolt in Siberia remains to be seen.

Transvaal's Great Grasses.

Grasses form the most conspicuous feature of the vegetation of the high veld in the Transvaal. There are few trees or shrubs, according to Mr. J. B. Davy who has recently made a botanical excursion across the Transvaal, but the grasses are tall and thick, recalling the appearance of our western prairies. In moist places Mr. Davy found some species of grass from eight to ten feet in height. Patches of diminutive woodland are occasionally seen, usually in the vicinity of water.

MODERN BATTLES AT SEA.

Better Gunnery, But Less Pageantry Than There Was in Times Gone By.

Naval battles have been described by writers in the past as the most awe-inspiring spectacles the imagination could conceive. Perhaps they are to-day deserving of similar characterization, but there is less of romance attending them than in former times. Sea fighting in Lord Nelson's day was certainly picturesque, with its stripped crowds of men swarming about the encumbered decks and streaming flags from every mast. But these have gone with the towering ranges of sails and nimble sailors who leaped about aloft handling them even during the height of battle. The new man of war goes into the fight grim, unadorned and apparently proceeding by her own volition, like some unthinkable marine monster.

Far more terrible, but mercifully far more swift, will be the conflict between hostile fleets in the future. There will be scarcely any such things as the lingering agony, long drawn out, of the old days of sea fighting. For one thing, modern ironclads and cruisers going into action will choose the lesser of two evils confronting them. Because of the deadly peril of splinters and of fire everything of wood in their fittings, even to the boats, will be cast away at the beginning of the fight.

Then, when the battle is joined, the seamen must needs have a heart of brass to meditate upon the immediate possibility of one of those terrible 12-inch projectiles plunging down upon his vessel's deck, and out amid the disintegration of all her ganglions of energy, through the bottom, rendering her an easy target to an uninjured foe and her sinking a matter of minutes.

The modern man of war will not, at any rate, prolong the agonies of her crew when she is scuttled. She will go down quick into the pit in a halo of steam, a whirling vortex of waves, and in five minutes from the commencement of her downward plunge there will be no sign that she has ever been, and only if other vessels be very near will there be any possible chance of saving the handful of stalwart swimmers whose superhuman struggles have wrenched them clear of the devouring down-dragging eddies.

BRUIN THIN IN THE SPRING.

Stays Fat While in Hibernation, But Grows Gaunt When He Starts to Eat.

"Any one would naturally suppose," said a Pike county man, relates the New York Sun, "that after lying hibernated sound asleep and without a mouthful to eat for four or five months, as they certainly have done this winter, bears would come out in the spring lean and scraggly, but that is just contrary to the facts in the case.

"The bear when he seeks winter quarters is perhaps the fattest thing on four legs. He doesn't swell up with fat, like a pig, but seems to go to fat all over. When he starts in to hibernate for his winter retirement a bear can eat a bushel of chestnuts at a time with ease. As he gets fat his stomach gets smaller and smaller, until, when he is in proper condition for wintering over, it hasn't capacity enough to hold a double handful of food.

"This fat sticks right by the bear all winter and keeps him warm. If you are after a bear for his grease, you kill your game either just before he goes into his hole in the fall or right after he comes out in the spring.

"In a week after a bear comes out he will be as lean as a razor-back hog, although he has been eating everything eatable he could lay his paws on since he woke up, and that's a good deal. A bear, after thus losing his flesh in the spring, will keep lean until he begins to fatten up again for the winter, and then he rolls up the fat as before.

"It seems odd that a bear should keep fat for months without having eaten a morsel of anything and lose his flesh—no grease, rather—as soon as he begins to take in food, but that's the way the bear is made, and I don't see how we are going to help it.

"And, by the way, the bears are out in Pike county. Three are reported as having been killed already in the region south of the High Knob, and that without taking into account the two rat-like cubs that were with one of the bears killed, and starved to death for want of her."

The Gate of the Orient.

—Entering the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean at Port Said one is practically at the gate of the orient. As a fitting gate, however, to that oldest world of mystery and splendor, Port Said bears its title. Apart from its connection with the canal, it is notorious as having been the last refuge of the most desperate criminals of southern Europe. Until recently Port Said was not a safe place in which to stroll about at night. Still one may attain a just illustration there of the truly oriental conception that time was made only for slaves. Squatting on the quay, groups of Arabs may be seen gazing at, and apparently thinking about nothing in particular for hours together.—Michael White, in Four-Track News.

Forgiveness and Failure.

"Was your elopement with Miss Goldberg a success?" "Hardly." "What went wrong?" "Her father, the millionaire, sent us a telegram saying: 'Do not return and all will be forgiven.'—London Telegraph.

Its Commercial Value.

Knicker—Do you believe in a college education? Bocker—Yes; it teaches a boy's father how to take care of his money.—The Gateway.

PROPER CARE OF FLOORS.

Something That Everyone Who Has Them to Look After Should Know.

The treatment of floors has become a matter of taste and convenience instead of style. Many of the finest homes have hardwood floors, stained or varnished, and partly covered with rugs. This, says the Boston Budget, is preferable to carpets that cover the entire floor, for the rugs may be taken out of doors and cleaned once a month, or often if the room is used constantly, and the floor mopped before they are brought back. A space of 18 inches or more all around the room is left bare or covered with matting.

If you have a hard-wood floor that is in good condition, the task of oiling it is easy. Many who have old soft-wood floors have had a floor of hard pine put down on top of it. The stain that is bought already prepared is not expensive, and is usually preferred to one that has been mixed at home, and you can get oak, walnut, maple or mahogany color. A light or medium shade will wear better than a very dark one. It is put on with a paint brush, and a more even and durable color is obtained by applying several thin coats than one thick one. As a rule, a quart of stain covers 15 square yards of floor, but the amount required varies with the condition of the floor to which it is applied. After staining it may be oiled or varnished.

If you prefer the natural color of the wood, give it two coats of boiled linseed oil applied cold, and allow each coat plenty of time to dry. Of course the floor should be perfectly clean before you begin, for any spot that is not removed before the oil is applied is fixed and cannot be washed off afterward. A good coat of varnish gives a handsome effect to the floors of bedrooms or parlor if put on after the oil has dried in. Or, if preferred, they may be finished with a wax preparation, which may be bought at any drug store and rubbed on the floor with a flannel cloth, then polished to give it luster.

The care of stained or oiled floors is very simple, in fact, that is one of its many merits. Wiping it once or twice a month with a cloth wrung out of warm, soft water containing a little borax, will remove the dust, and leave it as fresh and bright as ever. Soap should not be applied to an oiled or painted surface, and it is not needed, for the borax cleanses it without injury.

The piazza floor should be oiled every spring, for there is nothing that preserves wood that is exposed to the elements so well as a coat of oil. Three coats should be applied on successive days, and after this a coat given every two months will still further protect the wood.

BITS OF DOMESTIC LORE.

Diverse Details with Which Every Careful Housewife Should Be Familiar.

There is nothing better for cleaning wooden garments, especially if greasy-stained, than South American soap, which is sold in small packages at the drugists'. Put a handful of the bark strips into a basin and cover with boiling water. Let it steep for ten minutes, when it will be ready for use. Scrub the garment with the soapy water and sponge off with clear water.

A variation of the popular tomato salad with mayonnaise dressing is effected by placing the whole tomatoes on squares of toast spread with anchovy paste. Stuffed tomatoes are very nice with anchovies. Use chopped cucumbers, green peppers and boned anchovies, cut in small pieces for the farce, and serve on blanched lettuce hearts with mayonnaise.

Grape jelly is proverbially hard to make because of its tendency to refuse to "jell." A correspondent of Good Housekeeping advises putting a little unripe fruit in with the other, say, one bunch of green grapes to every four bunches of ripe. This is said to insure firm jelly.

A pinch of salt added at the last moment to a pot of brewing tea or coffee is said to assist materially in bringing out the aroma. A pinch of salt added to a dish that has been made too sweet by mistake will take away the over-sweetness, as, conversely, a little sugar often subdues a salty taste.

A delicious dish of Brussels sprouts may be prepared by cooking in salted water in the usual way, taking care to freshen them before cooking by throwing them for a few minutes in strongly salted cold water. Drain the sprouts and place in a saucepan with a table-spoonful of butter, a red Chili pepper, and a dash of celery salt. Toss over the fire until they are slightly browned. A little kitchen bouquet and a very little sherry or madeira added just before serving adds greatly to the flavor.

Always put an unpeeled onion in the water in which corned beef has been placed to boil. The meat will be much more juicy and tender.

It is recommended that a little vinegar be added to the water in which stockings are rinsed after being washed. The stockings should then be dried wrong side out. Colored stockings will be found unaged and black ones will retain their original luster.

Rest for Tired Feet.

Though never grudging a hard day's work where duty demands it, there are many ways by which we can lighten labor and make our work less tiring. For instance, when a big ironing has got to be done what a comfort and relief it is to the feet to use a cushion to stand on during the doing of it. It can be made up from an old quilt folded and covered by a piece of carpet. Until it has been tried no one can believe the rest it is to tired feet.

STRANGE TRIBES OF BORGU.

Striking People of Nigeria Who Were Noted for Their Ruling Propensities.

In a description of the kingdoms of Nigeria Lady Lugard, wife of Sir Frederick Lugard, high commissioner for northern Nigeria, said that the reigning chiefs were of the semi-Arab race of the Foulahs or Fulani, and what the great mogul of Delhi was to the India of Clive's day such was the Great Foulah of Sokoto to the Nigeria of four years ago.

The Fulani, says the London Times, were a striking people, dark in complexion, but of the distinguished features, small hands and fine, rather aristocratic carriage of the Arabs on the Mediterranean coast. They were of the Mohammedan religion, and were held by those who knew them to be naturally endowed with the characteristics which fitted them for rule. Their theory of justice was good, though their practice was bad; their scheme of taxation was most elaborate and was carried even into a system of death duties, which left little for an English chancellor of the exchequer to improve. The caravan trade across the desert, which was already old when the Arab historian, El Bekri, wrote of the country a thousand years ago, and which then supplied the ports of southern Europe with the leather known to us as morocco leather, and with many other articles of luxury which English people of that day had not yet learned to use, continued and paid its tolls to the Fulani.

The Fulani had come to be the ruling people, but the Hausa, who were also for the most part Mohammedan, formed a very important industrial and commercial portion of the population. The cotton cloth of Kano was famous through the world of Africa long before the Fulani had made their appearance as a governing race in history. Iron smelting and smith's work were spoken of in an Arabian manuscript, not yet properly translated, which carried them back to the mythical ancestry of the founders of Kano. Weaving, dyeing, tanning, brass work, leather work were among the local industries and trades in these as well as in the raw materials with which the country abounds is largely carried on by the Hausa people.

Alluding to the condition of the country before the transfer to the crown, Lady Lugard said that Borgu, the westernmost province of Nigeria, when her husband first entered the country, boasted that no white man ever came out of it alive. In connection with the occupation of Borgu, her husband had curious adventures, and on one occasion put his life absolutely in the hands of Kama, the king, who had, he knew, been plotting to kill him only a few days before. The upshot was that the king became his fast friend, and having saved him never again to trust a Borgu man as he had trusted him, had shown himself ever since worthy of trust. He still sent yearly offerings to his "friend," and Borgu gives them no trouble. In addition to the Fulani and Hausa races, who spoke neither Arabic or Hausa, the country teemed with local tribes having each their own habits and their own language. Hausa was the first language which the English officer learned, but he had to learn many others if he wished to make himself fully understood by the native people with whom he had to deal.

Many of the tribes were pagans, and it was not very long since some were cannibals. One tribe was reported to have tails. There was another which would appear to justify the Greek legend of the Amazons; all their public fighting was done by women, and their public offices were also filled by women. She was told, but could not vouch for the accuracy of any of these statements, that in that tribe the women were physically larger and stronger than the men. In the worst of the pagan regions civilized trade was not at present possible. In Borgu the people claimed that they had never been conquered by the Fulani, and they had traditions of a religion which would appear to be Christian.

Speaking of the slave trade, Lady Lugard said that at the time of the transfer the principal currency of Nigeria was in slaves. Large sums were reckoned not in pounds, but in slaves; public tribute was paid in slaves, and all labor was slave labor. The result of the slave trade was seen in depopulation. Where Barth described in 1854 a population of 50,000,000 there were probably not more to-day than 10,000,000 or 12,000,000. Yet so wadded were the Fulani rulers to the system that when, on the assumption of power by the British government, the emir of Bauchi was remonstrated with and asked to give pledges of abstaining from slave raiding for the future, his reply was: "Can you stop a cat from mousing? When I die, I shall be found with a slave in my mouth."

Change in Women's Voices.

Women's voices, according to the London Graphic, are no longer low and sweet. Whether in trains, omnibuses, clubs, hotels, or theaters, women talk loudly and shrilly. They can be heard at the other end of the room, and domestic concerns of a purely personal nature are being constantly overheard. The tones of the voice, too, are certainly deeper and gruffer.

Wasted Ballast.

Tissandier, the aeronaut, relates that at a high altitude he once dined on a chicken and a bottle of wine. He threw out a bone of the former and the balloon at once rose 30 yards. He was reproached by his companion for wasting ballast.

Declined with Thanks.

Hostess—Shall I help you to a piece of cake, Willie? Willie—I guess not, ma'am. Ma told me I mustn't ask for two pieces, and I know one piece would only make me feel bad.—Philadelphia Ledger.

STRANGE GREENLAND ORE.

Called by the People of the North "Ice That Never Melts"—How It Is Mined.

The mining of cryolite, or "ice that never melts," the Equumans call it, is the chief industry of Greenland. Says the New York Tribune, Greenland has the distinction of containing the only workable deposit of this mineral in the world. Small quantities of cryolite have been found at Miasik, in the Ural mountains, and a trace was found at Pike's Peak, in Colorado. The man who reported the find at Pike's Peak to a capitalist was informed that if he could procure a ton he could secure \$150 for it. The money was never paid. The Cryolite Mining & Trading company, a Danish company, has the exclusive right to take the ore from the deposits in Greenland. By contract, the Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing company, of Philadelphia, has the right to import it to North and South America, the operating company reserving the same right as regards Europe. The Danish government shares in the profits, receiving a royalty of one-fifth. The American company, by its contract, first made in 1864, secures two-thirds of the output.

The value of the mineral lies in the fact that from it may be obtained soda or carbonate of soda, bicarbonate of soda, alum and caustic soda, at a cost below that of securing these products from any other source. After paying the royalty to the mining company and covering the cost of transportation, with the ever present danger of annihilation of the vessels by the ice, the cost of the crude cryolite mined in Philadelphia is four cents a pound, or \$50 a ton. After purification it is valued at from five to six cents a pound. From 6,000 to 100,000 tons are imported to this country every season.

The mine is a hole in the ground, elliptical in shape, being about 40 feet long by 15 feet wide. It is close to the water's edge at Ivittut, and parallel to it. Cars take the cryolite, which has been blasted out by the workmen, up out of the hole, and it is deposited on a wharf made of refuse from the mine, covered with plank. Here it is piled up carefully in rectangular piles as if the piles were to be the foundations of a country house. Extreme care is taken to have the piles exact in their measurement, as the quantity of cryolite mined and shipped is obtained by measuring these piles. The piles average about 25 by 100 feet and 4 feet high.

The mining is carried on only half the year. In the winter the mine is flooded to prevent it from being filled with snow. When the water is frozen over, work of the mine is not resumed, but the water along the sides and top of the mine, in the spring, the ice is broken up and the water pumped out. It requires about 100 days to empty the mine of the water. Fifty large mowers and workers are employed.

GAMES JAPANESE PLAY.

Are Very Different from Those Played by the Young of This Country.

The passion for toys and games of all kinds is remarkably developed among Japanese children, and they are anxious to play games it much the same way that children of other countries are urged to learn.

One of the most curious features about Japanese child life is that each season of the year has its own particular games. In fact, the games are distributed as it were, and apportioned to different months—battleground and sluttlercock being played at certain seasons of the year, ball at another, and so on. As for the dolls, they have a special feted day devoted to them, and in Japan dolls are as much a boy's plaything as a girl's.

The dolls of the Japanese boys are generally dressed to represent historical heroes; others are attired as the emperor and empress, or as heroic or legendary figures. Japanese children, too on the "Feast of Dolls," give their dolls presents, and put them on shelves or seats in the best room in the house.

They also play at funny little cards, but these, instead of being like English cards, each bear quotations representing the puns of Japanese poetical literature. The game consists of drawing a card with one-half of the quotation, and finding the other, which bears its context.

There is also the "game of scents." This consists in burning various perfumes, and guessing the scent in question by the smell of the smoke it creates—sometimes a very difficult matter, it is said.

Japanese Street Cries.

Japanese street cries are all melodious, and the avoidance of noise is everywhere the first consideration. The watchman who goes the rounds at night beats two pieces of wood together. The bells have no clappers, but are struck with the hand on the outside. A melancholy, plover-like note on a reed pipe, which regularly sounds in the streets every morning, is the call of the blind. These men have the monopoly of a lucrative profession, being shamponers and masseurs. Massage has been practiced in Japan for centuries and brought to the highest state of efficiency possible. Its blind professors possess some knack of hand or personal magnetism which has subdued the most inveterate cases of rheumatism and has even conquered paralysis.

Her New Game.

A little girl the other day illustrated two things—the difficulty of selecting the right noun of multitude and the inborn cruelty of childhood. She wanted a game—a game of her own invention. "What is the game?" asked the new nurse. The innocent eyes brightened as the answer came: "You be a poor little lame lamb and I'll be a flock of tigers."

PHANTOM BATTLE LEGIONS.

Ghostly Armies Reputed in Tradition to Have Visited Scenes of Great Conflicts.

Every one who has read Kipling's story of the "Lost Legion" knows how the ghosts of dead troopers of a revolted native regiment who were cut off by hill-men in the days of the great mutiny in India wander by night, if we may believe the assertions of their murderers, about the camps in a mountain valley which mark the resting place of their bones.

The story of phantom armies is an old one and has existed in some form or all ages and in all climes, says the New York Sun. There are many places before the Alphan mountain ranges where phantom warriors fight again their battles on the anniversary of the combat in which they fell.

Most famous of all ghostly battles is that which is fought every year in the air above the plains of Chladna, on the anniversary of that great battle in which Attila and his Huns were defeated 1423 years ago by the Romans and their Frankish and Saxon allies.

In that battle the loss of life was greater than in any other fight recorded in history. Some authorities place the number of the dead at 200,000, while other historians estimate it at 100,000. Now, on the anniversary of the battle, the peasants living on the plains which surround Chladna declare that they see above them cloudy legions charging and countercharging—Attila and Attila struggling once more for the command of the world.

In Rajpootana, India, near the town of Ajmir, there is a plain on which opens a mountain range. The natives declare that often on a misty night there will issue from the mountain pass a body of 400 or 500 warriors, mounted on Arab steeds and clad in the sacred green which can be worn by the descendants of the prophet alone.

The troops ride with no sound of spur jumping or later casting. The feet of the horses make no sound, and though they ride hard as if charging in battle, there is stillness over the plain. Sometimes for hours at a time the spectral squadrons will wheel and charge about and then, spurring to the entrance of the mountain defile, will vanish.

The shadowy riders of the night are, say the Mussulmans of the Rajpootana, the ghosts of Hosen and his followers, who were slaughtered upon the plain of Kerbelah, as the grandson of Mahomet was journeying to Bagdad, in response to an invitation to be king of Persia.

Why Hosen and his warriors should make their phantasmagoric appearance upon the plains of Rajpootana, when the specter of Kerbelah is supposed to be so far away on the plain of Bagdad, it is difficult to explain, but phantoms are sometimes strange.

Another place where phantom warriors fight in the moonlight, according to the tales of the peasantry, is the pass of Rouvelans in the Pyrenees, where the rear guard of the army of Charlemagne was overcome by the Moors in 778. It was there that Roland and Oliver fought and died with the peers of France.

Now, at night, the Payans host and the Rouvelans dead press forth upon the dark valley and the mountain peak turning his head, bears from the other side the wind of the horn of a giant calling back King Charles.

In 1744 considerable stir was made in England by the appearance of a phantom army on the site of Staffinell mountain, between Perth and Kinross. A number of people saw the apparition and made affidavit to it.

A small army of horsemen suddenly appeared moving along the mountain side where mortal horsemen never might ride. They were distinct but rather diaphanous beings and made no sound as they galloped along till they disappeared over the crest of the mountain.

"The phantoms of warriors slain in some forgotten battle," said the peasants, and many more besides, but the scientific men said: "Only a mirage."

How the Mink Hunts.

If you will follow a mink's track in the snow any winter day it will usually lead you before long to the mute story of a tragedy—just some tramped snow and a red stain. The whole method of the mink's hunting is told by the story. We see how it follows a rabbit, taking every precaution not to betray its presence while the wretched creature feeds, for then it is alert; how it follows to where it sleeps beneath a log, an upturned root or the snow covered top of a fallen tree, and then stealthily creeps on the unsuspecting prey. How sometimes the rustling of a dead leaf warns the rabbit, who leaps forward perhaps just in time to avoid the furious onslaught of the mink; though more often too late, and the red stain tells us that the rabbit has been eaten where it expected to sleep.—Country Life in America.

Next Thing to It.

Swellman—Yes, I'm still looking for a coxswain. Applicant—Well, I know all about horses and— "But have you had any experience with an automobile?" "Not exactly, nor, but I wuz tossed by a bull wassit."—Philadelphia Press.

One Kind.

"Pa, what is a standing invitation?" "The look in a woman's eyes when she gets into a crowded car, my son, and gazes at the men who have seats."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Not Without Distinction.

Citizen—What have you done in that murder case? Detective—Well, we've jumped on the more wrong crows than any other set of detectives this season.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.