

SOLDIERS OF THE CZAR.

When on the March They Are Compelled to Carry Heavy Loads—Strict Discipline.

The uniform of the Russian soldier is the simplest field uniform in Europe. In winter a sheepskin coat goes on beneath the gray one. In summer, or during campaigns in hot climates, the Russians, like the Japanese, fight in white dress. To critics who say that this renders them needlessly conspicuous, they reply that it is better than black, for a man dressed in earth color imagines himself invisible, and behaves accordingly. He gets shot; whereas the man who knows he can be seen keeps under cover and comes off with a whole skin. A writer in the Boston Transcript describes the soldiers of the czar as follows:

The Russian campaigner marches somewhat heavily laden. He has his kit-bag with clothing slung over one shoulder, his haversack with two days' rations of bread and salt slung over the other, his greatcoat strapped under one arm. Including his water-bottle, arms and ammunition, a section of tent and the uniform he stands in, he carries something over sixty-six pounds. The advantage which offsets the burden is that at a pinch the Russian foot-soldier is practically independent of a baggage train. He can transport his modest necessaries upon his own back.

The Russian cavalryman rides so laden with cornsacks and blankets and greatcoats and wallets and saddlebags and things that he puts one in mind of the much-encumbered white knight in "Alice in Wonderland." Altogether his impedimenta weigh 119 pounds. Fortunately what would oppress another soldier is no burden to the Russian. He is sturdy and strong. Russian soldiers have been known to march 20 miles without rest, and then go directly into an engagement.

Severity is accounted the prime factor of Russian military discipline. But something better than severity goes to make soldiers of Russian peasants, and that something is a powerful spirit of camaraderie. A high Russian officer does not hesitate to joke with his men.

When the commanding officer meets his troops for the first time in the morning, he calls out cordially, "Good morning!" The men reply with a peculiar, long, rattling shout, "Your good health, your excellency!"

When a maneuver is executed to the commander's satisfaction, he shouts congratulations to the men, and they respond all together, "We are glad you liked it."

THE JAPANESE GOD OF WAR.

Before Which Soldiers Pay Respect Each Year to Memory of Slain Comrades.

Hachiman is the Japanese god of war and his temple is on Isurugaoka hill and has large torii in front of it, huge gates of stone shaped like the Greek letter pi. There is also an Ichu tree some 20 feet in circumference and upward of 1,000 years old—that is a couple of centuries older than the temple itself, says the Montreal Family Herald. In spirit Hachiman is present also at the great Shinto temple at Kanda, Tokio, the capital of Japan.

Here, to this day, the troops stationed at the Tokio barracks come on the 6th, 7th and 8th of May and the 6th, 7th and 8th of November to pay their respects to the memory of the soldiers who fell in battle in the Sago and Satsuma rebellions and in the war with China. Company by company they march up and present arms before the great hall, empty of all furniture except a mirror and a few chairs. The ceremony is beautiful in its solemnity, and one can easily believe that the spirits of the departed are really present to receive the reverence of their brothers in arms, who have not yet passed to the land of ghosts. It is a ceremony, too, that appeals to the popular mind, as the crowds on Kudan hill bear ample testimony when the days for the arrival of the troops have come. It is not a mournful crowd, nor is it a noisy crowd.

Japanese crowds, as a rule, are neither mournful nor riotous. It is a clean and decorous crowd, one that has gathered to witness and in a way to take part in a service that is both military and religious. The ceremony of saluting before the temple appeals to the sentiment that those who died in battle died nobly, and who rejoice that the army to which those who fell belonged maintains for them undying regard.

Practical Economy. A man whose impetuous condition is chronic, and who borrows with the airy grace of a beau in an old comedy, recently approached an acquaintance, all smiles and geniality.

"You're just the fellow I wanted to see," he said. "Could you lend me five dollars for a minute?"

"I could," said the acquaintance, dryly, "but let me tell you how to save that five dollars. Wait a minute and you won't need it."—Youth's Companion.

Trifling Difference. "I'm a little in doubt," said the doctor. "Your trouble is either one of two things."

"What are they?" asked the patient. "Appendicitis or the stomach ache. However, we can settle that."

"How?" "By cutting you open, of course."—Chicago Post.

Tiny Eggs. The egg of the Mexican humming bird is scarcely bigger than a pin's head.

MANCHURIAN WHEAT LANDS

One of the Vastest Grain Producing Areas in the History of the World.

"What is Manchuria to us?" ask many well-meaning and otherwise well-instructed people. There is an almost unanimous consensus of public opinion in England, and, for the matter of that, in most western countries, that it is more desirable that Russia should be out of Manchuria than in it, says the Philadelphia Ledger. Reference is made to the possibilities of Manchuria as a huge market for western manufactured products.

However important these political and trade considerations may be, they fail to define the momentous and pregnant meaning of Russia's activity in these parts. By exerting all her force, first for acquiring and now for retaining Manchuria, Russia makes a bid for the possession of one of the vastest wheat-producing areas known in the history of the world, an area which, when fully opened up and developed, will bring about almost a revolution in the international division of labor, and will change Britain's dependency on the produce of the American wheat lands into a dependency on Manchuro-Russian harvests. East will meet west, and the west will not like it.

This is not an exaggerated anticipation, not a paradoxical statement of the ordinal possibilities.

For the agriculture of the immense valleys of the Liao and the Sungari is a thing already in existence, while capital, railways and steamers will extend it beyond the dreams of the most vivid imagination. Concerning the land watered by the Liao and its tributaries, some 62,500 square miles, the United States consul in Newchwang says that its largest part can be cultivated and that almost every acre through which the Chinese Eastern railway passes is under cultivation. It already exports some \$2,000,000 worth of foodstuffs each year. Its soil of sandy loam, so easily worked, which today produces more pulse and millet than any other part of the world, will lend itself prominently to wheat production of the first quality.

The lands that are drained by the Sungari are especially adapted for the cultivation of wheat. The cereal has always been grown there for local consumption. Even with the present primitive methods 30 bushels to the acre can be obtained and bad crops and famines are practically unknown.

Already a promising milling industry has sprung up at Harbin, which, besides the cheap river transport, possesses two railway lines to the sea. This town will soon have ten mills running, with a daily capacity of 4,600 barrels of flour. And there are more mills in other parts of Manchuria.

These fertile valleys are already occupied by a race of tillers of the soil. Ever if Russia repeated over and over again her horrible methods of Biagovestshensk, she could not kill off those Mongolian peasants. And if she could do it, the teeming millions of China's population would soon frustrate her efforts.

What she is going to do if she is given a free hand is to develop the country with money borrowed from other nations to insure, if necessary, the labor of the native husbandmen by making them serfs or predial slaves.

She will then swamp the world with the produce of the country, and at the same time exclude it from having a due share in that increased wealth which is sure to pour into Manchuria. Ultimately, by enrolling the Mongolians under the banner of the white czar, she will dictate terms to the civilized world.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN GLACIER.

The Only One That Is Known to Exist in the Interior of Our Country.

The history of the discovery of this glacier is an interesting one, writes F. H. Kellogg in "A Visit to a Colgado Glacier," in St. Nicholas. An old bear hunter chanced upon the field on Mummy Mountain, which he called "the largest snow field in the Rockies." Before his death, which occurred shortly after, he mentioned this discovery to a gentleman then living in Denver, who devoted much time to the exploration of new mountains and strange localities in and about this neighborhood.

In 1882 this gentleman, a Mr. Hallett, visited the spot entirely alone. In trying to ascend the north side of the ice-field he suddenly broke through the bridge of a hidden crevasse, but by extending his elbows he managed to extricate himself from his perilous position and returned in safety to his camp. This incident finally led him to wonder whether this might not be a glacier. In 1886 and 1887 Mr. Hallett, in company with an experienced mountaineer, who was as familiar with the Alps as with the Rockies, twice revisited the spot. Upon the first of these expeditions, after a careful examination, the true nature of this vast expanse of snow and ice was for the first time positively determined. Here in the heart of Colorado existed a true glacier showing crevasses, moraines—in short, all the characteristics of the well-known Alpine glaciers of Switzerland. To this was given the name it now bears, "Hallett Glacier," in honor of the man who, in such a startling way, made the first real discovery.

His Record. "Dis paper," said Fuzzy Fred, "tells us er course dinner wot lasted fer five hours."

"Dat ain't sch er much," rejoined Meandering Mike. "I wunst had er dinner wot run fer five days 'tween de soup an' de pie."—Chicago Daily News.

KILLING COLORADO COYOTES

The Round-Up Resorted To as the Best Means of Exterminating the Pests.

A coyote round-up recently held near Denver in which 500 horsemen participated, resulting in the slaughter of about 20 coyotes, shows how earnestly the ranchmen and cattlemen of the west are striving to rid themselves of this old-time pest of the prairies, says the New York Tribune. These round-ups are held regularly in Colorado and other western states, but in spite of the slaughter of coyotes the animals continue to increase, killing calves, robbing hen roosts and committing other depredations. Wyoming spends \$40,000 a year in wolf and coyote bounties, and yet it has just been announced that despite the tremendous slaughter of the animals in that state both wolves and coyotes are actually on the increase.

The round-up is probably the most effective means of killing the coyotes. The animal is so wary that it can rarely be brought within rifle shot by the individual hunter, and it will seldom touch meat that has been poisoned, because its remarkable sense of smell betrays the presence of man, and consequently the only effective way of killing it is to form a huge circle, many miles in circumference, and gradually close in, penning the animals in the center, and killing them with clubs.

The annual coyote round-up near Denver this year was probably the most spectacular affair of its kind ever held. Besides the 500 horsemen who took active part in it there were 20 women riders. A small army of sight-seers in carriages and farm wagons of every description was on hand, ranchers for miles around having made the occasion a holiday, and special trains being run from Denver and other points to carry the crowds. Huge "chuck wagons," borrowed from the cattle outfits, were taken along, loaded with coffee and sandwiches and other comforts. After the chase was over bonfires were lighted on the plains and around these the hunters and spectators gathered and recounted the events of the day.

The preparations for the round-up began the night before. The captain of the hunt directed the crews to ranchhouses forming an immense circle 30 miles in diameter. By six o'clock in the morning those crews had left their respective ranchhouses and had arranged themselves in a circle. More than two hours was spent in looking after horses and strengthening weak places in the long line. The order to advance was given and the circle quickly began to contract. The riders, as they advanced, would beat the sagebrush and now and then a coyote would be startled out of his hiding place and would be driven by horsemen and dogs toward the center. Owing to the fleetness and adroitness of the coyotes many of them managed to get through the line but at noon, when the big circle had drawn within a mile of the ravine where a white flag on a tall pole indicated the center of the grounds, it was estimated that fifty coyotes had been rounded up. These coyotes were all fresh and full of fight. Now and then one would make a break through the lines, with dogs in hot pursuit, and a race would result, testing the running and staying qualities of the hounds. After several coyotes had been run down in this manner the captain waved a white flag and the lines closed in for the final struggle.

Owing to the danger of using firearms at such close quarters, no rifles, revolvers or shotguns were carried by the hunters. Stout clubs were wielded, and as the hunters advanced on foot the snarling coyotes in the center of the circle were to be clubbed to death. The death struggle was sharp and decisive. The clubs in the hands of the husky ranchers wrought speedy execution, and about half of the coyotes fell victims either to the bludgeons of the hunters or the teeth of the dogs. This is a large percentage of killed, as generally not more than one-quarter of the coyotes in the final circle lose their scalps.

Several accidents took place in the course of the hunt. One hunter's horse fell with him, the rider sustaining a broken shoulder blade and the horse's leg being broken. That horse was shot, as were two others that were injured by stepping in badger holes while their riders were urging them after fleeing coyotes. Another horse broke his neck in a bad fall and the rider was thrown into a barb-wire fence, luckily escaping with nothing but a few scratches. At two o'clock, after the round-up was ended and the scalps were counted, the hunters gathered about the fires and partook of the dinner. Prizes were awarded to the finest horsewoman in the chase and also to the owner of the finest greyhounds. The women who took part in the round-up were keenly alive to the excitement of the day and gave a daring exhibition of horsemanship.

Jewelry of Dutch Women.

The headdress and coral jewelry of a Dutch woman are usually heirlooms, and vary greatly, according to the riches of the family. The gold fastening of the coral necklace also may be anything from a very small plain clasp to one of the size of a brooch covered with expensive filigree work, and when it is large enough to satisfy the pride of the owner it is always worn in front. One or all of these pieces of jewelry form a part of every girl's dot, while the remainder of it among the farming people of the north consists of cows and sheep. It is most amusing to hear it said of a young woman who is about to marry: "She has an excellent dot; 50 cows and sheep, a good head band and ornaments and such beautiful coral necklace and earrings."

DIFFER ON FOOD QUESTION.

Experts and Professors Constantly Studying the Effects of Different Diets on Mankind.

Day after day humanity undertakes the task of solving the food problem and the war of the vegetarians against the diet of meat seems but barely begun, although it is a battle of years' standing at that, says the New York Telegram. One night lately our vegetarian friends sat down to a banquet from which they carefully eliminated animal food; although now and then a dish suggested it, more by reason of the name it bore than by the taste it conveyed.

One must grant to the vegetarians one signal accomplishment, and that is their ability to develop an astonishing array of dishes and still spurn the cutlet and the roast. Whether inclined or not to adopt the theory of living as the vegetarians establish it, there is abundant variety and methods to please infinite tastes. In fact, it is quite possible to sit down to a vegetarian dinner and arise therefrom with a grateful sense of having dined well and still not have been obliged to depend upon roast beef or roast lamb to satisfy the appetite.

However, it is not so much to call attention to the vegetarian diet that we have chanced to mention the recent banquet as it is to note how much the matter of food is far from being settled so far as mankind in general is concerned.

One man abstains from meat because he suffers from rheumatism. Another finds it out of the question to eat the simplest vegetable, properly cooked, because it is certain to be followed by an attack of indigestion.

Professors, whose knowledge of foods and their benefit to the race is incontrovertible, are not altogether satisfied with the way in which they are administered. Various experiments are constantly being conducted to ascertain the effect of this or that kind of diet upon mankind.

One person finds it possible to live comfortably with no breakfast other than a little fruit. Immediately scores adopt the same practice, hoping it may benefit them, and the no-breakfast fad suddenly appeals to a whole community.

Another decides to dispense with luncheon and "antiluncheon" classes at once are organized, whose devotees walk for half an hour or so in the open air in preference to sitting down and partaking of more substantial nourishment. It is quite true that what is one man's food is another man's poison, and so there is no immediate danger that we shall all become reconciled to a vegetarian diet, notwithstanding the stanchness with which our vegetarian friends are willing to defend their faith.

So the sandwich man and the hot sausage man, the waffle baker and the pie-maker can pursue the even tenor of their way, knowing that somewhere somebody will be found who will buy their wares and relish them, no doubt, too.

JAPANESE-RUSSIAN WAR.

Precipitating Causes of Conflict Have Long Existed Between the Two Nations.

The real causes of the war between Japan and Russia are thus clearly and simply set forth by a writer in Success:

The provocatives of the war between Japan and Russia have long existed. For many years, more especially since the conflict between China and Japan, the Japanese have watched the advance of the Russians in the far east with considerable anxiety. Japan has seen that the main object of her encroachment has been to possess the whole of northeastern Asia, and she has recognized, with all the intensity of a possible victim, that the accomplishment of such an intrusion would destroy her island kingdom as a commercial and independent power. The argument which was advanced by Russia to induce Japan to restore Port Arthur to China, after the Chinese-Japanese war, is applicable with double force to the present case. Russia saw that Japan had gained an unprecedented foothold in a territory that bore vital relation to her destiny in the far east, and forthwith began to make it absolutely unendurable for Japan by overshadowing her with ships and batteries.

It may be said that Russia has not attempted to absorb Korea; but, also, she has not threatened to absorb Manchuria. Her original promise was that Manchuria was to be returned to Chinese rule, and she even set a time when her troops were to be withdrawn. To put it frankly, Russia has not kept her word. To-day Manchuria is nearly as much a Russian province as Siberia. Japan, therefore, mistrusts her great adversary. When she demanded the complete independence of Korea and the complete restoration of Manchuria to China, it was with full misgivings that Russia would not accede. Japan, although an intruder in Korea, nearly or quite as much as Russia is in Manchuria, has been the practical ruler of the idle, unambitious Koreans for many years. The mikado's realm is gradually growing too small for the energy and growth of its 45,000,000 inhabitants, and its people ask, why should they not emigrate to the mainland? If they do, it means that the Manchurian railway, which the Russians have built to connect the Trans-Siberian railway with southern ports, will be obliterated as a distinctly Russian line, and that Russia's commercial ambitions will receive a severe setback; hence the underlying reasons which make the Russian side of the grievance.

The Tall Hat. The tall hat worn by men first appeared in France nearly five hundred years ago.

WHERE LIFE IS NOT JOY.

Places Which It Would Be Well to Avoid When Traveling for Pleasure.

As places of residence, neither the Bahrien islands, in the Persian gulf, nor the city of Yakutsk, Siberia, have much to offer in the way of climate, says the Washington Post.

In Bahrien you cook and in Yakutsk you freeze. Bahrien is said to be the hottest place in the world. The thermometer often registers between 110 and 120 degrees, night and day, for months at a time. This rather beats Fort Yuma, Ariz., which is considered the hottest place in the United States. Yakutsk is called the coldest city in the world. The thermometer frequently registers 73 degrees below zero.

Though Yakutsk is the coldest city in the world, Verkhoyansk, in northeastern Siberia, claims to be the coldest inhabited place on the globe, the thermometer registering 99 degrees below zero in January.

It is also claimed to be the place possessing the most variable climate, for while it is 90 degrees below in January, it is 66 above in the shade in August during the day, with a drop down to freezing every midsummer night.

The wettest place in the world is Greytown, Nicaragua, where the annual rainfall is 260 inches. The driest place in the world is probably the rainless coast of northern Chile. They have a shower there about once in every ten years. Nothing grows on this desolate strip of barren coast and the dreary dunes from which the nitrates and the minerals mined in that region are shipped depend for their subsistence upon food brought to them in ships from the fertile strips north and south of the desert.

Northern Russia and the shores of the French Congo are said to be the cloudiest places in the world and for fog there is no region like the Grand Banks, the southern coast of Newfoundland and the waters of Nova Scotia.

This region is one of fog for a large part of the year and the very home of the fog is the island of Grand Manan, at the entrance of the bay of Fundy, where, the sailors declare, the natives manufacture fog. When a bank especially thick is seen approaching over the waters the mariners turn to each other and say, "The Grand Mananers are at work."

AS TO ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Actual Facts of Alexander Selkirk's Return to Scotland and to Civilized Life.

It was only after Selkirk had watched from his familiar lookout, in fair weather and foul, for more than four years, that he was finally rewarded by the sight of his old ship, writes Francis Arnold Collins, in "Robinson Crusoe's Island," in St. Nicholas. When Capt. Dampier landed upon the beach, Selkirk was already standing on the edge of the forest, waving a white flag. In honor of the visit he wore his last shirt, which he had kept for years for this occasion. The captain afterward noted in his account that Selkirk spoke in a voice which, for all his pains, sounded scarcely human. His feet had been hardened like leather from long exposure. For many weeks he refused to touch any liquor, nor had he any appetite for civilized foods. Selkirk greeted his old shipmates with a delight that may be imagined, and before leaving his island he entertained the ship's crew in his "house."

The island was visited but once by any ship during Selkirk's long exile. A Spanish ship once landed on the island a small company who caught a fleeting glimpse of Selkirk. In those days the Spanish were the deadly enemies of the English, and doubtless Selkirk had recognized the ship's colors from his lookout, and drawn his own conclusions. In the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe makes much of this visit of the Spanish, and has them prostrate themselves before Crusoe as the "governor of the island." As a matter of fact, Crusoe (or Selkirk) defied a much less dignified than Defoe would have us believe. The Spanish shot at and chased him some distance without success. A bulldog which they had brought ashore was pressed into service; but Selkirk, from his long training with the goats, outran the bulldog. Growing tired of the chase, Selkirk finally climbed a tree. The Spanish built a fire and camped near his hiding place, but finally left without discovering him.

The solitude and many hardships of this lonely life would doubtless have driven most men crazy. Selkirk, however, kept his wit throughout it all, and when he finally returned to Scotland, after an absence of eight years, was able to take up his old life where he had dropped it, and, despite his barbarous life, was still a civilized man.

Immutable Asia.

China may be partitioned and may be held in vassalage to Europe for centuries. But, says the Kansas City Star, there is no warrant for the belief that the real inner life of the empire will be affected or that it will be willing to accept indefinitely the rule of an alien race. At bottom Asia is fundamentally religious, Europe essentially secular. Between the two civilizations which have grown up on these mutually differing foundations there is a great gulf fixed. The east may gradually adopt some western ideas, but it will make them over to suit its own needs. They will not be grafted on to eastern culture. By the side of changeable Europe, Asia stands passive and immutable. There is no reason to suppose that the thunder of the Russian legions will rouse it from its reverie.

MAKING OF PANAMA HATS.

Columbia and Ecuador Produce the Best—Women Employed in the Work.

The season has not arrived for use of straw hats in the United States yet, but the manufacture of them is always in order, especially in tropical countries, says the New York Tribune. The so-called Panama hat is usually regarded the most serviceable article of that class, though it is rather costly. Hats of this kind are made in Columbia and Ecuador. The best of them, however, come from Columbia. The American consul general at Bogota says that the art might well be introduced into the Philippines, because the fan-leaved palm, from which they are manufactured, would grow there. It would only be necessary to send a competent person to teach this art to the Filipinos.

Young shoots, uniform in size, are cut from the plant and boiled to a certain stage, being softened thereby and brought to a light yellow color. The process of boiling appears to be an art in itself, and only a few people can turn out good straw. The boilers sell the straw at so much a pound, according to quality and the prevailing price of hats.

When the proper boiling point is reached, the shoots are put up to dry and the leaves quickly separated. This is done indoors, where there is a current of air, but no sunshine. When the leaves are nearly dry they are split with a little Y-shaped instrument of wood, so that all good leaves are of the same size. When left alone to dry the leaves curl in at the edges and are then ready for use, and at this point the straw is carefully wrapped in clean cloths, as the lights and dry atmosphere will spoil it. When finished the straw is carefully pared with a pocket-knife and then battered all over with a small hand maul, after which it is washed with common yellow soap and a little lime juice and left to dry, away from the sunlight.

In the Sazza district they make the hats on solid wooden blocks, two to four persons—generally women—sitting opposite each other and working steadily. Four women can make the average quality hat in six or seven days, while a fine one requires three to six weeks.

Long training is necessary to become a good hatter, and the girls are started at the work at the very early age of ten years and must practice constantly. Hatters work every day from an early morning, wasting very little time in eating and often carrying on their work by candlelight, so as to finish in time for market day, for the loss of an hour may mean to them the loss of a market day and the corresponding inconvenience caused by the loss of the money which would have been acquired from the sale of the hat.

RIDING ON AN AVALANCHE.

Miraculous Escape of Seven Tourists in the Alps from Being Ground to Pieces.

Seven Alpine tourists, representing five different nationalities—namely, two Englishmen, a German count and his valet, a young Russian lady, a Dutchman, and a Swiss guide, lately had an extraordinary escape from destruction by an avalanche, reports the London Mail of recent date.

The party started from Arosa to ascend the Arosar Weisshorn on ski. When about 700 feet from the summit, which is 8,710 feet above sea level, the steepness of the ascent and the hardness of the snow necessitated the removal of the ski, and the party proceeded on foot. When nearing the top an immense avalanche suddenly rushed down the mountain side.

Most of the party immediately sat down to receive the impact on their backs, and some succeeded in riding the waves of snow with tolerable success for some distance. Then came a series of somersaults. Five of the party were involved in the avalanche and four were swept down to the bottom of the slope, a distance of about 700 feet, arriving in all manner of attitudes.

The German count collided with a rock and was cut in the face; the Dutchman finished up in a standing posture buried in snow to his chin. The Russian lady was the first to extricate herself, and behaved throughout with wonderful pluck and endurance.

Wonderful to relate, no bones were broken and all escaped with a few bruises and scratches and reached Arosa in safety. Had not the ski been taken off before the accident, serious results must almost certainly have ensued.

The Nome of To-Day.

"The casual visitor will not be able to distinguish between the city of Nome, Alaska, and the ordinary eastern American town of the same size," said Col. William T. Perkins, of Nome. "The prosperity of Nome is firmly established," said Col. Perkins, "and there is no question that in the course of a few years it will be largely increased. The city has water mains and electricity, and an excellent system of public schools. Its municipal government is a model for larger cities. Nome is becoming a large wholesale center, something new in that part of the world. Railroads are being built, and from Nome the entire surrounding country is being supplied with the necessities and luxuries of life."—Washington Post.

Fame in Sight.

"I am going to introduce a bill," said the newly elected member of the legislature, "that will make me famous."

"What is it?" queried his friend. "It is a bill," explained the new member, "to compel each cigarette smoker to consume his own smoke."—Chicago Daily News.