

FAY OF THE SHIP'S DOCTOR

System in Vogue on Ocean Passenger Steamers from Which There is Seldom a Departure.

A correspondent of a recent edition of Lloyd's Weekly has expressed the views of a ship doctor in the following words: "Many travelers are in doubt as to the position of the ship's doctor in regard to his remuneration from passengers for services rendered. The merchant shipping act enacts that every foreign-going vessel having 100 persons on board or upward shall carry on board as part of her complement a duly qualified medical practitioner. Furthermore, an emigrant ship, i. e., a foreign-going vessel which carries 50 or more steerage passengers—must have a medical man irrespective of the number of crew or of other passengers carried. The salary of the doctor on board is commensurate with these duties to his ship.

To any passengers who are suffering from ordinary forms of sickness and its concomitant evils or who received injuries which are in any way due to the ship, the doctor's services are free. For any sickness contracted before sailing or during a voyage which is not connected with the above-named conditions, he is entitled to a remuneration at the same rate as he would receive on shore. Obviously it would be unfair to expect that his services to passengers should be rendered gratis or that it would be any visitor in a hotel or traveler on a railway to expect to have medical attendance free in any illness for which the hotel or railway authorities could not be held responsible.

The writer of a letter to the Lancet says that the case of the ship's surgeon is stated with accuracy in the above sentences and, adds that the ship's surgeons are of two kinds—first, those who, after they have qualified, take a position either for health or for pleasure, and, second, those who elect to make a life a permanency.

The pay of the ship's doctor varies from \$20 to \$50 a month. This, for duties to officers and crew. As regards passengers in relation to the surgeon, the following groups will include all: First, the passenger who takes the initiative by remunerating the surgeon, perhaps handsomely, for any services rendered; second, the passenger who asks for his bill and pays it, if reasonable; third, the passenger who, traveling for the first time, does not know whether to ask for his bill or wait for it to be delivered; but is pleased to be enlightened on the matter; fourth, the passenger who clings to the old-time notion that the surgeon is there solely for the benefit of passengers; and, fifth, the passenger who never intends to pay the surgeon.

FALLACY REGARDING FISH.

In No Sense a Specific Food for Brain or Nerve as is Quite Commonly Believed.

It is doubtful whether any given food in common use contains constituents which have a selective action, so to speak, on the property of ministering to one part of the body more than another. As a rule, states the London Lancet, when a food is assumed to have specific reparative properties—as, for example, a so-called brain or nerve food—the fact really is that such food is easily and quickly assimilated to the body's general advantage; in a word, in such a case repair quickly overtakes waste and a real purposeful nutrition and restoration are accomplished. The administration of such elements as phosphorus or iron in medicine is, of course, a different matter, but these elements are evenly distributed in the materials of a daily diet.

It is often stated that fish is a food which ministers particularly to the needs of the brain because it contains phosphorus. As a matter of fact, fish does not contain more phosphorus than do the ordinary meat foods and it certainly does not contain it in a free state. The notion that fish contains phosphorus had, no doubt, its origin in the glowing phosphorescence of fish in the dark. This phosphorescence is due not to phosphorus at all, but to micro-organisms. The belief, therefore, that fish is a brain food is just about as reasonable as the idea that because a soup is thick and gelatinous "it will stick to the ribs," or as sensible as the celebrated advice to Verdant Green to lay in a stock of Reading biscuits to assist his reading.

Fish, of course, is excellent food, partly because of the nourishing nature of its constituents and partly because of its digestibility. But it is in no sense a specific for brain or nerve.

Formation of a Lake.

A remarkable phenomenon is reported from the Russian rural commune of Schvaka in the government of Ezeroff Kolsaka. Inexplicable sounds were heard for several days, issuing from the earth. The sounds varied from something like the booming of cannon to the screeching of steam whistles, and seemed to come from a forest skirting the commune. In this forest, where the terrified peasantry gathered in expectation of some calamity, the earth was seen to heave incessantly. Gradually huge cracks appeared and water was seen. At last the earth seemed gradually to sink, water rose and there appeared a new lake of considerable extent, which is now being examined by geologists.

Snail-Eating Contest.

A snail-eating contest took place recently in a Paris restaurant for 50 bouls between two bachelors. Special Bismarckian snails fed of vine leaves were used. An excited crowd watched the competition and enthusiastically applauded the victor, who swallowed 243 snails.

SPANKED IN THIS SCHOOL.

Old New England Teacher Allowed His Pupils to Vote on Form of Punishment.

"Do I believe in spanking children?" an old teacher in New York repeated as he reflected over the question, says the Sun. "I do not wish to be quoted affirmatively, but your query recalls a system which one of the early pedagogues adopted when I was one of his pupils.

"I often wished that Dickens could have known the man who taught me my a b c's. Whenever I see Henry Irving walk across the stage I recall the gait of that New England man who was regarded with fear and veneration in the village where he taught.

"His schoolroom was under the roof of his home. An outline map hung upon the wall, and on the table behind which he sat when he was not in motion was an apparatus with which he demonstrated to the class in national philosophy. The majority of the school, however, knew about as much of that study as the natives in our far eastern possessions know.

"He was easily frustrated, and, I may add, he was frequently in a perturbed condition. When he was interrupted in his lecture he called out the recalcitrant who was the occasion of the interruption and quizzed him with severity.

"He always gave the boy a chance to justify himself, but if the boy failed, as was apt to be the case, he left it to the other pupils to say whether the boy should be punished. In other words, he polled the school. He called the roll and voted the eyes and noses.

"If the eyes had it, the old pedagogue then submitted the question as to what the punishment should be. As he called each boy's name he asked: 'How shall Master — be punished, by switch on the back, spanking or by the ferule on the hand?'

"When he footed up the count, he appointed a mentor to keep tab on the school while he led the pupil out to the schoolroom into the dining-room of the house, and turned him over to his wife. She administered the punishment voted, the pedagogue remaining in the room while the chastisement was administered.

"If this mode of procedure had occurred but once a day it would have retarded the course of study, but as it was quite frequent the wonder was that we ever made any progress. I think most of the time was taken up in calling the roll of the school on the two propositions.

"It rarely happened that a boy escaped. It was the opportunity of the other pupils to get even.

"It kept up a continuous feud, as you can readily see, for the boy upon whom punishment was voted naturally voted for any other boy who was arraigned to get the severest punishment in the category. This led to frequent fights after school.

"Strangely enough, as it now seems to me, our parents approved of this system of punishment. I never knew of but one father who questioned the pedagogue, and the latter's explanation was so satisfactory that the complaining father acquiesced.

"The pedagogue said that he handed the pupil over to his wife because he did not believe in whipping a child when he was laboring under excitement. The chastisement by his better half, he said, was not actuated by any personal feeling.

"Perhaps not. Poor woman! When she died the only one to mourn her loss was her husband. I remember how, on the day of her funeral, we had a holiday, and that we hanged her in effigy down by the old swimming hole."

CUT OUT MAKER'S NAME.

Trick Played by Woman Upon the Paris-Made Coat of Society Debutante.

It is natural for a man who is the possessor of an expensive hat to display it so that the name of the fashionable hatter may be seen, and as for the woman who wears an expensive tailor coat, she can't remove it without showing the distinctive mark of the maker inside, says the Nebraska State Journal.

A Lincoln woman used to wear a cloth coat made at a famous New York establishment, and when she took off the jacket in church and carelessly turned back the lining over the back of the pew, exposing the maker's name on the gray satin lining, not a woman for three seats behind could hear a word of the sermon. It does not seem to have occurred to any of these ladies, however, to cut out the coveted mark. That is what happened in Omaha in a similar case.

A young lady had in her debut outfit a handsome cloth coat made by a Paris tailor during her recent visit to that city, the garment bearing the maker's name, perhaps 125 inches, made fast to the lining. The feelings of this debutante can be imagined when a few days ago she discovered that the tailor's mark had been cut out of her coat, and in such a way that it might be attached to the lining of another garment.

Just when the clipping was done she is unable to tell, but she had worn the coat but three times since she last noticed the mark, and on these occasions the garment was laid off only in the dressing-rooms of her hostesses. The mark was evidently taken by some member of the set that attends the most fashionable and exclusive affairs and of course would be valueless to people in general.

Beef from Siberia.

Boneless salted beef is now being sent to Germany from Siberia. The meat inspection laws of Germany demand that the lungs, heart and liver must remain in all the carcasses imported.

HIS NAME WAS A HOODOO.

Race Horse Named for Congressman Couldn't Win Under Such a Handicap.

"A horse trainer of my acquaintance once thought to bestow a compliment upon me by naming a thoroughbred running horse after me," said a representative in congress from a middle western state, relates the Washington Post, "and that compliment almost cost me my seat in the house when it was announced. I'm not a betting man at all, and have not been at a race track more than half a dozen times in my life, but when that two-year-old colt was named after me my political enemies had a glorious chance to spread the report that I was a horse backer from the word go, and that hurt me a lot. My constituency is a mighty religious one, and I had all I could do to square the thing with them. They took it for granted that no horseman would be naming a horse after me if I really had no connection with the horse-racing game, and I couldn't walk a block on the streets of my home town that I wasn't held up and asked about it, and forced to endanger a blood vessel or so in explaining how the horse had come to be named after me.

"The two-year-old was no account in the world, either. After he had started at a Chicago track no less than seven times, and finished with the also-rans every time, I begged his owner to change the colt's name, but he was a stubborn sort of a chap, and couldn't see it. One day, while in Chicago, I boarded a street car with a young friend to go out to the race track to see that sorry namesake of mine run. Across the aisle from us in the car were a couple of deaf and dumb deaf game sports, also on their way to the race track, judging from the field glasses slung over their shoulders. They were going through the dummy alphabet at a great rate, discussing, as my friend told me, the chances of the horses entered. At length my young companion broke into an outburst of wild mirth, and I couldn't imagine what ailed him, I hadn't seen anything funny.

"What's coming off, anyhow?" I asked him. "Let me in on the joke."

"Oh, it's just a remark that one of those dummies over the way just made to his pal with his fingers, that's all," said my young friend.

"What did he say?" I insisted.

"I hate to tell you," replied the young fellow.

"Out with it," said I, mystified. "What did he say?"

"Well," said the young chap with me, "he said that you were a mutt and a larder, and that you couldn't beat a fat man at a clam bake, and that you ought to have been sent to the glue works when a yearling."

"The dummy had been referring to the horse named after me, of course, but it was more than I could stand, at that. When I reached the track I looked up the owner of my no-good equine namesake, and by mingled threats and imprecations and the promise to pay the jockey club fee necessary, I finally got him to consent to changing the horse's name.

"That miserable two-year-old ran in his new name at the Chicago track a week later and beat in a gallop one of the best fields of two-year-olds that ever went to the post in the town of wind. Later he developed into a crackerjack stake horse. So that I guess my name had been as much of an omen for him to carry as his carrying of my name had been a dangerous hoodoo to me."

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN VOTERS

They Have Proven Themselves Capable and Intelligent in the Exercise of Political Privilege.

The women of Australia are being congratulated upon the delightful manner in which they have passed the test of practical trial as fully qualified political voters, says the Westminster Gazette. It was a great occasion, this first opportunity in the history of the world, for the women of a whole continent to exercise political power on a basis of strict equality with men. They exercised their new privilege, we are told, "with enthusiasm and intelligence," and what is quite as important, they brought to it a charming "feminism" which entirely confounds the gloomy prognostications of those who fretfully objected that to give woman a vote would be to take from her her womanliness. What nonsense it all was and is!

The women of Australia, though they guilelessly (and charmingly) ignored the fact of the secrecy of the ballot, gave their babies in charge of the policemen at the booths while they voted, and tried to keep the papers as mementos of the great occasion, have very successfully come through the ordeal, and if they have not greatly influenced the position of parties this is not to be grieved at. It is only when some great measure specially affecting them and the children is brought forward that they will have the chance of fully asserting their political power, and we have no doubt that they will take that chance.

His Disease.

When Senator Burrows was practicing law in Michigan he went one day to a court in a small town. A country lawyer was arguing before an aged and solemn justice of the peace. "Now," said the lawyer, "if it please your honor, the defendant says he paid the money to the diseased, but I am going to show that the diseased never got the money. He didn't receive one cent, the diseased didn't."

"Say," broke in the justice, "what is the man diseased of? Why don't you bring him here?"

"Because, your honor, he is diseased of death."

TRIVIAL CAUSES OF WARS.

Small Differences That Have Plunged Nations Into Long and Bloody Conflicts.

Nothing is more amazing in the history of nations than the absurdly trivial causes which have been sufficient to let loose the dogs of war and deluge continents in blood.

Many an American has started an incontinent riot in his household by appearing unannounced with a clean shave after having worn a hirsute adornment for a number of years, but it is almost incredible at first glance that two great nations should have plunged into an intermittent warfare lasting 300 years from the same cause. Yet nothing more than this was the primary source of three centuries of war between England and France, says the Chicago Tribune.

In order to please the archbishop of Rouen, Louis VII. of France consented to remove his beard, in common with his subjects, and present a clean shaven face to the world. It was a disastrous shave, for it led to so much friction with his wife, who resented her husband's changed appearance, that at last the king divorced her, to become a few months later the wife of Henry II. of England. From this marriage of Henry to the angry, discarded wife of Louis centuries of bloodshed may be said to have followed.

Included in an iron case in the tower of Modena cathedral may be seen to-day a bucket which, 900 years ago, was the innocent cause of a terrible war. Some soldiers of Modena, in a mood of mischief, had stolen the bucket from a public well in Bologna and refused to give it up on demand. Fights between the soldiers of the rival and jealous states ensued, and from this spark was kindled a fire of war which devastated a large part of Europe and led to the life-long imprisonment of the king of Sardinia, son of the German emperor.

A war in China two centuries and a half ago, which involved the loss of half a million lives, sprang directly from a broken teapot. The teapot was the treasured possession of a dignitary high in the favor and councils of the emperor, and when he was traveling through the lawless provinces in the northwest of China some of his retinue who had fallen behind the main body, were intercepted by a band of robbers, and among the spoil the teapot was found and contemptuously flung on the ground and broken. The matter was reported to the emperor by the indignant mandarin, a punitive force was sent out, and a long and terrible war ensued.

Lord Palmerston used to say that only three men had ever known the nature of the troubles in Schleswig-Holstein which led to two great wars—two of them had died before war broke out, and he, the third of the trinity, had completely forgotten what it was all about. It is now well known, however, that a slight manipulation by Bismarck of a telegram sent France and Germany flying at each other's throats a generation ago, with results too appalling to contemplate.

The war of the Spanish succession, in which the great duke of Marlborough played so conspicuous and brilliant a part, was, it is said, the outcome of a spill glass of water at a Turkish ball. One of the court ladies had expressed a wish for a glass of water in the hearing of the British and Spanish ambassadors, who forthwith hastened to fetch it.

On returning, each holding a tumbler, they found that the fair girl had fown and was dancing with a French statesman; and to crown their discomfiture the English diplomat captured against the Spanish and upset the water he was carrying—an accident which led to an apology and an exchange of courtesies. A trivial, ridiculous incident enough, but it served to inflame jealousies and cement sympathies and thus to turn the balance in the direction of war.

The seven years' war was largely due, according to his own confession, to the vanity of Frederick the Great in wanting to see his name figure largely in the gazettes; the Indian mutiny was precipitated by the cartridges served out to the Sepoys, which they believed were greased with the fat of animals unclean alike to Hindu and Mohammedan; and the Turko-Russian war, in the opinion of thousands, was started by the blacksmith's hammer with which a Herzeopolitan blacksmith killed a tax collector who had insulted his daughter.

Among other ludicrous causes from which wars have sprung are the stealing of a laced petticoat of a Castile lady by a Moor, which, with the vendetta that followed the theft, led to many years of fierce warfare between the Spaniards and the Moors; and the emptying of a bucket by a Florentine citizen on the head of a man of Milan who was passing underneath the window.

Borrowing a tobacco pipe and failing to return it kindled civil war for years among the rival races in the Pamirs and Afghanistan; a dispute as to the relative attractions of snails and vipers as food gave rise to 50 years of fighting between Milan and Pisa; and it is said two German states fought for years out of rivalry as to their respective powers of beer drinking.

"Clefmania" is a comparatively modern form of the collecting craze. It consists of an irresistible ambition to gather together keys of all sorts, sizes and shapes. One victim to the habit, a woman, openly confessed recently to having travelled over 100,000 miles in pursuit of her hobby, during which time she had expended, entirely on keys, quite a respectable fortune. Her collection comprises the key of the Nuremberg iron virgin; one said to have belonged to Cleopatra's jeweled case; a huge iron specimen from the Tower of London, picked up in a Warcou street shop; the one that used to unlock Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon; and many others equally curious and interesting.—Chicago Tribune.

MASTER OF THE ELEPHANT

An Old-Time Tamer Who Seldom Had Trouble with His Mammoth Charges.

"Gil" Robinson, the famous circus man, was lately in town "laying off" on one of his periodical trips around the world, and, as usual, he was full of reminiscences of the old circus days when he and his father, the late John Robinson, were making the family fortune with Robinson's circus. An elephant story in a daily paper, says the New York World, brought out some of "Gil's" recollections of his days as an elephant tamer, especially as related to one huge pachyderm who reigned in the name of Chief.

"Chief," said Mr. Robinson, "was one of our best, and at the same time worst, elephants. He was a great performer and very kind to children, but he had little use for men. Familiarity with them had bred contempt in his leathery head. One day in an Ohio river town Chief lost his usual good nature toward children, too, and killed a boy who got too near him. We didn't want to kill the elephant for he was valuable so we hustled him out of town with the show. But he had to be taught a lesson, and my father put it up to me to teach it to him.

"I had Chief taken to a dock by the river in the next town and a chain fastened around one of his hind legs. Then, with a big derrick, we hoisted him clear of the ground. Next I made all the men get big clubs and start in to beat the everlasting nerve out of the elephant. They beat, plucked, pounded and jabbed, but Chief never let out a whimper. And if you can't make an elephant bellow when you punish him he is still defiant. When he gives in he whimpers.

"Finally I got a bale of hay and, spreading it under Chief's swinging frame, set fire to the loose hay. In a minute he was conquered. He set out a cry of defeat that there was no mistaking, and they cut him down. I led him back to the tent by the trunk as docile as a kitten. From that day on he was frightened to death of me, and it was pitiable to see his fear. I used to laugh when I thought of that mass of flesh and strength being scared of a little being like me, when, if he had known it he could have blotted me out with a wiggle of his trunk or one stamp of his enormous foot. But he was just dumb afraid of yours truly.

"One night I was at a prize fight in Cincinnati when a boy came down the aisle and whispered in my ear: 'The big elephant is loose. Mr. Robinson' was at the scene but I knew what that meant, and I followed him. Chief it seemed had got away from the show and was out in one of the suburbs pushing over houses.

"I followed his trail easily, and soon came upon him. Chief was the boss of a little cottage settlement which he was rapidly exterminating. All he had to do was to lean heavily against a house, and over it would go. Then he would proceed to the next and in that manner had disposed of seven or eight frame dwellings. As I drew near he was wrestling with another, and the terrified family, at a safe distance, were weeping and wailing. Chief seemed to be enjoying the affair hugely, and I could almost see his huge shoes shake with laughter as I approached from behind.

"I ran up alongside of him and gave him a slap. Here you lopsided, larder-headed, moth-eaten old rascal, I'll show you, only those were not quite the names I call him, what the dickens do you mean?"

"Chief turned and saw me. His face fell. He began to tremble, and he set out a yell of fear that shook the neighborhood. It was like a mother catching her youngest in the jam closet.

"I grabbed him by the trunk, gave him a yank or two and lugged him back to his tent, casting him down all the way. And he whimpered and bawled like a baby. Once at home I had him soundly punished.

"Chief was like that till the day of his death, and I have the satisfaction of remembering that at least one inhabitant of this earth lived and died in abject fear of yours truly."

Buried by Ancient Kings.

While studying in the British museum a papyrus which was published 400 years before Christ an Egyptologist recently found a clear and concise account of the treasure which the ancient overlords of Egypt buried in various parts of the Libyan desert, and low an expedition is being formed in London for the purpose of searching for this wealth. The necessary funds have already been secured and in a short time a few skilled explorers will start for the desert, where the technical work will be prosecuted under the supervision of Messrs. Lake and Currie, two English engineers. The writer of the ancient papyrus says that the Pharaohs hid an immense quantity of gold and precious stones in the region which is known by the name of the "Valley of Kings," and there the first excavations will be made. The task will not be easy, since the country to be searched extends over 40,000 square leagues.

The Editor's Surprise.

The editor opened the manuscript, took one look at it and fell to the floor in a faint.

"What was the trouble, old man?" asked his coworkers, after they had brought him around.

"Look for yourselves," he murmured weakly, "the shock was too much."

They picked the manuscript up. The sender had enclosed enough stamps for its return in case it was not available, and enclosed them loose, in place of gumming them securely down to the paper so they could not be removed, save by an hour's soaking in water. Then they understood him.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Special Inducement.

Prospective Purchaser—I see you advertise a special inducement in engagement rings. What is it?

Jeweler—Well, we guarantee to repurchase any ring we sell within six months.—Chicago Daily News.

Macaroon Tortes.

These are two ordinary fresh macaroons put together with a nut paste, English walnuts and a creamy icing, which was made a little harder for the top upon which was a glace walnut.—Good House-keeping.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

Mistaken Course of Self-Sacrifice Followed by Parents Too Often Brings Drudgery.

The girl's attitude toward her mother depends very much upon the mother's attitude toward the girl. If the mother abdicates her queenship and sinks into a drudge, she has only herself to blame for being despised, writes Rebecca J. Riggs in Medical Talk for the Home. The mother, whose uncomplaining hands make her daughter's dresses in the latest style while she neglects her own wardrobe and wears a dowdy old jacket that her daughter may squander money in madness and vanity, is to be severely blamed. People are generally taken somewhat at their own valuation (seldom, at least, above it), so if a mother, from a mistaken notion of self-sacrifice, or an indolent dislike to do her duty when she meets with opposition, yields to youthful caprice, she sinks into a servant, or, rather, a slave—servants work for wages, and require respectful treatment.

The mother's garments should always be in some respect superior to those of the daughter. And if economy is required all should share it, the labor and self-denial necessary to make both ends meet. One of the brightest girls I ever knew wore, at her graduation a dress of her own making, which compared favorably with those of her classmates—even of those whose garments were imported from the metropolis, and what is more she was one of the "honor scholars" whose essay interested her listeners, while some of the more gorgeously appointed sat mute during the exercises.

Any girl indulged in dress and pocket money so as to overburden the finances and labors of the rest of the family, is learning to live beyond her means, and paying the way to lifelong wretchedness. Youth spent in extravagant indifference and selfishness solves the problem of so many unhappy marriages—covetous, bankrupt fortunes and the insanity and crime caused by the misery of unsatisfied desires.

And here is another item: Many a mother never sits at the table with the children, but spends the time waiting on them, and when all are satisfied if she has any appetite, contents herself with the cold fragments remaining. In the old times, in well-ordered households, all were required to be prompt at meals. There was never a succession of breakfasts extending over two or three hours, as now, and another straggled lazily along. Now the excuse is, that the hours of duty for the different members vary. That one goes to work at seven another to school at half-past eight, and a third to the office at nine, is no reason why all should not breakfast together. The only exception would be in the case of night workers and even they might manage to take one or more meals with the family. The orderly table, where father and mother both occupy appropriate seats of honor, surrounded by their children, becomes a valuable school of decorum and culture.

Let the mother, then, instead of drudging to pamper the bodies of her children, devote herself not only to their mental and moral development, but also to her own improvement, so that her children may have no cause to be ashamed of her. A lady cultivated young woman speaking to me of her widowed mother, said: "What I most admire in my mother is that she has always kept her place as head of the family."

AN UP-TO-DATE FABLE.

Which Contains a Valuable Suggestion with an Automobile.

A gifted youth who owned an automobile prided himself upon his skill as a steersman, and loudly boasted a truck driver started in West Broadway relates the New York Sun.

The youth sneered: "You have spent a lifetime in this district, driving a truck and yet you hang back and anxious depend upon signals from the police. Watch me."

Whereupon he swiftly essayed the appalling chaos of the region, in which every known type of vehicle and every known variety of human temper united to impede traffic.

In one minute the auto was a wreck. The pithed youth cranked, merely to receive the just oblation of everything in the neighborhood, including the very driver whom he had so loudly jeered.

The latter remarked: "Society, you have taken the ribbon in Madison Square garden, I have no doubt, but the tricks of real travel are such you need a pilot in this neck of the commercial jungle during rush hours."

Whereupon he deftly drove south between two trolleys, leaving an inch of space, turned west around the wreckage of the automobile without touching it, twisted neatly north, clearing a vast load of groceries and a gas pipe excavation, then somehow backed up to the door of his firm in space about wide enough for one bicycle abreast.

Moral: Don't chaunt where truckmen fear to tread.

Prospective Purchaser.

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