They say that a man takes his life in his hand who sleeps on the ground in Arizona," said a young civil engineer the other day, "because there are so many makes there. But unfortunately men of our profession cannot always choose their eleeping place. I was working down there a little while ago with another fellow, and one night we were obliged to lie down upon no better bed than our overcoats stretched on the ground. We were too tired to be nervous and slept soundly till after midnight, when my companion sprang up suddenly, waking me with a start. "What's the matter?" I asked sleep-

"There's a rattler here."

I listened and heard nothing. "I don't hear him." I said. "Guess you've had a nightmare." So we settled down again. In a few minutes my friend leaned to his feet once more, exclaiming: "There's a rattler here, sure's fate,

and you'd better get up. I believe he's

under my coat." It was queer that I couldn't hear it if it was so near. I cautiously extended my hand, feeling along the ground. Yes, I know it was a foolish thing to

Suddenly I burst out laughing. "Yes," I said, "there is a rattler here, in your pocket too. You tell your sweetheart not to write you letters on such stiff paper."

do, but we don't always stop to think.

We slept soundly for the rest of the night, but often since then I have guyed him about his "rattler." - Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

Pat and the Battle. "Pat, where did you get the whisky?" asked one section hand of another. "Whist!" said Pat. "Oi swoiped it from the private car dat was here." "Pat, the brass collars are going to miss it by and by. You better hide it,"

said the first speaker. "Let's take this hand car and run down the track a ways and bury it." said Pat.

The two got a hand car and told the foreman they were going down the track to get some potatoes for dinner. Away they went down the track about a mile. "This is a good place," said Pat. The two got off the car and buried the bottle near the track. "How will we know where we buried

it?" said Pat. "Cut a notch in the side of the car, said his companion. So a notch was cut in the side of the car above where the bottle was buried and the two tarriers returned to their work. That evening they decided to go and dig up the bottle. Away they went.

"Where is the place?" asked Pat. "I cut a notch in the car to show," said the other. "And begorra I forgot all about it and moved the car," said Pat. -Topeka

One of Muller's Anecdotes.

State Journal.

Froude and Kingsley were special favorites of Professor Max Muller, according to his recently published memoirs. Kingsley's refusal to pray for rain-or, as his friend expresses it, to degrade his sacred office to that of a rainmaker or a medicine man—reminds the professor of a story told to Kingsley by an Amer-

In America we manage these things better. A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two of our states prayed for rain. The rain came, and it soak ed the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring state caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep farmers. They never prayed for rain after that. -London News.

One of His "Whust Days." Andrew Lang once called at the house of the late James Payn to inquire about his health. The servant informed him in a broad accent that it was one of the novelist's "whust days." Mr. Lang im. agined that the servant referred to Mr. Payn being worse and expressed his regret and walked away. But the woman meant to say that it was the day on which Mr. Payn was wont to receive three old friends, who made a four at whist. Both gentlemen were amused at the mistake which deprived each of the pleasure of meeting. At the Reform club in years gone by there was a certain group of well known whist players, among whom James Payn was certain to be found enjoying "the rigor of the game."

Case of Necessity. Dinguss-Old man, you've accommodated me a great many times, and I wouldn't strike you now if it wasn't a matter of absolute need. I am suffering for the lack of \$10. Shadbolt (reluctantly handing it over) | enigmatically. "Is Mr. Whatnot a real-

-What's the trouble, Dinguss? Dinguss—My wife has got her heart set on a wheel, and I need the \$10 to make the first payment on it. Thanks, old fellow.—Chicago Tribune.

Contrary to All Precedent. Railroad President-What does this mean, sir? You have one of the suburban trains leaving a station at 8 o'clock. Superintendent-I-I thought that was right.

President-Right? Whoever heard of such a thing, sir? You must be crazy. The idea of any suburban train anywhere leaving a station exactly on the hour! Make it 7:59 or 8:01. - New York Weekly.

How She Viewed It. Perhaps she was jealous, perhaps she wasn't; anyway, she had just heard of the engagement, and she could not help noticing the engaged girl's pride in her captured youth.

"Really," she said, and her lips ourled scornfully, "there's no accounting for tastes, is there? Some people think they have won the game when they get the booby prize."—Chicago Post.
The Clever Burglar.

The burgiar who does several "jobs" and eludes the officers of the law is a keen observer, a man of forethought. and one whose executive ability is unquestioned. Houses are not entered because they have brownstone fronts, nor are stores broken into by the professional thief without an investigation. When the skillful burglar is to do a "job," he studies the habits of the resident or proprietor. In a case in Troy a few years ago a jewelry store was robbed. Apparently there was not a clew. Detectives were placed on the case and named the thieves by the method employed in getting into the store, and subsequently the thieves were convicted. Certain burglars always enter a cellar and come up through stairs, floor or trapdoors. Others have skeleton keys. Others go above and come down stairs: Some break in rear and others front doors. In the robbery above referred to the two thieves had been in Troy three successive Saturday nights. They had fastened a silk thread on all entrances in such a way that if any one entered or left the store the thread would be broken. Thus the burglars learned that the proprietor and clerks did not visit the store after closing Saturday night until Sunday. The fourth Saturday night they "cracked" the safe. Except for their methodical way of entering (by the cellar) no suspicion would have

attached itself to them. -Troy Times.

A Disgusted Hero. The story of Sergeant Walker, who was kept prisoner for six weeks by the Afridis and was court martialed for being "absent without leave." reminds me of an Indian tale of 1757, when a man-o'-war's man, Strahan by name. captured almost single handed one of the forts on the Hoogly. The fort, which was strongly situated, was inyested by the admiral, and Strahan,

during the time of midday repose, wandered off "on his own" in its direction. Gaining the walls without discovery. he took it into his head to scale a breach made by the cannon of the ships, and on reaching the platform he flourished his outlass and fired his pistol at "the niggurs," shouting, "The place is

The native soldiers attacked him, and he held his own with indomitable pluck till re-enforced by one or two other tars who had straggled out of camp and heard his huzzas. The enemy, unprepared from this ill timed attack and fearing further invaders, fled from the fort upon the opposite side, leaving 20 cannon and a large store of ammuni tion. Much to Strahau's surprise, be was lectured by the admiral for his breach of discipline, and he was dismissed with hints of future punishment. "Well." said Strahan, "if I'm flogged for this here action, I'm d-d if I ever takes another fort as long as I lives!"-London Sketch.

Watt, the great improver of the steam engine, introduced into the vocabulary of machinits the term horsepower. When he first began the manufacture of steam engines, he experienced much difficulty in ascertaining from his distant customers what sized engine they required, and they were not less puzzlea how to communicate to him the information. He was frequently guided, however, by their mentioning the numb r of borses which the engine ordered was designed to replace. Acting upon this hint, he ascertained by experiment that the very strongest of the London brewers' horses (animals of wonderful size and strength) could exert a force equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute. This force he called one horsepower, and adopted it as the standard in regulating the size of steam engines. Now, not one horse in 100 is able to exert that degree of strength. A steam engine of ten horsepower can, in reality, do the work of about 20 horses. -New York Ledger.

Legend of the Tea Plant.

Dharma, the ascetic priest, was the son of a king of India. He went into China, and for the space of nine years he remained in contemplation in a temple. Later he went to Japan, and he died on Mount Katavka. He imposed upon himself, as the first rule of his life, privation from sleep. One day, indignant at falling asleep, he cut off his eyelids and threw them away as miserable sinners. From the spot where the eyelids had fallen sprang up a bush which is the tea plant, affording the perfumed beverage which chases away sleep. - Vick's Magazine.

An English Dozen. I was in a well known lampshop with a friend the other day. He was seeking some of those stubby candles of generous diameter which are used as night lights in sickrooms. The price was 50 cents a box. "A dozen in a box?" he asked. "No, 11." "But why not a dozen?" "Box isn't big enough." said the shopkeeper. "But why don't they make the box big enough?" asked my friend. "Because they're English." That was all .- Time and the Hour.

A Detective Agency. Sweet Girl-Pa, the house next door was robbed last night.

Pa-Mercy! Next door! Sweet Girl-Yes, and the burglars have been in two or three houses on this terrace within a week. Pa-I know it. I know it. It's terri-

ble. But what can we do? Sweet Girl-I was thinking it might be a good plan for Mr. Nicefellow and me to sit up a few nights and watch for them. - Pearson's Weekly.

Many of the convicts in French prisons are paid for their labor and earn about 1s. 5d. a day. Half of this they are allowed to spend for extra food, be given to them on their discharge.

Every day 200,000 cigars are smoked

London suburban travel is made at tractive by the presence in the stations of young women who beg for all kinds of charitable objects. One man in a burry, after running the gantlet in the street, was stopped five times between the station door and the train by respectable beggars. Idealism and Realism.

"What do you think, my dear?" exclaimed Mr. Brownjones in tones of joyful excitement. "You know the Federation of Authors is meeting in our city. Well, we are to have the honor of entertaining the celebrated novelist Godolphin Whatnot as our guest." "Um," responded Mrs. Brownjones

ist or an idealist?" "Why do you want to know?" asked

Brownjones, surprised. "Well, if he is an idealist I can just leave things as they are, but if he is a realist I must give the house a thorough cleaning from top to bottom. I may not be literary, but I've dipped into realistic novels, and I know their style: The right kand curtain hung slightly askew, suggesting that one of the drapery pins had lost its grip. A pendulous cobweb waved mournfully from the cornice just above the door leading into the hall, and there was a fine bloom of dust, like that of the purple grape, on the piano lid. In the left hand corner of the room, almost buried in the pile of somewhat faded carpet, was an invisible hairpin, clearly indicating the recent presence of a woman in the apartment.' Find out right away, Barrington, what Mr. Whatnot is, and then I shall know how to proceed. I have no desire to let my house afford material

to a realistic observation sharp."-New Orleans Times-Democrat. Tears For Revenue Only. A heterogeneous collection of loafers sat in the village public house, alternately wiping their eyes and sighing heavily. The landlord's son had been

buried that day, and a fitting air of gloom pervaded the place. "What a lot of fuss you make about it!" cried a smart young brave who had been surveying the company with ill concealed disgust. "Why should we bother ourselves about a corpse?"

The others stared at him aghast, but before they could reply the landlord himself came in and proceeded to serve out quarts of ale in dignified fashion. He went round the room systematically until he came to the smart young man, who held out his hand for the pitcher.

"Nay, lad, tha'll get no ale from me," said the landlord. "Why not?" was the aggrieved ques-

"'Cos the hesn't earnt it like trest.
They've been blubbing for two hours, an the besn't as much as th'en thy handkerchief art o' thy pocket. My motto teday is 'No blub, no ale;' se

Then the young man understood why the grief of the company had been se intense. - London Telegraph.

The Kentuckian was talking freely about horses. Although it was a sale stable, he was speaking his mind. He had made the proper speeches about the the figures on the upper side, under the gait of the beautiful creatures the darky shawl as I hold it." It was done, the trainer trotted up and down; he had not lest his look of grave acquisscence when he heard things about the horse who trets. But a chance word touched his true thought, and he spoke the faith of Kentuckians and westerners, Texans Californians, in something this wise: "That's right. It ain't really riding to jolt up and down and look stylish shriek of the maid at the door. With

steps. They don't know what you're talking about. It's a queer notion and one my folks in Kentucky can't get used to-that a trotting horse can be a saddle horse. Women want to be stylish, though, everywhere, and they would learn how to rise up like the Boston women. But they didn't keep it up. A steal away and the gallop's the thing for country American riding."-Boston

Transcript. Takes His Jags In Transit. "The other day I was coming east on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad," said Mr. H. T. Towns of New York. "In the parlor car in which I traveled were a couple of hilarious New Yorkers, who were spending their money for champagne, or at least one of them was, with a liberality that was nigh akin to recklessness. The number of quart bottles that they consumed was startling, and every time the colored attendant brought in a fresh bottle he was presented with a \$1 note. Whenever the contents of one were pretty nearly gone the elder of the bacchanalians shouted out to the waiter. 'Who told you to stop bringing

"But along toward evening the supply ran out, much to the disgust of the pair, and they had to be content with high balls, cocktails and other plebeian drinks. These were sufficient, however, to keep up their spirits, and later in the night I could hear them yelling for

another round. "The next day the conductor of the train told me that this couple had been riding up and down the road for nearly a week and that they hadn't drawn a sober breath in all that while. It seemed that it was the odd way taken by the senior member to indulge in a spree. He took the younger man along merely for company and footed all the bills. About once a year the notion took him to go off on a tear, and, not wishing to indulge in inebriation at home, he couldn't think of as good a scheme as riding continuously on a trunk line, where there would be only strangers to wonder at his dissipated behavior. The idea of picking a Pullman as the theater of a protracted jag struck me as decidedly original."— Washington Post.

Time Spent In Shaving. Think of the time lost in shaving. Campbell, the poet, calculated that a man who shaves himself every day lives to the age of 70 expends during his life as much time in the act of shaving as would have sufficed for learning seven languages. Southey, commenting on this, minuted himself, May 15, 1830, during the act of shaving, and he found the time employed nine minutes. He neither hurried the operation nor lingered about it. Listen now to William Corbett concerning shaving: "As it may cost only about five minutes of time and may be and frequently is made to cost 80 or even 50 minutes and as only 15 minutes make about a fifty-eighth part of the hours of our average daylight, this being the case, this is a matter of real importance. I once heard Sir John Sinclair ask Mr. Cochrane Johnstone whether he meant to have a son of his. then a little boy, taught Latin. 'No. said Mr. Johnstone, 'but I mean to do something a great deal better for him. What is that?' said Sir John. 'Why, said the other, 'teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass."'-Boston Journal.

. Three Centuries Behind Americans. Several papers dealing with the Pennvivania coal regions appear in The Century. Henry Edward Rood, writing of "A Polyglet Community," says: More than one-half the total number of immigrants into the United States are coming from Austria-Hungary, Italy. Poland and Russia. While official sta-

tistics are not available, yet careful investigation leads to the belief that perhaps 50 or 60 per cent of arrivals from the countries mentioned have had no regular occupation, while possibly 30 per cent may have been servants or laborers. Five years ago the Rev. Mr. Maujerie, himself an Italian, in company with the writer made a tour of observation through the Lehigh region of Pennsylvania, and stated that in his opinion the Italians working there were about three centuries behind Americans in their standards of living—that is, in their ideas as to food, clothing, shelter, wages, work and general intelligence. Since that time there has been no improvement in the class of immigrants

arriving at our ports. Strained the Jar. A little old woman with a sharp nose and sharper tongue was in the country grecery store buying supplies. Among other things she brought in from her

cart was a battle scarred jug, which she erdered to be filled with treacle. At last, when her purchases were completed, she began looking over the account, item by item, before paying. "What's this?" she exclaimed. "You helf of treacle."

"Yes ma'am."

"But that jug holds only two gal "You must be mistaken. I measured the treacle carefully, and it took two gallone and a helf to fill it."

"Well," said the old woman with sigh, "I don't so much mind having to pay for the treacle, but I do object to beving the old jug strained by your potting in half a gallon more than it will hold."-Strand Magazine.

A Bad Bargain. The upprofitableness of some of the such and worry of business life is neatly suggested in the following dialogue, found in one of the papers:
"Where is Jones?"

"Gone to California." "What for?"

"To regain his health." "How did be lese his health?" "Earning the money to go to Califor-Bia. "-Youth's Companion.

One Field Uninvaded. "I see that glass bricks are coming inte general use." said the popular sci-

"They won't invade the gold brick field," mid the cheerful idiot. "They are too easily seen through."-Indianapolis Journal.

Papa's Watch.

"By their works ye shall know them," as the curious small bey said when his father gave him his watch to play with. - Boston Courier. He Could See Through Them.

Carl Hertz, the well known conjurer. once entertained a company at a friend's house by performing some of his cleverest tricks. One of the parlor maids, who had been passing cups, cakes, glasses and so on, was much interested, and when the hostess gave a sign that nothing more was needed the girl still lingered to see the completion of the trick just began.

"Will some one oblige me with a heavy shawl or cloak?" Hertz said. "Now," he went on selecting a big cashmere shawl, "you observe the thickness of the shawl?" They all did, including the maid at the door. "Now. will one of you be good enough to write a number of three figures on a piece of paper, being careful not to let me see what is written?" One of the ladies did go, while the maid at the door leaned forward and began to breathe hard.

"Now place the written paper, with Hertz and the paper as he looked down toward it. There was breathless silence. Then he said, "Surely the number is 761." It was. He had apparently seen right through the thick shawl. Every

one was amazed. Then upon the silence broke the on a trotting horse. You can't my much one final gaze at the shawl and one at about it in Boston, or anywhere in cities the handsome conjurer she hid her rosy where people don't care about the east | face in her hands, yelling at the to- of

her voice, "What's the good of me clothes?" and fled. - Argonaut.

A Man of System. A newspaper man of some celebrity own desk. Though insisting upon methodical habits on the part of his employees, he gave his own pigeonholes a cleaning out and sorting over only once a year, and his regular time for doing this, oddly enough, was Wash-

ington's birthday. It happened one year nevertheless that he forgot to perform this task at the proper time, and a friend who happened in at his office on the morning of Feb. 23 was surprised at finding him surrounded by his usual hopeless litter

of letters and papers. "How does this happen, Mr. -- ?" be asked. "Forgot it," shortly answered the "Well, you're going to clean things

up today, aren't you?' "No, sir," was the reply. "That job goes over, under the rules, for another year. You don't suppose I am going to set an example of irregularity to the boys, do you? Not much!" And he cleared away a space on his desk and began writing an editorial on the tariff. - Youth's Companion.

The Awkward Orderly. A young wag of an officer, making a merning call upon his superior in the latter's tent, found him sound asleep, perhaps a little the worse for a night's tarrying over the flowing bowl. The officer was tall, and the cot was short, so that his feet stuck out at the foot of the bed.

Instead of waking him the visitor took the spurs from a pair of boots standing by the bedside, strapped them to the sleeper's ankles and went away The officer had pretty well lacerated himself, about the shins and ankles before he woke up and instantly yelled to his orderly. "What do you mean by this?" he

creamed to the latter, pointing to his

feet, which were scarred and bleeding.

The orderly looked at the spurs in consternation. "I'll forgive you this time, for you did it in the dark," said the officer, but the next time you yank my boots and socks off so quick that it leaves my spurs on I'll give you ten days in the guardhouse, do you bear?"-New York

Queer Fishes. Amphibious fishes are to be found in various quarters of the globe. Beginning in Europe, there is the blenny. which, when kept in aquariums, has been proved to require at least an hour's pure air out of water to preserve it in good health and spirits. In the tropics is found the periophthalmus, which is singularly amphibious and hope over the muddy flats in search of food, note. bly the crabs and mollusks left stranded by the retreating tide. This fish is so active on land that it is difficult to catch, and various specimens brought from Mauritius were secured by means of a shotgun-truly a unique method of killing fish. This fish is also found at Ceylon, and it is noticeable that when chased they prepare to escape by land rather than by water; they really seem to appreciate the sport. - Chicago News.

Nothing Was Lont. "Are you the society editor?" asked the large women, who seemed to fill the room.

"No, madam," said the one addressed. "I am only the court reporter." "Really? I am surprised. But perhaps you will do. Your paper said in its socount of the affair at my house that floral decorations 'lent beauty to the scene.' I wish you would have your paper state that the floral beauty was not lent. Everything was paid for."-Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Smitherleigh's Compensation. "Ween't it awfully hard for you to rive your daughter up, Mrs. Smither-

"Yes, it was hard to think of it, but she's going to live in the east, and I have always wanted to spend a summer down there so much. "-Chicago News.

"I doen' see no diffunce 'twix' de man 'at wucks an de man 'at loafers,' mid Deacon Johnson. "Dey hain't no diffunce speshul," replied Deacon Jackson, " 'ceptin dat dey calls de loaferin feller 'kunnel.' "-Atlanta Journal.

Queen Victoria's Marked Poem. Here is a funny story told of a happening at the English court: Sir Theodore Martin had been requested by Victoria to read aloud from "The Ring and the Book." Sir Theodore was courtier enough to make a cautious study beforehand of the poem, and he placed marginal notes as danger signals against passages of doubtful propriety.

The marked copy chanced to come into the hands of a rather thoughtless court lady. "I have so enjoyed this wonderful work," she said to a friend, "and it has been such an advantage to read it after the queen, for she has placed marks against the most beautiful parts, and, oh, what exquisite taste the dear queen has!" she added, pointing to the danger signals of Sir Theodore Mar-Mn.-Quiver.

Novel Mensuration. One of the difficulties in the way of acquiring exact information in Georgia courts is thus indicated by the Atlanta

Constitution: "How far was it," asked the lawyer of the witness, "from your house to the road where the difficulty occurred?" " Boot a sore en a half, sub."

"I meen how many yards?" "Dey woan't any yards dere at all. sub, exceptin of my yard, en dat wus 'bout a sore en a half fum de road!"

Wickwire—Say, I have been carrying shose I O U's of yours until they are Mudge-Don't they make a miserable quality of paper nowadays?-Cincinnati

Always Worn. Sprocket-I've just joined the Bemaners' Cycle club. Handlebay-What are your colors? Sprocket-Black and blue. - Chicago

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