

LETTERS FROM NANNARY.

No. 8.

It is a scene from fairyland when you see the balconies of the hotel I made my home for seven short fleeting weeks, thronged with fair ladies and brave men, and the grounds packed with the natives and others listening with a suggestion of national pride to the strains of music sweet beneath the silvery moon which steals through the shady trees and floods the soft sensuous air of these glorious latitudes. The light and airy dresses of the listening crowd, the flame of the electric lights, the Chinese lanterns adding an additional fiery splendor to the gay scene stretching away in colored beauty from tree to tree beneath the listening stars, and all the other attractive features of the brilliant scene, which is indeed a vivid picture of all that is beautiful and pretty and will be sure to linger long and lovingly in the memory of the poor wanderer from other land who is inclined to boast so much and so loudly of what they in their proud capitals cannot surpass or even equal in this emerald gem set in a silver sea.

The drives in and around the Hawaiian capital are indeed perfect dreams—things of beauty and a joy forever. The streets and highways leading out of the quaint and picturesque old town, take them all in, are as fine and as well kept as the wheels of a carriage ever rolled over. Come with me for a drive, and I am sure you will enjoy it. Out to Waikiki we wander—the Long Branch of the town—where pretty cottages nestle by the whispering waters and the streams and little ponds that fringe our way are filled with gold fish where the waves break in pearly beauty upon the shining sands, and where the bather can enjoy it throughout the entire year—always warm, ever beautiful—upon the sunlit tide to read the beauties and the pleasures which swell and flow around as past lovely homes we wander, where the vision is entranced and obstructed by a wealth of cocoanut and stately palms and other gems of tropical vegetation. Into a lovely park we glide, past rice fields, ostrich farms and banana plantations out to where the taro patch is cultivated by the patient persevering Chinaman, the green hills in the background wreathed in clouds white and fleecy, at times dark and threatening, at others wrapt in a misty embrace and arched with a beautiful rainbow throwing its blushing kisses to the blazing sun that is dancing on the waters to the south of us where Diamond Head rises out of the blue sea in abrupt and rugged grandeur. On we go past where kings, of a former and uncivilized time, sleep in dull cold marble and care not now if the audacious stranger sits upon his long since vacated throne or not.

The drive along through the superb natural and artistic beauties of Neunee Avenue with its lovely looking homes margined with points of gold into what is known as Portuguese Town, where snug little cottages nestle in pretty grandeur, where the grape vine trails its luscious beauty and the wild flower and the cactus plant trods in the quiet evening haze and the fast receding sunshine. Climbing the hill in the back ground by a serpentine winding way much like the drive around Mount Royal at Montreal, we reach the top of the famous Punch Bowl at last, an extinct volcano now, where the eye can sweep over land and sea in every direction, the town lying beneath in verdant tree crowned beauty stretching away to east and west while the great ocean is murmuring its evening songs as it breaks and chafes upon the burning sands.

Speeding on we reach the still more famous Pali, where the misty mountain tops soar away into the clouds and look down in sweeping splendor and majestic loveliness over a deep gorge into the emerald vale beneath where the naked and rebellious warriors of a bygone age drove their brethren over these dizzy cliffs into this old time valley of death and destruction, now lying so peaceful and so fruitful, looking hundreds of yards below in all the beauties that are clinging to its weird and stately mountain grandeur. Back again we come dashing over the flinty road on and on until we reach the more aristocratic looking streets of the town that is just beginning to burst into flame with a little of the outcome of Edison's inventive brain, and the sun has crept down behind his watery curtains in the bosom of the great ocean, which is stretching away to some other lonely isle that is sleeping in queenly beauty in the great Pacific. Still on we come where nothing but gorgeous tropical beauty guests us, as the homes of the wealthy peep out from amid the bloom and blossom of plant and flower where no chimneys put themselves or at least but few through the roofs of any of those stately homes. Do they even cook anything? or where? is what we ask ourselves, and if they do perhaps they carry the smoke out in baskets.

The business houses are all closed up, the shutters are on and the volume of a single day is clasped in satisfied or discontented murmurs the artisan and the laborer have sought the quiet evening calm of their little latticed homes just as the crow makes wing to the rookery brood in the gathering

twilight. The lovely drives are at times alive with people in carriages or on horseback; lovely women with the tint of the olive in their cheeks, the flash of the firefly in their midnight eyes and the glow of the raven's wing in their shining tresses, gallop along in their divided skirts, sitting astride these prancing steeds with the grace of a Cossack or a cowboy.

The bicycle rider is also very much in evidence, skipping over the smooth level walks with the speed of a trotter on the turf. Shakespeare's "seven ages of man" have dwindled down to three for many people dwelling in that lovely island home, and it was divided up for me in a humorous and logical strain by a gentleman in an official capacity representing the land where the stately banner waves. He facetiously called it "doing time" and he pleasantly convinced me that he had reached the second stage. The first stage of man's existence there, according to his ideas, is the one in which you are charmed with everything you see and hear; you grow enthusiastic over the climate and other things of a pleasing nature; the second comes when you begin to tire of the glorious mounting of blue skies; sparkling sunshine and eternal summer and then you begin to long for something you know best what you want to go somewhere else or do something different from what you have been accustomed to do—the third and last stage of all "that ends this strange eventful history"—comes in an almost incurable tired feeling which you nurse and cultivate and which "no senna or purgative drug can drive away," until you do not give a continental as to what may happen or what may come or go for there is a charming serenity to which you yield complacently and wonder what is the matter with other people who are so restless and unhappy. Dante's immortal lines "He who enters here leaves all hope behind" might be transposed to "leave all clothes behind." The thermometer ranges from eighty to eighty-five in the shade day after day so that your wife will not worry you for seal-skin and your boys and girls can go to school barefooted if you choose and with just enough clothes of a light and flimsy nature to cover them. You need not press the button for a bucket of coal to take the chill off your sleeping apartment, for there never is any. The mosquito will make it hot enough for you, particularly if you are a newcomer and a midnight student of the dreams of sages, and without sense enough to crawl under your net, with which every cot is bountifully supplied in Honolulu.

Eating "poi" and witnessing a Hula dance are two things which are characteristically Hawaiian. The former is good to eat and the latter is decidedly naughty and by no means nice. I had the misfortune or good fortune just as you please to term it, to be deprived of either pleasure. The Hula dance is done by the native men and women with very little clothes on, and is, I have been told, a series of painful and suggestive contortions of limbs and body, and infinitely worse in a sense than the can-can or the skirt dance. As for the poi I saw it made and that was enough for me, wholesome and good for digestion as it was.

Poi is to the native particularly what porridge is to the "bonnie Scot," pulque to the Mexican, the potato to the Celt, the baked bean to the cultured Bostonian. It is made from what is called the "taro," and is cultivated pretty extensively by the Chinese. A taro patch in full bloom is not unlike potato field of other land although the leaf is broader and more palm-like. The vegetable itself, as I suppose it is called such is in most cases as large as an ordinary Indian club and not unlike it in shape, soft and pliable, and is ground to what resembles flour mixed with water and kneaded into a dough in much the same manner as is the method with bakers in our own country. It is not only eaten by the natives but by many of the different races inhabiting these islands. The thrifty Chinese sell it sometimes at the street corners and it is a novel and very often an amusing object lesson to see a Kanaka boy eating a dish of pie. No knife, no fork, no spoon is brought into requisition in this apparently enjoyable feast of pie. The fingers do the work of demolishing the stuff in as dexterous a manner as the Chinaman uses his chop sticks over a bowl of rice, or an Italian with his plated knife and fork getting himself outside of a plate of macaroni or spaghetti. There are lots of newspapers in Honolulu printed in different languages, native Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese and English. The former we never had and some of the latter do not levy greatly on one's time in getting to the end of their literary tether.

VIOLINS AS FIREWOOD.

The Lesson that the Great Master Taught the Dilettanti.

On a certain occasion when a renowned violinist was making a few days' stay in a large town, where love for music was very widely diffused, he returned home one evening from a concert where he had been performing, and as the night was cold he ordered his valet to see that a wood fire was kindled in his room. The man immediately went out, but soon returned dragging a huge box, on which the word "Firewood" was painted in large letters. In answer to the violinist's amazed inquiries, the servant said that the box had been de-

livered that day, about noon, and, as he understood, by his master's orders.

When the box was broken open it was found to contain twenty-two violins, with the following letter laid across the top:—"Great Master.—The undersigned, being members of various amateur musical societies in this town, hereby declare that they will henceforth cease to perform on the accompanying instruments. The same wood from which consummate genius can draw life, love, sorrow, passion, and melody is only to be regarded as fuel for the flames in the hands of the undersigned, who therefore request the maestro to make an auto-da-fé of the enclosure, and to look upon the ascending smoke as incense offered to his genius by penitent dabblers in the noble art."

The curious epistle bore the signatures of twenty-two young men.

Three days afterwards the great violinist gave a dinner, to which he invited all the members of the valuable "firewood." Each guest found lying before him on the table one of the violins referred to, and by its side a gold ring, with the inscription "Solitude and Perseverance"—a piece of seasonable advice to the faint-hearted dilettanti, and a symbolic indication of the means by which the virtuoso himself had attained to fame.

TARANTULAS AND SUCH.

Reassuring Facts Vouchsafed by Eminent Bug Sharps.

The Bureau of Entomology has been collecting some interesting information lately about scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas. Respecting these creatures all sorts of nonsensical beliefs are prevalent, and travellers who have visited tropical regions disagree as to the effects of their bites. That the poison of any one of these is apt to be deadly has often been asserted. The question derives particular importance from the fact that the animals are constantly imported into this country in bunches of bananas and among other fruits from lower latitudes.

Tarantulas are simply big spiders of the kind that build houses with trap doors. Their bite is very severe and painful, the scar lasting for a long time, but, though it produces a violent inflammation for a short time, it is not dangerous to life. Such at all events, it is the belief of Prof. C. V. Riley. In regard to the centipede, Prof. Riley says that its bite in warm climates is sometimes excessively virulent and painful, though at other times, oddly enough, the poison causes little inconvenience. That it is ever fatal is not believed.

Scorpion stings are very painful indeed. They are dangerous in proportion to the size of the animal, its age, and the state of irritation in which it may be. Temperatures also has an influence upon the venom. It may be that the sting is occasionally followed by death, but such cases must be very rare. There is no doubt that the sting of certain species commonly found in South America causes fever, numbness in various parts of the body, tumors on the tongue, and dimness of sight. These symptoms last from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. The effects produced diminish in violence with repetition, so that a person who has been stung many times may become actually proof against the poison.

Some scorpions are much worse than others. The rather small, slender, pale-colored kinds have the worst reputation. In warm latitudes certain places are nearly free from scorpions, while others are overrun by them, for reasons not well understood. They are extraordinarily numerous in a valley in the Tierra Templada of Mexico. There it is hardly possible to turn over a stone without finding three or four small and wicked scorpions of a pale color beneath it.

It is a common belief that the legs of the centipede are poisonous, and that they will leave a trail that burns like fire if the animal runs over the bare flesh. This is wholly a mistake. The creature in naturally timid, and will not even try to bite it can get away. The poison causes a good deal of pain, with fever and distress of the head. Centipedes are fond of vermin-infested beds, and in tropical countries beds are very apt to be so infested.

HE CAUGHT DEER ALIVE.

Some Exploits of Eph Bishop, a Mighty Hunter of the East.

Eph Bishop was about the toughest and the most fearless man that ever roamed the hills and forests of Potter county, Pennsylvania. He lived back on Steer Brook, in Hebron township, and when he went hunting he didn't care whether he had gun or dog, or whether he didn't. He'd be sure to get a deer anyhow.

Once he owed Storekeeper Jones of Coudersport about \$50, and Jones took Eph's note for it the amount to be paid by a certain date in venison. The note wasn't paid, and one day when Eph was in Coudersport Jones asked him about it.

"That's all right," said Eph. "That note is to be paid in venison, but you'll have to take it on the hoof."

That meant that Eph didn't intend to pay it until he could turn in live deer to Jones. The creditor didn't think that could be done, and he told Eph that if he would fetch him a live wild deer, unburt, he would discharge the note and give the debt or \$35 besides.

"That's easy," said Eph. "I'll do it."

Now it happened that Eph knew where five deer were herding near Dr. Post's clearing in Hebron township, and early one morning he started out to get one of them. There was a light snow. Eph left his dog at Dr. Post's house, with instructions for him to be let loose when Eph gave the signal. He went out to the thicket where the deer were, and found that none of them had gone out. Then he gave the signal for the dog, and he was let loose. The dog bounded into the thicket and caught one of the deer and killed it. The other four got away.

Eph took the trail, keeping the dog with him. The deer took a circuit of five miles and Eph and the dog followed it around three times. The third time around they discovered the four deer standing in the old King road, at Bunnell's Point. The deer were not more than four rods away and pretty well tired out. Eph gave a tremendous yell, and the frightened deer, tired as they were, jumped over a big ditch.

One of the deer managed to get itself into a big brush pile. The other three jumped on top of the brush pile, and seemed so panicked that they didn't know what to do. One of them in its fright tumbled off the pile. The dog caught and killed it. The other two jumped from the pile and got away, leaving the last one last in the brush. Eph jumped on the pile and caught the deer. He had to fight the dog to keep him from killing it, but succeeded in saving it and tying it to a tree with a rope. Then he started for a house a mile away to a sled to haul the deer away on, but the dog wouldn't follow him. The dog wanted to stay behind to kill the deer. Eph stripped the bark off some moosewood, made a leash, and dragged the dog with him. He got the sled—a hand sled—at the house, tied the deer on it, and hauled it all the way to Coudersport, ten miles, where he delivered it to Jones before noon, and got his note and \$25 in cash.

Eph had travelled over twenty-five miles, but he was not through yet. As soon as he got his note and money from Jones he returned the sled to the person from whom he had borrowed it and they started out after the two deer that had got away. He didn't take his dog along on this chase. He started one of the deer, a doe, and she made straight for Nelson Clark's mill pond. Eph was so close on its heels when the deer got to the pond that she plunged in and sank in the water so that only her nose was above the surface. Eph knew that the deer couldn't remain afloat while in that position, so he sat down and waited for her next move. In a few minutes the deer had to make a change, and she swam up the pond, and took to the shallow water of the creek. Eph followed by the old road that ran parallel with the creek, and after the chase had lasted for two miles the deer jumped from the creek at Stearn's Flats, crossed the road, and started up the steep mountain on the east side of the valley.

Eph was close at her heels, and caught the deer by one hind leg. The deer kicked loose. Eph made his way up the steep mountain side on his feet and one hand. There was a mitten on that hand, but the other mitten he carried in his teeth so that he could seize the deer better with the bare hand. Time and time again he grabbed the deer by the hind leg, but every time she kicked loose. When they had almost reached the summit of the mountain the doe turned and jumped clear over Eph's head, and went bounding down the steep side again. Eph turned almost as quick as the deer, and tumbled, slid, and rolled down the mountain, close behind the deer, so close that when they reached the flats again Eph had the deer by the leg. She was so tired, then, that she made no more resistance. Eph threw her to the ground, patted her neck and flank, and stroked her face. After ten or fifteen minutes of that, Eph walked away a few steps. The deer got up and followed him like a dog. When they got to the road the two Lent boys were coming along in a long-bodied sleigh. They stopped. Eph got into the sleigh, and the deer jumped in after him and lay down at his feet. At Lent's he put her into the barn, and she remained on the place a long time, never showing any inclination to go away. Eph finally sold her to a showman.

One time Eph came upon a buck back of the Mills place, near Coudersport. Somebody had wounded the buck, and Eph thought he would take him in. But the buck was ugly and wouldn't be taken in. He and Eph fought, up hill and down, through briar patches, and among stones and laurel roots, from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, and then the buck gave in, and Eph led him to the nearest clearing and stabled him. He got ugly again when he was rested, and they had to kill him. That fight covered four acres of hill and flats, but Eph never would admit that he suffered any from it, except that he had no clothes on when it ended.

The King got Square with the Queen.

An amusing anecdote reaches us from the court of Italy. Queen Margaret had observed with pain that the King's moustache was getting whiter every day. What was to be done? She could think of no other remedy but to dye it. She spoke about this to King Humbert, who energetically refused to use any artificial means for dyeing his moustache. Greatly disappointed, the Queen made every effort to induce him to change his mind. She enlisted the aid of the King's favorite courtiers, but met with no success. One day the Queen really thought she had devised a plan which would overcome her royal consort's dislike. A certain relative of hers, a prince, said—

"I have a marvellous dye, quite colorless, which you can put on the king's dressing-table. He will use it, thinking it is some toilet water, and his moustache will turn a brilliant black."

This plan was adopted. But the King heard of it and resolved to "get even" with the Queen. The latter has a pretty little white dog, which she adores. The King enticed this pet into his apartments, and by the aid of the famous "toilet water," transformed him into a magnificent black bow-wow. On the 1st of January he presented it to the Queen. The astonishment and annoyance felt by her majesty can be better imagined than described.

With a Mania for Designing.

"There are, perhaps, as many unprofessional persons who imagine that they can design mighty buildings, as there are beings who lay the flattering unction to their souls that they can play Hamlet, or edit a popular paper," said a celebrated architect. "Nothing is more surprising in connection with the many open competitions for plans of public buildings which are advertised, than the number of designs which are sent in by avowed amateurs, who very modestly declare that they alone fully know the wants of some particular town. Many of their plans are the maddest jumbles imaginable; but all of them—almost without exception—are conceived on the most colossal scale. Most of these plans never go into details of quantities and so on; but when they do, the minuteness of the particulars given is absolutely bewildering. Half-a-dozen styles of architecture are muddled up, the garrets are where the cellars ought to be, and in every case the designer has some maniacal scheme about chimneys or drainage. The surprising part about these offerings is the wonderful neatness and evidence of painstaking that set forth. I have often marked down a

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certain plan as the work of an undoubted lunatic; but investigation has shown the designer to be some harmless old gentleman—a retired tradesman generally—who has thought that he was conferring a benefit on his fellow-ratepayers by sending in his plans."

HAPPY JACK THE COWBOY.

A Cattle Patcher Who Carried no Revolver in His Work on the Plains.

"Happy Jack, the Colorado cowboy, was a Kentuckian by birth," said the amateur ranchman. "Kentucky's sons in the far West are typically very tall men, good tempered, and of indomitable courage, and Happy Jack was no exception. Many were the stories told about the ranches of his great strength, devil-may-care courage, and quaint sayings. He was of good height and breadth of shoulder, thin, sinewy, and active, with pluck equal to every emergency and that cheerful temperament which found occasion for mirthfulness in every situation of life and had given him his beatific name among his fellows. I first met him at the Horse Creek Ranch, where one night late in autumn he stopped with his fellows. They had come up from the South with a herd of beef cattle which were put into one of the corrals over night while their cavalcade was turned out in the horse pasture."

"Happy Jack was up next morning earliest of all, and while the rest of the boys were going to breakfast, he had saddled his gray horse, a vicious creature, as 'preedy' and active as his master, and 'sprawled' to the front of the ranch house was about to mount. The morning was cold and frosty, and Jack wore over his regulation cow boy equipment an old army overcoat."

"Think he'll buck this morning, Jack?" said one of the cowboys from the veranda. "Well," Jack drawled, "I reckon he'll do about as he's a mind to, and he's generally got a mind to buck."

"He settled into the saddle, the horse went up into the air, and for the first hundred yards his progress was a zigzag pitching lurch and a like a wherry among breakers. He used every bronco trick to throw off his rider, who with the cape of the old soldier's overcoat flapping up to meet the brim of his broad sombrero, showed an absolute unconcern as to what performance the horse might take it into his head to try. The horse at last discovered that bucking was useless and wearisome, and Happy Jack was soon down in the pasture round-up the horses. He had got them to the barn, and driven them back to the ranch building before the other boys had eaten their breakfast. That was the kind of worker Happy Jack was."

"Everything that Happy Jack did or said was done laughingly. He carried no revolver, but as he adjusted his saddle equipments before starting away from the ranch I saw that among the things carefully stowed away in his cantinas or saddle bags was a long knife with a shining blade a foot long, and what that hints at when seen in a Kentuckian's outfit everybody knows. Happy Jack was a philosopher who was prepared equally for peace or for trouble."

Goldsmith's Narrow Escape.

While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of "The Vicar of Wakefield," in his garret, he was aroused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of a landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a long bill for the last few weeks' lodgings. The poet was thunder-struck with surprise and consternation. At length the landlady relieved him of his embarrassment by offering to exonerate him from payment of his debts, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse! His friend, Dr. Johnson, chanced, by great good luck, to come in at the time, and by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment—consisting only of himself and a dirty shirt—relieved him of all fear of matrimonial shackles.

Little Buttercup's Profession.

Among the multifarious functions of the London County Council one of the oddest is that of hunting up baby-farmers. Few people are aware that the Council has anything to do with this, but it is a fact that in belated connection having the remotest connection with anything that looks like baby-farming is ever left unanswered by the Council. Private and unofficial communications are promptly opened up with the advertiser, and negotiations are pushed on so far as may be necessary to make quite clear what is the kind of business the advertiser is intended to lead up to. So effective has this vigilance proved that it is believed that at the present moment there is no baby-farming going on in London.

A Hobby Horse in a Church.

At Abbots Bromley, in Staffordshire, a hobby-horse and stag's horns are preserved in the tower of the parish church of St. Nicholas, and they are occasionally carried in procession. At Minehead, in West Somerset, there is a May day carnival, in which a hobby-horse is carried in the yearly procession. The hobby-horse is composed of a wooden frame 7 ft. in length, which is carried on the bended shoulders of a man, whose body and legs are hidden by a long and gaudy covering that almost touches the ground. A workable head, moved by the man underneath, is made to bob up and down in a grotesque fashion, while a long and stout tail is swung round with a view

to strike any unsuspecting bystander coming within its reach.

A Phonological Compromise.

A King Square auctioneer had just knocked down some of his wares to a lady a few evenings ago, when his assistant asked the lady her name.

"Aubron," she said.
"What?" asked the assistant.
"Aubron."

This was a poser for the assistant, so he called the auctioneer to him, and told him that he could not catch the lady's name.

"Well, what did she say her name was?" said the auctioneer.

"Aubron, it sounded like," said the skeptical assistant. "I never heard of such a name."

"What did you say your name was, ma'am?" asked the auctioneer.

"Aubron, I said," said the lady, a little annoyed.

The auctioneer looked at the lady with an expression which still showed signs of mystification.

"Oh, well," he finally ejaculated, "put it down O'Brien."

The Student Lamp.

I have known a lamp to be consigned to the attic in disgrace because nothing seemed to reach the root of the trouble, when all that was necessary was to pour some alcohol or ammonia into the reservoir socket, shaking it back and forth through the curved tube, and allowing it to run out at the burner. This treatment brings a brownish oily scum, which is the cause of the odor and which affects the flame as well. Absolute cleanliness is necessary in order to get a good clear light from a lamp of any sort, and ammonia or alcohol will always be found most effective in securing this. If it is desired to concentrate the light, nothing is better for a student lamp than the glass shades which are painted a dark green on the outside. This color is cool and a readable and extremely beneficial to the eyes, which should never be forced to endure for any length of time the excessive heat that is thrown out by the larger lamps.

Tattooing the Eye.

It has become an almost universal belief that while every other feature can be so made up that it is hardly possible to recognize one's own brother, were he properly disguised, yet the eye will always be the same. Alter the shape or color of the eyebrows, paint lines in any position around them, yet they are the old eyes still, and it is impossible to tamper with them without destroying the sight. Still, there are hundreds of people walking about to-day who have had the colour changed, and every one of them has lost a part or the whole of his power of seeing. When, through accident or otherwise, the sight of an eye is destroyed, that eye changes colour slightly, usually becoming lighter and looking quite dead, though the movements remain unchanged. But if the retaining of this dead eye will not injure the sight of the other one, it can be so altered by a very delicate tattooing that it would be almost impossible that anything was wrong. The operation is an expensive one, but the comfort experienced by not having to use a glass eye fully makes up for it.

On the Wrong Side.

There is a place near Glasgow where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad, when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers, and from his position on the inner side of the enclosure, began a somewhat personal conversation.

"Hard work that," he said.
"Trot an' it is," replied the laborer.
"What pay dae ye get?"
"Sixteen bob a week."
"Are ye married?"
"I am, worse luck!—and have six children besides."

A pause; then said the lunatic:—"I'm thinking, my man, ye're on the wrong side o' the fence."

The Professional Habit.

Here is a little tenuous joke which, whether true or untrue, amusingly illustrates the force of habit. A hairdresser was summoned to a private house the other day simply to shave a pet poodle. The young lady of the house hearing a sound of a voice in the room in which the operation was being performed, put her ear delicately to the keyhole, and this is what she heard:

"Nice day, sir. (Pause.) Razor suit you, sir? (Pause.) Good deal of weather sir, lately. (Pause.) A little powder, sir? (Pause.) Hair's very thin, sir, on the top; wants a bottle of restorer; shampoo, sir? (Growl.) Next!"

Fred Douglass on the Negro's Nose.

Some years ago Frederick Douglass addressed a convention of negroes in Louisville. He said in the course of his remarks that he did not think an amalgamation of the white and black race is desirable, the pure negro being in his opinion the best of the race. While speaking his eye-glasses continued to slide from their perch. "But I wish," interpolated the speaker, "I wish we could get up some sort of an alloy for the negro, which would insure a nose capable of holding spectacles."