STRONG AND AN ACTOR

Walter Kennedy's Advice to Persons Who Lack Health.

EXERCISE, BUT IN MODERATION.

Severe Tests Are Exceedingly Harmful. The Demands of Nature Must Be Regarded—A Few Simple Rules For the Guidance of the Unknowing.

Before giving you my ideas on the subject of physical culture it is but proper that I first give you a short sketch of my life, that you may know whether or not what I say to you is worth wasting your time on.

I was born in the state of Iowa 34 years ago. My father was a schoolteacher and a great student. With such a heritage it was but natural that I inclined toward burning the midnight oil, and at a very youthful age had exhausted whatever facility there existed for knowledge in my surroundings at the sacrifice of my health. An outdoor life was prescribed for me, and, as I had an inclination for the water, I stifled my cravings for histrionic triumphs and apprenticed myself to a boatbuilder, being gifted with a natural aptitude which enabled me to reach the top of professional boatbuilders, the making of racing boats and shells being my specialty.

This threw me constantly into the company of professional oarsmen and athletes, until I became infatuated with the sport of boat racing and determined to see what I could do in that direction. Consequently I entered upon a course of training to put myself in the best possible physical condition for the arduous work of racing. The system I followed was somewhat unique and peculiarly my own. My fellow oars-

WALTER KENNEDY, STRONG MAN.

men at that time made considerable fun of my ideas, nor have they yet done at laughing at them. However, I think that, after a few hard earned victories on my part, it is rather a matter of congratulation than ridicule, for I succeeded in breaking the world's record at single scull sprinting in June, 1889, by defeating George W. Lee in a match race of one-quarter of a mile at Worcester, Mass. The time was 1 minute and 9 seconds. In the fall of the same year I rowed James A. Ten Eyck over the same course, a quarter of a mile, for the championship at that distance and defeated him by two lengths in 59 seconds. I have defeated both Gaudaur and Hanlan in short distance races. At three miles I have defeated Plaisted, Parker, Sohm, O'Toole, Dorsey, Conley and other professional oarsmen. In the west, mostly on the Mississippi, and at Quincy, Ills., where I lived many years, I rowed 23 match races in skiffs, winning all of them. These achievements caused me to feel that nature had been lavish in her physical gifts, and, as professional sculling was at that time, 1890, beginning to be a sport of the past, I entered into a new field, that of heavy lifting. I did not do this because I liked the calling and wished to shine as a strong man, but merely to satisfy my curiosity as to how strong I really was before I again took up the work assigned me by my father. I had set this aside in my youth to acquire physical strength to enable me to pursue the work and study which I had mapped out when a boy, that of a student, reader and actor of the classic drama.

I won a diamond trophy in an open contest for lifting 1,030 pounds with the hands alone; also a diamond trophy in an open contest for lifting a dumbbell weighing 1,205 pounds in New York city July 27, 1893. This is the world's record.

At Lynn, Mass., on April 2, 1892, I won the world's record for a lift in harness, the weight lifted being 3,242 pounds. At Madison Square Garden, New York city, Oct. 11, 1893, I accomplished a back lift, in which I lifted three life guardsmen mounted on horses and fully equipped, the total weight being 4,210 pounds.

It would seem at first sight that the way to get strong would be to attempt what strong men do—namely, lift heavy weights, handle heavy objects and attempt prodigious feats in athletics, etc. Experience and science have both proved these to be far from the proper methods, for, in place of the weak gaining strength by such means, I will endeavor to show you that it is more apt to prove a way to part with whatever strength you may possess. Now, let us see what science has to say on this subject. Physiologists teach us that the blood carries in itself all the material for forming the different tissues of our bodies, and as it circulates about us deposits wherever needed the proper material for repairing and building up each particular part. Now, then, if for any reason the blood fails to circulate properly, it is but reasonable to expect that our bodies will suffer in consequence, for unless the blood can move freely about us, adding to our tissues, there can be neither building up nor repairing. Here is the clew to rapid and sure development.

Let us see, then, how we can best bring about a healthy and constant circulation of the blood through our bodies. The authorities teach us that the heart forces the blood through the arteries, or, as some call them, the "deep veins," out into the muscles and other parts of the body, where, having done its work of making new bone, muscles and sinews, it collects the worn out material and impure matter and conveys them back by means of the veins or outer blood vessels to the proper organs to eliminate or carry them out of the body. We are told that the force of the heart on the blood is pretty well spent by the time the blood reaches the small capillaries and veins, so that some other force is necessary to bring it promptly back to the lungs and heart. At first sight it would appear that the suction from the heart would be sufficient to accomplish this, and perhaps it would were it not that the veins are of such a nature that, were the blood withdrawn from them forcibly, they would tend to collapse—that is, draw together like any soft tube from which the air or water has been exhausted by suction. But nature has supplied the necessary force in a more economical way, for, while we are walking, running, working, playing or exercising in any manner, she is doing this very thing—forcing the blood through the veins and back to the heart. This is the way it is done, so these same physiologists tell us: The moment it contracts—that is what your bicep muscle does when you want somebody to feel your muscle—the blood is forced out of it and on toward the heart.

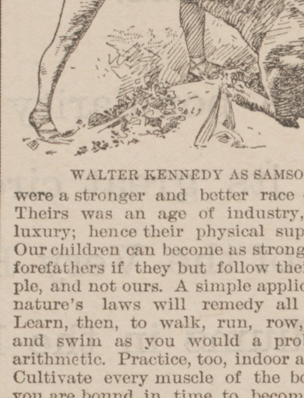
Both muscular and mental action result in a breaking down of the tissue of the body, somewhat, I take it, like the carbons of an electric lamp. You have noticed how rapidly the arc lamps consume the carbon when the current is turned on. Well, when the vital force is sent into the muscle that makes it contract, the muscular fibers are destroyed in much the same manner. Now, if you double the current on a light, the probabilities are that it will consume the carbons much faster, and when you perform such feats as lifting 1,000 pounds you can depend upon it you will break down tissue or muscle fiber a great deal faster than you can build it up. Man is self repairing, and to be strong and healthy he must allow nature to keep up repairs.

To aid nature, use less tobacco and stimulants. Tobacco and stimulating liquors are to man like the shade of a mammoth tree in a cornfield is to the growing corn beneath its spreading branches. Therefore I say shun the sun less, breathe more fresh air, eat regularly only such food as may agree with you and never eat too much. The proper way to develop muscular tissue is by means of numerous light exercises that force much blood through the muscles without breaking down much tissue. Very light exercises do not contract the muscles sufficiently to cause complete changing of the blood in them, hence it is necessary to obtain some resistance to your efforts unless you want to use more will power than is necessary or advisable.

Again, if you want symmetrical development, it is necessary to have some system which will exercise all the muscles alike. Any system of daily exercise that actively engages all the muscles of the body to the extent of keeping up an active and constant circulation of the blood through them without exerting them to the point of exhaustion will rapidly bring about complete development, provided your conditions of life otherwise are favorable. Oxygen, that part of the air which gives life to the body, is rapidly changed into carbonic acid gas by entering our lungs, and air once breathed or if long confined or vitiated in other ways contains very little of it, so that the man who wants to grow strong must first get where he can breathe fresh air and then must be able to breathe it.

Fresh air is one condition favorable to gaining strength. Sunlight is another element of life. Court it. Food that contains impurities taxes the system to rid itself of them. Improper food fails to digest or nourish. Food too hard to digest fails to nourish in time. Food too easy to digest tends to fatten. Stimulants are a delusion and a snare. They overtax the internal organs beyond their natural capacity, and the result is weakness, not strength. You seldom see a weak man that is a drunkard. Only the strong man can stand it. Too much brain work is a serious cause of dyspepsia by drawing the blood away from the stomach and other digestive organs. Plenty of sleep is a good thing, for then we gather the vital force to carry us through the work of the day. By vital force I mean that infinite spark we call life, that something that leaves us when dead cold and still, but in form and feature unchanged. What is it and whence it comes mortal man may never know. Further than that, it is the gift of the Creator. Men are not as strong now as they were a hundred years ago. This is due largely to the way they live. The present is a locomotive age. Every one wants to get money and get it in a hurry too. Consequently health is a minor consideration nowadays in the mad race for wealth. Men think of money, sleeping, walking, and even eating. The result is, first, that the mind is overworked, and naturally the body fails. People cannot rob themselves of sleep, bolt down food against time and violate every law of nature and expect to be healthy and strong. Nature is a jealous mistress and demands her just dues. Men who wish to become strong must rigidly follow the example of their good old ancestors—eat, drink, work and play, as they did, earnestly and honestly. Get your full share of sleep, exercise and rest. Do not give all your thoughts and devote all your energies to business and the accumulation of wealth. Above all things, do not steal time from sleep and then brace up on cordials or liquors of any kind to enable you to get through your day's work, physical or mental.

How, then, in the name of goodness, can men be strong when they follow such practices? Their ancestors, whether they were native born Americans, Irishmen, Englishmen, Germans, Norwegians, Swedes or what not, did not do it, and consequently



WALTER KENNEDY AS SAMSON.

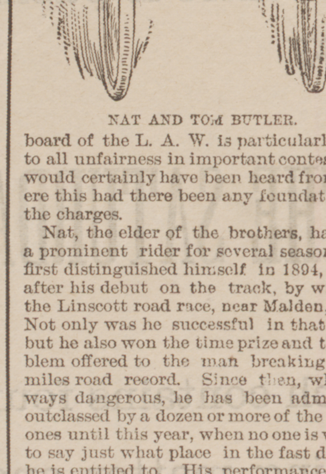
were a stronger and better race of men. Theirs was an age of industry, not of luxury; hence their physical superiority. Our children can become as strong as their forefathers if they but follow their example, and not ours. A simple application of nature's laws will remedy all defects. Learn, then, to walk, run, row, wrestle and swim as you would a problem in arithmetic. Practice, too, indoor athletics. Cultivate every muscle of the body, and you are bound in time to become strong and well. If you have any disease of the lungs, heart, liver or kidneys, exercise judiciously taken is sure to ameliorate if not entirely cure it. Be careful, above all things, not to overtax your powers. Take exercise constantly, but lightly. When you feel the least bit "done," stop work instantly. Too much exercise is liable to prove more harmful than none.

WALTER KENNEDY.

THE BROTHERS BUTLER.

Two Fast Cyclists Who Have Jumped Into the First Rank as Racing Men.

Probably no two men on the cycle racing path have been more talked about during the present season than the Butler brothers, Tom and Nat. This is true for many reasons, not the least of which is the wonderful success of these riders. Then, too, there have been insinuations that they take turns at pacing each other in the final heats, to the great disadvantage of the other contestants. There is little probability of the correctness of this allegation for the reason that Chairman Gideon of the racing



NAT AND TOM BUTLER.

board of the L. A. W. is particularly alert to all unfairness in important contests and would certainly have been heard from long ere this had there been any foundation for the charges.

Nat, the elder of the brothers, has been a prominent rider for several seasons. He first distinguished himself in 1894, a year after his debut on the track, by winning the Linscott road race, near Malden, Mass. Not only was he successful in that event, but he also won the time prize and the emblem offered to the man breaking the 25 miles road record. Since then, while always dangerous, he has been admittedly outclassed by a dozen or more of the speedy ones until this year, when no one is willing to say just what place in the fast division he is entitled to. His performances have not been uniform, and for that reason it is difficult to definitely locate him. Nobody is surprised when Nat wins from the best of the lot, and nobody is surprised when he is beaten.

Tom Butler is probably a good deal faster than his elder brother and may fairly be put in the class with "Cannon Ball" Bald, Sanger and Cooper. In a series of match races it is doubtful whether any others of the circuit chasers now in this country would have much chance of defeating him. Like Bald, the king of last season, Tom Butler is noted for a demoniacal sprint as the last turn for the tape is made. He lacks somewhat the generalship necessary to the consistent winning of races, but there are many unbiased critics who declare that as soon as he learns to "level up" a bit better he will be invincible. Tom is really a new man. He was never heard of up to the time of the national meet at Asbury Park last year, when he appeared as an amateur. While his list of wins was by no means remarkable, it was at once seen by the critics that the youngster possessed marvelous speed, and the prediction was even then made that he would be one of the racing stars within a twelvemonth.

Fregoli to Go on the Road.

Fregoli, the impersonator, has signed a contract with Henry Greenwall for a tour of the country at the head of a company of specialty artists. His season will open at the Boston theater, Sept. 7, and he is booked for Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburg and Chicago. He will do new sketches, impersonating 80 characters in one evening, and will include imitations of DeWolf Hopper, Mrs. Leslie Carter and other well known theatrical people. Within six months he hopes to produce a sketch in English, which language he is rapidly learning.

Logical.

[From the New York Herald.]

She—I think we should be able to live nicely on $3,000 a year.

He—But my salary is only $2,000.

"I know it, dear, but my clothes come to $1,000 a year, and I have enough now to last for the first 12 months."

"If that ain't just like the women," said the Cornfed Philosopher.

"If what ain't?" asked the grocer.

"Why, when we want to show that a man's independent, we say he wears no man's collar. But woman most go and show her independence by puttin' a man's collar on."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

CAYLOR'S BALL GOSSIP

Great Records Being Made In the National Game.

FIVE SHUT OUTS IN ONE GAME.

The Baltimores Will Probably Again Capture the League Pennant—Pitcher Young's Wonderful Performance In Giving Only One Hit In a Game.

Some rather remarkable records in baseball are being made these midsummer days. Probably the most remarkable of all were the five shut outs in the National league on July 21. Only seven games were played, but in five of them one of the opposing teams failed to score. The Washingtons on that day got a double dose at Cleveland, playing 18 innings without getting a man across the plate. I believe this never before occurred to a National league club in one afternoon. On the same day the Baltimores shut out the Pittsburg club, and the latter immediately turned the tables, there being a double header between the two teams. The fifth victim was found in the New York Giants, who failed to score in their first game at Cincinnati. Wilson, Wallace, Hoffer, Killen and Dwyer were the pitchers who accomplished the quintuple whitewash. Wet, slippery grounds and saggy balls were largely responsible for the results.

On the following day three of the six National league games were of extra innings. At Cincinnati ten innings were required, at Chicago 11 and at Louisville 13. In each instance the home team won, and in two of the games the visiting team tied the score in the ninth inning with three runs. This is a notable occurrence, because extra inning games this year have been much less frequent than they were last season.

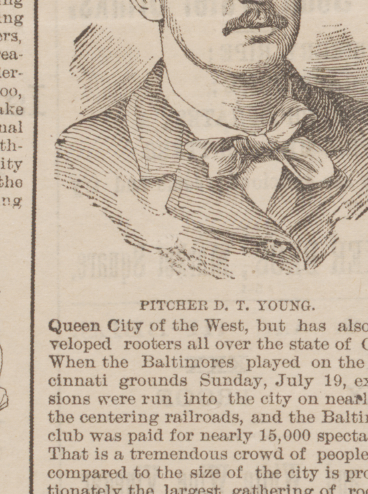
Another novelty of the baseball season was the St. Paul club's feat of duplicating the winning record made by the Philadelphias in 1892—16 victories in succession. This the Apostles, as they are called, did on July 22. Ever since the Quakers made that record four years ago under the late Harry Wright's management other clubs have been trying to reach it. The Buffaloes of the Eastern league beat it, I believe, last season. The big League record in straight defeats for 1896 is held by the St. Louis Browns, which made it 15.

Finally we have the Cincinnati's record of 14 victories out of 16 games played with the New Yorks, Philadelphias, Brooklyns, Washingtons and Baltimores on their home ground.

The National league pennant race this year has already settled down to a contest among three of the 12 clubs. Barring unheard of accident, none of the other nine has a possible chance in the two remaining months of the season. Though the Cincinnatis have made such a splendid fight, it is the general opinion that the Baltimores will again win handily. Even the rooters for the Reds are inclined to concede the pennant to the Baltimores and are concentrating their hopes upon beating the Clevelands out of second place and thereby getting a chance to contend for the Temple cup. They will have a hard task to do even that.

The Baltimores, as a team, outclass everything else in the National league. No one will for one hour doubt it after watching them play against their competitors. They use science where other teams employ physical strength. They work together as a whole where other teams look to personal performances.

Whatever credit there may be in the Cincinnatis' remarkable and unexpected position in the League race, much of it belongs to Captain-Manager Ewing. Buck is not the king of players which he was ten years ago, but he always knew every point of the game, and he has not forgotten any of them. Ewing is a baseball tactician who never fails to see an advantage or to put it to his club's credit. With a very ordinary lot of players he has welded together a team for Cincinnati whose work has not only aroused intense enthusiasm in the



PITCHER D. T. YOUNG.

Queen City of the West, but has also developed rooters all over the state of Ohio. When the Baltimores played on the Cincinnati grounds Sunday, July 19, excursions were run into the city on nearly all the centering railroads, and the Baltimore club was paid for nearly 15,000 spectators. That is a tremendous crowd of people and compared to the size of the city is proportionately the largest gathering of rooters ever seen at a baseball match. Philadelphia, New York, Chicago and Brooklyn have at numerous times turned out larger crowds, but they have greater populations to draw from.

For most of the rest of the season the battle for the League pennant will be transferred to the east. This is where the Baltimores will get a winning advantage. Beginning with the 1st of August, they will play 35 games on their own ground and only 12 abroad, while in the same time the Cincinnatis will have 33 road games and the Clevelands 30. All who know what a decided advantage a club has at home over its visitors will readily see why the Baltimores are by far the most probable winners of the pennant.

Excepting the champions, the late western trip of the eastern clubs has been a great disappointment. This is particularly true of the Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Washington clubs, which were expected to make a good showing and which marked their progress through the western cities by almost constant defeats. The New Yorks, from whom little was expected, did better and created surprise by beating the Clevelands twice. In this intersectional series Anson's Colts made their annual spurt and pulled up into fourth place, where they promise to land when the season has ended.

The New York team's long and ineffectual attempt to win three successive games is one of the curiosities of the present year. This rather strange fatality caused almost a spirit of superstition to come over the New York players in every game after two straight victories.

There is some attempt made to belittle Delehanty's recent feat of four home runs to five times at bat by recalling the circumstance of Lowe's four home runs several years ago. The latter made his record on the Congress Street ground, in Boston, with its short left field, and every one of the four hits was a fly over that fence. I presume several of the balls could have been caught had their been an open field. The Delehanty feat cannot be matched by any performance with the bat since the present style of the game has been played.

What a chance there is for young baseball players who have ability, nerve and intelligence! New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Brooklyn all have scouts out hunting for phenomenas. The supply of veterans is exhausted. The spring importation of new material was almost wholly a failure. Consequently the clubs whose teams are weak have agents in all sections looking for promising young talent. As soon as a junior league club disbands its best players are sought with an eagerness which amounts to competition. It is the old Biblical truism over. Many are called, but few are chosen. What clubs will do for recruits next season is hard to predict, but at least four of the eastern six will continue to experiment largely with new candidates. The rage at present is to drop the older players as fast as they show a tendency to decline. The success of young men of the Collins, Clark, Jones, Lush, Miller, Irwin, McCreary, Dexter and Cooley kind has created a yearning for more of their ilk. But to find them, to separate the gem from the mud, is almost like digging for diamonds in South Africa. Still the League diggers are out in the woods turning up the soil and searching.

The latest pitching record is made by that sterling veteran, D. T. ("Cy") Young, who on July 23 held the Philadelphias down to a single hit in nine innings. Men of Young's stamp of character help to keep baseball respectable and permanent.

O. P. CAYLOR.

She—The ancients used to think that the devil could be laid with music.

He—Sort of homeopathic idea, I suppose. It is so easy to raise him with it, you know.—*Philadelphia News.*

ANNA HELD.

A Well Known Actress and Famous Beauty Who Is Coming to This Country.

In Paris there is almost always one woman who is admitted to be the most beautiful specimen of femininity in that gay capital, but last year there were two, each of whom had an almost equal number of admirers. Cleo de Merode had a large following which declared that no other woman could boast of charms which were at all comparable with hers, while Anna Held had as many advocates who upheld her claims to the premiership with equally positive and unconvincing statements.

Miss Held, it must be admitted, is more farseeing than her rival, for during the height of her fame and popularity she went

ANNA HELD.

on the stage for the purpose of reaping the shekels from the curious who had heard of but had never seen her.

Emulating the example of Yvette Guilbert, although she was possessed of an excellent voice, which would have warranted an incursion into grand opera, Miss Held selected the vaudevilles as the most promising field for her efforts. That she judged correctly is evidenced by the success scored by her at La Scala in Paris, where packed houses listened to her typical concert hall songs and applauded vigorously.

Oscar Hammerstein, the manager of the Olympia in New York city, has engaged Miss Held to come to this country for the paltry weekly stipend of $1,500. Another manager named Marks, who is in charge of Yvette Guilbert's affairs, declares that Miss Held is already under contract to persons in New York whom he represents, so it is likely that the young lady will have a very lively experience of American law courts soon after her arrival. It remains to be seen whether Miss Held is worth a tithe of the fuss already made and to be made over her.

It is said that she has received a very fine offer to sing in grand opera in London, and it is barely possible that in order to avoid the legal complications which appear to await her in New York she may decide not to come over after all.

Bicyclers' Bruises.

The more common injuries of bicycle riders are simple contusions, says The American Cyclist. A bruise or contusion consists of an injury to the tissues in which the small blood vessels have been broken, allowing the escape of blood into the flesh and under the skin. Can it be obtained, the very best treatment for a bruise is with water as hot as can be borne and a little hotter than the patient usually thinks necessary. Curiously enough, when hot water is not obtainable, the next best treatment is cold water. The dispute between hot and cold water in the treatment of such injuries has arisen from a lack of knowledge of the fact that both are good, though we are strongly of the opinion that hot water is better than cold. If there is great pain, the clothing may be saturated with laudanum or with alcohol.

Water Cycling Is Easy.

A patron of the new sport, cycling on the water, says that it is twice as easily accomplished as is the popular pastime of wheeling on land. "Anybody," says he, "who is not afraid to go on the water on a coal barge or to trust to fate on a modern canalboat, with mule attachment, can mount the saddle of one of these bicycle boats and master its movements within a few minutes and without danger to life or shin. You are not confronted with the paradox of trying to lean the way you don't want to tumble. With some 3½ feet of beam beneath you, you can't fall out, and instead of a narrow roadway full of rocks or a bicycle path ambushed with broken glass and tacks, you have square miles of water to pedal about in until you learn to turn in less space than is required for the evolutions of a man-of-war.

A Long Swim.

When young Peter S. McNally of Boston swam down the Merrimac recently from Haverhill, Mass., to within three miles of Newburyport, he performed a notable aquatic feat. Fifteen miles in fresh water without a single rest is something to be proud of, as it is much more difficult to swim in that than in the sea. The water adheres to the body, and it is deficient in buoyant properties. The fact that he covered the distance in six hours is still more remarkable, as that is very near the record. It should be remembered, also, that a considerable portion of the journey was made against a rising tide and at an unusual outlay of strength. It is quite safe to predict that McNally will be heard from again and that the crack swimmers will have to work hard to hold their own against him.

McConnell's Little Joke.

Some New York theatrical men were recently discussing the coming season's prospects. Most of them were not exuberant over the outlook, but one individual, who is known to have experienced not a little difficulty in booking his attractions, said: "Oh, I don't think the prospect is so bad. I've already got over $10,000 in guarantees for the first half of next season."

Will McConnell immediately passed his hand rapidly to and fro in front of the speaker's face, like a hypnotist. Then he clapped his hands loudly three or four times and remarked, "He's awake now."

Everybody, including the victim, understood. There was no further talk of guarantees.

New Play by Bret Harte.

Charles Frohman will produce a new American play by Bret Harte at the Broad Street theater, Philadelphia, for two weeks beginning Sept. 14. Annie Russell will play the leading female role, and negotiations are now pending for Joseph Haworth to play the leading male role.

The scenes of the play are laid in the Sierras. It will be rehearsed by R. A. Roberts.

Golden Nose.

Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish mathematician, was known as the "Wizard of the Golden Nose." While at the university he lost his nose in a duel and replaced it with a nasal organ of gold, held in place by cement and a pair of spectacles. This addition to his countenance gave him a very peculiar appearance and caused him to be much feared by the common people, who attributed to him many supernatural powers, largely on account of his remarkable nose.

A Smooth Swindle.

One of the smoothest and yet most transparent skin games that have been worked in cycling's name was played in New York recently by a well dressed, good looking and glib young man who posed as J. C. Ward and for three days had desk room at 90 Nassau street. He claimed to have recently come from Boston, where at an auction sale he had purchased for a song a job lot of cycle sundries. He advertised in the daily papers as the Bicycle Sundry Manufacturing company, enumerating $4.60 worth of sundries which he offered for $1.20. The bait was readily swallowed by unsuspecting cyclists, and for three days Ward's office was almost constantly crowded with bargain hunters. Ward had only a sample lot of the sundries in evidence, but guaranteed deliveries of all orders within 48 hours. Cash in advance was his rule. Those who objected were politely asked to step aside and make room for others. To make a long story short, Ward is supposed to have booked more than 1,000 orders, and when after 48 hours his patrons began inquiring for their goods he put them off for a day and in the interim gathered up the large mail which had accumulated in response to his advertisement and disappeared.

The game worked so well that it would not be surprising if "Mr. Ward," under another name, should make his appearance elsewhere. Cyclists should beware of such schemes.

"Beverly says he knows his wife really loves him."

"What does he go by?"

"They have been married three months and she has never yet taken his razor to sharpen her lead pencil."—*Chicago Record.*

WON BY WHISTLING.

Hartley, or rather his wife, had been giving a musical "at home," and a performance of siffleurs had proved the hit of the evening's entertainment.

An hour or so later, the "crowd" having dispersed, Birdy Jackson, Hartley and I were idly discussing the events of the affair in the smoking room. Jackson and I were stopping over night with our host, being old chums of his, and living some distance out of town.

"No idea you could give us such a ripping performance, Birdy," remarked Hartley, "and when your wife joined in, I was perfectly astounded."

Jackson laughed softly.

"No, she doesn't do it at all badly," he admitted. "You know, Dick, there's a bit of romance attached to that whistle of hers; in fact, it was the means of bringing our matrimonial desires to an abrupt point at an extremely critical period in our courtship."

Hartley gave me a gentle kick.

"Then your union had a spice of romance about it?" he said.

"Rather! Unique in the annals of lovemaking, I should say. But folks are so confoundedly incredulous nowadays, I've never attempted to tell the yarn but once, and then I swore I'd never do it again."

But he had to on this occasion, and soon began to interest us as follows:

"First of all, you must know, Mr. King"—addressing me—"I'm called Birdy on account of having practiced from earliest infancy a cheap form of musical recreation. Though cuffed as a boy, severely reprimanded for warbling in slack business hours and soundly execrated by the neighbors, I nevertheless persevered.

"A year this last summer I came in for a sum of money, which rendered me a practically wealthy and independent man, and to celebrate my good fortune I threw up my business berth and went into Yorkshire, to spend a few weeks with a professional bachelor friend and to idle generally.

"While there I was introduced to a Col. Alton and his daughter Evelyn, aged twenty-two, who lived at The Chase, and were intimate friends of my chum. Nice girl she was; plenty of 'go,' without being the least 'fast.' In less than a fortnight I was over head and ears in love with her. The subsequent afternoons at The Chase were too hot for tennis. Colonel Alton spent them snoozing in his study; Evelyn's elderly companion and her father's housekeeper—for Mrs. Alton had been dead some years—nodded in the shade of her favorite elm, and my friend had invariably to leave for an important case be ore the tea came out. Very nice of him, I thought.

"Thus thrown together, Evelyn and I monopolized the arbor, and I used to amuse her by trilling selections from the operas, latest airs (comic and serious), and she would occasionally join in as a kind of fillip to my performances. Though a woman in every respect, she could whistle. In most of the well-known tunes, up to date or pathetically aged, she excelled, owing to the fact that through the winter months for some years past she had always officiated at the piano for the village popular concerts, when the vocal and instrumental items were naturally of an amusing and light order—at times scarcely high class, perhaps.

"Then came the time when the Colonel had to be approached. The old man gave me a prompt and curt refusal. He had other views for his child. I tried remonstrance, then dogged persistency, but with no avail. Evelyn stood out like a brick. This burst of independence resulted in her immediate banishment to regions unknown to me, under the surveillance of a relative of mature age and experience, and all communication between us strenuously denied and forestalled. All chances of elopement even were reduced to nil.

"A few days later I left my friend's for Bournemouth, there to recruit my shattered health and hopes and think things over quietly. I was crushed for the time being. As I alighted from my cab at the entrance to the North Cliff, where I had taken rooms, an elderly lady came down the steps. Her face seemed somewhat familiar to me, though I could not at the time recall to mind when and where I had seen it before. When she started as she saw me, and somewhat hurriedly re-entered the hotel, I was further mystified. A thought struck me as I was signing my name in the hotel register of visitors some time later. Two pages back I found an entry 'Miss Alton and Miss E. Alton.' I tumbled to it in a second then. The elderly lady I had encountered was, undoubtedly, Colonel Alton's sister, who had been staying at The Chase, and left two days after my arrival in the village, and before I knew anything of Evelyn I had once passed her walking with the Colonel and she must have recognized me again.

"I remarked on the entry to the clerk in a casual way, and he volunteered the information that Miss Alton had, but a few moments previously, given notice of her intentions to vacate their apartments the next morning. The news staggered me. Then Miss Alton certainly did not know all, and had decided on flight as the only safe remedy under the circumstances.

"Not a glimpse could I catch of Evelyn. After dinner, from a search on the pier, I returned to the North Cliff, and sat disconsolately smoking out in the balcony of my room in the growing dusk. Almost unconsciously I lapsed into melody, and appropriately commenced to warble softly 'Alice, Where Art Thou?' A slight movement on the balcony above mine, and one window to the left caused me to glance up. A figure in white met my gaze, with one of its hands, as if demanding silence, pointing warningly to the window behind her. Yes, it was Evelyn, but her attendant dragon of an aunt was evidently close at hand. Verbal communication, as well as writing, was out of the question, it was already too dark for the deaf and dumb manipulation, even provided she knew its workings. An idea flashed upon me. Why not try? No sooner thought of than done. Softly I whistled the last lines of 'Whisper, and I Shall Hear' refrain. A slight shake of the head, and then a rendering of 'Good-by, Sweet-heart, Good-by' floated dawn. Then they were really going away.

" 'Evelyn, I don't think it's quite proper for you to be standing there,' came a voice from within, and which by straining my ears, I could just hear. My heart beat wildly, and the girl turned to address her aunt without leaving the balcony.

" 'It's almost dark now, and I can't stay cooped up all evening—our last one, too! What does papa want us back in such a hurry for?'

" 'Because he wishes it, my dear; that's all the reason I can give you. You really must help me to finish the packing in a few minutes."

Then her aunt had revealed nothing, and believed her yet to be in ignorance of my presence at the hotel. Lucky, but the case was a desperate one. Evelyn returned to her former position and leaned over again.

" 'Where Are You Going to, My Pretty Maid?' I began. There was a momentary pause, and then the answer came in a line of 'Home, Sweet Home' from my darling's lips.

" 'I do wish you would drop that vulgar habit of whistling,' again came the voice inside the window.

" 'But, auntie, there's no piano to sing to,' was the somewhat lame excuse. 'I must do something, and I can't possibly shock anyone up here.'

"Then there was silence once more.

"Back to Yorkshire again. No chance there. Anyhow, she still cared for me, and I must put her affections to a severe test. It was our only chance of securing happiness.

" 'Oh, Nannie, Wilt Thou Gang Wi' Me?' I piped.

" 'Where Are You Going To?' was again utilized in reply.

"I was stumped for the minute, but a bar or two from 'Big Ben,' a favorite song of mine, came as a hazardous rescue. She understood, bless her! but a lengthy pause intervened before her answer. Love and duty had a hard struggle. Then 'No, Sir; No, Sir; No, Sir; No!' was repeated four times in succession. She refused, then! But why so emphatically? What a silly idiot I was! The fourth time the girl in the song said 'No' she meant 'Yes.' I breathed again.

"But about our departure. The morning York train via Bath left at 9 45. The earliest Waterloo at 7.45, and we should be easily tracked and our intentions frustrated in consequence if we left it until then. I consulted my watch. It was 9.15. The train up left at 10 20. 'Oh, Why Should We Wait Till To-Morrow?' went up without delay. 'All's Well' from above soon settled that question satisfactorily, but was followed immediately by a few bars of 'Bradshaw's Guide' ditty. I knew what she wanted, so, after a slight hesitation, I warbled, 'Come Into the Garden, Maud,' and chirped ten times. 'Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet again,' from 'Dream Faces,' proved that I was clearly understood, and then she turned to address Miss Alton in louder tones than before.

" 'I declare, you're nearly asleep, auntie. I'm tired and have a headache, too. We've a long journey before us, so I think I'll go to my room now. Don't disturb, there's a dear; and packing won't take long in the morning. You'd better do the same.'

" 'A good idea, Evy; so we will,' she answered.

"I crept back, and a minute or two later 'Good nights' were exchanged; and the subsequent slam of a door notified me that Evelyn had left for her apartment.

"By 9.45 I had settled up and left instructions that my heavy baggage, fortunately not unpacked, would be called or sent for in the course of a week or less, dangling an old telegram form in my hand as I did so, to give color to my hasty departure. At 10 prompt I picked up Evelyn under the pines in the hotel gardens, and, with a dressing bag and a small Gladstone between us, walked it to the station, and eventually reached London safely, early in the morning. I put her in one hotel, where I knew she would be safe, with strict injunctions not to venture out until I had fixed everything up for the ceremony, and went myself to another. The long and short of it was that before we were anything like tracked the deed had been done by special license, and the Colonel defeated for once in his life.

"Come round, did he? Yes, when he afterward discovered that the man he intended for his daughter had already been engaged for two years, and got married shortly after we did! Even I could have told the old fellow that, had he been more communicative and explicit in the first instance, for my rival turned out to be none other than the friend I was visiting. He actually admits now he couldn't have wished her a better match, but, anyhow he——"

And Birdy broke off into "Can't Change It."

He rose quietly from his seat and gently opened the smoking room door.

"Listen," he said, "if you can't quite swallow the yarn, you will not fail to take this in."

Then he went through 'Oh, Come, My Lady Fair,' from the "Gaiety Girl" song. Scarcely had he concluded than far away from another quarter of the house came the answering chorus of "I'm coming," from the negro melody "Poor Old Joe." Half a minute later in strolled Mrs. Jackson and Hartley's wife.

Birdy winked knowingly at us.

'I've just been telling them how you were practically wooed and won by whistling, my dear," he remarked to his wife, "and they want another tune before we turn in."

Evelyn blushed. "No, Sir," etc., she warbled three times.

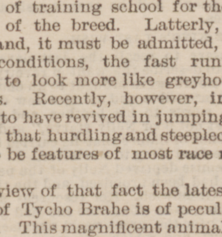
Then Jackson took up his candle and marched upstairs with the strains of the national anthem on his lips.

TYCHO BRAHE.

The Horse Which Holds the High Jumping Record of the World.

When our fathers were boys and horse racing was the sport exclusively of gentlemen and not of speculators reaching out anxiously for enormous purses and stakes, the most popular race of each day was the steeple chaseor hurdle event, which always came last on the card. Then stamina and bottom were regarded as highly as speed. Hurdle races were sometimes even run in heats, and the jockeys were not featherweights, either.

It has always been conceded that jumping develops a horse in those portions of



TYCHO BRAHE.

his anatomy which make him most useful for the average work required of fine stock, and the race track was in those days a sort of training school for the improvement of the breed. Latterly, under the new and, it must be admitted, less desirable conditions, the fast runners have come to look more like greyhounds than horses. Recently, however, interest appears to have revived in jumping, with the result that hurdling and steeplechasing are apt to be features of most race meets next year.

In view of that fact the latest performance of Tycho Brahe is of peculiar significance. This magnificent animal broke the world's record for jumping a couple of weeks ago in New York by clearing the bar at an altitude of 7 feet 6½ inches.

The jump was measured before and after the horse took his leap by a committee composed of Messrs. Fred Ashenden, W. A. McGibbon, Frank Elliot and Thomas Ryan. Seven feet one inch is the highest that Tycho Brahe had ever jumped previously. Roseberry held an unofficial record, made in Canada, of 7 feet 6 inches, Filemaker coming next with his Chicago record of 7 feet 3½ inches. Dick Donnelly, who schooled and rode the horse, is one of the most fearless riders in the country. He started riding on the flat, has ridden for Mr. Frank Beard, Mr. S. S. Howland and others. Donnelly has been very lucky jumping, having won at least a dozen high jumps.

Tycho Brahe is a bay gelding, standing 15.1 scant, aged, and is by Billet, out of a thoroughbred mare. He has been run on the flat and over the sticks and been worked in the hunting field. He has won at least six high jumps. He is owned by Messrs Hein mann Bros., prominent fanciers of New York city. Tycho Brahe will probably be given the opportunity to break his own record within a short time.

Alcohol In Cold Weather.

A scientist thus explains why it is so dangerous to use alcohol in the polar regions: A moderate use of alcohol causes a deposit of fat. Alcohol is not turned into fuel in the muscle and nerve cells, but serves as a pure fuel in the organism and replaces the combustion of fat. Alcohol is, therefore, dangerous in the extreme cold because it assists the throwing off of heat in a great degree. The effect is as if a stove in a room should be heated redhot and then all the doors and windows thrown open. Heat produced by muscular work in the body is best obtained from carbohydrates in the food, but, besides this, the indispensible production of heat is best obtained by fats. This explains the instinctive choice of the food of men. In the tropics they eat little fat and much fruit, while the polar dweller requires immense quantities of fat to keep up the bodily combustion.—New York Ledger.

Love is merely a madness, and I tell you deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do, and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too.—Shakespeare.

AN OBSTINATE BACHELOR.

The Albany runs—or rather saunters—from Vigo street to Piccadilly. It is a quiet space, and the glass-roofed avenue gives it an added air of seclusion. Bachelors live in the Albany, and are tended by discreet, plain-faced housekeepers, to whom they commonly leave in their wills £50 and several old silk hats. At night the shade of Macaulay hovers at the Bodley Head end of the Albany, and says strenuous words on finding that his old rooms are occupied now by a publisher—words which, fortunately, the discreet, plain-faced housekeepers cannot overhear. "I think," said Mr. Robert Mepsted to himself, with one foot pressed hard against the mantelpiece at No. 6 M, "that I should like to see her just once again. Only once, mind! There are one or two things I should like to say casually to her, just to show that I am quite contented as I am."

The youngest tenant in the Albany sighed. Now, it is not usual for men who brag of being contented to sigh.

"There's a popular impression," went on Mr. Robert Mepsted, argumentatively, "that a bachelor must be lonely. It is a most mistaken impression. It is high time that the world recognized what a blunder this is. There is no more preposterous"

Mr. Robert Mepsted, turning round in his easy-chair to argue with an imaginary opponent, stopped. In the doorway was Mrs. Long, his housekeeper, with a card on a brass waiter—a squarish card, which Mrs. Long presented with an air of some reluctance.

"Lady Westenhanger and Miss Westenhanger," read Mepsted. He turned away, that Mrs. Long (whom he feared) should not see his face redden.

"Are they—er—waiting, Mrs. Long?"

"I have shown the ladies, sir," said Mrs. Long, trembling with the knowledge of having done the right thing, "into the sitting-room. Shall I tell them you are not at home, sir?"

"I will come in there."

"Ho!" said Mrs. Long, disappointedly.

Mepsted stood for a moment at the door of the room. He wanted, above all things, to regain his self-composure; he desired also to remember the few satirical remarks that he had proposed for this emergency. The sound of her voice within, arguing gently with her shrill-voiced mother, sent the sarcasms—and they were uncommonly good sarcasms—effectually out of his head.

"My dear Mr. Mepsted, I am so glad we found you in. Mary and I were in town, and we were making calls, and Mary suggested——"

"We have not seen you for some time," interrupted Mary Westenhanger, hurriedly."

"It's too good of you both to call," said Robert Mepsted. "Can I give you tea or something? I am rather awkward at playing host at present, but I shall get used to the game with practice. Some bachelors I know manage very well."

"I want," said Lady Westenhanger, "to call in at Bond street and see a jeweller man. So that I don't think we'll trouble you, Mr. Mepsted."

"Do you want to go to Bond street, Miss Westenhanger?"

"Not in the least," Mr. Mepsted, I don't like jewelry."

"That's a most outrageous remark to make," said Lady Westenhanger, with severity. "I consider it almost impious. Every woman should"——

"Then how would it be," suggested Mr. Mepsted, genially, "for you, Lady Westenhanger, to drive round to Bond street, for you, Miss Westenhanger, to remain here, and for my housekeeper to give us tea? I've been writing all the afternoon, and I want a cup."

This was where Mary Westenhanger showed strategy worthy of a field-marshal.

"I think I had better go with mamma," she said, mildly.

"And I think," said Lady Westenhanger, with severity, "that you will do nothing of the sort. You will remain here, Mary, until I return. Mr. Mepsted is not like one who is a new friend of the family."

"Lady Westenhanger," said Robert Mepsted, "you are always right." He pressed the electric knob and gave to Mrs. Long directions. "Let me see you to your carriage. Miss Westenhanger, can you find an illustrated paper to look at until I return?"

"I don't think I care for art," she said, quietly, "just now."

Mr. Robert Mepsted returned very quickly. Mary Westenhanger was looking, with her hands clasped behind her, at a portrait of his mother, and when she turned there were tears in her eyes.

"Tea already here?" he exclaimed, breezily. "What a capital manager Mrs. Long is! Will you pour out, Miss Westenhanger?"

"I still possess a Christian name," she remarked, as she obeyed.

"You haven't discarded everything, then?"

Mr. Robert Mepsted made a mental note of the score. Sarcasm number one.

"I wanted particularly to see you," she said. She lifted her cup, but her hand trembled, and she replaced it on the table, where it was safe. "I'm afraid that I was very stupid and unreasonable when we met last."

"I don't like to contradict you," he said.

"And I—well, I want to apologize, Robert. In a general way, I can bear my mother pretty well, but on that day she had been more than usually trying."

"I don't think we need say any more about it, Mary."

"Do you really mean that?" she asked, quickly.

"I mean that we need not trouble to rake up old grievances. It is a species of gardening that I don't care for. All that we need do now is to see that we remain good friends for the future."

"And—and nothing more than friends?"

"What more could we be?"

"Well," said Mary Westenhanger, crumbling the cake unnecessarily, and making of it a carefully-built pyramid, "you said once—you would be my husband."

"And you said once that I should not."

"Only once," she remarked, nervously.

"The number is small, but sufficient." Robert Mepsted felt quite a glow of admiration at his unbending sternness. He was behaving with much more courage than he had credited himself with. "The fact of it is, Mary, life in the Albany, with pleasant rooms and plenty of work, is rather enjoyable. One has no cares, no trammels, and"——

"And no companion."

"That fact," said Robert Mepsted, with an effort, "is the comble de joie."

She rose from the table and walked again to the portrait.

"She was the kindest friend I ever had," said Mary Westenhanger. "How good this is of her!"

"My mother," said Robert Mepsted, rising and standing beside her, "was always good. She was the only person that knew of our engagement."

"I am glad that nobody else knew. We have been saved the congratulations of our friends. And I want to ask you something, Robert. There is no necessity for anybody ever to know, is there?"

"No necessity at all, dear. I would rather keep it as a pleasant secret, to remember all my life. They were the brightest of days, those, and I shall never, never forget them."

"It is worth coming here," she said impulsively, "to hear you say so. I should not have called if I had believed that. And I thought that perhaps there might be more such days in the future."

"The stock is exhausted," said Mr. Mepsted, decidedly.

She took very slowly a ring from her finger. It was a little reluctant to move, being a ring that studied appearance and liked an effective background.

"I did not send this back," said Mary Westenhanger, "because I did not like to give it up. But I believe that it is usual in these situations to do so."

"I have had little experience," he said, "but if that is the rule let us make an exception. I would rather you kept it. It will be something to remind you of me when—when we are older."

Mrs. Long, looking in to see if anything was wanted, noted with some disturbance that the two young people were standing rather closely together. Mrs. Long coughed the cough of warning and withdrew with an apology.

"Will Lady Westenhanger be much longer?" said Mepsted, anxiously. He felt that his reserve of sternness was giving out, and to listen to her quiet voice and to watch her eyes for many moments longer would be fatal.

"Mamma usually has a good deal to say to shopkeepers, but she will be back directly."

"And then we shall say good-by again, I suppose?"

"Somehow, in spite of all this, I'm not sorry that I've called," she said, thoughtfully.

"It has been a great delight to me."

"I blamed myself for quarrelling with you before, Robert, but now that—now that this afternoon has happened, why, nobody can blame me."

"That's true. However long I live I must always feel that my bachelorhood is due to myself and to no one else."

She looked round swiftly.

"Are you going to be a bachelor all your life, Robert?"

"Why, yes. Of course. I don't want to marry anybody else—I mean to say, I'm comfortable enough as I am. And I dare say when we're twenty years older we shall meet somewhere and we shall decide that it's all been for the best. I, as a bachelor, you, as an old maid, will"——

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say that you, as an old maid, will"—

"I am afraid that you are peering into the future, Robert, without your glasses. I shall marry."

The newspaper fell from his hand.

"But—but you said that you did not care for anyone else!"

"I don't see how that affects the matter. I have a proposal in my pocket now."

"Show it to me."

"If you say 'please,'" said Mary Westenhanger. And when Robert obeyed she took from her bodice a letter.

"But this man is one of the most fearful bounders in town!" cried Robert Mepsted, distractedly. "You, of course, said 'No,' at once, dear?"

"I thought it better to wait, Robert. It is not wise to be impetuous in these matters."

"But surely, Mary, you would never dream"——

He stopped, because his indignation half choked him.

"I do, sometimes. I dreamt once that you and I were going to be very happy together. But as that is not likely to occur, why, an alternative course has to be adopted."

He took her hand suddenly.

"Mary, you mustn't do this. I said I was happy, but that was all brag. I'm miserable without you, and I'm punishing myself more than I can bear. Let us see what we can do."

"Hadn't we better put our heads together?" suggested Miss Westenhanger, shyly.

Mrs. Long explained the whole affair the following morning to a lady friend who managed the rooms of Col. Dunkerley at No 7 M.

"I could see it all, Mrs. What-is-it, with 'alf an eye," said Mrs. Long, discontentedly. "There's him with the 'ump, as you may say, and a way of looking at his coffee before he drank it, as though he was, in a manner of speaking, lost in thought; there's her, a tall, good-looking, cheerful girl, with tears in her eyes before she'd been there five minutes; and there's her mother a trotting off to Bond street to 'aggle with a shopkeeper, and when my lady came back and caught them kissing one another, and had her tantrums, why, as I said to myself, 'What on earth could you expect?'"

The lady at No. 7 M. said, philosophically, as she frightened away a kitten with her brush, that human nature was the same, no matter in what "spere" of life you come across it.

"That's all very well," said Mrs. Long, aggrievedly; "but how about me? As likely as not I shall 'ave some cantankerous old military gent to look after now. What I think is, people ought to 'ave more consideration, one for the other."

HUNTING SEALS.

It Is Dangerous Because of the Position of the Rookeries.

The inaccessibility of the rookeries frequently involves seal hunters in danger, says a writer in the New York Press. The seals are shot from a promontory. Then the hunter is lowered on a rope by his comrades 100 or 200 feet to the slippery wave washed rocks below, where the dead seal lies. He quickly skins the animal. A small boat from the ship rides outside the surf line ready to carry the hides away. A small line is floated ashore to the hunter, who ties the hides to it one by one, and the boat is loaded, the hunter is drawn to the top of the cliff, and another rookery is sought for more game. The surf about these deep sea islands is very high and is one of the obstacles of the seal hunter.

The long stiff hairs from the seal's muzzle are highly prized by Chinamen, and large quantities are exported to China. The Chinese mount these hairs with gold for use as toothpicks and ear-spoons. Other parts of the animals are dried and shipped to China for use by the native doctors, who claim that they effect marvelous cures with the medicine made from these parts.

The sea lions are rather cute in their way. They enjoy a geat deal of sea fowl occasionally. When the gulls are flying overhead, a lion will dive and swim some distance under water from the point where he disappeared. He approaches the surface carefully, allowing merely the tip of his black nose to show above the surface. By giving his body a rotary motion this nose tip makes circles on the ocean, and, to the eye of the flying gull, resembles a waterbug at play. With a swish, the deceived gull rushes down from its station above like a ball from a gun. The lion sinks a few inches, and as the gull hits the water with tremendous impetus the jaws close mercilessly on the sea fowl, and it is hauled below the surface and devoured.

PEOPLE WHO BUY ANCESTORS.

In Great Demand by Those Who Have Not Invented Them.

"There is a regular trade done in old portraits of men in armor and women in mediæval costumes," said a large picture dealer to the writer. "They are brought by persons who have made their fortunes and want to persuade their friends that they come of an ancient and aristocratic lineage.

"I am frequently called upon to supply these fictitious ancestors, and I find that the portrait of a gentleman in armor—and armor is especially favored, such as was worn about the time of Edward V—will fetch almost any price, no matter how crude it may be, so long as it has the old time tone.

"Only the other week a man whose manner spelled 'fortune from pork sausages' applied to me for a series of ancestors. I had three old portraits on hand at the time and offered them to him, but he did not care about them because there was no armor. Could I not supply this deficiency? I said, 'Yes,' and doubled the price of the pictures, and he drew me a check for £250 with avidity. Now he wants four more to fill four vacant panels in the picture gallery of his ancestral home.

"Many upshot Americans who come over here buy up the ancestors to take home and palm off upon their friends. Indeed the demand for them has become so great that there are four or five portrait painters making comfortable incomes turning out forefathers.

"Of course you know that large quantities of ancient armor are made every year in Sheffield and bought by the same class of people, with the same object as the pictures. It is a fact, and I have known £600 to be paid for a suit of armor which probably cost less than £10 to make."—London Tit-Bits.

THE LARGEST ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

[From the Independent.]

According to a Copenhagen paper the largest encyclopædia in the world is the Buddhistic work "Tangym," which has been from ancient times preserved in several of the larger Buddhist cloisters. In comparison to this book of reference the Encyclopædia Britannica itself sinks into insignificance, at least as regards size. It consists of 32 volumes, each of which is two feet high and six inches thick. The 225 volumes weigh 3,000 pounds, or 12 pounds a volume—rather heavy reading even for a Buddhist priest. The original edition seems to have been limited and comparatively few copies still exist. One of these is owned by the British government and another by the Russian. The latest price noted is 7,000f.

The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The king of hearts, he took those tarts
And paved the wagonway.
And the Queen of Hearts made some more tarts,
And baked them on the fire;
The knave of hearts, he stole those tarts
To mend his punctured tire.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

She blushed prettily as she told the sister of her best young man that she thought she would buy a birthday present for him.

"You know him better than I do," she said, "so I come to you for advice."

"Yes?" said the sister inquiringly.

"Oh, yes, indeed. What would you advise me to get?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the sister carelessly. I could only advise you in general terms. From what I know of him, however, he will appreciate something that can be easily pawned better than something that cannot."—*Chicago Post.*

"Queer how everybody resents hot weather."

"Yes, and when a fine day comes along they all strut as if they had made it."—*Chicago Record.*

"Has your wife learned to ride a wheel?"

"Nup; but she has been taking cooking lessons, and about every morning she goes into the kitchen and has a scorching competition with the cook." — *Indianapolis Journal.*

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