

REITERATION.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And mutes on the faces of the friends that
he has known,
So I turn the leaves of fancy, till in shadowy
design
I find the smiling features of an old sweet-
heart of mine.
The lamp-light seems to glimmer with a
flicker of surprise,
As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazle in
my eyes.
And light my pip in silence, save a sigh
that seems to yoke
Its face with my tobacco, and to vanish with
the smoke.
Tis a fragrant retrospection for the loving
thoughts that start
Into being as like periwinks from the blossom
of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury
divine—
When my truant fancies wander with that
old sweetheart of mine.
Though I hear, beneath my study, like a
fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother
as she sings,
I feel no tinge of conscience to deny me any
thing
When Care has cast her anchor in the harbor
of a dream.
In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it is
a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust
of harm—
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mel-
low wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old
sweetheart of mine.
A face of lily-bounty, with a form of airy
grace,
Floated out of my tobacco as the genii from
the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of
azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as
the skies.
I can see the pink sun bonnet and the little
checked dress
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered
the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely
as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me—that
old sweetheart of mine!
And again I feel the pressure of her slender
little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we
had planned;
When I should be a poet, and with nothing
else to do
But write tender verses that she set the music
to.
When we should live together in a cozy lit-
tle cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-
spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the
weathers ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old
sweetheart of mine!
And should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the
golden hair was gray,
And we should be so happy that when
either's lips were dumb
They would not smile in heaven till the other's
lips had come.
But—ah! my dream is broken by a step upon
the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife
is standing there!
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my vision
I resign
To greet the living presence of that old
sweetheart of mine.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

BESIEGED BY APES.

We sailed out from the port of Borneo, in the island of that name, in a schooner of ninety tons burden, to visit the islands to the north in search of monkeys and parrots for the great animal dealer at Hamburg. The craft and crew were under charter for four months. The Captain was a Singapore half-breed, and his three sailors and a cook were Borneo born. I had my man Thomas with me, and the only cargo we carried consisted of cages and articles for traffic.
We had been knocking about for several weeks, landing on various islands in the Borneo Sea to make captives, and were at anchor beside a small island called Kuli, when a trader from the Mindanao peninsula came along and gave us some interesting news. His craft carried only three men, but had run short of water and was obliged to put in at an island thirty miles to the east far water. The island was about three miles square and thickly wooded, and entirely without settlement. While at anchor in a sheltered bay, and just as they had hoisted in their cask of water, they were set upon by several hundred apes of large size and terribly frightened. The craft was only twice her length from shore, and the apes bombarded her with clubs and stones. A score of these missiles had been preserved as proof. The trader gave us warning to look out for ourselves if we went that way, and we made him a present of tobacco and at once set sail. The apes he described were just the species I was looking for, being what is called the East "gorilla's" children." They are found only in Sumatra and Borneo and on a few of the islands in the Borneo Sea. It is an established fact that every seven years these apes are subject to an epidemic which sweeps them off in large numbers, and for this reason they have been scarce for many years past. In the year 1864 a trader who landed on the island of Kriem, about 200 miles from Manila, discovered over 500 dead apes along the beach.
We reached the bay the trader had told us of about 9 o'clock next morning. The shore pitched off into deep water, and we anchored with just room enough for her to swing to the tides. This brought the stem of the craft within forty feet of the trees when the tide came in, but of course we had to use the yawl to go ashore. We neither saw nor heard any-

thing except the gaudy colored parrots flying about, and after we had been at anchor about an hour I took my man and went ashore. The island was a perfect tangle. The trees grew almost as thick as they could stand, and the ground was covered with creepers and rank vegetation. We were a quarter of a mile from the beach before the ground cleared, and then we failed to get sight of an ape. As it was a very hot afternoon, the chances were that they were asleep in the thick of the forest. We brought along with us some pieces of cloth of various colors, and these we now hung on the limbs and bushes and scattered along on the ground to "bait" the apes to the landing.
We had made our way quietly as possible, as I fully believed in what the trader had told me. When we reached the landing I got my monkey traps from the schooner. These are steel traps with padded jaws. We set six of them opposite the craft, and the only bait we used was a red rag tied to the catch. Going on board we had dinner, and then I brought out a heavy rifle and fired three shots into the woods. That was to wake up the apes, and it wasn't ten minutes before we heard from them. Shrieks and cries and calls resounded through the forest, and then the apes fairly swarmed down to the shore. The colored cloths angered and excited them to the highest pitch, and their coming was like that of an enraged mob of human beings. The advance guard had scarcely appeared before they rushed upon the traps in great fury, and to their own great sorrow. Every trap received a victim, and every victim screamed and shrieked and jumped about in the most exciting manner.
The number of apes dumbfounded me. I honestly believe there were 5000 of them, great and small, and the noise they made was deafening. Their first move was to help the victims in the traps. They attempted to pull them out by main force, and when this failed they got stones and clubs and tried to break the traps. They had neither the strength nor the ingenuity, and when they realized this they turned to secure revenge on us. We had been expecting the move and were ready for it, or thought we were. We had four guns on the rail, had covered the cabin skylight with boards, and the decks were clear for action. The tide was yet running in, and although we could almost look into the flashing eyes of the apes, we knew they dreaded water and would hesitate to swim out to us.
I don't know whose fault it was that the yawl's painter, which was made fast to the starboard rail amidships, was not securely fastened. No one had given it any thought until we suddenly saw the yawl drive to the mango bushes stern first. There was no surf in that little bay, and the tide would have held her there if the apes had taken no action. The boat was no sooner within leaping distance than fifty of the animals sprang into it, and as it reached the bushes it was held there. The screams and yells of the apes for the next five minutes prevented speech. Then, at a given signal, all but one leaped out of the boat. At a second signal all those in sight on shore disappeared, leaving only the victims of the traps. These had ceased their complaints and became quiet, and now a great stillness fell upon the island. I asked the Captain what new move he thought the beasts intended to make, and he replied:
"I think we shall have great trouble with them. If there were breeze enough to stem this tide I should be in favor of getting out as soon as possible. They will board us in the yawl as soon as the tide turns."
I pointed to the fact that there was only one ape in the boat, and that I could put a bullet through his head where he sat. If one of the men would slip over the rail he could swim to the boat and secure it. This was looked upon as a good idea. One of the Borneo men got quietly into the water and swam for the boat, and when he was close upon it I fired and killed the ape in charge. His dying yell was answered from a thousand throats, and in ten seconds the boat was filled with apes. The sailor had to return empty handed. It was no use to fire upon the beasts, as their numbers were so great, and we therefore renewed our preparations for defence. The crew proper told us in so many words that they would not lift a hand except to defend themselves, as they considered it a crime to kill an ape. If the schooner was boarded, then they would be justified in fighting.
After a few minutes all the apes but one again left the boat. The body of the one I had killed was carried ashore. The tide would not turn until 5 o'clock, and we had nothing to do but wait and watch. I made a shell out of a tin can filled with powder and bullets, and in fact this was to be lighted by Thomas when he could hear it into the boat. We had three loaded guns and a revolver apiece, and I believe the two of us alone could prevent boarding. The schooner swung bows to the shore as soon as the tide turned, and was now further away by her own length. We did not hear a sound from the beasts after they retired. There were scores of them watching us from the bushes, no doubt, but they did not show themselves. When the tide began to draw the yawl off shore the ape left in charge took a turn with his tail around a bush and thus held it.
At sundown there was a little breeze, and we could have left, but I wanted the apes in the traps and the Captain wanted his yawl. As it grew dark all the crew went below, saying it was none of their light, and one of the Borneo sailors declared that he had recognized an uncle in the ape I had killed. Another had seen his brother, and the cook fairly cried at the thought that his favorite son, who had been dead about five years, might have turned into an ape and be waiting to devour his affectionate father. Thomas and I remained on deck to watch, and at eight o'clock we heard and saw enough to prove that the apes were moving in concert in a large body. I tried to get the crew up, but they refused to

come. I had a double-barrelled shotgun, and Thomas was to throw the shell if they came near enough. The shore was in such darkness that we couldn't see what our enemies were up to until the boat was suddenly seen floating along our port bow. I fired into the black mass, and Thomas lighted the fuse and heaved the shell, but in his excitement he missed the boat.
From the splashing in the water I knew that large numbers of the apes swam off. I had scarcely fired when three or four appeared on the bows, and the next moment they boarded from every quarter. Their screaming and chattering were terrific, and we no sooner saw the first half dozen aboard than we made a rush for the cabin. From that moment we were besieged and by an enemy such as never captured a sailing craft before.
The crew were willing enough to fight on the landing, but the question was what to do. The apes raced up and down the decks, pulled away every rope and the number of them must have been a full thousand. Their racing about made the little schooner tremble clear to her keel, and now and then their weight lurched her from side to side. The scuttle to the fore-castle was secured, the hatches all fast, and the boards over the cabin skylight had been nailed. We heard them pulling and hauling, however, and every moment was an anxious one. They wrenched the water butt loose and rolled it around on deck, and six cages of parrots were broken up in no time and the birds killed.
It was a full hour before the apes quieted down, and from thence to daylight we caught a few winks of sleep as we watched and waited. When day broke and we could see through the cabin side lights, the scene on deck was one of desolation. Every running rope had been pulled down, great holes had been gnawed in the sails, and whatever they could break up was broken. They were still at it. Some of them were even gnawing at the deck planks. It was clear that if left uninterrupted they would ruin the schooner above board, so we raised a great shout to draw their attention. It succeeded to a charm. It wasn't five minutes before they had wrenched the boards off the skylight. The sash was a heavy one and the panes small, and even when they crowded upon the sash to the number of fifty it bore their weight. Holding my revolver close to one of the panes, I fired three shots, and thus cleared them off. From the great chattering above we knew that three of the gang had been killed or badly hurt. They tried it again in about five minutes, and now we used both revolvers and peppered four or five more. From that on they kept clear of the skylight, but we knew they were watching the doors.
On each side of the companionway was a pane of glass over an opening four inches wide by twelve wide. I smashed out one and Thomas the other, and we began shooting. The crowd made at us seeming to be perfectly reckless, and several were shot as they tugged at the barrels of our rifles. In half an hour we had the decks covered with dead and dying, and the beasts began to show signs of being demoralized. An old gray head, who had been concealed behind the foremast, finally peered out and I put a bullet into his head. He fell over with a scream, and with every ape that could move sprang overboard and made for the shore. We waited awhile before leaving our quarters, but reached the deck to find they had departed for good. There were forty-two dead apes on the schooner, and we finished six who were badly wounded. Our boat had grounded on a smaller island half a mile away, and after we had recovered it we got the chaps who had been in the traps so long. They exhibited the greatest ferocity, but were handled the worse for it, and we finally got them safe aboard. Then we turned to on the schooner, and it took us two full days to get her in sailing shape. From the hour the beasts left the craft we did not catch sight of a single one again during our stay.—New York Sun.

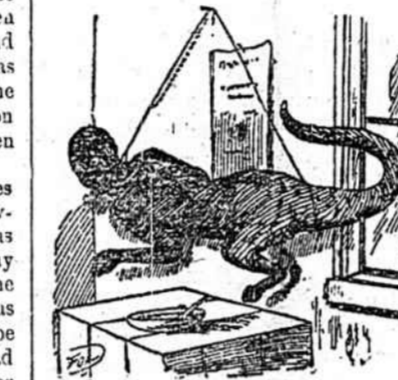
FREAK FRAUDS.

HOW CURIOSITIES ARE MADE FOR DIME MUSEUMS.

Sea Serpents, Alligator Boys, Freaks, Mummified or Fresh, Produced at Prices Within the Reach of Any Showman.

Museums in former days were few and as a rule were confined to Chatham street. Performers and freaks who now get \$35 for a week's work were glad to get \$1 a day, and a sharp proprietor could sometimes secure them for a lower figure than that. With the advent of the "L" road, the surface travel became so small comparatively, that the dime museum business on Chatham street and the lower Bowery became unprofitable. The old style of showmen that used to organize museums in stores which were temporarily vacated looked about them for some better means of livelihood.

As one of them puts it, "The days when you could rent a vacant store at ten o'clock in the morning and have a museum ready for visitors at twelve are past." The advent of more imposing



THE ALLIGATOR BOY.

museums further up town necessitated more and newer attractions. The living curiosities began to multiply because the country was scoured for them, and ten penny salaries impelled the mostrosities who were formerly anxious to hide their deformities in the seclusion of their homes to put themselves on exhibition before thousands of sightseers.

The old time museum man, who used to take a Chatham street store and put in five attractions at a gross cost of five dollars a day, now turned his attention to making inanimate freaks to be exhibited as mummified or dried specimens of the human race. This man and others made a large collection of dried mummies, sea serpents and mostrosities of all conceivable kinds for a man named Bernstein, and he carried them over to the other side of the ocean and exhibited them in Germany, England, Ireland and Spain, and finally returned with them to this country, with a net profit, it is claimed, of \$30,000 for a year's work among the larger foreign cities.

A recent visit to the freak maker's little shop on the east side of town has enabled the writer to explain the manufacture of this kind of exhibition goods. In a small third story room a portly man was found at work on a two headed mummy, which was to be exhibited as having been found in the Pyramids of Egypt. The furniture of the room suggested extreme poverty, although the stout man is able to make \$40 a week at his queer trade. He lives all alone, and it is fair to presume that he is saving his money against the time when he can open a new museum of the new style for his own profit.

The real appearance of one of this man's freaks, even when it is in an unfinished state, explains why so many people are willing to accept them at the voluble museum lecturer's valuation, and when you see the work directly under the mechanic's hand, the excellent modelling of the face gives the object an uncanny look. Unlike the wax figures these things are not modelled from life, nor does the maker ever employ an artist to assist in perfecting the anatomical intricacies of his subject. He is not an artist himself, in feeling or training, but simply a workman, who, from constant practice, has been enabled to make a figure of nearly correct proportions with the crudest kinds of tools.

Pasteboard and paper are his chief stock in trade. With an outer wall of soft cardboard and numerous layers of paper back of it the head form when well soaked in water can be pressed into a perfect semblance of the human face.



THE SEA SERPENT IN SECTIONS.

Little bits of card or paper may have to be added to accentuate the features, but when the work is ready for the pasty varnish which is to cover the first shaping and effectually adhere all its parts, these added pieces look as though they were a part of the rougher first model.

On a stove near by are the gaunt representations of arms and legs, the fingers and toes made of bits of card lapped over one another until the desired length is reached. The joints show very plainly at this stage of the work, but when the coat of varnish covers them later, and the edges of the cardboard are pressed down flat, it requires a very close inspection to determine where the figures are pieced.

The anatomy of these limbs, when you take into consideration the patchwork quality of the operation, is rather wonderful. When the curious-looking lot of objects are put together and the whole thing varnished brown, the re-

spectable-looking mummy seems to be ready for its purchaser, but it really is not, for in the estimation of the honest workman nature has not been fully reproduced.

He considers that the head and hands of human beings, on account of their constant exposure to the atmosphere, have a harder cuticle than the covered portions of the body. Although it seems unnecessary that he should carry out this idea in his mechanical freaks, his next operation accomplishes just that purpose. A covering for all the body but the head and hands is made of soft, thin chamois leather. This is put on with thick paste, in pieces which will accommodate themselves to the various curves of the work. When the chamois skin is well dried on, and the whole structure is carefully varnished, the body parts are not only soft looking, but give something at the touch as well.

Hanging on the side wall of the workshop is a carefully executed painting of Jerusalem, which at one time was part of a panorama. The freak maker said that this painting, which is about three feet high and seven feet long, cost \$200 in the old country. To explain the cost of this work in his own words: "Panoramas in the old country are very carefully made. You will notice in this piece how carefully everything is made up—how the stones in the wall and the little ornaments on the temples are drawn so fine and clear. That is because in the old country the panorama makes plenty of money; and it must be fine, for the people go in great crowds and look very carefully at pictures of the Holy Land and the Pope's palace, and fine churches, and all such things. They look very close at the picture, and examine it all over and talk about every little thing in it for perhaps half an hour for each one. In this country people go up to a picture and say, 'Och, a picture. We don't want to see that. Come.' So you see on the other side the painter must be very careful and have everything good or the people will say that it is a bad work and complain to the showman."

During the telling of the story of panoramic excellence in the old country the visitor has had time to observe the various freaks in all sorts of repair hung about the room. An awful-looking object which represents an alligator boy was placed in one corner of the room, all ready for the man who ordered it. This mostrosity is one of many of this pattern which have been turned out by the freak man. They are all made the same size, four and a half feet long, and cost only \$30 each, so that an alligator boy may be said to be within the reach of any dime museum. A repulsive looking black body with the head turned sideways is attached to what seems to be the back half an alligator. Real wool covers the head and real teeth are introduced in the mouth opening. The boy is represented as grinning in the conventional negro style.

Mr. Dixon's office a nine-pound piece of rock has been ringing a bell since last November. A piece weighing half a pound was placed in a pint tumbler and wires attached to the bell, which caused it to ring as loud as an alarm clock. The test was made in the presence of several gentlemen, who pronounced it a wonderful discovery.—San Francisco Chronicle.



ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD.

Here is a pine tree 150 years old. The sketch was made in Japan a few months ago for a London paper. Dwarf trees are regarded with the utmost favor by the Japanese of the old regime.

A Ratskin Vest.
An industrious young Chicago Englishman is not to be outdone by the ladies in the present fur craze. Being employed by a firm at the stock yards, where rodents are gigantic and plentiful, this young man engaged in the capture of the pests, and after securing some choice specimens he had the skins tanned and dexterously pieced together, after which they were converted into a vest. A beautiful vest it is, too, and the wearer being English its perfect propriety is never questioned.
"I say, Dobbins, old fel, where did you get the vest?" asked one of his cronies the other night.
"Aw, from 'ome, ye know; latest thing in waistcoats in London, me boy."—Chicago Times.

A Mountain Retreat.
A pet monkey, in Atlanta, was carefully trained to watch a baby and rock its cradle when it cried. He was considered a very trustworthy and useful brute, but one day, being left alone with the infant, and finding himself unable to stop its crying, he jumped into the cradle, scratched the child's face, bit its ears and nose, tore off its clothes, and when discovered was stuffing the bits of cloth into its mouth. He is no longer employed as a nurse.

At present the market is calling for something new. "Mermaids," "demon children," and the "elephant fish" about close the list of artificial freaks of the

pastboard variety. The maker guarantees to furnish any known, or unknown animal if its description, sketch or photograph is furnished, but just at present



THE FREAK MAKER AT WORK.

There are no new ideas forthcoming and the duplication of the stock ideas goes merrily on.
The freak man is awaiting the time when some "Cardiff giant" hoax will enable him to get a brand new subject for dissemination among the hundreds of dime museums between New York and the Pacific slope, and he fondly hopes to be able to employ a corps of assistants to help him fill his orders. As it is, while he is never able to carry a stock of made up goods, his orders do not warrant the giving away to other men of his trade secrets. Some of them appear here, it is true, but not all, for there are niceties in the work that no amount of description could give, and the trick of making a little work produce a great effect is one of his most valued accomplishments. It is this trick that leads him to advertise himself as the "greatest imitator of natural subjects of the world," and he deserves the title, so the museum man says.—New York Herald.

A Rock Full of Electricity.
L. A. Dixon, of Sodus, N. Y., has just discovered a wonderful ore called "electric rock," which contains a hidden force that puzzles and astonishes all who see it, expert electricians in particular. The rock is of a dark slate color and is somewhat lighter in weight than sandstone. It is composed of iron, aluminum, calcium and other minerals, and particles of gold are found sometimes.
Mr. Dixon says it will generate unlimited power and gives any desired amount of incandescent light. For illuminating business places and residences it would be considerably cheaper than kerosene. In fact, after the building had been wired and the batteries prepared the cost would be merely nominal, and the light would be equal if not superior to that produced by manufactured electricity.

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To speak my heart to thee there is no word That I can think of but "I love thee, dear!"

And that thou knowest, like a song oft heard,
Being so well known, there's no need to hear;
And yet I can but say, "I love thee!"
Ah, 'tis the heart's own music, songs that oft
On lips we love have trembled low and clear;
So unto thee I will whisper soft
What thou dost know so well, "I love thee, dear!"
And o'er and o'er again, "I love thee!"
—Charles W. Coleman, in Cosmopolitan.

PITH AND POINT.

The woods are full of them—Trees.—
Life.
Figures do not lie, but liars sometimes figure.—Dallas News.
One of the greatest ills of earth—Chicago, Ills.—Munsey's Weekly.
Sent up for life—The consumptive who is advised to go to the mountains.—Puck.
"Did the doctor bleed you?" "Yes, when he sent in his bill."—New York Journal.

No man is as good at home as his picture looks in a neighbor's album.—Atchinson Globe.
No complaint is made about short measure when we have a peck of trouble.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.
"Why do you call your dog Flannel?" "Because he shirks so when he goes in to the water."—Epoch.
A preacher recently advised his congregation to be saved in the nick of time from the Nick of eternity.—Jester.

Beautiful Lover—"Can you tie a true-lovers' knot, Miss Fanny?" She—"No, but the clergyman around the corner can."
"In this little casket I have preserved all these years the dearest remembrance of my honeymoon. It is the hotel bill."—Legende Blatter.
When a man's wife tells him to bring home some new stove pipe, he may rest assured that there is a put up job on him.—Munsey's Weekly.

Possible Buyer—"Is he full blooded?" Gullick (the dog broker)—"Yes; he can't run twenty foot 'bout gittin' red in the face."—Scribner.
Bibbs—"I wonder why my tailor failed?" Fibbs—"Pure politeness. His customers wouldn't come down, so he went up."—Texas Siftings.

If man's anatomy were so arranged that he could kick himself, it is not believed that he would ever do it hard enough to hurt him severely.—Washington Star.
Did lovers tell truths as they know 'em. Their luck would be very much worse. I called her 'a beautiful poem.' Well knowing she wasn't averse.—Bazar.

Bertie—"I hate that fellow Dadds, the tailor, I'd like to murder him!" Charlie—"Why don't you pay his bill? He would probably die of surprise."—Light.
"Talk!" exclaimed Ponsoby, "she can't say a word. Why, I talked to her half an hour last night and she never opened her mouth—except to yawn!"—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Quipper—"So you call this a flat, do you? Why, there isn't room to swing a cat." Landlord—"But there are no cats or children allowed here, ma'am."—Toten Topics.
Of many a self-made man we know / There can be little doubt / In some respects he'd be improved / Had he given the contract out.—Philadelphia Times.

"John, I wish you didn't have to take so many different kinds of medicine!" "Why, wife?" "Cause, then I wouldn't have to put up all my catsup in different kinds of bottles."—Light.
"That fellow, Bonalini, the portrait painter, is a brute." "What has he done?" "I wanted him to make a portrait of me, and he said he wasn't an animal painter."—New York Sun.

"My son, said the dying bunco man, I guess you can't do better than to follow the motto of your poor old dad, 'Whomsoever you find to do, do him with all your might.'"—Terra Haute Express.
"And what is love?" he drolly asked
"A man whose wit could not be matched,
"It is an itching of the heart."
She softly said, "that can't be scratched."
"Marie, I have come to-night to ask you for your hand—!" "You ask for a great deal, Mr. Smithers." "On the contrary, it is such a very little one that—" "It is yours, George, dear."—New York Sun.

Freddy wants to know why a lover is so often called a "spoon." Authorities are divided: some think it is because it seems to be the principal object of his existence to hold something, and others contend that it is because he is so often near the lips. One good reason would seem to be the hard fortune which so often puts him in the soup.—Life.

Telephones for Church Use.
The Rev. Canon Wilcox, of Christ Church, Birmingham, has consented to allow the telephone to be introduced into his church. The transmitters will be so regulated that sound will be gathered in without requiring the voice to be directed in close contiguity upon the plate of the transmitter. This will not be the first occasion upon which the telephone has been set in a place of worship. At Bradford (Yorkshire) it is in use at an Established, a Unitarian and a Wesleyan Church. It has also been introduced at the Parish Church of Chesterfield, and at all these places subscribers have more or less extensively availed themselves of its use, and it has been found possible for forty or fifty persons to hear a sermon simultaneously. In Greenock it is used in the Congregational chapel.—London Tit-Bits.
Nearly \$3,750,000 a year is paid by the British Government for the carriage of mails.