

HARD LIFE OF A WASHERWOMAN.

Not Very Gay When She Supported Sick Husband on \$1.50 a Day.

A New York man took a notion to interview his washerwoman about the cost of living. She earns \$1.50 a day and supports a sick husband. The man reports results in the American Magazine.

"Our washerwoman dreads Sundays and holidays," she says. "To her such days mean no pay. She was glad to come and wash for us on the Fourth of July."

"All summer she worked every Sunday in a hotel—from noon until 11 o'clock at night. In two years she has not had a day of what we call fun—no theatergoing, no trip to Coney Island."

"She seldom has company at her home in the evening. And she is glad of it. She is busy, and company takes up time. Besides, she meets people and talks with them while she is at her work."

"Now about clothing. In all, only \$11.50 has been laid out in money in a year for clothing for both the husband and the wife. By far the greater part of the clothing they have given to them by employers and others."

"The wife has no relatives or near friends in this country. The husband has no relatives or friends who could give him a dollar if he needed it."

"So I asked the wife how much money she ever has in hand at any one time. She replied that for two or three years she has never had more than \$12 at any one time."

SKRIMLEY'S ONE QUEER TRAIT.

Pink of Neatness in Every Other Way, He Never Brushes His Hat.

"I suppose," said Mr. MacBlink, "that we all have our little peculiarities, but some of them do seem queer. You take, for instance, the one odd thing about my friend Skrimley."

"Now, Skrimley is a man very scrupulous in all the ways of personal cleanliness, daily bath, constant fresh linen, clothes always in perfect order and always brushed, and his shoes always cared for in like manner; but he never brushes his hat, and that I have never been able to account for."

"Anybody that didn't know Skrimley that saw him going around with that hat of his all covered with dust would think he was, so to speak, dusty all over and all through, a man in every way careless about his person, but the facts are as I have stated them, he is actually the very opposite of personal dustiness, in everything but his hat."

"Somehow he doesn't seem to care how that looks, and when he comes to that he just lets it go. Just why he does this I don't know. I suppose it's just Skrimley's little peculiarity."

Brought Government to Time.

Funny is the story which is related of the victory won by the employes at a certain post office in Paris over the administration, which had omitted to replace a clock that had been removed while repairs were being made on the premises. All the employes were in possession of watches, but that was not the point. They had to go by the clock, and it was, unfortunately, absent. So whenever they had to enter the receipt of letters on their register, instead of setting down the hour they calmly wrote "No clock." One of them explained to a questioning visitor: "I am the owner of a watch, but the administration is not supposed to know this. It owes us a clock; therefore, instead of noting the hour, we write 'No clock.'" At the end of a week "No clock" was taken as a hint and the timekeeper was restored to his former position. It was a mild sort of strike.

Matchmakers in Dilemma.

Belgian maidens have awakened to times to the danger of two important events clashing this year. The Spinners' Matrimonial Club has its annual banquet, to which eligible bachelors are invited, fixed for June 7 at Zaanssens-Lozing in Hainaut. At this banquet the chief business is arranging marriages.

It now appears that June 7 is the date fixed for the provincial elections; but the president of the spinners' club has already pointed out to the local deputy that the latter date must be changed, and if he fails she will petition the government to get the date of the elections altered.

The matter is regarded seriously by the club, as voting in Belgium is compulsory for everybody, including eligible bachelors.

Mother of 200.

The veterinary surgeon paused in his lecture to display an aged cat in a basket lined with pink flannel.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this cat holds, so far as I know, the maternity record. She is 18 years old and she is the mother of 200 kittens."

"I know of many cases of litters of 12 or 14 that have brought 100 or even 185 little ones into the world, but there is no other case recorded of a feline mother of 200."

He pointed the aged animal's head. "You splendid old thing," he said, "I wish I could introduce you to the president."

Sharpens His Vision.

"You, he's near sighted. Says he can't distinguish faces 50 feet away."

"I don't believe it. Ever since he has saved me seven dollars he has had no trouble in recognizing me clear across the street, and then dodging round the corner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHY HIS LOVE WAS HOPELESS.

She Was Anti-Matrimonial Heroine in Woman's Novel.

Standing neath the vine-covered arbor, at the southern end of the garden, about page 357, the man and the woman gazed earnestly in each other's eyes.

"My own," murmured the man, "my very own—may I call you so? Thanka. Then will you, sweet one, be my wife?"

"Ah," she said, her frame convulsed with sobs, "would that you had not spoken, Aubrey, for I can never be your wife."

"You never can?" ejaculated the disconcerted lover, starting back in amazement.

"No, no," she said, with a choking sob.

"But you love me?" he queried, anxiously.

"Yes, yes," she replied, convulsively.

"Then why—why—the man's voice vibrated with passion—"why can you not marry me, if there is no earthly reason to prevent it?"

"Because," she answered in a tone of helpless despair, "I am the heroine in a woman's novel."

As he recognized the insuperability of the obstacle before them, he quailed, and then, with deep-drawn sighs, he glided into the forty-eighth chapter.—Telegraph.

BALKED AT NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Woman's Pet Superstition Cost Her One Fine Apple.

A customer in a city market bought a small measure of apples. She watched the dealer closely as he picked out the fruit.

"Either put in another apple or take one out," she said when he had emptied the apples into a bag. "There are 13 there and I am not going to invite bad luck by carrying home that unlucky number."

"The dealer looked up shrewdly. 'I can't very well throw in another one for that price,' he said. 'Apples are high.'"

"Very well, then take one out," said the woman. "I make it a point when buying anything in small quantities this way to count the pieces, and never under any circumstances will I accept 13 of anything."

A Visit from Santa Claus.

"Ever since Carleton C. Crane showed Vanderbilt through Chinatown years ago he's been sort of expecting a handsome Christmas remembrance," remarked John A. Gill of the New York Central. "Well, he thought he'd got it a little late, but still all right the other morning. An express wagon backed up in front of the office."

"What you got?" inquired Crane, brightening up.

"Packages from New York," yelled the driver.

"What's in 'em?" asked Crane.

"Money."

"Money? How much?"

"There's \$20 pounds of it; \$10,000 in Mexican dollars, an—"

"Well, John," mumbled Crane thickly, his eyes kind of glistening, "all I can say is Vanderbilt's a prince."

"—Say, do I get in through your place to the Mexican Central office?" shouted the driver.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Ornamental Street Lighting.

Not many American cities pay the attention to beautiful effects in their street lighting, and they are in this respect far behind foreign cities. A superficial observer will think that the foreign city is not so well lighted in its business districts as the American city, but will not notice that this is due to the fact that the American business man is a lavish user of electric light for advertising purposes, not often with good results from the artistic point of view, while in foreign cities a minimum of this sort of bill posting is permitted. When the private lights are extinguished, late at night or on holidays, the blackness of the American street is felt rather than seen, and does not compare favorably with the well-arranged lights of the foreign city in attractive groups of handsome fixtures.—Municipal Engineering Magazine.

High Ideals.

William Travers Jerome has many admirers and many enemies, but whatever else he may have he certainly has a high appreciation of the American people. Jerome has been described as a practical idealist; an active freemason. Hy that is meant one who not only has all the shadowy ambitions of the builder of air castles, but also has the force and personality to make them realities. Once he was asked if his ideals were not too high. "You can't make them too high for the American people," he replied.—The Illustrated Magazine.

A Question of Age.

"Dad," piped Freddy.

"What is it now?" asked the older Freddy impatiently.

"I just wanted to know," said the youngster, "how many years' difference there is between a green old age and a ripe old age."—Bohemian.

The Only Difficulty.

Ted—You're wasting your time, old man. You're courting the wrong girl.

George—No, she's the right girl, all right. I'm afraid the trouble is that I'm the wrong man.—Illustrated Bits.

HAD TO BE MORE EXPLICIT.

"Dear Grandpa" Conveyed Little to Post-Office Officials.

A member of the Yale basketball team which played here a night or two ago received a check—a present in three figures—from his grandfather who lives in a New Jersey town. The check, as a matter of fact, was a fake prepared by William L. Lush, the Yale coach, formerly left fielder on the Cleveland baseball team, who was here with the team. But fake or no fake the recipient of the check got mighty excited.

He raced right across the Hollenden lobby to the telegraph desk, the minute he saw the size of the check, and wrote out a telegram as follows: "Dear Grandpa, New Jersey. Thanks very much for check. This is a receipt. Your grandson." He wrote it just that way.

Then he hustled into the writing room to thank grandpa more fully by letter.

While he was preparing the letter a bellboy brought him back his telegram, along with the 30 cents—he had paid to send it—30 in pennies—and this was written across the message: "Can't find anybody named 'dear grandpa.'" Then the Yale boy came to.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHY BE CRABBED ABOUT AGE?

One Instance, at Least, in Which It Brought No Good.

At the dinner that the Chicago Press club gave in Edward Payson Weston's honor, the veteran pedestrian said of old age:

"Age is no crime, but you would think so from the way some people try to conceal it. We can give the lie to age by being gay, vigorous, bouyant, and it is foolish of us to resent our burden of years in any other manner."

"The aged Ben Davies of St. Joseph resented his years in a foolish, crusty, surly way."

"Hello, old man Davies," an elderly St. Joseph lawyer said to him one morning.

"Old" Davies snarled. "Old, hey? Well, how about yourself? I'm no older than you are. What's your earliest recollection?"

"The lawyer grinned at old man Davies and replied:

"Well, let me see. Yes, I think that's it. My earliest recollection is hearing folks say: 'There goes old man Davies.'"

Messenger Pigeons.

In taking its observations the messenger pigeon rises to the height varying between 700 and 700 feet, according to the climatic or other local conditions. But, whether the height be 200 or 700 feet, the pigeon flies in a series of circles, but always returns to a central position immediately above the spot from which it has been released. As soon as it has accurately determined its direction it starts off for home. The speed varies according to atmospheric conditions. With a strong wind behind them, they will fly at a velocity of 1,500 or 1,600 yards a minute.

Every Canadian a Villager.

Perhaps every Canadian does not know that he is a "villager," says the London News. For the country owes its name to a curious misconception on the part of M. Jacques Cartier, who is credited with the discovery of the St. Lawrence. He could make but little out of the conversation of the natives, and hearing them frequently use the word "Kanata," their name for a village, he fell into the mistake of supposing that it was the name of their country. Thus, in more than one sense, has Canada grown from a little village to a great state.

An Unlucky Coin.

"The quarter-dollar," said a numismatist, "should be a very unlucky coin. It is nothing but one mass of thirteens. There are 13 stars on it. There are 13 letters in the scroll that the eagle holds in its claws, there are 13 feathers in the eagle's tail, and there are 13 feathers in its wing. On the shield there are 13 parallel lines, 13 horizontal stripes and 13 arrowheads. Finally, in the word 'quarter-dollar' there are just 13 letters."

But Yet a Man!

"I suppose I have about the most thoughtful, kind and considerate husband in the world," she was saying, sadly. "When he comes home at about two of the morning, turns all the lights on and wakes me out of a sound sleep, he always says in the most polite way imaginable:

"Don't let me disturb you, dear, but will you please help me to unfasten this collar button?"

Australian Rolling Stones.

Round gray stones which are real rolling stones are plentiful in Australia. They are of no value save as curiosities. When laid on a table these stones begin to quiver. Then they begin to roll, first with a slow, then with a faster, gait toward the table's center. In a few minutes they will all be together in a tight bunch. The magnetic iron ore which they contain accounts for their motions.

On the Wreng Wire.

An uptown doctor who is noted for incisiveness of language was sitting in his office the other day when the telephone bell rang.

"Hello," answered the doctor.

"Hello," came a voice, "is this the undertaker's office?"

LAUGHTER NOT ALWAYS GOOD.

Evidences of Merriment Sometimes by No Means Satisfying.

"Of course, you have heard," said the man with a sensitive ear, "a laugh that jarred. I don't mean," he continued, "so much a laugh at an inopportune time—I imagine we have all heard such laughs—as a laugh, the quality of which is unpleasant. There is something contagious in laughter of the right kind, even though you may be the object of it. It bubbles from the well of good humor; there is no hidden thought, or 'arrière pensée,' as the French say, behind it. It is the essence of frankness, and it cleanses the system of the laughter, and, too, of the hearer, like a spiritual bath.

GIGANTIC IN SIZE AND WEIGHT.

Biggest Man That Ever Lived Claimed by North Carolina.

"I'll bet none of you folks know that the largest man that ever lived was born and raised in North Carolina," said a Tar Heel. "His existence and dimensions are vouched for in the American encyclopedia.

"His name was Miles Darden. He was seven feet six inches high, and in 1845 weighed 871 pounds. He was born in North Carolina in 1798 and died in Tennessee January 23, 1857. Until 1853 he was able to go about his work in an active manner, but his weight increased so fast that after that year when he wanted to move about he had to be hauled in a two-horse wagon. In 1839 it is chronicled that his coat was buttoned around three men, each weighing more than 200 pounds, who walked together in the woods near the streets in Lexington, N. C.

At his death he is said to have weighed not less than 1,000 pounds. His coffin was 8 feet long, 35 inches deep, 32 inches across the breast, 18 across the head and 14 across the feet. These measurements were taken at the time and are matters of historical record."

More Than He Wanted.

"Sometimes ladies thank me when I give up my seat to them," the young man said, "and sometimes they do not, and then occasionally something unusual happens. This morning when I gave up my seat to a lady she thanked me effusively.

"Thank you very much," she said; 'very acceptable, I assure you.' This speech attracted the attention of all around, and really I think I would prefer not to be thanked at all rather than to be thanked so generously."

"If it would be polite for me to indicate just how I'd like to be thanked for giving up my seat I should say that just a little smile with a slight inclination of the head, would be the acknowledgment that would please me best of all."

Greek Gives Fortune to Public.

A remarkable case of patriotic public spirit is recorded at Athens, Greece, where a wealthy Greek named Sevastopoulos has left a large fortune of \$1,000,000 for various public objects. One hundred thousand dollars is left for the Greek Royal Agricultural Society; \$50,000 for founding a technical school for work people; and \$500,000 for various philanthropic institutions in Athens and Constantinople.

Too Public.

"Hello! Hello!" explained Percy, through the telephone. "Is that Miss Peachreen?"

"Yes."

"At last! This is Percy Plum. Do you know, Miss Peachreen, I have been trying for nearly an hour to get you?"

"La, me!" fluttered the voice at the other end of the wire. "You shouldn't do that over the telephone, Mr. Plum!"

Unlucky Thirteen.

It is pointed out by a London paper that Lord Chesham, who was recently killed in the hunting field, was born December 13, 1850, and married on November 13, 1877; that his elder son, who was killed in the South African war, was born on September 13, 1878, and his second son, the present holder of the title, on June 13, 1894, becoming fourth baron at the age of 13.

The Retort Venomous.

"So this is your widely advertised dollar table d'hôte dinner, is it?" said the indignant would-be diner, as he pushed aside an entree which he could not masticate. "Why, this is the last place in the world I would recommend to friends."

"Don't blame you, sir," said the sad-faced waiter. "Send your enemies here."

A Hard World.

"It's a hard world! A hard, hard world!"

"What's happened now?"

"I stepped on a banana skin to-day and bumped it."—Houston Post.

KNEW BETTER THAN TO INSIST

Conductor Willing to Miss Fare Under the Circumstances.

There was a determined-looking woman on the far end of the seat of the car, and as the conductor began to pass along the running board to collect his fares the conductor got out "his own nickel and asked the woman if he should pass here."

"He'll get no nickel from me," was her brusque reply.

"Excuse me, but I thought you had to pay."

"Well, you watch out and see whether I have to or not. If I do then there'll be such a row on this car as you haven't seen for a year."

The conductor came along and the woman handed over his fare and watched. The man stood for a moment looking the woman in the face, and she returned the look without flinching. Then he seemed to sigh as he passed on.

"Didn't I tell you so!" chuckled the woman.

"He must have suspected that you were ready for a row," answered the conductor.

"You bet he did. I told him last night what to expect."

"Oh, then you know him?"

"Know him? He's my own husband and he wanted his own wife to pay fare so that he could knock it down. Not any for Mary!"

POINT HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Purchaser of Windmill Really Was Not Badly "Jested."

"Dey jested me on der vindmill," complained Big George in the booze bar at the Fairmont.

"What's the matter now, George?" inquired a new arrival, slapping 50 cents in real money down on the mahogany.

"O, no-ding," smiled George. "But you were saying when I came in that some one cheated you on a windmill."

"Vell, dey did. Every Sunday I go up to my ranch by Sonoma county to see der new machine. If it work, and der Sundays I go up dere already and it don't work, and I won't buy for it, it ain't good."

"But how do you know it isn't a good one?"

"Vell, didn't I stay dere two hours derree Sundays in der hot sun and fan myself all der time and watch it and it nefer moved?"

"Maybe there was no breeze."

"Of course der vas no breeze. Would I fan myself if dere vas a vind?"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Destructive Music.

A member of the board of directors of the New York Metropolitan opera house tells a story that he had from one of the musicians attached to the orchestra there.

It appears that a friend of the wife of the musician had, during a call on the latter, inquired as to the husband's taste in musical matters. Among other things she wanted to know what operas the musician liked best to play.

"I don't know much about dot," said the better half, who was at the time busily engaged in darning an old shirt, "but I do know somethings. Vot-forer he likes I like not dot Wagner operas. Dey sounds vell enough, but dose clothes—ach! He neffer yet comes home from dot Wagner opera dot he haf not torn a place in his poor old shirts. I prefer the Italian operas."

Rushing a Boy.

In Virginia a boy climbed an apple tree to fill his pockets with the fruit. The farmer's hired man discovered him, and came running. In his hurry to get down, the boy lost his hold and fell and broke his leg. His father is now suing the hired man for damages.

It is not contended that the boy had any legal right up the tree, and it is not denied that the hired man had a legal right to drive him away; but the point the father wants to make is that the boy should have been given time to get safely down. If the court sustains him, then it will be in order to tell a robber to please go away before shooting at him.

Pick-a-Back in Mexico.

The queerest mode of travel I saw in all Mexico was that adopted by a woman who was on her way to the doctor, seated complacently in a chair borne upon the back of a man. Some Mexican women are afraid even of the mule cars, while they look upon the rapidly spinning trolley with such trembling of knees they cannot be persuaded to put foot upon it. Unable to pay coach hire, they employ the human carrier at a few cents for each trip.—Travel Magazine.

Bursting Shells.

"U's a poor soldier yez are," bawled Larry.

"Phoy should yez say that?" replied Denny in injured tones. "During th' great battle wasn't OI whurr th' shells wor thickest?"

"Yez wor thot! OI whurr th' corporal say ye got so scared yez went into a barn awn stuck yez head into an egg crate, bedad!"

Fountain Built 800 Years Ago.

Among the old fountains in the Temple Area at Jerusalem one of the finest is known as Bab Silsheh.

The inscription, which is well preserved, states that it was erected about 800 years ago, and for centuries, as at the present time, it has been fed with water brought in pipes from Solomon's Pools, nine miles away.

WOULD TRY IT ON THE CAT.

Irishman Had Cheaper Form of Analysis in His Mind.

Expert testimony may be valuable from a scientific point of view, but there are often cheaper ways of establishing a certainty, as the hero of the following anecdote decided at the last moment. An Irish laborer entered a drug store, and drawing a paper bag from his pocket, poured on the counter a number of very dirty and unattractive looking lozenges.

"Can ye examine this candy?" he asked.

"It looks queer. What is the matter with it?" asked the druggist.

"Pizen, OI'm thinkin'. Did ye lever see such stuff? Dinna Dally give them to me by, and Dinna is no frind of mine."

"Well, I can make an analysis."

"All right. OI'll come in to-morrow on me way from worruk."

The Irishman had reached the door, but he suddenly stopped with his hand on the latch.

"And how much will that analysis be costing me?" he inquired.

"Five dollars," was the answer.

The man walked over to the counter and swept the lozenges into the bag, which he replaced in his pocket.

"Niver moird," he said. "OI'll wed wan to the cat."

FABLE BROUGHT UP TO DATE.

A Little Allowance for the Imagination Requisite Here.

Once upon a Time a Brave Youth risked his life in saving a Beautiful Girl from a Watery Grave at a Fashionable Seaside Resort.

The Grateful Father seized the Rescuer of his Daughter by the Hand, and in a Voice sopping over with Emotion spoke thusly: "Noble Youth, to You I am indebted for everything that makes Life Worth While. Which Reward will you Take—Two Hundred Thousand Plunks or the Hand of My Child?"

"It's Me to the Digt of the Rescued Maid," answered the Brave Youth, who Figured on Copping both the Beauty and the Coin.

"Young Man, you have Chosen Wisely," replied the Grateful Parent, "for I couldn't have given you the Two Hundred Thousand Plunks at the Present Writing, as I am only a Poor Village Editor and haven't begun to Save it up yet, but my Offspring is Yours for Life. Bless you, my Children."

Moral—Fiction is Stranger than Truth. Otherwise a Poor Village Editor would not have been doing a Stunt at a Fashionable Seaside Resort.—Chicago Daily News.

She Saw Her.

"The late Clara Biddgood," said a theatrical manager of Chicago, "was witty as she was talented and beautiful. Sometimes, indeed, her keen wit carried her rather far."

"I remember once, at a tea at the Auditorium, a remark that the brilliant actress made, to a society woman."

"You were at Bar Harbor, I believe, in the summer," said the society woman.

"Yes, said the actress.

"And did you see much of my daughter there?"

"Rather," was the answer. "She wore a bathing suit in the morning, riding bloomers in the afternoon and low neck at night."

Don't Be Left Handed.

It has been estimated that about one boy out of 15 is left-handed when he reaches the age of ten. This is his mother's fault in not making him use his right hand more during his babyhood. In Germany there are schools where the boy is taught to be right-handed. Nearly all tools are made for right-handed men, and the boy who grows up left-handed will be awkward.

If