WASTEFULNESS OF WAR.

Tikela Tesla Considers it the Greatest Obstacle to Buman Progress.

In an article in Century, Nikola Tests considers the various obstacles to the progress of mankind.

"However ignorance may have retarded the onward movement of man in times past, it is certain that, nowadays, negative forces have become of greater importance. Among these there is one of far greater moment "than any other. It is called organized warfare. When we consider the mil-Mions of individuals, often the ablest in mind and body, the flower of humanity, who are compelled to a life of inactivity and unproductiveness, the immense sums of money daily required for the maintenance of armies and war apparatus, representing ever no much of human energy, all the effort uselessly spent in the producction of arms and implements of destruction, the loss of life and the dostering of a barbarous spirit, we are appalled at the inestimable loss to mankind, which the existence of these sdeplorable conditions must involve. What can we do to combat best this

great evil? "Law and order absolutely require the maintenance of organized force. No community can exist and prosper without rigid discipline. Every country must be able to defend itself, should the necessity arise. The conditions of to-day are not the result of yesterday, and a redical change cannot be effected to-morrow. If the mations would at once disarm, it is more than likely that a state of things worse than war itself would follow. Universal peace is a beautiful dream. but not at once realizable. We have seen recently that even the noble effort of the man invested with the greatest worldly power has been virtually without effect. And no wonder, for the establishment of universal peace is, for the time being, a physical impossibility. War is a negative force, and cannot be turned in a positive direction without passing through the intermediate phases. It is the problem of making a wheel. rotating one way, turn in the opposite direction without slowing in down, stopping it, and speeding it up again the other way. "It has been argued that the per-

fection of guns of great destructive power will stop warfare. So I myself thought for a long time, but now I believe this to be a profound mistake. Such developments will greatly modify, but not arrest it. On the contrary. I think that every new arm that is invented, every new departure that is made in this direction, mere-By invites new talent and skill, engages new effort, offers a new incentive, and so only gives a fresh impetus to further development. Think of the discovery of gunpowder. Can we conceive of any more radical departure than was effected by this innovation? Let us imagine ourselves Hving in that period: would we not have thought then that warfare was sat an end, when the armor of the Emight became an object of ridicule, when bodily strength and skill, meanling so much before became of comparatively little value? Yet gunpowder did not stop warfare; quite the iopposite it acted as a most powerful incentive. Nor do I believe that warfare can be arrested by any scisentific or ideal development, so long as similar conditions to those now prevailing exist, because war has itself become a science, and because war involves some of the most sacred sentiments of which man is canable. In fact, it is doubtful whether men who would not be ready to fight for a high principle would be good for mnything at all. It is not the mind which makes man, nor is it the body; It is mind and body. Our virtues and our failings are inseparable, like force and matter. When they separate, man is no more."

* PHOTOGRAPHED LACE YOKE.

Singular Misfortune That Recently Befell a Young Woman at the Beachere.

The tragedies of fashion are numbered by the scores, but one of the most extraordinary on record and though early in the season comes from the seashore. It is related that a young woman tarrying at a resort one morning were a gown that had an unlined yoke of heavy lace. She was tempted by the bright sunshine to go down upon the sands, where she re--mained until forced to return home by an aching head. Upon removing her sown she was startled by an exclamazion from her sister, who asked her what was the matter with her neck, as the looked like a tattoed woman. An inspection showed that upon her white skin the sun had shamefully imprinted an exact reproduction of the lace of which her yoke was composed, says an eastern exchange.

There was no low-necked dress for this young woman at that evening's ball, for no amount of scrubbing could efface the photographic print from her skin. Now, however, by dint of many explications of cold cream and such lotions, the marks have disappeared, but mademoiselle has put a lining in her yokes and trusts no more to cobwebby materials for protection.

This accident is liable to befall any woman who arrays herself in such a dismal raiment as lace. The surest way to avoid such misfortunes is to seep in the sheltering shade of a parasol while exposed to the sun's rays.

The Breaking Point. "Bertle has discharged his German malet"

"What for?" "He told the Dutchman to crease his trousers, and the valet greated them. -Philadelphia North American.

REGARDING PERSPIRATION.

Mon. Monkeye and Bornes Scom to Howe the Most Use for This . Peculiar Function.

Perspiration is almost pesuliar to men, monkeys and horses. Horses sweat all over the body and so do haman beings, but monkeys, it is said, sweet only on the hands, feet and face. The use of persipration is mainly to cool the body by its evaporation, although it is generally believed that waste materials are also excreted through the sweet glands when the action of the kidneys is interfered with In animals that persipre but little, the cooling of the body is effected by evappration from the hings, as we see in the case of panting dogs, sape Bouth's Companion.

The amount of perspiration warks greatly according to the temperature of the surrounding air, the condition of health, the degree of exercise taken, the amount of fluide imbibed, etc. The average amount of perspiration is thought to be about two pints a day, but this is, of course, much increased

In hot weather. In damp weather evaporation from the skin is lessened, and so one seems to perspire more profusely than in dry weather; but this is only apparent, for really transpiration is lessened when the atmosphere is charged with mais-

Hyperhidronia is the medical term used to denote an abnormal increase in perspiration. This increase may be general from the entire body, or confined to some particular part, as the face, the hands or the feet. Profuse ewesting is very common in cases of debility and in excessively stoot persons. It occurs also in connection with various diseases, such as consumption (aight sweats), pneumonts, inflammatory rheumatism and certain nervous disorders. Sudden emotion may came increased perspiration.

The opposite condition, a great diminution or absence of sweeting (anhidrosis), is much rarer, and occurs usually in connection with some disease of the skin. Sometimes the charecter of the secretion is changed, and cases of black, blue, gray, yellow or

red sweating have been described. The treatment of profuse perspiretion depends upon the cause. Tonics, cold or cool bathing, especially salt bathing, temperate exercise, and rubbing of the skin are negul in cases dependent upon general debility or obes ity. Spraying or sponging the body with brandy and water, vinegar and water, or a solution of tannin or of boric acid is useful.

Certain drugs which beve-a tendency to diminish perspiration are cometimes employed to reduce the night sweats of consumption, when these are so excessive as to weaken the already debilitated patient and to preventamen needed aleep.

THE CITY OF BAGDAD.

Western Innovations Belley Inkan denod - A Ourious Bedjam in the Streets.

Bagdud is one of the last of the tm-

spoiled great cities of the sast. The bazzar of Constantinople has been defiled by western innovations, and European fashions are stealing into the above of Tabriz. Barded is changing, 400, but its colors and ways are rich still with suggestions of the days of the caliphs and the imprisons em of Islam. The old part of the customs house is the palace of the caliphate. boary with the marks of more than eight centuries, and mosque and minaret recall great names of great days which will never come again. In the palace court now, writes Robert E. Speer, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, are iron from Birmingham and cotton from Manchester, matches from Sweden and cheaper and more sulphurous once from Japan, chine , ware from Chine and Russia, spirits and sugar from Marseilles, with wheat for shipment to London and wool and hides for America. Where the caliph's favorites once sold kingsidoma, inspectors now take their petty bribes. It is a ourious bediam. Caravana come in from Persia, Arabis and Mesopotamis. The laden camels, horses and donkeys surge out hamal, or porter, pushes by carrying on his back a 350-pound bale of cotton. And the Bagdad natives are distinguishable from the rest by the Bagdad button, a scar about the size of a date, often on the end of the nose, always on the face, the mark of an ugly scab which sooner or later comes to disfigure almost every resident of Bagdad. Jews, of whom there are 40,000, one-third of the population of the city, Armenians, many of whose women have been married to Europeans, Arabs from the desert, Turks, soldiers and fat civilians, some dark, some blonde as the janizaries, chavadras with their caravans, Persian traders of all kinds, pass to and fro under the covered streets between the bezaar shops displaying all the

Ceylonese Concerts.

produce of the east.

Native rejoicings in Ceylon are apt to take the form of prolonged tom-tom beatings. The concert may last for a fortnight. A native annoyed by his neighbor's music does not go to the trouble and expense of an injunction. He repeats some devil rhymes over a handful of broken sparrow eggs and throws them over the garden well. If the charm works, the musicians are seized with a temporary paralysis and the performance ends abruptly.-N. Y.

Rare Presence of Mind. "Jack lost his head, but Miss Lovie showed great presence of mind." "What did she do?"

"Put hers on his shoulder."-Town

P STORIES OF COINCIDENCES.

A Dumber That Account for Summe Things That Seem to Be Entirely Inexplicable.

"Larch and coincidence explain away many a mystery," said one of a group of late workers in a Royal street cafe the other night, relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "I remember p queer story along that line." he continued, "which I once heard from the elder Herrmann. In his earlier performances, as you may recall, he made a great feature of a very clever 'seccond call, or mind-reading act. He would request people in the audience to select small articles, which would then be described by a blindfolded mediatant on the stage. As a matter of fact, Herrmann really gave the cue to the descriptions in the way he framed his questions, but it was very dexteronaly done and not one person gout of a thousand 'caught on.'

"One evening, as he told me the story, he was giving an entertainment in an Ohio city and was just peturning to the stage after the mindreading specialty, when an elderly man suddenly jumped up at the other end of the house. If this thing is genuine,' he called out in a lond voice,
'I want you to tell me what card I am thinking about at this moment. The man was a wealthy merchant and known as somewhat of a crank on epiritualism. Of course, Herrmann had no idea what he was thinking about, but he replied without hesitation: 'It is the dence of clubs,' his intention being to turn the laugh con the old fellow by some bit of repartoo when he declared that the guess was wrong. But, to the magician's intense amazement, the man raised both hands in the air and bellowed: "Correct! by thunder!" This miraou-Bously lucky and wholly unexpected hit made a profound impression on the audience and no doubt converted many people to a belief in the reality of mind-reading. Herrmann told ome that the proprietor of the theater, who was an old personal friend, was very curious to know how the thing was done, and when he was finally informed in confidence that it was gmere luck he declined to credit the explanation. It was too simple to suit

him. "Coincidences certainly do play an Important role in everyday life," commented another in the party, "and I dare say they have been the pivot on which many an event of the first magmitude has turned. One case of the kind came under my personal observation when I first went into business In New Orleans. At that time there was a large mercantile house, located on the same block, that did an extensive business with planters up the river. As usual in that trade, they operated on a credit basis, and oceasionally they carried some formidable accounts. The largest of these et the period of which I speak was against a planter who had formerly been very prompt pay, but who had fatterly pleaded bad luck and allowed the majority of his bills to run over for several seasons. The firm believed him to be good, and although the smount involved mounted away up Into the thousands they decided not to press him, in full confidence that the money would ultimately be paid.

"One day the planter came to New Orleans on some business, and while De was still in town a member of the firm chanced to go over to a notary's office to get an acknowledgment on some legal papers. As he entered the office he overheard one of the clerks in an adjoining room ask another whether he had completed that plantation transfer to Col -----mother. 'I on know he wants to take At with him when he goes home tomight,' he added. Col --- was the delinquent debtor, and the accidental remark was like the revelation of a flesh of hightning on a dark might. The merchant said nothing, but transacted his own business as speedily as possible and hurried back. Then he wired his local attorney to institute proceedings, and when the planter arrived home he found everything tied up with an attachment. He was forced to make a settlement in full, and doesn't know to this day how his plans were so suddenly checkmated. Five seconds sooner or later in that visit to the notary's would have made a difference of many thousands of dollars to the firm."

"I think I can tie that story myself," said one of the party. "Do you remember the recent death of Lewis Redwine, a noted bank defaulter of Atlanta, Ga., whose case created an immense sensation some years ago? Well, when he was placed on trial Redwine maintained a stubborn silence, and he was convicted and sentenced to five years in the federal penitentiary at Columbus, O. It was generally believed that he would break down when he actually started for prison and implicate some people who stood high socially, and the papers decided to send reporters with him to the train. For some reason the authorities didn't approve of the plan and arranged to alip him out of town a day in advance of the time officially given out. The train was to leave at noon, and about 20 minutes before that hour a reporter, out on other business, happened to use a telephone in a downtown store. When be was talking the wires became crossed and he heard a voice say: We have arranged for the train to stop at the outskirts of town to-day to take on Redwine. He recognized the voice as that of a deputy marshal talking to the jailer, and realized in a flash that a scheme was on foot to get the noted prisoner out of the city 24 hours sheed of time. He dashed eway from the store, got to his office in time to draw some money and caught the train. Redwine didn't con-

INTO HER OWN TRAP.

That le Why This Man Now Goes Home at Any Hour He Pleases.

It was at a star hanquet last week at the Hotel Cadillac, and a number of gentlemen of the middle-aged, baldheaded genus were lagging behind in the reception hall, the younger members of the society having token their seats at the tables in the ordinary. All were chatting and laughing with a vim that would have put the woman's whist congress to shame, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I go home any time to the morning I choose to, now," said a dapper little man. "My wife molests me not. Her Caudle curtain lectures are reserved for some future occasion, I presume, but at present I'm saie.

"This is how such a state of things came to pass: I returned from a lodge banquet the other evening, expecting to meet the usual white-robed reception committee at the top of the stairs. I took off my shoes and creaked stealthily to my room, adjoining that of my wife, without being compelled to run the usual disagreeable gauntlet.

"I chuckled inaudibly and shook hands with myself as I disrobed and lay me down to dream of squabs on toast and broiled shad, as well as other things that wieghted down my digestive apparatus, but my mind was as clear as

"I was tranquilly gliding away into a doze to the imaginary strains of 'Margery' when I was aroused by a most unusual—a most ingubrious noise. It sounded like the caving in of a potato bin, and then there was a rancous shrick, almost -masculine in its intonation, and a crash against my door that shook the house. I leaped out of bed, and with my scattered hairs etanding at an angle of 45 degrees tremblingly opened the door.

"A white object of Roeral dimensions lay prone upon the floor, embracing a dark object that looked like an applebutter caldron, and bits of something that felt like broken gines pricked my bare feet. Before I could get my rigid tongue in articulating condition the large object wrested itself from the black mass, which fell with a crash to the floor, and limped mimbly into my

wife's apartment. "I could not distinguish my surroundings in the gray morning twilight, and so struck a match. A cool scuttle which had taken all the vencering off the lower part of my door lay upturned before me, and all around was a sea of nut coal that had played havoc with the brussels carpet as well as my nerves. A bust of Minerva had fallen off a bracket and added the semains to the

debris. "I tried to get into my wife's room, but the door was locked. Greatly nonplused, I sought my couch and fitfully dreamed of filet de boeut served with charcoal until breakfast time. When the morning meal was served, my wife, as is not usually the case, joined me. She was all smiles and seemed infinitely amused at something. She is a pretty good fellow after all, and after askfor an evalenation demonstration that had transformed my sweet repose into a hideous night-

mare up and told me the whole thing. "She said she had set at the top of the stairs waiting for me until she fell into a deep simmber. Finally she awoke, and a bright idea struck her. With great difficulty she carried a large scuttle of coal upstairs and set it at my chamber door, thinking that of course I as usual would stumble around and consequently trip over it, thus giv-

ing the alarm. "Fortunately I unwittingly steered clear of the object, but when three o'clock rolled around she became alarmed at my tardiness, and irate vigilance changed to tender concern. Creeping out of bed, she made her way to my door, entirely forgetting the grim impediment that blocked its entrance, with the result related heretofore. One of her knees was badly mutilated and she was otherwise shaken up, but she was so glad to learn that I had returned safe and sound and able to hear alarms she didn't scold a bit. I agreed not to tease her about it if she would promise to leave me alone in the future, no matter what time I came in -which she did.

Kitchener Tields to a Boor Civi. While Lord Kitchener was engaged in suppressing the Prieska rebellion he ordered the destruction of a certain farmhouse. Not, seeing any signs of his orders being carried out, he rode over with his staff and found an interesting situation. In the doorway of the doomed farm stood a pretty Dutch girl, her hands clutching the doorposts and her eyes flashing fire from beneath her dainty sunbonnet. The Irish sergeant in charge of the party of destruc-Mon was vainly endeavoring to persuade her to let them pass in, but to all his blandishments of "Arrah darlint; wishs now, acushla," etc., the maiden turned a deaf ear, and a deadlock prevailed. Kitchener's sharp "What's this?" put a climax to the scene. The girl evidently guessed that this was the dreaded chief of staff, and her lips trembled in spite of herself. Kitchener gazed sourly at her, standing bravely though tearfully there, and turned to his military secretary. "Put down," he growled, "that the commander's orders with reference to the destruction of Rightman's farm could not be carried out, owing to unexpected opposition, Forward, gentlemen."-London News.

Didn't Care to Sit. There was a vacant seat in the car. Little Willie allowed the strange lady to take it, although he looked very

tired. "Thank you, my little gentleman," said she. "Why did you not take the seat yourself? You look quite weary." "So'd you be weary, lady, if yer father found out yer went fishin', like mine did."—Philadelphia Press.

IT WENT TO HIS HEAD.

Unmistakable Camps for the Alasming Increase of lusauity Subjects.

He did not appear partioularly wildeved and frantic, as lunatics are popularly supposed to act when uncaged, as he entered a Georgetown car, and seated himself between the sour-faced man and the beautiful lady in figured foulard silk, with a white open-work yoke of inserting relates the Washington Star.

When finally sandwiched comfortably, however, his demeanor changed. He smiled a "demonical smile," his hands "twitched nervously," his "glassy eyes glared" and assumed that "vacant stare peculiar to lunatics." His lips "murmured incoherently." He ought to have "frothed at the mouth." and would undoubtedly have done so if it had been his day to froth. Finally he "ejaculated;"

"No more stairs to climb; no more coal bills to pay; no fiend in human shape with a book, pencil and haughly air the figures on the gas meter to transcribe; no more perallelogramshaped yellow slips of paper to call at the gas company's office before the 10th of the month, or pay ten per cent. for your dereliction; no more hucksters ringing the bell sixty times an hour; no more policemen to serve notices to clean the anow off the sidewalk in winter and the dirt in summer; no more notices that if you don't do this, or if you do that, you will have to pay a fine of five dollars, or have the water shut off; no more neighbors counting the week's wash in the back yard, or throwing their slope and rubbish over the fence on your side; no more other people's children playing in front of your door, chalking your steps and tearing up your lawn; no more latrobes to mind, or furnaces over which to break your back; no more coal to carry up; no more does the terrible toot of the garbage man's megaphone erouse me from the last lingering moments of my matutinal slumbers; I hear not the hourse ory of the 'ashche-es' man as he drives his dilapidated cart down the alley; the servant at six o'clock every morning rings some other front door bell than mine; the mowing of the lawn falls to other weary legs and blistered bands; the-"

By this time the beautiful lady was acreaming wildly to the little conductor for help. Even the sour-faced man seemed to wake up and appear interested.

"Say," added the monologist, "you think I'm crazy, don't you? So lamwith delight. On the let of May my wife and I gave up our house for a flat with all modern improvements and accossories, including an elevator and service, and we are both datt. Why, medem-

But here the little conductor intercopted and gase him the summary bounes.

BOTHERED BY NAMES.

House the Best of Schelme Are Se times Pussled by Proper

A public man in England who is much spoken about 50 years ago was a Mr. Fitz Gerald. His name seeme to be a stumbling-block to many, says an exchange. In Mesors. Macmillan's half-guinea edition the name only occurs on two pages and is spelled on one with a lower case "g" and on the other with a capital. Mr. Heron-Allen makes a similar mistake, and both in the British museum estalogue and "The Dictionary of National Biography" the small "g" ts used. Omar's name is also a trouble. The authoritative manner of spelling it adopted by the museum is Umar Khaiyam, and in the list of translations in their library it is spelled in the following seven different wayse

Omar Khayyam.
Omar Alkhayyam.
Wheyam. Omer Chejjam. Omer Chijam. Omar Chajjam.

Concerning Fitz Gerald himself . well-known Englishman says: "He was a dear old gentleman, and whink everyone who knew him would tell you; genial, certainly, though perhaps with a touch of old-ladylike querulousness. I knew him pretty well during his last years, and walked over to Woodbridge two or three times to dine with him-on an excellent chicken, I remember once, though he was a vegetarian himself. He was most amiable and one evening read me the inn chapter (the eleventh,] fancy) of 'Guy Mannering'-reproachfully, as I was 'off' my Scott at the time. His talk was (as people say, no doubt rightly) very Thackerayan. and I think Thackeray influenced him a great deal, though he always stood up for Dickens as against him. His managers were those of a downger duchess."

Coolies at Meal.

Foreign residents in China are socustomed to seeing their half-dozen coolies taking a meal together, sitting around a basket of rice and from four to six small savory dishes of fish, pork. cabbage or onions. They fill their bowls from the bucket and help themselves to the various relishes with their chopsticks.-N. Y. Sun.

Discouraging. Wife-You will never be a society man, my dear. You are too heavy. Husband-But I was sufficiently non sensical and unintelligent at the reception to-day.

"Ye-es, but you were so self-com scious about it."-The Smart Set. Reflection on His Liberality.

"Did you know that he now passes the plate in church?" "No. But I've often seen it pasi him."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES.

Millions of Men Banded Together for Purposes of Murder or Politics.

Events have recently been happening in China of which much would have been heard in this country butfor the concentration of the national mind upon the war in South Africa. says the London Leader. There is another big insurrection on foot, and a cable message told us a day or two ago that it is assuming alarming proportions. The secret societies, as usual, are behind the movement, and this time it is the "Boxers" who have been most active. They came into collision with the imperial troops at Yen-Chiu and gave a good account of themselves. The action is, said to have ben indecisive—which probably means that the imperial troops were defeated. Prior to this they had been making themselves a terror throughout the province of Chi-Li, and, to say nothing of murderous outrages on a lot of native Christians, had assassinated an English missionary named Brooks.

The "Boxers," known also as the "Big Sword Society," form only one of many institutions with which the Chinese empire is honeycombed. They are all actuated by the motives underlying their motto of "China for the Chinese." The Boxers made a great parade of their loyalty to the throne, and pretended that it was -only the Fan Kwei-the foreign devils -whom they wished to drive out, But the empress dowager knows better, and when she found that the governor of Shantung (where they first broke out) was encouraging them that masterful woman promptly superseded him. Last year's experience with the "Black Flags" was doubtless not forgotten. This society is made up principally of the pirates and other wilder spirits who infest the coast from Amoy to Hainan. They are the men who organized the three great rebellions which broke out simultaneously at Macso, Amoy and Shanghai, just before the Taeping affair, and they, aided by the "Kolon Hui," and the fanaticism of the religious impostor who called himself the "heavenly king," were mainly responsible for that outbreak. They have fomented trouble on several occasions since then, and they are by a long way the most inveterate enemies whom the reigning Manchu family has to fear. The Black Place, it may be remarked, are the hardiest, as well as the bravest, of all the people who make up the nation.

Another great Chinese societymore important from its widespread distribution than the Black Flags. and actuated by the same motive-is that known as the Kolos Hui. The authorities made an attempt last year to squelch this organization, but, of course, they did not succeed, though they contrived to capture one of the leaders, whom they executed with much circumstance of brutality. The membership roll runs well up into the millions, and it has its secret meet ings in every city of China. Its memhers must commit marder at the command of the order. They are initiated by the drinking of hot wine mixed with the amoking blood of a cock, killed at the time. The society counts samong its members a large number of army officials, and the great viceroy of Nanking, who died not long ago, was for a time an active member. The recent troubles in the Shantung province were backed up by the Kolos

The oldest society in China is the Triad society, known also as the "Sam Hop Hui." It has its lodges, and there are flags, banners and umbrellas connected with it. It holds regular meetings, and it forces influential individuals to join its organization if and they are not amenable to persuasion. It has the power of life and death over its members, who have their own signs and passwords. You can tell, it is said, whether a man belongs to the order by the way he enters a house. Their motto is "Drive out the Tartars," and one branch of the society dates back to 1664 A. D., or 20 years after the conquest. They have been working to overthrow the government ever since, and one day they may succeed.

And That Is Golf.

He was handsomely garbed in golf trousers, a splendid jacket of carmine, a stock about his neck and a jaunty cap. Just ahead of him on the links was a party of four, two ladies and two men. Now he of the red jacket was anxious to make a good impression in passing. His ball had a good "lie," so that conditions were favorable for making a fine long drive. He accordingly cried the customary "Fore!" whereat the members of the party shead turned to be on their guard against being hit by the balk. They were watching the ! handsomely dressed young man closely. The latter gauged his distance, made two or three half-swings with his . driver and then a mighty drive. But alas! the club whistled through the air in vain, the ball was still there on the ground, the ladies went on with their playing as if certain of being safe from danger, and he of the carmine cost cut out the rest of the course and went home.—Detroit Free Press.

Fair Warning. The Husband-My dear, I hear that Mr. Highflyer is flirting with you.

The Wife-Well, what of it? "Oh, nothing. Only, when he gets tired of it, don't come to me and expect to be sympathised with."—The Smart

Bustness, Not Religion. "Who is that man who is eternally

talking to you about the brevity of human life? Is he the minister?" "Minister! That's an insurance agent."-Bloomington Pantagraph.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLÉANS