

"Oh, indeed," said Roosevelt, "and

"Waal," said the dealer, thoughtfull

"I've always thought I'd like to mee

Needless to say, Mr. Roosevelt was

Now for the parallel. Will H. Low

which R. L. Stevenson was the hero, or

It was at the period of the secon

meeting in Paris of the American artist

suggested that the pair should go together

into a bookstore, where he would ask for

a French translation of "Treasure Isl-

So the pair entered the store. Steven-

son elaborately described the book he de-

sired. He explained that he was not

the victim, as you please.

that author and tell him that if he

what do you think of his book?"

T is with mingled amusement and dismay that the present writer reports aware of the identity of his visitor, and them: an unexpected sequel to what he had he replied: "Oh, he's a ranch driver up in the cattle country."

esteemed a harmless jest. ment personage of to-day-he published in this department a series of aged chest- stuck to running ranches, and not tried Mats, avowedly modified and modernized to write books, he'd have cut a heap Miller and other authorities of bigger figure at his trade, and been and newly credited to some of bigger man. And now he finds that at least half a highly amused at this candid speech, for

dezen of these burlesque jests-severed he knew that the general public did not from their context, and thus from the share his critic's views. explanation that originally preceded them. are making the round of the American

press, being put forward in all serious- | tells the story of a similar happening in ness as recent utterances or recent haprepublishes the following story comment or explanation, and, of and the Scottish romancer. Stevenson, course, without giving any credit to its ever ready for a bit of harmless hoaxing.

Alone in Cuba.

An amusing story about Mr. Roosevelt and," and, without revealing his own Doing the honors at the White House to book and author. guest, the President regaled Stevenson and the French Salesman. the latter with stories of his prowess during the Spanish-American war. Kermit, who had been listening attentively to the monologue, finally broke in with the anx-Say, popper, couldn't you get anybody

to help you lick the Spaniards?"

As the composer of this self-confessed take, (self-confessed, that is, in the Sunday Times, where it originally appeared The volume was brought at once. Turnna an acknowledged invention.) I deem ing to the translator's preface, the salesit only right to re-explain that no such man read how Mr. Gladstone, returning incident ever occurred in the White House, one night from the House of Commons, Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine the end of the story. about forty years ago. It referred to some garrulous veteran of the civil war whose son was represented as squelching the couldn't you get anybody to help you in putting down the recellion?"

But what is the use? Gravely is it to be | " From your fellow-criminal in the sight | ane fun-loving graduates determined to feared that this and other stories belong- of God." ing to the same cycle will go down to posthat "the negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect," he merely stated and condemned that proposition as one which had unforturately been held " in the civilized and enlightened portions of the world at the time of the Declaration of Independence." Yet the Aboli-

stances of this sort of long-lived anecdotage flock to the memory. When Charles Spurgeon of the London Tabernacle departed this life a certain Washington paper attributed to the de-

funct clergyman a story to the following One hot Summer day he began his ser-

mon with these words: "It's a damn hot day-"

He paused long enough to startle his audience out of all actual or potential somnolence, and then blandly continued: "-as I heard an irreverent young man say at the doorstep."

From this he passed on to preach a powerful sermon against the sins of levity and blasphemy.

The day after the appearance of the obituary the same paper published a protest from a correspondent who showed how ancient and peripatetic a rounder was the story which the writer had quoted as a fact:

Spurgeon and Beecher.

" In 1848," said this correspondent, "the year before Mr. Spurgeon entered the pulpit as a boy preacher, I was the youngest apprentice in a printing office the foreman of which used to repeat a story exidentical with the above, except that he laid it to the charge of a minister who had labored and died in Erie. Penn, years before, when the foreman was a boy. Twenty years later the story was revived with Henry Ward Beecher's it. After it had gone the rounds several years in the face of explicit denhals, I mentioned to Mr. Beecher my first acquaintance with the story, under circumstances which carried it back to a peried before his birth. the smilingly replied that he was tired

of denying the truth of the story as ap-

A Clerical Wager.

creditable story.

and put it on the Bible.

what the apostle has to say for himself." | Madison.

"GOOD STORIES"

WHERE THEY COME FROM.

same time one of the most noted of the along the announced line of travel. younger English writers, I had heard some . "Shortly before 5 a little party hove

A Bit of a Nuisance.

Grossmith and Henry Irving were or staying at the same hotel in Manchester. having crossed paths in their respective provincial towns. On the first evening Grossmith had to leave before Irving di-Seeing a big crowd outside, he said to the

"Are these people waiting to see n leave the hotel?" "No, Sir, they are walting to see Sir Ennery Hirving."

"But doesn't Sir Henry find this a bit of a nulsance?" queried the solicitous Grossmith -

"It does worry him a bit, Sir. doesn't like it."

Grossmith decided to do Irving a good turn. He had his fur-lined coat on, so he pulled up his collar a bit, adjusted his eyeglasses, pulled his soft felt hat over his brow, and strutted down the steps with the Irving gait. The cheering was loud and long. When Sir Henry came down a little later he found no crowd awaiting him. It was not till after the performance that he learned the reason. Then has just become public, after many years. Identity, lure the salesman into criticising he turned to Grossmith with twinkle in story to the following effect: his eye and said:

"You ought not to have done that.

Now, Mr. Charles Brookfield, son of the quite sure of the title, or even of the au- Mrs. Brookfield of Thackeray's "Letters. ther's name, except that the latter ended and himself famous as actor and racon in "son, as do so many of our English teur, used to recall with glee a practical joke which he and other Cambridge un- promise." The young man behind the counter rose | dergraduates played upon Weston, the to the fly in the most beautiful manner. | pedestrian, in 1878. In many respects the

It was Weston's first appearance as a mither." but that the anecdote was a reminiscence had picked up the book and could not lay pedestrian in England. He was walking This amused Low more than it did Ste- of velveteen, with knee breeches, a som- thing, ye've spoilt the day for me." venson, who was quite out of sympathy brero hat, and a broad ribbon across his with Gladstone, either as man or politi- body. It was announced that he would paternal braggadocio by asking, "Popper, clan, and, indeed, just then had been con- reach Cambridge via the Newmarket templating writing a letter of remon- | Road at about 5 o'clock on a specified aftstrance to the G. O. M. and signing it ernoon.

anticipate, him. "Selecting one of our Gliding over this dangerous ground, number," said Brookfield, " who was more terity as legitimate and historic ana. De- Stevenson next inquired whether the or less of Weston's build, we procured mial can never overtake a lie once set go- moral tendency of the work were such for him a costume exactly like that of ing. It was only the other day that a that it could be put into the hands of the pedestrian. Others of us masqueradcasual correspondent of The Times had youth without danger. On this point he ed as trainer, doctor, timekeeper, and to be set right in the matter of a persist- was fervently reassured by the salesman, newspaper reporters. There was a good ently long-lived libel on Chief Justice | "Here." Mr. Low continues, "I deal of excitement in the old town. Scaf- married woman the undertaker, after the has produced:

moral qualities, and consequently that | recorded in monotonous tones each minthat no trace of these regrettable defects note books at lightning speed.

George Grossmith, who retired from the bouquets of rare flowers were hurled at the matter before some of his intimate It was just after Mr. Roosevelt had writ- English stage a few years ago, has just the hero of the hour, but he could only friends, who were waiting instructions. published a little volume of reminiscences acknowledge these by a graceful touch of These surrounded the chief mourner and West," and seeing a copy of the book ly- of his professional life. The book has not the hat with the Whangee cane he car- began to remonstrate with him: ing on the counter, he picked it up and yet appeared on this side, but some of the ried; he was obliged to hurry on to keep "You really must, old chap; it is necessaid: "Who is this author, Roosevelt?" stories are quoted in book reviews in the faith with the public. The floral tributes sary." Of course the bookseller was quite un- current English weeklies. Here is one of were placed in the back of the dog-cart. The not! Go with me mother-in-law: At last the party, followed by an enthu- Rot! " siastic crowd, which increased at every "But look here, old chap-" yard, reached the Bull Hotel. After vo- "I'll not, I tell ye, I'll go in any other ciferous acclamation the champion ap- carriage that ye wish; but not in that." peared for a moment at the window and said a very few words.

thank you-I thank you.'

stood along Jesus Lane, a shabby, ex- black gloves. hausted man appeared, covered with dust, As he began to move toward the caralong in evident distress. It was the a low voice: genuine Weston. But the public wouldn't have him at any price, and greeted him to, and for the poor girl that's gene. with hoots and missiles.

" Some informal charlatan; said one trying to impose upon us. Lucky he didn't come half an hour sooner. might have taken us in.

"'Not a bit of ic,' replied another. I've seen the posters. You can see at once this chap's not a bit like them! Success has just revived an old Scotch

Poor Sandy!

Calling her husband to her bedside, G. B. S. before I dee I want you to gie me a serving at the same time:

miles a day dressed in a close-fitting suit gang back on that; but I'll tell ye one work!"

Bram Stoker tells us that it was one of the volume for 1892: two chestnuts which he was constantly repeating. By force of repetition this one gradually grew from a mere anecdote into storiette. When Sir Henry came to tell it in this country it had suffered a sea change into "something rich and strange," as follows:

A Dublin Funeral.

Stevenson's character, he would guarantee two eager reporters were writing in their gravity of the occasion-the publicity-the -the-possibility and scandal." His voice "The cheering was long and loud. At faded into a gasp. The widower stuck to certain points wreaths of laurels and his resolution, and so the undertaker laid

"'Ladies and gentlemen, I am a walk- ward when it'll be trown up against ye

"At about 5:30 o'clock, as workmen This argument prevailed. He signed to were taking down the deal stands that the undertaker and began to pull on his

stockings ungartered, shambling riage he turned to his friends and said in

But ye'll spoil me day."

the following amusing story. It may be The Saturday Review:

Hubert Henry Davies, the playwright, who has spent much time in London, tells of an amusing interview between the his heroic act. owner of a publication in the British capital, whereof George Bernard Shaw

and I think I'm gang to dee, and that had been paid George Bernard, ob-

"Being comparatively inexperienced. "I'll promise," said Sandy. "What is you, Mr. Beerbohm, cannot, of course, ex-

an easy matter for him to write of it, 1910 version with that of 1880. "Weel," sadly responded Sandy, "I'll whereas I, knowing nothing whatever of a jest which originally appeared in the it down again until the dawn of day and through the country at the rate of 100 gied ye my word, an' it's nae me that's about it, shall find it dreadfully hard Fred W. Kelsker, who with Henry Bes-

> It happens that Life anticipated Max This jest, a good oid-timer, was a fa- Beerbohm's pleasantry by at least a dozen vorite with Henry Irving. Indeed, Mr. years. This dialogue may be found in

> > you haven't had much experience. for me when I don't know how?

At the funeral in Dublin of a young most venerable joke that the present week or shoes, the fisherman plunged after the

I do not pretend to trace it all the way back to its origin. But a very famous version of the joke may be found in Pèrela-Chaise Cemetery in Paris, and its authorship is credited to no less a person than Boileau, though it graced the tomb

Ci-git ma femme; ah que c'est bien Pour son repos-et pour le mien!

A free English translation might run as

Beneath this stone my wife doth lie. She's now at rest-and so sm I.

orudely in an old Latin epitaph carved on a tomb still extant in Rome. A husband, fisherman in a tone of finality that was after mentioning the years, months, days, | convincing." and even hours that he and his departed wife had lived together, concludes, "On the day of her death I gave the greatest thanks before God and man."

At least thirty years ago the Fargo whose exact mathematical difference from each other suggests a kinship of Forum published this anecdote: A Sufficient Reason. There was an old negro floating in a

skiff in the headwaters of the Licking. He was fishing-fish mighty fine down that way. He had a boy in the boat with him who kept looking into the water until he lost his balance and disappeared a stranger arrived in Magdeburg, where in the water. Quicker than I can tell on applying to the authorities, he obyou, the old man had his coat off and tained a permit or ticket of residence dived for the boy. He brought him up He had not been long in the town before all right, and then rowed for the bank. he became aware that his steps were When they got out, dripping, of course, being dogged by a man in blue uniform

"No. no. Sah; no son o' mine."

"Nephew, then?" "No, no, Sah; no nephew.

"Cousin?"

"No; no cousin,"

"Then you deserve ell the more credit for saving his life." "Well, I don't know bout dat, boss.

You see, he had all de bait in his pocket." This story was recently revived, in all have a fine funeral, and I want you to "Indeed, I shall expect more! Shaw good faith, by The Louisville Courier ride up in front in a carriage wi' my knows the drama so thoroughly that it is Journal. It is interesting to compare the

ten and a lot of other fishermen returned with peeling noses from a lake in northern Indiana a few days ago, said that they took along plenty of "balt," and that it held out remarkably well. The reference recalled a story which is a classic of the

"There was once a fisherman," said M Keisker, "who was fishing from a boat in a deep river. A boy was with him in the boat, lost his balance and fell over-

"Without stepping to remove his coat youngster, and after a struggle pulled, That great jurist never affirmed thought that I might take a hand, and I foldings had been erected with long rows wont of his craft, was arranging the whole Floating around among the newspapers the dripping lad from the water. The

white man who had seen the whole He bore it for days, but at last said to business complimented the old man on the spy: "Sir, do you wish to drive me

> tions are not to lose sight of you," was the quiet answer. "Why, what fault have the police to

> find with me?" shouted the stranger in the greatest excitement. "My passport

> here for pleasure. That looked suspicious, as it is the first time any one came to reside in Magdeburg for pleasure," Certainly the correlation obverse and

joke and a famous old chestnut first

Peebles for Pleasure,

Peebles, the birthplace of the brothers, is a spot ever warm in the loving mem-

"Noo." said one, while the others listened, "tell us about it." "Paris," he began, "a' things considered, is a wonderfu' place. But still, Pee-

bles for pleasure!" The same likeness in unlikeness appears

in these two jokes from two different

No Friend.

Mistress-When I engaged you, Lucinda, you said you had no male friends. Now, almost every time I come into the kitchen I find a man there. Lucinda-Lor sakes, he am no male

fren ob mine. Mistress-Then who is he?

Lucinda-Ma husband.-Housewife, The Kind He Was.

A kindly lady who lives in New Jersey evinces great interest in the personal welfere of her servants, an interest which led her not long since to make inquiry of a new maid of all work touching the lat-

"I understand, Nora," said she, "that you have a model husband." "Shure, mum, he's the foinest a gyrul

could have," was the enthusiastic response. "If ye could see th' way he trates me, mum, ye'd be after sayin' he were a frind instid of a husband."-Harper's Weekly.

Englishman was slain by a lion in the wilds of Africa. His father cabled for the boy's remains. In due course the body of a lion arrived by express. Once more the father set the cables going angrily demanding an explanation. The explanation came in these words: "Son inside the lion."

of 6, he tells us, he wrote his first book It was a story of adventure illustrated

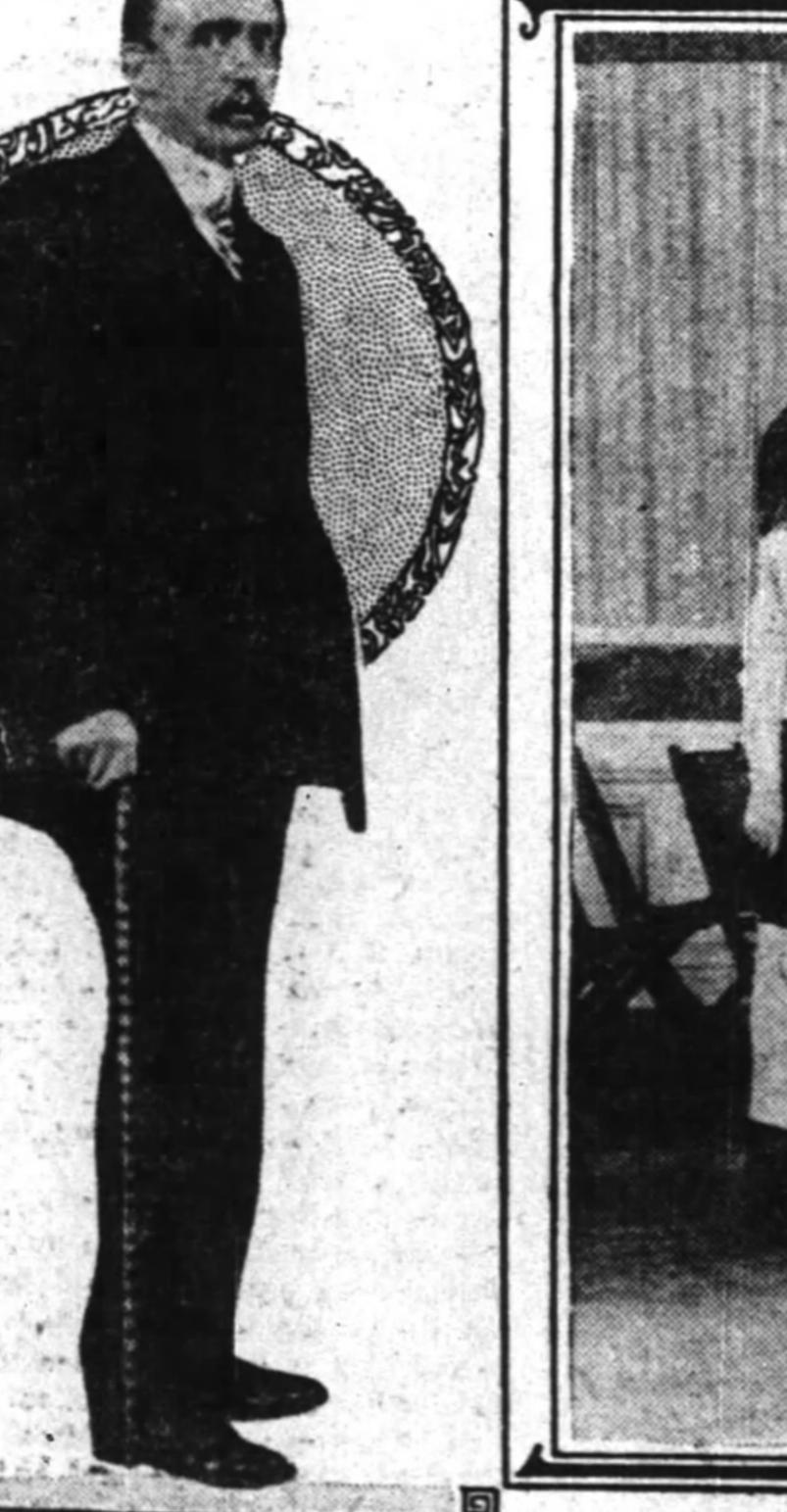
by the author himself. "There was a man in it and a tight, continues Sir Arthur. "I forget which was the hero, but it didn't matter which for they became blended in one about the time when the tiger met the man." Story after story might be reeled eff

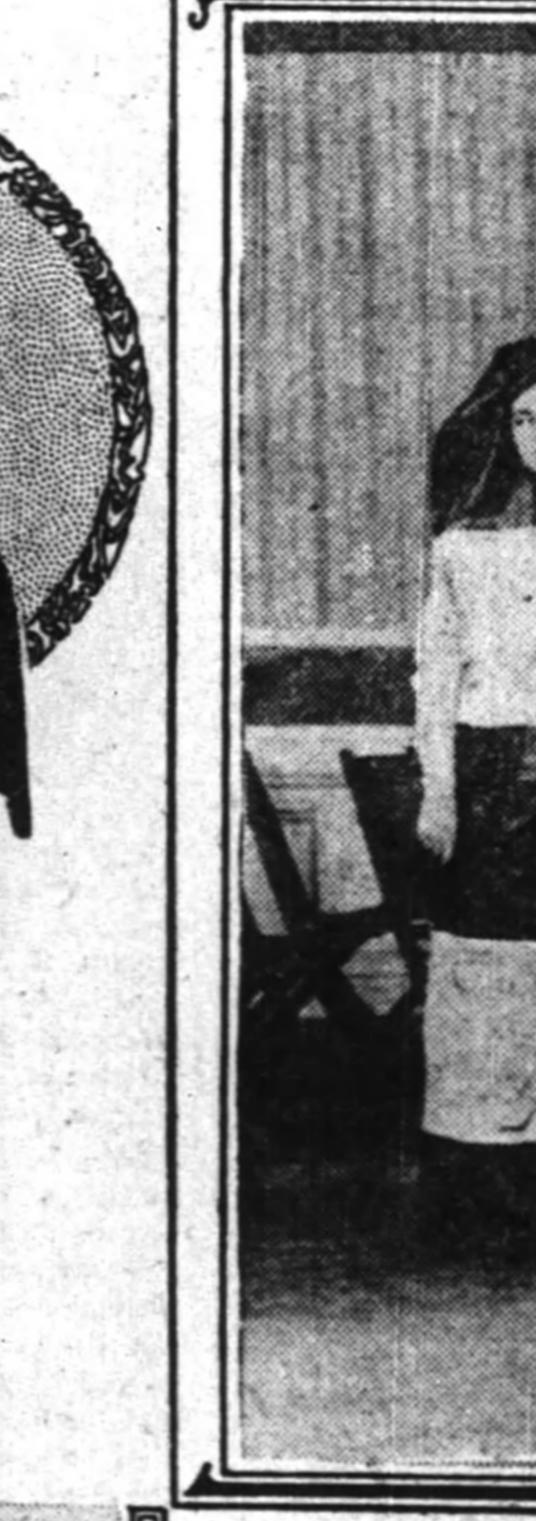
in this connection. Let it suffice to remind the reader of the very best Limerica

Went off on a ride on a tiger; They came back from the ride With the lady inside,

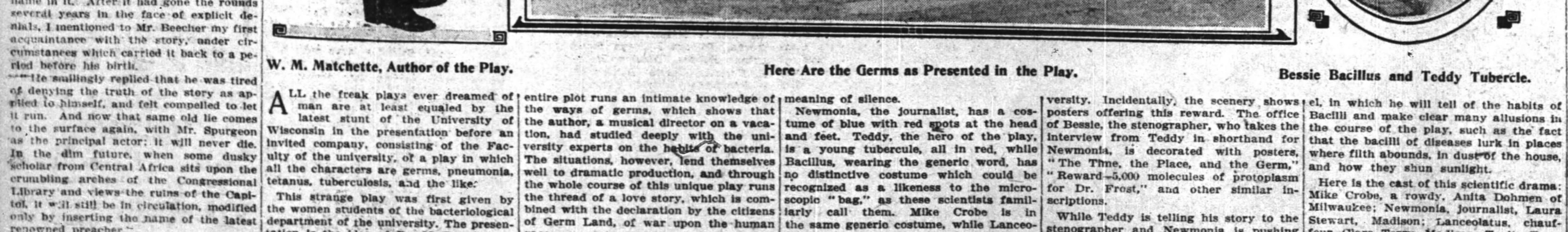
And a smile on the face of the tiger. For my last instance I quote a case











kineyard, the Rev. H. R. Hawels, insisted a former conductor of grand and comic seen after staining under the microscope. on giving him credit for a not entirely opera, in a brief skit, asked permission to To render study of bacilli possible, the

the preacher took out half a crown keep. The men talked, too, and now the and to further carry out the idea of teta- world to carry on war to the death against marry Teddy, the Tubercule.

It run. And now that same old lie comes latest stunt of the University of the author, a musical director on a vaca- tume of blue with red spots at the head of Bessie, the stenographer, who takes the the course of the play, such as the fact to the surface again, with Mr. Spurgeon Wisconsin in the presentation before an tion, had studied deeply with the uni- and feet. Teddy, the hero of the play, interview from Teddy in shorthand for that the bacilli of diseases lurk in places as the principal actor; it will never die. invited company, consisting of the Fac- versity experts on the habits of bacteria. is a young tubercule, all in red, while Newmonia, is decorated with posters, where filth abounds, in dust of the house, In the dim future, when some dusky ulty of the university, of a play in which The situations, however, lend themselves Bacillus, wearing the generic word, has "The Time, the Place, and the Germ," and how they shun sunlight. scholar from Central Africa sits upon the all the characters are germs, pneumonia, well to dramatic production, and through no distinctive costume which could be "Reward 5,000 molecules of protoplasm Here is the cast of this scientific drama: erumbling arches of the Congressional tetanus, tuberculesis, and the like: the whole course of this unique play runs recognized as a likeness to the micro- for Dr. Frest," and other similar in- Mike Crobe, a rowdy. Anita Dohmen of

tol, it will still be in circulation, modified the women students of the bacteriological bined with the declaration by the citizens iarly call them. Mike Crobe is in While Teddy is telling his story to the Stewart, Madison; Lanceolatus, chaufonly by inserting the name of the latest department of the university. The present of Germ Land, of war upon the human the same generic costume, while Lanced stemper and Newmonia is pushing feur, Clara Terry, Madison; Tacita Teta- A farmer out West did not know and the same generic costume and Newmonia is pushing feur, Clara Terry, Madison; Tacita Teta- A farmer out West did not know and the same generic costume and Newmonia is pushing feur, Clara Terry, Madison; Tacita Teta- A farmer out West did not know and the same generic costume and Newmonia is pushing feur, Clara Terry, Madison; Tacita Teta- A farmer out West did not know and the same generic costume and Newmonia is pushing feur, Clara Terry, Madison; Tacita Teta- A farmer out West did not know and the same generic costume and the latus has a blue and white costume. The the war on mankind with his new destructions, messenger, Dorothy Rogers, Mil- what business to start his son, so This is not the only story that was one of the best-known American author- All of the characters were attired in as costumes are full length, and the hands tive agents of bacteria, Bessie is becom- waukee; Bessie Bacillus, stenographer, placed him in a room in which there was wrongfully fathered upon Charles Spur- lities on fuberculosis, who, after laughing nearly as possible the real shape and will hardly show during the performance, ing the object of Teddy's love. Tedd geon. His fellow-laborer in the Lerd's at the bizarre ideas of W. M. Matchette, colors of bacilli which they represent, as completing the resemblance to the original formula Bessie include some of the funniest ing the familiar name applied to tuber- the boy eating the apple he would make The story of the odd play is that of phrases in the play. Teddy, in solemn culous bacilli by the bacteriologists,) him a farmer, if reading the Bible use the play for university theatricals. scientists use various stains, and the man- Teddy Tubercule, whose father and other tones, as though offering to Bessie the Anna Richards, Madison; Hazel Brown, would have him trained for the churchest After a revision of the original story by ner in which the micro-organisms take up relatives all perished under the advances wealth of the Indies, promises to take Minneapolis; Grace Raymond, Chilli- and if he had pocketed the money Mr. Matchette the rehearsals began. An these stains identify them to the eye of of modern science, and of the manner in her for a honeymoon to delightful swamps cothe, Ill.; Frances Patton, Chicago: would make him a stock broker. Once in the middle of a sermon, says effort was made to keep the entire affair the observer. The tubercules in the play, which Newmonia, war correspondent for and cesspools. For a bridal home he of-Mr. Hawels. Spurgeon shouted out: a secret until it had been presented, but for instance, show the red and white the White Plague Promoter, an illus- fers her a place in a leaky sewer pipe Madison; Verna Gillan, Racine; Luella the Bible and eating the apple, with "What's that thee says, Paul, I can when the girls who take the part of stripes of the tuberculosis germ. The trated journal of Germ Land, secured "only a block and a half from the pest Scovill, Rockford, Ill.; Alice Loyd-Jones, dollar in his pocket. He became a personal control of the says, Paul, I can when the girls who take the part of stripes of the tuberculosis germ. The trated journal of Germ Land, secured "only a block and a half from the pest Scovill, Rockford, Ill.; Alice Loyd-Jones, dollar in his pocket. He became a personal control of the tuberculosis germ. do all things? I'll het thee half a crown germs in the play began to devise their tetanus germ has the big spore at the an interview from Teddy. The newspaper house," and overcome by such evidence of Hillside; Christmas Kelly, Milwaukee. costumes, the secret was too good to head, with a spot of color in the centre, is a jingo sheet, which is urging the germ affection the stenographer promises to It may be thought that "In Germ This story, recently started afresh

strange play is no longer a secret, but nus, the girl playing this part is por- mankind, and its correspondent's efforts To make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is that the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make certain that even the learned but the fact is the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make the identical with one that was familiar to make the identical with the drama of the identical with one that was familiar to make the identical with the identical wit However," he continued, "let's see the talk of the entire Latin quarter of trayed as speechless from lockjaw, and secure the offering of a reward for the members of the university Faculty under-





a particu-tof seats, and trades people had rented, affair according to the completest local larly intimate friend, who was at the their shop fronts to eager spectators all rules of mortuary etiquette. He bustled may have come out of Noah's ark. The up to the widower, saying: wary editors of the papers in which it appears prudently credit it to " Exchange. very damaging statements concerning in sight. First came the pedestrian in his riage with the mother of the decease Stevenson's character. We had some dif- well-advertised costume, walking with an | "What? Me go in the carriage with me A Family Affair. ficulty in keeping our faces straight as easy swing, as fresh as paint. Beside him mother-in-law? Not likely!" Casey's wife was at the hospital, where the bookseller skillfully parried this thrust | walked his trainer, carrying a bowl of "Oh, Sir, but I assure you that it is she had undergone a serious operation a by saying that it was hardly necessary to water, and occasionally flicking a few necessary. The rule is an inviolable one, few days before. remind gentlemen of our literary tastes drops in his face, or tenderly sponging established by precedents beyond all Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. that many authors of notoriously loose his mouth. In a dog-cart alongside sat a cavil," expostulated the horrified under-Casey's condition. lives had written works abounding in grave-faced doctor, while a timekeeper taker. But the widower was obdurate. "Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelley though he did not doubt my report of ute as it passed. At the back of the cart | "Oh, but my good Sir. Remember the " No, but I am," said Casey.

of another man's wife:

"Oh, of course, if ye won't, ye won't. But remember it beforehand that afterer, not a talker. But I thank you-I that it'll be construed into an affront on the poor girl that's gone. Ye loved her, "And the window closed; the crowd Jack, we all know, an' ye wouldn't like

"I'm doing it because we say I ought

A few weeks ago Harper's Weekly told premised that the paper in question was

The young Scotchman never liked his had been the dramatic critic, and Max mother-in-law, and this weighed heavily Beerbohm, on the occasion of the latter's on the mind of his wife, who was ill, assumption of the duties, laid down by she said to him: "Sandy lad, I'm varra | The owner advised Max of the salary

"Weel, I ken that when I dee I'll "Oh, yes, I shall!" interposed Max.

And now to continue with what is the

No Experience. Lady-But it seems to me you ask very high wages when you acknowledge that

Bridget-Shure. Marm, ain't it harder Suddenly the boy, who had been standing

THE GERM PLAY IS THE LATEST NOVELTY





has the added name of Tacita, which to destruction of Germ-killer Frost, one of stand all the allusions, the play will be the Rostand play was heard of, although ation being that instead of "political

Milwaukee; Newmonia, journalist, Laura sheer lifting:

Bessie Bacillus and Teddy Tubercle.

Land" was suggested by "Chantecler," its rounds is, even to its verbal ver

So he read on, "Through Christ that Freak situations abound. Through the the Latin scholar has something of the bacteriological staff at the State Uni- preceded by a brief lecture by Dr. Raven- it had never been produced until now. __ the last word was "lawyer."

sputtering youngster recovered without great damage. " That was a brave deed, said a witness of the affair to the rescuer. 'Net many men would have risked their lives A similar sentiment is expressed more to save that of a boy not related to them!

" 'Why, he had the balt!' returned the

But they didn't have to jump overboard for it at Keisker's Point. The apposite is often the opposite. This not very brilliant saying may be ex

The latest born is the following, which has just crossed the Atlantic:

emplified by coupling together two joke

During a period of political agitation mad? Why do you pursue me in this "I am a detective, and my instruc-

is in order. Here is my ticket of rest dence. I am a citizen of Berlin. Why ! do you follow me about?" "It states in your passport," was the reply. " that you were going to reside

reverse may be established between this recorded in the "Memoir" of Robert Chambers, by his brother William;

ory of Scotch residents. One of these, a man who had lived there all his life, was enabled by some uplift of fortune to visit Paris. When he came back his townsmen gravely gathered about him.

ter's domestic felicities.

Now it may have been Life or it may have been some other comic weeks which, at least twoscore years ago, set afloat a pathetic story of how a young

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has contribute to the same anecdote cycle. At the ses

There was a young lady of Niger

