EMPEROR WILLIAM II.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Eaty's Cousin on the Force.

Katy's Cousin on the Force.

Katy Mulcahy was out in the Central Park yesterday with her two little charges and had a great deal of trouble with the boy Walter, who would not keep off the grass. They had entered by the gate at Seventy-second street and strolled down to the heavy bench of chestunts as the conner of the grand drive, where Katy met her big cousin on the Park police and rested a bit to give him the time o'day. When the cousin in gray was fully informed on the subject of time he strolled leisurely down the walk, and Katy called after Wally for the fittieth time to come off the grass. He wouldn't and she threatened him with the policeman. Walter stopped and looked at the big bushy-whiskered officer and remained on the grass.

"Come off, I tell you," shouted Katy, "or I'll call that policeman, and he's very wicked."

"Wicked?" cried Wally, looking at his hurse with his syes wide open.

"Yes, and he has a big stick, and there's no knowing what he might do to you."

"Well, if he has such a big stick and is so wicked why do you kiss him so often?"

"Because he's my counin."

"Because he's my counin."

"That's no reason. I have a cousin Mand, and I don't kiss her. I hate ber," and he stayed on the grass.—New York Star.

Smokers' Vertigo.

Dr. Decaisne is reported in the New York Medical Record as having recently investigated a number of cases of vertigo in smokers. Out of 63 patients, 49 were between 50 and 66 years of age. More than half of them suffered, in addition, from digestive troubles, with constipation, alternating with diarrhosa, insomnia, palpitations, dyspunces and mandered from vertigo, principally in the mornings. The vertigo generally coincided with suppression of perspiration and diminished excretion of perspiration and diminished excretion of perspiration and diminished excretion of perspiration and diminished excre

Minfortune Turned Into Luck.

How often it is that what seem our minfortunes turn out to be the best of good luck. A Toronto merchapt had a cargo of 67,000 bankels of No.1 Manitobe hard hung up in the ice last winter at McKay's Harbor, in Lake Superior. It is just getting out flow, and is worth eighteen cents a bushel more than when it was frozen in. Profit from the transaction \$12,006, and no elevator charges to pay.—Toronto Globs.

Beliant's agent—Wouldn't you like to buy a phonograph? If will store up everything you say and repeat it to you. Want one? Omaha man—No? get a wife.—Omaha World.

Unnecessary Trouble.