

Oom Paul a Gallant.

"At one time Kruger was very fond of riding on horseback, as nearly all Boers are. Once when out for a ride he met an old woman hobbling along with a bundle. She looked at the strapping young fellow rather wistfully, as if she envied him his comfortable seat on the saddle.

"He passed her, then, looking over his shoulder, noticed that the old dame hung her head wearily as she plodded along behind him. He reined up his horse, jumped down, and, without ceremony, lifted the old woman, bundle and all, into his saddle. Then, taking the horse up by the bridle, he led the animal carefully onward toward his own farm.

Just before arriving there the old woman said: "May God be good to you for your kindness to one so old and helpless. There are not many who would do as you have done. If I had been young and comely, as I once was, I could then understand it."

"If you had been young and comely I should not have dared to do it," said he, with just a suspicion of laughter in his hard set eyes.

"Not dared," she said, "and why? Should I, then, have eaten you?"

"You might not," said he, with a low chuckle, "but," pointing to his wife, who was standing on the stoop, "I think she would have."

"On another occasion he was out on a love expedition, but found that another young man had arrived there before him. The other suitor was a bit of a coxcomb, as coxcombs go on the veldt. He had a showy horse and a gorgeous saddle, and a new suit of clothes fresh from the hawk's van, and when Paul Kruger arrived on his rough but useful horse, with saddle to match and clothing made to suit the outfit, the other chap passed some remarks which caused the lust of battle to surge up good and strong in the future president's blood, but the maiden, who had the screw sense to know the difference between a mule and a man, made him promise not to lay a hand on the other fellow, because he was not worth the bother that such a blow as young Paul Kruger was sure to give.

"The dude somehow got an idea that Kruger had promised the damsel he would not strike him, and, as even in those days Paul was noted for his love of the truth, he thought he may very safely venture to be rude, so, climbing into his saddle, he fired off an unbearable lot of insolence right in the young man's teeth.

"Paul stood it until human nature could stand no more. Drawing back until he got the full force of his giant strength behind the blow, he lashed out and caught the horse behind the ear. The brute staggered from the shock, as if a second class earthquake had risen up and smitten it, then fell flat on its flank, breaking the rider's leg in the fall.

"Oh, Paul, Paul!" cried the girl; "you promised me you would not hit him, no matter what he said."

"That is so, dear," said the young veldtsman, with a twinkle in his eyes and I kept my word to the letter, for I didn't say I wouldn't hit his horse."

"When he was in London an English friend offered to show him the sights of the modern Babylon. Oom and Paul fell in with the idea, and the Briton gathered him in to see a ballet show, thinking to get some fun out of his shocked feelings, but Oom sat and watched the whole show with evident interest.

"What do you think of the girls; nice and fresh, ain't they?" said the Briton, with a sly wink at the old patriarch.

"The girls' fresh enough, I don't doubt," came the reply through a cloud of smoke, "but I'd rather have the old shoes of the one I left behind in Africa than I'd have all the women you've got in England, on the stage or off it. She was good enough for me now."

He Was Armed.

In the days when highwaymen were more numerous and successful in Mexico than they are at present, it was the common practice of the natives to travel unarmed and to submit tamely to robbery. With foreigners a different sentiment prevailed. The author of "Mexicans at Home" tells a good story of a German who travelled in that country.

This gentleman always carries arms, with every intention of using them rather than allow himself to be robbed. On one occasion, when he was travelling by diligence in the interior,—he being the only passenger armed,—the coachmen suddenly pulled up and announced that robbers were in sight.

The German prepared to defend the coach, but the other passengers begged him not to do so, as this might compromise them. Consequently, when the robbers

came up he jumped out, and going to the side of the road, and called out that they were quite welcome to rob all the other passengers, but that they would please take down his portmanteau and place it beside him. This they did; and when they had robbed the others, he ordered that his

portmanteau should be replaced, which was done. He took his seat in the coach, and the journey was resumed.

Cost of City Lots.

The amusement of the bucolic mind at the extraordinary prices paid for a city lot, in cities as populous as Chicago or New York, is brought out by this yarn, told in the Chicago Times Herald:

Tem Nicholls, the artist, was talking to an old negro down in Georgia a few days ago, whom he had told that he lived in Chicago.

"Whar is dis yer Chercargo?" the ancient darkey asked. "Ees dat b'vant de sea?"

"No, it's up north above here, fourteen or fifteen hundred miles."

"Ush, Oo! Dat's too fur fur me. Kin you ride all de way on de kyars?"

"Oh yes, and much farther."

"I s'pose you got a big fahm up dar in dat Chercargo, what you call hit?"

"No, I don't own a foot of ground there."

"Wharfio dis?"

"Costs too much."

"Bout how much, suh?"

"Well, if you just wanted a place to put a home, you could probably get it for two hundred and fifty or three hundred and fifty dollars a foot."

The old fellow leaned over and looked incredulously into the artist's face.

"Huh?" he asked. "Is yo' talkin' sense to me, white man?"

"Certainly, and if you wanted a place to put a store or something like that, it would cost four or five thousand dollars a foot front."

The negro was paralyzed. He could not even comprehend the cost of a foot of Chicago.

"Listen at dis, ole 'oman," he said to the

darky mammy who was broiling a young chicken and fixing the artist a savory meal, "listen at dis! Dars niggahs gone from Georgy to Chercargo. Dem niggahs gwinter come back beah if deys got sense ernuff to grease er gimlet. Whar dey gwinter git groun' ernuff to raise watter-millyuns, much lessen place fur taters en cabbages, en mustud greens en goobahs? 'Scuse me, suh, is you makin' a meal?"

Deliberate Purpose in Anxieties.

An amusing incident, which shows that

pared for action. It filled its trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel.

This method of throwing cold water upon the admirers of a rival brought a laugh even from its victims.

Equally wise in making its calculations was a cat that chose a peculiar spot for a bed. Comfort was the cat's object, and the chosen spot did not seem to be calculated to afford it. The cat was found fast asleep

"I think, sir,"—with simplicity,—"that what struck me most forcible, sir, was the bullets that missed me!"

A Railroad Dog.

The only "active" railroad dog in the country, the only one on the pay-roll of a railroad line, is dead. That was Fido, who seven years ago, when only a slip of a pup, was picked up in the yard of the Chicago, Lake Shore & Eastern road, and as the Chicago Tribune says, clung to the place ever after.

One of Fido's accomplishments were flagging crossings for locomotive No. 50. In the discharge of that duty, three years ago he prevented an accident and probably saved the road a lawsuit.

A peddler was approaching the Wabansia Avenue crossing when Fido came along, looking as usual, to see if all were well. The dog was fifty yards ahead of the engine, and in dog fashion he tried to warn the peddler of danger. The peddler, however, paid no attention, but kept on. Just as he got within three feet of the track, Fido jumped up and knocked him back prostrate. A moment later the engine passed. But for the dog the peddler would have been killed.

When the president of the road heard the story, he put Fido on the pay-roll. The dog got his wages in an envelope every month, like any other employe, and the men provided for him lavishly besides.

Fido was an Irish setter, apparently with some claim to pedigree; but like about the railroad yards blunted his finer feelings, and he became a fighter that no dog could whip. Not a man in the neighborhood would have hesitated to wager his money at odds on Fido.

The dog had a system of his own. He was a running fight. When another dog attacked him along the road, Fido would manage to get his assailant between himself and the moving locomotive, which he followed all the time. While doing this he would watch for a chance, rise to his best, and throw his assailant under the wheels of the engine. Then he would run ahead and flag crossings just as if nothing had happened.

But it was in one of these fights that the railroad dog lost his life. He dispeared of his assailant in the usual manner, but in doing so he ran too close to the track, and the locomotive cylinder struck him and knocked him under the wheels. The railroad men shed tears when they buried Fido, and they intend that he shall have a monument.

A Neglected Cold.

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Improved His Holidays.

In these days, when a schoolhouse is not infrequently closed because of the prevalence of some contagious disease, an incident of school attendance, told by the Westminster Gazette, is worth preserving.

Thomas Ward, a Walworth lad, recently left school with a special medal awarded on account of his constant attendance, without a single absence, during the eleven years since he was four years old.

The proud mother was asked to explain how this apparently impossible feat had been accomplished. "Did he have the usual childish diseases—measels, whooping cough, and so forth?"

"Oh yes, sir," was the reply. "How, then, could he have always been at school?"

"Please, sir, he had them during the holidays," was the interesting reply.

"Can't you set a date for payment of this little bill?" asked the collector.

"I could if it weren't for one thing," answered the debtor.

"What is that?"

"I want to sustain my reputation for ruth and veracity."



H. R. H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

animals are subject to feelings very like those which occasionally ruffle the bosoms of men, occurred some little time ago at the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

A large elephant, formerly the centre of attraction, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel. The camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors.

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last its jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel, the elephant pre-

in a large ship-building yard, lying on what seemed to be a very muddy path.

It was found, however, that the spot chosen by the cat for its couch was the point at which a hot steam-pipe passed under the road, so that the mud was baked into a warm, dry clay, which made not only a clean but an artificially heated sleeping-

Conundrum.

A good conundrum is like an inanimate object, because it cannot die. A correspondent of the New York Sun recalls one propounded by the poet John Godfrey Saxe, and mentioned to the writer by one of his daughters. Although of reputable age, it is apparently new in print, and so is repeated here:

Can you tell me why a hypocrite's eye can better descry than you can, or I, upon how many toes a pussy cat goes?

A hypocrite neat can best counterfeit, and so, I suppose, can best count her toes.

What Struck Him.

Like the dyspeptic who said that the only food he ever liked was the food he couldn't get, a certain Patrick—once a soldier, now a family servant—seems to have been especially susceptible to what may be called negative impressions. This son of Erin, says the Paris American Register, brought an honorable scar on two from India.

Once he described his part in a battle—the advance, the gallop, the charge, and how, as one rider fell dead from his saddle, the death grip of his fingers on his pistol discharged it and killed his own horse.

"What struck you most forcibly when all was over and you looked back to it?" asked a friend.

"Ah," said the old servant, reflectively

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