

All Kinds of Kisses.

A serious book, on a frivolous subject, by an eminent scholar—such as "The Kiss and Its History." It has been translated into English from the Danish of Dr. Christopher Nyrop, professor of romance philology in the University of Copenhagen, or William Frederick Harvey of Oxford, and, according to the preface, has also been translated into German, Swedish and Russian, and has gone through two editions in Denmark. Verily, the history of the kiss is a matter of universal interest. Dr. Nyrop presents in the volume but little personal opinion; rather he contents himself with weaving together proverbs of all peoples of all times on the subject of kissing, and gives, in addition, quotations from the poets who have rhymed of kisses—and they are no small number. They are quotations like these: "The kiss is a language," says the Italian; "a kiss without a beard is like a Vespers without the Magnificat," but the milkmaids of Jutland expressed a like idea by the rough-hewn proverb that "kissing a fellow without a quid of tobacco and a beard is like kissing a clay wall." That kisses are naughty the Italians deny, saying "that a mouth is none the worse for having been kissed," while the French proverb runs: "Baiser deux kisseres est de la sottise." They are exchanging like bullets that miss the mark, and honor is satisfied, and even cooler-blooded races agree to that, saying "a kiss can be washed off," though to this proverb there is a corollary which runs: "A kiss may indeed be washed away, but the fire in the heart cannot be quenched." Of stolen kisses there are many proverbs. "One returns a stolen kiss," say the honest Germans, and the Spanish have the same idea: "Dost thy mother chide thee for having given me a kiss? Then take back, dear girl, thy kiss, and bid her hold her tongue." The last and most curious glance at the proper number of kisses that ought to be bestowed at one time, and a page or two lightly touches the doubtful subject of "the topography of the kiss." Again, the various kinds of kisses—those cool and tender, or ones like those of Haffs whose mistress was afraid that "his too hot kisses would char her delicate lips," or those which leave marks behind, against which Archibald warned Lycas in a letter—"Oh, suffer no young girl to print the mark of her teeth on your neck"—these are all treated. Of such tenor is the book, exhaustive almost, it would seem, of the possibilities of the subject—on paper.

Pickwick up to Date.

(Mr. Jingle's Elopement.)
"They're gone," said the clean off, sir! gasped the servant.
"Who's gone?" said Mr. Wardle fiercely.
"Mister Jingle and Miss Rachel—started off in a motor hired ten minutes since, and—"
"Quick!" shouted Mr. Wardle, "my car, at once! John, Harry—some of you—go and get the petrol! Tom, my respirator and spectacles this instant! Come along, Pickwick, we'll catch 'em in less than no time—out of the way, Winkle, out of the way! Here we are—jump in, Pickwick, stand dead there—"
And in less time than it takes to describe the event the two intrepid old gentlemen had started on their chase. Away they went, down the narrow lanes, jolting in and out of the cart-ruts and bumping against the hedges on either side.

"Is it—it is safe?" mumbled Mr. Pickwick behind his respirator, as he peered anxiously through his goggles into the surrounding darkness.
"Hope so," replied Wardle, fumbling with the speed-gear. "Wish I understood this blessed machinery better, though. Only had a motor a week, and—"
A violent cannon against a signpost cut the remark short.

For a while there was silence. Then Mr. Pickwick, who had been sniffing uneasily, broke the silence once more.
"My dear good friend," he gasped, "what is this about? What's that?"
"Acetylene," rejoined Mr. Wardle abruptly. "Something gone wrong with the lamp. Look out, sharp corner here—and now we go downhill. Sit tight!"

But to comply with this direction was impossible. Mr. Pickwick was thrown up and down like a cork in a sea. His goggles were jerked from his nose, his cap blown like a feather towards the sky, his whole body converted into one tremendous bruise.

"Ah, we're moving now," cried Mr. Wardle exultingly—and indeed they were moving. Fields, hedges and trees seemed to rush from them with the velocity of a whirlwind. Suddenly Mr. Pickwick exclaimed with breathless eagerness: "Here they are!"

Yes, a few hundred yards ahead of them was a motor, on which the well-known form of Jingle was plainly discernible. It was traveling quite slowly, and Mr. Wardle increased his speed yet further with a shout of triumph. "We have them, Pickwick, we have them!" he cried, while the car flew like a streak of lightning. And then suddenly a bump—a crash—and Mr. Wardle and Mr. Pickwick found themselves seated in the middle of the road, which was strewn with fragments of their machine. Two members of the constabulary were coiling up a rope which, stretched across the highway, had procured their downfall. A third policeman licked his pencil, and produced a notebook.

"Thought our rope would spoil your little game. Thirty-seven miles an hour, I make it. Names and addresses, please!" Jingle's car had stopped a short way ahead. "Ta-ta, Pickwick," he shouted, "good-bye, Wardle—measured—miles—correcting a mistake—police waiting—twiggled 'em directly—slowed down. If lucky—option of fine—probably imprisonment. Well, so long!" and restarting his machine, he disappeared.—"Punch."

Satan to Blame.

"Lightning knocked the church steeple down," someone said to Brother Dicky. "Yes; Satan's eyes always flash fire when he sees a church steeple going up."
"And here's a colored brother killed another at a camp meeting."
"Yes; Satan goes ter meetin' long wid de 'er der dem, on sometimes shout de louds."
"And a preacher was drowned in the river last week."
"Oh, yes; Satan's in de water, too. He 'bleege ter go dar ter cool off."
"So you blame everything on Satan, do you?"
"Bless God," was the reply, "ain't dat what he's far?"—Atlanta Constitution.



There have been times when the wild beasts have been more merciful than human beings, and spared the woman cast to them in the arena. It is astonishing how little sympathy women have for women. In the home the mistress sees the maid with the signs of suffering; she recognizes so well, but she does not lighten the sick girl's load by a touch of her finger. In the store the forewoman sees the paller and exhaustion which mark womanly weakness, but allows nothing for them. It is work or quit.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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Amusing Mistakes.

Some years ago a school teacher began to keep a record of amusing mistakes made by the children in her charge. These grew so quickly to respectable dimensions that a volume of them has been published, fortified by an introduction from Mark Twain. The author expressly states that every reply is genuine, and that in no case has there been any tampering with the originals.

One child, asked for a definition of plagiarism, replied: "writer of plays." Very good also is the definition of a demagogue as "a vessel containing beer and other liquids."

"To find the number of square feet in a room," writes a young mathematician, "you multiply the room by the number of feet."

There is a quaint truth in the statement that "Henry VIII. of England was famous for being a great widower, having lost several wives."

Perhaps, however, the best of all is one which comes under the head of "Music," and which says that "the emphasis is putting more distress on one word than another."

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Scared Off by Dressmakers' Bills.

Women's love of dress, Henry Waldorf Francis declares in the "Arena," is one of the potent reasons why many young men do not rush into matrimony even when they are earning respectable wages. He adds: "They see no chance saving for a 'rainy day' with a wife as a girl became imbued with the love of dress. They have female 'cousins'—not to speak of 'nearer ones'—and female acquaintances, single and married. They hear their conversations and their repetition of their friends' gossip; and this is the sort of thing they listen to: 'I can't visit Miss Brown and her friends the way I dress.' 'I should like to go to Mrs. Smith's, but I haven't anything fit to wear.' 'I can't go calling in the same old dress.' (It is not shabby and it is not worn, but it has been perhaps in frequent use). 'I don't see how that girl dresses on her income.' (An innuendo that likewise has not escaped the thoughts of the young man). 'I am ashamed to be seen again in this costume,' etc.—with the young married women as particular as the single girls. Certainly no one wants a girl to dress shabbily or dowdily if it can be avoided; and with the quantities and varieties of dress goods to be had nowadays it is possible to dress neatly at a modest cost, especially if a girl has any taste and will learn to be handy with the needle—an accomplishment that the vast majority of girls could acquire if they would make an effort. But when it comes to having a new dress for every occasion; when it comes to deriding costume, not because it is tattered or worn out, but because it has been in use over a given time; when it comes to striving to dress as if one possessed an independent income to be used solely for dressing; and as if dress were the main object of life (and, by the way, it is only the parvenu and the most ignorant of servant girls who make displays of themselves upon all occasions); when a large majority of women think of little else than dress (frequently, as the observant young man has found out, procured at the expense of landlord, grocer and butcher, which is decidedly not honest)—it is an altogether different story, which at least suggests why the modern young man is holding aloof from matrimony. He is not telling the girls the reason, but his made friends know it. He admires the girls who like to take them out in a splendid costume, which draws forth complimentary remarks and attention—but he is not asking them to marry him."

When England is Swamped.

The geologist was entertaining the habitues of Mulekay's with an interesting story about the gradual encroachment of the ocean upon the coast of Great Britain, says the New York Tribune. Among other things, he told them that Father Neptune annually bit out and swallowed a tract of land off the east coast of the country named equal in extent to Gibraltar; that between Cornwall and the Solly Isles a tract of 227 square miles has been gradually covered with the waters of the Atlantic; that in Yorkshire there are twelve towns which have been submerged within the memory of man, in Suffolk at least five; that visitors to Cromer, in Norfolk, are shown a rock far out in the ocean on which once stood a church which was then in the center of the village. So great, he said, has been this gradual, but steady encroachment of the sea that the total area of England, which in 1867 was 32,590,397 acres, had in 1900 shrunk to 32,549,019 acres, a loss in that period of more than 40,000 acres. Thus, he explained, England is being swallowed up by the Atlantic at the rate of about 2,000 acres annually.

"How long will it take to swallow up the hull dom country?" asked Mulekay, who had been an intensely interested listener.

"Let me see," replied the geologist. "At the rate mentioned it will take about five hundred years to engulf a million acres, and in about sixteen billion years the whole of England will be under water."

"Golly for that," fervently exclaimed Mulekay. "It serves 'em right, 'n' right, bad cess to 'em. I only hope I'll live to see the day it comes to pass," and he went behind the bar to fill an order for the drinks.

Criticism Disarmed.

A good instance of the truth of the saying that "a smart answer turneth away wrath" was heard, the other day, in a French painter's studio. The painter in question had a fixed rule that none of his pupils were to be allowed to smoke in his atelier. One day, however, he came into the room, and distinctly saw that one of the pupils had a lighted cigarette in his fingers, which he was endeavoring ineffectually to conceal. With a style of somewhat heavy banter the painter went up to him and remarked: "That is a curious kind of pencil that you have got there, my young friend. May I ask what you propose to draw with it?" "Clouds," was the ready answer, and the roar that went up from the other students plainly showed the artist that the sense of the house was against him.

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